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THE ATMOSPHERE AS AN ANVIL.*

BY PROFESSOR J. P. COOKE, JR.

The office of the atmosphere, as an anvil upon which rocks are shattered for the protection of humanity, has sufficient novelty about it to require explanation. It has come to be pretty well understood now that rocky fragments of all sizes are flying through space, like the planets themselves. What the effect would be, if hard meteoric stones were to strike, with a velocity sixty times as great as that of a cannon ball, the structures that man builds upon earth, it is not difficult to imagine. To say nothing of the larger stones, no ordinary buildings could afford shelter from the smallest particles striking with the velocity of eighteen miles per second. Even dust flying at such a rate would kill any animal exposed to it. How effectually we are guarded by the atmosphere, as by a shield, impenetrable in proportion to the violence of the assaults upon it, is admirably illustrated by Pro. Cooke in the following statement, condensed from Chapter X. of his "New Chemistry":

"Within a few years our community have become familiar with the name and terrible effects of a new explosive agent, called nitro-glycerine, and I feel sure that you will be glad to be made acquainted with the remarkable qualities and relations of this truly wonderful substance. Every one knows that clear, oily, and sweet tasting liquid called glycerine, and probably most of you have eaten it for honey.

* Condensed from "The New Chemistry," Chapter X., "Gunpowder and Nitro-Glycerine."

But it has a great many valuable uses, which may reconcile you to its abuse for adulterating honey, and it is obtained in large quantities, as a secondary product of the manufacture of soap and candles, from our common fats. Now, nitro-glycerine bears the same relation to glycerine that saltpetre bears to caustic potash. Common saltpetre, which is the oxygenated ingredient of gunpowder, is called in chemistry potassic nitrate, and, although the commercial supply comes wholly from natural sources, it can easily be made by the action of nitric acid on caustic potash. My assistant will pour some nitric acid into a solution of caustic potash, and you will soon see crystals of saltpetre appear, shooting out from the sides of the dish, whose image we have projected on the screen. In a similar way we can prepare nitro-glycerine, by pouring glycerine in a fine stream into very strong nitric acid, rendered more active by being mixed with sulphuric acid—oil of vitriol.

“We could easily make the experiment, but you could see nothing. There is no apparent change, and it is a remarkable fact that, pure nitro-glycerine resembles, externally, very closely glycerine itself, and, like it, is a colorless, oily fluid—the reddish-yellow color of the commercial article being due to impurities. As soon as the chemical change is ended, the nitro-glycerine must be very carefully washed with water, until all adhering acid has been removed. The material thus obtained has most singular qualities, and not the least unexpected of these is its stability under ordinary conditions. After the terrible accidents that have happened, it would, perhaps, be rash to say that it did not readily explode; but I can assure you that it is not an easy matter to explode pure nitro-glycerine. It is not nearly as explosive as gunpowder, and I am told that the flame of an ordinary match can be quenched in it without danger, although I confess that I should be unwilling to try the experiment. Still, there can be no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, a small flame will not ignite it. My knowledge of the matter is derived from Prof. Hill, of the Torpedo Station, at Newport, who has studied very carefully the preparation and application of the material. He is of opinion that most of the accidents which have given to nitro-glycerine such an unfortunate notoriety have been caused by the use of an impure article, and that proper care in its preparation would greatly lessen the danger attending its use. Nitro-glycerine is usually exploded, not by the direct application of heat, but by a sudden and violent concussion, which is obtained by firing in contact with it a fuse of some fulminating powder. The effects of this explosion are as peculiar as the method by which it is obtained, and I can best illustrate the subject by describing an experiment with nitro-glycerine which I witnessed myself at the Torpedo Station a few months since.

"It is so inconvenient to handle liquid nitro-glycerine that it is now usual to mix it with some inert and impalpable powder, and the names dualin and dynamite have been given to different mixtures of this kind; but in both of these the powder merely acts as a sponge. In the experiment referred to, a canister holding less than a pound of dynamite, and only a few ounces of nitro-glycerine, was placed on the top of a large bowlder-rock, weighing two or three tons. In order that you may fully appreciate the conditions, I repeat that this tin case was simply laid on the top of the bowlder, and not confined in any way. The nitro-glycerine was then exploded by an appropriate fuse fired from a distance by electricity. The report was not louder than from a heavy gun, but the rock on which the canister lay was broken into a thousand fragments!

"This experiment strikingly illustrates the peculiar action of nitro-glycerine. In using gunpowder for blasting, it is necessary to confine it, by what is called tamping, in the hole prepared for it in the rock. Not so with nitro-glycerine. This, though it may be put up in small tin cartridges for convenience, is placed in the drill-holes without tamping of any kind. Sometimes the liquid itself has been poured into the hole, and then a little water poured in on the top is the only means used to confine it. As an agent for blasting, nitro-glycerine is so vastly superior to gunpowder, that it must be regarded as one of the most valuable discoveries of our age. Already it is enabling men to open tracks for their iron roads through mountain-barriers, which, a few years ago, it would have been thought impracticable to pierce, and, although its introduction has been attended with such terrible accidents, those best acquainted with the material believe that, with proper care in its manufacture, and proper precautions in its use, it can be made as safe as or even safer than gunpowder, and the Government can do no better service toward developing the resources of the country than by carrying forward the experiments it has instituted at the Torpedo Station at Newport, until all the conditions required for the safe manufacture and use of this valuable agent are known; and, when this result is reached, imposing on the manufacturers, dealers, and carriers, such restrictions as the public safety requires. Of course, we cannot expect this to prevent all accidents. Great power in the hands of ignorant or careless men implies great danger. Sleepless vigilance is the condition under which we wield all the great powers of modern civilization, and we cannot expect that the power of nitro-glycerine will be any exception to the general rule.

"But, while nitro-glycerine has such great rending power, it has no value whatever as a projectile agent. Exploded in the chamber of a gun, it would burst the breech before it started the ball. Indeed there is a great popular misapprehension in regard to the limit of the projectile

power of gunpowder, and inventors are constantly looking for more powerful projectile agents as the means of obtaining increased effects. But a study of the mechanical conditions of projection will show not only that gunpowder is most admirably adapted to this use, but also that its capabilities far exceed the strength of any known material, and the student will soon be convinced that what is wanted is not stronger powder, but stronger guns. I do not mean to say that we cannot conceive of a better powder than that now in use, but merely that its shortcoming is not want of strength.

“ In gunpowder the grains of charcoal and nitre, although very small, have a sensible magnitude, and consist each of many thousand if not of many million molecules. The chemical union of the oxygen of the nitre with the carbon-atoms of the charcoal can take place only on the surface of charcoal-grains; the first layer of molecules must be consumed before the second can be reached, and so on. Hence the process, although very rapid, must take a sensible time. In the nitro-glycerine, on the other hand, the two sets of atoms, so far from being in different grains, are in one and the same molecule, and the internal combustion is essentially instantaneous. Now, this element of time will explain a great part of the difference in the effect of the two explosions; but a part is also due to the fact that nitro-glycerine yields fully nine hundred times its volume of gas, while with gunpowder the volume is only about three hundred times that of the solid grains. There is a further difference in favor of the nitro-glycerine in the amount of energy liberated, but this we will leave out of account, although it is worthy of notice that energy may be developed by internal molecular combustion as well as in the ordinary processes of burning.

“ The conditions, then, are these: With gunpowder we have a volume of gas, which would nominally occupy a space three hundred times as great as the grains used, liberated rapidly, but still in a perceptible interval. With nitro-glycerine a volume of gas, nine hundred times that of the liquid used, is set free, all but instantaneously. Now, in order to appreciate the difference of effect which would follow this difference of condition, you must remember that all our experiments are made in air, and that this air presses with an enormous weight on every surface. If a volume of gas be suddenly liberated, it must lift this whole weight, which, therefore, acts as so much tamping material. This weight, moreover, cannot be lifted without the expenditure of a large amount of work. Let us make a rough estimate of the amount in the case of nitro-glycerine. We will assume that in the experiment at Newport the quantity exploded yielded a cubic yard of gas. Had the air given way instead of the rock, the liberation of this volume of gas must have lifted the pressure on one square yard (about nine tons) one yard high, an amount of work which, using these

large units, we will call nine yard-tons, or about sixty thousand foot-pounds. Moreover, this work must have been done during the excessively brief duration of the explosion, and, it being less work to split the rock, it was the rock that yielded, and not the atmosphere. Compare now, the case of gunpowder. The same weight of powder would yield only about one-third of the volume of gas, and would, therefore raise the same weight to only one-third of the height; doing, therefore, but one-third of the amount of work, say twenty thousand foot pounds. Moreover, the duration of the explosion being at least one hundred times longer than before, the work to be done in lifting the atmosphere during the same exceeding short interval would be only 1-100 of twenty thousand foot pounds, or two hundred foot-pounds, and, under these circumstances, you can conceive that it might be easier to lift the air than to break the rock.† * * * *

“If there are some who have not followed me through this simple calculation, they may, perhaps, be able to reach clear views upon the subject by looking at the phenomena in a somewhat different way. It can readily be seen that the sudden development of this large volume of gas, which becomes at once a part of the atmosphere, would be equivalent to a blow by the atmosphere against the rock; or, what would be a more accurate representation of the phenomenon, since the air is the larger mass, and acts as the anvil, a blow by the rock against the air. It may seem very singular that our atmosphere can act as an anvil, against which a rock can be split, and yet it is so, and, if the blow has velocity enough, the atmosphere presents as effective a resistance as would a granite ledge. The following consideration will, I think, convince you that such is the case: I have here a large wooden surface, say one yard square; the pressure of the air against the surface is equal, as I just stated, to about nine tons; but the air presses equally on both sides, and the molecules have such great mobility that, when we move the surface slowly, they readily give way, and we encounter but little resistance. If, however, we push it rapidly forward, the resistance greatly increases, for the air-molecules must have time to change their position, and we encounter them in their passage. If, now, we increase the velocity of the motion to the highest speed ever attained by a locomotive—say, one and one-fifth mile per minute—we should encounter still more particles, and find a resistance which no human muscle could overcome. Increase that velocity ten times, to twelve miles a minute, the velocity of sound, and the air would oppose such a resistance that our wooden board would be shivered into splinters. Multiply again the velocity ten times, and not even a plate of boiler-iron could with-

† Here we omit, for want of space, the beautiful explanation, afforded by the “New Chemistry,” of the molecular constitution of nitro-glycerine, and the transformations in its combustion, which account for the terrific force of its explosion.—Ed.

stand the resistance. Multiply the velocity once more by ten, and we should reach the velocity of the earth in its orbit, about twelve hundred miles a minute, and, to a body moving with this velocity, the comparatively dense air at the surface of the earth would present an almost impenetrable barrier, against which the firmest rocks might be broken to fragments. Indeed, this effect has been several times seen, when meteoric masses, moving with these planetary velocities, penetrate our atmosphere. The explosions which have been witnessed are simply the effect of the concussion against the aeriform anvil at a point where the atmosphere is far less dense than it is here. So, in the case of the nitro-glycerine, the rock strikes the atmosphere with such a velocity that it has the effect of a solid mass, and the rock is shivered by the blow."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN BODY.

Dr. Edward Curtis, of New York, has written a remarkable letter to the *Tribune* on this subject, from which we make the following extracts :

SIR: I take the liberty of asking for space in your columns for the accompanying remarks on the general nature of the action of alcohol on the animal system, which seems to me to be called for by the many erroneous ideas on that subject current in the newspapers. And as much of what I have to say is opposed to common opinion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for remarking, as a sort of a voucher for such statements, that being the teacher of "materia medica and therapeutics" in one of the medical colleges of this city, I have necessarily given a good deal of attention to the study of the physiological action of all articles used in medicine, and am obliged to keep myself carefully informed of every advance in knowledge on such subjects.

In the column of your daily of March 21, the letter to the editor discussing Archbishop Purcell's late letter on wine and beer-drinking contains the following passages :

"A glass or two of beer" restores the wasted strength of no man. A stimulus "restores" nothing. Alcohol excites the nervous system, all artificial excitement is followed by reaction and exhaustion. Alcohol in no form adds to the vital forces; it abstracts from them. In sickness, it may stimulate for the time the processes of digestion, or rally temporarily the vital forces to throw off disease, but the best modern physiologists recognize no nutritious elements in that much-abused agent. If there is a nutritive element in beer, it is so insignificant as to deserve no consideration whatever; * * * * The Bishop would not preach that it was sinful for "a day-laborer to restore his exhausted strength by a glass or two of beer." Just as if that beverage ever did restore exhausted strength. The product of the brewery, no less than that of the still, in its very nature, can never impart strength, but only physical weakness, as is apparent on every hand among those addicted to its use. * * * * The public mind is largely imbued with the idea that there is some element of strength or virtue

in the various stimulants which are swallowed with such disastrous effect by our people. Until this error has passed away we shall make no permanent advance. * * * I may here inform the Archbishop that the alcohol that the hodmen are too fond of will not give them strength, for God in his wisdom has so arranged the system that as soon as man in his ignorance drinks wine, beer, or any kind of liquor containing the poison alcohol, it is ejected just as it went into the system without any change. This being the case, I do not think there is any strength to be had from alcohol.

As no good to the temperance or any other cause can come out of misconception as to matters of fact, I am impelled to say that the late researches in physiological chemistry have put the action of alcohol on the animal system in a new light, and that such sweeping statements as the foregoing can no longer be received. Without going into technical details, the following are the main facts of the matter :

Contrary to what was lately believed and to the last statement quoted above, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that alcohol when drunk is *not* "ejected from the system unchanged," except in trifling amount when taken in grossly intoxicating quantity. On the contrary, in ordinary amounts it is wholly consumed, transformed, in the system, and by the nature of its chemical composition is capable, like certain elements of ordinary food, of thus yielding *force* which can be used by the economy to do life-work, as the heat of the burning coal drives the engine.

In this fact we have a key to the effects of alcoholic drinks on man. Thus, within certain limits of dose, alcohol is transformed like ordinary food in the system without producing any injurious effects, and yielding useful force for the purposes of the economy, must be considered as a *food* in any philosophical sense of the word. And an important point to know, and one little understood, is that this food-action is attended with no exciting or intoxicating influence, but the whole effect, like that of ordinary food, is seen in the maintenance or restoration, according to circumstances, of that balance of function called health.

But if taken in greater quantity than can be utilized as a force-yielding food, the excess of alcohol acts as a poison, producing a well-known train of perturbations of function. And—again a point generally misunderstood—*all* signs of departure from the natural condition in the drinker, from the first flushing of the cheek, brightening of the eye, and unnatural mental excitement, to the general paralysis of complete drunkenness, belong equally to the poisonous effect of alcohol. That is, for I wish strongly to insist upon this point, even the early phases of alcohol-disturbance, which are often improperly called "stimulating," are part and parcel of the injuriously disturbing influence of overdosage, and must be put in the same category with the more obviously poisonous effects of pronounced intoxication.

Alcohol has thus a two-fold action. First, it is capable, in proper

doses, of being consumed and utilized as a force-producer; in which case there is no visible disturbance of normal function. Such action cannot be distinguished either by the drinker or the physiologist from that of a quickly digestible fluid food, and is no more an "excitement" or "stimulation" followed by a "recoil" or "depression," than is the action of a bowl of hot soup or of a glass of milk. The second action is the poisonous influence of and excess of alcohol circulating in the blood, which makes itself sensible to the drinker by peculiar sensations and disturbances, and is not only followed by "depression," but is itself a form of depression—that is, a disturbance of balance; an unnatural perturbation of the normal working of the functions.

Every reader of these lines will at once ask, What then is the limit as to quality within which alcohol exerts only a food-action, and beyond which it begins to poison by its excess? This question cannot be answered categorically, for it so happens that the "poison line," as it has been aptly called, is a shifting one. Even in health it varies according to age, sex, individual peculiarity, and even in the same person according to his physical condition for the time being. When fatigued by bodily or mental work; when suffering from emotional agitation, as anxiety or fear; when worn by loss of sleep, of blood, or by pain, amounts of alcohol which ordinarily would flush the face and somewhat confuse the mind will be borne by the same person without producing the slightest symptom of intoxication; the whole effect of the drinking being expended in relieving the pre-existing maladies, and restoring the system to its normal condition. And in more formal morbid states, as in many diseases, the poison line often shifts to an astounding degree, so that what would in health produce even dangerous drunkenness will be borne without causing the least intoxication; the whole of the alcohol being apparently utilized by the system for obtaining the life-saving energy which this fluid, from its swift absorption and ready chemical change in the blood, can so quickly yield.—*Electric for May.*

THE ACORN.

The acorn, like the apple, is seen by everybody and known by scarcely anybody. We will take a full-grown acorn in its cup and cut it through about midway from top to base. We shall find five little roundish bodies pressed up close against the shell. What are they? and how came they here? We consult the flower, and find (in the fertile one) a style with a three-lobed stigma. The pistil, then, represents three transformed and infolded leaves. When the flower is a little more advanced, we will cut through the lower part of the pistil and examine a section. This part becomes the ovary, and we find in

our section three partition-walls radiating from the circumference to the centre and dividing the ovary into three compartments. In this tripartite structure we find our three leaves, the infolded blades cohering along parts of their surface and forming the partition-walls. On each of these partitions we see two ovules. The ovules represent leaves budding out of the margin of the pistil-leaf, and thus every ovary, in theory, should have at the very least as many ovules as there are leaves composing it. In the flower we have now the plan of the acorn. The surface of the ovary will become a shell. The six ovules will grow and ripen into six seeds. Cutting through the shell of the full-grown acorn we shall find it to contain three chambers, and each chamber two naked acorns. We find nothing of the sort! Where was the slip? Early in the acorn's life *one* of the six ovules gets the start of its neighbors and takes to itself all the nutriment. It grows too large for its chamber, and breaks the partition-walls. It grows to the measure of all the chambers, fills them, and pushes its shriveled brethren up against the shell-wall where you see them, five little starved-out things which once were possible oaks! Strange, is it not? And how passing strange if the oak were made so by "special creation!" What perplexity does the thought, coupled with the facts, bring into the mind! But if these aborted ovules are reminiscences of an earlier age, and the acorn less differentiated from the general type of the ovary, the oak becomes intelligible. And in this light of evolution all aborted organs, all rudimental organs, all floral eccentricities, become intelligible. Botany itself ceases to be a toy, and commands the attention of such imperial minds as those of Spencer and Mill. Her boundaries are enlarged. The plant does not stand apart, the result of a single antecedent. It represents the action of countless ages. It almost justifies Tennyson's apostrophe:

" Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand :
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

—*Popular Science Monthly.*

EXHAUSTION OF THE BRAIN.—Dr. Radcliffe, in his recent Croonian lectures, is reported to have discussed, at much length and very acutely, the subject of brain exhaustion, so common at the present day. After describing the leading symptoms, such as loss of memory, depression of spirits, increased or lessened sleepiness, unusual irritability, epileptiform condition of the nerves, and sometimes transitory coma, he argues against urging the patient to eat heartily, believing that such a practice tends to develop the disease; he equally opposes the training diet system, as generally starving the nerve tissues by excluding hydrocarbons from food; nor should the patient be urged to work more than is natural under the circumstances, nor to rest from headwork—in many cases cerebral exhaustion being intensified by the

brain lying fallow; if there is undue sleeplessness, the head should lie low on the pillow, and if undue sleepiness, it should be kept high.

THOUGHTS.

“The sun set in a sea of brilliant hues,
Crimson, and gold, and azure; one by one
I saw the colours blend and interfuse,
And follow down the pathway of the sun.
I almost wished with them to fade away
Over the distant edge, and die as they.”

Thus spake my friend half lightly; but my heart
Shrank, trembling at the words with sudden dread.
“And when the time shall come for us to part,
Must each go on his way alone?” I said;
“And in that unknown country shall we meet,
Or seek each other with unresting feet?”

Shall we love there, as here—what thinkest thou?”
He answered slowly with a thoughtful face:
“If from my nature could be taken now
All memories, passions, hopes, the love and grace
Which is of thee, and maketh up the whole,
’T would leave the merest shadow of a soul;

But if our lives begin anew, ’twill be
As if we ne’er had lived.” With blanched cheek
I answered, “Say not that, it frighteth me.”
“Why,” said he, smiling, “Why art thou so weak?
Why fear or wonder? Let us live our best,
And to our Father’s goodness leave the rest.”

—*All the Year Round.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A poet of Cockaigne is surely at fault in asserting,
If you tumble in love and are burning to pop,
You should never lose time in despair;
But at once on your knees you should gracefully drop,
And express what you have to declare.

Kneeling to ladies, we fancy, went out with swords and silk stockings.
The gallant fashion had its inconveniences. Not for supple-jointed
youth, may be, but suitors of Falstaffian build ran the risk of putting
themselves in the ridiculous plight of Coloma’s Eudoxus, who, his love-
plaint proving of no avail,

Looked sheepish, nettled, wished himself away;
 And thrice he tried to quit his kneeling place;
 But fat and corpulency seemed to say
 Here's a petitioner that must forever pray!

until his humiliation was completed by a sturdy flunkey being summoned to set the weighty wooer on his feet. Poor Jerry White came to more lasting grief through flinging himself at the feet of the Protector's daughter; for, caught in the fact by Noll himself, the ambitious parson pretended he was suing for the hand of the lady's maid, and, taken at his word, had to marry her instead of her mistress. Such a catastrophe did not await Daniel Webster when, kneeling before his lady love, he suddenly dropped the tangled skein of silk she was winding off his hands, saying, "Grace, we have been untying knots, let us see if we can tie one which will not untie in a lifetime!" With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true-lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfecting it, and a kiss sealed the bargain.

A love-lorn miller popped the question to a pretty little milliner by enclosing half a match in a valentine. Fearing this might not be deemed explicit enough, he followed it up with an odd letter of proposal, in which, after confessing he had hitherto been "a general lover to a certain extent," he said, "To yoke with you I believe I should be both delighted and happy, for I love and esteem you with all my heart, and could soon forget all others for the sake of you." The man of flour, however, was not entirely happy, as he and the lady were of different religions, still he did not think that difficulty insurmountable. "Although," said he, "neither of us would be arbitrary, one might want the other to go along with them in what they considered to be the broad road that leads to damnation, whereas our interests would be different ways, which is the greatest evil under the sun to us, but I hope not a fixer!" The miller certainly received a "fixer" of some sort, seeing his courtship ended in his having to defend an action for breach of promise. Your general lovers are not lacking in self-conceit. A delectable specimen of the tribe, the Honorable John Trevor, fancied himself in love with Miss Steele, and after telling her as much, went on, "You will object that I tell almost every lady the same story. I grant I do, to those I like; some have been so good as to believe me, and soften the care and concern that the most unchristian and unbelieving part of the sex hath created. But to none have I confessed the attraction of my soul so far that I would, what shall I say? marry them? No; never was I so daring, so bold in thought, till the year 1729-30, and the twenty-fourth year of my age, when I was so fortunate, or unfortunate, as you decree, to behold the resistless charms of the most engaging. But of this enough." The impudent wooer then drops sentiment for business. "If settlements are to take place, what I can offer,

will, I hope, be not unequal to your fortune, though inferior to your deserts. If you are disposed to think seriously on this point, there must be a provision for the younger children, which Providence will not fall, under honest industry, to bless us with. What remains for me is to assure you that without vanity, I love myself exceedingly well, and can heartily love you if you will do so too!" No wonder a lover with such an "if" obtained dismissal for his pains.

Swift, who had no more tenderness than one of his own Yahoos, indited the most brutal proposal we know of. Tired of his shilly-shallying, Miss Waryng seems to have insisted upon his speaking out, and Swift, spoke out with a vengeance. After professing he is too just to stand in the way of her accepting a more advantageous offer, he says he must ask her a few questions—questions he had long since resolved to ask of the woman with whom he meant to spend his life: "Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less than three hundred pounds a year? Have you such an inclination to my person and honor as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavor to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting or visited? Can you bend your love, esteem, and indifference to others the same way I do mine? Have you so much good-nature as to endeavor by soft words to smooth any rugged humor occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherein your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts and cities without him?" Surely never was a lady so catechised by a suitor for her hand. When Jane Waryng felt able to answer every question in the affirmative, then, and not till then, her lover says, "I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I look for!" This unique epistle ends—"I singled you out at first from the rest of women, and I expect not to be used as a common lover." Swift was evidently enough a very uncommon one.

There is a world of difference between the love-making of morbid self-loving Swift, and that of cheery-hearted Richard Steele; the raven's croak and the lark's song are not more unlike. The Christian hero made love like a gentleman. He never dreamed of plying his mistress with doubting question upon question. Believing his Prue to be as beautiful, witty, prudent, and good-humored as a woman could be, Steele was contented to know she loved him, and took the rest upon trust. "Instead of saying I shall die for you, I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you!" That is the way he pops the question; then, when assured that the dearest being upon earth is his own, he

asks her to name the day. Can anything be more charming in its way than this? "I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and when with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence, heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove you have worn, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I will kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distracts me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, madam, your most obedient, most devoted, humble servant."

A Frenchman, smitten with the charms of Lydia Sterne, instead of trying to secure her good-will, wrote to her father, desiring to be informed what he was preparing to give her upon marriage, and how much he intended to bequeath her. He thought to be able to say to Miss Lydia as Petruchio said to Kate the curst,

Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

But Sterne was not so eager to get rid of his girl as was Signor Baptista, and replied—"Sir, I shall give my daughter ten thousand pounds the day of marriage. My calculation is as follows:—She is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds. Then sir, you, at least, think her not ugly, she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian and French, plays upon the guitar; and as I fear you play no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of ten thousand pounds." Whitfield asked the hand of a young American lady, of her parents, without troubling to ascertain her inclinations, and was good enough to let them know they need not be afraid of offending him by declining the honor, since he blessed God he was free from that passion called love.

Next to ignoring the lady altogether, the worst way of making a declaration is to do it by deputy. Cupid is no friend to faint-hearted lovers. If the damsel be worth the wooing, it is odds upon the proxy suitor proving false, and suing on his own account. When those inseparable brothers, William and Jacob Grimm, were persuaded of the necessity of one of them taking a wife, they had a friendly contention as to which should be the victim, and after some days' argument, Jacob decided that he, as the elder, was bound to sacrifice himself. They had previously fixed upon a beautiful girl of twenty-two, but when it came to the push, Jacob's courage failed him, and William undertook to persuade the maiden to love his brother. After a week's acquaintance poor William was horrified at discovering he had lost his own heart,

and now, fully alive to the excellences of the fair one, was miserable at the thought of losing her, while he felt that to rob his brother of such a prize would be an unpardonable treachery. Fortunately for everybody, Grinam's aunt, a shrewd old lady, saw how things were, and told Jacob what had come to William's efforts in his behalf. Jacob was delighted to think he had escaped matrimonial bondage, and celebrated his good fortune by roaming about the country a free man, until the honeymoon was over—the cross courtship ended more pleasantly for all concerned than such things commonly do. Convinced by kind Mrs. Churchman that he wanted a wife to look after him, the judicious Hooker escaped the bother of courting and popping the question by leaving his adviser to find him a mate, and arrange all preliminaries. Happening to have a daughter upon her hands, the disinterested matron soon executed her commission, and the great churchman was speedily married, as per contract.

Shakespeare's heroines are remarkably ready to take the initiative, popularly supposed to be the ladies' right only in Leap Year. Helena demands the hand of Bertram as the price of her wonder-working prescription. Desdemona gives Othello the broadest of hints that she is to be had for the asking. Miranda tells her patient log-man she is his wife if he will marry her. Olivia says to her lover's masquerading messenger—

Would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres!

then, finding Sebastian himself of more malleable stuff than his fair double, fetches a priest to make sure of him while he is in the humor; and Juliet, caught thinking aloud, declares her willingness to lay her fortunes at Romeo's feet, if he will but say when and where the holy man shall make them one. If the poet drew from the life, we must assume the ladies of his time were equal to bringing laggard admirers to the point of popping the question themselves. One Englishwoman of high degree, at any rate, had not very long before set her sisters the example. Mary Tudor, thinking, not unreasonably, one loveless marriage sufficient for a life, determined not to be sacrificed to state policy again; and Charles Brandon had not been many hours in France ere Mary tearfully told him that, unless he wedded her there and then, he should never have a second chance. Brandon was not the man to say nay to such an appeal from the fairest princess in Christendom, let what might come of it, and, at the risk of his head, accepted the proffered hand. The pair married in haste; but it is not recorded that they repented at leisure.

Had the daughter of Gaston d'Orleans been as wise as the English princess, she would have taken Louis XIV. at his word when he con-

sented to her marrying the Gascon, De Lauzun. Mademoiselle was proud; and, if love had impelled her to offer her hand, with her heart in it, to an inferior, she could not brook the idea of being married in a manner unbecoming a princess of the blood royal. The king had time to listen to the remonstrances of his counsellors, and, when she besought him on her knees not to withdraw his consent, could only reproach her with not having profited by it while she could. Louise de Savoie, sometime Queen-regent of France, was equally unfortunate when she usurped the masculine privilege, and proposed to the famous Constable de Bourbon. Louise and Bourbon were at variance respecting the disposition of his dead wife's property. Talking over the business one day together, the Queen-regent observed that there were more ways than one of accommodating a lawsuit. Queen Ann, for example, had saved Brittany from a civil war in a manner worthy of imitation. "True," answered Bourbon; "but I know not what princess would enable me to settle your highness's suit in such an agreeable manner." "You forget, duke, I am a widow;" said Louise, allowing her hand to rest upon that of the Constable. Bourbon's face darkened as he rose to his feet, saying, "Your highness mistakes me. The respect I owe his majesty, the disparity of our years, my own feelings, all render such a union impossible. If the king goes to law, I will fight him, madam, that is all!" Had not Louise de Savoie challenged that mortifying rebuff, Bourbon had not lived to lead his country's foes to victory, and the sack of Rome would not be a matter of history.

Miss Kenrick, the beautiful heiress celebrated in the ballad of The Berkshire Lady's Garland, adopted a singular method of winning the handsome young attorney, Benjamin Child, with whom she had fallen in love at sight. She sent him an anonymous letter, demanding satisfaction for injuries received. After vainly puzzling himself to guess whom his challenger might be, and how he had offended, Child betook himself, duly provided with a second, to the place of meeting, near a pleasant crystal fountain. There he saw no fierce gallant, only a masked lady, who asked him his business there. He told it; whereupon his fair questioner, flashing a rapier she carried for her security, said,

It is I that did invite you;
 You shall wed me, or I'll fight you,
 Underneath those spreading trees,
 Therefore choose from which you please!

Rather taken aback by such a summons to surrender, Benjamin asked to see his challenger's face ere he decided. This was denied; she would not unmask until the knot was tied, but generously accorded him an hour's grace to turn the matter in his mind. His friend advised him, as he could lose nothing, to take the lady; and the three went off in her gilded coach to church, where the lady gay and her attorney were made one without delay—

Though sweet pretty cupids hover'd,
 Round her eyes, her face was cover'd
 With a mask—he took her thus,
 Just for better or for worse.

He did not repent the leap in the dark, when he found his summer morning's adventure had brought "beauty, honor, riches store;" but, taking his place among the gentry of the country, lived happy ever afterwards. The hero of this romance was, in 1714, high sheriff of Berkshire.

Not in such warlike fashion did Margaret Charlton attack Richard Baxter. She sought to attain her end by negotiation; and never was a bachelor of forty-five more astonished than that worthy minister when Margaret's ambassadress opened her mind to him. He was destined to an additional shock. While he was vehemently declaring the idea preposterous, Margaret was listening at the study-door, and, losing all self-control, burst into the room, threw herself at her idol's feet, crying, "Dear Mr. Baxter, I protest with a sincere heart, I do not make a tender of myself to you upon any worldly or carnal account, but to have a more perfect converse with so holy and prudent a yoke-fellow to assist me on the way to heaven, and to keep me steadfast in my perseverance which I design to God's glory and my soul's good!" Margaret Charlton was very pretty; Baxter was mortal, and succumbed. So might Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dumblane, have done too, had he been wooed by a maiden as young and fair as Baxter's assailant; but the would be Mrs. Leighton was a spinster of mature age, who called to tell the bishop she had received a revelation from heaven that he was to become her husband. The prelate, though somewhat startled, was equal to the emergency. He assured his visitor that such an intimation was not to be despised; but, as yet, the designs of heaven were but imperfectly explained, seeing they had only been revealed to one of the parties. He would wait to see if a similar communication were vouchsafed to himself, and whenever that happened, would be sure to let her know.

It were hardly fair to reckon pretty Elizabeth Simpson among proposing ladies, although answering Mr. Inchbald's suggestion that she should marry, with "Who would marry me?" was tantamount to seeking the reply, "I will, if you will have me." The actor was not so unready as Dean Ramsey's Scotch beadle, who could hit upon no better way of popping the question than by taking the object of his affections to the churchyard-gate and saying, "Mary, my folk lie there; would you like to lie there, Mary?" Being, like Barkis, willing, Mary was as indifferent as to how the question was put as the Galloway girl, who, when her uncouth swain carelessly remarked, "I think I'll marry thee, Jean," responded, "Man Jock, I would be muckle obliged to ye, if ye would!"—*All the Year Round.*

SPANIARDS.

I.—CARLISTS.

I was indebted to my Spanish teacher, once a Spanish nobleman, for my first clear knowledge of the Carlist struggle. The old Salique law, which prevented any woman from ascending the Spanish throne, having been abrogated by Ferdinand, the last king of that country, who left the crown to his daughter Isabella, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina, whose partisans were called Christinos, Don Carlos, the king's brother, and the direct male heir, resisted this change.

The constitutional government established by the Christinos, bringing all under one general law, did away with the ancient *fueros*, or privileges of the provinces.

This was especially resented by the Biscay provinces, whose inhabitants had been left to enjoy great freedom among, and most probably on account of, their mountains.

They therefore presented the singular spectacle of a free people ready at any time to take up arms for absolute kings, because this absolutism never burdened them.

The career of my informant was a good illustration of the recent history of Spain.

He had begun life as an Andalusian noble, and naturally espoused the cause of Don Carlos. Becoming one of "the king's" staff-officers, his position was excellent for observing every thing, and his account of a Carlist camp at that time was exceedingly interesting.

The old men and women with the smaller boys and girls, remained at home to work the farms, and secure provisions for them all. The larger boys conveyed supplies to the camp, which contained all the able-bodied men.

The young women were there also to cook and keep things tidy until a fight came, when they also brought in the wounded from the battle-field, and tended them until they recovered, or until they passed away.

The usual loose license of a camp had no existence there. Every young woman was just as safe from harm or insult among her relatives and friends in camp as she would have been in her own home.

One day, as my informant, with the rest of the staff, was riding with "the king" along a narrow road among the mountains, they met an old woman, bowed down with age and grief, walking in front of a rough hand-barrow, borne by four young women, on which lay a fine-looking young man who seemed badly wounded.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs roused the aged mourner, who raised

her head as the horsemen reined aside to make room in the narrow road.

"The king," raising his hat, said:

"Mother, is this your son?"

The old woman turned toward him her fine, though wrinkled face, and, seeing who it was; saluted him and answered:

"Yes, your majesty."

"He seems badly wounded."

"Yes; he is dying, and he is the second son that I have thus lost; my only consolation being that I have one more still left for the service of your majesty."

Bending down her head again, she moved on as before with her train, while all the horsemen remained uncovered till they passed.

Of course, with such devotion as this, Don Carlos had them and theirs always at his command. Whenever he chose to raise his standard, he never lacked for hardy soldiers. Their mountains offered a secure base for operations, insuring them a safe retreat, while their extended seaboard put them in communication with all the world, and gave them an amount of supplies limited only by their power to purchase.

My informant, while in command of a body of troops, was obliged, in order to avoid capture, to cross the Portuguese frontier. He and his men were disarmed and imprisoned.

For two years he tried in vain to free his men. Then, feeling that he had done his whole duty toward them, he secured his own escape and went to England. Thence he gained the continent and finally settled in Paris.

II.—CUCHILLOS.

The national weapon of the Spaniards is the knife, and certainly they know how to use it. Talking one day with a young man who seemed likely to know, I asked him what there was peculiar in the management of the knife.

"Why," said he, with a smile, "I could kill you, and you couldn't kill me."

"Well," said I, "please point out the difference between us. What would you do first?"

"Why, I'd make you wink, and stab you while you winked."

"How would you make me wink?"

"Why, so," said he, throwing up his left hand near my eyes.

"Well, I could do the same."

"Try it," said he.

I tried, and found it impossible to make him wink, though I passed my hand up and down several times so as almost to touch his eye-lashes.

His bright black eyes looked out at me unflinchingly all the while. It was clear that his eyes were educated, and that mine were not."

I then asked if there was any possibility of an unarmed man defending himself against one armed with a knife.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I'll show you;" and, in an instant, whipping off his coat, he held the end of one sleeve firmly in his left hand, wrapping the rest of the coat rapidly around his forearm, and, bringing the end of the other sleeve also into his left hand, where it was firmly held, binding together the whole mass, which formed a sufficient defense against the thrust of any ordinary knife.

I then recollected that one of the marks of the men of the *Puerta del Sol*, at Madrid—which answers to our Bowery—was a slashed cloak, evidently not so honorable in its origin as a "slashed doublet" of the olden times.

The use of the knife appears to be so engrained into Spanish history and habits that one mode of expressing the idea of being "lord of a manor," was "tener horca y cuchillo"—to hold the gallows and the knife."

III.—SPANISH PRIDE.

National pride is very general, but that of the Spaniard seems to tower above the average. The sea which nearly surrounds Spain, and the rugged mountain-chains that cut off intercourse to a great degree between the different provinces, have given them almost insular prejudices, and afford another illustration of the truth that those who mix least with others have the highest ideas of their own importance.

A Spanish gentleman once, in conversation, claimed, what has been so often claimed for other languages, that it could express more in small compass than any other. I asked him to quote the most striking illustration he could recollect.

"Why," said he, "when a man is prepared to meet any consequences, and, stretching out his arm says, 'Ojala,' no other language can express that idea so condensedly."

I told him he was mistaken, for we could say, "Be it so," and thus express the same idea in the same number of syllables.

The Duke of Wellington used to say, "To boast of Spain's strength is the national weakness."

A Castilian preacher went so far, on one occasion, as to remark to his congregation that when our Saviour was tempted by Satan, who showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, it was a very fortunate circumstance that the Pyrenees hid Spain from his view, or we do not know what might have happened.

One of their common proverbs says: "Quien dice Espana dice todo"—"He who says Spain says everything."

Another says: "German is the language of hogs; English, of horses; French, of the ladies; Italian, of the angels; but Spanish is the language of God."

Another one goes still further, and says: "Si Dios no fuese Dios seria rey de las Espanas, y el de Francia su cocinero!"—"If God were not God, he would be King of Spain, and the French king his cook!"

Further than this it is difficult for human pride to go.—*J. M. M. in Scribner's.*

FORCE OF GRAVITY.—It is not usually considered how animal and vegetable life on our planet is adapted in exact relation to force of gravity. Had the earth been a little larger or smaller, things would have been somewhat different. As regards the vegetable world, this is interestingly put by Whewell: "As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and the forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upward; others "hang the pensive head," and turn the opening downward. The positions, in these cases, depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in case of the *euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated, if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the foot-stalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in this, considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health."—*Electric Magazine.*

THE SUN.—The *Scientific American*, in a report of a recent lecture of Mr. Proctor on the sun, gives striking illustrations to impart an idea of the immense distance between us and our great luminary. One of these supposes an infant with an arm of the inconvenient length of 91,000,000 miles, who should stretch forth his hand and touch the sun. Naturally he would have his finger burnt; but so slow is the transmission of feeling, he would have to wait until he was 135 years old before he could be conscious of the fact. In this estimate, Mr. Proctor evidently adopts the rate of nerve motion obtained some twenty years ago by the observations of Dr. Hirsch, that is, about 111 feet in a second. The later and more elaborate researches of Dr. Schleske show a rapidity

of conduction by the sensory nerve of about 97 feet a second, which would require our sun-burnt infant to wait some years longer before discovering his indiscretion. If he trusted his sight in the matter, he might become aware of the danger to his distant member in the short space of eight minutes, so much more rapid is the speed of light than the movement of feeling along the nerves. The passage of volition along the motor nerves appears, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, to be still lower; so that upwards of a century and a half, perhaps, might elapse before the mental order to withdraw the finger could be carried out.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

We wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family or friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he inflicts upon them the disgraces, inconveniences, and burdens which attend a selfish dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptation of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and in all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of dirty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his vicious whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be shortened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honorable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men who would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh at his calamities. When he dies in a ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the glass they drink, and say, "after all, he was a Good Fellow."

The feature of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless, is, that he thinks he *is* a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and

his jolly ways atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good-fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise, is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest ties of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruffled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence, and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect can be built and braced.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of the good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's*.

THE AFFECTION OF ANIMALS FOR MAN.

The death of poor "Joe," the Chimpanzee, from consumption, caused by the climate, to which for the sake of English children and English lovers of the animal world, he has been now for some years exposed, will probably cause a more widespread and keen regret throughout London than any human death from the same cause would excite in the same great city. "Joe" was not only a great amusement to the visitors at the Zoological Gardens, but the passionate affection which he seems to have shown for his attendant, Sutton, has endeared him to the public. The *Daily Telegraph*, of Wednesday, even says that "when the nightly good-by came, 'Joe' would break out into a perfect frenzy of grief, tearing his hair, rolling upon the floor, casting dust and ashes upon his head,"—(if this be really so, by the way, the

Oriental mode of expressing mourning must be deeply rooted in our *animal* nature),—“and shrieking like a spoilt child.” This sort of affection in an animal for any human being is one of the most touching spectacles in the world, and certainly no people seem more alive to the pathos of that kind of feeling than the English of the present day, thick-skinned and wanting in sensibility as many of the Continental nations think us. One of Sir Edwin Landseer’s really pathetic pictures appeals to a somewhat different modification of the same feeling,—the picture, we mean, of the “Doctor,” in which the celebrated monkey which devoted itself to the nursing of sick members of his own order was represented, while a young scapegrace of the same tribe, without any “enthusiasm of Simianity” in his breast, was hiding away a stolen orange, evidently provided for the invalid, with grotesque gestures of delight. It was this picture of which Mr. Gladstone said that for the first time it had roused a momentary wish in him that “instead of a man he was a monkey.” No doubt there is something even more singular in this disinterested devotion of one member of a tribe of monkeys to others needing its care, than in the passionate attachment poor little “Joe” used to feel for his attendant, Sutton. The former contains an augury of the highest phases of human benevolence, while the latter is only an extreme form of what we are all more or less accustomed to in dogs, and sometimes, even, in birds and cats,—their recognition of something above themselves in man, and an almost religious constancy of devotion to it. But though it is even rarer to find philo-cynic dogs, or philo-ornithic birds, or philo-pithecan monkeys than it is to find such creatures with a rare devotion to human beings, the latter sentiment is, on the whole, more pathetic, because it fastens on a being whose objects and aims as regards all that he does for the creatures which thus love him, are utterly beyond their comprehension, and too often, indeed, quite without disinterested regard to the well-being of those creatures themselves. As the great poets of the Greeks saw a sort of irony in the conduct of the gods towards men, an irony which often granted human wishes in a sense that made the seeming gift a calamity, so the poor creatures which are so loyal to us might, perhaps, if they had as much power as men have of imagining what is beyond them, only find their loyalty cooled down, as the loyalty of the Greeks to the gods cooled down, under a somewhat similar conviction that we use them for purposes which they would undoubtedly think ironic,—that is, that we very seldom order their lives for their own benefit; and sometimes, as in the case of the pure Chimpanzee’s exile to a climate which is fatal to him, for purposes necessarily involving injury to them. Indeed, it must have been far from an improbable conjecture to the old thinkers, knowing as they did what their own motives were in imposing a mode of life on the creatures which were in their power, and without any revelation of God’s purpose in ordering human life as it is, that man might be fulfilling here not his own destiny, but some half-capricious, half-subordinate purpose, imposed on him by beings of a superhuman order, of whom he was but the plaything. If we complacently accept an affection which is given to us without measure, now and then, by the lower creatures, but which we trust as the mere tribute of an inferior to one who has uses for that inferior far more imperious than any exclusive regard for its benefit, why might not the gods accept our worship in the same spirit, as a becoming thing indeed in us, but not in any way interfering with the fancy superior beings may fairly indulge, for turning lower lives to their own account, in any way of either use or pleasure most agreeable to themselves? Is there not, indeed, a good deal of the lingering dregs of such a state of feeling even in some so-called Christian

doctrines, as to the sufferings of sinners *conducting to the glory of God?* There is certainly a sense in which poor "Joe's" sufferings, and those of his many fellow-sufferers in the same cause, contributed to the glory of man; for without the troubles of the unacclimatised and unacclimatisable animals—the elephants which, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, are always getting chapped feet in our cold region; the cobra, whose poison-teeth won't push through the poor creature's inflamed gums; the kangaroo, whose claws are distorted with rheumatism; and the parrots which fall victims to gout,—we could not possibly collect into one centre all the varieties of the animal world. Indeed, a heathen might well have conceived the earth as a smaller anthropological garden for those gods who were supposed to find,—

"A music centred in a doleful song,
Steaming up, a lamentation, and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning, tho' the words were strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil,
Till they perish ;"—

for the greater scale of human hopes and fears, and the greater range of human manners, might well have made us a study of even more interest to superhuman beings of nature not radically different from our own, than the lower orders of creation which we so carefully classify and collect together, can be to us. Why should the urgent cries of human prayer have meant more to such beings,—indeed why not even less,—than "Joe's" nightly anguish when Sutton left him, meant to Sutton? If we can regard, as we often do regard, the most passionate affections of the lower creatures for ourselves as quite subordinate to comparatively minor human ends, it would not seem unreasonable to suppose that like affections, however deep and true in man, directed towards the powers above him, would count for little in the greater scale of that superior life.

There is a somewhat pathetic story, ultimately vouched for, we believe, by the late Bishop Stanley (of Norwich), of a farmer for whom a goose formed a most earnest and disinterested affection. The goose would follow him everywhere, climb into his lap at night, go shooting with him, climbing all the hedges, following him when he was at the plow, turning deliberately at the end of every furrow, and walking back with him along the next, but not unfrequently turning to fasten its eyes upon him with the most intense gaze.* The wretched man, took it into his head that this goose's mysterious love was ominous of some calamity, which he could avert by killing it, and shot it one day in a fit of alarm. That shows how little the man was touched by this curious demonstration of love for him, and no doubt the last generation was less sensitive to the dumb pathos of such love than the present; but even now, if poor little "Joe" had not been so gentle and so amusing, there would not have been many to take much account of his extraordinary love for his attendant. The view that all creatures beneath us are simply intended to serve our purposes, and even their best love is of no more value than to amuse and gratify us, is, even more deeply rooted in us than the notion that men played the same kind of part as puppets in the hands of the gods, ever was to the heathen world.

* The story is quoted and attributed to Bishop Stanley, in an amusing little book called "Stories about Animals," by Thomas Jackson, M. A., published by Cassell, Peter, and Galpin.

And yet is there not something in this capacity of love of the lower animals for man which ought to make us ashamed to regard it as a mere source of amusement? To us the wistfulness and humanity of that kind of love, nay, even its wilful imperiousness when it discovers its own power, seem the only things which make the physical tie that, as naturalists tell us, actually exists between the lower creatures and us, one not distasteful but even honorable. The power of loving is a kind of germinal power of resembling; for hearty loyalty and fidelity can not exist without a degree of community of nature however limited. And as there is nothing more mysterious than the unsolicited and uncriticising love of an inferior creature, so there is nothing which leaves a more distinct impression of the divine origin of creation on the mind.

If a dumb creature can find no satisfaction but in the society of man, though it does not know in what man is superior to it, and feels our authority without feeling our fitness for it, there can hardly be superstition in the human feeling which in the same manner insists on a like tie to God. The gratitude which domesticated animals feel to those who have enlarged their powers by a kind of education, is a curious anticipation of human gratitude for the education which theologians call probation, and politicians the law of progress. That the affection no less than the intelligence of the lower animals points to something far beyond their present grade, and that the piety and delight with which this affection is returned have so softening and humanizing an influence upon man, is surely a sufficient reason for admitting that civilization should include in its scope a much larger society than that of human beings. Indeed we think it is hardly possible to enter heartily into the deeper feelings of the lower animals for ourselves without being carried on into piety, or, again, to be genuinely pious, without entering into the devoted affection of the lower animals for ourselves.—*The Spectator*.

CELIA'S MOTH.

"There he is in the candle again!" exclaimed Celia, stopping her needles and whisking the half-finished stocking at a circling moth obstinately bent on perishing in the flame. "I wonder what moths were made for?—stupid things!"

"Made for the candle, perhaps," said Rory, with a peculiar inflection of his lazy voice.

Celia gave him an impatient glance, but resumed her knitting without answering.

"It's all very well to call them stupid," continued Rory presently, "but, if the truth were told, don't you suppose the candle likes the game, too?"

"No, I don't," answered Celia shortly.

"Well, you ought to know," said Rory, with that queer accent again.

Celia threw down her knitting-work a second time. "I declare, Rory," she cried, "I won't be hinted at like this!"

"What can I do but hint—if you won't let me speak out?" said Rory.

"Well, speak out, then; make an end of it; maybe it's better so," said Celia.

Rory's reply to this was to get up and come around the table to where Celia sat; whereupon Celia, in her turn, quietly slipped round and seated herself in his empty chair. Rory did not dare to follow, but he looked at her in a discomfited and imploring way that raised the ghost of a smile upon her hitherto stern little mouth. But she immediately became judge-like again.

"Now, just sit down there," she said, "and say out what you have got to say."

"What's the use," muttered Rory, sulky at being out-manceuvred. "You know it just as well as I do."

"Know *what*? Say it out, I tell you!"

"Why that I—that you—O Celia! that I love you so much I *can't* say it!" cried Rory, a sudden boyish gush of tenderness melting through the little crust.

Here Celia dropped one of her knitting-needles, dived down for it, and came up with a red face. But her reply was practical in the extreme.

"Well, suppose you do, what does it amount to? I wouldn't marry a shirk, anyway."

This time it was into Rory's dark face that the blood flew, and he bit his lip. Celia's word had stung deeper than she knew, or meant, perhaps.

"What would you have me do?" he said at last.

"Anything!" answered Celia, energetically. "Get a hammer and break stones on the road would be better than nothing."

"But why should I work, since my father left me enough—"

"Why should you work?" interrupted Celia. "Why, for the sake of working. Yes, I know—more's the pity; your father did leave you just enough to dawdle along. Yes, you do dawdle, Rory—no use scowling like that; what else can you call the way you've spent your time ever since you came home? When it's rainy, you dawdle off with a fishing-rod; and, when it's pleasant, you dawdle under the trees with a book all day long; and then in the evening—"

"In the evening I dawdle round the candle," completed Rory, sarcastically.

"Yes, exactly; and I can tell you, Rory, the candle *doesn't* like it!"

"Doesn't it?" said Rory, getting up. "Well, good-night, then, candle; I won't dawdle round you any more this evening, anyhow!" With this speech he took his six feet of laziness out of the room.

Celia stopped the click of her needles, and listened for his tread on the stairs. She did not hear it, but what she did hear next minute was the outside door closing with a bang that indicated Master Rory to be

in no very gentle mood. A smile and then a little frown came over Celin's face.

"Where is he off to now, I wonder?" she said to herself, not condescending, however, to go to the window and see what direction the truant was taking. "To Susy Tibbets', perhaps; he has done that once or twice before when I put him out—and he was put out to-night! Well, I can't help it; I can't see him running to waste so, and hold my tongue. If he chooses to revenge himself by going to Susy Tibbets', why, he must, that's all. I suppose he won't expect me to sit up for him; he knows there's the pantry-window for folks that stay out late courting."

But Rory had not gone to Susy Tibbets', albeit certain of being suffered there to hover round the candle as long and close as he liked. He had gone down to the mill-stream, to a mossy stone where he had been wont, as Celia said, to dawdle with a fishing-rod; but there was no fishing-rod in his hand now, and no dawdling in his mood either. That word "shirk" was still rankling within him: it was not by any means the first time that Celia had scolded him for being lazy, but that epithet somehow seemed to point and drive home the reproach in quite a new way.

Rory was lazy, there is no denying that. You saw it in the languid grace of his well-developed figure; in the peculiar curve of his lips; in the very way in which the heavy lids rose slowly from his eyes, as if it were hardly worth the trouble; in motion and outline, as in coloring, the Southern mother was betrayed in him. Yet, underlying all the tropical warmth and softness, was the firmer stratum that came from his New-England ancestry on the other side; and, just as you were surprised, when the black lashes were lifted, to see a pair of deep-blue eyes set in the olive face, so you were surprised sometimes to see those large, sleepy eyes kindle into a keenness of comprehension and energy foreign to his whole exterior. To repeat, the rock lay under all, only it lay so deep that it was seldom touched. But it had been touched to-night. He had left Celia in one of those flashes of anger not at all unusual with him; but he seated himself now on the stone by the mill-brook, with an uncommonly well-defined purpose of thinking it all out: "it" being Celia, himself, and his own position with regard to her and things in general.

What that was does not require many words to explain. Rory—and here it may be remarked that he did not owe his Irish name to any Irish blood, but to the inability of one of his father's farm-hands to—as he phrased it—get his tongue round the little fellow's name. For Captain Trent, with that peculiar taste in nomenclature not infrequently to be observed in the New-Englander born and bred, had called his boy Rosario, after the South-American settlement, where he

had met his wife; and, this appellation being unmanagable to more tongues than Pat McGinnis' that worthy's solution of the difficulty had been speedily adopted by everybody. Rory Trent, then was the orphan son of a South-American Spaniard and a roving New-Englander, who had been a sailor and a little of every thing else before becoming a settler in Buenos Ayres, where he made considerable money in sheep, which he afterwards lost in speculation. Shortly after his marriage, the fancy took him to return to his native town, which he accordingly did, richer than when he left it by a wife and a fortune. But he did not retain either very long. The dark eyed Peruvian pined and drooped in that uncongenial air: and, before the village folk were tired of gossiping about her outlandish garb and ways, one bleak November day they were bidden to a hushed assembly, where "the foreign woman" lay, rigid enough now, her outlandish garb exchanged for colorless grave-clothes: then the black, frozen sods of the little New-England cemetery closed over the stranger from the far-away land of the vine and the palm, and there was nothing left to tell of her save that mound and a motherless little boy.

Captain Trent followed his wife before many years, but not until he had succeeded in making ducks and drakes of his recently acquired money by rash speculation, and the undertaking of New-England farming on a South-American scale, with the result to be expected from more zeal than discretion. That accomplished—concluding, perhaps, that he had about exhausted this world—he betook himself to another, leaving Rory with the wreck of his property—just enough, as Celia had said, to let him dawdle along through life. Boy and property were confided to the care of the captain's half-brother, Jacob Wetherell, who was to give the lad a home during his minority, send him to college—this being expressly stipulated by the testator, with the exaggerated ideas of the advantages of that institution peculiar to those who have not shared them—and be altogether a father to the fatherless boy.

The provision of the will had been duly carried out: Rory, grown up, had passed his four years within the university walls, and left them the wiser, no doubt, by all that experience of prank-playing and authority-cheating which are among the benefits of a collegiate course. Otherwise, it cannot be said that he had particularly distinguished himself. He had just graduated, and returned home at the age of twenty-two, healthy, handsome, and lazy, with his life all before him, and no apparent notion of what to do with it beyond smoking, idling, and making love, in season and out of season, to his cousin Celia Wetherell.

As for this last pastime, no one, seeing Celia, would be disposed to blame him. She was the type we all know in New England, and shall hardly meet with out of it: a mixture of fun and gravity, sentiment and shrewdness; so pretty it seemed that she must be good for nothing,

and so capable one felt that she ought to be ugly; kind, keen, and clever; fresh and sweet as an opening brier-rose, with all the rose's bloom, and some of its thorns—as luckless Rory could testify. Occupied herself from morning till night, she looked with extreme disfavor on his purposeless existence, as she regarded it. But then, as it happened, he had one purpose, and that was to make her his wife; so, when she said to-night, with such uncompromising plainness, that she would never marry a shirk, the words went straight home as no others could have done. He could not get rid of them; the mill-current seemed to ripple to their tune; they formed the basis both of the thoughts, of anger and mortification, that ran through his mind while he sat on the stone thinking it out, and of the plan that had taken shape before he returned home to let himself in at the pantry-window, unheard by anybody but Celia, who, though she would not sit up for folk that staid out late courting, nevertheless did not sleep till she had heard said folk come in.

The next morning at breakfast Rory astonished his uncle Jacob by inquiring if there were not some books of his father's on South-America somewhere about the house.

"I guess so," answered the old farmer, intent on the carving of a pink-and-white ham, artistically picked out with black-pepper spots. "But what do you want of South-American books, hey, Rory?"

"Only because I'm going there myself," was Rory's startling answer.

Celia improvidently dropped five large lumps of sugar one after another into her father's coffee-cup, and the old man himself left the knife quivering half-way in the ham.

"*You* going to South America!" he repeated, wrinkling up his eyebrows, the better to stare at Rory. "Why, bless the boy, he ain't waked up yet!"

"On the contrary, Uncle Jacob, I've just waked up," answered Rory, with a side glance at Celia. "And quite time, too. I must see something of the world, you know; of course I can't be always hanging round here doing nothing."

Considering that, at that time yesterday, Rory had not appeared to find the slightest difficulty in such a mode of life, it was no wonder if Uncle Jacob was somewhat surprised by the decided way in which this statement was advanced. But, as his nephew stuck to this plan, the old man, too, was soon brought round to regard it as, on the whole an excellent idea. So the thing was settled, and Rory, with an eager energy which Uncle Jacob declared he had not thought was in the boy, set about his preparations forthwith, and gave no rest to himself or anybody else till all was ready.

"Good-by, Celia," he said, as he held his cousin's hand at the moment of departure. "The moth's going where he won't trouble you

again for one while, at any rate! The Lord knows if I'll ever come back, but, whatever happens, whether I live or die, you sha'n't call me a shirk again." Then he looked at her with his great, pleading, deep-blue eyes, which said all that pride tied his tongue from saying, kissed her thrice passionately, and was gone.

Celia, perhaps if she could have ordered all exactly to her liking, would not have had her moth fly quite so far off, but she was not one to look back, her hand once put to the plow; she had spoken for Rory's good, come what might of it; if he was thereby lost to her, at least he was gained to himself, as she believed, and she was not going to regret her work because it had worked out beyond her anticipation. So she kept on cheerily along the round of her daily duties, those multifarious cares known only to farmers' wives and daughters, who whatever happens, must be prepared for seed-time and harvest. Celia was as capable a little mistress as ever lived, and her quick eye and step prevailed the house like a spring breeze; she was here, there and every where, providing for the men, overseeing the maids, scolding them, too, sometimes, no doubt, all through the week, and then on Sundays ready in her place in the choir, with a voice and face as fresh as her go-to-meeting best, laid up in lavender and rose-leaves; leading, in short, the good, old-fashioned, orthodox village life, including, perhaps, the "sparkling" who knows? for she was not only the prettiest girl in town, but an only child, whose father possessed substantial charms of another sort.

Rory, meanwhile, was doing well "over there," as they called the great, far-away tropical country, whose distance in crossing he seemed somehow to have bridged over for those left behind in the red house under the Northern pines and maples. He had been very lucky, he wrote, in the partnership into which he had entered; was not making money with a rush, exactly, but was certainly not losing it; was getting very rich in experience if not in gold. His letters were assuredly prosaic enough, they dealt less with description than with facts, and with sentiment least of all; the wildest stretch of imagination could not have made them into love-letters: they might have been read aloud on town-meeting day without raising a blush on Celia's cheek. Yet still there was always some allusion which nobody but herself could understand, something which, without any direct appeal, was meant to refresh old memories which might yet be alive in her heart. So at least the girl fancied, until she remarked certain other allusions, more frequent of late, to the cousin whom he had found over there, the cousin Juanita, who owned miles of vineyard, who had the largest eyes and the smallest feet, and was the best *bolero*-dancer of all the *senoritas* in that whole region. Then a doubt gradually formed itself in Celia's mind, a doubt strengthened by the innocent comment of Uncle Jacob, who had no more notion of any special tenderness between his daughter and his

nephew than if they had been a pair of lovers in the moon instead of right under his silver-bowed spectacles. "The boy's following in his father's track," chuckled the worthy man, and in her heart Celia believed that her father was right. Then, over her knitting, she would try to make a picture for herself of Juanita, as she looked dancing that outlandish but no doubt bewitching dance, the bolero, and the Spanish girl's black eyes would flash and her little feet twinkle curiously all through the staid New-England conversation, till, finally, when Mark Wilson, or young Dr. Heath, or Lewis Saunderland from over the hill, had said good-night and gone away, Celia would betake herself to her chamber, there to piece out the broken images again in dreams, and fancy she heard Rory's rich voice singing serenades under the thick-blossomed creepers, and saw the gleam of gold in Juanita's black cloud of tresses, till she started suddenly broad awake, with the sun in her eyes, and Peter's whistle in her ears, as he went out to fodder the cattle in the early morning. Then she would half smile as she rose and made her simple but dainty toilet, and, standing before the glass, shook loose over her fair face the thick waving locks that needed no foreign ornament to give them the gleam of gold; then she would go lightly downstairs, for she must set the whole household machinery in motion, she must see that others ate and drank, and she must eat and drink herself; and, amid her multiplicity of occupations, she had no time to pine or pale, and so the new day would wear pleasantly enough to a close, like those that had gone before, and should follow after it.

So four years slipped away, and then—Rory came home, suddenly, without a word of warning: he wanted to give them a surprise, he said. And a huge surprise it was; only, after a little, he had dropped so completely into his old place, that it seemed as if he had never been away. So said Uncle Jacob.

"You ain't a bit changed, not a bit," went on the old man. "You're brown enough—yes, but then you always was coffee-color you know, Rory, hey?"

"Yes, I know," answered Rory, returning the old man's laugh. "But I am changed for all that, Uncle Jacob. Ask Celia."

"Well, well, perhaps you be, perhaps you be," said the old man. "My eyes ain't what they were—nor my glasses neither. I shall have to buy a new pair, I guess." But the change in his nephew was one which no new pair of glasses—nor even of eyes, unless they had been Celia's—would have enabled Jacob to see.

"S'pose we sha'n't keep you long," continued he, presently. "You'll be in a hurry to get back again?"

"No, Uncle Jacob," answered Rory; "I've come home for good. I mean to try to turn to account here what I've managed to pick up out there."

"Aha! didn't I say so? Going to do just as his father did!" chuckled the old farmer, oblivious apparently of the fact that neither his father's agricultural nor matrimonial ventures had thriven in transplanting. "But you'll have to go back, though, to fetch your bride. When's it to be, eh, lad? when's the wedding coming off?"

"The wedding," repeated Rory, dreamily; then, with a start and a smile, "Oh, sometime next year, I expect."

"Then it really was to be," thought Celia, as she watched Rory's unconscious face. How strange that she, *she* should have been the one to send him half across the world to find a wife in this unknown cousin, who otherwise would doubtless have remained unknown to him forever. Well, she did it for the best, she told herself, as often before, but this time she could not thus console herself quite so readily. And just then Rory's eyes turned suddenly full upon her, and she blushed guiltily, and got up and went into the kitchen, remembering all at once that Nancy Walsh was a raw girl, and was probably spolling whatever she had in hand.

Two or three days passed by much as of old.

"Do you expect anybody to-night, Celia?" asked Rory one evening.

"No; not that I know of," answered Celia, rather in surprise; "Why?"

"Nothing, only as Dr. Heath was here last night, and Lewis Saundreland the night before, and Mark Wilson the night before that, I was wondering if you had one for every evening in the week?"

"What nonsense, Rory!" said Celia, turning away in search of something in her work-basket.

"Is it nonsense?" said Rory. "I'm sure I hope so, for then we have a prospect of a quiet evening.

A very quiet evening they seemed to have a prospect of, for it was a long time before either of them spoke a word. They sat opposite each other, with the light-stand between, Celia knitting, and Rory lazily watching her quick little fingers fly in and out among the needles. Both, perhaps, thought of just such an evening four years before.

"There's your moth back again, Celia," said Rory, suddenly.

Celia looked up with a start, first at Rory, then at a large moth circling uncertainly round the candle-wick.

"Yes, but he's grown shy; he'll be off again in a minute," said the girl, unconsciously following out the thought in her mind.

"What odds will you bet on that?" asked Rory.

"Betting is wrong," said Celia, demurely.

"Not between cousins," returned Rory, with equal gravity. "This coral-headed pin of mine to—let me see—to that rose in your hair, that Mr. Moth stays and singes himself?"

Celia did not refuse, and silence consenteth. They kept quiet, and watched and waited.

Not for very long. The winged simpleton advanced, retreated, advanced nearer, executed a few zigzag flights and eccentric curves, then made a blind dash at the flame, and fell scorched on the table.

"Well?" said Rory, coming round to Celia, and his eyes looked straight into hers, while he detached the rose. That required time and patience, for it was a thorny bud, and, by the time Rory had finished, one of his fingers was bleeding.

"You pay dear for your whistle," said Celia.

"No dearer than I expected," answered Rory. "I knew it was a brier-rose," and again he looked at her. He did not go back to his former seat then, but drew a chair beside her, and leaning his elbow on the table where the moth was still feebly fluttering,

"Poor old fellow!" said Rory looking down at it with a queer smile, "come and die in honey." And he picked it up, and placed it on the rose-leaves. "Moths like roses, too," he said.

"You're thinking of butterflies," said Celia, knitting most industriously.

"What's the difference?" asked Rory.

"Oh, I don't know—ever so much!"

"Well, yes, so much, at any rate, butterflies are rovers and moths are constant—to the candle."

There was another long pause.

"Do you remember just such an evening as this four years ago, Celia," said Rory, at last, "When you called me a shirk, and sent me about my business?"

"Oh, Rory!" said Celia, reproachfully, "I did hope you wouldn't remember all my silly speeches against me."

"Against you!" repeated Rory. "Those were the kindest words you ever spoke to me. Made a man of me. Came just in time, too, for a little longer, and I should have settled down into a regular village lounge—like old Tim Wiley, perhaps—hanging about the stores, sitting on molasses-barrels, and drinking old Jamaica. Might have come to that, who knows?"

Both laughed.

"But, Celia," said Rory, presently, "I'm not a shirk now, and—is there any chance for me. You know you're all the world to me, dear."

The transition from molasses to sentiment was so abrupt that it confused Celia for a moment. Then she remembered Juanita, and her lips compressed. How dare Rory play with her like that?

"Rory," she said, quickly, "you ought not to talk so to me."

"Why not?" said unabashed Rory.

"Oh!—you know."

"No, I don't. Is it Dr. Heath or Lew ——?"

"No, No! But—arn't you going to marry your cousin?"

"I hope so!" said Rory, fervently.

"Well, then!"

"Well," repeated Rory, "what of that?"

"What of that!" echoed Celia, with a wondering glance at him, as if to make sure he had not been taking just a drop of old Tim Wiley's specific—"why, you can't marry two people, and you know you said yourself the wedding would be next year?"

"Oh! you're thinking of Juanita? Yes, but her wedding won't be mine, you know?"

"Not—yours—?"

"Of course not! She's going to marry a Spanish fellow as light-heeled as she is. They danced into love together, and now they're going to dance into matrimony."

"Oh!" Scarcely to save her life could Celia have spoken more than one word, nor have looked up into the dusky blue eyes she felt were waiting for hers.

"Did you think *Juanita* was the cousin I hoped to marry?" said Rory, in a lower voice. "I've got another cousin—Cel—"

Silence; and Celia knitting as if for a wager, Rory leaned forward and captured both her hands in defiance of the darting needle-points and the imminent risk of another wounded finger. "Celia," said he, "is it Dr. Heath or I?"

"It's—not Dr. Heath—" said Celia, and then knitting and needles became entangled in hopeless confusion, and I am afraid some of the stitches in that stocking had to be taken over again.

* * * * *

"Talking of Juanita, Celia," said Rory, by-and-by, "as I told you, your packing me off was the making of me; but, all the same, wasn't it something of a risk? How did you know but I *might* have turned out a butterfly instead of a moth?"

"No danger," laughed Celia, ignoring all her previous doubts and fears. "Once a moth, always a moth!"

Rory answered this saucy speech as it deserved. But his reply cannot be set down on paper.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."—*Longfellow.*

Official.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND COMMANDERY.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF R. E. GRAND COMMANDER E. I. GARFIELD.

Sir Knights of the Grand Commandery of the State of Michigan :

Another year is added to the lengthened history of our beloved order, and we are assembled in solemn conclave to deliberate upon its welfare, and to do what seems best, in our judgment, for the advancement of its great interests. On such an occasion, how proper that we should bow in humble recognition of the power of that Unseen Being, who has been with us, preserved us in health, permitted us to kneel around the Banner of the Cross, and to renew our vows forever to be faithful to the trusts confided to us.

The Templar year just closed has been one in which few questions have arisen for the decision of your Grand Commander, and these only confirmatory of those decided by my predecessors or the Grand Masters.

On July 23d, 1873, their charter having been lost, I granted a dispensation to the officers and members of John Clark Commandery, to meet and transact their usual business until this conclave. It is in the province of this body to grant them a new charter.

In January last, I received an application from eleven Sir Knights, residing at Grand Haven to form and open a Commandery in that city. The application was recommended by Muskegon Commandery, and I lay it with all accompanying papers before you for your consideration.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the last Conclave of this Grand Body, I assigned the officers of the Grand Commandery to duty, as follows :

Very Eminent Sir. L. H. Randall, Deputy Grand Commander; De Molai, No. 5; Jackson, No. 9; Muskegon, No. 22; St. Johns, No. 24.

Eminent Sir, S. S. Mathews, Grand Generalissimo; Detroit, No. 1; Bay City, No. 26; Lexington, No. 27; Howell, No. 28.

Eminent Sir, S. C. Randall, Grand Captain General; Pontiac, No. 2; Romeo, No. 6; Port Huron, No. 7; Fenton, No. 14.

Eminent Sir, R. J. Carney, Grand Senior Warden; Genessee Valley, No. 15; St. Bernard, No. 16; Jno. Clark, No. 20; Lansing, No. 25.

Eminent Sir, C. E. Grisson, Grand Junior Warden; Ionia, No. 11; Corunna, No. 21; Pilgrim, No. 23.

Eminent Sir, H. F. Knapp, Grand Standard Bearer; Peninsular, No. 8; Niles, No. 12; Ann Arbor, No. 13; Monroe, No. 19.

Eminent Sir, Mills H. Landon, Grand Sword Bearer; Eureka, No. 3; Columbia, No. 18; Three Rivers, No. 29.

Eminent Sir Wm. B. Wilson, Grand Warden; Jacobs, No. 10; Marshall, No. 17; Adrian, No. 4.

The reports of the inspecting officers are herewith presented for your information, as to the condition and working of the several Commanderies:

On the 18th of December, 1873, I visited and inspected personally, Monroe Commandery: Commander Lyttle and other officers of Toledo Commandery, and Commander Fiske, of Detroit, were present. On March 12, I visited Peninsular Commandery, No. 8, and on May 22d De Molai No. 5, in both cases finding the work of the officers all that could be desired. Were all the Commanderies in this jurisdiction as perfect in the work of the Asylum as Peninsular and De Molai, there would be little need of inspecting officers. I have never seen their work surpassed.

I have also been present at the inspection of the following Commanderies, to wit: Detroit, No. 1; Pontiac, No. 2; Eureka, No. 3; Adrian, No. 4; Port Huron, No. 7; Jackson, No. 9; Ionia, No. 11; Ann Arbor, No. 13; Genesee Valley, No. 15; Marshall, No. 17; Muskegon, No. 22; St. Johns, No. 24; Lansing, No. 25; and Bay City, No. 28.

I visited Marquette in August last, and on the 5th of that month instituted and installed the officers of Lake Superior Commandery, No. 30. This Commandery is the northernmost on this continent. Composed, as it is, of the best men in the Upper Peninsula, may it be the Polar Star Commandery, not only in the brilliancy of its organization, but in the efficacy and magnitude of its influence. They have excellent rooms, handsomely furnished, and all the conveniencies for performing the work in the best manner. I desire to express my acknowledgements to the officers and members of the Lake Superior Commandery for courtesies, and to Sir Knight Maynard, of Marquette; also to Sirs R. Rowland and Charles E. Murphy, of Detroit, for assistance at the installation.

On the evening of May 29th, I visited Toledo Commandery No. 7, with Commanders Fiske, of Detroit, and Newton, of Monroe, and witnessed work in the order of the Temple. I can vouch to Grand Commander Carson for the excellence of their work and knightly courtesy.

That these visits of the Grand Officers have resulted in good is apparent, and I trust that the recommendations of our last Grand Commander will be carried out in the future.

I have been more than gratified with the excellence of the work in the commanderies I have visited. In all, without exception, the officers were at their posts, prompt and enthusiastic in the discharge of

their various duties, performing their work with that perfection for which the subordinates of this jurisdiction are noted, and extending to the Grand Officers and visiting companions a knightly hospitality.

A want of uniformity in the work exists, in the Commanderies, which should be remedied at a date as early as possible; it is found particularly perhaps in the transposition of certain portions of the ritual, or in a change of words, conveying the same meaning. I would advise the appointment of a committee to correct the work, and to report the result of their labors to the Grand Commander for approval, and when approved, the work to be promulgated to the subordinates. I would also recommend in this connection the appointment of an officer whose duty it shall be to inspect the work, and give instruction when necessary, and who shall have the same power and duties of the Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge. I am satisfied that this is the only feasible way of correcting the errors into which we have fallen.

It was my intention to visit the Asylum of each Commandery in the State, but family affliction has rendered it impossible. For the delicate acts of courtesy and kindness extended to me in this affliction, by the officers and members of Washington Commandery, Saratoga Springs, New York, I deem it proper to express my deep obligations, and to bespeak for them your highest consideration.

By the returns made to the Grand Recorder, I learn that the number of companions knighted during the year is 264. The number of Knights belonging to the Order in this State is 2,300.

I believe we have too many Commanderies for our own good; with one-half the present number I am confident our strength would be greater, and Templar Masonry be better for it. Our members have increased far too rapidly. The black ball has not been used as it should have been. Our strength should be in the character for manhood of the members of our order. In our numbers lies our weakness. With my predecessors I desire to impress upon you the necessity of scanning the character of those who seek admission to our asylums. Better that not one should be added to our number, than that our ranks should be filled or weakened by those who are unworthy.

It is known that the financial condition of the Grand Commandery is not as sound as it should be. For a number of years past, charters have been issued for new Commanderies, creating a revenue beyond the regular income received for dues; this resource, however, cannot be further depended upon. We have thirty Commanderies, and I am satisfied that no more charters should be issued for many years to come. We have a large pay-roll to meet at each annual Conclave, and the dues as fixed at the present time will not meet the expenses of the Grand Body. In view of this fact I recommend that the dues be raised to the sum of one dollar per year, which will enable this Grand Body to not

only get out of debt but to keep out. The subject was alluded to by my immediate predecessor, and I urge upon you the necessity of prompt action.

In August last, an invitation was received from the Committee of Arrangements, for Grand and Subordinate Commanderies in the State, to participate in the laying of the corner-stone of the State Capitol at Lansing, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge. Learning that the Grand Master had accepted the invitation, I addressed him a note tendering the escort of the Grand and Subordinate Commanderies of the State.

[We omit the official correspondence between the Grand Officers, because it has been heretofore published in the Magazine.—Ed.]

The Grand Officers met in Lansing on the evening of October 1st, and perfected all the arrangements for the succeeding day.

From early morn till noonday of the 2d the Commanderies were arriving, and under the escort of Lansing Commandery were marched immediately to their quarters, and provided with substantial refreshments. At twelve o'clock the line was formed and reviewed by the Grand Commander and staff, when the order was given to "close in mass in column of divisions." This order was executed promptly, and the bands numbering 850 pieces were massed on the right. In this formation 1,500 as noble and gallant Sir Knights as ever took the vow, passed up Washington avenue, under the review of his Excellency the Governor and staff, presenting a spectacle such as was never witnessed in this State, or perhaps in any other. The numerous staff of the Grand Commander, handsomely mounted, the massing of the bands all playing in perfect unison our national air "Hail Columbia," and 1,500 Sir Knights with their flashing swords, and nodding plumes, massed in lines extending from curb to curb, formed a scene of animation, discipline and brilliancy baffling description. The compliments of the reviewing officers and the plaudits of the thousands of citizens from all parts of the State, spoke volumes for the magnificent marching of our Michigan Sir Knights.

On reaching the post assigned for the Third Division, the Commanderies took their positions at full distance. In compliance with the order issued, the Commanderies wheeled into columns of divisions, headed by their own bands, and here again the superior marching and fine personal appearance of the Knights commanded the admiration of all. The well trained bands with their martial strains, the long lines of Knights in columns at full distance, covering the broad avenue for half a mile, and the banners of our order freely floating over all, filled the countless thousands with enthusiasm and delight. The march was one continued ovation. All changes of formation by the Commanderies were at the same point, and thus the movements were uniform

throughout the whole line. In this manner was the Grand Lodge of our State escorted to the Capitol grounds, to perform the duties assigned it. Owing to the dense mass of people at the stand, it was impossible for any division to mass as ordered by the Grand Marshal, and the Commanderies were dismissed. In the evening all took their departure for their homes, and thus ended a great day for the people of our State, and one not soon to be forgotten by the Sir Knights of our jurisdiction.

I desire to acknowledge here, in behalf of the Sir Knights of the State, the princely hospitality shown by Commander Bixby and the officers and members of Lansing Commandery. Though small in numbers, and one of the youngest in the State, they spared nothing to render the stay of their visiting companions pleasant, and their unwearyed zeal in our behalf has placed us under lasting obligations.

To Commander Bixby, Capt. General Chandler and his lady, and to Sir J. E. Warner, the Grand Commander and his staff desire to express their thanks for courtesies received.

The Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Encampment of the United States, our Past Grand Commander, Irving M. Smith, was present as a guest of the Grand Commandery, and was assigned a position due to his rank.

The officers of this Grand Body received a courteous invitation from the Sir Knights of Philadelphia to be present at the consecration of their Asylum on the 30th of September, 1873: but on account of our duties at Lansing on the 2d of October, we were obliged to decline, sending, however, the congratulations of the Knights of the Peninsular State to our *fraters* of the Keystone State, and our best wishes for the success of the day.

On the 16th of March last I transmitted to the subordinate commanderies a copy of an invitation of the Grand Commandery of Louisiana, to visit New Orleans during the next Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of the United States, to be held on the first Tuesday in December, 1874, advising that steps should be taken to ascertain the probable number of Sir Knights who would make the trip, in order that a general committee could be appointed to make arrangements for all.

On the 23th ult., I also received from Eminent Sir Wm. Powell, D. D. G. M., Chairman Committee on Invitation, a note courteously inviting, on behalf of the Grand Master of Masons of the State of Illinois, and on behalf of the fraternity generally of the city of Chicago, the officers of the Grand Commandery and the Sir Knights of this State, to be present and participate on the occasion of laying the "Corner Stone" of the United States Building now in process of erection in that city. Pursuant to request of the Secretary of the United States Treasury Department, the stone will be laid with Masonic ceremonies on Saint John's day next (June 24th), at the hour of HIGH TWELVE.

As the invitation was received at so late a date, I place the note before you to-day, and request the subordinates to take immediate action and report to the Grand Commander, the probable number of Sir Knights who will attend.

I desire to call the attention of this Body to the communication of Mrs. H. B. Farnsworth, Vice-Regent for Michigan, for the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association. The letter speaks for itself, and I recommend it to you, believing that such action will be taken as will reflect credit upon the Templars of our State. All who made the pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon in 1871, will remember with what feelings we bowed before the tomb of Washington and renewed our vows to be good men and true. Let us as Masons, as companions, as Templars and as citizens of the Great Republic, interest ourselves with our fraters of other States, to make the Mecca of this country what the ladies of the association desire it should be.

While so much has occurred during the past year reflecting credit upon our order and causing pleasure to all of our members, we have not been without our afflictions.

It became my painful duty, on the 12th of May, 1874, to announce to the officers and Knights of the jurisdiction, as also to the Grand Commanderies with whom we are in correspondence, the death, in the 53d year of his age, of Past Grand Commander Nathaniel P. Jacobs. As a citizen he served his city, state and country faithfully and well, never betraying a trust or neglecting a duty. In life, we honored him and he honored us. In death, we honor and revere the memory of him who was among the first to unfurl the banner of our order in this jurisdiction, and who, by his knightly bearing and unblemished character, gave us so bright an example to follow.

I desire to express my obligations to all the officers of this Grand Body, present and past, to the officers and members, the subordinates without exception, for the unvarying kindness and courtesy shown me during my official term. I wish you, Sir Knights, here assembled, each prosperity and happiness. May our Grand Order in the purity of its operations and the scope of its influence be co-extensive with humankind, knowing no limits and ever beyond reproach.

Sir Knights: In surrendering the great trust imposed by your action one year ago, permit me to impress upon your minds the many lessons of wisdom we have received from those who have so honorably filled this position. Let all our acts and doings before man and our Maker be in keeping with our vows. Let us live virtuous and temperate lives, emulating those Knights of old who lived and fought so nobly as to become the wonder and admiration of the world. In every day life, in every hour almost have we opportunity for the exercise of qualities characteristic of true manhood, on the right hand and on the left.

In the multiplicity of circumstances and associations surrounding and enveloping us are great fields to exemplify the principles and demonstrate the utility of our organization.

ELLERY IRVING GARFIELD,
Grand Commander.

GRAND CHAPTER R. A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF GRAND HIGH PRIEST,
MONROE, MICH., June 15th, 1874.

1st. *Question*—Can one who has been accepted as a M. E. M. go to another Chapter and be exalted to the R. A. and still belong to the first Chapter?

Answer—No; See 7 and 11 of the Constitutional Rules and Regulations, page 249, book of the Chapter.

I can imagine circumstances under which it might, perhaps, be proper to allow one Chapter to confer a degree or degrees for another Chapter, by unanimous consent. And yet the advantages possible to be gained thereby could not be commensurate with the disadvantages likely to follow such a course; and therefore prefer not to admit the right under any circumstances whatever, as a safer and more conservative course to pursue, and more in conformity with the regulations above quoted, with the legislation of our own Grand Chapter, and the spirit of Masonry the world over.

2d. *Question*—Must the ballot be spread when the committee on qualifications reports adversely to the candidate?

Answer—Yes; notwithstanding the contrary is held to be the law by good authority. In our jurisdiction there must be a ballot in order either to elect or reject; and I believe this to be right; but I do not believe a committee should report either for or against, except to give the facts, and leave the rest to the secret ballot.

Upon the principle that the ballot should be strictly and inviolably secret, I hold that neither committees nor individual members, have the the right, strictly speaking, to indicate beforehand, how they are going to vote, any more than how they have voted after the ballot has been passed and the result announced.

The committee should give a perfect and complete moral history of the individual and such other facts as may be deemed necessary, touching his physical qualifications, etc., and there stop. Individuals should only give such information as may be sought upon application or direct investigation, and without giving their own opinion as to his *worthiness* to become a member, and then and there stop.

3d. During the last Masonic year a petitioner was duly elected to receive the degrees; but previous to his advancement objection was made to my predecessor, who refused to advance the candidate and communicated to me the fact of the objection, and I also declined to advance him.

Question—1st, Should I regard the simple objection as sufficient to restrain me from conferring the degrees; or,

2d, Should I require from the objector the reasons for the objection, and judge of their sufficiency?

Answer—To No. 1, Yes; (see page 1,154 of Proceedings for 1870.) No. 2, No; you have no right, neither has any one else, least of all the candidate, to question the objector as to *why* he objects to the candidate's admission into or advancement in the Order.

While the edict of the Grand Chapter touching objections after a clear ballot, above referred to, is and will continue to be the law in this jurisdiction until changed by the Grand Chapter, still I think it faulty to some extent, and a proper subject for further legislation.

According to the wording of the edict, the right of objection is limited to Companions who were *not* present at the election, and by inference an objection made by one who *was* present at the election, will be disregarded; but facts might come to the knowledge of one who *was* present, (and voted *for* the candidate,) after the ballot and *before* the conferring of the degree, which would render the candidate unworthy the honors of Capitular Masonry, and he should have the same right to put in his objection, to arrest his progress, as he who was not present at the election, else great injustice might be done, as well to individuals as to the Craft in general.

The edict is faulty in another particular, viz.: It does not provide for objections after the candidate has received one or more degrees, and before exaltation; and as there has been no legislation upon this point by our Grand Chapter, I have had to fall back upon the law governing such cases in the Grand Lodge, and reply to interrogatories upon this point, that objections hold good at all times prior to the conferring of any degree, and "until waived or withdrawn."

ALFRED I. SAWYER, M. D.,
Grand High Priest.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., June 12th, 1874.

Question. A Mason who has his membership with a Lodge in the State of New York but resides in Michigan within the jurisdiction of Lodge A., is guilty of a masonic offense. Before any charges are preferred, he removes his residence from the jurisdiction of Lodge A. to the jurisdiction of Lodge B., in Michigan, where he now resides; and the question is, can Lodge A. prefer charges against him and try and punish him for his offense.

Answer. Unless tried by the Lodge of which he is a member, he can only be tried by the Lodge within whose jurisdiction he may now reside or be sojourning. The Penal Code, which has been approved but not formally adopted by the Grand Lodge, provides that a Lodge has penal jurisdiction over all Masons, affiliated and non affiliated, residing or sojourning within its territory.

Charges may be preferred by the members of Lodge A. against the individual in question to Lodge B. where he now resides, and Lodge B. must take cognisance of the case and proceed with the trial as is usual in such cases.

Question. A brother having been indefinitely suspended by a Lodge, applies for restoration, which is refused. Can he renew his petition at our next regular.

Answer. No formal petition is necessary. He must make application in writing to the Lodge, stating that he desires

to be restored, and should state his reasons for it; and the Lodge will then pass upon his application. If rejected, it may be renewed at any regular meeting thereafter, and the Lodge can take such action as to the brethren seems proper.

Question. A Lodge having received a petition for initiation from one who has been rejected by another Lodge, is it necessary to have the consent of the Lodge where the petitioner had been rejected, before a ballot can be taken?

Answer. See Sec. 3, Article 13, and Sec. 1, Art. 17 of the General Regulations. Whether the rejection was from within or without this Grand Jurisdiction it is necessary to obtain the recommendation and consent of the Lodge rejecting the petitioner, and that consent must be given *unanimously*, by a *secret ballot*, at a *regular* meeting. This is imperative.

Question. An individual having been twice rejected by Lodge A.; once in 1867 and once in 1870, applies, after the last rejection, to Lodge B. which, at the time, has concurrent territorial jurisdiction with Lodge A. At that time the Constitution of 1866 was in force, which provided that no Lodge shall initiate a candidate who had been previously rejected, within one year, by another Lodge, unless recommended by a vote of the Lodge in which he was rejected. Lodge B. applies to Lodge A. for consent to initiate the individual in question, and that consent is given by a majority vote.

1st. Was not a majority vote all that was required on the part of Lodge A. to authorize Lodge B. to receive and act on the petition?

Answer. I think, under the Constitution then in force, that a majority vote was all that was required.

2d, Was not that majority vote authorizing Lodge B. to act on the petition, a waiver of jurisdiction?

Answer. Doubtless, if acted upon. But I do not think it can be considered such a waiver of jurisdiction as would make the new regulations inapplicable to the case, if Lodge B. did not act upon it before the new Regulations took effect.

3rd. If it was a waiver of jurisdiction, was it not perpetual? or, in other words, would anything in the new Regulations restore the individual to the jurisdiction of Lodge A, after it had in 1870 relinquished its jurisdiction over him.

Answer. I am of opinion that consent given by a majority vote, that rejected material should be worked up by another Lodge, *unless acted upon* by such other Lodge before the new Regulations took effect, became inoperative by reason of the new regulations. This subject was fully considered by Bro. McCurdy, my predecessor, in his address, under the head of Masonic Jurisprudence, 8th question and its answer; and he decided that Lodges have personal jurisdiction over their rejected material, whether rejected prior or subsequent to the 1st of July, 1873, the time when the new regulations came in force. This being the case, and the new Regulations requiring that the waiver of jurisdiction must be given by *unanimous* consent of the Lodge first rejecting, it follows that a majority vote, previously given, but not acted upon, would no longer have force or effect. I think the new Regulations supplant and supersede the consent given in 1870, so that a *unanimous* vote would be called for to authorize Lodge B. to proceed.

Question. In 1869 a man petitioned our Lodge for initiation, and after the usual reference and ballot, he was elected. Before his election, however, he removed from this Grand Jurisdiction. Still residing outside this State he now, in 1874, comes to our Lodge and applies for the degrees. Are we at liberty to confer them by virtue of that election, and if not, what action is necessary?

Answer. You cannot confer the degrees. If the petitioner, before ballot, removes his residence to another State, he should have notified the Lodge and requested leave to withdraw his petition. By omitting to give such notice and make such request, he has forfeited the fee accompanying his petition to the Lodge, and having become a resident of another Grand Jurisdiction, if he desires initiation, he must make application to the Lodge in whose jurisdiction he now resides.

Question. Two Lodges in one city, one working in the German Language and one in the English, have concurrent territorial jurisdiction. An adjoining city has three Lodges working in the English language and having concurrent jurisdiction with each other. In the latter city are residing German citizens, who would prefer initiation in the German Lodge of the former city. Thereupon the following questions are raised: 1st. Is the consent of each of the three Lodges necessary to waive jurisdiction?

2d. Must such consent, when given, be by unanimous ballot?

Answer. Under the General Regulations now in force, in this jurisdiction, there is no provision by which one Lodge may waive its territorial jurisdiction in favor of another. There is no distinction by reason of the language in which the Lodge works. The same law applies to all and each.

By Section 2, Article 13, "no Lodge can initiate a candidate who has not been an actual resident within its territorial jurisdiction during

the twelve months last preceding his application." This law is too plain to require construction. And in reply to the questions above stated I answer, that although each of the three Lodges should grant unanimous consent, it would not confer jurisdiction upon a Lodge to initiate a candidate who did not reside within its territorial jurisdiction.

Question. A member of our Lodge was initiated, passed and raised under the name of John Doe, and he has been known by that name for several years in our community. He now says his name is Richard Roe. What course shall we pursue in the matter? Is his case one for charges and trial, and what is the penalty?

Answer. The mere fact stated in the question is not a Masonic offense. If in fact his true name is Richard Roe, and he came among you and passed by the name of John Doe, there may be facts existing as a reason for this change which would be proper subjects for your consideration; but there may also be facts existing which will show that there was nothing immoral or illegal in such change. I must have a better knowledge of the facts before I can decide that it is a proper case for charges or discipline.

WM. L. WEBBER,
Grand Master.

NEW LODGES CONSTITUTED—OFFICERS INSTALLED.

The new Lodges chartered at the last Communication have all been constituted and their officers installed by the Grand Master, or by proxies appointed by him, as follows:

North Branch Lodge, No. 312, on February 27th, by R. W. Brother Isaac T. Beach.

St. Charles Lodge, No. 313, February 26th, by the Grand Master.

Ishpeming Lodge, No. 314, February 26th, by R. W. Brother M. H. Maynard.

Joppa Lodge, No. 315, on Feb. 10th, 1874, by the Grand Master.

Brockway Lodge, No. 316, on February 26th, 1874, by R. W. Bro. Arthur M. Clark.

Tyler Lodge, No. 317, on April 4th, 1874, by W. Bro. G. W. Howell.

Greenbush Lodge, No. 318, on March 21st, 1874, by W. Brother Rev. E. Mudge.

South Lyon Lodge, No. 319, on March 3d, 1874, by R. W. Brother A. Partridge.

Evart Lodge, No. 320, on March 18th, 1874, by the Grand Master.

NEW LODGES U. D.

Since the last Annual Communication of Grand Lodge, the following Lodges U. D. have been authorized by Grand Master Webber.

Pearl Lake Lodge, U. D., located at Sheridan, Montcalm County, Bro. P. H. Taylor, W. M., dating from April 11th, 1874.

Hudson Lodge U. D., located at Pine Grove, Van Buren County, Bro. David D. Wise, W. M., dating from June 16th, 1874.

Kalamo Lodge U. D., located at Kalamo, Eaton County, Bro. C. L. Powers, W. M., dating from June 30th, 1874.

FOSTER PRATT,
Grand Secretary.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

GRAND LODGE TAX ON AFFILIATION.

Bro. Grand Secretary :

Did Grand Lodge, at its last annual session, repeal, or in any way change, the fee for affiliation? E. E.

The provision, of Grand Lodge By-Laws, relative to tax on affiliation seems to be extensively misunderstood. So many inquiries have been made of us, concerning it, that it may be advantageous to explain its meaning in the FREEMASON.

By the Constitution of Grand Lodge, adopted in 1866, it was provided (Art. VI, Sec. 11,) that each Lodge should pay to Grand Lodge "For every Master Mason, *from without the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge*, admitted as a member within the same—\$1.00."

The new law, adopted in 1873, contains, with some verbal changes, the *same provision* (see Grand Lodge By-Laws Sec. 26, clause 5, on page 116 of Transactions for 1873). It says: "for every Master Mason, from without the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, admitted to membership—one dollar."

By this, it will be perceived, Grand Lodge does not establish an *Affiliation Fee*, but taxes each Lodge \$1.00 for each Brother, affiliated by it whose *Dimit* was granted by a Lodge *outside* of this Jurisdiction.

It does not tax the affiliation of a Brother hailing from a Lodge in Michigan at all.

By Section 1, Article XVIII of Grand Lodge Regulations, (page 107 Transactions of 1873,) Grand Lodge refers the whole question of "Affiliation Fee" to each Lodge to be provided for in its own By-Laws. It says:

"Section 1. No Lodge shall confer the three degrees of Masonry for less than twenty-one dollars; and *the By-Laws of each Lodge* shall provide how this, or a larger amount, shall be divided between the degrees; and *what shall be the fee, IF ANY, for membership.*"

From this it is plain, that each and every Chartered Lodge in this Grand Jurisdiction has the power to establish its own rule on this subject—that it is not hampered or controlled by any Grand Lodge Regulation or Provision, but has full control of the entire matter. But it is also plain, that if the Lodge does not collect, from the Brother admitted to membership from a Lodge outside of the State, a fee equal at least to the *tax* on that membership required of it by Grand Lodge, its treasury suffers to the extent of that tax. The Grand Lodge tax, therefore, makes and encourages a distinction between affiliates coming from our own and from foreign Lodges; and suggests to Lodges the propriety of charging an affiliation fee to one Brother which is not charged to another. This seems to be unjust; and, at last Grand Lodge, Grand Master McCurdy recommended that it be stricken out. The recommendation was referred to a Special Committee of Grand Lodge, by whom it was approved,—reporting (page 81) an amendment to Grand Lodge By-Law No. 25, to give it effect. All proposed amendments of By-Laws are required, by rule, to be referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence: this was so referred, and on page 99 the report of that committee will also be found sustaining the position of Grand Master McCurdy on the subject. But, after a brief and unsatisfactory discussion of the subject, the recommendation of the report was lost by a decided vote of Grand Lodge.

The correspondence we have had with Lodges, on this subject, since that time, convinces us that *the effect* of that vote was not fully understood by many members of the Grand Body.

The law, therefore, is unchanged; and (as before) leaves the entire subject with the Lodges to be regulated, by By-Law, as each Lodge may deem best; subject, however, to a Grand Lodge tax of *one dollar* for every Brother admitted to membership from without this Grand Jurisdiction.

We hope next Grand Lodge will repeal this tax and encourage all Lodges to abolish affiliation fees altogether. So long as we *tax* affiliation, we furnish an excuse or a pretext for non-affiliation. We are opposed, too, to a tax that discriminates against Brothers because they hail from Lodges in other States.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

Notice.—Nearly two months ago Blanks, for making returns of officers elected and installed, were mailed to every Lodge in the Jurisdiction. Many Lodges have failed, as yet, to make the required returns. If Blanks have not been received, Secretaries can obtain them by giving notice to the Grand Secretary.

WE AGAIN call the attention of Masters and Secretaries to the fact, that it is highly important that all Lodges that desire copies of the proposed Volume of Compiled Masonic Law, should send in their orders. It is impolitic to print till the size of the edition to be printed can be determined by the number of copies ordered.

D. D. G. M. FOR TENTH MASONIC DISTRICT.

The Lodges and Brethren of the 10th Masonic District of this Grand Jurisdiction are hereby notified: that R. W. Bro. Matthew H. Maynard, of Marquette, having been nominated by a majority of the Lodges of said District, was, on July 9th inst., appointed, by the M. W. Grand Master, the District Deputy Grand Master of the said 10th Masonic District for the current Masonic year.

FOSTER PRATT,

KALAMAZOO, July 11th, A. L. 5874.

Grand Secretary.

DELAYED PUBLICATION.

By order of Ihling Bros.—the Publishers of this Magazine—the printing of this, the first number of its VI Volume, has been delayed nearly *three weeks*, in order to give its subscribers time and opportunity to make up their clubs and to renew their subscriptions on the Cash Basis announced in the issues for May and June; and also for the purpose of ascertaining the number of copies that would be required to meet the demand.

Notwithstanding the fact, that the general financial condition of the country and of this State in particular, has been unfavorable to a change from the credit to the cash basis of subscription, we are happy to be able to say, that the propriety and wisdom and necessity of such a change have been cheerfully conceded by subscribers everywhere, and that the

renewals, stimulated perhaps by the liberal premiums offered, have been unexpectedly favorable.

But though many new and old friends have sent in their names and clubs, we are confident that there are yet many more, whose subscriptions have expired, that will yet come in. To all such, we beg to say, that an edition of the Magazine has been printed which will enable all to keep their files perfect.

Send in your subscriptions, Brethren; organize Clubs and secure the magnificent premium offered. Mackey's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry should be in the hands of every intelligent Mason—should certainly be in every Lodge. It is almost a Masonic Library of itself: and a small club, with cash subscriptions, secures this prize to the Brother or the Lodge that makes the effort.

ANNUAL DUES.

One hundred and fifty years ago, or prior to the formation of a Grand Lodge, *there were no Lodges* in the sense in which we now use the term,—no Lodges regularly organized under the Warrant or Charter of a Supreme Masonic Authority. The Brethren, “or a sufficient number thereof,” met occasionally, by agreement, in “occasional” Lodges and made Masons or performed other required Masonic rites and then dispersed, perhaps never to meet again. At that time Lodges, with a definite membership, did not and could not exist.

But when the increasing number of Masons and the necessities of Masonry had compelled the organization of a Grand Lodge to regulate and govern the Craft, the formation of “particular” or regular Lodges also became a necessity. With regular chartered Lodges and their regular meetings came the further necessity of a *place* of meeting, and of officers to take charge of that place and to keep it clean and in order for business and work. The regular and definite membership of Regular Lodges involved also the transaction of business and the keeping of records and accounts.

Masonic Charity, which, then as now, was a distinguishing feature of the Craft, was practiced wholly by individuals as

their ability might permit; but with organized Lodges, composed of charitable Masons, naturally came the organization of charity—that is, while the individual duty and practice of charity was neither discontinued nor lessened, it was soon discovered that, by the power of organization, much could be accomplished in this direction, which individual effort could not reach.

All these changes involved expense. A Lodge-room or place of meeting required money for its purchase or rent—the care of the room, its furniture and jewels, the keeping of its records and accounts, and the accumulation of a Lodge Fund for Charitable uses, *all required money*. This, for a while, was obtained by voluntary contributions. It was soon found, however, that this plan did not work well, and a total change was inaugurated in Masonic financial policy. A Fee was now charged for Degrees, which, hitherto, had been conferred on the worthy without money and without price. Article VII, of the Ancient Constitutions, adopted St. John's day, June 24th, 1721, clearly states the obligation, in this respect, which was imposed on every "Entered" Mason. These fees however, were sacredly kept and used as a Charity Fund.

But in the course of time, experience demonstrated, that "Fees" were an irregular and unreliable source of income to the Lodge. Masonry, like religion, has always had its seasons of revival, when "work" and fees abound; and its seasons of indifference when initiates and revenue are scarce. Necessity compelled the adoption of yet another financial measure that would give to the Lodge a *reliable and steady income*—and this was found in the system of *Annual Dues*.

This brief sketch of the origin of "Dues" has been given to show, that, though not a part of Ancient Masonry, the membership tax has grown legitimately out of its necessities. To prevent abuses and injustice in a variety of forms, Grand Lodges uniformly recognize the right of all constituent Lodges to exercise an exclusive control over this question, to fix the amount of dues and the mode of payment; but Grand Lodge Law and disciplinary power are always ready to maintain the justice of the tax and to sustain the Lodge rules that enforce, on its affiliates, their obligation to pay their proper

share the expenses of the Lodge whose privileges and benefits they enjoy and hope to receive.

Of late years, the membership tax or annual dues has been a cause of infinite trouble and vexation to Lodges and Grand Lodges—it is supposed to be the legitimate parent of non-affiliation and of a large brood of lesser evils. These need not be recapitulated here. Many ideas have been advanced and schemes proposed by which it was hoped to raise the necessary revenue and at the same time avoid the evils and the troubles of the old system.

Among these new schemes is one which was inaugurated, in this State, by Kilwinning Lodge, No. 297, of Detroit, and which has it now in operation. It consists simply in this: the candidate is required to pay, in addition to the usual initiation fee for the degrees, *some ten or fifteen dollars*, (we do not know the exact amount,) which becomes part of a Lodge Fund to be so invested that the yearly interest on the money paid shall be equal to and in lieu of the usual annual membership tax of one or two dollars.

Grand Master Champlin, in his Annual Address to Grand Lodge in 1872, presented this idea to the Craft at large and recommended the Lodges of this Jurisdiction to adopt a By-Law declaring that any member in good standing and "clear of the books" might, by the payment of ten dollars to his Lodge fund be "forever thereafter exempt from paying dues to the Lodge."

This suggestion or recommendation of the Grand Master was referred to a Special Committee whose report was favorable to the adoption of the plan; but on motion, the report was referred by Grand Lodge to the Committee (then appointed,) on Revision of the G. L. Constitution. When this Committee (of which the writer was a member,) came to the consideration of this point, it was agreed, unanimously, that the inauguration of any new policy, by Grand Lodge, on this question, would be not only contrary to the established usage of Grand Lodges, but in conflict with the inherent or reserved rights of constituent Lodges; that on the subject of Lodge dues, each Lodge should be left free to act as its interests and circumstances might dictate.

But we now learn, that some Lodges have recently adopted the plan and that others are considering it. To such we venture to offer (in response to some inquiries,) a few suggestions.

Grand Master McCurdy, last year, decided that "a Lodge cannot remit the dues of one or more of its members *for life*." This decision was sustained by Grand Lodge and is unquestionably correct according to our law. If dues cannot be remitted can they be *commuted* for life?

Assuming that a Lodge of one hundred members has a fund of one thousand dollars created by the payment of ten dollars by each member; that the money is loaned so as to bring one hundred dollars inter-

est; and that, by one of the many casualties that surround such investments, *the entire fund should be lost—what then?* This is no extraordinary or unlikely assumption—bonds and mortgages may and often do prove worthless; the endorser of a note, rich to-day, may be poor to-morrow; fire and burglars may destroy securities; Lodges, not being incorporated, cannot loan or collect money in their own name and the business must be entrusted to *individuals*, and individuals, even Masons, may be and sometimes are dishonest; (there are many Lodges in this State that have lost more or less money from the incompetency or dishonesty of Masters, Secretaries, Treasurers, or Finance Committees,) but no matter how lost, *if it be lost*, how is the Lodge to exist without revenue?

If, according to Grand Master McCurdy's decision sustained by Grand Lodge, revenue is a *necessity* to the Lodge that must control its policy—and its source of revenue fail, while every member thereof is "exempt from the payment of dues for life," how is the legal as well as the practical difficulty to be met?

Suppose that seventy-five—or three-fourths of this supposed Lodge of one hundred members—should, in the emergency, relinquish their life receipts and resolve to change the By-Laws of the Lodge so as to impose and collect annual dues of its members: what will be done with the twenty-five who, (holding the written pledge of their Lodge that having paid their ten dollars they are "forever exempt" from dues,) refuse to pay dues under a new By-Law? Can they be disciplined for non-payment of dues? Not at all.

Much more can be said on this subject; but our present purpose is only to suggest caution to those Lodges which, without careful consideration, may be led into a situation which may involve them in endless disputes, unbrotherly feeling, and tend ultimately to the disruption of the Lodge itself.

With all its difficulties and attending evils the old way is much the best and much the safest way yet devised, to meet the necessary expenses of the Lodge. Much reflection on this subject has convinced us, that if we study to prevent these evils and obviate these difficulties the labor will be much more likely to be profitable than if expended in efforts to discover or invent new ways without evils.

"HONORS ARE EASY"—The Pope expelled all Masons; and now we hear, that the Grand Lodge of Italy has expelled the Pope for a violation of his Masonic vows.

THE CORNER STONE of a new Chamber of Commerce building at Indianapolis was laid, by Bro. M. H. Rice as Grand Master, on St. John's day.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ST. JOHN'S DAY has been celebrated this year, to an unusual extent, both in this and other States. We have heard, incidentally, (but without detailed accounts,) of numerous Masonic gatherings on that day in our own Grand Jurisdiction. In the western part of the State, we hear of festival ceremonies at Wayland and at Keeler. At the former place M. W. P. G. M. Metcalf delivered the address. Our exchanges notice many similar festivals in their respective jurisdictions. We hope the proper observances of the day will be multiplied. Other great organizations have and celebrate their anniversaries; and there are many and good reasons that should prompt Masons to honor their own.

WE regret to notice the retirement of the present Masonic editor of *Loomis, Musical and Masonic Monthly*. The management of his Department of the Magazine has been marked by ability and good Masonic taste. In retiring from his Musical Associations, Bro. B. sings a "note" which strikes our ear quite pleasantly, He says;

"The *Michigan Freemason* has completed its fifth volume under the editorial care of Bro. Foster Pratt, M. D. This is one of the best conducted publications that comes to our table. Bro. P. manages to prescribe some excellent doses of physic (moral) and knowledge, and his patients keep improving."

The "patients" are a mistake, Bro. B. Our patients are all well—hale and hearty; and the "doses" we give them, on which they seem to thrive so well, is not "physic" of any kind, but good, wholesome Masonic bread and meat. We are thankful they have such good appetites; if they were more delicate and dainty, our plain fare might not prove so acceptable.

GRAND MASTER JAMES BILES, of Washington Territory, on April 14th 1867 granted his Dispensation creating Alaska Lodge—the first Masonic Lodge in that distant region—and the Grand Lodge of Washington Territory confirmed the same by granting it a Charter September 17th 1869.

M. W. BRO. J. W. SIMONS, as Editor of the Masonic Department of the *N. Y. Dispatch*, quotes with endorsement and hearty approval, the action of our Grand Lodge. at its late session, relative to "Colored" and other clandestine organizations claiming to be masonic.

THE *Key Stone* of Philadelphia, of which Bro. McAlla is the genial and able editor, whose weekly visits are always welcomed, begins a new volume in a new dress, which more than ever before makes it a "stone" of singular form and beauty.

WE HAVE RECEIVED a letter of caution relative to an imposter who, assuming the name, now of one now of another Mason well known and living near *Scranton, Pa.*, travels as a Masonic swindler. No description of his person is given; but it will be well for all Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies to be on the *qui vive*.

THE *Voice of Masonry*, for June, gives a portrait, on steel, of Past Grand Master McCurdy and quotes largely from his Annual Address. It also gives the *Michigan Freemason* a highly complimentary notice and recommendation for which we editorially tender our thanks. It is a pleasant "voice."

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of the *Corner Stone* a weekly masonic paper published by S. W. E. Beckner, in New York, at \$1.00 per year.

ALSO—*The Hebrew Leader*, a large weekly quarto paper containing a Masonic Department; published by an "Association" at 196 Broadway New York.

BRO. ROB. MORRIS soon starts with a party which he is to conduct through the Holy Land.

THE CORNER-STONE, of the Merchants Exchange, at St. Louis, Missouri, was laid on Saturday, June, 6th, by Bro. R. E. Anderson the M. W. Grand Master of the State, in the presence of the Grand Lodge, and of an immense concourse of citizens.

The structure will cost, including ground and building, about \$1,500,000, and will be a great ornament to the city.

The St. Louis *Republican* of June, 7th gives an elaborate history of this enterprise of the "merchant princes" of this great western city and details, at length, the civic and masonic ceremonies of the occasion.

The address of Grand Master Anderson is full of Masonic interest and wisdom.

Tidings from the Craft.

BROTHERLY LOVE AND RELIEF.

Grand Master Webber furnishes us the following list of Lodges that, (prior to July 7th,) had responded to the appeal of our suffering Brethren in Louisiana for help.

As will be seen, by an inspection of the table, sixty-four Lodges contribute an aggregate of \$1223.85, or an average of about \$20 to the Lodge.

The Grand Master, besides his private acknowledgments to each Lodge of money received, will continue to publicly announce the amounts contributed by the Lodges and Brethren.

At last accounts, he had remitted to R. W. Bro. James C. Batchelor, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, \$1173.85.

Contributions are being received and forwarded by him almost daily.

NAME OF LODGE.	No.	DATE REC'D.	AMOUNT	NAME OF LODGE.	No.	DATE REC'D.	AMOUNT
Colon,-----	78	June 16	\$ 10 00	Cass,-----	219	July 1	\$ 10 00
Hiram,-----	110	" 17	10 00	Unity,-----	191	" "	10 00
Menominee,-----	260	" 20	32 00	Backus,-----	55	" "	10 00
Baldwin,-----	274	" 22	40 00	Commerce,-----	121	" "	10 00
Eagle,-----	124	" 26	20 00	Athens,-----	220	" "	10 00
Maxson,-----	26	" "	10 00	Charlevoix,-----	282	" "	10 00
St. Joseph Valley,-----	4	" "	25 00	Lovell Moore,-----	182	" "	25 00
Vienna,-----	205	" "	20 00	Muskegon,-----	140	" "	15 00
Joppa,-----	815	" "	10 00	Star of the Lake,-----	158	" "	10 00
Owosso,-----	81	" "	25 00	Climax,-----	50	" "	10 00
Union of S. O.,-----	3	" "	25 00	East Bay,-----	264	" "	5 00
Schoolcraft,-----	118	" 27	25 00	Northville,-----	186	" 2	10 00
Grand River,-----	34	" "	100 00	Pere Marquette,-----	289	" "	25 00
Reading,-----	117	" "	25 00	Almont,-----	51	" "	25 00
Brighton,-----	247	" "	10 00	Blissfield,-----	114	" "	10 00
Detroit,-----	2	" "	50 00	Fidelity,-----	32	" "	10 00
Birmingham,-----	44	" "	10 00	Utica,-----	75	" "	7 80
Liberty,-----	209	" "	10 00	Anchor of S. O.,-----	87	" 3	15 00
Champlin,-----	300	" "	7 10	Orangeville,-----	181	" "	24 75
Kalamazoo,-----	22	" "	50 00	Tompkins,-----	U D	" "	10 00
Northern Star,-----	277	" 29	10 00	Port Hope,-----	138	" "	10 00
Otsego,-----	78	" "	25 00	Grafton,-----	196	" "	10 00
Barry,-----	U D	" "	5 00	Coffinberry,-----	204	" "	5 00
St. Albans,-----	20	" "	25 00	Traverse City,-----	222	" "	20 00
Addison,-----	157	" "	15 85	Calumet,-----	271	" "	107 00
Milan,-----	U D	" "	10 00	Newaygo,-----	131	" 6	10 00
Grand Lodge,-----	179	" 30	10 00	Romeo,-----	41	" "	10 00
Marcellus,-----	291	" "	5 00	Greenbush,-----	318	" "	10 00
Bedford,-----	207	" "	10 00	Nashville,-----	255	" "	15 00
Harmony,-----	143	" "	10 00	Hillsdale,-----	178	" "	10 00
St. Louis,-----	188	" "	24 85	Rockland,-----	108	" "	50 00
Ontonagon,-----	67	" "	20 00	Pine Grove,-----	11	" 7	20 00
			Total, Sixty-four Lodges,-----				\$1,228 85

THE GRAND COMMANDERY.

The Grand Commandery of the State of Michigan met in Grand Annual Conclave, in the Asylum of St. Bernard Commandery No. 16, at East Saginaw, on Tuesday, June 3d ult. R. E. Sir Ellery I. Garfield, Grand Commander, and the other Grand Officers were present. The attendance of Representatives and of visiting Sir Knights was full and the proceedings of the Grand Body were interesting and important.

In another place, we copy, from the Saginaw *Daily Courier*, the address of the R. E. Grand Commander. It gives a clear statement of the business of the year, and indicates the legislation required to meet the exigencies of the jurisdiction. The financial question was squarely met by an increase of Grand Dues.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows, viz. :

R. E. Sir L. H. Randall,	Grand Rapids,	<i>Grand Commander.</i>
V. E. Sir Charles T. Hills,	Muskegon,	<i>Dep. Gr'd Commander.</i>
E. Sir S. C. Randall,	Flint,	<i>Grand Generalissimo.</i>
E. Sir R. J. Carney,	Bay City,	<i>Grand Capt. General.</i>
E. Sir Rev. W. R. Tillinghast,	Detroit,	<i>Grand Prelate.</i>
E. Sir George W. Baker,	Jackson,	<i>Grand Senior Warden.</i>
E. Sir J. H. Kidd,	Ionia,	<i>Grand Junior Warden.</i>
E. Sir M. S. Smith,	Detroit,	<i>Grand Treasurer.</i>
E. Sir William P. Innis,	Grand Rapids,	<i>Grand Recorder.</i>
E. Sir William B. Wilson,	Hillsdale,	<i>Grand Standard Bearer.</i>
E. Sir E. S. Bronson,	Marshall,	<i>Grand Sword Bearer.</i>
E. Sir R. G. Chandler,	Coldwater,	<i>Grand Warder.</i>
E. Sir Alex McGregor,	Detroit,	<i>Grand Sentinel.</i>

The programme of amusement and entertainment, arranged for their guests by the Sir Knights of St. Bernard, included an excursion to Portsmouth by steamer, a Grand Parade, and a Banquet at the Everett House in the evening.

Sir Knight Wm. L. Webber, late Mayor of East Saginaw, and present Grand Master of Masons in Michigan, presided at the banquet. After an address of welcome he announced the following Regular Toasts, to which responses were given as indicated by the Sir Knights and Brethren present:

1st. Our Guests. The Grand Commandery of the State of Michigan, who honor us this evening by their presence.

Response by L. H. Randall, M. E. Grand Commander.

2d. Our Guests. Visiting Sir Knights. To share such as we have, we bid them welcome.

Response by Hon. George H. Durand, Deputy Grand Master.

3rd. M. E. Sir Ellery I. Garfield, Past Grand Commander. To him for his zeal and skill, the Sir Knights of Michigan are much indebted for their enviable proficiency.

Response by E. I. Garfield.

4th. The Grand Lodge F. & A. M., of Michigan. The constituent Lodges composing this Grand Body, are the foundation on which rests all other Masonic bodies.

Response by Past Grand Master Hugh McCurdy.

5th. The ancient constitutions of Masonry, quaint in style, sound in morals, cherished and revered by us all.

Response by Past Grand Master John W. Champlin.

6th. The motto of our order, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*" As the sign of the cross inspired the soldiers of Constantine to victory, so may all Sir Knights be inspired by this motto, to conquer in themselves whatever is opposed to the sublime truths, proclaimed on the mount, by our Great Teacher.

Response by Sir Knight Rev. Mr. Wilson, of East Saginaw.

7th. The Ladies. Though not present with us this evening, yet never absent from our hearts.

Response by E. Sir Knight Rev. W. R. Tillinghast.

After the 3rd Regular Toast the following song was given, in fine style, by the Senior Glee Club of Ann Arbor University. It is needless to say that it was loudly applauded.

ST. BERNARD SONG.

BY SIR KNIGHT EDWIN SAUNDERS, EM. C. ST. BERNARD COM. NO. 16.

Asr—"Auld Lang Syne."

As valiant, true and courteous Knights,

Once more we gather here :

And once again loved St. Bernard

Fills up the cup of cheer,

We link again the golden chain,

And keep our watch and ward,

With steady hand and lance in rest,

For love of St. Bernard.

Cho: For love of St. Bernard, Sir Knights

For love of St. Bernard ;

With steady hand and lance in rest,

For love of St. Bernard.

The friendship flowers we pluck to-night,

Are sprung from those that grew

Where bravely from the castled height,

The Templar's banner flew.

And ours the lay of olden time,

Of poet, sage and bard,

Who drained their knightly cups and sung

The praise of St. Bernard.

The praise of St. Bernard, Sir Knights

The praise of St. Bernard,

Who drained their knightly cups
and sung

The praise of St. Bernard.

The aisles of time are ringing with

Reverberating song ;

'Tis ours to take the music up,

And bear the strain along,

That age by age its words may fall,

From those who keep their guard,

On watch-tower, wall and pinnacle,

Around our St. Bernard.

Around our St. Bernard, Sir Knights

Around our St. Bernard,

On watch-tower, wall and pinnacle,

Around our St. Bernard.

Now fill to those whose day of strife,

Whose battlefields are o'er ;

Who from the daily war of life,

Have passed forever more ;

Who faithful found, their duty done,

Have gone to their reward,

And left a glorious memory

To hallow St. Bernard.

To hallow St. Bernard, Sir Knights,

To hallow St. Bernard,

And left a glorious memory,

To hallow St. Bernard.

As one by one the Master calls,

From us who watch and wait ;

As one by one we pass the cloud

That veils the golden gate,

Be ours to leave a spotless blade,

With knightly jewels starred,

When we no more may fill the cup,

At feast of St. Bernard.

At feast of St. Bernard, Sir Knights,

At feast of St. Bernard,

When we no more may fill the cup,

At feast of St. Bernard.

CORNER - STONE CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

By invitation of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the M. W. Grand Master of Masons in Illinois, on June 24th ult., (St. John's day,) laid, with Masonic ceremonies, the Corner-Stone of the new building, now in process of erection by the Government in Chica-

go, to be used as a Custom House, Post Office and Federal Court House.

Great preparations were made, by the citizens of Chicago, to give *eclat* to the day and the occasion. The weather was fine, the attendance large, and the display imposing.

We have not the space to do justice to the details, even of the Masonic features, of the occasion. Nor is it necessary to attempt it—for all, to whom such details are interesting, have undoubtedly obtained, from the daily press, much fuller accounts than we can possibly give.

It is sufficient for us to say, that the Masonic part of the programme was executed in a masonic style that was truly admirable.

We condense from the *Chicago Tribune's* account, of the more noticeable features of the procession, the following :

In the subdivision of the procession, the place of honor was awarded to the Masonic Order, as the corner-stone ceremonies were to be conducted in accordance with their ritual. This arrangement gave rise to some dissatisfaction on the part of several local military organizations, who consequently refused to take part in the exercises. Therefore, the distinguishing features of the procession was Masonic, and not military. This state of things added to, rather than detracted from, the appearance of the line, as no Chicago military organization could have presented so elegant and imposing a demonstration as did the Knight Templars. While it is to be regretted that the military did not unite in a general turnout, it is also true that their absence was not materially felt or observed.

THE FIRST DIVISION,

composed exclusively of the Masonic Fraternity, together with United States, State, municipal, and county officials, and representatives of commercial bodies, was the centre of observation. The Consistories and Commanderies, with their waving plumes and fine uniforms, and the perfect precision with which their manifold marching manoeuvres were executed, were the subjects of much attention and admiration. The officers of the Supreme Councils, Consistories, Grand Encampment, Grand Commanderies, Grand Chapters, and Grand Lodges, in full regalia, occupied carriages at various points in the line. Among those present were the following : Grand Lodge Officers of Illinois—Grand Master J. A. Hawley, Dixon ; Deputy Grand Master, Geo. E. Lounsbury, Mound City ; Senior Grand Warden, Dr. Joseph Robbins, Quincy ; Junior Grand Warden, W. J. A. Delancey, Centralia ; Grand Treasurer, M. D. Chamberlain ; Grand Secretary, John F. Burrell ; Senior Grand Deacon, D. E. Hamilton ; Junior Grand Deacon, L. J. Jerome ; Grand Standard Bearer (pro tem), F. S. Hatch ; Grand Pursuivant, T. C. Clark ; Grand Chaplain, J. E. Forrester ; Grand Stewards, L. A. Hamlin, A. H. Honscheidt, M. S. Bowman, George R. Chittenden ; Grand Tyler, George B. Ferns ; Grand Marshal, Henry Duval. The visiting Grand Officers were Wm. L. Webber, Grand Master of Michigan ; Henry Chamberlain, P. G. M. of Michigan ; Joe. Chapman, Grand Master of Iowa ; W. D. Anthony, Grand Master of Colorado ; N. W. Wobbin, Grand Steward of Iowa ; Foster Pratt, Grand Secretary of Michigan ; R. W. Landon, Grand Treasurer of Michigan ; D. R. Grafton, Past Grand Master of Tennessee.

While the first or Masonic division was by far the most orderly and imposing part of the procession, and won the larger share of general admiration, it formed but a small portion of the whole pageant. There were six other divisions, and though,

with few exceptions, they were handled in a bungling manner at the start, and marched in bad order from beginning to end, they helped to create an impression in the minds of those who were unused to such displays that the procession was an extraordinary long and enthusiastic one, if not a brilliant and well-governed turn-out.

THE SECOND DIVISION was composed entirely of Odd Fellows

THE THIRD DIVISION was composed exclusively of Knights of Pythias.

Gen. Chetlain, the Dowagiac Band, and the Hannibal (colored) Zouaves headed

THE FOURTH DIVISION,

which was made up of the mechanics and laborers on the Custom-House, led by George Reed. Every man employed on the building was present, and marched in squads as stone-cutters, carvers, apprentices, laborers, engineers, blacksmiths, carpenters, stone-setters, bricklayers, and derrick-men. In addition there was a long line of stone-trucks bearing a sample of the different qualities of stone used in the construction of the Government building.

Colonel James Stewart, the Recorder, led

THE FIFTH DIVISION,

in which were massed the Father Mathew Temperance Cadets and Band, and two or three labor organizations.

THE SIXTH DIVISION

was a terribly noisy one. It seemed as if all the wagons in the city were crowded into it, and all the urchins that could be picked up, crowded into them.

THE LAST DIVISION

was made up of a detachment from the Fire Department, under command of Fire Marshal Benner and Assistants Mersham and Shay, and equaled the head of the procession as regards order and display. As is customary with the firemen in everything that pertains to a public show in which they take a part, their apparatus and personal appearance were beyond all praise, and they marched along in perfect order, like men who knew their place and whom no amount of confusion could disturb.

The Corner-Stone Ceremonies proper, were such as all Masons are familiar with, and do not need to be recapitulated.

The Ode of the occasion, composed by Bro. Rob. Morris, was sung by the Apollo Club as the Corner-Stone slowly descended to its place. The Ode is worthy of Bro. Morris' fame, as our Masonic Poet Laureate, and is well worthy of a careful reading by all Masons,

ODE,

Composed for the occasion by Robert Morris, LL. D., P. G. M. of Kentucky, and Master of the Masonic Lodge in the City of Jerusalem :

When the kindled wrath
Of offended Heaven,
Doomed to smouldering smoke and flame
The wealth that He had given;
Though that day, of black dismay,
Saw our city melt away,
Yet we hoped—'twas not in vain—
God would smile on us again!

Chorus—Then *deeply* lay THE STONE!
Plant it firm and true!
So shall distant ages own
The work this day we do!

In its deep recess,
 Set with mystic care,
 Hark! our faithful witnesses,—
 The level, plumb, and square :
 "Nations sink beneath the curse
 As they deviate from us ;
 In unerring truth may yours
 Last while circling time endures !"

Chorus—Then *strongly* lay THE STONE!
 Plant it firm and true!
 So shall distant ages own
 The work this day we do!

Hear our prayer, O God!
 Thou, the Nation's Trust!
 And let these walls majestic stand
 When we are in the dust.
 Humbly,—we are but as one;
 Hopeful,—are we not thine own?
 'Midst this mighty gathering
 To thy Name we rise and sing.

Chorus—And *grandly* lay THE STONE!
 Plant it firm and true!
 Now shall distant ages own
 The work this day we do!

While the Ode was being sung, the stone dropped slowly to its place, guns were fired, and at the end of each verse, the Masons present gave the "Grand Honors."

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS—"AL FRESCO."

On last St. John's day, the newly elected officers of Fentonville Lodge, No. 108 and of Linden Lodge No. 132, were publicly installed, in a grove near Linden, by M. W. Past Grand Master Hugh McCurdy.

The Brethren of the two Lodges turned out in force, and with music furnished by Fenton K. T. Band, marched from the Hall of Linden Lodge to the scene of the ceremonies. Their procession presented a fine appearance. The occasion attracted a large attendance: Masons their wives, children and friends and others present numbering fully 1,500 persons. Music, instrumental and vocal, was interspersed with good effect in the usual installation service; and when the ceremonies proper were completed, Bro. McCurdy delivered a highly interesting and appropriate address. Rev. Bro. Sanborne of Holly and Rev. Bro. E. Ray Clarke Past Grand Chaplain, of Owasso assisted the installing officer.

A Pic Nic dinner and a two hours chat, "under the Lindens," followed the address and added greatly to the enjoyableness of the occasion.

The arrangements were well planned and well executed. Every thing was done "decently and in order." The Brethren of these two Lodges deserve great credit for their happy manner of combining two Masonic ceremonies in one: the festival day, of one of our Patron Saints, was duly honored; while the brethren of the two Lodges hon-

ored themselves and honored Masonry by paying respect to the ceremony by which their officers were installed.

W. Bro. George R. Lee, of Fentonville Lodge, No. 109, and W. Bro. I. B. Hyatt, of Linden Lodge, No. 132, were both re-elected—a compliment the significance of which all Masons know.

We predict, that changing the time for the election of officers in our Lodges, from winter to summer, will prove to be fruitful of occasions like this: and, if so conducted as always to be creditable to Masons and to Masonry, we know no reason why the light and the air of Heaven need harm us. As a rule, we prefer a *modest* Masonry—a Masonry that appears in public, only when its *work* or its *duties* call it there—(as in corner-stone and funeral ceremonies—): but we believe that Masons may profitably cultivate the Masonic *social relations* while honoring their festival days by pic-nics and excursions when they appear (divested of all Masonic panoply,) in the simple dress of the citizen.

The Regulations of our Grand Lodge discourage Masonic display by a stringent rule. Section 1, of Article XXI of G. L. Regulations provides, that,—

“No Lodge shall form a public procession for the funeral of a Master Mason, without the permission of its Master or his legal Representative, nor for any other purpose, without a Dispensation from the Grand Master; and no procession of Masons shall be permitted on any other than strictly Masonic occasions.”

The reasons, that induced Grand Lodge to make this rule, are well remembered by all who were present when it was adopted, and they need not be repeated here. But this rule relates wholly to occasions on which the Lodge, its officers and members, its jewels, its lights and its clothing are formally exhibited to the world. It cannot and was not intended to restrict the arrangements, which Masons as individuals may make, to cultivate, either in public or private, the social virtues of Masonry. On *such* occasions, the insignia of Masonry will be absent; and Masons will know Masons only by the instructive tongue, the attentive ear and the faithful breast.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

On Monday night June 22d, Greenly Lodge, No. 103, of Adrian, installed its newly elected officers. The installation services were conducted by the last Past Master, E. M. Doan, who retired, on that evening, from a long and successful term of service as the chief officer of his Lodge.

When the installation was finished, Ex-Governor and Past Grand Master Greenly presented, on behalf of the Lodge, to Bro. Doan, an elegant silver service of six pieces. The address of the M. W. Bro. is a

model of graceful and brotherly expression, and we reproduce it as follows :

“WORSHIPFUL PAST MASTER DOAN.—In token of our appreciation of your untiring devotion to the cause of Masonry and of the zeal you have constantly exhibited as Worshipful Master, your brothers of Greenly Lodge feel that they cannot allow the occasion of your voluntary retirement from the position you have so long and so faithfully filled, to pass, without giving utterance to the sentiments of esteem and respect they cherish for you.

I am happy in being chosen the medium through whom those sentiments are to be uttered. For the earnest efforts you have made from the first moment that you became a Master Mason to the present time, to acquaint yourself not only with the work, but also with that more perfect knowledge of our sacred mysteries so requisite and so necessary to enable you to fulfil the duties of that high office you have filled, receive our heartfelt thanks.

For the justice, urbanity, impartiality, and above all for the unwavering fidelity to the laws of Masonry which have governed you in the discharge of the complicated duties of your office, you are entitled to, and we hereby tender you our highest encomiums.

And now brother, as a memento of the expression of our feelings that may last to a period when you and your brothers of this Lodge shall have long mouldered in the grave, permit me, on behalf of Greenly Lodge, as their honored medium, to present to you this plate.

When you shall from time to time look at it in your home, wherever that may be, whether here or in far distant lands, it will tell you in tones that will ever be audible to your ears, that here at least you have friends who love you; friends to whom through your many Masonic virtues you have justly become endeared.

And oh! may you always remember,—as I doubt not you will—that as this is a token of esteem for your past Masonic virtues, so it will only remain valuable to you as such, so long as you pursue the course through and by which you have so richly merited it: so long only as you remain a just and upright Mason.”

Bro. Doan, in accepting the gift, made the following response:

“Worshipful Master and Brothers of Greenly Lodge :

“For the high appreciation of my Masonic efforts, and the manner in which I have performed my duties as W. M., which you have been pleased to express, receive my heartfelt thanks. “Well done good and faithful servant,” is the highest meed of praise ever given to man, and it will be to me a source of regret that I have not more richly earned the encomiums passed upon me. I accept the rich gift in the same spirit which you give it, assuring you that it shall ever remain with me a lasting memento, that as by the exercise of Masonic virtues I receive it, so only by the continued practice of them shall I be deemed worthy to retain it.”

At the conclusion of these ceremonies came an elegant repast, prepared and served by the ladies. This, says the *Adrian Times*, was not the least entertaining part of the programme, if we may judge by the appearance of those taking part in it. The evening was passed very pleasantly, and will be long held in remembrance by all who had the pleasure of being present.

THE GRAND LODGE of New York convened on Monday June 3d and was in session four days.

The address of Grand Master Fox contains much interesting matter,

some of which we will hereafter quote. The attendance was large—nearly 700 Lodges being represented.

The contest, over some objectionable features of their New Constitution which had been brewing during the past year, was sharp and decisive

The following section was changed :

"Sec. 42. An unaffiliated Mason shall not be allowed to visit any Lodge or join in a Masonic procession nor receive Masonic relief or burial," so as to read :

"One who shall remain an unaffiliated Mason in this Jurisdiction for one year or more, shall not be allowed to visit a Masonic Lodge or join in a Masonic procession, nor be entitled to receive Masonic relief or burial."

The italicized words remove all reasonable objections.

Other and important amendments were made in their law, relative to the non-payment of dues and the mode of granting Dimits to members of their Lodges whose residences have been changed to other States ; but under their Law none of them become operative until approved by next Grand Lodge.

M. W. Bro. Ellwood E. Thorne was elected Grand Master—a choice which does honor to the character and the masonic services of this distinguished Mason and to the good sense of the Grand Body. This newly elected Grand Officer was the recipient of many compliments from his Brethren.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a special communication of Star of the Lake Lodge, No. 158, F. & A. M., held in Masonic Hall on the 27th of May, 1874, the following resolutions relative to the death of Bro. Warren McDowell were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Good Father of all to remove from our midst our beloved Brother Warren McDowell, therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow with sorrowing submission before this dispensation of Divine Providence, yet the removal of Bro. McDowell is an irreparable loss to our fraternity, and to the neighborhood in which he lived.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish the memory of our Brother as one who was identified with us not only in the bonds of brotherhood, but also in every enterprise for the public good.

Resolved, That we extend to the children and family of our deceased Brother our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow and affliction.

Resolved, That a written copy of these resolutions be sent by the Secretary to the children and parents of our deceased Brother, and be published in the MICHIGAN FREEMASON and *South Haven Sentinel*.

South Haven, May 30th, 1874.

JOSEPH LANNIN, }
D. G. WRIGHT, } Com.
E. B. MOON. }

The deceased Brother mentioned in the preceding resolutions died from "*Trichina Spiralis*." His wife died three days previously from the same cause, that is on the 24th.

OBITUARY NOTICES are in type from Salina Lodge No. 155, and H. Chamberlain Lodge No. 308—crowded out by press of other matter. They will appear in the August number.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—AUGUST, A. L. 5874.—NO. II.

GRACEFULNESS OF WATER.

My neighbor Hodgkins, despite his unmusical name, has a keen relish for natural beauty. He sometimes sees it, or thinks he does, where I confess I cannot. But this is always the difference between men of genius and us plodders in the vale of mediocrity: they are endowed by Nature with higher faculties and keener senses than we, and when they assert any thing we have no alternative but to yield as gracefully as possible, or to resist in that playful manner which leaves it doubtful whether we are in jest or earnest.

The other day he took me by the button, and held me for an hour in discoursing about the manifold beauties of water. I was weary long before he ended, but as he did not indulge the habit of Coleridge of talking with his eyes shut, I dared not attempt Charles Lamb's plan of release by gently cutting off the button, and leaving him to stand there talking with the button in his hand. On the contrary, what he said made such an impression upon me that, on returning home, I fastened it down in short-hand while it was fresh in mind, and this is a transcript of it:

"Of all things that beautify the surface of this blessed earth, there is not one that can compare in the diversity of its graceful forms with that, once element, but now compound, known as water. The varieties of shapes it assumes are almost past numbering, and the differences in these, as to solidity, liquidity and the gaseity, are so great that it is only by seeing we can be persuaded to believe them, yet, in each variety, there is some new and peculiar form of beauty which is scarcely attainable by any thing else.

"If we look with a mere eye for *color*, we are filled with rapture. A poetical Frenchman, admiring the rich tints given by a certain mineral to flowers, fruits and other forms of vegetation, said, "When Nature paints she dips her pencil in iron." But the Frenchman was true only in part. Whoever will look at the sparkling glories of the dew-drop, outshining all the gems of the lapidary as far as they outshine the flowers of the field, or look at a rainbow spanning the earth with its arch composed of millions of dew-drops, and glowing with ruby and sapphire and amethyst, must acknowledge that, when Nature *does her best*, she paints in "water colors." Nor is this impression removed when, at sun-set, we are ravished with the unutterable glories of the west; or when, at twilight, our feelings sadden as we look upon the soft, neutral tints of the upper heavens."

As Hodgkins said this, I felt almost sorry he had not a better name, for he looked really poetical. He continued:

"But coloring is not water; though without its refracting power we should never have enjoyed some of the richest colorings of Nature. Let us look at water in that form, first, in which it is most frequently seen—the vaporous. When vapor first steals from the earth or from a watery surface, it is usually invisible. Yet how beautiful is that strange quivering of the air which marks the beginning of its ascent, and then the clear wavy streaks that appear as one tiny rivulet of transparent vapor unites with others, and they form, as it were a little brook, winds its flexuous way towards heaven!—that is water in its least observable form of beauty.

"By the next morning, however, it becomes more noticeable. The whole valley below us is filed with mist, like a great white sea, with strangely level or strangely undulating surface, hiding from view all objects below its face, while above it the elevated forests and sharp-topped hills appear like islands in Polynesia.

"Long before mid-day this mist has melted into the clear blue of heaven, where it has risen high and floated invisibly far off into the west. There it is met by a counter-current of cool air from the mountains, which again condenses it, and makes it visible, sometimes in small patches, looking like flocks of fleecy sheep, or of great white cattle in repose, floating lazily overhead; sometimes in enormous piles—"thunder heads," our country people graphically call them—magnificent mountains of dark clouds that roll grandly up from the west, full of the rumble of thunder, and enchanting the eye with the ever-changing aspects of beauty, not only as they roll among each other, but as each successive flash of lightning illuminates from a new point their mountain-like masses, and throws first one and then another of them boldly in the foreground.

"When that counter-current of cold air is not met, our vapor rises

higher and yet higher into the the heavens, until it assumes the *cirrus* forms of fibres, belts, curling streaks, sheaves of wheat, and "mares' tails," with their pointed ends turned up or down, according as the head is descending to form a rain-cloud or ascending to melt again into the blue vault above. The forms of clouds are endless, as every one knows, and, as every one knows too, each form is beautiful, not only when lighted up with the glories of sunset or by the lightning-flash, but also when, with the sun at their backs, they show their dark bodies edged with margins of silver white, and more especially when, having the sunlight to fall obliquely upon their snow-white fronts, the shadows of projecting masses are thrown across the intervening cloud-valleys, and are to be seen moving along the side of a lower mountain of cloud."

Here Hodgkins paused, as if reveling in the recollection of some particular cloud-scene, but possibly to rest either his lungs or his brain, and I used the opportunity to put in a word :

"I have often enjoyed the clouds as you describe, and also I have enjoyed, of a sultry day, the cooling influence of a thunder-shower ; but if you can show me any beauty in the mere fall of rain, or in the mud and slush which are apt to follow, I shall be much obliged to you."

"Beauty in the fall of rain did you say?" he exclaimed. "Of course there is beauty, though not so much as in the cloud itself. Did you never notice the rain falling several miles away?"

"Whitening against the trees? Yes."

"I mean more than that: extending from the clouds to the earth. It is of the same general color with the rain-cloud, only somewhat lighter and a little striped. Sometimes the shower begins to descend, but never reaches the earth. You can see where it ends, part of the way down. This often happens after a severe drought, when the air is so thirsty that it drinks up the falling rain ere it has descended half-way. At ordinary times, though, you may see these rain-stripes extending all the way to the earth—perpendicular when first leaving the cloud, then slanting gently with the wind below, and continuing to slant more and more (for it creates a wind as it falls, on the principal of a water-blast,) until finally it outruns the cloud, and reaches the earth a mile, perhaps, in advance.

"Of course you are no stranger to those broad and beautiful *billows* of snow-white rain that pulsate in advance of a heavy storm. You can see them, at intervals of perhaps a hundred yards, chasing each other as they rush past you at the distance of a quarter or half a mile.

"As for the rain-drops themselves, when they are large and coming perpendicularly from a cloud under which the sunlight falls, I can scarcely imagine anything more beautiful than they appear, dropping deliberately and glistening so brightly, that you can watch their descent for hundreds of feet."

Having never noticed this phenomenon, I only gave a polite bow and a smile of assent resolving that I would keep my eyes open the next time we had a summer rain falling in the sunshine.

"There is still another appearance in the rain-drop," continued Hodgkins. "which perhaps you have never noticed, yet which has been to me a source of curiosity as well as of enjoyment. It is when the drop falls from a moderate height—the lower limbs of a tree, for instance, or the edges of your portico—into a little basin of quiet water beneath, and breaks into a number of silver-like globules, which roll on the surface of the water, for some seconds, before coalescing. I have seen these beautiful little spheres rolling and gamboling upon the surface of a smooth wet shelf when exposed to falling drops. And only the other day I indulged myself for a full half hour beside a little rivulet, watching the successive creations and disappearances of a multitude of them together, as the water trickled down a small twig, and fell, drop by drop, into a natural cup, formed by a scooped leaf, half an inch below. Upon the surface of the water in that cup, these little drops seemingly incased each in a transparent sac, and, flashing like so many diamonds, chased each other around their tiny enclosures, sometimes coalescing into globes of double size, but more frequently exploding on contact into many minute globules, that again chased each other around, uniting and exploding, until their turn came to fall over the leaf-dam into the pool below. You may judge how lively must have been their play when I tell you that they were formed at the rate of about two a second, and that I have counted upward of a dozen at a time on a surface not two inches wide.

"So much for the beauty of falling and moving drops. And now to look at water in another form—"

Here I interrupted him, rather maliciously, if the truth be told; for I had never noticed those singular playful drops of water, and should have been glad for some excuse to question the correctness of his description, but it was too plain that he was in earnest, and that he had painted from Nature; so I contented myself with saying:

"You have deeply interested me. I will never hereafter dispute the fact that rain is beautiful. But you have not given me the last view of the beauty of *mud* and *slush* that I asked for long ago."

There must have been a touch sarcasm in my voice, for Hodgkin's face clouded a moment, and his fingers relaxed their grip of my button as if he were about to let go; but the sunshine again broke forth as he replied:

"Mud and slush are usually associated with sensations of discomfort and therefore the idea of beauty seems almost incompatible. But if you will go with me to the dry bed of a rain-torrent, or of the smallest rivulet caused by rain, I will show you beauty enough, on the simple

condition that the "mud and slush" there have not been disturbed by the foot of man or beast. Did you never notice how, after a rain, the particles of jetty black or bluish sand, are separated from those which are white or yellow, and both these from red clay, and left at the bottom of the water-course, disposed in graceful curves and eddies?"

My eye must have twinkled as Hodgkins asked this question, for his tone instantly changed. The truth is, I had often observed and even stopped to observe the phenomenon which he described; and cold-blooded though he evidently regarded me, I have often thought that these waved and curling lines upon the earth, which nothing but water can produce, are almost equal in gracefulness to the waves and curls which we see in the clouds.

It was manifest to my companion that he had gained his point in vindicating the beauty of "mud and slush," and it was soon manifest to me, from the flash of his eye, that he had not yet finished all he had to say on the subject.

"Wonderfully graceful as may be the tracing left by water, as has been described," said he, "I can show you something far more beautiful, as a result from the combination of water with ordinary soil, if you will only allow me to choose my time for it. That time must be a winter day when the surface of the wet earth has been raised by what our country-people call *black frost*. I once tore up a clod of this spongy earth, and examined it, first with my naked eye, then with a strong magnifier. You may suppose me exaggerating, but I am not, when I say that that unsightly clod of frozen earth furnished me with one of the most beautiful scenes I ever beheld. All through its interior, as seen under the magnifier, were columnar crystals of ice, some massive, some hair-like, but all white as snow. These columns were disposed into several stories, each having at top a thin, horizontal film of earth, and each story divided, here and there, into little grottoes and caverns, that communicated with each other, like the chambers, on a large scale, of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Greatly enlarged as these cavities and sparkling columns were by my glass, they forced upon me the conviction that, to the eyes of a being sufficiently minute, the splendor of this little world of wonders would more than eclipse those of the famous Grotto of Antiparos.

"It is not without reason, therefore, that I have asserted that water can, and does, assume forms of beauty, even when associated with so unsightly a material as you call mud.

"And now having been led by your question to consider water in its solid or frozen form sooner than I intended, I will here take occasion to say that another one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in Nature was a frost produced under peculiar circumstances. Several warm and misty days in winter had been suddenly succeeded by a very cold

night. The earth was too warm to allow the descent of dew upon it in the shape of hoar-frost, and the mist was caught by the cold too near the earth to permit it to form itself into snow-clouds or even sleet. It was compelled to settle, as condensed mist, on the vegetation and other rapid radiants between the earth and heavens, and there to freeze. The next morning presented a most brilliant spectacle. Every withered blade of grass—every bush and leaf, and every tree, from base to top-most twig, was incrustated with a glittering coat of thin, grainy-looking ice, white as snow. Under the microscope not a particle of this ice seemed to be crystallized as frost and snow usually are, but to be deposited in pellicles, large at the base, and tapering to the other end, and jointed like a very small infant's finger, short and fat. Tall slender weeds, with their broom-like tops drooping and swaying in the breeze, were peculiarly beautiful. The morning-glory, cypress, and other vines, with delicate stalks, presented a mass of graceful confusion; while the larger spider webs, whose strong cables enable them to bear the weight, and hung in festoons of sparkling diamonds, were beyond description.

“As for the beauties of the *snow-flake*, I have not a word to say, and you know why. To do it justice we should need hours. The forms in which it appears are as multitudinous as we may suppose combinations of figures controlled by the number *six*; for all crystals of ice tend to dispose themselves, at angles of 60° , with kindred crystals, and thus to form six-sided figures, star-shaped, polygonal, or something else. On the subject of ice I say no more, though it is to be seen in hundreds of impressive forms; I wish to end as I intended to have begun, talking of the beauty of *pure, simple water*.

“My spring gushes, clear as crystal, from a granite bed, and purls over the rocks, and among the wild shrubbery of its ravine, until it unites with other brooks to fill my neighbor's mill-pond, and (after serving him) to drive a small factory below him; after which it loses itself in a river, and works its way, for hundreds of miles, to the coast. I have looked at the rivulet, at the brook, at the mill-pond, at the water quivering so mysteriously when it plunges over the factory-dam, and at the same water as it whirls and eddies among the rocks in the river, and at last flows smoothly to its destination, and I must say that at every point there is a new style of beauty.

“And now that we have reached the sea, what less can we do, even in fancy, then to look on in admiration? It is a harbor for ships that lies before us? The eye never wearies with it. Its beauty is so changeable as never to be for two hours, seldom for two minutes, the same. Even if there be no vessels nor sail-boats in sight, yet every change in the breeze produces a change in its aspect, from “the lively repose,” attributed to it by the poet Martial, to the muddy surges of a gale.

"And then the grand, old ocean beyond, with its never-ceasing roll—for poets may paint as they will the heavens mirrored so perfectly in the glassy surface of a calm that a ship sleeping at night seems as if hung in the center of a vast hollow sphere, studded below as well as above with moveless stars: but, much as I have been upon the ocean, I have never yet seen that sight, nor do I believe that any one else, whether "ancient mariner" or youthful mariner, has ever seen it except in fancy. The surface may be *glassy*, but to my experience there is always a swell; and in nine hundred and ninety-nine days, or hours, out of a thousand, there are ripples if not cresting waves.

"Now these movements upon the surface of water are always beautiful. You may begin your observation of them with microscope in hand, examining the wavelets in the vibrating cups of a harmonicon, the musical goblets of Franklin, and you will be charmed with their graceful intricacy. You may throw a pebble into a pond or lake with glassy surface, and watch the ever widening of the concentric circles that mark the disturbance, and you will be delighted with its beautiful simplicity. And the like is true of all waves, from the ripple in a fish-pond to the mountain billows that crest higher than your head, as you stand on a vessel's deck, or to the surf as it bursts with thunder upon the beach."

Here my friend Hodgkins drew a long breath, and let go my button. He had stopped for very weariness. I was about to thank him for his "discourse," and to move homeward, when I saw the evidence of another thought flash through his eye. I kept my place, and he seemed to appreciate the compliment; but he did not keep me long.

"I have been talking here," said he, "till you are weary, at least I am, about the beauties of water, and yet one of the most wonderful of its graceful forms has escaped memory until now, when all that I can do is barely to mention it—I mean the *bubble*."

He was about to utter his last sentence when, my curiosity having been aroused by the enthusiasm of his tone, I said:

"The bubble is beautiful, whether large or small, and whether appearing singly or in those masses which we call foam; but what there is so *wonderful* in it I should be glad to have you tell."

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed, interrogatively. "Why, it is one of the most wonderful things in Nature! I was led to study it from a mechanical point of view by having once seen a bricklayer make an old-time bake-oven, shaped like a bubble on water. He began first by making a mound of sand, exactly the size and shape of the intended interior. With this sand as a support, he laid his brick in a dome-shape, cementing each course with mortar. When the dome was finished, and the bricks could support each other, on the principle of an arch, he removed the sand, and all was firm. But in the bubble, which

is of the same shape, the *bricks*, as you may call its molecules, have no mortar to make them adhere; so far as we know, their sides are not even squared, to enable them to support each other by friction, like bricks without mortar. Indeed, *there is no friction*, for there is no contact, but every particle moves with freedom around and beside every other particle. When you can explain to me how an arch, built in that way, can last longer than the instant necessary for it to fall down, you will solve one of the mysteries of Nature. The bubble is by no means destitute of beauty, either of form or of coloring, but the chief beauty to my mind is its wonderful mechanism.

“When you propounded that last question, I was about to say what I say now, that the water from my spring is remarkably clear, and I have made it a matter of conscience to supply my table with the clearest of glass tumblers. Now, there is scarcely a day of my life in which the feeling of worship is not excited as a tumbler of clear, sparkling water, illuminated from the opposite window, is raised to my lips. The question involuntarily arises, ‘What gem in the crown or casket of a queen can equal it in beauty?’”

F. R. GOULDING.

WATCHING THE GROWTH OF CRYSTALS,

The growth of crystals in an evaporating solution was finely displayed on the screen at some of Tyndall's lectures in this country, and was one of the most striking of the many beautiful illustrations he introduced. Any one who has a microscope, even of the cheapest kind, may amuse himself or his friends, “round the evening lamp,” by similar exhibitions on a smaller scale. The formation of metallic crystals, as those of silver, gold, and tin, is particularly pretty. In the *Argonaut*, of London, a few months ago, there was a long and interesting paper on this subject, with several wood-cuts showing the forms of the crystals, which we should like to reproduce; but, after all, pictures give a poor idea of the beauty of the crystals as one sees them actually growing under the magic glass.

Their production is easy and simple enough. Get a solution of nitrate of silver at any chemist's: or, better, buy the solid nitrate of silver and dissolve it for yourself in distilled or rain water—bearing in mind, however, that the salt has a way of staining fingers or clothing black, and the solution must therefore be used with caution. Put a drop or two of the liquid on a slip of glass, and place in it a little scrap of copper, or brass; you will see with the naked eye that the bit of copper becomes white at the edges, and covered with a hoary beard. But with a magnifying glass you will see that this beard consists of crystals of white silver, and you will be disposed to liken them to a rapid growth of vegetation,—mosses, or ferns, or the interlaced branches of pine-trees, or

the tangled luxuriance of a tropical forest, according to the prevailing forms of crystals; or, they may seem to you like the rapid uprising of towers and minarets and spires in graceful and varied architecture. If your microscope is a powerful one, you will be better able to examine the delicate tracery of this building, and to watch the sculpturing of the edges and the exact formation of the angles, with no visible tool to fashion them.

These crystals can be observed either by light transmitted from below—in which case a blue glass under them adds considerably to the beauty of their white branches—or they may be examined by reflected light. Sunshine shows them up magnificently, or the rays of a lamp concentrated upon them by a lens make them stand out in dazzling brilliance. Their beauty, too, depends in no small degree upon their movement; and as you watch a peculiar crystal, you will see new branches pushed forward, then perhaps the growth will be arrested for a few moments, and again it will seem to run rapidly onward into the clear liquid beyond.

The forms these crystals take will depend very much on the strength of the solution. If it contains only about one per cent. of nitrate of silver, the copper will be covered at first with little black bushes of silver; but if it is stronger, the deposited metal will be brilliantly white, a five per cent. solution giving forms that resemble fern leaves or feathers. In a still stronger solution the symmetry of these structures is apt to be lost, owing to the stems being built up of a confused mass of hexagonal plates, covered with minute pointed crystals set in every direction. A fifteen per cent. solution will probably exhibit a steady growth of what may be compared to moss; and to each spray a rounded appearance may be given by a multitude of very minute hexagonal plates clustering together. A saturated solution of nitrate of silver (about forty per cent.) will exhibit an arborescent fringe, often terminating in solid crystalline knobs. But the forms, even in the same drop of liquid, will often vary a good deal. The last traces of silver in the liquid will frequently give rise to delicate crystalline filaments wandering over the surface of the glass.

“What fairy story,” Dr. Gladstone asks, “gives food for the imagination like this? Every atom of silver was originally invisible in the clear nitrate; why does it suddenly become solid and visible? and how is it that each particle of metal is laid exactly in the right place to build up a symmetrical structure? The work proceeds silently as the building of Solomon’s temple, during which, as we read, no sound of hammer or axe was heard, for every piece of timber was shaped beforehand to fit its allotted place; but where were these pieces of silver fashioned to the plan of the Great Architect? and what forces do the work of Solomon’s seventy thousand bearers of burdens? Some things we do know:

every atom of silver added to the structure necessitates an atom of copper being dissolved, and between the surface of the copper and the ends of the silver branches there is a dance of atoms—a chain of molecular movement, which a cultured scientific imagination alone is able to perceive, and which would amply repay any investigator who might have the skill to unravel the mystery."

Some other metals give forms as beautiful as those of silver; as, for instance, those which tin assumes when a piece of zinc is dropped into a solution of protochloride of tin. Acetate of lead or zinc gives rise to large lustrous leaves of metallic lead, while salts of copper yield black, chocolate-colored, or red crystalline fringes, according to the strength of the solution. This formation of black metal is indeed one of the most curious parts of the phenomenon; not only silver, lead, or copper may be obtained in this condition, but some other metals, such as bismuth or antimony, or the noble metals platinum or palladium, can scarcely be obtained of any other color by replacement.

But perhaps the most remarkable appearances are those of gold. Get some *neutral* terchloride of gold and make a solution of about ten per cent. in strength; put into it a piece of zinc, and you will see an immediate outgrowth of black metal, then the gold will push forward in lichen-like masses, green, lilac, or yellow, followed perhaps by yellow or black fringes, and ending in delicate arborescent forms. A yellow branch will often run rapidly round the edge of the drop. Dr. Gladstone compares this to "the movement of a caterpillar." The gold salt is also apt to crystallize on the glass plate in long needles, and the metallic fronds follow up these long crystals, which disappear before them as though devoured by their advancing points.

Our limits forbid us to dwell on this fascinating crystal-culture, as we may call it, and those who make experiments in it for themselves will see how imperfectly we have described the few forms selected for illustration. Mere words cannot paint the rose or the lily, nor can they convey any adequate idea of the beauty of these exquisite chemical flowers as one sees them budding and blossoming in the fields of the microscope.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

VITAL FORCE.

In building a crystal, Nature makes her first and real effort as an architect. Here we have the first gropings of the so-called vital force; but the most wonderful manifestations of this force, though depending on processes of higher complexity, are, I hold, of the same quality as those concerned in the growth of a crystal. Will the poet or the imaginative man shrink from these notions as cold and mechanical? Why should he? For what have we done but pushed the eternal mystery

a little farther back? We reduce life to the operation of molecular forces; but how came the molecules to be thus endowed? Who or what gave to these forces their particular tendencies and direction? Let us contemplate that cycle of operations in which the seed produces the plant, the plant the flower, and the flower the seed again, thus returning with the unerring fidelity of a planet in its orbit to the point from which it started. All these processes are undoubtedly due to the action of molecular forces. But who or what planned their manner of action? Who or what endowed them with the power of taking up at a given time a determinate position, to be followed by another and another through the course of ages? Yonder butterfly has a spot of orange on its wing; if we look into a book written a hundred years ago, where that butterfly is figured, we find the self-same spot upon the wing. Now the spot depends purely on the manner in which the light falling on and entering the wing is discharged from it, and this again depends upon the molecular structure of the wing. For a century, then, the molecules have gone through successive cycles; butterflies have been begotten, have grown, and died, and still we find the architecture the same. Is not this amazing? And what is the explanation? We may have a thousand proximate reasons, but at bottom we have no explanation. Still we stand firm within our range. There is nothing in the architecture of that wing which may not find its Newton to show that the laws and principles brought into play in its construction are qualitatively the same as those brought into play in the construction of the solar system. There is no essential distinction between organic and inorganic; the forces present in the one, when duly compounded, can and must produce the phenomena of the other. Thus far do I proceed with absolute confidence; and I am ready to take a step farther. The brain of man itself is assuredly an assemblage of molecules, arranged according to physical laws; but if you ask me to deduce from this assemblage the least of the phenomena of sensation or thought, I lay my forehead in the dust and acknowledge human helplessness. Here speculation folds her wings, for beyond this point there is no medium to sustain her flight.—*Tyndall's Lectures on Light.*

PATIENCE: "We are very patient with folks who suit us. We are very patient with people whom we do not have any thing to do with. We are very patient with those whom we see others impatient with, but who do not relate to us. We sometimes wonder at our patience with such persons. I have found myself maintaining an unbroken patience with the Khan of Tartary. I do not know that I ever lost patience with the Emperor of China. I am very patient with the people in New York that I never saw, and that I never have anything to do with."

THE EYES AND SPECTACLES.

An old writer, living before the days of illuminating gas and kerosene, remarks that the "first sign of the need of spectacles is a tendency to bless the man who invented snuffers." In this age we should say that the first sign is to find one scolding about the publisher of his daily newspaper, who is charged with filling his columns with type growing every day more diminutive and indistinct. When a man or woman reaches the age of forty-five or fifty, it is generally found that some aid to natural vision is required. The discovery of this want is very liable not to be made soon enough, and the eyes suffer greatly in consequence. There is also a foolish pride which prevents some people from adopting spectacles after the discovery is made. There is no truth relating to vision more important, than this: that in every case of defective eyesight, whether it proceeds from advanced age or from congenital causes or from accident, artificial aids should be resorted to without delay. The tendency is in all, or nearly all cases towards irreparable injury, when this aid is withheld. It is true, bad or ill-adapted spectacles may and do cause injury, and so do improper medicines, or injudicious food or regimen. If proper care is used in selecting glasses, and the right ones are obtained, they strengthen vision, and the vigor of all the functions of the organs concerned in the phenomena of sight is increased. A child discovered to be "near-sighted" should be promptly furnished with appropriate glasses, and they should be selected if possible under the advice of a competent medical man or optician. In the case of persons who have passed middle life, as soon as it is noticed that the best artificial light is sought, or that letters grow apparently smaller or less distinct, or that the near point at which one can see distinctly is more than eight inches from the eye, the time for spectacles has arrived. In adopting them under these circumstances, we place an artificial lens outside of the eye to supplement the natural change of that within the eye, and by so doing we add to the power and normal action of the whole optical apparatus. The use of spectacles enables the eyes to work comfortably without fatigue; and they should always be strong enough to effect this object. It is difficult to give any rules for selecting glasses, as there are many exceptions to be considered. The natural changes in vision come on gradually, and glasses need to be changed to meet this modification as age advances. At first the change is slight, and may not for several years after it commences be so marked as to become positively annoying. In the early periods of decay of sight, glasses having a focal length of 60 inches will usually suffice; later in life they must be changed for those of 40 or even of 10 inches.

Glasses of a focal length of 60 inches will require one to hold the the object looked at a distance of 14 inches. If at 14 inches the letters

of a book are seen most distinctly, the focal length of the glasses is usually well adapted to those whose vision is slightly impaired. The distance should be quite accurately measured, as glasses of 10 inch focal length require a modification of the reading distance, of only about 3 inches less. The first spectacles should at first only be used for reading in the evening; and when no longer sufficient they may be superseded for evening work by others, and the first pair reserved for reading by daylight, or for writing, which requires less critical vision, more especially if ink be used that flows black from the pen.

Short-sightedness is a malformation of a somewhat serious nature, as short-sighted eyes are diseased eyes, and they require special treatment. Never allow a child or a friend thus afflicted to fall into the hands of "traveling quacks," or those who make loud claims to optical knowledge. In all large cities there are reputable medical gentlemen who make a specialty of the treatment of eye affections, and they are the proper persons to consult. It cannot be too universally known that short-sight tends to increase; and that if it increase at all rapidly, it tends also to destructive changes, and therefore it is an affection which requires prompt attention.

Perfection of eyesight is essential to our welfare and happiness, and any one who neglects those precautions upon the observance of which its preservation depends, will find cause for deep repentance in later life. Young men and young women who suffer themselves to fall into the habit of reading by fire-light, or at a window by the waning light of evening, at a considerable distance from lamps and gas-burners, are guilty of acts for which they must suffer. Parents should promptly interfere to prevent the formation of such dangerous habits.

In the use of glasses, the tendency is towards those which are held in place by a spring pressing upon the nose. This form is convenient, and will do very well for purposes other than for reading or writing, when prolonged use is required. The nip upon the nose is often painful, and creates uneasiness; and besides, the focus is liable to become disarranged. For these reasons and others, the glasses held in place by bows passing behind the ears are the best and safest for reading or study. The lenses should be of the best construction, and pure crown-glass affords a material better than "Brazilian" or other "pebbles."—avoid purchasing of any optician who claims that his lenses are constructed of pebbles, or crystal stones. If his claims were not false, he should be distrusted. The frames of spectacles should be of blue steel, light, strong, and perfectly fitted to the wearer. The glass should be kept perfectly clean, and this should be accomplished by the use of soft wash-leather, and not by linen handkerchiefs, which are apt to scratch the lenses by the small particles of silicious or other hard substances which they hold.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

A STREET-SCENE IN BERLIN.

[Translated for Appleton's Journal.]

The elegant world was out in full force "Unter den Linden." Brilliant toilets and cheerful faces, elastic figures, youth and wealth, all passed in quick succession—a picture of happiness and gayety, of plenty-and-to-spare, and, over all shone the invigorating sun of early May.

Almost unconsciously I fell into the stream of promenaders, and slowly allowed myself to be carried along by it, one of the most joyous among the joyous, or more properly, perhaps, one of the most careless among the careless. How impressive was the contrast the picture presented, therefore, when, from behind a large door, in one of the side alleys, a woman, deathly pale, with a child on one arm and leading another somewhat larger, approached me and said, in a low, tremulous tone:

"Have pity, sir, on a poor, sick mother, who has no bread for her children!"

The tone of her voice and her wretched appearance touched me to the heart. I saw that it was no habitual beggar who addressed me; that she had not uttered a lesson conned. She had not yet reached the utmost limit of misery, for a certain neatness characterized her appearance. But she was ill; she was evidently suffering from a fever of the intermitting type, for she shivered, although in the sun where she stood it was quite warm, and the child on her arm seemed to be also ailing. For a moment she blushed crimson, as she made her appeal—not slowly and in the whining tone usually adopted by the professional beggar, but rapidly, and in a tone resembling a half-suppressed cry. It was clear that she had not long been a beggar, and, to judge by appearances, she was a worthy object of charity. My hand was quickly in my pocket. I gave her a sum that would certainly make her comfortable for two or three days at least. How her eyes shone with gratitude and delight as I pressed the coin into her thin, cold hand! And, as her pale lips were about to utter some words of thanks, a harsh male voice made itself heard behind us, and frightened us both. A policeman, unnoticed, had approached, who said, in an unfeeling tone:

"How dare you be so bold, woman, as to beg here in open daylight on the promenade!—you must go with me to the station-house;" and he pushed her unceremoniously, but not roughly, into the side alley to get her, as it seemed, on less sacred ground. The poor woman trembled worse than she done as he pushed her on before him, and I distinctly heard her sob. I immediately decided to follow them, and I was soon near enough to hear the woman say:

"Have pity on me, sir! I am not a beggar—it is the first time, Heaven knows it is! My husband died four weeks ago; I am ill and

absolutely destitute, and my poor children are hungry. I have been to the family I used to work for before I was taken sick, but they have got another woman in my place. And when I crossed the promenade, on my way home, and saw all the fine people, I thought if I could find one or two among them that could feel for the unfortunate and wretched when there, perhaps my little ones would not have to go to bed to-night hungry. This, sir, is the way it came. Let me go, sir, do let me go!"

"You must go with me to the station-house, madam—I must do my duty. We will see what can be done when we get there," replied the officer, in a tone that showed no disposition to be moved by tears or entreaties.

"Ah," moaned the woman, "to be compelled to go through the streets with a policeman—it will kill me!"

The children now made themselves heard in tones that were really heart-rending.

"Come, come, my good woman," said the officer, in a tone that showed he was not altogether insensible to pity, "many people have gone with us through the streets without its killing them."

"But then, good Heavens, perhaps the people will think I have stolen something, and I have nothing in the world but my good name!"

I could contain myself no longer. I quickened my pace, and, as I came up beside them, I said to the guardian of the law:

"Strain a point, officer—see, the woman is ill, and then she did not really beg. I was induced to give her a trifle, rather by her appearance than by any thing she said to me."

"Yes, officer, do as the gentleman says—please do!" pleaded the woman.

"It is not possible, sir," replied the officer; "I should not have seen her, perhaps, for sometimes I—I see very badly. But just then my lieutenant rode by and pointed the woman out to me, so you see I must do my duty. He has often reprimanded me for not 'having my eyes about me,' as he says. If he should not find the woman on the register at the station-house, it might go hard with me."

We were now far from the promenade, and had reached a corner of the *Thiergarten*—the Central Park of Berlin. The children still continued to cry, and the prisoner to bewail her misfortune.

"Oh, do let me go! don't take me to the station-house, I beg! What will become of me?" she pleaded.

I, too, made one more effort to persuade him. He stopped short, and, turning toward me with as imposing and dignified a mien as he could command, he said:

"I must ask you, sir, to leave us now—in fact, I must insist upon it."

I was compelled to comply. I therefore took another path, and

allowed him to go on alone with his prisoner, and, as I did so, I tried to divine what there was in the man's face that did not seem to harmonize with his conduct. My eyes naturally followed the group as long as they were in sight. A few minutes only elapsed when I observed that the officer slackened his pace, and two or three times looked searchingly around. Then he suddenly stopped and passed his arm under the fore-piece of his helmet. And now, see, he thrusts his hand into his pocket—he seems to take something from it—he seizes the woman's hand, presses it as though he were taking leave of an old friend, and the next moment she is hurrying away as fast as her feet can carry her. And the policeman follows her example, but he takes the opposite direction, and might be supposed from his manner, to be afraid she may overtake him. I followed their example, taking another direction still, and hurried on as if I, too, feared pursuit.

Was it accident that the course I chose led me back to the promenade? There was the same active scene, but it failed to afford me the same amusement—so much do our pleasures depend upon our frame of mind. Passing a *cafe*, I was reminded that I had not looked over the papers of the day, so I entered. When, an hour later, I came again out on the promenade, the crowd had disappeared. It was time to dress for dinner, and the walks were very nearly deserted; the few promenaders who remained were not out to see and to be seen, but to breathe the fresh, invigorating air.

Near the spot where the poor woman had stood, our policeman sauntered again over his accustomed "beat." I approached him, and asked him for a match to light my cigar; he handed me one, politely lighting it first. In return, I offered him a regalia.

"You are a noble fellow," said I, as he accepted it; "you allowed—"

"Noble! for what?" he asked, interrupting me, and then, recognizing me, he added, looking down, somewhat embarrassed: "Ah, so, you refer to the poor woman. My lieutenant will give me a fearful going-over, but I can't help it. I—I myself, sir, know what it is to be sick and destitute, and to have my little ones cry for bread. I couldn't do it, sir—I couldn't do it!" And the guardian of the law walked on, while I said to myself:

"His lieutenant may censure him, but there is One who will not!"
—*Gartenlaube*.

RUSKIN asserts that the degeneracy of honor and honesty in England renders it impossible for the nobler passions to be understood. "Because," he says, "I have passed my life in alms-giving, not in fortune-hunting; because I have labored always for the honor of others, not my own, and have chosen rather to make men look to Turner and Luini than to form or exhibit the skill of my own hand; because I

have lowered my rent, and assured the comfortable lives of my tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I loved a wood-walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honored all women with solemn worship, and have been kind to the unthankful and the evil—therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar, talks of the ‘effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin.’”

CLIMATE AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Life in general is possible only between certain limits of temperature: and life of the higher kinds is possible only within a comparatively narrow range of temperature, maintained artificially if not naturally. Hence it results that social life, presupposing as it does not only human life, but that life vegetal and animal on which human life depends, is restricted by certain extremes of cold and heat.

Cold, though great, does not rigorously exclude warm-blooded creatures, if the locality supplies in adequate quantity the means of generating heat. The arctic Fauna contains various marine and terrestrial mammals, large and small; and the existence of these depends, directly or indirectly, on the existence of the inferior marine creatures, vertebrate and invertebrate, which would cease to live there did not the warm currents from the tropics check the formation of ice. Hence such human life as we find in arctic regions, dependant as it is mainly on that of these mammals, is also remotely dependant on the same source of heat.

Here the fact we have to note is that, where the temperature which man's vital functions require can be maintained with difficulty, social evolution is not possible. There can be neither a sufficient surplus power in each individual nor a sufficient number of individuals. Not only are the energies of the Esquimaux expended mainly in defending himself against loss of heat, and in laying up stores by which he may continue to do this during the night, but his physiological processes are modified to the same end. Without fuel, and indeed, unable to burn within his snow-hut any thing more than an oil-lamp, lest the walls should melt, he has to keep up that bodily warmth which even his thick fur dress fails to retain, by devouring vast quantities of blubber and oil; and his digestive system, heavily taxed in providing the wherewith to meet excessive loss by radiation, supplies less material for

other vital purposes. This great physiological cost of individual life, indirectly checking the multiplication of individuals, arrests social evolution.

A kindred relation of cause and effect is shown us in the Southern Hemisphere by the still more miserable Fuegians. Living nearly unclothed in a region of continual storms of rain and snow, which their wretched dwellings of sticks and grass do not exclude, and having little food but fish and mollusks, these beings, described as scarcely human in appearance, have such difficulty in preserving the vital balance in face of the rapid escape of the heat, that the surplus for individual development is narrowly restricted, and, by consequence the surplus for producing and rearing new individuals. Hence the numbers remain too small for exhibiting any thing beyond incipient social existence.

Though, in some tropical regions, an opposite extreme of temperature so far impedes the vital actions as to impede social development, yet hindrance from this cause seems exceptional and relatively unimportant. Life in general, and mammalian life along with it, is great in quantity as well as individually high, in localities that are among the the hottest. The inertness and silence during the noontide glare in such localities do, indeed, furnish evidence of enervation; but in cooler parts of the twenty-four hours there is a compensating energy. And if it is true that varieties of the human race, adapted to these localities, show us, in comparison with ourselves, some indolence, this does not seem greater than, or even equal to, the indolence of the primitive man in temperate climates.

Contemplated in the mass, the facts do not countenance the current idea that great heat hinders progress. Many societies have arisen in hot climates, and in hot climates have reached large and complex growths. All our earliest recorded civilizations belonged to regions which, if not tropical, almost equal the tropics in height of temperature. India and Southern China, as still existing, show us great social evolutions within the tropics. And, beyond this, the elaborate architectural remains of Java and of Cambodia yield proofs of other tropical civilizations in the East; while the extinct societies of Central America, Mexico, and Peru, need but be named to make it manifest that in the New World, also, there were in past times great advances in hot regions.

It is thus, too, if we compare societies of ruder types that have developed in warm climates, with allied societies belong to colder climates. Tahiti, the Tonga Islands, and the Sandwich Islands, are within the tropics; and in them, when first discovered, there had been reached stages of evolution that were remarkable considering the absence of metals. So that, though excessive heat hinders the vital actions, not only of man as at present constituted, but of the mammalia gener-

ally, such heat hinders the evolution of bodily energy only during part of the day, and, by the abundance of materials for living which it fosters, aids social development in most ways more than it impedes it in some ways.

I do not ignore the fact that in recent times societies have evolved most, both in size and complexity, in temperate regions. I simply join with this the fact that the first considerable societies arose, and the primary stages of social development were reached, in hot climates. Joining these two facts, the entire truth would seem to be that the earlier phases of progress had to be passed through where the resistances offered by inorganic conditions were least; that, these phases having been passed through, and the arts of life having been advanced, it became possible for societies to develop in regions where the resistances were greater; and that further developments in the arts of life, and further discipline in cooperation going along with them, enabled societies inheriting the resulting advantages to take root and grow in regions which, by climatic and other conditions, offered relatively great resistances.

Taking the most general view of the facts, we must therefore say that, solar radiation being the source of those forces by which life, vegetal and animal, is carried on, and being by implication the source of the forces displayed in human life, and consequently in social life, it results, that there can be no considerable social evolution on tracts of the earth's surface where solar radiation is very feeble. We see that, though contrarywise, there is on some tracts a solar radiation in excess of the degree most favorable to vital actions, yet the consequent hindrance to social evolution is relatively small. Further we conclude that an abundant supply of light and heat is requisite during those first stages of progress in which social vitality is small.

Passing over such traits of climate as variability and equability, whether diurnal, annual, or irregular, all of which have their effects on human activities, and therefore on social phenomenon, I will name here one other climate characteristic that appears to be an important factor. I refer to the quality of the air in respect of dryness or moisture. Either extreme brings indirect impediments to civilization, which we may here note before observing the more important direct effects. That great dryness of air, causing a parched surface and a scanty vegetation, negatives the multiplication needed for advanced social life, is a familiar fact. And it is a fact though not a familiar one, that extreme humidity, especially when joined with great heat, may raise unexpected obstacles to progress; as, for example, in some parts of East Africa (Zungomero,) where, according to Captain Burton, "the springs of powder-flasks exposed to the damp snap like toasted quills; . . . paper, becoming soft and sappy by the loss of glazing, acts as a blotter; . . . metals are ever rusty; . . . and gunpowder, if not kept from the air, refuses to ignite."

CLIMATE AND SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT.

But it is the direct effects of different hygrometric states which must here be more especially set down—the effect on the vital processes, and therefore on the individual activities, and, through them, on the social activities. There is good reason, inductive and deductive, for believing that the bodily functions are facilitated by atmospheric conditions which make evaporation from the skin and lungs tolerable rapid. That weak persons, whose variations of health furnish good tests, are worse when the air, surcharged with water, is about to precipitate, and are better when the weather is fine, and that such persons are commonly enervated by residence in moist localities but invigorated by residence in dry ones, are facts generally recognized. And this relation of cause and effect, manifest in individuals, is one which we may suspect holds in races—other things being equal. In temperate regions, differences of constitutional activity due to differences of atmospheric humidity, are less traceable than in torrid regions, the reason being that the inhabitants are subject to a tolerably rapid escape of water from their surfaces, since the air, though well charged with water will take up more when its temperature, previously low, is raised by contact with the body. But it is otherwise in tropical regions where the body and the air bathing it differ much less in temperature, and where, indeed, the air is often higher in temperature than the body. Here the rate of evaporation depends almost wholly on the quantity of surrounding vapor. If the air is hot and moist, the escape of water through the skin and lungs is greatly hindered; while it is greatly facilitated if the air is hot and dry. Hence in the torrid zone, we may expect constitutional differences between the otherwise-allied inhabitants of the low, steaming tracts and the tracts which are habitually parched with heat. Needful as are cutaneous and pulmonary evaporation for maintaining the movement of fluids through the tissues, and thus furthering molecular changes, it is to be inferred that, other circumstances being alike, there will be more bodily activity in the people of hot and dry localities than in the people of hot and humid localities.

The evidence, so far as we can disentangle it, justifies this inference. The earliest recorded civilization grew up in a hot and dry region—Egypt; and in hot and dry regions also arose the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Phœnician civilizations. But the facts when stated in terms of nations are far less striking than when stated in terms of races. On glancing over the rain-map of the world, there will be seen an almost continuous area marked “rainless district,” extending across North Africa, Arabia, Persia, and on through Thibet into Mongolia; and from within, or from the borders of this district have come all the conquering races of the Old World. We have the Tartar race, which passing the southern mountain-boundary of this rainless district, peopled China and the regions between it and India—thrusting the aborigines of these areas into

the hilly tracts; and which has sent successive waves of invaders not into these regions only, but, from time to time, into the West. We have the Aryan race, overspreading India and making its way westward through Europe. We have the Semitic race, becoming dominant through North Africa, and, spurred on by Monammedan fanaticism, conquering parts of Europe. That is to say, besides the Egyptian race, which seeming by its alliances to have originally been of low type, became powerful in the hot and dry valley of the Nile, we have three races, widely unlike in type, and speaking languages classed as fundamentally distinct, which from different parts of the rainless district, have spread as invaders over regions relatively humid.

Original superiority of type was not the common trait of these races: the Tartar type is inferior, as well as the Egyptian. But the common trait, as proved by subjugation of other races, was energy. And when we see that this common trait, in races otherwise unlike, had for its concomitant their long-continued subjection to these special climatic conditions—when we find further, that from the region characterized by these conditions, the earlier waves of conquering emigrants, losing in moister countries their ancestral energy, were over-run by later waves of the same races, or of other races coming from this region, we get strong reasons for inferring a relation between constitutional vigor and the presence of an air which, by warmth and dryness, facilitates the vital actions.

A striking verification is at hand. On turning to the rain-map, it will be seen that, of the entire New World, the largest of the parts distinguished by the absence of shade as almost rainless, is that Central America and Mexican region in which indigenous civilizations developed; and that the only other rainless district is that which formed part of the ancient Peruvian territory—the part, moreover in which the pre-Inca civilization has left its most conspicuous traces. Inductively, then the evidence justifies in a remarkable manner the physiological deduction.

Nor are there wanting minor verifications. Comparisons among African races are suggestive of similar contrasts in constitution, similarly caused. Of the varieties of negroes Livingstone remarks (*"Missionary Travels,"* p. 78:) "Heat alone does not produce blackness of skin, but heat with moisture seems to insure the deepest hue;" and Schweinfurth, in his lately-issued *"Heart of Africa,"* similarly remarks on the relative blackness of the Denka and other tribes living on the alluvial plains, and contrasts them with "the less swarthy and more robust races who inhabit the rocky hills of the interior" (vol. i., p. 148.) There seem, generally recognizable, corresponding differences in energy and social advance. But I note this difference of color arising in the same race, between those subject to a moist heat and those subject to a

dry heat, for the purpose of suggesting its probable connection with the fact that the lighter-skinned races are habitually the dominant races. We see it to have been so in Egypt. It was so with the races spreading south from Central America and Peru. And if, heat being the same, darkness of skin accompanies humidity of the air, while relative lightness of skin accompanies dryness of the air, then, in this habitual predominance of the lighter-complexioned varieties of men, we find further evidence that constitutional activity, and in so far social development, is favored by a climate conducing to rapid evaporation.

I do not mean that the energy thus resulting determines, of itself, higher social development: this is neither implied deductively nor shown inductively. But greater constitutional activity, making easy the conquest of less active races and the usurpation of their richer and more varied habitats, also makes possible a utilization of such habitats that was not possible to the aborigines.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

A white pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great-brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom—

A pair of 'swifts' in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair;

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While 'the little wheel' ran as fast and low
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lillies free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin
Counted her 'knots' and handed them in!

'The great wheel' rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legg'd thing with its spindle and bands;—
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turned dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro!

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl:
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel!
And there must be bees in the spindled steel!
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel!

It is one, two, three—the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut,
A hurry of wheel and the roll is wrought!

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white-pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread
Like somebody caught and tether'd and led
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend—
Princesses would borrow if maiden could lend—
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end,

From English sheep of the old-time farm,
With their legs as fair as a woman's arm,
And faces white as a girl's alarm.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of *another*, when her ship,—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise,—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover bring with great brown eyes!

Ah, broad the day but her work was done—
Two 'runs' by reel! She had twisted and spun
Her two score 'knots' by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
So to and fro in calico pride
Till the bees went home and daytime died!

In apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall back-comb.

She crushed the dews with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high ;
But she never dreamed of angels nigh

And she spoke right out : " Do just see there !
" What a blue and white for the clouded pair
" I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear ! "

The wheel is dead, and the bees are gone
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door,—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor,—

And the cat, unlearned in the Shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw !

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on the floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl !

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed !
Good night, my girl of the double and twist
Oh, barefoot vision ! Vanished mist !

—B. F. Taylor.

THE LABORER.—A writer in the *Overland Monthly* discussing "the forces of culture," says: "If we should divide culture into a dozen eras instead of only into the stone, bronze, and iron ages, we should have to designate nearly all of them from industrial events. The sailing vessel, the mold-board, which turns over the furrow of the plow, the water-wheel, the magnetic needle, gunpowder, the paper-mill, movable type, the spinning-weel, the telescope, the microscope, the quadrant, the chronometer, the steam engine, the steamboat, the steam-railroad, the steam-blast in smelting-furnaces, the pudding-furnace, the rolling-mill and labor-saving machinery of a thousand kinds—these are triumphs of industry, and the main causes of the superiority of modern over ancient civilization. It is the working-man, not the soldier, the priest, the statesman, the philosopher, the scientist, the artist, nor the author, who has given us not only the foundation, but also most of the superstructure of our culture."

LITTLE WINNEFRED.

BY BRO. DR. MORRIS.

It is probable that not a person is now living in the vicinity of Kingville, who can recall the incidents I am about to relate. So much addicted is our southern and western population to change of location, that I have more than once observed in a membership of a Lodge only ten years of age, not a single one of the charter or earlier members remaining. Yet in the years 1847 and 1848, when these incidents occurred, the Lodge of Kingville possessed a working brotherhood of nearly one hundred members.

Amongst them was a schoolmaster named Francis. He was from some northern State, as nearly all the schoolmasters in the South were at that day; was a distant relative of General Quitman, who, himself, had come as a schoolmaster to the South about twenty years before, and a teacher of fine ability. About the year 1838 his wife had died, leaving to his care an infant daughter. A man very retired in his habits, Mr. Francis had ever declined to enter into society, and upon the death of his wife he became emphatically a lonely man. Too much attached to his school, however, to return northward, he devoted his leisure hours to the child. As she grew old enough to walk the wood-paths with him, he was accustomed to take her to the school-house, and it became a subject of emulation among his female scholars who should sit with little Winnefred. As years rolled by, and the little girl of four years became eight, she was allowed to ride to the Lodge meetings with him, sitting upon the pommel of his saddle, and taking her stand in the school-room below, or, by special invitation, with the genial old Tyler in the ante-room. At refreshment—and the Southern Masons *had* refreshments in those days—the little “sister,” as they called her, was the first one to be invited and the last one warned out.

The health of Mr. Francis had always been precarious, and by the years 1847 and 1848, when his child was about ten years of age, threatening symptoms of consumption began to appear. A circumstance that occurred at that time greatly aggravated the disease. There came along a family of emigrants, going cross-land to Texas, a low, degraded set, and encamped near Mr. Francis' house. They remained there several days, during which time various depredations upon a small scale were committed upon the hen-roosts of the neighborhood. This was taken up with so much energy by Mr. Francis as to drive the stragglers out of the neighborhood with threats of vengeance. The next night, one of his out-houses was burnt and his little daughter abducted. Although Winnefred was speedily rescued, for the wretches had not contemplated anything worse than to alarm him, yet the fatigue and

anxiety of the search brought on a fever, which aggravated his pulmonary affection and no doubt hastened his end.

The expectation of a speedy death intensified the love the poor lonely student felt for his child. It was painful, to observe his vigilance over her now. It had come out by questions from his Masonic brethren, that all his relatives were dead, and that little Winny had no one to look after her but himself and them. In regard to pecuniary resources, he begged them, however, to feel no alarm, as he had an interest in a banking-house in a neighboring town, a sufficient sum at least to clothe and support her until she should be grown.

But oh, how loth was the father to leave his child! He felt and acted as though in *his* death everything would die. It was useless to tell him how many orphan children there are who grow up happy and respected. In *his* grave would be buried the life and hopes of Winnefred. At all places, church, school, Lodge, she was ever with him or near him, and the two were inseparable.

Little Winnefred was a thoughtful child, as all young persons, raised in that way by doting parents, are inclined to be. With dark, curling hair, strong muscular limbs, and gleaming eye, she was not at all the model of the novels, nor such a child as one would expect the daughter of her father to be. She was extremely reticent, which was perhaps, fortunate for the peace and welfare of the Kingville Lodge, for it used to be said that little Winny Francis was allowed by the genial old Tyler to hear and see things up in his little ante-room, which none but Masons, as a general thing, are supposed to hear and see. On one occasion, by a singular oversight, she had been left fast asleep behind the Treasurer's desk, while George Hildebrand was undergoing the "amazing trials" of being made a Past Master, and she astonished the whole Past Master's Lodge by waking up and asking George "why he didn't wear his hat like the rest of them?" It is needless to say that the Kingville Past Masters always made the oriental chair a lively and jovial place to *their* candidates, and that 1848 was long before Mackey in 1856 threw *his* wet blanket over all the fun and good-nature of the Past Master's degree.

George Hildebrand being thus interrogated, and naturally supposing the query to be one of "the amazing trials," aforesaid, told the little maid that he had left it in the ante-room. Upon which she cheerfully started after it, but, very unexpectedly, was not permitted by the genial old Tyler to return.

Brother Francis died in the fall of 1848, little Winnefred being at the time about ten years of age. It was a sad day. Nature wept. The leaves were falling; blossoms had faded; the birds had flown; the sun was withdrawing below the Junior Warden's station; never is a Masonic funeral so sad as upon an Autumn day, when it threatens rain.

"Destruction upon destruction; the whole land is spoiled; the earth mourns; the heavens above are black; all the people sigh; tears run down like a river; they cease not without any intermission; our heart is faint; eyes are dim." Such passages as make up the burden of Jeremiah are most appropriate on that day. Never had the Masons of Kingville Lodge realized the keenness of sorrow as they did when the first earth was thrown upon the coffin, and the poor little orphan, twice orphaned, with shriek upon shriek, broke from every detaining hand, threw herself wildly into the grave, and pleaded to be buried with her father. The strongest men wept. The hallowed square was broken past remedy, and in the return procession, eyes shone red with weeping that were all unaccustomed to tears.

At the meeting of the Lodge, which followed the return from the grave, the Master read from a paper that had been deposited in his hands several months before, the "dying request" of Brother Francis. There was a perfect unanimity among the sixty brethren present to accede to the wishes therein expressed, viz: "That the Worshipful Master of the Lodge should qualify as guardian of the girl, and the members, individually, should take it on themselves, when needful, to counsel and direct her education and manners until she should become of age.

The business was put in proper shape upon the books, and the brethren of Kingville Lodge felt that what they had assumed would be but a pleasure and no burden.

Not so at the meeting called a month afterward. Then it was announced to the brethren by the Worshipful Master that "he had qualified as guardian, given the proper security, and called at the bank for a proper transfer of the funds." But a catastrophe had occurred that very week. A thievish book-keeper had defaulted and absconded with all the available funds of the bank, and it was feared they never would be reclaimed." So it turned out. Neither the rogue nor the *proceeds* of his roguery were ever reclaimed. At the end of six months the Lodge had boldly to face the question whether they would assume the support and education of little Winnefred. General Quitman wrote that he would contribute \$100 toward it, and that was all he could possibly do, doing justice at the same time to the incessant calls made upon that noble and generous brother, and remembering, too, that the relationship in which Mr. Francis had stood to him was only that of third or fourth cousin.

It is a pleasant part of my subject to narrate, that there was not a dissenting vote upon the plain question of assuming the charitable burden. Differences there were, and they were debated with some acrimony, as to the best method of operation, but every hand was raised in approval of the main question; and when the Lodge was

temporarily "called off," and Winnefred brought in from the Tyler's room, (where she had unquestionably heard every word of the debate, for the genial old Tyler was accustomed to leave his door half open so that he might hear)—I say, when the little lady was brought in and welcomed as "the Freemason's Orphan Girl," every one present of the full assemblage of the Lodge kissed her and called her "his little sister," and promised to be a brother to her.

And so they proved, every one of them. It soon became necessary of course, instead of letting her board around, to assign her a *regular home*, for she would soon have become a vagabond among all that large group of families, who petted and spoiled their little guest, and would have brought her up on sponge cake and honey. It soon became necessary, of course, to have systematic arrangements as to *her clothing*, for on her birthday, seventeen bonnets, fifty-eight pairs of socks, and over two score of aprons, were sent in to her as presents, and no other articles of costume. But she was made to know that this was only for her own good, and she readily acquiesced, under the proviso that she was to be allowed to make frequent and regular visits to the others.

Upon one thing she insisted from the beginning, viz: that she should be allowed to attend *all* the Masonic meetings. This she would in no wise be denied. To secure this favor, she had requested leave to board with the genial old Tyler, Brother Peg, the poorest man I believe in the Lodge, and one who had the hardest time to get along in the world. Regardless of the poor fare, she chose this as her permanent home, doubtless moved partly by the knowledge that the payment of her board would in a small degree benefit the old man, but mostly from his contiguity to the Lodge room.

Never before had Kingville Lodge been so thoroughly swept and garnished. The weekly school holiday was mainly devoted to sweeping the room, washing it, airing it, decorating it with evergreens, washing the instruments, polishing the jewels, putting things to rights. On the days of meeting (for like very many Southern Lodges twenty years ago, Kingville Lodge held its meetings in the afternoon,) she had each station profusely glowing with flowers, in the season of flowers. She was first in the ante-room—had a hand-shake and a loving word, and a kiss for every "brother." Strangers who saw her sprightly little form there for the first time, went away with new ideas upon the "beauty" of the Masonic system.

In 1850 she was twelve years of age. It was the cholera season, and many fled, and many sickened, and some died. Then the merits of this precious little woman began to appear. From house to house she went fearless. At the bedside of the sick, at the grave of the dead, she stood, ever fearless. Her cheery look was medicine, her cheery voice better than medicine. She paid with interest now every debt she had

incurred; and he who had invested the most in her support, her clothing, her board, her education, her little trinkets of jewelry, for which she had a woman's taste, felt the most in arrears to her. Never had the little watch which the Lodge gave her on her last birthday been put to its proper use, till she used it at the weary bedside, to tell the weary, groaning patients, how pleasantly the night was passing on, and how surely they would be well by the morning. Never had the elegant cloth cloak sent her by General Quitman "as a special mark of pleasure at hearing of the good conduct of his dear little sister;" never, I say, had the elegant cloth cloak made by Past Grand Master Stevens, at Vicksburg, and gorgeously adorned—never, I say, had that beautiful cloak which she had always refused to wear to the Lodge meetings for fear of soiling it, been so appropriately used as when she walked with it in the driving rain at the funeral of the genial old Tyler, who was the first to succumb to the terrible epidemic.

Cholera times over and forgotten, who so popular as Sister Winnefred! Money was now no object in her raising. She had learned all she could learn in that country; she must go north to a first-class boarding school. This cost something, but General Quitman sent another hundred dollars, with a letter to the President of the Northern School, and the Lodge agreed to contribute enough by subscription to make up the remainder, and so with many a tear the little woman almost grown, though only thirteen years of age, said good-bye. *That day* it was positively declared, that the Lodge was not even "called off," when she was invited in. Brother George Hildebrand, the Worshipful Master, being brought to the tortures for this by somebody (in a jocular sense, of course,) declared he *forgot*, and then he made the matter worse, yea, quite unpardonable, by saying, "it makes no difference anyhow; if *she* isn't a good Mason, there are not any made," which shows how miserably Freemasonry had degenerated at Kingville Lodge; and proves all that the *Cynosure* had ever said about the rottenness and unrighteousness, and esoteric licentiousness, etc., etc., of the Masonic institutions in general.

Yes, in she came, the Lodge not even being "called off." Did she experience the terrors of a Mehitabel Byrde? Was that chair "made of human bones?" Was anybody about to sink in a "fiery hole?" Did anybody thrust up there "a pair of paws," and "seize the unhappy candidate," as the poet hath it? Probably not. If so, the maiden had got accustomed to those things during the long afternoons she had sat in the ante-room of that Lodge, before the genial old Tyler went to his rest, and had peeped through the door and familiarized herself with every step in the congregating, purging, tiling, lecturing and opening of the three degrees.

It was better than a feast with a prince to have seen that sweet girl

as she entered, the brethren all rising to receive her, forming a bower of hands over her as we do when we take "The Perfect Square," and she walked up so stately, though all alone, under that living bower up to the east. She had written out and committed to memory the prettiest little "good-bye" you ever heard. The was prose in it, and there was poetry in it.

About the middle of it a little song was to be introduced, all about

"I'll come again;
"I'll come again;
"I'm sure, dear friends, I'll come again."

But, bless your soul, she only got half through the first line, which was something about "the swelling surges of the tempestuous main," when she broke clear down. She threw her hands around George Hildebrand's neck, smashing up his new hat irrecoverably, then threw herself in his official lap, cracking the embroidery on his new fine apron beyond repair, and finally declaring, with all the earnestness of childhood, that "she did not want to go." Then there was a general snivel went up and down those parallel lines. The hands that had just been clasped together to form the human bower were unclasped to use, as Adam used his, before handkerchiefs were invented. The scene became positively ridiculous.

However that is nothing. Little Winnefred went north to the boarding-school and turned in to hard study. Once a month she wrote a long, long letter to the Lodge. It was read in open Lodge. It was voted on by the Lodge. It was entered on record by the Lodge; and I, who write this Masonic tale, have read these records, as Job says, "with mine own eyes."

The eighth letter hinted at ill health. The ninth letter was short and said—"My cough hurts me so, I cannot write any more to-day." The tenth letter was dictated by an amanuensis, and was accompanied by a physician's opinion, that "unless she improved very speedily, she had better be removed south." Not improving speedily, nor, in fact, at all, the eleventh was a short but earnest epistle in her own handwriting, but written from her sick-bed, to the tenor "that she hoped some brother would come after her, for she wanted to be buried beside her father." When *that* letter was read in the Lodge, so many of the brethren "asked for leave to retire," that the Lodge had to be closed prematurely, although there was a "trial" on hand, and the "third" to be conferred that same night.

Yes, the cold winter of Pennsylvania had been too much for dear Winnie, and she was coming home to die. George Hildebrand left his business, and went in person to bring her. In person he bore her in her easy chair, no heavy weight now, wrapped up in her cloak, down to the steamboat, waiting on her almost as her poor father used to, and so brought her home.

Did I mention that, about a year before, a strolling painter, of course poor and a brother Mason, had strolled into that neighborhood, got in debt for board, wanted to "make a little raise," and offered to paint a portrait of Iktle Winnefred for the Lodge.

By good fortune he "hit" a capital likeness. Sir Thomas Lawrence couldn't have done it better. The Lodge paid him enough to shove him on a hundred miles or so, and hung up the picture in their hall, where the Man of Wisdom ought to hang. It happened that, shortly after Winnefred's return, the regular Lodge meeting occurred on a clear and beautiful day, and Winnefred insisted on being taken to the hall "just once more." There was no denial. And so, in the rich dark cloak and with the little watch hanging like a locket to her neck, she was placed by George Hildebrand's side in the East (the Lodge being at refreshment), and for an hour exchanged affectionate sentiments with her "brothers." While engaged in this—I have been assured of the truth of the story by one who saw the occurrence—the portrait, of its own accord, detached itself off the hook from which it was suspended and fell to the floor. Probably it was a mere accident, but the fact made a great story through the neighborhood for a long time afterwards, and is told yet.

Why prolong my tale? The young creature has been eighteen years sleeping by her father's side. And, as I said at the opening, probably not a person is now living in that vicinity who will recall the incidents I have related. But a whisper went out among the Masons families, that *the shadow of this girl* was still seen at the Lodge meetings. Hackett Jinks, who was afterwards elected Tyler, never would go into the Lodge room after the rest came out, not even to put by the Volume of the Sacred Law, and he used to tell his wife that there were "sperrits" about in that ante-room. But that strong-minded woman replied in words good enough in their sententiousness to be made axiomatic: "Hackett, you jest let whiskey alone; them's the only sperrits 'll trouble you."

THE TRUE CEMENT.

The floods of the spring have made a peculiar and most persuasive appeal to the public generosity, and it has been nobly met. The disaster in the lovely Mill River Valley, in Massachusetts, was so sudden and appalling that it impresses the imagination more profoundly; but the devastation upon the shores of the Mississippi, although more gradual, and for that reason less immediately shocking, is undoubtedly one of the greatest calamities of the kind that has ever befallen the country. Mr. Crowell, of Boston, was sent to Louisiana to ascertain how the money contributed by the citizens of that city had been applied, and his

report was a most painfully interesting story. The magnitude of the flood and the area of destruction have not been understood in other parts of the country. Thus in going to Brashear, eighty miles below New Orleans, Mr. Crowell passed for the last twenty-three miles through an apparently boundless lake, varying in depth from three to six feet, pouring from distant crevasses on the Mississippi, and wasting enormous districts of country. Two hundred miles up the river, at Port Hudson, he saw the vast volumes of water rushing through the crevasses—the streams varying from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in width, and from seven to twelve feet in depth, roaring like cataracts, and sweeping every thing away. The suffering among the people is, of course, indescribable. More than fifty thousand men, women, and children were made homeless. Their helplessness must continue until the corn crop matures; and it was hoped that if aid were continued, corn and cotton might be planted upon thousands of acres as the water subsided. The owners of the land have necessarily lost the basis of their credit, and could hardly feed their families, much less other dependants, and all summer long there will be constant need of aid. The reader of these lines may yet do something. "Even a loaf may save a life," says the *New Orleans Times*. "The mighty river" that has desolated the land "has its sources in gentle rivulets." Let the great stream of charity that shall renew and bless the land have similar springs!

The relaxed social and political condition of Louisiana makes aid at home and from the state more difficult. Congress has wisely helped; for as the suffering is extraordinary, so must the relief be. Yet up to the time at which we write, New York usually so swift with the helping hand, seems hardly to comprehend the extremity of the case. Its response to the awful and sudden need in the Mill River Valley was prompt and full. But Massachusetts, a compact, orderly, and highly organized State, naturally declines any aid from Congress, and addressed itself at once to present relief and to future prevention. Fortunately stringent laws, well executed, can secure a valley from the mischief of a weak reservoir; but what law, what power, what foresight, can tame the Mississippi, or stay its swelling floods from the low shores beside it?

There is one pleasant aspect even to the sorrowful picture of this Southern desolation, and that is the healing influence of charity under the circumstances of the country. This year has seen a completed restoration of good feeling. On Decoration-day the flowers were strewn equally upon all graves of the war, brave hearts remembering only that all were American. The same feeling speaks in every word of sympathy, and is shown in every kind act between the sections of the country that were lately alienated. They who suffer are our brethren! and under the flowers that show fraternal sympathy, and in the generosity with which the Northern heart responds to Southern loss and sorrow,

are laid the deep foundations of that true and new Union which every patriot American heart would gladly build.—*Harper's Magazine.*

ENGLISH MASONIC HISTORY.

BY BRO. REV. A. F. A. WOODFORD, P. G. C.

The theory of our Masonic history shortly stated is this: our present Freemasonry is the legitimate successor, though on an enlarged basis, and with the admitted preponderance of the speculative element, of the old operative guild assemblies and the sodalities of mediæval and earlier Freemasons. We have inherited to-day the legends and constitutions of those ancient and handiwork Craftsmen. That these sodalities existed in this country until their gradual decadence in the middle of the seventeenth century, in full activity and vigor, is susceptible of much and varied proof. That we can also trace them back through many generations of the Roman Sodalitys, and thence to Jewish and Tyrian Masons is though not so easy, we admit, of demonstration, yet still not altogether incapable of substantiation. If direct evidence perhaps be wanting, there is a great amount of circumstantial evidence, and even much more of inferential evidence which we can fairly press into our service, and which seems in itself, and as far as it goes, to be both accurate and irrefragable. But such a theory as this requires necessarily a great amount of careful consideration and connected study, the comparison of many documents, and the collection of many MSS. Thus for some time in this country these studies and researches have been carried on with much zeal and no little success by some of our Brethren, and there can be but little doubt, that before very long, we shall be able to congratulate ourselves on some appreciable results. We must especially notice that very interesting work, lately edited by Bro. W. J. Hughan, which has given the Craft for the first time, a collection and collation of many of the ancient Constitutions.

As long forgotten Lodge collections are carefully overhauled; as the MSS. in the Roll's office and other public offices are indexed or inscribed; as the fabric rolls of our Cathedrals, and the archives of our Municipalities are desentombed, so to say, from the oblivion of centuries, no doubt not only will many fresh MS. constitutions be discovered, but we shall be able to collect together an amount of existing evidence never before thought of, much less even suspected to be extant. Take, too, one little branch of our archæology hitherto much neglected. There are in this country, in the British Museum and elsewhere, many curious impressions of seals which seem to have belonged to the Masonic Guilds; while it is only quite recently that the history of the Guilds themselves, important as the part they played in the earliest trading and operative

and municipal history of England, has been at all attended to, and even now we are only beginning to be acquainted with it.

Yet, surely, all that has now been so imperfectly stated, is a sufficient proof that the present position of English Freemasonry, looked at from an historical and archæological point of view, is one of active study and healthy criticism, and of greater intellectual vigor, probably then has characterized any previous epoch of its existence. Let us earnestly hope, that all these studies and researches may end some day, ere very long, in a readable and reliable and undoubtedly scientific history of our good old Order.

And then when we endeavor to ascertain what is the practical teaching or benefit of Freemasonry as now pursued in this country, we find in it much to admire and more to commend.

Freemasonry has had its assailants in past times; Freemasonry has its assailants to-day, even at this very hour; and there are many who openly object both to its actual position and its avowed principles. There are those, for instance, who think that Freemasonry should discard all the religious element from its Lodges, and confine itself to philosophical teaching or cosmopolitan sympathies. There are those who complain that Freemasonry is not religious enough, and that by its professed universality it is a negation of a higher Creed. But, all such impungers of our Order appear to us to forget, that Freemasonry is not religion, never claims to be a religion, or to teach it: but it claims to be a world-wide philanthropic sodality, based on the one great principle which prevades the divinest of all prayers—the recognition of the One Great Universal Father, Ruler and Architect of this world and of man. That there may be denominational difficulties felt by some in such a view as this, we do not effect to conceal; but Freemasonry as Freemasonry has nothing to do with denominational teachings, just as it has no concern with political opinions.

Freemasonry leaves religion to those, whose great mission is to announce its healing message to man, offering however, a neutral ground, so to say, for men of contrasted views and conflicting opinions; a place of assembly where for a little time the voice of party may be hushed, and the contests of sectarian difference may be stilled. Freemasonry may be wrong or it may be right in the view it takes, the teaching it avows, and the course it adopts, but such it is, and we feel, that, as it is always better to avow our principles, to hoist our flag, there is no use whatever in at all hesitating to declare what, as we believe, the undoubted position and teachings of our great Order really are. There may be many who take a different view of what Masonic teaching is or should be but it is undeniable in our opinion, that whatever may have been the distinctive utterance of Freemasonry in other days, or at particular epochs, the one distinguishing feature of our present English

Freemasonry is its universality. And Freemasonry in inscribing this motto, so to say, on her graceful banner, is but proclaiming in our time and generation, the teaching of an earlier age, when Jewish and Tyrian Masons worked side by side in the building of the Temple of the Most High. It may be perfectly true, that we may find less expansive views prevailing during a period of the last century, but whether for good or evil, the universality of our Order has been the prevailing characteristic of our teaching and our practice during this century, and the fact ought to be honestly admitted as alike the now deliberate position, and the unflinching characteristic of our English Freemasonry.

Freemasonry we believe has thus a sphere of usefulness and importance in the world, in that it serves to cement enduring sympathy between persons of very opposite feelings, and to conciliate firm friendship amongst those who might by birth and education, and inherited traditions, have forever otherwise remained at a perpetual distance. And if it be here asked what does Freemasonry do after all for the general welfare of the world? we may fairly reply: it seeks to educate the young, and aid the old, it endeavors to relieve distress and succor misery, with true if discriminating liberality, while it would administer on the highest principles of true-hearted charity, extensive relief to its suffering members and those nearest and dearest to them, in the trying hours of their earthly calamity. It has been indeed objected to Freemasonry, that it confines its relief to its own members or their families, and this no doubt is true as a general rule; but it is not correct to say that Freemasonry never aids those who are not Freemasons, though it mainly directs its charitable endeavors towards the Brethren of its own great "household" and their families. We admit that it is the distinguishing feature of Freemasonry, to hold out evermore a cheerful and liberal assistance to those who make a proper claim on its consideration, and surely in doing this we are not doing wrong; instead of being blamed we ought to be praised, that our Order makes all its arrangements and all its organization public and private, subserve the great end of active benevolence. The truth is, that, Freemasonry in the position it adopts and the view it propounds, seems often to run counter to the sometimes necessarily narrower views. Within its ample limits and under its tolerant rules are gathered as in times past, so to-day, a great Brotherhood of men, which whether on higher or lower grounds accepts its teaching and acknowledges its influence. It may, and perhaps does, antagonize this view or that view, it may appear too comprehensive to some and too contracted to others; it may be considered too religious by the Illuminees, and too little religious by the earnest denominationalists. But yet somehow or other, Freemasonry manages to hold its own, and even to flourish the more through opposition and hostility.

How far Freemasonry will endure as time moves on amid the

altered wants and conditions of society, time itself alone can show; but sure are we of this, that if Freemasonry be only true to its own great principles of universal sympathy and kindly toleration, it will still prove of great value and blessing to mankind, and survive when perhaps other societies crumble to decay. If we may judge from the past and if we truly understand and realize the present, the principles we have enunciated however feebly, will remain as the distinguishing characteristics of English Freemasonry; and as long as they do so, we have not the slightest doubt or the remotest fear, but that our Order will continue to progress and to persevere in its useful, and beneficent, and conciliatory mission, for the peaceful proclamation of its great and gracious truths, and for the harmony and happiness of the human race.
—*London Masonic Magazine.*

THE OLDEST EXTANT LODGE RECORDS.

The following facts, taken from the second chapter of Bro. D. Murray Lyon's great work, the *History of Freemasonry in Scotland*, will interest our readers:

"The Lodge of Edinburgh, (Mary's Chapel) has minutes of its transactions dating back into the 16th century. No other Scotch Lodge occupies so favorable a position in respect to its records; and in this distinction it also possesses an advantage over the most ancient Lodges in England and Ireland. These records extend to six volumes, all of which are in excellent preservation—a feature upon which the Lodge has been complimented by the Grand Masters and other distinguished brethren to whose inspection its books have from time to time been submitted. The first of them, a thin folio volume of 72 leaves of paper (11 inches by 7 inches) derives much importance from the circumstance that it contains the earliest Lodge MSS extant. It is formed of fragmentary sheets. The volume is encased in modern binding, and it embraces records extending over a period of 88 years, viz: from December 28th, 1598, to December 25th, 1686. Volume second begins with the minutes of December 27th, 1687, and ends with those of December 25th, 1761. A 'List of Members, entered in Mary's Chapel between December 1687 and December, 1761 appears at the end of the volume, and contains 426 names. It is creditable to the Lodge of Edinburgh, and in marked contrast to the remissness which has characterized the custodians of other Masonic records, that it should have succeeded in preserving the several minute-books used by it since A. D. 1598. But they were several times placed in peril, one of them was for a time lost, and only found after a search among old books and papers supposed to be useless. In March, 1860, the oldest minute book was lost, but it was soon after restored to the Lodge by one of the Stewards, who had found it in a

closet in the Ship Hotel. In June, 1855, five guineas were unanimously voted for the purpose of having a copy made of the 'ancient and oldest minute-book of the Lodge.' Considering the altogether inadequate remuneration that was fixed for this work, it is not surprising that it still remains undone."

Bro. Lyon's book contains a *fac-simile* of the oldest minute of the Lodge of Edinburgh (of July, 1599) besides a large number of other valuable *fac-similes*, and portraits of eminent living Freemasons. We consider his work the most important contribution to genuine Masonic history in this nineteenth century.

SPOILING THE MATERIAL.

BY WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

Grand Master Griswold, of Minnesota, has some excellent and timely remarks in his annual address, concerning "spoiling the material" which is furnished for our moral and Masonic edifice. In operative Masonry an Apprentice is not allowed to attempt the better and more difficult parts of the work, and a Journeyman who attempts and fails—spoiling the material—is held responsible for damages. No one is allowed to perform a Master's task unless he has been tried and found competent.

So it should be in speculative Masonry. As the building which we are erecting is of more importance to the well-being of mankind than any made of stone, brick, and mortar can be, and as the living stones of which it is composed are so much the more precious than those which are raised in the quarry, so ought the architect and master builders to be more careful that the valuable material is not spoiled by the hands of unskillful Craftsmen, that it cannot be made to fit any place in the temple. But are our architects and builders thus careful of the material given them for use? We fear not!

Not many months since a Mason gave us his experience in becoming one of the living stones in the moral and Masonic temple. He is a very conscientious, sedate person, who looks on the serious side of things, and lives more in the actual than in the imaginative, and would scarcely mingle mirth with a solemn duty. He was taken to the ante-room, where he was met by several brethren who began a conversation calculated to impress the candidate with the idea that the ceremonies to which he was about to submit himself were farcical and ridiculous, and that the object was to get up a laugh at his expense. Is it any wonder that he hesitated about being made game of as the conversation indicated he would be if he went forward? He had been assured that in Masonry great moral truths were elicited and enforced, and that

high and honorable duties were made known and enjoined. But here, before he crossed the threshold of the institution, he found it, among its members, to be a theme for idle jests and silly ridicule.

He was ready to give his assent and allegiance to Masonry as it had been explained to him. With it, as thus far exhibited, he was disgusted. As a living stone in a great moral temple he was willing to be adjusted by the tools of the workmen, but to become a butt for ridicule where he expected instruction, and to be turned off with a jest where he expected to have science and morality suggested, was repugnant to his feelings, and his first thought was that he would proceed no farther. As a kind providence would have it, he still placed much confidence in his friends from whom he had received an explanation of the aims and designs as well as the character of the Masonic institution, and he concluded to go forward. But it required the whole of the evening to remove from his mind the unfavorable impression which some foolish, if not wicked conversation in the vestibule of the Lodge had given him. He took occasion, when opportunity offered, to reprove the unskillful workmen who had so nearly, in the most heedless and needless manner, spoiled this material which had been prepared for the moral temple.

This is one method of spoiling material, and not seldom is this sad work performed in this manner. Most candidates consider that they are entering upon an important enterprise; but when they find jibe and jeer and jest assail them in the very sanctum of the Lodge, they have little cause to retain that opinion, and by such means not a few men enter the Lodge prejudiced against the institution—prejudiced on the very threshold of entrance by the folly and wickedness of its pretended friends.

But there is another method by which the spoiling of material is affected. A case comes to our memory which is in point. The candidate was a man of education and taste, and had a very clear view of the "fitness of things." He was received and conducted by an officer who had to be prompted from beginning to end. This necessitated many a hiatus in the charges, and made them unmeaning, ridiculous, and without connection. The Master was nearly as badly posted, and in addition made sundry frequent and extensive encroachments on the rules of grammar, and variations from Webster in pronuuciation were like angel's visits in the early times of the human race—early and often.

What could be the effect of such a ceremony on this well educated, intelligent, and precise man of taste. He was disgusted, and had it not been for his good sense and discernment which discovered beauty and grandeur under the mass of rubbish, he would have been one of the rejected stones that go into the heap of spoiled materials.

Let these two examples suffice for the present. They are each of a

class that do incalculable injury to the cause of morality and Masonry. They destroy many goodly stones—much valuable material which otherwise would be placed in a position which it ought to fill, and where it is needed to rear the walls of the sacred temple. How much higher might have been the walls but for this wanton destruction! How much grander would these walls appear now, but for these spoliations, the work of unskillful craftsmen!

The moral is obvious. No good Mason will seek to impress upon the mind of one who is about to be conducted through our ceremonies that they are foolish, ridiculous, or vain. Knowing them to be full of valuable truths and beautiful and appropriate illustrations, the thinking Mason will neither by act nor word give the impression that they are otherwise.

Neither will the good Mason so mangle, mutilate, and murder the ritual as to disgust educated and cultivated men. Should his disadvantages be so great that he cannot do otherwise, let him never assume duties which he cannot perform, lest he spoil the material supplied for the erection of the temple. Brethren, if we commence to lay good work, true work, let us have care not to "spoil the material."—*Voice in Masonry.*

Editor Freemason :—I send you herewith an extract from the address of the Grand Master of Massachusetts, delivered before its Grand Lodge in December, 1873. It is as necessary in Michigan as it was in Massachusetts, to call the attention of the Craft to this subject. The writer believes that the views expressed by the Grand Master are worthy of the endorsement and approval of all Masons everywhere, and hopes that your circulation is such as to present these views to the eyes of every Mason in Michigan. A LOVER OF THE CRAFT.

PUBLIC MASONIC CEREMONIES.

"I have endeavored to check, as far as lay in my power, the too prevailing inclination for public Masonic ceremonies and displays, and for publishing to the world reports of Masonic elections and proceedings. I fear that in too many instances such parades and publications are prompted principally by a desire on the part of the brethren who are made conspicuous, to glorify themselves before the public, and thus contribute to their own social, political or pecuniary advancement. I believe it to be for the interest of the institution to avoid publicity as far as possible. Its rapid growth and great popularity since the revival have led to the formation of an innumerable host of secret societies, many of which have copied our regalia, our form of government, our titles, and even mimicked our ritual and ceremonies.

"It is certainly highly unbecoming and improper for any Mason to encourage or promote the adoption by any other organization of the peculiarities of Masonry.

“The effect of these imitations is to lead the uninitiated to regard these associations as on an equality with our Institution, perhaps conceding the latter to be a little older and more respectable. Some of these organizations undoubtedly have worthy objects in view, but they follow Masonry at a long interval. They are modern, local, and short-lived, while Freemasonry is ancient, universal and immortal.

“In this connection I cannot refrain from condemning in the strongest terms the transmitting of Masonic notices upon postal cards and in unsealed envelopes; the advertising of Lodge meetings in the public prints, and especially of the work to be done at such meetings. Such practices are totally at variance with the time-honored usages and customs of the fraternity, and can only tend to that familiarity which breeds contempt.

“Nothing will more surely maintain the dignity and high importance of Masonry than a return to the good old practices of the fathers, to guard with jealous care the work of the Lodge and everything connected with it; to keep and conceal it from the profane absolutely; and to communicate it only to those of the Craft entitled to know it, and to them only under proper circumstances, and with the most careful restrictions; to avoid appearing in public as Masons except upon strictly Masonic occasions, and those of the highest importance, sanctioned by long usage; never to write or print Masonic intelligence for the gratification of the curiosity of the profane, or the vanity of the initiated. We have wandered far from this high standard, and the return may be difficult; but I am convinced that the closer we confine Masonic affairs to Masonic breasts, the better it will be for the Fraternity and its reputation.”

A LITTLE LEARNING.

It was Alexander Pope who said—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

This maxim has so often been quoted that the first line of it has assumed the recognized form and sanction of a proverb in our language. But, like many other proverbs, it has often been found, in a general application, to be unworthy of unqualified reception. No doubt, as a universal rule, a little knowledge, however little it may be, is better than total ignorance, just as, to a hungry man, a half a loaf is better than no bread; yet there are men who, from an undue development of the organ of self-esteem, are prone to indulge in dogmatism. Such men, having but an elemental knowledge of any science, are disposed to propound theories and state facts as though they were masters of the

science of which they are only imperfect pupils. The consequence is that their theories are untenable, and their statements untrue. Sometimes they meet with men even less informed than themselves, who mistake the dogmatism of ignorance for the positiveness of learning, and accept their crude errors as established truths. To such men undoubtedly a little learning has been a dangerous thing. If they had no knowledge, they would be modest and silent; if they had more, they would be more cautious and correct.

To no speculative science does this proverb more frequently apply than it does to Freemasonry. This is because much of the science of Masonry is oral and traditional; and hence there is no exact standard by which the masses can measure the amount of learning that an opinionative man may profess that he possesses. A claim to the possession of knowledge, for instance, on a ritualistic question, where memory is supposed (although incorrectly) to be the sole teacher, is hard to be disproved, simply because it is a question of memory only, and none but the man himself can tell how faithful or how treacherous his memory may be. The simple affirmation, "I remember," is incapable of controversy; for the proof of the truth or falsehood of the affirmation lies wholly in one's own inner consciousness. It may be doubted, but it cannot be disapproved.

More than once have I heard old Masons say that thirty or forty years ago such or such was the form of a particular ceremony or phrase in the ritual. Now, in many of these instances, I was perfectly confident that the person making the assertion was incapable from his intellectual organization as shown in other matters to have any memory whatever of what was the form of the ritual at that distant period. With me, under this conviction, his assertion passed of course for an idle word; but there were doubtless others who heard him who were silenced by his presumption, and adopted his opinion as good authority. Here a little learning evidently was a dangerous thing. If the man had no knowledge whatever of the ritual, not enough to work his way into a Lodge at labor, his ignorance would have been transparent, and he would not have presumed to express an opinion. But having perhaps a little smattering of knowledge on the subject, he dared to become dogmatic, and his dogmatism was mistaken for learning.

There is another reason why in Masonry a little learning is sometimes dangerous. There is a literature in Masonry, but unfortunately it is not cultivated by the great masses of the Craft. Other professions have a literature also, but that is always cultivated. Those, for instance, who devote themselves to the profession of medicine or law commence the pursuit by a diligent study of the text-books, and a subsequent reading of all the standard authorities. Then when an empiric or impostor comes among them, professing to be a physician or a lawyer, and

advances his own absurd theories, they can readily detect and expose his ignorance.

But in Masonry imposters, pretending to a knowledge which they do not possess, meet with no such correction until they encounter some scholar of the Order. The Craft have no crucial test derived from their own knowledge which they can apply to an ignoramus. Hence, Masonry has abounded with lecturers and writers of text books and Masonic Jurists, who, with no more learning in any other profession than they had in Masonry, would hardly have been deemed qualified to take the lowest seat in the youngest class of scholars. In Masonry they take their seats on the throne, promulgate, often in the worst of ungrammatical English, their opinions *ex cathedra*, as though Solon himself were but a braying ass compared to them.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Order, this unhappy condition of things is slowly passing away. The literature, the history, and the philosophy of Masonry as a speculative science are beginning to be cultivated in such a way that pretenders will have henceforth to be more chary in their pretensions. The time has not yet come, but is coming, when none will be teachers in Masonry but those who have first been students. And when that intellectual millenium has arrived, we shall no longer hear as we have lately heard, the Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of a respectable Grand Lodge declaring that "there is no such thing as an American system of Masonry." What folly! What ignorance! Think only of a naturalist declaring that there is no such a thing as a Linnæan system, or an astronomer that Newton never had a theory, or Herschel never made a discovery.

But there is a class of Masons to whom a little learning is far from being dangerous. To the humble and enquiring student who seeks knowledge that he may be enlightened, that he may know something more of the Institution into which he has entered than he can derive from the meager lectures of the Lodge; who would trace the myths and legends to their true source, and would learn the real interpretation of the symbols; to such a Mason—not arrogant, but humble, not opinionative, but inquiring; a seeker for truth and truth only;—a little learning is much, because it is a step on the ladder of knowledge, and the little will in time be followed by more.

A little learning is dangerous only to the dogmatist who mistakes the little for much; and who deems, like a foolish merchant, that his small stock is enough for a very large business.—*Dr. Mackey.*

ST. JOHN the Baptist's Day was made memorable in the year 1717, by the meeting of the Grand Lodge of England on that day, and the election of Bro. Anthony Sayer as the first Grand Master of that Grand Lodge.

READ, MARK AND DIGEST.

M. W. Bro. Luke A. Lockwood, in his closing annual address, as Grand Master of Masons of Connecticut did himself credit not only as a profound thinker, but added to the fame he had previously earned as a Masonic jurist; for his work entitled "Masonic Law and Practice," has not yet had its superior. The following extract, which we make can be read with pleasure and interest.

"The government of a Masonic Lodge partakes very largely of the patriarchal parental. The first officer is called, with intelligent design, Master, indicative of his authority and right to obedience; 'Worshipful' as indicative of reverence and respect which is due to him. It is true that he is annually elected by the free choice of his brethren, but when elected and installed into his exalted station has the authority of a father, and the members of his lodge are his brethren, nay more, they are his children, and entitled to his sympathy, his counsel, and his admonition. How beautifully the idea is expressed in the charge that he be one to whom the burdened heart may pour out its anguish, distress may prefer its suits, whose hand is guided by justice and whose heart is expanded by veneration, a hearty, earnest longing for the best good and continued well-being of the whole human family, but more especially of the brethren, a lover of harmony and concord, a soother of strife, an encourager of the virtuous, a correcter of the evil, a living every day example in all the walks of life of the practical embodiment of the precious tenets of our ancient brotherhood. Of course he must also be well versed in all the ancient laws, usages, regulations, jurisprudence, and work of Masonry. This is in brief a faint outline of what a Worshipful Master ought to be.

"Such, then, being the nature of the Masonic government, and the character of the master, it follows that he is the main spring of the Lodge. In physics the law is that a fluid will not rise higher than its source. The same law prevails in Masonry. The brethren will not rise higher in Masonic zeal intelligence and conduct than their Head. As the father so the children, as the master so the servant, and as the Master of the Lodge so the brethren. How very important then, my brethren, is the choice of master. It is each year the turning point or crisis in the history of each Lodge for good or evil, for activity or for lethargy, for intelligence or for ignorance, and for peace and harmony, or for discord and confusion. When a fool is king the people will mourn. Thus far we have spoken only of the effect of the choice upon the Lodge and its members.

"But there is another view in which the matter under discussion should be considered. This is the effect of unworthy or incompetent officers upon the reputation of the fraternity in the community. The

public very largely estimates the character and intelligence of those most prominent in its councils, its head, its officers, and mouth-pieces. The White Bull of the ancients might be most fittingly the master of the heifers and calves of the herd, but surely ought never, however comely kind and beautiful, to have been exalted into dominion over intelligent men or to preside over the councils of the state. In a word, we should in this most important matter ever bear in mind that the offices of a Lodge are not designed for the conferring of rank or honor upon brethren, but for the proper organization, government and prosperity of the Craft. It is true the holding of office confers rank, but it is the efficient, faithful discharge of its duties which bestows honor. Rank and official station, united with incompetency or unworthiness, but make the defects more glaring and their possessors the brighter mark for the bitter shafts of scorn and ridicule. Our motto in the choice of officers should be the wisest and the best."

LIFE AND DEATH.

Doth Life survive the touch of Death ?

Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there a whisper here,
Confirms that hope to which we cling;
But still we grasp at anything,
And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we know
Hover around us while we pray,
Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
We only hope it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought, [veins,
"As healthy blood flows through his
And joy his present life sustains,
And all the good has come unsought,

"For more he cannot rightly pray,
Life may extend, or life may cease;
He bides the issue, sure of peace,
Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of His plan."

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
I dare to think I have in me

That which had better never be,
If lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of mind,
Daily discovered everywhere,
Built up to crumble in despair?—
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away.
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
Quick human hearts, instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined,
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out toward eternity.

Wherefore, I welcome nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

FREEMASONRY IN ITALY.

"The Freemasons of Italy held in Rome, during the last week in May, the annual election of the administrators of the affairs of the order. It appears, by the report that there are about eighty lodges in the kingdom, and their number, as well as the initiation of members, is constantly increasing. The hostility of the church to this fraternity, instead of hindering its prosperity, *seems to promote it*. If one asks the reason of the violent condemnation which the Pope deals out to this *inoffensive society* there is no satisfactory reply. The suspicion is, that the Roman Catholic establishment wishes to have no competitor in its system of mysterious telegraphy, by which universal correspondence is kept up. Steps are about to be taken for building in Rome a temple, or central place of meeting, so as to perfect the organization of the order. Freemasonry in Italy is, in self-defense obliged to make opposition to the Papacy, and so no love is lost on either side. Indeed, from time to time, we hear such expressions as "*il canchero del Papato*"—"the cancer of the Papacy" which shows that it is condemned as an evil by the members of this order. The present *Mayor of Rome Count Pianciani* is one of the leading promoters of Masonry, and the actual condition of feeling and opinion in this country is favorable to its propagation. By order of the Pope, special prayers were appointed to be used at mass in the churches of Rome during the sessions of this Masonic Convention!"

We copy the foregoing from a recent issue of the *Churchman*, and make it the text for a few remarks. The Roman Church has never made any secret to its opposition to Masonry, confounding it on one hand with all so-called secret societies, religious, political, or benevolent, and on the other singling it out for special condemnation because it is the most wide-spread in membership, prosperous in its labors, and influential in the communities where it is established. The former is only an example of the general tendency of men out of, as well as in, the church, to jump to conclusions without any reasonable investigations of facts, the latter would seem to indicate a sentiment of jealousy, a willingness to regard all combinations of men not under the special patronage of the Church of Rome as dangerous to the welfare of religion, law, government, society, and all that good men most value. We remark (parenthetically) that we know of some other church organizations holding precisely similar opinions. Both surmises as to the reasons governing the church in its opposition, are true as far as they go, but neither reaches the underlying reason of the long-continued and persistent enmity of Rome to the institution, which is, that the leaders of the Church have always believed, or effected to believe, that Masonry is in reality a political society, and that kings and other potentates have patronized and used it to forward their views and undo the work of religion. We know that in past ages various attempts were made by the partisans of dethroned kings and other aspirants for place and power in Europe thus to use the society, and we also know that in every case the attempt ended in ignominious failure; but the fact of the attempt has been used as sufficient to justify the bulls and anathemas

hurled against us with no other effect than, as remarked by our cotemporary, to promote our prosperity; for never in our long history has the society enjoyed such general prosperity and so firm a place in the world's esteem as at this moment. But, whatever may have been attempted in Europe, the history of Freemasonry in this country amply demonstrates that the only attempt made upon it by politicians here has been a merciless crusade in opposition, ending, however, like the opposition of the church above referred to, in placing us on a higher and a better level. If the church were not infallible; if it were possible that its leaders, being men not gods, might just once in a while commit an error of judgment like other men, we might hope some day they would see the fact that the world does move, and that mankind will not accept mere denunciation as argument, and then might follow a knowledge of the fact that of all the associations of men in this world, Masonry has the most rigid laws against any interference with church or state, and is the least inclined to inquire into or pervert any man's mode of faith. Reeting on this established fact, and abundantly satisfied with our continued success, we can well afford to wait a time with patience till opposition wears out by its own attrition, and truth again has the victory.

We remark, in closing, that a temperate and even commendatory notice of Freemasonry like that above quoted is of such rare occurrence in the columns of a religious journal, that we must ask the *Churchman*, in behalf of those we represent, to accept our acknowledgments.—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

MASONIC JOURNALS AND MASONS.

The subject is not a very inspiring theme, but still one that admits of a great amount of reflection. In the United States we have but twelve Masonic journals devoted exclusively to Masonry. In the United States are also five hundred thousand affiliated Masons. Allowing that these twelve Masonic journals average a subscription list of three thousand names, and we have out of this vast army only thirty-six thousand reading Masons; an average of one subscriber to every fourteen affiliated Masons. The number of unaffiliated Masons would probably number seventy-five thousand more. The Masonic journals now published are thus distributed: *New England Freemason*, at Boston, Mass.; *Freemason's Repository*, at Providence, R. I.; *National Freemason*, at Washington, D. C.; *Loomis' Masonic Journal*, at New Haven, Conn.; *Masonic Advocate*, at Indianapolis, Ind.; *Masonic Review*, at Cincinnati, Ohio; *Masonic Tidings*, at Niagara Falls, N. Y.; *MICHIGAN FREEMASON*, at Kalamazoo, Mich.; *Voice in Masonry*, at Chicago, Ill.; *Kentucky Freemason*, at Frankfort, Ky.; *The Freemason*,

at St. Louis, Mo.; and the *Masonic Jewel*, at Memphis, Tenn. Even of this small number of Journals, some of them, we learn, are badly supported, and have a precarious existence; two of them came very near suspending at the close of the past year. That the Masonic Fraternity will not support more is evinced by the fact that the following have ceased to exist in the past few years: *The Landmark*, New York City; *International Masonic Journal*, New York City; *Masonic Mirror*, San Francisco, Cal.; *Masonic Record*, Nashville, Tenn.; *Masonic Monitor*, Goldsboro, N. C.; *Mystic Star*, Chicago, Ill.; *Masonic Trowel*, Springfield, Ill.; *Evergreen*, Iowa City, Iowa; *Masonic Mirror*, Houston, Texas; *Masonic Tablet*, Jackson, Miss., and *Masonic Signet*, Augusta, Georgia.

It is but fair to presume that one to every five of the Masonic Fraternity should be a reading Mason, or a subscriber to at least one Masonic journal. This would give each Masonic journal a subscription list of ten thousand, and the publishers a remuneration ample to secure the best of talent and the best of publications.

Masons that are *Masons*—that have any desire for intelligence or information—that have any modern conception of the greatness, strength and influence of the institution—can at least afford one, two, or even three dollars a year for a Masonic journal. Ignorance now is the great bane of Masonry. It is the few intelligent and well-informed Masons that are lifting the order up above the common herd, and giving it usefulness and character. It is reading Masons that give vitality and life to the order. So plain is this that any one visiting Lodges in city or country can tell who are reading Masons, and keeping up with the teaching and principles of the order. Masons that are allowed to rust, go to sleep, satisfied in their own ignorance, drag their companions down to their own standing in stupidity and arrogance. A well-informed Mason is a liberal man, just, social, courteous and gentlemanly. He discovers the rough ashlar, and his influence and learning polishes and adorns it. He assumes no superiority of mind or talent, but his power is felt, and he gains access to the hearts of those perhaps his superior in mind and character. Stupid ignorance will gradually give way to polished intelligence. Intelligence is what supports Masonic periodicals, Lodges, schools, and homes for the Masonic widow and orphan. Intelligence is what detects the many worthless characters that are traveling and living on Masonic bounty. Intelligence is making the Masonic order a power in the land, bringing to our aid the good and true men of the country, the true Christian gentleman and the good liberal of all creeds and nationalities, and arraying the bigot and fanatic against us. Were we ignorant, without journals of information and books of learning and research, anti-masonic societies would be unknown, and men of learning would soon write us out of existence.

In ages past a higher standard of mind and intelligence was required to gain admission into the Masonic order than now. How then shall we sustain our order and its character, and keep pace with the requirements and the intelligence of the age? We answer, the great lever must be books and the liberal support of the Masonic periodicals of the day.—*Masonic Jewel*.

A GOOD WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.—M. W. Samuel D. Irvin, Grand Master of Georgia, says the following, which will be appreciated :

"It is the young and vigorous that give life to Masonry, as well as to the world; and while they have the presence and the counsel of the old and experienced to curb and restrain, and keep them at all times within due bounds, like the 'point within a circle,' they will never materially err. On the contrary, their youth, energy and zeal, manifested in the right direction, promote the best interests of the order, and keep the wheels of charity and benevolence constantly rolling with a smooth and easy motion. The young men are the hope of the Masonic fraternity, as they are the hope and stay of man's declining years; the life-blood of nations, and the best bulwark of liberty against the tide of tyranny, injustice, oppression, and wrong. 'Old fogyism' and 'Young America' are unknown in our institution. There is and can be no change in the teachings or in the principles of our beloved order. They are the same they were thousands of years ago. Palsied be the arm that would attempt to strike them down or change them. Lifeless be the tongue of him that would pervert them. But old principles and ancient teachings are sometimes more impressive, and are more deeply engraven upon the mind of the novitiate when the hammer and chisel of instruction is wielded by the strong arm of youth, under the instruction of age and experience. If you have in your Lodge young men of zeal and capacity, put them forward, brethren, but at the same time do not desert them, but stand by them and give them the benefit, of your experience, and, my word for it, increased blessing and prosperity will be your reward."

SHOE.—Among the ancient Israelites, the shoe was made use of in several significant ways. *To put off the shoes* imported reverence, and was done in the presence of God, or on entering the dwelling of a superior. *To unloose one's shoe and give it to another* was the way of confirming a contract. Thus we read in the book of Ruth, that Boaz having proposed to the nearest kinsman of Ruth to exercise his legal right by redeeming the land of Naomi, which was offered for sale, and marrying her daughter-in-law, the kinsman, being unable to do so, resigned his right of purchase to Boaz; and the narrative goes on to say, (Ruth iv. 7, 8,) "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel

concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor: and it was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, Buy it for thee. So he drew off his shoe." The reference to the shoe in the first degree is therefore really as a symbol of a covenant to be entered into. In the third degree the symbolism is altogether different.—*Mackcy's Encyclopædia.*

KNIGHT TEMPLAR was defined by a little girl to be a "a Good Templar who staid out late at night." The little girl was disposed to be sarcastic.

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., July 20th, 1874.

Question. Has a Lodge existing and working under a Dispensation, issued pursuant to the Constitution and Laws of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, a right to receive a petition for membership from a non-affiliated Master Mason and dispose of the petition by reference and election to membership the same as a Chartered Lodge?

Answer. In answering this question, I would premise that the power of Lodges under Dispensation has been much discussed, and, as I think, without much profit.

The whole question may be disposed of by this statement: The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of this State, in Article VIII, Sec. 1, provides as follows: "This Grand Lodge, subject to this Constitution and the Ancient Landmarks, is the only source of authority in all matters pertaining to Ancient Craft Masonry within the State of Michigan." It will not be pretended that the Ancient Landmarks contain any regulations which will throw any light upon the subject of Lodges under Dispensation, for those Ancient Landmarks existed before Lodges under Grand Lodge Dispensations were known. The whole question, then, is a question of authority. It is as the Grand Lodge shall order; and doubtless it is entirely competent for the Grand Lodge to provide that its Lodges

under Dispensation shall have precisely the same authority and the same jurisdiction as Lodges holding under regular charters, but our Grand Lodge has not so provided. The Regulations adopted by the Grand Lodge are stated to be for the constitution and government of *Chartered Lodges* and this would not be held to apply to Lodges under Dispensation. Still, the directions contained in these regulations in regard to the jurisdiction of the Lodge, and as to qualifications of candidates, and the receiving and reference of petitions, and the practice on ballots, &c., would be the same in Lodges under Dispensation as in Lodges under charters. The only regulation which I find that especially refers to Lodges under Dispensation is the provision in the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, Sections 30 to 35; and Sec. 33 limits the powers of Lodges under Dispensation to such business and work as is clearly expressed in the warrant of Dispensation; but there is no provision made by the Grand Lodge as to what the warrant of Dispensation shall contain. A form of Dispensation has been in use in this State for some years, and it must be presumed that the powers contained in the Dispensation then in use must have been those referred to in the Grand Lodge By-Laws. This form authorizes the brethren constituting the Lodge under Dispensation—

*“To form and open a new Lodge * * * * and therein to admit and make Entered Apprentices, Fellow Crafts, and Master Masons, in accordance with the ancient usages and customs of the Fraternity, obeying in all things the constitution, laws and edicts of this Grand Lodge, and not otherwise.”* By these terms *express authority* is conferred to *admit* as well as *make*.

In addition to what I have said above, I may add that our esoteric work recognizes no difference between Masons made or admitted in a Lodge under Dispensation and those made or admitted in a chartered Lodge, but both alike are referred to as regularly constituted Lodges. The *definition* of a Lodge, merely requires a charter, warrant, or dispensation empowering them to work.

Other illustrations will doubtless occur to you which it

would not be proper for me to put down in writing. It is my opinion, therefore, that you have the authority to receive the petition of non-affiliated Master Masons, and to act upon them in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge, the same as a chartered Lodge would do.

I desire to have it distinctly understood that this opinion has reference only to Lodges under Dispensation, issued pursuant to the regulations of the Grand Lodge and by its authority. Should the Grand Master see fit to issue a Dispensation by virtue of his prerogative granted him by the Ancient Landmarks, nothing contained herein should be construed as applying to a Lodge working under *such* a dispensation.

Fraternally yours,

WM. L. WEBBER, *Grand Master.*

BLANKS.

In making application to the Grand Master for his Dispensation to form and open a new Lodge, the Brethren in various localities have failed to comply with the requirements of the By-Laws of Grand Lodge. These failures have caused them and the recommending Lodges, not to speak of the Grand Master, considerable trouble. To avoid much of this trouble in future and to secure a more perfect compliance with the rules of Grand Lodge in this business, the Grand Secretary, by order of the Grand Master, has prepared a set of blanks for making application for a Lodge U. D.

The blanks are three in number:

No. 1 contains the petition to the Grand Master.

No. 2 contains, 1st, The request to one of the nearest Lodges to recommend; 2d, A copy of the petition to the Grand Master; and, 3d, The certificate of the recommending Lodge: (of this blank *three* will be required.)

No. 3 contains the certificate of the District Deputy Grand Master or Grand Lecturer (as the case may be,) that the three principal officers named in the petition are competent to open and close a Lodge and to confer the three degrees.

Brethren, who desire to make application for a Lodge U. D., can obtain a set of these blanks by writing to the Grand Secretary.

FOSTER PRATT, *Grand Secretary.*

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

Question, A petition for initiation is presented, and a brother moves that it *be not received*; but the W. M. refuses to entertain the motion, and orders it referred to a committee. Is this right—has he such power?

Answer, He undoubtedly has the *power*, although it is not customary to use it in this way, under such circumstances. If the candidate be, for any reason, objectionable, the remedy lies in the *ballot box*, or in the spoken word—"I object." Any Master or Lodge that should presume to disregard such an objection, would be taught the danger of violating a landmark.

Question, What time must elapse between the initiation and raising of a candidate?

Answer, Section 10 of Article XV. of Grand Lodge Regulations provides that "neither shall the interval between the initiation and the raising of a candidate be less than one lunar month."

The propensity so often manifested "to make Masons on short notice" is a pernicious one; and Grand Lodge wisely interposed this check, so that the work of conferring degrees may proceed deliberately and be "done decently and in order." Many a man is now a Master Mason who would never have reached the third degree if this or a similar rule had been enforced. We have reason to believe that our Ancient Brethren enforced a long interval of time between each degree. In our modern railroad Masonry by "lightning express," how is it possible that the candidate can make suitable proficiency in the preceding degree? how possible, in many cases, that the brethren can determine whether they want him to become a Master Mason and a member of their Lodge.

Haste, in this matter of conferring degrees, may proceed and doubtless often does proceed from a disposition to accommodate the candidate; it too often springs from personal feeling and partisanship. Whatever the motive in which such unseemly haste, in a solemn busi-

ness, may arise, it is not wise and prudent Masonry, if it be Masonry at all. But the rule of Grand Lodge has wisely fixed the limit of time by which all Lodges and W. Masters are solemnly bound to govern themselves.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

LOUISIANA RELIEVED.

We publish, for the information of our readers in Michigan, the following circular letter of Bro. M. E. Girard, the M. W. Grand Master of Louisiana, which states that the necessities of our suffering Brethren in his Grand Jurisdiction have been abundantly relieved by the generous contributions of the Craft. Their calamity was sudden and appalling—their necessity was immediate and great—their relief has been prompt and *enough*.

Thus, again, is illustrated the inspiring and practical value of the great Masonic principle of Charity. Faith guides—Hope sustains—and Charity blesses; “but the greatest of these is Charity;” the Faith of one guides one—the Hope of one sustains one—but the Charity of one blesses *two*—“it blesses him that gives and him that takes.” And how truly it can be said, by all who have contributed, according to their ability, to relieve this necessity, “it is more blessed to give than to receive.” Who, that had the opportunity, will not be glad that he was able to help the Brethren of Louisiana to “thank God and take courage”; and who will not find, in that gladness, renewed inspiration and encouragement to the more faithful performance of the great practical duty of Masonry? But let us never forget that the benefit *we* derive from our own charities will be exactly in proportion to our satisfaction in *the good done*; if our pleasure in charity spring from the glorification of self or of Masonry, the beneficiary may be blessed but we are not:

GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA,
GRAND MASTER'S OFFICE, VERMILIONVILLE, 1874.

Grand Master of Grand Lodge of F. and A. M., Michigan :

M. W. BRO.—A few months since, a terrible calamity had befallen our people; a large portion of Louisiana, whose citizens had been gradually brought to poverty by a continued series of reverses and afflictions, were now threatened by flood and famine: the distress that followed was so appalling and so general, that our own resources would be as nothing to relieve the sufferings of our brothers in the hour of danger from hunger and consequent sickness.

The noble benevolence of the Masonic Fraternity, and the promptitude with which their offerings were laid at once upon the altar of our common Brotherhood, has relieved the sufferings and averted the gloomy result that for a time stared us in the face: that of our Brothers and their families perishing in the agonies of famine, unless relieved by public charity, which could not be relied upon with certainty.

Thanks be to God, through our own Brothers, we are now relieved from any further apprehension—the danger is overcome—and we are not in need of any further assistance.

Rest assured that the Masons of Louisiana, more especially those whose necessities were so quickly relieved from the bounties that have been extended to us, will ever bear in grateful remembrance, the timely assistance and the hearty good will and expressions of sympathy and brotherly love, that accompanied the gifts in the hour of our want and distress.

May God in his infinite wisdom and mercy, spare you W. M. Bro. and yours, from such a fearful trial and heart-rending affliction.

Most truly and fraternally yours,

M. E. GIRARD,
Grand Master Louisiana.

ATTEST:

{ SEAL. } JAMES C. BACHELOR, M. D.,
Grand Secretary.

CHAFFING THE CANDIDATE.

An intelligent man, of earnest and noble character, and of refined and cultivated tastes, but recently made a Mason, was asked, "what he thought of the ceremonies through which he had passed?" After some hesitation, he replied, with indignant feeling, "the vulgarity of my preparation destroyed the impressiveness and sublimity of the ceremony."

It is to be feared that the preparation room is made, quite too often, the scene of buffoonery and of thoughtless chaffing of the candidate, which can have no other effect than that of disgusting, if not of offending, a sensible and self-respecting man. And when this occurs, at the very threshold of his Masonic experience, its effect on his Masonic life cannot but be deleterious. All know the strength and durability of first impressions, especially when approaching new and important transactions. What sensible and thoughtful young man or

woman can avoid painful thoughts and forebodings, as they meet to proceed to the marriage altar, if either betray, by frivolous speech or conduct, an utter failure to comprehend the serious—nay even solemn—nature of the ceremony in which they are about to engage? What earnest, honest man, about to join a church, would fail to be shocked or to question the reality of religion, if during his preliminary intercourse with the officials of the church, their manner and conduct should be marked by levity and an utter want of seriousness and solemnity?

And just so it will be, when a MAN, whose heart contains the material that makes the *true Mason*, is treated in the preparation room with disrespect, disgusting familiarity—not to speak of vulgarity.

“Immodest words admit of no defense;
For want of decency is want of sense.”

We speak strongly because we feel strongly, and wish to demonstrate the necessity of checking, at once, an idle custom that, (as we hear,) is becoming quite too prevalent in some of our Lodges—the custom of congregating, (besides the proper officials,) certain fun-loving Brethren around the candidate while he is being prepared for taking the degrees, for the purpose of chaffing him on the experiences he is likely to encounter. It is an offense against good manners as well as good Masonry; and we shall soon see, (in the neighborhoods where such things are tolerated,) that men of sense and men of character, men of self-respect, and men of influence—the very men that make good Masons—will rarely manifest love or respect for Masonry.

Coming to our doors entertaining a high regard for the institution, if they are met by frivolity and find themselves, while complying with our requirements, made the butt of ridicule and the subjects of rude if not vulgar mirth, their hopeful enthusiasm is chilled by conduct which, it is true, may be but the product of thoughtlessness, but which, (whether thoughtless or designed,) is clearly incongruous with the feelings and purposes with which the candidate comes to us. It needs no argument to prove, that this is a poor preparation to receive and appreciate the beautiful les-

sons of the first degree or the sublime teachings of the third.

We seriously and earnestly appeal to all Masons and especially to all Masters of Lodges, to frown upon and arrest such practices wherever they prevail. Except the proper officials, no Brother should be permitted to witness the preparation of the candidate. He should be politely and quietly informed of what is required, and every look and act, of those who superintend the preparation, should indicate that they feel it to be *a serious business*. If the candidate's self-respect be not alarmed or offended and his enthusiasm be not chilled by the rude or unseemly manner or language of those having him in charge—in short, if “everything be done decently and in order,” he is then indeed prepared to understand our impressive ritual and to appreciate its force and beauty. That impression, once made, can *never be lost*, however unfortunate his subsequent experience of Masonry may prove to be; and that impression alone may make or mar his whole Masonic life.

PEACE RATIFIED.

The treaty of peace, between the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec, was ratified by the former at its recent Grand Communication held at Toronto, July 9th, last. The Grand Lodge of Canada, by the adoption of a formal resolution, *relinquished jurisdiction* over the Province of Quebec and gave, to the Grand Lodge of that Province, its fraternal recognition.

We greatly rejoice at this auspicious termination of an unhappy controversy which, by outside interference, has been embittered and prolonged.

On account of the principle involved, we are constrained to say: that all those Grand Lodges which declared Masonic war on the Grand Lodge of Canada, as a *Masonic invader* of an *established* jurisdiction, must now declare its “relinquishment of jurisdiction” to be an unwarranted assumption of right and power: consistency will compel them to demand a withdrawal of the act “relinquishing jurisdiction” and to in-

sist that it shall, like other Grand Lodges, content itself with the simple recognition of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. We are curious to see how the Grand Lodges of Vermont, Illinois and others, that passed acts of non intercourse, will deal with the *logic* of the situation.

ADVANCE.

The *Canadian Freemason*, Volume 1, Number 1 is received. It is published monthly by Bro. M. L. Aldrich & Co., at Toronto, Ontario, at \$1.50 a year *in advance*.

We welcome this new organ of Masonry to the Journalistic ranks of the Craft and bespeak for it a cordial support. We like its terms—“*in advance*”—we hope it will nail that flag to its mast and never surrender. “The laborer is worthy of his hire”; and that Journal, whose revenue is secured by “*advance*” payments, will steadily advance in its spirit, power and usefulness.

The inspiration of the age is “*advance*”—the genius and spirit of Masonry demand “*advance*” in literature, in learning, in practical charity and in all that makes it the universal and real Brotherhood. Our Masonic imagery constantly suggests an advance: we are travelers—we approach the source of light—new scenes, new thoughts, new inspirations, new aims, new charities, under a constantly increasing Masonic light, reveal themselves to us as we advance, and only he who advances is the true man, the true Mason and the true Christian. There is inspiration in the idea—there is magnetism in the word—and there is the highest practical usefulness and wisdom in the fact. Advance is life—physical, intellectual, moral life—when we cease to advance we die: and advance payment is the motive power and life of journalism.

May the *Canadian Freemason* have a long, a useful and a prosperous career.

THE Grand Lodge of British Columbia levies a tax of ten dollars on every initiate.

The Grand Lodge of New York makes its tax three dollars; and The Grand Lodge of Michigan one dollar on the same class.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CORRECTION.

In the July number of the FREEMASON we gave the beautiful "St. Bernard Song" sung at the banquet, given by St. Bernard Commandery, No. 16, to the officers and members of the Grand Commandery of Michigan at its late Grand Conclave. We were informed that Sir Knight Edwin Saunders, E. C of No. 16, was the author of the lines and so stated in the printing. But it seems we were mistaken; and give a full correction of it by publishing his letter to us on the subject:

ST. BERNARD COMMANDERY, No. 16, K. T.,
OFFICE OF THE EMINENT COMMANDER, EAST SAGINAW, July 15, 1874
Foster Pratt, M. D., Editor Michigan Freemason.

MY DEAR SIR KNIGHT:—I have just seen a copy of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON for July, and find that I am credited with the authorship of the "St. Bernard Song." The song was originally written for St. Bernard Commandery of Boston, Mass., and was set to the air, "Bonny Havens." Upon examination, I found that by making some slight changes it could be sang to the air of "Auld Lang Syne." I made these changes and had the same printed for the use of our Commandery, it being understood by all, as I supposed, that I was not the author. I sincerely regret that this mistake should have occurred, and you will do me a favor by correcting the error in your next issue.

Courteously Yours, EDWIN SAUNDERS.

ANDROGYNOUS POLITICS AND MASONRY.

A canvass is going on in the principal towns of Michigan to ascertain whether a majority of the women want to vote. While the larger number think they would vote on temperance and other kindred topics if they had a chance, the result of the canvass thus far seems to show that they are not anxious for the ballot on the general questions of political policy. Should suffrage be granted them, will the *Freemason* advocate granting them Masonic rights also?

This paragraph from the *Masonic Dispatch*, published at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., closes with a "conundrum" propounded particularly to us. Why Bro. Ransom should fire his catechism at the *Freemason* we do not exactly comprehend. We are not aware that our pages have ever advocated mixing Masonry with either politics or religion—and this woman's movement is, we believe, claimed to be both; it is clearly made a political question by many, and by some it is said to be religious--that is, if Free Love is religious.

Before fully answering the question, we are under obligation, as W. M. of our Lodge, to consult the feelings of our Senior Deacon and

Stewards relative to the introduction of women as *candidates* for the several degrees of Masonry. It is clear that they, in particular, should be consulted.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly sends us the following amusing lines on "Old King Cole" as a Mason, which, as he says, were "cut from an old copy of the *Masonic Review* published in Albany, N. Y."

OLDE KYNGE COLLE.

(From an original copy in Old English Type, in the possession of Bro. W. Snewing.)

Old Kyng Cole
Tho' a regall olde sowle,
Had a vulgar failing hee,
And much hee wished to knowe
Whatt benefit coulde flowe
Fro a knowledge of Maconrie.
Fro heepes of brick and mortar,
With sondrie pots of portar,
Likewise a short dudee,
Wheene hee turn'd the matter o'er
Fitted doggedly before,
The mind of his majestie.

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle,
And a merry olde sowle was hee ;
He had an ardent wishe
T' have a fingere in the dishe,
Wyth the sonnes of Maconrye.

Olde Kyng Cole
Scratched his polle,
Wyth an ayre of perplexitie ;
Said, 'I've heard my grandpama
Say to my late papa,
'Twas nothing but diddledede.'"
Then he whispered in the eare
Of his warte premiers,
'I'm puzseld verie much d'ye see,
Sce put on youre learned lookes,
Doe search the royall bookes,
And solve mee this mysterie."

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle, etc.

Thenne he—poor manne—
Began for to scanne
The archives of royaltie ;
And most diligentlie poured,
In the learned duste, 'till bored
Verie nearlie to deathe was hee :
But at length hee gailie rose,
Brought his labors to a c'ose,
And said to his kyng, said hee :
'Unless I am mistaken,
'Tis cabbage, syre, and bacon."
'You're a fool," said his majestie.

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle, etc.

"Is yt not cald
By all," he bawled,
"A royall arte and mysterie :
And do you presume, syr,
To put mee in a fume, syr,
By poking your funne at mee ?
Woulde you classe the royall line
Of Colleites wyth the swine :
You nincompoope, monne, boobie ?
Doe you see anieathing greene
About my royal sien,
Shall you prate, syr, of cabbage to me?"

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle, etc.

Thenne Olde Kyng Cole
Resolved—goode sowle !
Thatt a Macon hee woulde bee :
And cry'd, "By Ali Croker,
I'll brave this pretious poker,
As becomes a Kyng lyke mee !"
Sce thatt verie same nyghte,
He received "the lyghte,"
And the records of Maconry,
Say he dronke untoe the craffte,
Till he gotte completely daffe.
And as dronke as dronke could bee.

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle, etc.

Olde Kyng Cole,
As magnet to the pole,
Was trew to Maconry ;
Swore the climax of dellyghte
And intellectual lyghte,
Was the knife and forke degree,
And hee never put on
His royalle aprone,
But hee said to the strangers, said hee,
'Wheene I've dyned, if youre whole,
My name's not Colle."
Oh a merry olde manne was hee.

For Olde Kyng Cole
Was a merry olde sowle, etc.

M. W. BRO. J. W. SIMONS, the editor of the Masonic Department of the *N. Y. Dispatch*, and well known to the Craft everywhere as an able thinker and writer on all Masonic matters, had the misfortune recently to break his leg. Regretting the accident, we are glad that it was no worse. Bro. Simons doubtless values all his limbs and organs; but the Craft have a special interest in the preservation of his wise head and cunning right hand. We sincerely trust he may always be hale and sound as a man ought to be; but we trust he will take especial care of so many of his physical endowments as are essential to his continued usefulness in Masonic literature.

THE MASONIC TIDINGS has adopted the "advance pay" system. Bro. Ransom will find it a certain *ransom* from debt and embarrassment. It is the modern "Philosopher's Stone"—it was so declared in Congress by John Randolph, fifty years ago,—we believe it implicitly. Advance payment on subscriptions—"pay, as you go," the printer and the papermaker, and everything is lovely and everybody is happy. If, according to ancient fancies, the Philosopher's Stone was a magic talisman, by the power of which base metals were turned to gold, youth was renewed and everybody made happy, then why was not "Jack" Randolph right in declaring that "pay as you go" was the "real thing"—the long sought for talismanic power?

AT THE RECENT annual convention of the New York State Editorial Association, a poem on the "Press" was delivered by David Gray Esq. In describing the functions of the "Press," he makes use, among other similies, of the following, which is full of Masonic suggestions:

A watcher of the seasons, to proclaim
 What signs portentous of the future flame,
 And in the orient of the world's desire
 What new-born stars arise.
 Or, like some workman, he, who plies
 The chisel with swift patient hands,
 And shapes the plans a greater bath designed,
 The rugged marble fronts him, and, behind,
 The invisible Master stands,
 To whom alone
 The secret of the block is known.
 The time is long, the watcher's eyes wax blind,
 And weary is the worker, toiling dumb;
 But, at the last, before him there is grown
 A figure of the fairer Age to come!
 The image of the Master's mind
 Bright with Beauty's perfect zone,
 Looms living from the stone!

THE list of newly elected officers, in the Lodges of this Grand Jurisdiction, is now published and has been mailed to each Lodge and Grand Officer in this Jurisdiction.

It is greatly to be regretted that the reports of some of the Lodges

have not been received ; but the publication of the list was delayed one-month in the hope of being able to make it perfect. The publication could not be postponed longer without causing delay and embarrassment in the business of the Jurisdiction.

THE *N. Y. Dispatch* of August 2d, contains the advertisement of a picnic by Delta Lodge, one line of which, typographically well displayed, calls upon the Brethren and their wives to

“BRING THE CHILDREN!”

Is it not a little remarkable that so natural an idea should at the same time be so *new* and so *unusual* as to require special mention? We suggest, to Brethren in Michigan, who contemplate Masonic picnics, that the idea is worthy of their attention.

BRO. JOHN G. SAXE, the Poet, hits Anti-Masons after the following fashion: “A great elephant came to town; four *blind* men, together, went out to *see* him; and as they drew near the monster, they were informed that he was immediately before them; one advanced against his side, and after examination, he pronounced it *a wall*; the next, advancing in front, took hold of his trunk, and after a hasty examination, declared the beast *a serpent* both strong and long; the third, grasping a tusk, exclaimed “behold, this is *a bear*,” and the last, approaching cautiously (with one hand extended and waving before him in the manner of the blind when approaching an unfamiliar object,) seized him by the tail, and after twisting a while, declared the ‘elephant was nothing but *a rope*.’” And so in their blindness, they quarrelled about the elephant: one called him a barrier to progress, one a poisonous serpent, one a dangerous beast, and one a hangman’s tool. But the elephant did not seem to concern himself about their opinions of him, and “the show” went on, just as if nothing had happened.

Tidings from the Craft.

MASONIC PRESENTATIONS.

A correspondent writes us, that on July 22d ult, Grand River Lodge No. 34, at Grand Rapids, presented to its Past Masters—Crawford Angell and L. A. Rogers—each a beautiful Past Master’s Jewel costing sixty dollars. The presentation speech was made, on behalf of the Lodge, by Past Grand Master J. W. Champlin. [We are curious to know whether, in *this* speech, the M. W. Brother *quoted poetry*. It is now generally understood that he can do it. Indeed, his faculty, in this direction, having been discovered, we presume no speech of his, on

any Masonic occasion, will hereafter be satisfactory unless adorned by an appropriate quotation from the muses.]

The Brothers, thus complimented by their Lodge, have rendered long, faithful and effective service in the interests of the Lodge and of Masonry.

FROM the Jackson *Daily Patriot* we clip the following notice of a Masonic compliment worthily paid:

The members of Michigan Lodge No. 50, F. & A. M., turned out in unusually large numbers last night, the occasion being the presentation of a valuable watch and chain to Past Master C. C. Ismon. The gift was purchased at Byron Green's, through the agency of Geo. W. Purdy, at a cost of \$275. It was elegantly and fittingly engraved. The presentation was made by Past Master J. L. Mitchell in a very happy and pleasant manner. Mr. Ismond was taken completely by surprise and could only respond by a few words of unaffected gratitude for the kindly remembrance. Following the presentation came many good words of friendship and relations of past experiences in old time Masonry from Brothers Deyoe, Foster, Eggleston, Knapp and others. The members of Michigan Lodge and the entire fraternity can but feel that this testimonial is most worthy and well deserved by the recipient.

WE LEARN, from an exchange, that Masonry has prospered so greatly in Australia as to warrant the establishment of a Masonic Magazine. It is called the *Australian Freemason*; is published at Sydney in Southeastern Australia; and is edited by Rev. Bro. Wazir Begg, M. D., L. L. D., who is the Grand Chaplain of the Provincial Grand Lodge of New South Wales. Its matter and appearance is said to be highly creditable to all concerned.

Speaking of Masonry in Australia, a question occurs to us: in all places *south* of the equator, where, of course, the sun is in the *north* at high meridian, we are curious to know *where* they locate the ritualistic "place of darkness." We also wish to be informed in what corner of the Lodge they place the E. A.; and at what corner of the building they place the corner stone? We "hope we don't *intrude*" on our Brethren across "the line," but really we "would like to know."

TO ALL Pennsylvanai Masons, the name of Bro. John Thompson, the venerable and R. W. Grand Secretary of that Jurisdiction, is a household word. The 20th of May last was the *fiftieth* anniversary of his marriage, and himself and wife duly celebrated it by a golden wedding. They have eleven children, all living, and nine happily married. As might be expected his Masonic friends honored him and the occasion by numerous handsome, valuable and appropriate presents.

THE TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, is to be held at New Orleans in December next. It is expected that many Sir Knights will go from Michigan.

AN INTERESTING Masonic relic was exhibited at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of New York: it was the Masonic apron of William Paulding, of revolutionary fame, one of the captors of Major Andre. It is now the property and in the possession of Admiral Paulding of the United States Navy. It is of white satin. On the flap is a star beneath the All-Seeing Eye emerging from clouds, below which is the motto in Latin, "Let there be Light and there was Light." On the body of the apron is the representation of a Lodge Room, with the letter G. in the East, beneath which are the words (also in Latin,) "See, Hear and be Silent." In a lower circle are the words "Charity, Fidelity, Obedience, Faith, Honor"; and still lower, and mingled with various Masonic emblems, are the words "Love, Fortitude, Prudence, Temperance, Justice". Although old and worn, this relic of a true man and faithful Mason is preserved by his son with filial and Masonic reverence.

FROM THE CANADIAN FREEMASON we regret to learn that R. W. Bro. T. B. Harris, the Grand Secretary of the G. Lodge of Canada has been seriously ill. It says:

Our brethren of the craft will rejoice to learn that our Grand Secretary is slowly recovering from his dangerous illness. R. W. Bro. T. B. Harris is almost indispensable, and to lose him would create as much consternation among the workingmen as did the untimely death of our Grand Master of old. Long may T. G. A. O. T. U. spare him, is the heart-felt and daily prayer of every brother of the "mystic tie."

And to this prayer all brethren, who have the pleasure of knowing the Canadian Grand Secretary, will respond in true Masonic form and fervor.

WE REGRET to announce to the Craft the death of the lamented and distinguished brother, the Earl of Dalhousie, better known perhaps as Lord Panmure. As Grand Master of England, he has rendered great services to the Fraternity and his decease will be a subject of much regret to the Craft at large.

OLD JEWEL.—We saw recently, in the possession of Bro. C. Sutherland, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, a valuable Masonic relic of the olden time. It is a masonic silver medal of an oval form, about two inches by one and a half, and both sides covered with masonic emblems.

On one side is the old style of Master's carpet, or tracing-board: on the other are valuable emblematical designs, with the letter G in the center, with an architectural design above, and a family coat of arms beneath. At the bottom are the words VIDE, AUDE, TACE.

This valuable family relic belongs to Bro. Sutherland's maternal grandfather, Samuel Gardner, an Irish Mason of the last century. The family have its history for one hundred and twenty-five years, and it is probably about one hundred and fifty years old. It is much prized by its present owner, as it ought to be. Bro. Sutherland recently visited "the land of his fathers," and made special efforts to ascertain the

location of the Lodge in which his grandfather "wrought his regular hours," but building and Lodge and workmen are all gone; and only children's children remain. Bro. S. has also the apron and sash worn by his grandfather more than a century ago.—*Masonic Review*.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a Regular Communication of Henry Chamberlain Lodge No. 308, F. & A. M., held at Watervleit, May 26th, 1874, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, In the infinite wisdom of our Supreme Grand Master, our beloved brother Austin Beaman has been summoned from his labor in the earthly temple of our time-honored order, to receive his reward in that Celestial Temple above, where the Supreme Architect presides:

Resolved, That by the death Bro. Austin Beaman this Lodge has lost a faithful officer, the Craft a most worthy Brother and the community an upright and respected citizen.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family of the deceased, our deepest sympathies

Resolved that copies of these resolutions be sent to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, St. Joseph Traveler and Hartford Day Spring for publication. Also a copy to the family of the deceased.

B. B. TUCKER, W. M.,
A. F. MCKEE, Secretary.

At a meeting of Salina Lodge, No. 155, F. & A. M., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Architect of the universe in His all wise providence, to remove by the hand of death our respected brother Leveret S. Griggs, and while we sympathize with the widow and relatives of the deceased in the hour of their great affliction, we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, with full belief that our brother has been called from his labor on earth to everlasting refreshment in the Grand Lodge on High, where no discordant voice is ever heard, where love divine shall ennoble every heart and Hosanna's exalted employ every tongue.

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Leveret S. Griggs we mourn the loss of a zealous and devoted Mason and an esteemed citizen, firmly believing that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That, as members of this Lodge, we offer our condolence and sympathy in this sore affliction to the bereaved widow and friends of our deceased brother, and that it is our duty at this time to bear testimony to the fidelity, honesty and integrity with which Brother Griggs discharged all his duties to his family, his neighbors and his Lodge, and we can best render service to the living and tender honors to the dead by offering the record of his life as a model for those who survive him.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Gibson Lodge No. 301, F. & A. M. of Birmingham, Erie County, Ohio, for their uniform kindness and attention to our deceased brother during his last illness.

Resolved, That the Secretary of our Lodge be ordered to forward a copy of the above preamble and resolutions to the widow of our deceased brother, and also to the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brothers of Gibson Lodge No. 301, of Birmingham, Erie County, Ohio.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning, that the Lodge room be draped for thirty days, and that these resolutions be published in the daily papers of this city, also in the MICHIGAN FREE MASON.

[Signed.]

E. A. MARTINDALE,
H. A. HORTON,
J. S. ROUSE.

Brother Griggs was on his way to Connecticut, his native State, to improve his health, but was overtaken by death at Wakema, Ohio, May 16th, ult., and was buried with Masonic honors, by Gibson Lodge No. 301, F. & A. M., of Birmingham, Erie County, Ohio, on May 19th.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—SEPTEMBER, A. L. 5874.—NO. III.

ARMSTRONG.

In the early days of California—the olden days of gold, or the golden days of old, as you please—in a certain miners' camp on the Yuba River, there lived a queer genius named Armstrong. He was an honest miner, not differing materially from his fellows, excepting that he had a curious habit of talking to himself. For the simple reason that he departed from common custom in this one particular, he was, of course, voted crazy by the other miners. To call all persons "crazy" who do not follow the customs of the majority, is a constant habit with men. But, day after day, Armstrong worked away with his pick and shovel, caring nothing for the remarks of his neighbors, and seeming to wish for no other partner in his toils or his rest, save the invisible personage whom he always addressed in the second person singular, and with whom he was almost constantly in close and earnest conversation. The common drift of his talk, while at work, would be about as follows:

"Rather tough work, Armstrong—rich dirt, though—grub a dollar a pound—no time to waste—pitch in, sir—hanged if I don't wish I was in the States. This mining's mighty hard work. Nonsense, Armstrong; what a fool you are to be talking in that way, with three ounces a day right under your feet, and nothing to do but just to dig it out."

His conversation would be duly punctuated with strokes of the pick and lifts of the loaded shovel. And so the days would pass along, and Armstrong worked, and slept, and talked with his invisible partner. Well, it happened, in due course of time, that the class of human vampires, commonly called gamblers, made their appearance at the

camp where Armstrong worked. As he was not above following the example of his fellows, he paid the new-comers a visit. It is the same old story. After watching the game a while, he concluded it was the simplest thing in the world. So he tried his luck and won—a hundred dollars! Now, any new experience would set Armstrong to thinking and talking to himself worse than ever. It was so this time. "Now, Armstrong," said he, as he hesitated about going to his work the next morning, "that is the easiest hundred dollars you ever made in your life. What's the use of your going into a hole in the ground to dig for three ounces a day? The fact is, Armstrong, you are sharp. You were not made for this kind of work. Suppose you just throw away your pick and shovel, leave the mines, buy a suit of store-clothes and dress up like a born gentleman, and go at some business that suits your talent."

Armstrong was not long in putting these thoughts and sayings into actions. He left the diggings and invested in fine clothes. He looked like another man, but he was still the same Armstrong, nevertheless. He was not long in finding an opportunity to try a new profession. Walking forth in his fresh outfit, he had just concluded a long talk with himself about his bright prospects, when he halted in front of a large tent with a sign on it, "Miners' Rest." Armstrong went in. It did not seem to him that he remained very long, but it was long enough to work a powerful revolution in his feelings. When he came out, he was a changed man—that is to say, he was a "changeless" man. He was thunderstruck, amazed, bewildered. He had lost his money, lost his new prospect, lost his self-conciet—lost everything but his new clothes, and his old habit of talking to himself. It is useless to say that he was mad. Armstrong was very mad. But there was no one to be mad at but Armstrong himself, so self number two was in for a rough lecture :

"Now, Armstrong you are a nice specimen—you fool—you bilk—you dead-beat—you inf——" Well, I need not repeat all the hard things he said. Like King Richard, he "found within himself no pity for himself."

But mere words were not sufficient. It was a time for action. But Armstrong never once thought of shooting, drowning, hanging, or any other form of suicide. He was altogether too original as well as too sensible for that. Yet he was resolved upon something real and practical in the way of reformatory punishment. He felt the need of a self-imposed degree of bankruptcy, that should render the present failure as complete as possible and prevent a similar course of foolishness in the future.

So the broken firm of "Armstrong & Self" went forth in meditation, long and deep. Some of his thoughts were almost too deep for

utterance. But finally he stood by the dusty road along which the great freighting wagons were hauling supplies to the mining camps up Sacramento. One of these wagons, drawn by six yoke of oxen, was just passing. Snap, snap, snap, in slow, irregular succession, came the keen, stinging reports of the long Missouri ox-whip. "G'lang! g'lang! wo-haw!" shouted the tall dust-begrimed driver, as he swung his whip and cast a sidelong glance at the broken firm, wondering "What in thunder all them store-clothes was a-doin' thar." Now, when Armstrong saw the long column of white dust rising behind that wagon, he was taken with an idea. So he shouted to the driver, to know if he might be allowed to walk in the road behind the wagon.

"Get in and ride," said the driver.

"No," said Armstrong; "I wish to walk.

"Then walk, you crazy fool," was the accommodating response, as the driver swung his whip.

Then came the tug of war. Greek never met Greek more fiercely than did the two contending spirits composing the firm of Armstrong & Self, at that particular moment. "Now, Armstrong," said the imperious head of the firm, "you get right into the middle of that road, sir, and walk in that dust, behind that wagon, all the way to Packers' Roost, on the Yuba River." "What, with these clothes on?" "Yes, with those clothes on." "Why, it is fifteen miles and dusty all the way." "No matter, sir, take the road. You squander your money at three-card monte; I'll teach you a lesson."

"G'lang! g'lang!" drawled the driver, as he looked over his shoulder with a curious mingling of pity, contempt, and wonder on his dusty face. More and more spitefully snapped the swinging whip as the slow-paced oxen toiled mile after mile under the heat of a September sun. And there, in the road, tugged Armstrong behind the wagon—slowly, wearily, thoughtfully, but not silently. He was a man who always spoke his thoughts.

"This serves you right, Armstrong. Any man who will fool his money away at three-card monte deserves to walk in the dust." "It will spoil these clothes." "Well, don't you deserve it?" "The dust fills my eyes." "Yes, any man who gambles all his 'dust' away at three-card monte deserves to have dust in his eyes—and alkali dust at that." "The dust chokes me." "All right; any man who will buck at monte deserves to be choked. Keep the road, sir—the middle of the road—close up to the wagon. Do you think you will ever buck at monte again, Armstrong?"

And so the poor culprit, self-arrested, self-condemned, coughed, and sneezed, and choked, and walked, and talked, mile after mile, hour after hour; while the great wagon groaned and creaked, the driver bawled and swung his whip, the patient oxen gave their shoulders to

the yoke, and the golden sun of September sunk wearily toward the west. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall when the wagon halted at the place called Packers' Roost, on the Yuba.

"Here we rest," sighed Armstrong, just above his breath, as he looked at the stream. "No you don't answered the head of the firm. "You buck your money away at monte, and talk about resting! Now, Armstrong, go right down the bank, sir, into that river."

As the command was peremptory, and a spirit of obedience was thought the safest, Armstrong obeyed without parley; and down he went, over head and ears, store-clothes and all, into the cold mountain stream. It was a long time that he remained in the water, and under the water. He would come to the surface every little while to talk, you understand. It was impossible for Armstrong to forbear talking. "O, yes," he would say, as he came up and snuffed the water from his nose, "you'll buck your money away at three-card monte, will you? How do you like water-cure?" His words were, of course, duly punctuated by irregular plunges and catchings of his breath.

It so happened that the man who kept the shanty hotel at the Packers' Roost had a woman for a wife. She, being a kind-hearted creature, besought her lord to go down and "help the poor crazy man out of the water."

"Pshaw!" said the ox-driver, "he ain't a crazy man; he's a fool. He walked behind my wagon and talked to himself all the way from Scabbletown."

Thereupon arose a leegthy discussion about the difference between a crazy man and a fool. But, after awhile, the landlord and the ox-driver went down to the bank and agreed to go Armstrong's security against bucking at monte in the future, if he would come out of the water. So he came out and went up to the house.

"Will you have a cup of tea or coffee?" said the woman kindly.

"Yes, madam," said Armstrong, "I will take both."

"He is crazy, sure as can be," said the woman. But she brought the two cups as ordered. "Milk and sugar?" she inquired kindly, as before.

"No, madam; mustard and red pepper," answered Armstrong.

"I do believe he is a fool," said the woman, as she went for the pepper and mustard.

Armstrong, with deliberate coolness, put a spoonful of red pepper into the tea and a spoonful of mustard into the coffee. Then he poured the two together into a large tin cup. Then the old conflict raged again, and, high above the din of rattling tin cups and pewter spoons, sounded the stern command, "Armstrong, drink it down, sir—drink it down." A momentary hesitation, and a few desperate gulps, and it was down. "O, yes," said our hero, as his throat burned, and the tears run from his eyes, "you buck your money away at three-card mone, do you?"

Now, the Thomsonian dose above described very nearly ended the battle with poor Armstrong. He was silent for quite a time, and everybody else was silent. After a while the landlord ventured to suggest that a bed could be provided if it was desired.

"No," said Armstrong, "I'll sleep on the floor." "You see, stranger," said he, eying the landlord with a peculiar expression "this fool has been squandering gold dust at monte—three card monte—and does not deserve to sleep in a bed."

So Armstrong ended the day's battle by going to bed on the floor. Then came the dreams. He first dreamed that he was sleeping with his feet against the North Pole and his head in the tropics, while all the miners of Yuba were groundsluicing in his stomach. Next he dreamed that he had swallowed mount Shasta for supper, and that the old mountain had suddenly become an active volcano, and was vomiting acres and acres of hot lava.

Then the scenes were shifted, and he seemed to have found his final abode in a place of vile smells and fierce flames, politely called the antipodes of heaven. And while he writhed and groaned in sleepless agony, a fork-tailed fiend with his thumb at his nose was saying to him in a mocking voice: "*You buck your money away at three-card monte, do you—hey?*" But even this troubled sleep had an end at last, and Armstrong arose. When he looked at himself in the broken looking-glass that hung on the wall, he thought his face bore traces of wisdom that never had been there before. So he said: "I think you have learned a lesson. You can go back to your mining now, sir, and let monte alone." Time showed that he was right. His lesson was well learned. The miners looked a little curious when he re-appeared at the camp, and still called him crazy. But he had learned a lesson many of them never learned, poor fellows. They continued their old ways, making money fast and spending it foolishly—even giving it to monte dealers. But the Armstrong firm was never broken in that way but once. After that, whenever he saw one of the peculiar signs, "Robbers' Roost," "Fleecers' Den," or "Fools' Last Chance," Armstrong would shake his head with a knowing air, and say to himself as he passed along: "O, yes, Armstrong, you've been there; you don't buck your money away at three-card monte—not much.—*Overland Monthly.*"

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS CAUSES.

In his lecture on the Tree of Knowledge, Mr. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, has the following observations on the causes of intemperance:

"It is said by some that drunkenness is on the increase in England. I have no trusty proof of it: but I can believe it possible; for

every *cause* of drunkenness seems on the increase. Overwork of body and mind; circumstances which depress health; temptation to drink, and drink again, at every corner of the street; and finally, money, and even more money, in the hands of uneducated people, who have not the desire, and often not the means, of spending it in any save the lowest pleasures. These, it seems to me, are the true causes of drunkenness, increasing or not. And if we wish to become a more temperate nation, we must lessen them, if we cannot eradicate them.

“First, overwork. We all live too fast, and work too hard. ‘All things are full of labor, man cannot utter it.’ In the heavy struggle for existence which goes on all around us, each man is tasked more and more—if he be really worth buying and using—to the utmost of his powers all day long. The weak have to compete on equal terms with the strong; and crave, in consequence, for artificial strength. How we shall stop that I know not, while every man is ‘making haste to be rich, and piercing himself through with many sorrows, and falling into foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.’

“But it seems to me also, that in such a state of society, when—as it was once well put—‘every one has stopped running about like rats:’—that those who work hard, whether with muscle or with brain, would be surrounded, as now, with every circumstance which tempts toward drink; by every circumstance which depresses the vital energies, and leaves them an easy prey to pestilence itself; by bad light, bad air, bad food, bad water, bad smells, bad occupations, which weaken the muscles, cramp the chest, disorder the digestion. Let any rational man, fresh from the country—in which I presume God, having made it, meant all men, more or less, to live—go through the back streets of any city, or through whole districts of the ‘black countries’ of England; and then ask himself—Is it the will of God that his human children should live and toil in such dens, such deserts, such dark places of the earth? Let him ask himself—Can they live and toil there without contracting a probably diseased habit of body; without contracting a certainly dull, weary, sordid habit of mind, which craves for any pleasure, however brutal, to escape from its own stupidity and emptiness? When I run through, by rail, certain parts of the iron-producing country—streets of furnaces, collieries, slag-heaps, mud, slop, brick house-rows, smoke, dirt—and that is all; and when I am told, whether truly or falsely, that the main thing which the well-paid and well-fed men of those abominable wastes care for is—good fighting-dogs: I can only answer, that I am not surprised.

“I say—as I have said elsewhere, and shall do my best to say again—that the craving for drink and narcotics, especially that engendered in our great cities, is not a disease, but a symptom of disease; of a far

deeper disease than any which drunkenness can produce; namely, of the growing degeneracy of a population striving in vain by stimulants and narcotics to fight against those slow poisons with which our greedy barbarism, miscalled civilization, has surrounded them from the cradle to the grave. I may be answered that the old German, Angle, Dane, drank heavily. I know it: but why did they drink, save that for the same reason that the fenman drank, and his wife took opium, at least till the fens were drained? why but to keep off the depressing effects of the malaria of swamps and new clearings, which told on them—who always settled on the lowest grounds—in the shape of fever and ague? Here it may be answered again, that stimulants have been, during the memory of man, the destruction of the Red Indian race in America. I reply boldly, that I do not believe it. There is evidence enough in Jacques Cartier's 'Voyages to the Rivers of Canada;' and evidence more than enough in Strachey's 'Travalle in Virginia'—to quote only two authorities out of many—to prove that the Red Indians, when the white man first met with them, were, in North and South alike, a diseased, decaying, and, as all their traditions confess, decreasing race. Such a race would naturally crave for 'the water of life,' the 'usquebaugh,' or whisky, as we have contracted the old name now. But I should have thought that the white man, by introducing among these poor creatures iron, fire-arms, blankets, and, above all, horses wherewith to follow the buffalo-herds which they could never follow on foot, must have done ten times more toward keeping them alive, than he has done toward destroying them by giving them the chance of a week's drunkenness twice a year, when they came into his forts to sell the skins which, without his gifts, they would never have got.

"Such a race would, of course, if wanting vitality, crave for stimulants. But if the stimulants, and not the original want of vitality, combined with morals utterly detestible, and worthy only of the gallows—and here I know what I say, and dare not tell what I know, from eye-witnesses—have been the cause of the Red Indians' extinction: then how is it, let me ask, that the Irishman and the Scotchman have, often to their great harm, been drinking as much whiskey—and usually very bad whiskey—not merely twice a year, but as often as they could get it, during the whole 'iron age;' and, for aught any one can tell, during the 'bronze age,' and the 'stone age' before that: and yet are still the most healthy, able, valliant, and prolific races in Europe? Had they drunk less whiskey they would, doubtless, have been more prolific, than they now are. They show no sign, however, as yet, of going the way of the Red Indian.

"But if the craving for stimulants and narcotics is a token of deficient vitality; then the deadliest foe of that craving, and all its miserable results, is surely the Sanitary Reformer; the man who preaches,

and—as far as ignorance and vested interests will allow him—procures, for the masses, pure air, pure sunlight, pure water, pure dwelling-houses, pure food. Not merely every fresh drinking-fountain; but every fresh public bath and wash-house, every fresh open space, every fresh growing tree, every fresh open window, every fresh flower in that window—each of these is so much, as the old Persians would have said, conquered for Ormuzd, the god of light and life, out of the dominion of Ahiman, the king of darkness and of death; so much taken from the causes of drunkenness and disease, and added to the causes of sobriety and health.

“Meanwhile one thing is clear: that if this present barbarism and anarchy of covetousness, miscalled modern civilization, were tamed and drilled into something more like the kingdom of God on earth: then we should not see the reckless and needless multiplication of liquor-shops, which disgraces this country now. * * * *

“I said just now that a probable cause of increasing drunkenness was the increasing material prosperity of thousands who knew no recreation beyond low animal pleasure. If I am right—and I believe that I am right—I must urge on those who wish drunkenness to decrease, the necessity of providing more, and more refined recreation for the people.

“Men drink, and women too, remember, not merely to drive away care; but often simply to drive away dullness. They have nothing to do save to think over what they have done in the day, or what they expect to do to-morrow; and they escape from that dreary round of business thought, in liquor or narcotics. There are still those, by no means of the hand-working class, but absorbed all day by business, who drink heavily at night in their own comfortable homes, simply to recreate their overburdened minds. Such cases, doubtless, are far less common than they were fifty years ago: but why? Is not the decrease of drinking among the richer classes certainly due to the increased refinement and variety of their tastes and occupations? In cultivating the æsthetic side of man’s nature: in engaging him with the beautiful, the pure, the wonderful, the truly natural; with painting, poetry, music, horticulture, physical science—in all this lies recreation, in the true and literal sense of the word, namely, the recreating and mending of the exhausted mind and feelings, such as no rational man will now neglect, either for himself, his children, or his workpeople.”—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A MAN WHO goes with the times is Alphonse de Rothschild. Do you know what he has done now? He has had his daughter taught a profession, in case she should ever require it! She is now one of the licensed teachers of Paris, after having passed her examinations with the highest honors.

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half: having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me, so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again," said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him!"

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don't care if you're forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

Oh, John, John! at least five millions have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this conclusion. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford, and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. *Such* a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitting to train John in the way he should go. Every thing, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are every thing that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would jnst fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating

John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I declared that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become aroused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the

parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was *something* wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am *I* to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—every thing was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thoughts crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I never had professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I really felt sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivorytype in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton; she looked to be seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

John knew that *I* wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his

father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

BEN SADI'S QUEST.

Ben Sadi wandered many a weary year,
 From youth to age in search of happiness.
 In the king's house dwelt Pride, and Show and Fear,
 And in the poor man's hovel gaunt Distress.
 And, turning from the hovel to the throne,
 Where should he wander? In what distant zone
 The secret Goddess find? The bitter pain
 Of disappointment soured Ben Sadi's mind,
 Filled him with sullen temper and disdain,
 And unbelief in what he could not find.

It chanced, one day, he wandered through a wood,
 Dark and forbidding, like his own ill mood,
 When suddenly, between the tangled boughs,
 He saw a hoary temple, ages old,
 Where earth's first children went to pay their vows.
 Thick ivy clung in many a sombre fold
 Around its columns, and its silent door,
 Through which the winds had passed for centuries.
 Ben Sadi trod its damp, unechoing floor,
 And, fearing wizard-work, was ill at ease;
 But, looking round, a little door he spied,
 Standing half open, at the farther side,
 And just above the door these words were writ:

Here fall no tears, here all are blest;

Enter to happiness, and rest.

With joy he wept, though scarce believing it.
 "O blessed hour," he cried, "that ends my pain!
 Ye weary, wandering years, not spent in vain!"
 He pushed the door; it opened with all ease,
 And peering in, and seeing by degrees,
 He saw—

*The temple still its secret keeps,
 And there, in perfect peace, Ben Sadi sleeps.*

—S. S. C. in *Harper's Monthly*.

"IT WERE better for woman," exclaims Junius Henri Browne, in the *Galaxy*, "if love were less to her; but, ultimately, she who has held love highest and firmest must be the richest reaper. To lose faith in love is to despair of humanity. Whatever there be of immortality must spring from love, which is creative, and hence continuous."

A STORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

"I chanced to be traveling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seem never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a traveling-bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which, if they had been true, would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence."

"'You seem to speak,' I said 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?'"

"He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question, but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving.

"The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were

waiting to hear what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious and asked me if I knew Dickens personally.

"I replied, 'perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do, and all your stories about him, from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.'

"The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card.

"'You shall have it,' I said coolly, and taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing.

"We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my *truthful* companion; but if I were to live a thousand years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his eyes belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good-day;' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution: 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid Lying as you would eternal perdition.'"—*Pen and Plow.*

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY CHAIR.

How rarely does one find really comfortable chair anywhere? People seem to buy the style of furniture in fashion at the time, and this is usually made with a greater regard to show, than to comfort. In the country, where hard working men and women need easy and restful seats, there seems to be a great lack of them. The best room may have some hair-covered or rep-covered rocking or lounging chairs, but these are too good for daily use, by tired people in their working clothes, and as for taking the best furniture out of doors, that is not to be thought of. We Americans, especially those who live in the country, make but very little use of our spacious summer parlor—"all out doors" A wide spreading tree, a vine covered arbor, a broad veranda or porch, an awning like a huge umbrella, or a tent with no sides, or even an open shed is a much more comfortable place for sewing, reading, and resting, than any place in-doors, and often comes handy for ironing and other work. For the enjoyment of the open air in any one case, seats and chairs that are not too good for rough usage or too rough for ease are

needed. The good old-fashioned framed chairs, with split wood or flagged seats, have long been discharged for the glued work of the modern cabinet-maker, but we are glad to see them coming into use again; they were formerly the regular furniture of the farm house; now they are offered as luxuries at the fashionable furnishing stores, and are purchased by those city persons who go into the country for the summer, and wish to take some strong, comfortable chairs with them, as they are quite sure to find no such thing at a country hotel or farm boarding-house. Within the half century there has been wonderful improvement in household conveniences, but it does not lie in the direction of furniture for daily use.

Some of the "rustic" furniture on sale is very pretty to look at, but one would find it anything but pleasant to sit in for long at a time. —*American Agriculturist*.

ACTION OF THE WEATHER ON COAL.

From observations made by Dr. Varrentrapp on the waste of coal by exposure to the weather, it appears that the loss so occasioned is far greater than is generally supposed. The analysis shows, in some cases, a total loss in weight from this cause amounting to 33.08 per cent., while the deterioration in quality for fuel or gas-making is still more considerable. The change so produced in coal consists in a slow combustion, in which the volatile constituents are gradually eliminated. As might be expected, anthracite, which has already passed through a very similar process in becoming what it is, by the loss of bituminous constituents, suffers, least of all coals, from this action. The cannel rank next to the anthracites in their power to resist atmospheric deterioration, while the bituminous varieties are the most liable to deteriorate. From actual tests of a number of samples before and after exposure, it appears that all the valuable properties of the coal are impaired. The coaking quality of weathered coal diminishes with the gas-yielding quality. The author declares that a sample of coal, yielding when freshly mined a firm, coherent coke, yielded after eleven days' exposure a coke of no coherence; and in all the samples tested, the rule held good, and the longer the coal is exposed the more inferior is the quality of the coke it produces. The gas-yielding quality decreased in one instance 45 per cent., and the heating power 47 per cent., while a like sample under cover lost in the same time only 24 per cent. for gas-making purposes, and only 12 per cent. for fuel. These experiments, says Dr. Wahl, in the *American Exchange and Review*, go far toward explaining the almost universal inferiority of the slack or waste coals in heating power, when prepared for burning, even though some combustible matter like tar has been employed to cement them into a co-

herent mass. They indicate, too, the imperative necessity of having coals amply protected from the deteriorating action of the air and moisture, by keeping them constantly dry and under cover.—*Galaxy*.

MORTALITY PUFFS.

PART I.

Yes, it certainly was the door-bell.

"De-liverance!" said Miss Phrygia, "and I've just taken the comb out of my back hair!"

In emergency of this kind Miss Phrygia had a way of drawing back the tidy chintz curtain just far enough to peer through and see whether it would do to run down "just as she was." If it would do, down she ran, and if it wouldn't, she called softly through her window "Immediately!" and then flashed through her preparations with a speed truly miraculous, for Miss Phrygia had a love of promptitude that covered the whole superficial stratum of her nature, and "Immediately!" was so favorite an expression of this quality, that if she had been asked graciously to wait a time for her own execution, those who know her best would have expected it as the natural and unhesitating reply.

But this time, as the chintz curtain revealed a pony phaeton at the gate, and on the door-step a slight, maidenly figure, a sweet young face, and a mist of golden hair, she only said "Dear heart!" and laying the comb on the dressing-table, she glided down stairs, her own locks falling into an undulation of chestnut rings, that might well have been the envy of a goddess in her own namesake land.

"So glad you are at home," said a voice from under the golden mist. "I've just brought you my little book. I've kept the last page for you, you always have everything so nice. Any trifle, 'light as air,' you know, will do."

It was one of those blessed old towns, rare to find in these days, where the lofty and the lowly knew and respected, loved and took an interest in, each other, and Miss Phrygia, instead of waiting for the book, which the maidens of the place, when about to assume the duties of wife and housekeeper, had a fashion of circulating among their friends for collections of choice receipts, reached forth and took both the slender, gauntleted hands of her own. As she did so, her right thumb pressed a diamond on the left forefinger of her visitor, and her face, so beaming as she ran down stairs, suddenly melted into a different expression, and she gazed into the hazel eyes confronting her with a yearning tenderness pitiful to see.

"Poor thing!" she said softly, "*poor little thing!*"

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Phrygia? I know you don't like engagement rings, but you can't understand that I am, and am going to be, the happiest little woman in the world."

"Poor little thing!" was all Miss Phrygia said, again, much as you would coo over an unfledged doveling that *will* fall out of the nest.

"And then," with a caressing squeeze from the slender hands, "I'm not going far, you know,—only a step,—you can see the chimneys right up there through the trees. You'll come and see me often, won't you?"

"That's what they say when people die, but a pretty long step, I call it," said

Miss Phrygia; "still it is always a sort of a comfort to visit their graves, and I'll come with pleasure."

"Oh, Miss Phrygia! Well, I only wish you *did* understad. I wish you'd get married yourself! You'd be a hundred times better off; didn't you ever feel so in your secret heart?"

"Yes," said Miss Phrygia, quietly, "a great many times."

"Don't you think it would be pleasanter than living here all alone?"

"Yes," said Miss Phrygia.

"Then why haven't you tried it?"

"There's been always one difficulty with every opportunity I've had," said Miss Phrygia, dropping her eyes thoughtfully—"You can't seem to find any way of doing it but by marrying some *man*, and *that*," with a little shiver running over her shoulders, "puts it so out of the question!"

A rippling laugh, that made the golden mist seem like moonlight on the lake, answered Miss Phrygia.

"Then if you could come across an angel you think you would venture?"

"Immediately," said Miss Phrygia.

"Well, I'm sorry I'm so fond of the only one in the world that I can't give him up to you, but it *does* seem as if you might find *something*," and with another little squeeze, the danty hands left a marble-covered book in Miss Phrygia's, took up the pony-reins, and drove away.

Miss Phrygia went slowly up stairs, put in her comb, and sat down to the receipt book, for "immediately" was deed as well as word with her. A soft evening cloud that alternately lets fall a few drops of refreshing rain upon the flowers, and then illuminates the whole surface with a heavenly flash, direful to be encountered, is a fit type of Miss Phrygia's face, as, gazing at the open page, her thoughts turned first to the gentle heart that would ponder its puddings, and then to the "*man*" into whose keeping that heart's happiness was to be confined.

"Poor thing! Sweet heart!" she muttered with a tender moisture in her eyes, and then, with a dangerous flash, "Horrid creature! I wonder what he looks like."

The alternations went on for a few minutes, and then a sudden gleam of humor lighted up her face, as if some stray, belated sunbeam had tipped the cloud with pink.

"A trifle light as air," she said, "I'll write it for her!" and seizing a pen, Miss Phrygia wrote:

"MORTALITY PUFFS,
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

Eggs (cockatrice), 1.

Milk (human kindness), just ready to sour, 1 drop.

Cream of Tartar-caught, 2 large spoons, heaping.

Flower (of an hour), 1 full cup.

Salt (of the Earth), *very* small pinch, mere dusting.

Raise with fermentations brewed as follows:

Hop(e)s realized, 1.

" disappointed, 99.

Sweeten with faith and submission.

Spice with variety.

Bake in earthen vessels, under a slow fire, till the vessel cracks.

PART II.

A week later, Miss Phrygia put on a pair of black gloves, a black bonnet, and a black lace veil to let down in case she should cry, and went to church to see a plain gold ring take precedence of the diamond she had pressed, and to hear the hymeneal blessing pronounced over the mist of golden hair.

She had to drop her veil once or twice as she gazed at the cloud of lace and orange-blossoms before the altar, and when she could'n't help seeing the new broad-cloth suit that stood beside it, she kept herself down by repeating as fast as she could, "Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things, is not easily provoked." Then she went home, and went to nurse a sick neighbor who could obtain no assistance for money, and therefore must have it for love.

The bright dress had almost time to fade before Miss Phrygia saw the way clear to go home again. It was a long pull, and neither she nor the invalid knew how they would have got through had it not been for the strength and comfort of the doctor's daily visits. Six feet in height, two hundred pounds in weight, strong as a tower, firm as rock, cool as a hygrodeik, and yet when pain or discouragement called for it, quick with a brooding tenderness, more beautiful, Miss Phrygia thought, even than a woman's.

Twilight in the sick room seemed lonely to Miss Phrygia, and she fell into the way of watching for a light to gleam through the elms that shaded the doctor's house just opposite, but no light ever appeared, and she had just made up her mind that he was never at home in the evening, when she had to send for him two or three times after the stars were out, and there he was.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I hope he doesn't sit there without so much as a candle lighted, thinking about those children of his that were drowned, and the wife in the insane asylum that only died a year and a half ago. He *can't*, or he never could come over here on a moment's call, all ready to cheer us up and be such a comfort." This "cheering them up and being such a comfort" continued until Miss Phrygia began to wonder what days at home would seem without it, when her season of duty would be ended. What the doctor thought about losing his nurse, he did not say, but he insisted on seeing her home, when the time came, although the moon was as large as a cart-wheel, and shining clear.

As they came out, they both involuntarily glanced up at the house under the shadow of the elms.

"Dark," said Miss Phrygia; "it always is."

"Yes," said the doctor, "it has been for a good many years now, very dark."

"I know it," said Miss Phrygia, softly, feeling as if she ought to have on her black gloves again.

"Don't you think," said the doctor, adjusting her hand a trifle more closely to his arm, "don't you think I might bring in a bright, warm light before long, if I could find it?"

"Immediately!" said Miss Phrygia.

"Even,"—and the doctor stooped to come as near as he could to look under Miss Phrygia's hat,— "even if I should leave your house empty and dark to do it."

What Miss Phrygia said, or what either or both of them said, will never be revealed; but certain it is that when Miss Phrygia ought to have been going to sleep that night, she wasn't going to sleep at all, but saying over and over to herself: "Oh,

what *have* I done? What *have* I done? How could I *ever* do it? What *am* I going to do?

The perplexity thickened and darkened, to the peril of Miss Phrygia's night when suddenly a ray of light flashed forth upon it.

"Why, of course!" she said. "He isn't *exactly* a man, after all; he's a *doctor*; and that's *just* how I came to do it!" and with this satisfactory conclusion in her soul, and a wonderful whirl of new sensations in her heart, Miss Phrygia turned on her pillow, and went to sleep like a kitten.

The village was so astir with the news the next week, that Miss Phrygia was thankful her first walk,—leaning on an arm that wasn't her's, and yet claimed to be,—came in the twilight.

The shadows deepened as she wandered on, listening to a great many things the doctor had to say, until at last, just as Miss Phrygia spoke for the first time, a glow-worm came in sight.

"I must stop and tie up my shoe!" was what Miss Phrygia said, and whether the doctor heard it or not, he stepped forward a few paces to see about the glow-worm, and Miss Phrygia put up her foot on a stone by the wayside. As she stooped, a noiseless step, accompanied by one a trifle heavier, came behind her; something misty touched her cheek, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Is that your mortality puff?"

"Hush-*sh*!" said Miss Phrygia.

"Yes, for a breath might blow him away. Bring him round to visit my grave, won't you? Some evening about tea-time; and we'll have—puffs."

"Immediately!" said Miss Phrygia.—*Scribner's*.

ON UMBRELLAS.

I well remember the witticism of Bob Audax, who once, in long-gone academic days, when old Vicars asked us the question from the text-book, "To what sort of property is mere possession a complete title?" promptly shouted "Umbrellas!" which sally set the school upon a roar, our good-natured Vicar joining. Bob, the rogue, had answered from experience; but for that matter most men, however conservative in other points, are socialists in umbrellas. The number of them that we have lost, captured and exchanged, depends on our years and the extent of our mingling with mankind. Oddly enough, though the instruments are ancient as the race, it is only a modern and Christian trait—this communism in umbrellas. They date back at least to Jonah's booth, pitched in a rural ward of East Nineveh, or to the prophet's gourd, that was made "a shadow over his head to deliver him from his grief." This gourd, to be sure, was "gobbled" as swiftly as most modern sunshades; but the ancients had no custom of umbrella stealing like ours. Fashions change even in petty larceny; and the worry of the classic world was, I should say, not to keep its umbrellas, but its cloaks, from the spoiler. The habit of pilfering cloaks is no end of

sport for the old comedians, so that it really seems to tally with the umbrella practice of Christendom.

In the "Clouds," Socrates, having persuaded Strepsiades to throw off his mantle, forthwith captures it, and of course the old fellow never gets it again; and in the "Birds," when Euelpides came to town for a christening frolic, and got tipsy, a rascal robbed him of his Phrygian wool cloak, which was like losing a silk umbrella with pearl handle. There is accordingly a kind of pathetic simplicity in the postscript of St. Paul's letter to Timothy: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee." Scripture does not say what manner of man this Carpus was, to enjoy a confidence so extraordinary, nor does it tell us whether the apostle ever recovered his cloak; but we may fancy the garment's utter disappearance long before Bishop Timothy could go in search of it.

Human nature is much the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, whether concerning itself with cloak or umbrella. I read lately that a Detroit boy stood an umbrella, secretly fastened by a cord, in a public doorway, and observed from his hiding-place that eleven persons, within an hour, successively thought the umbrella was theirs, carried it the length of the string, then dropped it and went away without looking back or stopping to pick it up again. The story is credible, even if it be in the newspaper. No rank is above this form of abstraction: majesty itself receives a foraged sunshade with a smile. In the treasure trove of the Ashantee war the valuable article was King Coffee's umbrella; there was also, to be sure, a handful of gold trinkets, but then Peking had yielded bushels of that sort of stuff, which the umbrella so far overshadowed and eclipsed that Sir Wilfred Lawson, summing up the campaign before Parliament, could say: "What have we gained by our victories? I don't know that we have anything to show for them except an old umbrella and a treaty." Now the treaty was really at that time still in the bush, so leaving the umbrella alone in hand. Our contention is that General Sir Garnet Wolseley, having come upon Coffee's sunshade in the African palace, instinctively took it: what man seeing the stray umbrella would not? The dusky monarch may have come by the prize in the same way—in fact, the usual way. Not that Sir Garnet himself needed the tool, but he would not, as it were, fly in the face of Providence by neglecting it when put before him. Knowing that mortals chuckle over the capture of an umbrella more than over anything else of equal value, the hero sent the booty by his aid-de-camp to Queen Victoria, as "a humble tribute of dutiful respect and affection from her Majesty's military and naval forces that took part in the war." The whole expedition contributed that one umbrella. This was what the Queen of England personally got out of the Ashantee war; and again I claim that carrying away other people's umbrellas has royal sanction.

If a man undertakes to keep a particular umbrella, and to call it and really consider it his own, he forthwith becomes its slave; whereas, while he follows the custom of picking up the first rain-screen at hand, he may be light-hearted as the Israelites who in faith awaited their manna—he knows the need will bring the supply. Watch the austere monumbrellaist on a rainy day! What jealousy, suspicion, distrust of his kind! What incessant, furtive glances toward his treasure, as if the spoilers were ever at hand! What hidings of it under benches or claspings of it between knees! This man has the air of one belonging to a proscribed class, exposed to the pluckings of the world. What anxiety, unfitness for any business save guarding that rain-shield! Lord Bacon says that he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. It is precisely the same with the man who owns a costly silk umbrella. Does he go to the play or the picture gallery? He must check his cherished companion at the door, part with it, see it shut up in a pigeon-hole, and thenceforth the evening's charm for him is over. In the bloodiest stress of the tragedy, in the funniest scene of the farce, when Matilda stabs the Count, or Bampo swallows the marmalade, the film of preoccupation stretches over his mind. He may not always be quite conscious of the cloud, but it is there. Occasionally his fingers, wandering to the waistcoat pocket, make sure of the check. With the roll of stage thunder and the patter of stage rain comes a distinct recollection of the absent protector. Viewing Palette's last picture at the Academy, "No. 3,271, Storm on the Palisades," our friend exclaims, "that reminds me!" and we know he is wondering whether the umbrella banker at the door will swop the treasures in his vault by mistake.

Hence a man may become a monomaniac on the subject of keeping an umbrella, when it has once outlasted the average term of ownership. We can even credit the yarn of Maxime du Camp, who says that he saw at the Mont de Piete an umbrella which had been forty-seven years in pledge, the first pawner, or else his heirs, representatives, or assigns, having paid interest for nearly half a century on the sum originally loaned. This umbrella was kept so long because it was locked up; otherwise, in forty-seven years it might have had seven-and-forty owners.

These things being so, a thrill of alarm must have run through the community when, the other day, in New York, one Simon Rodh was sent to the penitentiary for the act, construed as an offence, of annexing an umbrella that did not specially belong to him. The high authority of Dr. Watts or Mother Goose had established that it is a sin to steal a pin; but something more than rhyme, however revered, was needed to make it theft to take the umbrella of another "fellar." This

something more has come, A. D. 1874, in judicial shape; and though the decision may transgress the practice of enlightened nations, confuse popular notions of right and wrong, and violate a tradition running back for generations, law-abiding people will respect the court. Simon, now serving his six months, may be regarded as saint or hero, if you will, may be remembered by the posterity as the protomartyr of the legal view of umbrellas, but the view itself is already a historical fact. And what has just happened in New York has also perhaps happened in New Albany, Indiana, since there a man was lately arrested for "stealing" an umbrella—indicating, I take it, that umbrellas are subjects of larceny, and hence of distinct, continuous ownership.

It is hard to conceive that an instrument now so sought after should have been proscribed, ridiculed, and barely tolerated at all among the English-speaking race less than a century ago. Popes and Turks alike had basked under it ever since there were Turks or Popes, and Eastern magnates had sported their gigantic sunshades, a fathom in diameter, borne aloft by household giants, a thousand years before Porte or Peter. Perhaps they vied with each other in the number, size, and brilliancy of their sun-screens, those Asiatic and African monarchs, and their First Lord of the Parasols may have been as sublime a functionary as any modern High Chamberlain of the Bootjacks. Hector and Achilles wielded umbrellas, on furlough, like Sherman and Sheridan; and no doubt the mother of the Gracchi unfolded a bulging one over her brood. Only in the last century did this ancient shield against sun become a shield against rain, and find its way, amid jeers and scorn, into the British isles.

This event a British artist sketched several years since in "St. Swithins—Jonas Hanway and his Umbrella"—a subject of the same class with "Columbus Balancing the Egg," "Franklin at the Court of Louis XVI.," and "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Hanway was at once the Columbus and the Franklin of modern umbraology—its pioneer and philosopher. He struts along Flint street with the mien of a conquerer. Aslant on his right shoulder is a prodigious rain-screen, of whose structure the artist gives an inside view, showing handle, frame of eight ribs, and cover of eight triangular slices. The hero grasps his huge stick, with both hands, like a war-club, serene, self-satisfied, perhaps supercilious. The storm, blowing from behind at an angle of 45°, soaks the silk stockings on the shapely legs, and the stout buckled shoes, but not the breeches, nor the embroidered coat with gorgeous cuffs, nor the powdered wig surmounted by the three-cornered hat. Men and women stare at the apparition from the doorways whither they have run to cover, and a bare-legged boy, with an empty market basket reversed on his head, completes the contrast between the old era and the new. The triumphant face of Jonas foretokens the umbrelladom of

to-day; but I fancy the artist might as truly have depicted the sage pulling his novel roof closer over his face, against the epithets and mud which, it is said, were flung at the early adventurers by a crass, ungrateful London public.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude.

When the sturdy Briton had sufficiently mobbed, pelted, and jeered the apostles of the umbrella, when the literature of that day had sufficiently derided the silly, effeminate "reform" of lugging about movable tents against a healthy bit of a shower, the device worked its way to success, like vaccination, the safety lamp, the steam engine, and other revolutionary boons given to mankind. How could it be otherwise? Like that bayonet which is also saw, spade, and sickle, or the pocket-knife that includes a cork-screw, gimlet, two chisels, a file, and a punch, the umbrella combines the virtues of sun-shade, rain-shade, and walking-stick. Long-poled and spike-armed, 'tis at once the artist's shelter-tent and his javelin against hostile dogs and rustics. The dandy may wear it on his finger—a pretty pipe-stem of a few ounces, not fit to lean on; and from this fairy wand, what shades and grades to the squire's stout, horn-handled parachute, and thence onward to that baggy, whalebone-ribbed, green cotton weapon, which habitually consorts with two bundles done up in newspapers, a bird-cage, and a handbox! This last pattern of umbrella is called by its owners an *umberell*, to distinguish it from less protuberant types; and it is worth remark that even lexicographers who have found and registered "umbrel," as an obsolete equivalent of umbrella, wholly neglect its kinsman "umberell," which is nevertheless a live locution, possible to be defined thus: *UMBERELL*—A *pronounced* umbrella.

Endless, I repeat, are the pranks which fashion plays with her once despised umbrella—hues of scarlet, blue, green, purple, yellow, gray; stuffs of gingham, cotton, alpaca, silk; ribs of steel, whalebone, rattan; handles of oak or iron, pine or partridge wood; fringes, tassels, and laces on the screen, beautiful woods inlaid in the handle, mountings of ivory, silver, pearl, and gold; there are fashions in the very ferules, and patents on the springs or name-plates. Teufelsdröckh could find a system of philosophy in the vicissitudes, recurrent cycles, and phenomena of parasols. One day the handle protrudes from the top of the parasol and the next from the bottom; yesterday it had a hook, for violently ringing horse-car bells, and to-day it turns to a bludgeon, carved like a Sioux war-club, for protecting feminine virtue. Such freaks keep the umbrella makers busy. I glanced this morning at one of their shops: a hundred sewing machines, driven by steam, were stitching merrily, while four hundred craftspeople of various arts

were making several thousand umbrellas and parasols each day the year round; and, larger or smaller, a score of umbrella factories were busy in the same city. We ask, "Where do all the pins go?" I say, whither do the parasols go?

The strangest thing in the literature of umbrellas yet remains. It is this advertisement:

FOUND—On Philadelphia and Camden Ferry-boat, an Umbrella. The owner may have it by proving property at 209 Broadway, Camden.

I give my word to the skeptical reader that the foregoing notice is genuine—that I clipped it from the newspaper it appeared in; and now, is not such a phenomenon, coupled with the great umbrella decisions in New York and New Albany, a witness to some growing scrupulosity of our age?—*Galaxy*.

RELIGION AND ARCHITECTURE.—The outside form of every Gothic cathedral must be considered imperfect if it does not culminate in something pyramidal. The special want of all Greek and Roman buildings with which we are acquainted is the absence—save in a few and unimportant cases—of the pyramidal form. The Egyptians knew at least the worth of the obelisk: but the Greeks and Romans hardly knew even that: their buildings are flat-topped. Their builders were content with the earth as it was. There was a great truth involved in that; which I am the last to deny. But religions which, like the Buddhist or the Christian, nurse a noble self-discontent, are sure to adopt sooner or later an upward and aspiring form of building. It is not merely that, fancying heaven to be above earth, they point towards heaven. There is a deeper natural language in the pyramidal form of a growing tree. It symbolises growth, or the desire of growth. The Norman tower does not aspire to grow. Look—I mention an instance with which I am most familiar—at the Norman tower of Bury St. Edmund's. It is graceful—awful, if you will—but there is no aspiration in it. It is stately: but self-content. Its horizontal courses; circular arches; above all, its flat sky-line, seem to have risen enough; and wish to rise no higher. For it has no touch of that unrest of soul, which is expressed by the spire, and still more by the compound spire, with its pinnacles, crockets, finials, which are finial only in name; for they do not finish, and are really terminal buds, as it were, longing to open and grow upward, even as the crockets are bracts and leaves thrown off as the shoot has grown.—*Health and Education*.

CERTAIN long lost and valuable Masonic records of the Grand Lodge and of the First and Second Lodges in Boston, have been recovered.

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

BY LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms—
 Would that I could keep you, with your baby charms ;
 Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
 Where the sunshine lingers, caught from elsewhere ;
 Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
 Boly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek :
 Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
 Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roughish little damsel, scarcely six years old—
 Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold ;
 Restless, busy fingers all the time at play,
 Tongue that never ceases talking all the day ;
 Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
 Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout !—
 Winsom little damsel, all the neighbors know ;
 Thus I long to keep you for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
 And such grave importance in your puzzled looks ;
 Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
 Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugar-plums ;
 Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
 Waking up to study with the morning light,
 Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
 Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and pretty maiden, sitting by my side,
 All the world's before you, and the world is wide ;
 Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
 Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake ?
 Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
 Telling us in blushes what you will not speak ?
 Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
 All the golden future just to keep you so.

Ah ! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
 Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air ;
 Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
 And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight ;
 All the past I summon ' as I kiss her brow—
 Babe and child and maiden, all are with me now,
 Oh ! my heart is breaking ; but God's love I know—
 Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

“ MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.”

During the last fifty years England has produced a body of independent thinkers and assiduous investigators, who have not only enriched themselves with the precious treasures of preceding toilers, but who have quarried deep enough themselves to add fresh material to the edifice of knowledge. They have ceased to consume time and to wear out their energies in battling about airy nothings, susceptible of neither proof nor disproof, and in rolling up the stone of Sisyphus. Mill has taught the present generation how to use the logic of the science in order to widen and deepen the channels of knowledge; Darwin has discovered a new world in natural history, and has turned its chaos into order; Huxley has given a new reading to the topography of animal structures, as well as additional meaning to their varied functions; and Spencer has gone down into the heretofore dark places of nature, flooded them with light, and drawn pearls of priceless knowledge from their sequestered corners.

It is owing to this new and advanced order of studies, to this great and memorable flight of individual genius, that the universities of England, formerly centres of light, have now become eclipsed and are mere dead bodies thrown out of the orbits of intellectual life. The mere mechanical reproduction of old forms of thought, and the vamping up of withered and phantom ideas, have wrecked and stranded these long venerable institutions. The great victories of the intellect at the present day are no longer gained by men laurelled in the professorial chairs of stagnant universities. Their metaphysical myths, to gain even a hearing, have had to take on new verbal drapery in order, like a painted sepulchre, to conceal their dead forms. Their lately issued “Treatise on the Science of Morals” is, according to the “Westminster Review,” a painful failure, an expiring wail from a shattered and paralyzed brain.

The energy with which, as a nation, we pursue all material matters, the watchfulness which has always marked our industrial and commercial operations, the desire of nearly every person among us to speedily amass a fortune, and as a consequence the fearful strain placed on our bodily and mental powers and resources, give to a work like Dr. Carpenter's an importance which ought to be fully appreciated in order to draw wisdom from its physiological and psychological teachings. In wrestling with the world, the proper economy and wise use of the human instrument ought surely to count for much, as its health and general condition more seriously affect the future than the present. We are the living organs through which the whole life of the future is to be transmitted; and if we allow those organs to be abased or to degenerate, our innocent posterity will have to pay the terrible penalty of our sins. If, as many contend, our geographical *milieu* is

inimical to our constitutions, if there is a tendency among us to sink below the European standard of sound health, vigor, and longevity, due to any exterior or interior causes whatever, our earthly well-being and that of a coming generation must depend upon a thorough scientific knowledge of our interior condition as it may be affected by our exterior, and a consequent conservative action on our part. The great value of Dr. Carpenter's work for us lies in its elaborate treatment of our physical, intellectual, and moral fabric. It is with these vital parts of our personal structure that we ought to be thoroughly familiar, in order to secure their healthy condition by observing whatever laws are necessary to accomplish this end. It is a matter of almost daily observation that children fall below the standard of their parents, without even going through their wear and tear. Doubtless there are numerous causes to be assigned for this, though exceedingly difficult to be rightly enumerated. The stormy discussions so often uselessly indulged in of late, about education, affords us no light, as they are generally exhausted in the chaff and not in the wheat of the matter. To build up educational doctrines in an absolute way, and without reference to the qualities of the person to be educated, and their naturally varied and varying aptitudes, is like abstract discussions about the ten commandments without reference to the moral condition of people to observe them practically. Nothing is more prized or better rewarded than mere special training in law, medicine, commerce, handicrafts, and artisan callings, and this training is generally the result of mere apprenticeship. Education, strictly speaking, must be understood as the general and harmonizing evolution of all our faculties and their fitting adaptation to whatever is best suited to their nature. But as yet we are left in the dark as to how we shall produce the elements truly susceptible of this talked-of education, and how we can becomingly weld them into the anomalous and multifiform conditions of society. To follow carefully the speculations of Dr. Carpenter, and to understand all his lines of thought, will show the student the folly of most of the theories now afloat on the subject of education. A youth may be educated out of harmony with his family and social position, and if then he is obliged to labor for his own support, his life becomes embittered by disappointment, and perhaps poverty. Beneath the stratum of society there is ever going on a struggle of giants for the coveted goods of the world, for high places and the influence of power. The well educated and refined are soon elbowed out of this great contest. There is no place for them, and they soon sink back into penniless obscurity. Men of wealth and power therefore hold in little estimation most of the flippant twaddle about education, because their own success grew out of bold and dauntless action on men and things, and out of warlike and robust constitutions, never polished or refined by the pumice stone of education.—*Galaxy*.

ECCENTRICITY AND THE INSANE TEMPERAMENT.

Dr. Maudsley, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in University College, London, does not look upon the insane temperament as in all cases an evil, and his view is borne out by the history of great men, *i. e.* great performers. Napoleon, Mahommed, and many others of the men who accomplished extraordinary things, are known to have had the temperament known as "insane." But in its less marked forms this temperament is the source of much that is delightful in life. The Professor says: "When we look into the matter it is truly remarkable how much mankind has been indebted for its originating impulses, and for special displays of talent if not of genius, to individuals who themselves or whose parents have sprung from families in which there has been some predisposition to insanity. Such persons are apt to seize on and pursue the paths of thought which have been overlooked by more stable intellects, and so, by throwing a side light upon things, to discover unthought of relations. One observes this tendency of mind even in those of them who have no particular genius or talent; for they have a novel way of looking at things; do not run in the common groove of action or follow the ordinary routine of thought and feeling, but discover in their remarks a certain originality, and perhaps singularity, sometimes at a very early period of life. This is illustrated now and then by a remarkable aptitude for punning, and by strange quirks and cranks of fancy, such as a person not so peculiarly gifted might die before he could invent. . . . It is a fact, too, that they frequently display remarkable æsthetic feeling and special artistic talents and aptitudes. An intensity of feeling and energy characterizes them; inspired with strong faith in the opinions which they adopt, they exhibit much zeal and energy in the propagation of them, and so become useful as reformers; they are possessed of a degree of fanaticism which bears them on to their end, reckless of the most formidable obstacles."

"It was because in old times madness was identified with the prophetic mania and believed to be of supernatural origin, that the belief in the inspiration of the insane was entertained. This was the case among the Eastern nations, and even among the ancient Greeks madness, like epilepsy, was accounted a sacred disease. Hence the word mania was used to mean both madness and the prophetic spirit. . . . Thus madness is identified with divine inspiration, and the madman in this sense is found fault with by the multitude as out of his senses; but it escapes the notice of the multitude that he is inspired. He is in fact in a higher and more exalted state of mind than that of a person in his sober senses, the result being not an increased power of calm and sustained thought, but brilliant flashes of wonderful insight."

This method of dealing with insanity may not be altogether pleasing to a world which is constantly increasing its power of acute perception, in which bright thoughts are so eagerly sought that a great many men make a living by evolving and publishing them, and in which such publications are no doubt increasing and spreading the tendency to mental brilliancy. But it certainly promises to be more fruitful of good than the opposite mode. If eccentricities which are commonly known as "harmless," and intellectual *tours de force* that are constantly admired, are acknowledged to be in many cases the sign of a sufficient difference from the ordinary mental constitution to form a mildly insane temperament, we shall perforce have insanity so constantly and familiarly brought to our cognizance that its terrors will be in great part removed. When the insane are no longer thought to be something incomprehensible and apart from the ordinary man, their chance of cure will be immensely increased. In this respect the modern theories of insanity, though they have greatly enlarged the definition of the disease, and thereby included within its circle a much larger number of persons, have really diminished the evil resulting from the disease. The proportion of cures is much greater, and the treatment, though slowly, is steadily improving.—*Galaxy*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR WEALTH.

No one can settle down in a European city or village for a month, and observe the laboring classes, without noticing a great difference between their aspirations, ambitions and habits, and those of corresponding classes in this country. He may see great poverty in a continental town, and men and women laboring severely and faring meanly, and a hopeless gap existing between classes; he may see the poor virtually the slaves of the rich; but he will witness a measure of contentment and a daily participation in humble pleasures to which his eyes have been strangers at home. There is a sad side of this pleasant picture. Much of this apparent contentment and enjoyment undoubtedly come from the hopelessness of the struggle for anything better. An impassable gulf exists between them and the educated and aristocratic classes—a gulf which they have recognized from their birth; and, having recognized this, they have recognized their own limitations, and adapted themselves to them. Seeing just what they can do and cannot do, they very rationally undertake to get out of life just what their condition renders attainable. There is no far-off, crowning good for them to aim at, so they try to get what they can on the way. They make much of fete-days and social gatherings, and music, and do what they can to sweeten their daily toil, which they know must be continued while the power to labor lasts.

In America it is different. A humble back-woodsman sits in the presidential chair, or did sit there but recently; a tailor takes the highest honors of the nation; a canal-driver becomes a powerful millionaire; a humble clerk grows into a merchant prince, absorbing the labor and supplying the wants of tens of thousands. In city, state and national politics, hundreds and thousands may be counted of those who, by enterprise, and self-culture, and self-assertion, have raised themselves from the humblest positions to influence and place. There is no impassible gulf between the low and the high. Every man holds the ballot, and, therefore, every man is a person of political power and importance. The ways of business enterprise are many, and the rewards of success are munificent. Not a year, nor, indeed, a month, passes by, that does not illustrate the comparative ease with which poor men win wealth or acquire power.

The consequence is that all but the wholly brutal are after some great good that lies beyond their years of toil. The European expects always to be a tenant; The American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city princes forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for his home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and its rewards comparatively bountiful, so that his dream of wealth is a rational one. He, therefore, denies himself, works early and late, and bends his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great good that beckons him on from the far-off, golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a recreation, it is purely for health's sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. He lives in a constant fever of hope and expectation, or grows sour with hope deferred or blank disappointment. Out of it all grows the worship of wealth and that demoralization which results in unscrupulousness concerning the methods of its acquirement. So America presents the anomaly of a laboring class with unprecedented prosperity and privileges, and unexampled discontent and discomfort.

There is surely something better than this. There is something better than a life-long sacrifice of content and enjoyment for a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield its holder the boon which he expects it to purchase. To withhold from the frugal wife the gown she desires, to deny her the journey which would do so much to break up the monotony of her home-life, to rear children in mean ways, to shut away from the family life a thousand social pleasures, to relinquish all amuse-

ments that have a cost attached to them, for wealth which may or may not come when the family life is broken up forever—surely this is neither sound enterprise nor wise economy. We would not have the American laborer, farmer and mechanic become improvident, but we would very much like to see them happier than they are, by resort to the daily social enjoyments which are always ready to their hand. Nature is strong in the young, and they will have society and play of some sort. It should remain strong in the old, and does remain strong in them, until it is expelled by the absorbing and subordinating passion for gain. Something of the Old World fondness for play, and daily or weekly indulgence in it, should become habitual among our workers. Toil would be sweeter if there were a reward at the end of it; work would be gentler when used as a means for securing a pleasure which stands closer than an old age of ease; character would be softer and richer and more childlike, when acquired among genial, every-day delights. The all-subordinating strife for wealth, carried on with fearful struggles and constant self-denials, makes us petty, irritable and hard. When the whole American people have learned that a dollar's worth of pure pleasure is worth more than a dollar's worth of anything else under the sun; that working is not living, but only the means by which we win a living; that money is good for nothing except for what it brings of comfort and culture; and that we live not in the future, but in the present, they will be a happy people—happier and better than they have been. “The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself,” may not be an accepted maxim in political economy, but it was uttered by the wisest being that ever lived in the world, whose mission it was to make men both good and happy.—*Scribner's*.

A KEYNOTE TO CHARACTER.

There are minds so quick to perceive, so true to read indications of character and human nature that they fathom traits and tendencies which are in no way akin to their own. Thus the charge, that people will not suspect others of meanness unless guilty themselves, is not altogether true.

In case of ignorant jealousy and suspicion without reason, a person may torment himself with a reflection of his own mean or narrow nature, and attribute to others only that of which he is capable. But there is an intelligent measurement of character, whereby those who can, may read the degree of merit, capacity and worthiness of confidence which people possess.

Combinations of qualities indicate the bent of a character and disposition, as surely as numerous winding footpaths may lead to the same locality. If you were lost in the forest, the first thing sought for would be a trail, or a path to follow until you discovered the highway; and any one of the apparently unimportant out-croppings of character may be traced back to the keynote of the whole organization of mind. The keynote is the important thing. No matter how meritorious actions and

achievements may be, in measuring men you must sound the keynote, the motive element of their characters before you can with accuracy measure, or with safety count on them.

If the keynote does not ring out clear, positive and in harmony with true principles, the whole make up is defective. There are many people who glide along rather respectably through life, who at the core are unsound, unsteady and out of tune, but the majority who fail owe it to this great moral defect.

You never know exactly where to find such people. They sound their own praises in love of honor and honesty, and perhaps identify themselves with the godly; but unless you have inserted the old-fashioned tuning fork of discrimination and common sense and found discord and disorder among the inherent elements, when you least expect it they serve you most shabby tricks, and claw you with a cloven foot.

Good intentions are said to pave a warm region, because of their failure to come to time in the hour of trial. Nevertheless good intentions cannot dwell with adamant security in these uncertain natures. To bring a full fruition, good intentions must be augmented with wit and capability. But the first and surest test of a man must be his motives. If they are right then it is worth while to test his ability. Some people prefer a knave to a fool any day. But neither can stand the test of faith and trust. The fool may not be positively to blame for that he does not know, but he will make none the less a botch of an important transaction. You can count on a knave so long as it is his interest to serve you. But as the precise moment cannot be known when he will decide that his and your interest clash, he is an unprofitable co-operator.

However, no more than the fool is the knave to blame for the false keynote that regulates his life. The sins of parents in organism, disease and circumstance, make him what he is.

In such a state of almost unalterable inharmony now and then a clarion note of truth and honor is heard above the din, denoting that the true and strong do exist on earth.—*Elm Orlou*.

THE PURE SHALL PRESERVE PURITY.

[From G. L. Proceedings of Florida, for 1874.]

Brethren, we belong to an organization that dates its origin from a remote antiquity; that has numbered and does number among its adherents the kings and potentates of the earth, that is world-wide in its extent, Masons being found in every land and clime; for as it is the boast of England that her possessions are so vast that the sun never sets upon her kingdom, so it may be truly said that the dominion of Masonry is wide as the world, and as the sun rises in its course and traverses its orbit, it finds no land where the light of Freemasonry has not penetrated.

What is the great secret of our power? What is the tie that, as it were, binds together all mankind in one? I think it is to be found in the perfection of the organization, in its adherence to law and order,

and in the universal willingness to be governed by law that exists in the breast of every Freemason. The mere fact of nobility of aim or purpose does not of itself ensure success. Have not individual men made utter failures of their lives. Though they had the purest of motives constantly before them, yet they failed: and why? Because they had no order or system about them, and they were driven to and fro, hither and thither, always making attempts to act, yet never succeeding in them, and their lives closed, and we felt grieved that men of such faculties should not have used them for the highest good of the race. So nations have perished. Rome was mistress of the world at one time! She sat on her seven hills and swayed with her sceptre all the known lands of the earth; but the time came when that mighty queen bowed her head in submission before the conquerer, when her sceptre was dragged in the dust and her empire rent in twain by distraction and confusion; she passed out of existence and was as though she had never been.

Whence came that mighty change? In her early days, when a prince had dared to violate the chastity of the wife of one of her heroes, Rome rose up in her wrath and declared that the majesty of the law should be vindicated, though the *king himself* should perish: but in the latter days she submitted with meakness to every encroachment upon the law, till, finally, the empire was but a mob, ruled over by a hireling soldiery.

Brethren, we are members of an organization that has in view the loftiest of aims and purposes, but recollect that similar institutions have existed in all ages that have perished, failing in this one particular—adherence to law and a determination to abide by it, come what may. While, then, we are deservedly proud of our position in the past history of the world, bear in mind that we hold this position by the Divine will; and guided by the light that illumines our past record, let us gird ourselves anew for the work before us, feeling *individually* responsible for the continued success of Freemasonry; and realizing more than ever the great fact that "we are brethren," may we unite heart and hand and labor on till called to refreshment in the Grand Lodge above.

But after all, these are but a *part* of our duties; such laws as we have referred to are not the only ones that are to govern us; there are great moral duties that are inculcated in the Lodge that we are each one of us to practice out of it; we have a character to maintain before the profane; we have a record to make for the eye of Him, who shall finally summon us to his presence; and wherein we fail in these particulars, we are derelict in our duty as Freemasons. There can be no better man in the world, as far as actions go, than a Freemason.

Fearfully solemn are the vows he takes upon himself in the various

grades, through which he rises, and he who keeps these vows, who abstains from all that is forbidden, and performs all the required duties, may well say to all the world, "follow in my footsteps." Brethren, we can keep them, aye, we *must* keep them, else we are not true Masons.

Duties to God and to man are taught in the sacred tenets of our order, and one after another of us have each, in turn, bowed the knee and acknowledged our trust in God; and one after another of us have also recognized the claims of humanity upon us, and promised to walk circumspectly. Brethren of the G. L., we would well deserve the title *Grand*, if we could fulfill our vows in our lives. By the sacred name of Him, before whom we all humbly and reverently bow, I beseech you to make the effort.

I have tried hard to abstain from preaching a sermon upon this occasion, yet, after all, if men are to practice, they must be preached to occasionally upon what they are to practice; so, while I would avoid going out of the proper sphere of an address, I would only remind all of our Masonic obligations. Fulfill them faithfully. We are all traveling on the level of time, to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

"Sooner or later the end will come.
So live that when the summons comes
To join the universal throng
That moves to that mysterious realm,
Where each shall take his chamber
In the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like a galley-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust.
Approach thy grave like one
Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams." —*Bro. A. Pasco, Florida.*

MASONIC REQUIREMENTS.

Neither the wearing of a Masonic emblem nor the yearly payment of Lodge dues makes a person a Mason.

Masonry demands something more than the mere knowledge of a few signs or grips or the acquirement of the ritual of the work. Her aims are higher, her purpose nobler.

It is not enough that Masonic light, should illumine the mind, but it should also penetrate the heart.

He that departs from the Lodge with his heart untouched by the light of our Institution is not a true Mason. He may be trimmed and squared, the workmen may have polished him until his illumined mind sparkles with the rays of intelligence, but the builders daub with untempered mortar, and their edifices will soon show the imperfect material.

A Mason without a heart is like the world without a sun. It were difficult for him to conceive the beauties of Masonry. True preparation would be an impossibility, and the lesson of the deposit among the archives thrown away.

The heart then, the perfect heart, is one of the first requisites of a true Mason. From the heart flows charity, tolerance and fraternity.

Charity that consists not in mere alms-giving, but that nobler charity which teaches us to feel another's woe, to hide another's fault. Tolerance that permits the exercise of reason and the free expression of thought, and that true spirit of Fraternity which is wide enough to embrace in its arms the whole world.

Of what use are the appliances of the *level*, if the proud Mason refuses to recognize his poorer Brother; or of what benefit is the *plumb* to him who is not *upright* in his transactions with the world?

The letter G may glitter in the East, but all its refulgence is lost upon him whose conversation is stained with profanity.

That Mason is no true craftsman who wastes his time in idleness and profligacy; the *gauge* has lost its deep significance and he heedlessly robs God, his neighbor and himself of apportioned time.

The Lodge, it is true cannot control the private acts of its members, or check the petty meannesses or low tricks of professed Masons, who forget that a reputation as spotless as the lambskin apron is the brightest ornament a craftsman can wear.

Let us then not forget that as true Masons we should ever have before us in our daily walks the symbols of the Order, and that its teachings should be a constant monitor and guide through life.

The *practice* of Masonry can alone secure its immortality, and the adornments of the Lodge will then prove equally beautiful in the domestic circle.

Let us then have *Wisdom* to understand the principles of our Order; *Strength* to carry them out in the stern actualities of life, that the *Beauty* of our Temple may be visible to the world and merit the approbation of our Grand Master on high.—*Hebrew Leader*.

WASTED LIVES.—People talk very loudly about the waste of lives in war; I wonder to how many people it has occurred what is the waste of lives in peace? I doubt if the most sanguinary battle that was ever fought in ancient or modern history, has carried off nearly as many human beings as die in England every year from purely preventable causes. Now, that is the state of things round us; of course we cannot change it in a day, but we can modify it.—*Earl of Derby*.

The total number of Master Masons in Indiana, January 1st, 1874, was 27,031.

“IN THE YEAR OF LIGHT.”

When the casual reader, who has not been initiated into our mysteries, and whom, without discourteous reference to his moral or religious character, we are accustomed to call “a profane,” sees at the head of one of our official documents the usual date, “in the Year of Light, 5874,” and compare it with his more modest style, “in the Year of our Lord, 1874,” he is apt to wonder whether we Masons have unintentionally made a mistake in our estimate of time, or have really in our chronology ventured to claim for our institution an antiquity coeval with that of the creation. And, even among the initiated, there are some whose knowledge of the true character of the Order is so imperfect that they suppose, from the frequent use of this era, that Freemasonry actually had an existence in its present or some analogous form at that primeval period. This error has too often been sustained by an expression of one of our most popular writers, which has unfortunately been misunderstood, but to which it will be the object of the present article to give its true interpretation, and thus to relieve Masonic history from the charge of absurdity and arrogance, for which it is not justly responsible.

“From the commencement of the world,” says Preston, “we may trace the foundation of Masonry. Ever since symmetry began and harmony displayed her charms our Order has had a being.” Now, it is impossible that a man of intellect and education, as was the author of the “Illustrations,” could have meant by these phrases to claim for our organization, or, indeed, for any other, an existence so old as to date synchronously with the birth of the world. He simply meant to assert that the great doctrines of morality and religion, which make up the sum of that science which we technically call *Speculative Masonry*, received their birth at the moment in which God, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, said “Let there be light,” and that they were communicated by him to Adam, and thus constituted what have by a sort of courtesy been termed the mysteries of Eden. This was the doctrine of the Kabalistic philosophers. The book of Raziel, a Kabalistic work, informs us that “Adam was the first to receive these mysteries. Afterwards, when driven out of Paradise, he communicated them to Enoch, Enoch to Methuselah, Methuselah to Lamech, Lamech to Noah, Noah to Shem, Shem to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Jacob, Jacob to Levi, Levi to Kelhoth, Kelhoth to Amram, Amram to Moses, Moses to Joshua, Joshua to the Elders, the Elders to the Prophets, the Prophets to the Wise Men, and then from one to another down to Solomon.”

Now these “divine mysteries” constitute a series of instructions and doctrines, which we distinguish by the name of *Speculative Science*. Our lectures tell us that by this *Speculative Science* we are taught “to

subdue our passions, to act upon the square, to keep a tongue of good report, maintain secrecy and practice charity." But if we desire a particular definition, we may find it in the words of Dr. Oliver. "It may, perhaps, be sufficient for us to know that Primitive Freemasonry, so to call it, included a code of simple morals. It assured men that they who did well would be approved by God; and if they followed evil courses, sin would be imputed to them, and they would thus become subject to punishment. It detailed the reason why the seventh day was consecrated and set apart as a Sabbath or a day of rest, and showed why the bitter consequences of sin were visited upon our first parents as a practical lesson that it ought to be avoided. But the great object of this Primitive Freemasonry was to preserve and cherish the promise of a redeemer, who should provide a remedy for the evil that their transgressions had introduced into the world, when the appointed time should come."

These doctrines were supported by legends or traditions, and illustrated by symbols, all of which were, of course, communicated orally. And hence we see that the Speculative Science of the antediluvians was really a system of truth—a science of theological philosophy—celebrated in certain simple rites and religious observances, and which, as long as it was preserved in its purity—as long as its traditions were remembered with fidelity and its symbols properly understood—enabled its possessors, as "sons of light," to walk with God, but which, when, by the rapid increase of wickedness on earth, its traditions were forgotten or falsified, and its symbols became perverted, degenerated into the false theology—the idolatrous rites of Paganism.

Let this be understood: that the Speculative Science of the Patriarchs had nothing in common with the Freemasonry of modern times, except the great principles which they both inculcate by oral teachings; that it lays claim to no organization like the present; that signs, words, and tokens, a series of degrees, and a mode of initiation, are the mere accidents of Freemasonry, which it may or may not have possessed; but that divine truth—truth in history, truth in science, truth in morals, truth in religion—are its very essence, which it always must have had from the very beginning, (because truth is eternal,) and which it transmitted unimpaired to its more modern and more complicated successors: and we then comprehend the true signification of the sentiment of Preston. And we shall also be able to properly appreciate the Quixotic labors of those who deny, sometimes with superfluous warmth, that Freemasonry could have existed in its present form before the building of King Solomon's Temple—a denial wholly unnecessary, as no one yet has ever seriously made such a claim; at least no one who had any scholarlike knowledge of its true history.

The fact is, that while Freemasonry, as we now know it, is a com-

paratively modern organization, the Speculative Science which it embraces and teaches as its essential element is of far more ancient origin. Indeed, such a science has always existed among civilized men, just as some form of religion, some belief in a Supreme Being, and in an after life, have always been found among them. The organization in which those doctrines and that science have been taught has varied in name and form at different epochs. Its outward clothing has been different, but its eternal essence has been the same. That essence has been the avoidance of moral and spiritual darkness—the search for moral and spiritual and intellectual light.

Such an organization, in which the material light brought out of chaos by the divine command is made the symbol of the spiritual light brought out of spiritual darkness, we now recognize as Speculative Masonry: and hence those who are its disciples are called the “sons of light;” and simply in allusion to the great symbol which they have adopted, they reverentially and symbolically, but by no means historically date their epoch as from “the Year of Light.”—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

MIXING MASONRY WITH BUSINESS.

There have been many efforts made to establish corporations and joint stock associations, and other business undertakings for private benefit, with the use of some Masonic device, or token, symbol or emblem connected with the management. These attempts have been uniformly resisted and disallowed. The like has been lately sought in California, and came before the Grand Lodge on a question as to the propriety of the practice, which was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence, and from their report, adopted by the Grand Lodge, we make the following extracts:

“If Masons, being about to engage, or already engaged, in a private enterprise seek by any means whatever to induce the public to believe that their enterprise is, or is to be, conducted under the auspices, or under the control and management, or upon the credit and responsibility of the fraternity of Masons, they are guilty of a fraud upon the public and an outrage upon Masonry, and should be dealt with accordingly. As to the public they are seeking its confidence under false pretences and are unworthy to be trusted; and as to Masonry, they regard not its good name among men, but for their own private gain, would expose it to the risk of bearing all the odium necessarily attendant upon possible mismanagement and failure.

“We have never failed to hear it inculcated that the true spirit and object of the fraternity on this question is, not to enable us to make gain, but to lead its lovers and followers to willingly help, aid and assist those who, by force of adversity and misfortune, make mute or expressed appeals to its humanities for relief. This spirit, which we believe to be plain and clear, seems to us to denounce, as a mean perversion of the ancient integrity and honor of our order, every attempt that any Mason may make in the direction to which the question submitted points, for the purpose of filling coffers or pockets. Its symbols and emblems, its signs and tokens, its name and fame, its rank and honorable titles, belong not to an individual for his own use

and benefit, but are talents intrusted to him to be used for special and exclusive purposes. These purposes are purely Masonic, and there is no reasonable excuse for misapprehension of their true nature and lawful use. That Masonry, or anything which is identical with it, is intended or contemplated to be hawked about and used in the business pursuits and struggles of men, as capital for making money or for the advancement of their mere personal triumphs, is the grossest perversion of noble aims and the most cheating of popular fallacies. We know that its purposes are higher, nobler and less selfish; and if we err in our strong convictions of what Masonry truly means and plainly teaches, then we have been badly taught and most cruelly deceived.

"Your committee present to the Grand Lodge their opinion that Master Masons, individually or associated, violate the true spirit and unwritten laws of Masonry when use is made of the name or the emblems of Masonry for the purpose of advertising their business; and further, that the Masons connected with the so-called 'Masonic Savings Bank,' of San Francisco, do not violate the 'laws and edicts of the Grand Lodge,' because no special law or edict upon that subject exists; but that the use of the name 'Masonic,' for their corporation, violates the true spirit and unwritten law of Masonry, and that it would be a correct assertion of its dignity, and is due to the fraternity, that the Grand Lodge declare that it does not give countenance to and has no sympathy with such misuse."

This report is an unanswerable argument against all such unhallowed uses of the sacred mysteries of our fraternity.—*Keystone.*

THE STRONG FOUNDATIONS.

POEM.

Composed for the occasion of the Masonic gathering at Wilmington, Delaware, June 12, 1874, and respectfully dedicated to Most Worshipful J. P. Allmond, Esq., Grand Master of Delaware,

BY BRO. ROBERT MORRIS.

[The Temple built by Solomon, after standing 420 years, was totally destroyed by the Chaldeans under Nebuchadnezzar. Its successor, erected by Zerubbabel, stood nearly 500 years. It was taken down by Herod, and replaced by a third. The temple of Herod, after standing about 100 years, was destroyed by the Romans under Titus. The Mosque of Omar, occupying the original site of those three edifices, has stood about 1,200 years.

But amidst all these changes, covering nearly thirty centuries, the foundations laid by the builders of Solomon, *have remained unmoved.* Composed of weighty stones, artistically laid together, each designated by the private mark of its quarrymen,—the stones anchored together, and to the sides of Mount Moriah, by bars of iron and lead, the Great Foundation Wall, 1000 feet thick, and 1,500 feet long, stands, after defying alike the ravages of barbarism, and the force of the earthquakes, and the silent efforts of time, for 3,000 years. And so *it will stand,* until the fiat of the Great Architect of the universe shall declare "time shall be no longer!"

It is so with the system of Masonry. Its foundations, composed of the grandest

principles ever communicated by God to man, *stand as they ever have stood* unmoved amidst all the changes of time. Lodges and Grand Lodges may perish, the opposition of evil men may raze our Halls and Temples to the ground, our order may be villified and made unpopular by war from without, and the evil conduct of unworthy Brethren within, but our Foundation "standeth sure, having this seal,—the Lord knoweth them that are His!"

When the appointed time had come,
 And Israel, from his mountain home,
 Came up by SOLOMON'S command,
 To lay, in state, the CORNER-STONE,
 And build the TEMPLE high and grand,
 An EDIFICE that God would own,—
 The MONARCH by a just decree,
 Thus set the Law, eternally:

"Lay your FOUNDATIONS deep! the FANE
 "May not, to distant age remain;
 "The tooth of time may gnaw its side;
 "The foe deface its golden pride;
 "Pillar, Pilaster, height and base,
 "May mingle, in one foul disgrace;—
 " But with FOUNDATIONS deep and wise,
 " Other and nobler works will rise,
 " And, till the earth in ruin sink,
 " Some structure crown Moriah's brink!"

The people bowed obedient head:
 HIRAM, THE ARCHITECT, began,
 By long and wise experience led—
 (How sadly to our spirits come
 The memories of that good man's doom!)
 To justify the Monarch's plan:
 From mighty quarries raised the rock
 In Ashlars huge and weighty drew, —
 See, yet, they rise upon the view,
 In spite of time and earthquakes' shock!
 Until there stood as yet there stands,
 The grandest pile of human hands;
 A SURE FOUNDATION, deep and wise,
 On which the noblest works may rise.

Craftsmen! ye build but for a day,
 Unless these precepts you obey!
 How oft we see within our land,
 A structure reared upon the sand!
 Its walls—magnificent they rise;
 Its towers—they pierce the very skies;

Crowds, through its *portals* eager pass ;
 Beauty and rank its altars grace,
 And then,—*the storm has blown*,—'tis gone
 From turret-top to corner-stone !

Craftsmen ! the lesson heed and keep,—
 Lay your FOUNDATIONS wise and deep !

LABORS FOR FREEMASONRY.

There is hardly a day passes over our heads but we hear of some old friend and brother Mason leaving the phalanx, falling out by the way, so to say, sometimes overborne by years of sorrows, to whom rest comes as a glad ending to many Masonic labors, or to the honest soul "weary with the march of life." Very few people are at all aware, and even very few Masons seem to realize, how very great, sometimes, are the sacrifices some of our good brethren make for Masonry. We seem to think it a very easy thing, as it is a very common thing, to see the brethren assembled in the Lodges for private work, or in the provincial meeting, or at some Masonic ceremony, or at Grand Lodge communications. We hear their well-known voices, we listen to their cheering words, we are delighted with their admirable work, and we are impressed with their Masonic eloquence. We little think, perhaps, as we seldom know, how many sacrifices that worthy Brother and Past Master has made to be there, to fulfill his appointment, to keep his promise in order to help, or influence, or delight his brethren. It may be he has left a struggling family at home, and made a long journey, at an expense he could ill afford, to give pleasure to an ephemeral meeting, which separates, as if it was all right, and the 'most natural thing in the world, that that well-known brother should have come all that long distance for their sole gratification and behoof. They put it down to his zeal for Freemasonry, and talk of him as a worthy and zealous Mason.

And all the while it may be a grave question of prudential morals whether, poor fellow ! he ought to have been there at all ; whether that money, so ill wanted at home, did not properly belong, "a priori," to his wife and children ; whether he was justified in taking so long a journey, and incurring such expense, merely to add *eclat* to a Lodge gathering, or delight a crowded room with an eloquent after-dinner speech. Many a good brother of ours, whom we have known in days of earnest work of all kinds, has often, as we know, made many a self-sacrifice, put himself much about (though too proud to complain of the burden), in order that the brethren might not be disappointed—in order that the allotted programme might be duly carried out. Now, we may lay it down as axiomatic and incontestible that no one can travel about for Masonry without much expense of various kinds, and that there are a great many good brethren of ours whose time and talents are freely offered to the service of the brethren to whom such inevitable charges are alike a burden and serious consideration. Many a zealous, earnest Mason goes on working to the last, and speaking here, lecturing there, reanimating the old, and cheering the young, and all the while amid the comfort, and even splendor, of Lodge banquets, his thoughts must revert to those who, after all, have the first claim upon him, and are leading a life of very strict self-denial, and open privation, at home.—*London Freemason.*

THE TRUE MISSION OF FREEMASONRY.

[From the London Freemason]

It is very remarkable how of late years the popular estimation of Freemasonry has been clearly rising in the great open market of English thought and opinion. As long as our useful and excellent Order took the form, to a great extent, of a secret and social assembly—as long as it bore among men in general the reputation of a harmless but mainly convivial fraternity—so long, for most part, with the exception of those who had courage to lift the veil of our Masonic Isis—the greater part of society took the easy but general explanation of what it was, and what it professed both to be and to do. In short they accepted our own valuation of ourselves. But when, gradually, Freemasonry, so to say, detached itself from its social character, the merely convivial aspect (though sociality must always be a great characteristic of our Order, and, we will add, innocent conviviality), from the hour that Freemasonry exhibited clearly to the world that its profession and practice went hand in hand, immediately many saw good in Freemasonry who had never seen it before, and the world, which is generally guided, as is society, to a great extent, by the opinions of the many rather than the few, chimed in at once with expressions of admiration and of praise. And hence, we are inclined to think that the world is sometimes right—that is, it is not always wrong—in the views it entertains of things and persons and events.

We wish to impress upon our readers that this active manifestation of our great principles, which has so struck men and society, is, after all, the true mission of Freemasonry. We have nothing to do with politics, that is quite clear; we have no concern with the polemics of denominationalism, or that "odium theologicum" which some writers tell us is the bitterest of all hatreds. We have little interest in the passing frivolities of the hour, and less in the outward exhibitions of folly or fashion; but, as Freemasons, we profess to be tolerant and kindly, large-hearted and fraternal, looking beyond the narrow limits of local, or national, or sectarian divisions, and regarding with sympathy and interest every "brother of the dust." Yet, as we also know that true charity begins at home, we equally believe that that is falsely called true charity which, indulging in high-flown sentimentality or unreal emotions, neglects those who have the first claim upon its heart and means, and leaves them to suffering or privation, while it relieves with an overstrained zeal those who are far away, and who might fairly look to their own friends for succor and support. So Freemasonry first of all cares for her own. And we in England have of late years shown how fully we value the privileges of Freemasonry

and enter into the spirit of our teachings, as loyal members of our beneficent Order, that we have munificently aided every form of Masonic benevolence and utility, which seemed to have a fair claim on our liberality, to call for our ready assistance, or to invoke our cheerful support. Thus we have, both in the metropolis and by our provincial grants, by large sums from our benevolent funds, by constant donations from our Lodge pedestals, alike assisted increasing indigence or failing old age, relieved the widow and the unfortunate, and educated with an unsparing liberality the orphan daughters and sons of our deceased or less prosperous brethren. Whatever opinions some may still entertain of Freemasonry, however some foolish prejudice may still linger, however unfounded impressions may still survive, however the mistaken views of earnest religionists may question the propriety of our broad platform, or the expansiveness of our unsectarian teaching, none will venture to assert that our works of charity and utility are not alike deeds of mercy and labors of love. Above the din of human controversy, over the strife of tongues surmounting the Babel of wild struggles and confusion, there rises, again so to say, as once before, angelic voices sweetly singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." This is ever the true motto of Freemasonry; for in relieving distress, in succoring old age, in providing for weakness, in mitigating misfortune, in training up the young orphan children of our Brotherhood, and fitting them as well as we can for the sterner battle of life, we are indeed showing that we love our neighbors as ourselves, that we are alive to the true mission of Freemasonry, that we are intent on practising its unchanging precepts, and that we have indeed realized how true it is that "Charity, like its divine sister Mercy, is twice blessed, in that it blesses him who gives, as well as him who receives." How beautiful is the picture thus represented to the mind's eye of the reflecting Freemason. Freemasonry is endeared to us by many warm and active memories of the past. It recalls happy hours and faithful friends, summons up even now, amid prevailing sorrow or depressing care, a vision of "cari luoghi" in days of yore, when we found in the select circle of a genial friendship, many a pleasant and refreshing season amid the trying calls of duty or the continuous exertions of business and of toil. But beyond this, and above this, Freemasonry is invested for us with still more radiant lures of beauty and of grace, when it comes to us clothed in the garb of charity. Then we feel how great and good a thing Freemasonry really is, how admirable the institution, how wise its aims, how noble its end. Thus raised above the passing interests of the day, we see at once how real, after all, is the true mission of Freemasonry, and in what it indeed consists. Not in angry strife or uncharitable debate, not in the prolix utterances of mournful "outcome" of censoriousness or detraction, not in the per-

petuation of angry feelings or hostile camps, but in the peaceful avowal of a universal sympathy, and the glad belief of a universal brotherhood. Here, then, we venture to think, is the true mission of Freemasonry and those who, like us, thus make Freemasonry mean both the practical development of charity and mercy and sympathy, who believe that otherwise Freemasonry sinks into an aggregation of useless ornamentation or garish show, they will ever hail that happy and onward movement in our honored English Craft, which has of late years placed Freemasonry in its true position before our fellow-citizens, has promoted so greatly the true cause of Masouic liberality and benevolence, has conferred countless blessings on young and old, the happy recipients of the generous and sympathetic alms of our fraternity, and is a lasting proof, if proof be needed, that we in England, at any rate, as faithful brethren of our good old Order, thoroughly understand and practically carry out the true mission of Freemasonry in the world.

LABOR AND PROGRESS.

Freemasonry is emphatically a working institution. Work, mental and physical, is practically taught in every lesson of the mystic science. From the time the initiate enters within the portals of the Temple, the duty of practical labor is enjoined in the symbolic instructions given him, as well as in the illustrations of the ceremonials and different degrees of Masonry. As an entered apprentice, representing Youth, he is expected to apply himself to acquiring a knowledge of the duties pertaining to his probationary position, to prepare himself for more active usefulness in a higher sphere, that of a fellow-craft, representing manhood. Having acquired a knowledge of those duties, which, voluntarily assumed, he has obliged himself to, and exemplified practically that the lessons taught him were impressed upon his heart and conscience, and that he is prepared for further advancement, the veil is uplifted and he is led onward to assume higher duties and additional obligations as a fellow craftsman. There can be no progress without labor, and advancement in Masonry is, or ought to be, based upon an intelligent application of the teachings imparted to the candidate. The indolent novitiate, who will not apply himself to the proper study of Masonry as far as he has received the light, or practically exemplify its teachings in his daily life, ought never to be advanced beyond the portals of the temple.

As a hewer of wood or drawer of water, he should be held in a subservient position, as a learner, an apprentice. The diligent student alone has a right to advancement, to further progress in our mystic science. Those alone ought to be promoted to the degree of fellow-craft, and in due time to the sublime degree of a master Mason. The titles of the several degrees indicate that of a learner, a proficient, and a master or teacher. The Master's degree, implies that the novitiate and probationary periods are passed, and although representing the time of life when men ordinarily are expected to cease from their active duties, it is then that the true Freemason because of his temperate and regular course of life, having lived in accordance with the teachings of the institution, which are based upon the laws of nature and of nature's God,

is in the possession of both mental and bodily vigor, and well qualified from his mature age and experience, to be a teacher in Israel.

As development and progress, both mental and physical, necessarily result from a strict observance of the laws of nature, and the active exercise of our faculties in harmony with the design of the Creator, so the true Freemason, from the time of his entrance into our mystic society, will progress in wisdom and knowledge, will unfold the divine nature of his being; his faculties will expand with age so long as he is capable of active usefulness, and even as is taught in the legend of the Master's degree—when passed to a higher sphere, when *raised* from the earthly to the invisible world, the spirit, of its mortal body entirely divested, will continue as in his life, unceasingly to develop and progress onward and onward, from one degree of excellence to a higher. In God's world progress is impressed upon all His works. In man, created in His likeness, ultimates the ideal of His creatures, and in and through man the grand design of the Creator will be perfected.

Indolence and inactivity are incompatible with progress, and consequently are inconsistent with Masonic obligations and duties. The teachings of Masonry are in harmony with God's laws, and labor, even when called off, at refreshment, does not cease. And neither is the work of Masonry confined to the Lodge room; it is there are taught those lessons which are to be exemplified in our daily life and practice, and in our intercourse with our fellow man.

The workingman alone is the true Mason. The indolent, the ignorant, those who neither acquire a knowledge of the true objects and purposes of Freemasonry, are stumbling blocks and impediments to the progress of the institution in its great humanitarian designs.— *Corner Stone.*

USE OF SILENCE.

A pity that so few people understand the effects of well timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by compliant and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly

imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as a refuge for the tired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having the "last word."

AN EXPLANATION OF THE LETTER G.

Some years ago a flashingly dressed individual made his appearance one evening in the reception room of the Masonic Temple in Boston, and intimated his desire to visit the Lodge then in session. It so happened that a well-known Brother was sitting near the door chatting with the Tyler and keeping his weather eye open for imposters, in accordance with a habit he has acquired from many years experience in keeping watch over the strong box of the Grand Lodge. He greeted new comer cordially and invited him to be seated until a committee should come out and examine him.

"Oh! it's no matter about that. I'm all right," said the applicant, making sundry strange passes with his hands and curious contortions of his visage.

"Oh! yes;" said Brother Mc, "I've no doubt of that, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the Lodge. It's a mere matter of form, you know."

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently.

"Certainly," said the watchful Brother, "you're all right. I should know that at a glance. By the way, that's a very handsome breastpin you have," said he examining with great interest a huge gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom.

"Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, puffing out his breast.

"Indeed? Letter G? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"Letter G! Why that *stands for Jerusalem*—a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know."

The committee found their work had been performed and used the letter G rather freely. They advised the visitor "to get up and git."—*New England Freemason.*

THERE are forty-three Grand Lodges in the United States; besides these, there are five in British America, viz; Canada, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and British Columbia—making in all forty-eight, with 8646 subordinate Lodges and 554,758 members.

MASONIC ITEMS.

IT is hoped the new Masonic Temple in New York will be consecrated next fall.

THE three tenets of a Freemason's profession are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. Truth has been denominated the column of Wisdom, Brotherly Love the column of Strength, and Relief the column of Beauty.

MASONS are not free, in the sense in which this word is used; they are positively bound by absolute laws; they are the slaves of truth and of their word. Unqualified obedience is their duty. The profane are free: the Mason is not.

THE proverb that "God helps those who help themselves" was well paraphrased by a little fellow who tumbled into a fountain and was nearly drowned. Pale and dripping, he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him, Young America answered: "I 'spose God did save me, but then I held on to the gwass, too."

A FREEMASON should be a man of honor and conscience, preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his own life; independent in his opinions and of good morals; submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country and to his family; kind and indulgent to his brethren; the friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.

VISITING BROTHERS are links that unite the ten thousand Lodges of the world into one harmonious chain. They afford us the best means of testing our own Masonic charity, and the integrity of the Order in other jurisdictions. They give us objects for examination, objects for hospitality, and objects for relief. The Lodge which has the most visitors, other things being equal, is the best informed; they who give the most—the recipients being worthy objects—are the most ready to give again.—*Masonic Review*.

NEW MASONIC CEREMONY.—The Washington Territory papers are chuckling over a curious incident that happened in a Lodge during the initiation of a new member. The candidate was in position taking the impressive obligation of the first degree, when the earthquake of the 14th shook the Territory and the Masonic Hall to its foundations. It was a new sensation to the Olympians—Mount Rainer might topple over and crush the town, or Budd's Inlet send a great earthquake wave to engulf it—so the Master and officers and the brethren beat a wild and undignified retreat, carrying the Tyler bodily with them. After the shock had subsided, and their nerves quieted by mutual congratulations and libations, they returned to the body of the Lodge to commence anew their work, and found the candidate in *statu quo*. Upon demanding why he hadn't run, he immediately replied that "he thought the whole thing a part of the ceremony."

Official.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Aug. 20th, 1874.

Question. A petition was presented to our Lodge for initiation, and referred, and after report, was balloted on and the candidate elected. Before proceeding further it was found that he had previously applied to another Lodge and been rejected. What shall we do?

Answer. Having been previously rejected by the other Lodge, he was not within your jurisdiction. You had no right even to receive and refer his petition, and your action was void for want of jurisdiction. Direct your Secretary to make an entry to that effect upon your record and return the petitioner his money. A vote of your Lodge is not necessary to authorize you to take this course.

Question. A member of our Lodge, who was a member of two other societies, died. In his lifetime he had expressed a wish to be buried with Masonic honors. The members of the other secret societies with which he was connected desired to participate in the funeral ceremonies. I acceded to their request, and two pall bearers were appointed from each of the three societies. The funeral ceremonies were performed partly under the direction of the Masons, and partly under the direction of one of the other societies. My conduct on the occasion in joining with the other societies has been criticised, and I desire to know if there is any Masonic rule, edict, or otherwise, which forbids our uniting with other orders in funerals.

Answer. It is not proper for the Masonic Fraternity to co-mingle in its exercises with any other fraternity whatever. It does not seek to press its services or its ceremonies upon any one; but it cannot consent to assume the performance of any ceremony unless it can perform it as an entirety. You should have taken the entire charge of the funeral services, in connection with the services of the church, and none but Masons should have been pall-bearers, or you should have

declined to take any part, officially and Masonically in it. Where we cannot, without violating our customs and usages, take part in such a ceremony officially, there is nothing to hinder us from going as citizens, and, with the friends of the deceased, joining in the performance of funeral rites. As you state your action, it was irregular: but what has been done cannot be recalled.

Question. We held our regular for the election of officers June 23d, and closed in form. The next evening the officers were installed in public, by a qualified officer, without opening the Lodge. Fearing the act was not legal, I desire your opinion.

Answer. Your action was irregular, but the installing ceremonies having been conducted by a duly qualified officer, I do not think them absolutely void. At the next regular meeting of your Lodge the records should show the fact of the installation of officers, and by whom done. I think it would be well if our Grand Lodge would prohibit installations except in the Lodge room in open Lodge; but while the present loose practice relating to installations prevails, I cannot hold your action entirely void.

Question. Has a Lodge a right to vote money from its treasury to relieve the necessities of a destitute non affiliated Mason, or for his funeral expenses?

Answer. Yes. A Lodge has a right to vote money from its treasury for any charitable purpose. A Mason does not cease to be one by ceasing to be a member of the Lodge. In the case which you have supposed, it would be a great wrong if a Mason, who had taken his dimit from one Lodge with a view to joining with others in the work of building up a new Lodge, and before his purpose was accomplished, should be taken sick and die,—and our Masonry would be of little value and entitled to little respect from the world,—should we allow him to suffer simply because he did not happen, at the time to be a member of a Lodge. Masonry existed before Lodges, and the rights of Masons, as such, are independent of membership. I agree that every Mason should be a member of some Lodge, but failing to be a member of the

Lodge temporarily, is not necessarily a Masonic offense. Our Lodges I think, should be so conducted as to make it desirable for all non-affiliated Masons to become members with us, for the purpose of promoting their own good and their own happiness. If we undertake, however, to force them into membership we shall neither do them good nor strengthen ourselves; for membership as well as Masonry, should be purely voluntary.

Question. A candidate for advancement is rejected. Must there be a re-examination as to proficiency before another ballot can be taken.

Answer. Yes.

Replying to questions as to the duty of members during sessions of the Lodge, I answer: It is the duty of the members of the Lodge to obey the orders of the W. M. during Lodge hours. The responsibility rests with him. If he exercise his power arbitrarily, he will be subject to criticism. In case members refuse to obey the orders of the W. M., they are subject to charges for such disobedience.

WM. L. WEBBER,
Grand Master.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
KALAMAZOO, MICH., Sept. 20th, 1874.

THE COMPILED LAW.

The compilation of the Masonic Law of this Grand Jurisdiction is now completed and the volumes are ready for distribution, and will be sent to subscribing Lodges and Brethren as rapidly as possible.

Its preparation was ordered early in the year by Grand Master Webber, *provided*, a sufficient number of copies should be ordered to defray the expense of publication and avoid all drafts on the Grand Lodge Treasury. A circular, sent to all the Lodges in May last, announced the project; the matter of which the compilation would consist; the style of binding; the cost of each style; and asked the subscriptions of Lodges and Brethren. Subscriptions came in slowly; and it was not till the last of July, that the number of copies ordered justified undertaking the work. On the 22d of July, the contract was made for the printing and binding, since when, the work has proceeded as

rapidly as the care and time, necessary to secure accuracy, would permit. The work is now done—and done, too, in a *manner* which, it is believed, is in keeping with the importance of the *matter*, the dignity of Grand Lodge, and to the satisfaction of the Craft.

To correct misunderstanding and to avoid unnecessary correspondence, the Grand Secretary desires to say: that, as the work has not been published at *the expense* of Grand Lodge, the volume will not be furnished *free*, to any Grand Lodge Officer nor to any Lodge, except on the order of the Grand Master;

That its sale, at the price fixed, is necessary to defray the actual cost of its publication;

That, while some extra sheets have been printed, to supply those who may hereafter order the work, only so many copies have been *bound* as are needed to fill the orders heretofore made;

That orders may yet be made by Lodges and Brethren; and when made, copies will be bound to fill them;

That, while the work has not been done at the expense of Grand Lodge, it is not, on the other hand, a *private* enterprise of the Grand Secretary nor of any other person or persons; and that, if by the sale of copies made up from the extra sheets printed, the actual cost of the work, (as per contract with the publishers,) shall be more than defrayed, the excess will be paid into the Treasury of Grand Lodge; and,

That the labor of compilation has been done under the orders of the Grand Master by the Grand Secretary, in his *official* and not in any *individual* capacity.

The work, as published and neatly bound in blue and gold, makes a handsome octavo volume of one hundred and twenty-three pages. It contains, (as announced in the circular issued in May,) the Ancient Charges and Constitutions; The Grand Lodge Constitution; Regulations of Chartered Lodges; Grand Lodge By-Laws and Rules of Order; Blank Forms for the Lodge and Grand Lodge; the Standing Orders and Resolutions of Grand Lodge; the principal Decisions of Grand Master McCurdy, made under the new law and approved by Grand Lodge; The Penal Code, as recommended to the Lodges by Grand Lodge at its last annual communication; the Act Incorporating Grand Lodge and the Corporate By-Laws and Blank Forms; and a copious and carefully prepared Analytical Index of the Grand Lodge Constitution, Regulations and By-Laws, together with a general index to the entire volume.

The price, bound in blue and handsomely lettered in gold is 45 cents and—neatly bound in paper—pamphlet form—30 cents.

The unbound sheets of the work will enable the Grand Secretary to fill a limited number of orders; and it is hoped that each Lodge in the Grand Jurisdiction, that has not done so, will at once order such num-

ber of copies as may be required to supply the wants of the Lodge and of its members.

N. B.—To save trouble and mistakes and to simplify the accounts kept, all Brethren, who wish to order copies for their individual use, are requested to make their orders *through their respective Lodges*; by so doing, they will enable the Grand Secretary to keep his accounts with *Lodges only*. To avoid loss and prevent controversy about remittances, the money should be forwarded by Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Express.

Fraternally,

FOSTER PRATT,

Grand Secretary.

LOUISIANA RELIEF FUND.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER.

EAST SAGINAW, Aug. 25th, A. L. 5874.

Foster Pratt, M. D., Grand Secretary:

R. W. Bro:—Enclosed I send you a list of contributions received on account of the Louisiana Relief Fund since my last report, to and including this date.

The total amount received from *eighty-five* Lodges is \$1-593.55, all which, (except \$8.50 received too late to be included,) has been remitted to R. W. Bro. James C. Batchelor, M. D., Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

Fraternally Yours,

WM. L. WEBBER, *Grand Master.*

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS.

Received prior to July 7th, and published in July number of FREEMASON,....\$1,223 85

NAME OF LODGE.	NO.	DATE REC'ED.	AM'NT.	NAME OF LODGE.	NO.	DATE REC'ED.	AM'NT.
Cheboygan,-----	283	July 8th	\$ 24 85	Peninsular,-----	214	" 24th	10 00
Trenton,-----	8	" "	10 00	Battle Creek,-----	12	" 25th	10 00
Star,-----	93	" 9th	5 00	Lansing,-----	38	" 80th	10 00
Saginaw Valley,-----	154	" "	20 00	S. O.,-----	66	" "	5 00
Jenisonville,-----	U D.	" 10th	9 85	Three Rivers,-----	57	" "	21 00
Ashlar,-----	91	" "	50 00	Schiller,-----	263	Aug. 5th	84 50
Big Rapids,-----	171	" 17th	10 00	Ancient Landm'k	303	" 8th	18 00
Valley City,-----	86	" "	50 00	Centre,-----	273	" 18th	10 00
Bay City,-----	129	" "	15 00	Fowlerville,-----	164	" 19th	20 00
Greenville,-----	96	" "	10 00	Tawas City,-----	302	" 21st	15 00
Wenona,-----	256	" 21st	5 00	Carson City,-----	306	" 25th	8 50

Received since last report,----- \$ 369 70
 Received as per report in July,----- 1,223 85
 Total receipts,----- \$1,593 55
 Total remittances,----- 1,585 05
 On hand,----- \$ 8 50

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

THE OPINIONS OF AUTHORS NOT LAW.

EDITOR FREE MASON :—At our last regular I applied for a dimit. I was told by the W. M. that, by the Regulations, I was required to give my reasons, and that, by a decision of Grand Master McCurdy these reasons must be in writing. I gave them in writing, as required ; but the Lodge refused to grant my request. Has the Lodge the right to do this ? Mackey (page 235, fifth edition) says, “A Mason, being in good standing, *has a right* to claim a dimit and the Lodge *cannot withhold it.*”
Fraternally,

J. C. B.

Answer. Section 8 of Article 16 of our Regulations provides, that a Brother “*may* apply for a Dimit” and “the Lodge *may* grant” it. The application to the Lodge involves both the right and the power of the Lodge to *grant* or *refuse* the application—for good reasons—it being the judge of the sufficiency of its own reasons. This is the Law of this Grand Jurisdiction.

We are induced to publish the above, not because of any novelty or special importance in the question asked and answered, but because of the allusion to Bro. Mackey as *authority* or *law* in matters governed by the Regulations of this Grand Jurisdiction. This confusion of ideas, as to what is and what is not Law, is by no means uncommon. And as the volume, of the Compiled Law of this Jurisdiction, is about going out into all parts of the State to be read and studied by Masons, old and young, expert and inexpert in questions of Jurisprudence, we are moved to say a word, on this point, for the benefit of the young student.

The provisions of our *Statutes* and the opinions of *authors* are frequently at variance on important questions of Masonic Jurisprudence. These differences are often a cause of serious embarrassment to Lodges and of unseemly disputes among

Brethren. That it should be so, sometimes seems almost marvelous; for no sane man, who knows anything about the action of civil courts or the effect of civil law, would dream of disobeying the statutes of this State because some *author* might hold them to be wrong; or of putting the *opinion* of a lawyer, however celebrated, above a *Law* of the State or of the United States. The only purpose for which a reasonable man would attempt to do this, would be to determine the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the law,—nothing else.

The relation that *authors* sustain to *Law*, is the same in Masonic as in Common Jurisprudence: and it is only necessary to remind those unversed in the former, that a Book or Treatise on Masonic Law (like those written by Mackey, Lockwood, Simons and others,) only declares what, in the author's opinion, the law *ought to be*; that a difference of opinion being among the most common and necessary incidents in the operations of human judgment, these distinguished authors, as might be expected, do not agree with each other; that Grand Lodge is often compelled, by these very differences of opinion, between authors and members of its own body, to decide, by Statute or otherwise, what the rule, on any given subject, shall be within its proper Jurisdiction; and that, until altered or repealed or declared unconstitutional, such statute or regulation is *the Law* of that Jurisdiction—all Books, Treatises and authors, however distinguished, to the contrary notwithstanding.

HOW MANY VISITS?

Editor Free Mason:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Please inform us, in your next issue, *how often* a Mason, from a Foreign Jurisdiction, can visit our Lodge; he having *nothing to show* for his *standing*, but takes the obligation, on admission, and is vouched for as a Mason?

Answer. The italics, in the above, are our own, and are used to indicate what we understand to be the *real point* of the question. Our Regulations permit an unlimited number of visits by an *affiliated* Mason in good standing; but limit the

visits of a *resident* unaffiliate to *three*, and of a *non-resident* unaffiliate to *one* visit.

If a Lodge be in doubt, whether or not a visiting Brother be affiliated and in good standing, the Secretary should write to the Lodge from which he hails, and ascertain *the facts*. If he be reported by a regular Lodge, to be a member in good standing, no limit can be put to the number of his visits, except by the prerogative of the W. M., the vote of the Lodge or an objection by one of its members. If he be in good standing, but *unaffiliated*, he can visit but *once* or *three times*—once, if a non-resident and three times, if a resident of your jurisdiction: if *not* in good standing, whether affiliated or not, he, of course, cannot visit at all.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

DELAY.

We regret to be under the necessity of making apologies for the delayed publication of the September number of the Magazine. But an explanation of the delay, at least, is due to its readers; and it is perhaps enough to say, that it is due to the necessity of hastening forward the printing and publication of the volume of Compiled Law. That is now disposed of; and the Editor and Publishers hope that no other cause will occur to to prevent, hereafter, the prompt appearance of the Magazine when due.

HOME AND ITS BULWARKS.

Man, alone, or by himself is a fraction: woman, alone, or by herself, is also a fraction: while isolated neither can give or receive half the happiness of which human nature is capable; the great purpose of human existence, which consists in doing good and getting good, is practically defeated;

the most powerful incentives to useful effort fail to be felt; and life, aimless and useless, soon becomes a burden, or, is devoted to purposes that degrade humanity to the level of the beast or the vegetable.

A man and a woman, joined by a true and pure love in a real matrimony, cease to be fractions and become a *unit*—the true and only social unit. Their dwelling place becomes the *home*—(a word wonderfully rich in significance—) around the home cluster children, cares, hopes, fears, labors, property, enterprises, joys and sorrows. The home becomes a type—a type of society, of the nation, of the world. It is, in itself, a little world and an epitome of all that humanity can do or be.

Society is but the aggregation of such units; and the aggregation of societies makes the state; but the “corner stone” of the whole structure is the *home*; and the spirit, the life, the significance, the power of the home is in the *human unit* that vivifies it and determines its value. It is impossible even to imagine a society (as we understand the term.) made up of isolated, ununited and fractional men and women without homes. Society and social order, the State and civil order, founded as they are wholly on homes and all that homes include, would soon become chaos and confusion, if men should cease to be held obedient and submissive, to wholesome civil restraints, by the power of home and its dear “hostages.” Blot out home and all that home means to man, and civilization would soon descend to barbarism and barbarism to the death of the race.

The home and the family relation being the foundation of all society, the great purpose and function of the social organization, in turn, is to cherish and protect the home. The State honors and shields it, religion and the church hallow and sanctify it. The civil law throws its broad shield over its material interests and jealously guards its purity, its “life, liberty and property;” the moral law erects barriers around its purity and summons the aid of civil law to defend and protect it from all its foes, by punishing the traitor within the citadel as well as the mining enemy without.

Masonry, too, draws her mystic circle around a brother's home and places her mystic mark on his threshold. What

Mason would presume to invade that circle with unholy thoughts, or dare to tread that threshold with an unholy purpose? Death may invade such a home, may destroy its head, and the charmed circle but grows brighter and broader around those who remain; poverty and misfortune may drive a dead brother's widow and children out into the inhospitable, unfeeling world; but that mystic circle, like a halo, environs them wherever they go and becomes, itself, a fortress to the innocent maiden, destitute widow and helpless orphan.

If such be the sanctity and the fundamental importance of the home—if the strongest instincts of the human heart conspire to establish and maintain it—if social order and civil law combine to defend it—if religion and the church unite to hallow and sanctify it—and if Masonry and the spirit of fraternity enter into solemn obligations to cherish and protect it, what shall be said of the man—nay, what should be the fate of that man, who, in the guise of a friend, but with a serpents' purpose, steals into a brother's home to spoil his treasures—who enters the citizen's "castle" to violate his rights—or who invades the devotee's sanctuary to rob him of his Household Gods?

In such a case, the civil law, whose cobweb of evidence and technicalities is conveniently strong for small offenders and conveniently weak for great ones, may let him go scot free; the moral law, converted by too many of its professed exponents, into a mantle of charity and a Pool of Bethesda for conspicuous sinners, too often bids him go and sin no more; Masonic Law, we are proud to know and say, seldom failing to do all in its power, sends the fraternal traitor, branded with infamy, like Cain, out into the world to be a by-word and a reproach among all honorable men.

But next to an incorruptible virtue, the chief bulwark of home and of the virtue and honor that make it what it is, is, after all, a law much lower than the moral, masonic or civil code—it is the law of an instinct which man shares with the brute, and which goes the depredator to a bloody death. We may moralize and roll up hypocritical eyes about the recognition of such a fact; but, right or wrong, it is no less a fact; that nothing so much deters men from an adulterous

invasion of homes and firesides as the fear of that instinct, common to the male vertebrate, which respects no law, fears no law, knows no law but that implanted by the Creator, and which dooms the deliberate adulterer to death.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IDLE STRIFE.—How accurately the following sentiment, from Wordsworth, describes the origin of many battles that have been fought by theologians, scientists, politicians and even Masons! If the Devil be the boyish imp he is described to be—loving mischief for the sake of mischief—we can easily imagine his sardonic sympathy with the vanquished, who, in losing the battle, have lost nothing but their life perhaps, or their time and their temper: or, his sardonic gravity, while congratulating the victors, who, in gaining a battle, have gained nothing, but blows and bad blood:

“ We have an idea—make a *word*
 Too feeble t' express our thought—
 Too false t' unite us or control;
 And, for the *word itself*, we fight
 In bitterness of soul.”

ON THE 20th of August last, the Corner-Stone of Odd Fellows Hall, Detroit, was laid by the proper authorities of that Order. The address, of the occasion, was delivered by Hon. John N. Ingersoll, of Corunna, who is, we believe, R. W. Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in this State. The address, as a whole, was exceedingly interesting and able; and from it we clip a courteous and fraternal allusion to the Masons of Michigan, as associated with Odd Fellows on the occasion of laying the Corner-Stone of our new State Capitol at Lansing, a year ago. He says:

“ Let us then rejoice in the signs of the times, in the progress of affiliated brotherhood. Why were heard but recently, in one of the inland cities of our State, the heart-thrilling strains of martial music, lifting the air with the heavy boom of the drum, and causing sky and earth to fling back in echoing joy the startling blare of clarion and bugle? Why did the lengthened file of covenanted brethren issue from their secret chambers into the broad glare of open day? Why the glittering emblazonry of significant regalia, speaking to the eye of the initiated, in language clearer and stronger than letters graven on stone, of Heaven derived, world-wide, eternity-enduring principles of virtue and humanity? Why the rushing together of the gazing multitude? Another temple was to be dedicated to the Master Builder of the universe, in the name of “faith, hope and charity,” by an ancient fraternity, who for ages have withstood the sneers of bigotry and the assaults of narrow-minded prejudice. God of Heaven, grant to them an eternity of duration, while the rallying words of our beloved order “friendship, love and truth,” are borne on every breeze, mingling with the sweet breathings of “faith, hope and charity.”

WE ARE indebted to Sir Knight Innis, the V. E. Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of this State, for a copy of its Proceedings for 1874. The literary and typographical execution is excellent—worthy of the Grand Body whose doings it records, and a credit, every way, to all concerned in its preparation and publication.

A BROTHER of Washtenaw Lodge, No. 165, has been swindled out of eight dollars by an imposter, claiming to hail from Lodge No. 510, Elizaville, Kentucky. This Lodge reports him to be an imposter travelling under several aliases. When will Lodges and Masons learn to be governed, in their charities, by Davy Crockett's maxim—"Be sure you are right—and, then go ahead" !

Tidings from the Craft.

KNIGHTLY COURTESIES.

The Sir Knights of Peninsular Commandery, No. 8, on the evening of Monday, August 31st, started on an excursion to Milwaukee. Besides the fifty odd Sir Knights, in line, were Frank Henderson, E. C. ; W. S. Lawrence, G. ; T. F. Giddings, C. G. ; C. S. d'Arcambal, S. W. ; Edwin Burdick, J. W. ; W. S. White, S. B. ; Geo. W. Beeber, S. B. ; and G. L. Elliott, W. ; Past Grand Master Metcalf and Past Grand High Priest Brown, both of whom are Past E. C.'s of this Commandery, were of the party.

The party went, by a special train, over the line of the M. S. & L' S. R. R. to Grand Haven, where they were joined by the K. T. Band of Grand Rapids, C. A. Jones, leader. As the party marched aboard the steamer Minneapolis, of the Englemann Line, they were met by Sir Knights Huntingdon, Mathews, Greenleaf, Dorris and Rhodes—a committee of Wisconsin Commandery, No. 1, of Milwaukee—who had been sent to welcome and escort their visitors to the "Cream City." Sir Knight Huntington, for the committee, and on behalf of his Commandery, welcomed the visiting party in the following complimentary terms:

Eminent Commander and Sir Knights of Peninsular Commandery :

At a recent meeting of Wisconsin Commandery No. 1, held with reference to your excursion to our city, it was thought proper to send a small delegation to this place to meet you and extend to you their hospitalities during your short stay among us. This we do most cheerfully. We are always happy to welcome neighboring Sir Knights, and particularly so, when they hail from your State, where Knightly hospitalities are so well and cheerfully dispensed, and whose Sir Knights rank so high in the Grand Commandery of the United States. A committee of our Sir Knights have arranged a programme which we hope

will please you, and we shall be very much disappointed if we do not pass a very pleasant day.

Such a style of welcome, though a surprise, could not fail to elicit appreciative recognition and applause.

On behalf of Peninsular Commandery, Sir Knight Metcalf responded to the welcome of the committee, as follows:

Excellent Sir and Sir Knights:

Our Eminent Commander has devolved on me the duty of responding to the courteous welcome to your Knightly hospitalities which you bring to us across the waters of Lake Michigan and have delivered to us here on the confines of our beautiful Peninsula. Summoned, thus suddenly, to meet a surprise so complimentary and gratifying, I cannot command words that will fitly express our heartfelt appreciation of the honor you have done us.

Good men and true you surely must be, to come thus far on a kind if not a glorious undertaking; and though surprised and captured by you, in our own dominions, we do not regard you as enemies or spies and will follow you, with Knightly confidence, to the avenues of your asylum.

On behalf of Peninsular Commandery I thank you and the Sir Knights of Wisconsin Commandery for the honor of this welcome and escort.

The trip across the lake was apparently amusing if not comfortable; for, disappointed in getting the state-rooms and berths engaged for the trip, and having no place to sleep, they were under the necessity of keeping awake. Not unnaturally, under the circumstances, the means adopted to secure this uncomfortable end, *happened* to have the effect of preventing all from enjoying the sleep the wakeful could not share. A chorus of voices and instruments was speedily improvised and the musical performance that followed was illuminated and enlivened by unheard speeches from sleepy orators *en deshabille*, delivered from state-room doors; by the pantomime of masculine gesticulation and of feminine slamming of doors—doors opened only that they *might* be slammed. But, in due time, mattresses covered the floor; the serenaders covered the mattresses, and sleep—such sleep as that renowned Templar, Sancho Panza thanked God for—“covered all, like a blanket.”

The morning dawned foggy, and the party were greeted by the “fog horns” of Milwaukee, as the Steamer entered its harbor. Once comfortably ashore, however, a good breakfast at the Newhall House restored the party to its usual spirits and good humor which, under the influence of fine weather and the knightly hospitality of their hosts, never flagged during the varied entertainments of the day.

We clip a sketch of what followed from the special correspondence of the *Detroit Free Press*.

“After breakfast the visitors were conducted about the city, and the forenoon was spent in sight-seeing. Immediately after dinner the assembly was sounded by the Warder, and the Michigan Knights formed in with their band in front of the Newhall House, where they were met by Wisconsin Commandery, seventy swords, under command of Eminent Commander J. H. Dodge, and Bach’s reed and brass band,

of twenty-four pieces. A procession was formed in the following order.

Squad of Police, Bach's Band; Wisconsin Commandry, No. 1; Grand Rapids Knight Templars' Band; Peninsular Commandry No. 8; carriages; which paraded several of the principal streets, and finally brought up at the Milwaukee and St. Paul depot, where a special train was in readiness to convey them to the Soldiers' Home, a few miles out of the city. The Home was reached at 3.30 and the party were serenaded by the cornet band attached to the institution, under G. Wilkinson, leader. The procession was again formed and marched to the General's house, where they were met by Brigadier-General E. W. Hincks, who is in charge, Surgeon Stearns and Captain Lough who kindly welcomed them, and the General favored the visitors with a short speech. After the speech ample justice was done to the contents of the large punch bowls which graced the tables of the General's home, the fine cigars and the lunch.

At 5 o'clock the party returned to the city and a dress parade—participated in by both Commanderies—was held in front of the Newhall House, at the conclusion of which they were marched to the fine dining halls of the Newhall, where a sumptuous and magnificent repast was awaiting them.

The tables were tastefully arranged with large bouquets of flowers, and the air of the room was perfectly laden down with their perfume, and in addition a fine bouquet was placed at each plate for the guests.

One hundred and thirty persons took seats at the banquet. At the conclusion of the repast short speeches were made by Past Grand Commander Carpenter, Past Grand Master of the United States, Palmer; General Hincks and Sir Knight Metcalf, of Kalamazoo. At ten o'clock the visitors took the boat on their return to their homes."

The Sir Knights of Peninsular Commandery are loud in their praises of the hospitality and kindness of their Wisconsin Brethren: and the following resolutions are added, in testimony of their grateful appreciation of the courtesies received.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a conclave of Peninsular Commandery, No. 8, K. T. of the State of Michigan, held at its Asylum in Kalamazoo on Friday evening September 4th. A. O. 576, or A. D. 1874, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: viz.

Resolved: That our thanks are hereby most cordially tendered—

To the Officers and Sir Knights of Wisconsin Commandry No. 1, K. T. of Milwaukee, for their Knightly and generous hospitality so lavishly bestowed upon us during our late visit to their beautiful city.

To His Honor the Mayor and the Honorable City Officers, for their kind and courteous attention;

To Brig. Gen. Hincks and other officers in charge of the Soldier's Home, for most agreeable and hospitable entertainment;

To the Press of the "Cream City" for its complimentary notices of the occasion.

And to the officials of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R. R. Co. and of the Engleman Line of Steamers, for their efforts to make the trip agreeable and comfortable.

R. W. BRO. THOMAS BIRD HARRIS, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, is dead. His serious illness was noticed in the last number of the Magazine, and the news of his death reached us before most of our readers had heard of his danger. The fatal termina-

tion of his disease occurred on the 18th of August, after a long and painful illness.

He was one of the moving spirits in the original organization of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and has been its Grand Secretary since 1855. His Masonic career, private and official, has been long and honorable, and his death will be severely felt by the Craft in Canada. We made his acquaintance in 1870, and was much impressed by his frank, manly bearing and by the clear, intelligent and comprehensive views expressed by him upon all topics.

His funeral occurred on the 20th following his death, and was attended by the officers of the Grand Lodge and a large number of Brethren and citizens from different parts of the Dominion and the United States. The services were of the usual Masonic character and as reported must have been highly impressive.

By a circular recently received, we are informed that R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason has been appointed Grand Secretary *pro tem* to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Bro. Harris.

DEATH.—At Birmingham of this State, on Saturday morning the 26th inst., Bro. Spencer Raynale breathed his last. He was chairman of the Finance Committee, in last Grand Lodge, and his report on the various financial interests of Grand Lodge was the most elaborate and able that was ever made to our Grand Body. By appointment of Bro. Webber, the present M. W. Grand Master, he was made the Chairman of the important committee on Masonic Law for the present year and for the next Grand Lodge. Bro. Raynale was formerly a law partner of P. G. M. Hugh McCurdy, and at one time prosecuting attorney of Shiawassee County. He had been for a long time Cashier of the First National Bank of Corunna. His age was about forty-eight years, and he had suffered for the last four years with brain disease. Mr. Raynale was a prominent citizen of Shiawassee County, and his loss will be greatly deplored wherever he was known. The Knights Templar of Corunna took the remains of their late comrade to Corunna for interment.

THE CORNER STONE of the Hall of the Mt. Clemens Building Association was laid September 9th, with Masonic ceremonies—R. W. District Deputy A. M. Clark acting as Grand Master. R. W. Bro. H. M. Look, Grand Lecturer, and now a resident of Port Huron, delivered the address, which is reported to us as having given great satisfaction.

The ceremonies were followed by a banquet, *al fresco*, prepared for the occasion, by the ladies of that city.

A LODGE OF INSTRUCTION was held at East Saginaw on the 20th of August. Bro. Look was unable to attend because of sickness, and the District Deputy Grand Master, R. W. Bro. Jas. S. Judson, conducted the business.

THE WASHINGTON MASONIC TEMPLE IN PERIL.

We learn from Bro. William A. Short, of Washington, D. C., that on Sunday afternoon last a dastardly attempt was made by an incendiary to lay in ashes the beautiful Masonic Temple, corner of Ninth and F Streets, Washington City, and but for the promptness and efficiency of the fire department, the Temple would have been completely destroyed. Shortly after five o'clock an immense volume of smoke was seen rushing out of the water-closet directly under the main stairway. The alarm was quickly given and communicated to the watchman at the Medical Museum, on Tenth Street (Ford's old theatre). No. 2 engine was soon on the ground, followed by Nos. 1 and 4 and the truck. Great volumes of smoke were by this time pouring out of the second and third story windows of the Temple on F street nearest to Tenth street. A general alarm was sounded by order of Chief Cronin, who was promptly on the ground, which brought out the entire department. The firemen worked away at a most serious disadvantage; the smoke, as it rolled through the lower rooms in dense black volume, was blinding in the extreme, and prevented the men for a time from entering. Streams of water were poured in until the smoke was somewhat battled down and an entrance effected, and the water directed upon the fire. After an hour's work the progress of the flames was checked, although the smoke filled the entire building, emitting a smell of ignited fat pine.

The firemen were compelled to use their axes in cutting holes in the staunch pine flooring to get at the fire, and after several of the engines had retired from the scene, a plug stream was kept up for a case of emergency. The members of the truck were also on duty at the Temple until 9 o'clock in the evening.

An immense crowd of spectators was present, including hundreds of the Masonic fraternity, among whom the danger to the Temple spread like wild-fire. We sincerely congratulate our Washington brethren upon the deliverance of their Temple from the fire-fiend, and trust that the human-fiend who was its confederate may be speedily apprehended and punished.—*Keystone.*

THE CORNER STONE of the new Court House at Menominee was laid, with Masonic ceremonies, on the 24th inst. We expect to be able to give the particulars in our next issue.

THE DETROIT *Daily Post* pays us the following handsome compliment:

"The *Michigan Freemason*, the organ of the craft in this State has entered upon its sixth volume and seems to be steadily improving both in make-up and patronage. The August number, which has just been received, contains a score or more of articles, original and select, and on topics of interest not only to Masons, but to all persons who wish to keep posted on the social questions of the day. There are also editorial notes and gleanings of Masonic intelligence not found in the daily papers, of special value to members of the brotherhood in Michigan.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, A. L. 5874.—NO. IV.

TAKING IN A LODGER.

[From Locke's National Monthly.]

Michael O'Rafferty was a most unlucky man. He had begun his existence under peculiarly unfortunate circumstances, and indeed he was accustomed to say himself that the most unlucky thing in his life happened to him at its very beginning, and consisted in his being born. The contest between Michael and Ill-luck, like the historical struggle between the dog and the bear, though of longer duration, had been carried on with astonishing evenness; first Fate and subsequently Michael gaining an advantage, so that there was no sort of predicting as to which should finally come out first best. And what was, perhaps, the most unaccountable thing of all was that there was no apparent, or even discoverable reason for this state of things. If Michael had been a drinking man, Father O'Brien would have said his intemperance had proved his ruin; but Michael didn't drink. If he had been a crazy man, the political economist would have cried, "Behold the results of idleness!" But from superintendent to switchman, there was not a more steady-going, faithful man on the Gridiron, Princetown & Pan Handle Railroad than the boss workman of Section No. 4. And even if Michael had been both drunken and lazy, neither of these facts would have accounted for the loss of his right hand little finger, the blemish of his sightless left eye, or the various marks and scars which Fate had managed to inflict upon him at various intervals during the juvenile period of their struggle.

"No; there was not the least possible opportunity for charging any of his misfortunes upon the victim himself even; his wife Mary

understood and acknowledged that, and set down the mishaps of her life upon the proper side, and, like the true, good-hearted woman that she was, gave him credit for all the good, and charged to Ill-luck all that was untoward.

"Moike," said his wife, looking over the earthen teapot one evening, as the frugal supper was finished, "next Thursday is the rent."

"So it is, bad luck to it," answered her spouse, gazing down into his cup, as if he expected to see the money to pay it at the bottom; "but Thursday is a long time away yet."

"Mother, mother," piped Patrick, "Tim Brady says they don't pay no rent."

The remaining five of Patrick's brothers and sisters immediately added their testimony as corroborative of the statement. They would have offered with equal cheerfulness and alacrity, to establish the fact that their own father did "pay rint," but their presence was already sufficient evidence of that unfortunate fact, without any oral testimony.

Mrs. O'Rafferty looked at her husband, but said nothing, and the question at issue was no nearer a settlement than before. Kind soul! she had no heart to speak aloud what she knew too well was passing in her husband's thoughts, nor to remind him that Tim Brady's father came from the "ould country" by the same ship, the one moved by the impulses of a restless and roving disposition, the other urged by a vain and fruitless effort to escape his "Luck." She did not need to remind him that Brady had only been a common laborer when they landed in America, and how by shrewd and unscrupulous efforts he had gradually risen to be a city contractor, having literally paved his way to fortune with inferior materials at first class prices. All this and more Michael saw in the bottom of his cup where the rent ought to have appeared. and yet Mrs O'Rafferty was not an angel, and sad as is it to say, it is highly probable had she counselled her husband to enter upon the paying business contrary to his subsequent decision, she would have hesitated to avail herself of this opportunity to wield a woman's privilege, and remind him of his mistake.

The children had finished the potatoes, and adorned their countenances with the last remnants of the bread and butter, before they scampered out into the summer twilight from sheer disinclination to stay within doors. Their voices trickled into the still air brim full of that childish abandon and freedom from care, to which all questions of finance and "rint" were as though uttered in unknown tongues, and the fateful Thursday was to descend upon the next generation rather than their own. But the parental O'Raffertys still sat at the denuded table. The master of the household looked at that moment as though in truthful language he should be called its servant, since the

demands it made upon his time and thought, none too modest in prosperous times, were now sounding loudly and relentlessly in his ear. Perhaps, as he sat there in the long drawn summer evening, he was thinking of his "Luck," and how it had pursued him relentlessly and vindictively, leering out at him in triumph at moments when he least expected it. It was the "Luck" that had come sneaking into the house under cover of Tommy's illness, and had eaten the little sum of money laid away "fornest" the quarter's rent. Perhaps he was thinking to himself, in a bitter sort of way, it would have been better for Tommy if he hadn't lived, perhaps—

It was Mrs. O'Rafferty's voice that broke the silence, and checked the current of Michael's bitter thoughts, already becoming too intense to control.

"I've just been thinking, Moike," she said, "that belike we might do something for ourselves by takin' in a lodger."

Michael O'Rafferty turned suddenly toward his wife a face that was a broad, unqualified explanation point, fumbled mechanically in his pocket for his short pipe, and then burst into a laugh as hearty as it was Irish.

"By all the saints! and what would that be for?"

"O, well, I can hardly tell," was the smiling reply, "unless because 'there's luck in odd numbers,' as Rory O'Moore used to sing. You see, Moike, we are two, and the childer, there's six o' them, so we're always even numbers. Belike there might be a difference if there was another in the family."

"But where would you put him or who would take care of him?" cried the incredulous Michael.

"We could find the place to put him, never fear," said his wife, and the childer should help to take care of him."

"A power of good the childer would do," answered the man; "childer are such a worry and a trouble, but most of all to poor folks, the likes of us."

"But you wouldn't be angry with me, Moike?" said the wife in a softer tone; "you'll leave it all to me, won't you?"

"Do as you please, Molly," said her spouse; "I'm not the boy to quarrel with you if your ways of thinkin' are different from mine."

The woman turned suddenly toward her husband with a changed look in her face; she moved her lips as though she was about to speak, but the intention was hardly born till it died again, and she turned back slowly toward the table, and began to gather up the dishes that had contained the evening meal.

Meantime the male O'Rafferty, having arisen and lit his pipe, sauntered out into the street and down the quiet sidewalk. Without thought or purpose he turned his steps toward the smoky little village depot

that adhered to the edge of the track like a wen upon the side of a shapely limb. He had well nigh forgotten the trouble of the approaching Thursday, but under its stimulus his plain, honest mind had gone farther out into the subtleties of life than it was wont in the usual rounds of hard, practical, every-day toil. His fast crowding thoughts carried him onward and outward into an unknown sea upon which he drifted as in a rudderless craft. Had he been a scholarly man, he would perhaps have bethought him of the language of the melancholy Dane, and struggled as vainly over the mysterious problem of existence. As it was, the question took ruder shape, but was none the less forcible for all that. And as he walked, the problem kept coming back to him, "What was the good of it all?" and "Where was it all to end?" And still his rudderless craft drifted round and round, and still he fought blindly and bravely against that which he could not understand.

It was by no means a new foe that beat Michael O'Rafferty on that quiet summer afternoon. He was a long-established enemy of the human race who set his fingers at Michael's throat, and sent him restless and harrassed from his home with a tightened feeling at his heart and half-formed curses on his lips. This old enemy was only too well acquainted with all the weak points of mortals, and none knew better than he how to turn an attack so as to wrest from it a victory. None knew better than he how to break down pride, to compromise honor, and to make integrity a by-word and a reproach. Even Satan must have at intervals his twinge of sympathy for the misery of the lost soul in his clutches, but this creature had none. Perhaps this was the reason men feared him more than Satan, for they took great pains to keep out of the clutches of the former, while they trusted largely to the tender mercies of the latter. At any rate Michael's enemy had come to be so generally recognized that he was dreaded as no other power that had permission to work evil upon mankind. And in spite of his different aliases men invariably detected him, and comprehended fully that while he was often called "Ill-luck," and not unfrequently "Crime," his real name was "Poverty."

The autumn followed the summer, slowly, but inevitably as Death follows Life, and the O'Rafferty rent was paid. The juvenile O'Raffertys, careless and sometimes happy, rollicked in the dirt, and grew slowly and unconsciously toward the woes of maturer life; the paternal O'Rafferty toiled doggedly and almost hopelessly at his daily task, and fought his old enemy, with little new prospect of success.

Going down to his work one morning a little before time, Michael overheard, just as he was starting out, the fragments of a conversation between a conductor and the station master, which puzzled him sorely at odd intervals during the day's work. But in the evening, when his

wife had borrowed a paper from a neighbor, he was able to sit down and pick out some of the news about the great excitement at New York. From what he could gather (aided by his wife) he concluded that there had been either a great fire or a great burglary, since somebody had lost so much money that had been "put into stocks." Why this should be such an insecure place to put money Michael could not imagine; the only point on which his mind clearly developed itself, was into a fixed determination never to deposit any of *his* money in such a place. "There was no prospect of any monetary disturbance whatever in consequence," the paper said; "there might and probably would be some uneasiness through the country for the next two or three days, but the business community at large could hardly be effected by it."

But the next morning, when Michael came to the station, there was more talking among the men assembled there, and more news. Several large and prominent firms had failed as well as those already reported. The "uneasiness" that had been so glibly spoken of by the newspapers had developed itself into a terror which spread itself in rapidly advancing waves over the whole country. Men who had money, hoarded it like misers; men who had none sacrificed their goods by thousands to obtain it; business clogged, banks suspended, and the land was swallowed up in panic.

To Michael and his co-laborers all this was vague and delusive, and they were as men who hear the muttering of a far-off storm and yet felt none of its effects. Day by day for the ensuing week the trains rolled in and out from Finchburg, and day by day the section hands went out with the morning and came back with the evening, dusty, and tired, and worn. The workmen toiled on with a blind feeling of security, which came from the belief that, however the panic might effect mankind in general, the Pan Handle, Princetown & Gridiron railroad was invincible.

But all things are prone to come to an end, and so in this case there was an interruption in the monotonous movement of the great railway. The local superintendent, received one dull October day a circular from the general superintendent, which was duly forwarded by the former official to the track master, by whom its contents were communicated to section boss O'Rafferty and the men in his employ. "In view of the present financial and business stringency," so the story ran, "the company announce that they are reluctantly compelled to order a reduction of ten per cent. on the wages of all the employes, to take effect Nov. 1st, 1873." The remainder of the sheet was occupied with some further details of the reduction and directions to branch officers, leaving with due consideration a wide space for the large letters that went to make up the signature of the general superintendent; J. Brown

Smith! There was no evading the hard, ugly fact that the P., P. & G. Railroad had fallen into the clutches of the panic.

The men on the road remained quiet for a few days, but the reduction of wages was a leaven that worked every day a little nearer the surface. It made little difference to the official who had an income of five thousand dollars per year, for the reduction did not reach him, and if it should, the remaining ninety per cent. would supply all his wants. But when the reduction came into the wages of five hundred dollars per year, it meant, not a reduction of the usual expenditure for wine and cigars, but a withholding of the actual necessities of life, a saving, where economy was already the highest virtue in the calendar. When a man's needs and income are so nicely balanced, it takes but little to disturb the equipoise. It was the removal of the tenth that lightened the latter side of the scale, and the needs pressed down heavily. And this is the way that the men of the railroad first began to talk among themselves about a strike.

There must have been nearly thirty of the men assembled at the "Staff of Life" saloon on an evening not long after the reduction. They were all railroad men, and the cast of their faces showed that they meant to indulge in no pleasantries. The company had attacked them, and they were preparing to resent it by the only means in their power. There were a few among the workmen who hesitated, as they thought of the possible result of the contest, but they were fast giving way to the influence of the majority. There were, besides, two or three of the men who expressed no opinion.

"Tell us what you think, Moike," said one of the men, turning to O'Rafferty; "its your bread and praties that's to be taken away as well as ours."

The wits of the section boss had not been wool-gathering, as he sat looking intently at nothing, with a troubled expression on his honest countenance. The old questions of that long-gone summer evening kept forcing themselves back into the bewildered mind. "What was the good of all this unending struggle, and where was it all to end?" The old bitter feeling rose up in his heart again, and made him half desperate. He might as well defy his Luck and come out like a man. The company were set on doing him wrong, and he was equally resolved he would resent it. He reached up for his pipe, which the dignity of the occasion required that he should remove, and rose from his chair to declare himself on the side of the strikers.

What Michael O'Rafferty might have said that night in the "Staff of Life" saloon was never uttered. For before he had cleared his throat and his brain, a neighbor of his came hurriedly into the room, and noting the figure of the newly-fledged orator, stepped to his side and whispered hurriedly into his ear. Even the nearest man to the speaker

did not catch the mysterious secret, and the entire body was left in the dark when Michael and the new-comer hurried off without making any explanations.

Michael left the gathering of the disaffected workmen to go home. Arriving there, he found the house astir and a light burning in every room. Two or three neighbor women had gathered in the kitchen, and were talking in low tones over a stew that simmered on the fire. The children had apparently been banished into the upper story, and the air of the "living" room was pervaded by a subtle but suggestive odor that was a mingling of camphor, catnip and red flannel.

Mrs. O'Rafferty had taken in a lodger.

It might have been the cool October air that swept from his heated brain the last cobweb of the murky saloon atmosphere; it might have been the silent but irresistible appeal made by the mother and her helpless child to his rugged heart, but whatever the influence, Michael had changed his resolve to strike. As he looked at the new claimant, whose rights were beyond argument, and whose title to love and shelter and protection none could gainsay, he realized in his own vague, untutored way that there were better means of meeting a trouble than running from it, and that in spite of his Luck his conscience called him to stand firm to his sense of right, and show himself indeed to be a man.

Perhaps it was not too late yet to do something to keep the men from going too far in their hopeless opposition to what could not be prevented. He *was* too late, when he reached the saloon again, to stop the plans for the strike, but he was not too late to give utterance in his own words to the new inspiration that had come to him as he bent over the helpless lodger that stretched out appealing hands to his love and care.

The strike came and went. Hundreds of men laid down their tools, only to see them eagerly grasped by others to whom the ninety per cent. represented a hundred; but somehow the company heard of Michael's efforts to preserve harmony and good feeling, and the vacancy in the post of station agent at Finchburg, which came soon after, was followed so speedily by a vacancy in Michael's place on Section No. 4, that the lucky fellow was at a loss to understand how it all happened. It was wonderful how new duties and responsibilities developed the good that was in him, and how rapidly he rose, under the better fortunes of his new position.

But to this day, Michael dates the change in his Luck to the night Mrs. O'Rafferty took in a lodger.

WE heard a good thing the other day. A young fellow asked concerning an old miserly man that had died—"How much did he leave?" and the quick response came back, "Everything. He didn't take a dollar with him."

POPULAR WEATHER SIGNS.

Would it not serve a useful purpose if some scientific meteorologist were to gather into a mass the various weather signs—whether valuable or not—treasured by the farmers and other common sense people of the country, and then sift them, so that those of real value may have their proper influence, and those which are merely fanciful may cease to mislead?

That there are weather signs in abundance, everybody knows. That the greater part of these signs are utterly valueless, every person of intelligence can testify. Yet that they do practically influence the time and mode of planting the crops, and of their after culture, will be acknowledged by many who would not be suspected of the folly, and who can give no other reason for it than the force of habit.

"We are going to have a dry month," said a farmer the other day.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"By the Indian's sign of the new moon," he replied. "Its horns hung so sloping that they could hold no water."

His companion laughed. "Why, that's my Injin sign for a wet moon. The horns slope so that they let loose all the water."

The sign in the one case was no doubt as prophetic as the other.

"Always plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon, if you wish to have a full crop," I heard a neighbor say. "But never kill your pork nor boil your soap at such a time, unless you are willing to have them shrink to nothing."

"What is your authority for all this?"

"I have always so heard," he answered with some hesitation, "and always so practiced. Potatoes, you know, being roots, naturally love darkness. And soap and bacon—I suppose they take their cue from the state of the moon. The fact is, I only know that this is the old rule."

"We are to have a frost on the 19th of May," said a farmer to me on the 5th of April.

I was shocked for he looked wise and lugubrious, and a frost at that time in our latitude would have cost millions of dollars. I asked, "How do you know?"

"Because we had a frost on the 19th of March."

He saw me smiling, and added: "I have heard this rule ever since I was a boy and it has never failed yet."

"The surest rule I know for telling the weather throughout the year," said a planter, possessed of at least a semi-collegiate education, "is to note the twelve days between new Christmas and old style Christmas (from December 25th to January 6th). The months of the ensuing year are apt to be wet or dry, cool or warm, according to the days cor-

responding." He seriously declared that for many years he had "pitched his crop," and ordered his plantation work under the guidance of this rule, and found that it served well. No doubt, for that amount of time in advance, it was quite as good as any other rule in ordinary use.—*Hearth and Home.*

THE CHURNING.

No graceful shape like a Grecian urn,
 But upright, downright, stands the churn,
 Broad at the base and tapering small,
 Above it the dasher, straight and tall—
 Windowless tower with flag-staff bare,
 Warrior or warder, nobody there !
 Fashioned of cedar, queen of the wood,
 Cedar as sweet as girl in a hood
 Hiding her face like a blush-rose bud.

The dasher wades knee-deep in the cream,
 As cattle wade in the shady stream,
 And flat in the foot as a four-leafed clover,
 Just waits the touch to trample it over.

Beside the churn a maiden stands,
 Nimble and naked her arms and hands—
 Another Ruth when the reapers reap,
 Her dress as limp as a flag asleep,
 Is faced in front with a puzzling check ;
 Her feet are bare as her sun-browned neck ;
 Her hair rays out like a lady fern.
 With a single hand she starts the churn ;
 The play at the first is free and swift,
 Then she gives both hands to the plunge and lift.

A short quick splash in the Milky Way—
 One-two, one-two, in Iambic play—
 A one-legg'd dance in a wooden clog,
 Dancing a jig in a watery bog—
 A soberer gait at an all-day jog—
 Up-down, up down, like a pony's feet,
 A steady trot in a sloppy street.
 The spattering dash and the tinkling wash
 Deaden and dull to a creamy swash—
 Color of daffodil shows in the churn !
 Glimpses of gold ! Beginning to turn !
 Slower—and lower deader and dumb—
 Daisies and buttercups ! Butter has come !

What thinks the maiden all the while ?
 Whatever she thinks, it makes her smile,
 Whatever she does is only seeming,
 Spinning and weaving, wedding and dreaming,
 Ah, charms are hid in the ingot's of gold,
 And more come out than the churn can hold !
 Not butter at all, but bonnets sown
 With gardens of flowers, and all full blown ;
 A clouded comb of the tortoise shell,
 Ah, it is a beauty and she a belle !

A grape-leaf breast-pin's restless shine
 Is twinkling up from the fairy mine.
 The dasher clinks on a bright gold ring,
 Morocco shoes, like a martin's wing.
 Come up with a gown of flounces silk—
 Some fairy lost in the buttermilk !
 Ribbons of blue for love-knot ties
 To match the tint of her longing eyes ;—
 Ribbons of pink and a belt of gray
 Rippling along in a watery way.

She looks at herself in Fancy's glass,
 And she sees her own lithe figure pass—
 She closes her eyes and looks again,
 And sees, as she dreams, the prince of men—
 She closes her eyes and, side by side,
 He is the bridegroom and she is the bride !
 Ah, never, my girl, will visions burn
 As bright as those in the cedar churn ;
 Ah, what have we won if this be lost :

THE BLESSING FREE AND THE BLISS AT COST !

—B. F. Taylor in *Scribner's*.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS ?

It is sometimes said that animals do not reason, but man does. But animals are quite capable of at least two modes of reasoning: that of comparison, and that of inference. They compare two modes of action, or two substances, and judge the one to be preferable to the other, and accordingly select it. Sir Emerson Tennet tells us that elephants, employed to build stone walls in Ceylon, will lay each stone in its place, then stand off and look to see if it is plumb, and, if not, will move it with their trunk, till it lies perfectly straight. This is a pure act of reflective judgment. He narrates an adventure which befell himself in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an

elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood, which he had been directed to carry to the place where it was needed. Sir Emerson Tenet's horse, unused to these monsters, was alarmed, and refused to go forward. The sagacious elephant, perceiving this, evidently decided that he himself must go out of the way. But to do this, he was obliged first to take the log from his tusks with his trunk, and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by, whereupon the judicious pachyderm pushed himself farther back, till all of his body, except the end of his trunk, had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks, and went on his way. This story, told by an unimpeachable witness, shows several successive acts of reasoning. The log-bearer inferred from the horse's terror that it would not pass; he again inferred that in that case he must himself get out of the way; that, to do this, he must lay down his log; that he must go farther back; and accompanying this was his sense of duty, making him faithful to his task; and, most of all, his consideration of what was due to this human traveler, which kept him from driving the horse and man before him as he went on.

There is another well-authenticated anecdote of an elephant; he was following an ammunition wagon, and saw the man who was seated on it fall off just before the wheel. The man would have been crushed had not the animal instantly run forward, and, without an order, lifted the wheel with his trunk, and held it suspended in the air, till the wagon had passed over the man without hurting him. Here were combined presence of mind, good-will, knowledge of the danger to the man, and a rapid calculation of how he could be saved.

A gentleman who has recently died in Paris, belonging to a well-known Boston family, was in his early life a sea-captain. He had a dog, which he sometimes took to sea with him, and sometimes left behind, at his father's house in Somerset street. He once sailed for India, taking his dog. Some three or four months after, the family in Somerset street were astonished by the arrival of a dog, very lean and dirty, but who claimed acquaintance with them by many unmistakable signs, and whom they recognized at last as the captain's dog. But how had he got home? The vessel on which he sailed could hardly have arrived in India, much less returned. Inquiring on the wharves, they at last learned that he had come to the port of Boston on a vessel just from Marseilles. The captain could only say that this dog had come on board in Marseilles and had insisted on remaining till they arrived in Boston, when he had instantly leaped on the wharf and disappeared. The difficulty now was to know how he got to Marseilles.

This mystery was solved on the return of his owner some months after, who said that at sea he had received such kindness from a French captain who took a great fancy to his dog, that he could not refuse to give him to the Frenchman. The dog, therefore, had been carried to France, and then had found his way to a vessel bound for Boston, and had come home. Whether he smelt a certain Boston aroma hanging round the ship, or merely observed that the crew spoke the language with which he was familiar, we cannot say. But it is not every man who could succeed in getting home so readily from a foreign land.

Perhaps I may properly introduce here an account of the manifestations of mind in the animals I have had the most opportunity of observing. I have a horse, who was named Rubezahl, after the Mountain Spirit of the Harz made famous in the stories of Musaeus. We have contracted his name to Ruby for convenience. Now I have reason to believe that Ruby can distinguish Sunday from other days. On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days, I drive to a neighboring village, where are the postoffice, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right, and goes to Boston. On other days, he as invariably turns to the left, and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly, that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; *how* he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour on Sunday and on Monday; in the same carriage; with the same number of persons in it; and yet on Sunday he always turns to the right and on Monday to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this.

Again, Ruby has shown a very distinct feeling of the supernatural. Driving one day up a hill near my house, we met a horse-car coming down toward us, running without horses, simply by the force of gravity. My horse became so frightened that he ran into the gutter, and nearly overturned me; and I got him past with the greatest difficulty. Now he had met the cars coming down that hill, drawn by horses, a hundred times, and had never been alarmed. Moreover, only a day or two after, in going up the same hill, we saw a car moving uphill, before us, where the horses were entirely invisible, being concealed by the car itself, which was between us and the horses. But this did not frighten Ruby at all. He evidently said to himself, "The horses are there though I do not see them." But in the other case it seemed to him an

effect without a cause—something plainly supernatural. There was nothing in the aspect of the car itself to alarm him ; he had seen that often enough. He was simply terrified by seeing it move without any adequate cause—just as we should be, if we saw our chairs begin to walk about the room.

Our Newfoundland dog's name is Donatello ; which, again, is shortened to Don in common parlance. He has all the affectionate and excellent qualities of his race. He is the most good-natured creature I ever saw. Nothing provokes him. Little dogs may yelp at him, the cat or kittens may snarl and spit at him ; he pays no attention to them. A little dog climbs on his back and lies down there ; one of the cats will lie between his legs. But at night, when he is on guard, no one can approach the house unchallenged.

But his affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E—, who played with him a good deal, and when the young man went away during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till the train of cars came in, and when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back, with a melancholy air, to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening and Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend, his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round, and round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned, and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him—and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic.

The reason why Don thought of the apple was probably this : we had taught him to go and get an apple for the horse when so directed. We would say, "Go, Don, get an apple for poor Ruby ;" then he would run up into the garden, and come back bringing an apple, and hold it up to the horse ; and perhaps when the horse tried to take it he would pull it away. After doing this a few times, he would finally lie down on his back under the horse's nose, and allow the latter to take the apple from his mouth. He would also kiss the horse on being told to do so. When we said, "Don, kiss poor Ruby," he leaped up and kissed the horse's nose. But he afterwards hit upon a more convenient method of doing it. He got his paw over the rein and pulled down the horse's head, so that he could continue the osculatory process more at his ease, sitting comfortably on the ground.

Animals know when they have done wrong ; so far, at least, as that means disobeying our will or command. The only great offence which Don ever committed was stealing a piece of meat from our

neighbor's kitchen. I do not think he was punished or even scolded for it ; for we did not find it out till later, when it would have done no good to punish him. But a week or two after that, the gentleman whose kitchen had been robbed was standing on my lawn, talking with me, and he referred laughingly, to what Don had done. He did not even look at the dog, much less change his tones to those of rebuke. But the moment Don heard his name mentioned, he turned and walked away, and hid himself under the low branches of a Norway spruce near by. He was evidently profoundly ashamed of himself. Was this the result of conscience, or of the love of approbation ? In either case it was very human.

That the love of approbation is common to many animals we all know. Dogs and horses can certainly be influenced by praise or blame, as easily as men. Many years ago we had occasion to draw a load of gravel, and we put Ruby into a tip-cart to do the work. He was profoundly depressed, and evidently felt it as a degradation. He hung his head and showed such marks of humiliation that we have never done it since. But on the other hand, when he goes out under the saddle, by the side of a young horse, this veteran animal tries as hard to appear young, as any old bachelor of sixty years who is still ambitious of social triumphs. He dances along, and goes sideways, and has all the airs and graces of a young colt. All this, too, is excessively human.

At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he should be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes. Nevertheless, he often went ; and I do not know but this fondness for forbidden fruit was rather human too. So, whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way, and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog, and would look me right in the face, without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impertinent manner ; the reason evidently being, that he knew he was doing what was wrong, and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relied a little on my near-sightedness, in this maneuver.

That animals have acute observation, memory, imagination, the sense of approbation, strong affections, and the power of reasoning, is therefore very evident. Lord Bacon also speaks of a dog's reverence for his master as partaking of a religious element. "Mark," says he, "what a generosity and courage a dog will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God—which courage he could not attain, without that confidence in a higher nature

than his own." Who that has seen the mute admiration of trust in a dog's eye, as he looks up at his Master, but can see in it something of a religious reverence—the germ and first principles of religion?

What, then, is the difference between the human soul and that of the animal in its highest development?

That there is a very marked difference between man and the highest animal is very evident. The human being, weaker in proportion than all other animals, has subjected them all to himself. He has subdued the earth by his inventions. Physically too feeble to build a hole in the ground like a rabbit, or to fell a tree like a beaver; unable to live in the water like a fish, or to move through the air like a bird; he yet, by his inventive power, and his machinery, can compel the forces of nature to work for him. They are the true genii, slaves of his lamp. Air, fire, water, electricity, and magnetism build his cities and his steady ships, run his errands, carry him from land to land, and accept him as their master.

Whence does man obtain his power? Some say it is *the human hand* which has made man supreme. It is, no doubt, a wonderful machine; a box of tools in itself. The size and strength of the thumb, and the power of opposing it to the extremities of the fingers, distinguish, according to most anatomists, the human hand from that of the quadrumanous animals. In those monkeys which are nearest to man, the thumb is so short and weak, and the fingers so long and slender, that their tips can be scarcely brought in opposition. Excellent for climbing, they are not good for taking up small objects or supporting large ones. But the hand of man could accomplish little, without the mind behind it. It was therefore a good remark of Glen, that "man is not the wisest of animals because he has a hand; but God has given him a hand because he is the wisest of animals."

The size of the human brain, relatively greater than that of almost any other animal; man's structure, adapting him to stand erect; his ability to exist in all climates; his power of subsisting on varied foods; all these facts of his physical nature are associated with his superior mental power, but do not produce it. The question recurs, What enables him to stand at the head of the animal creation?

Perhaps the chief apparent distinctions between man and other animals are these:—

1. The lowest races of men use tools; other animals do not.
2. The lowest human beings possess a verbal language; other animals have none.
3. Man has the capacity of self-culture, as an individual; other animals have not.
4. Human beings, associated in society, are capable of progress in civilization, by means of science, art, literature, and religion; other animals have not.

5. Men have a capacity for religion ; no animal, except man has this.

The lowest races of men use tools, but no other animal does this. This is so universally admitted by science, that the presence of the rudest tools of stone is considered a sufficient trace of the presence of man. If stone hatchets or hammers or arrow-heads are found in any stratum, though no human bones are detected, anthropologists regard this as a sufficient proof of the existence of human beings in the period indicated by such a geologic formation. The only tools used by animals in procuring food, in war, or in building their homes, are their natural organs; their beaks, teeth, claws, etc. It may be added that man alone wears clothes; other animals being sufficiently clothed by nature. No animals make a fire, though they often suffer from cold; but there is no race of men unacquainted with the use of fire.*

No animals possess a verbal language. Animals can remember some of the words used by men, and associate with them their meaning. But this is not the use of language. It is merely the memory of two associated facts—as when the animal recollects where he found food, and goes to the same place to look for it again. Animals have different cries, indicating wants. They use one cry to call their mate, another to terrify their prey. But this is not the use of verbal language. Human language implies not merely an acquaintance with the meaning of particular words, but the power of putting them together in a sentence. Animals have no such language as this; for, if they had, it would have been learned by men. Man has the power of learning any verbal language. Adelung and Vater reckon over three thousand languages spoken by men, and any man can learn any of them. The negroes speak their own language in their own countries, they speak Arabic in North Africa, they learn to speak English, French, and Spanish in America, and Oriental languages when they go to the East. If any animals had a verbal language, with its vocabulary and grammar, men would long ago have learned it, and would have been able to converse with them.

Again, no animal except man is capable of self-culture, as an individual. Animals are trained by external influences; they do not teach themselves. An old wolf is much more cunning than a young one, but he has been made so by the force of circumstances. You can teach your dog tricks, but no dog has ever taught himself any. Yet the lowest savages teach themselves to make tools, to ornament their paddles and clubs, and acquire certain arts by diligent effort. Birds will sometimes practice the tunes which they hear played, till they learn them. They will also sometimes imitate each other's songs. That is, they possess the power of vocal imitation. But to imitate the sounds we

* It is a mistake to say that the Tasmanians do not use fire.

hear is not self-culture. It is not developing a new power, but it is exercising in a new way a natural gift. Yet we must admit that in this habit of birds there is the rudiment, at least, of self-education.

All races of men are capable of progress in civilization. Many, indeed, remain in a savage state for thousands of years, and we cannot positively prove that any particular race which has always been uncivilized is capable of civilization. But we are led to believe it from having known of so many tribes of men who have emerged from apathy, ignorance, and barbarism into the light of science and art. So it was with all the Teutonic races—the Goths, Germans, Celts, Lombards, Scandinavians. So it was with the Arabs, who roamed for thousands of years over the deserts, a race of ignorant robbers, and then, fired by the great Islam, flamed up into a brilliant coruscation of science, literature, art, military success, and profound learning. What great civilizations have grown up in China, India, Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Etruria! But no such progress has ever appeared among animals. As their parents were, five thousand years ago, so, essentially, are they now.

Nor are animals religious, in the sense of worshiping unseen powers, higher than themselves. My horse showed a sense of the supernatural, but this is not worship.

These are some of the most marked points of difference between man and all other animals. Now these can all be accounted for by the hypothesis in which Locke and Leibnitz both agreed; namely, that while animals are capable of reasoning about facts, they are incapable of abstract ideas. Or, we may say with Coleridge, that while animals, in common with man, possess the faculty of understanding, they do not possess that of reason. Coleridge seems to have intended by this exactly what Locke and Leibnitz meant by their statement. When my dog Don heard the word "apple," he thought of the particular concrete apple under the tree; and not of apples in general, and their relation to pears, peaches, etc. Don understood me when I told him to go and get an apple, and obeyed; but he would not have understood me if I had remarked to him that apples were better than pears, more healthy than peaches, not so handsome as grapes. I should then have gone into the region of abstract and general ideas.

Now it is precisely the possession of this power of abstract thought which will explain the superiority of man to all other animals. It explains the use of tools; for a tool is an instrument prepared not for one special purpose, but to be used generally, in certain ways. A baboon, like a man, might pick up a particular stone with which to crack a particular nut; but the ape does not make and keep a stone hammer, to be used on similar occasions. A box of tools contains a collection of saws, planes, draw-knives, etc., not made to use on one occasion merely, but made for sawing, cutting, and planing purposes generally.

Still more evident is it that the power of abstraction is necessary for verbal language. We do not here use the common term "articulate speech," for we can conceive of animals articulating their vocal sounds. The notion is lifted out of the concrete particular fact, and deposited in the abstract general term. All words, except proper names, are abstract; and to possess and use a verbal language is impossible, without the possession of this mental faculty.

In regard to self-culture, it is clear that for any steady progress one must keep before his mind an abstract idea of what he wishes to do. This enables him to rise above impulse, passion, instinct, habit, circumstance. By the steady contemplation of the proposed aim, one can arrange circumstances, restrain impulse, direct one's activity, and become really free.

In like manner races become developed in civilization by the impact of abstract ideas. Sometimes it is by coming in contact with other civilized nations, which gives them an ideal superior to anything before known. Sometimes the motive power of their progress is the reception of truths of science, art, literature, or religion.

It is not necessary to show that without abstract, universal, and necessary ideas no religion is possible; for religion being the worship of unseen powers, conceived as existing, as active, as spiritual, necessarily implies these ideas in the mind of the worshiper.

We find, then, in the soul of animals all active, affectionate, and intelligent capacities, as in that of man. The only difference is that man is capable of abstract ideas, which give him a larger liberty of action, which enable him to adopt an aim and pursue it, and which change his affections from an instinctive attachment into a principle of generous love. Add, then, to the animal soul the capacity for abstract ideas, and it would rise at once to the level of man. Meantime, in a large part of their nature, they have the same faculties with ourselves. They share our emotions, and we theirs. They are made "a little lower" than man, and, if we are souls, so surely are they.

Are they immortal? To discuss this question would require more space than we can here give to it. For our own part, we fully believe in the continued existence of all souls, at the same time assuming their continued advance. The law of life is progress; and one of the best features in the somewhat unspiritual theory of Darwin is its profound faith in perpetual improvement. This theory is the most startling optimism that has ever been taught, for it makes the law of the whole universe to be perpetual progress.

Many of the arguments for the immortality of man cannot indeed be used for our dumb relations, the animals. We cannot argue from their universal faith in a future life; nor contend that they need an immortality on moral grounds, to recompense their good conduct and

punish their wickedness. We might indeed adduce a reason implied in our Saviour's parable, and believe that the poor creatures who have received their evil things in this life will be comforted in another. Moreover we might find in many animals qualities fitting them for a higher state. There are animals, as we have seen, who show a fidelity, courage, generosity, often superior to what we see in man. The dogs who have loved their master, more than food, and starved to death on his grave, are surely well fitted for a higher existence. Jesse tells a story of a cat which was being stoned by cruel boys. Men went by, and did not interfere; but a dog, that saw it, did. He drove away the boys, and then took the cat to his kennel, licked her all over with his tongue, and his conduct interested people, who brought her milk. The canine nurse took care of her till she was well, and the cat and dog remained fast friends ever after. Such an action in a man would have been called heroic; and we think such a dog would not be out of place in heaven.

Yet it is not so much on particular cases of animal superiority that we rely, but on the difficulty of conceiving, in any sense, of the destruction of life. The principle of life whether we call it soul or body, matter or spirit, escapes all observation of the senses. All that we know of it by observation is, that beside the particles of matter which compose an organic body, there is something else, not cognizable by the senses, which attracts and dismisses them, modifies and co-ordinates them. The unity of the body is not to be found in its sensible phenomena, but in something which escapes the senses. Into the vortex of that life material molecules are being continually absorbed, and from it they are perpetually discharged. If death means the dissolution of the body, we die many times in the course of our earthly career, for every body is said by human anatomists to be changed in all its particles once in seven years. What then remains, if all the particles go? The principle of organization remains, and this invisible, persistent principle constitutes the identity of every organized body. If I say that I have the *same* body when I am fifty which I had at twenty, it is because I mean by "body" that which continues unaltered amid the fast-flying particles of matter. This life-principle makes and re-makes the material frame; that body does not make it. When what we call death intervenes, all that we assert is that the life-principle has done, wholly and at once, what it has always been doing gradually and in part. What happens to the material particles, we see: they become detached from the organizing principle, and relapse into simply mechanical and chemical conditions. What has happened to that organizing principle we neither see nor know; and we have absolutely no reason at all for saying that it has ceased to exist.

This is as true of plants and of animals as of men; and there is no

reason for supposing that when these die, their principle of life is ended. It probably has reached a crisis, which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence.—*James Freeman Clarke in Atlantic Monthly.*

A BIT OF GLASS.

Familiarity, if it do not always breed contempt, often begets unjust appreciation. We come to consider as matters of course, as if we picked them up in the streets, or as if they grew on hedges, things which are the result of years of investigation and ages of experiment. Light is our natural birthright, but we are apt to forget that glass is a long-sought, much-desired, hardly-found means of transmitting, modifying, and fully utilizing that marvellous agent. We who have reached that dignity, put on our spectacles to read this article, with as little thought of their novelty and importance as when we open our eyes on waking. With no greater heed does the sailor use his telescope to discover a signal, the beauty a cheval-glass to complete her toilet, and the wine-grower a bottle to retail his champagne. And yet those articles of daily utility are neither as old as the hills nor as simple as "Good day to you."

Glass, once unknown to ordinary life, is now an object of daily and absolute necessity. Rich and poor alike must have it. Who looks out of a window now through panes of oiled paper pierced with a knitting-needle to peer at the passers-by? Who drinks wine now out of china cups or silver tankards? What has become of the wine-skin and the "leather bottle?" Do our navigators trust to beacon-fires, or to glazed light-houses shining certainly and brightly, whether catoptrically or dioptrically? What is it which enables us to ripen grapes in April, and to have our winter gardens filled with flowers and fruit that Alcinous never saw nor dreamt of? Glass, undoubtedly, has been one of the most powerful agents in advancing modern civilization. Our forefathers worked their weary way through an age of stone and an age of iron. These epochs represented rude but solid material progress. We are living in an age of glass, whose translucency symbolizes the clear, onward gaze of intellectual advancement. No glass, means no domestic luxury, nor even comfort, since darkness is a plague even in the warm climate of Egypt. No glass, no scientific discovery; without it the great majority of the potent army of 'ometers is impossible.

Glass, which gives a free passage to light, sticks up "No thoroughfare" in the face of electricity. Hence it curbs, contains and stores electricity, thereby rendering enormous service to the workers in electrical discovery or application. Glass has made all the difference in the condition of a science which can foretell future events with greater

certainty than all the oracles of old—which can now predict, to a second, years beforehand, an eclipse of the sun or moon, or the occultation of a star—and the same science as known to Chaldean shepherds by what their unassisted eyes could tell them while watching the glories of a starlight night. And the unknown worlds revealed by the microscope, what knowledge should we have of them but for glass? The singular phenomena of locomotive plants, the curiosities of ciliary motion as seen on the heads of rotifers and elsewhere, the masses of animated jelly which take any shape and are constantly changing their protean forms, the proofs of design exhibited by the spiracles or breathing holes in the sides of insects, the multifarious crowds of life, activity, ambiguous organism contained in a drop less than the head of a pin, would for us, without glass, be non-existent. He who has never used a microscope has but a limited cognizance of the marvels of nature. It is his own fault if the student remains without that knowledge; for it is placed within his easy reach by glass.

At every step we take in the domain of science, we meet with glass, glass again, and ever glass, applied to all sorts of purposes, obedient to the philosopher's will, assuming the most strange and impossible forms. Here it helps the modern Jupiter Tonans to grasp the elements of thunder—that is to say of lightning, the producer of thunder—in his hand. There it helps the chemist, in his laboratory, to ask matter the rules and reasons of its wilful conduct. Elsewhere it enables the anatomist, whether of self-conscious animals or of unconscious plants, to unravel the pattern according to which each special tissue is woven, to trace the mode and progress of organic growth, and to discover life, order, and beauty in apparently shapeless dirt and dust. Is it, then, too much to say that physical science owes much of its recent rapid development to glass? Modern science is founded on observation, and the whole universe, inviting inspection, lies before it. The wider the field of observation the grander and the surer are the conclusions grasped. Glass enables us to make an enormous advance (without holding out the slightest hope of our ever approaching either) in the direction of the two opposite poles of immensity—the infinitely great and the infinitely small.

However general, now, may be the use of panes of glass, to allow the inhabitants to look out and the kindly sun to look into a house, we should be wrong in fancying that privilege to date from a very ancient past. Long after its discovery, glass was still rare, and, consequently, precious. In spite of what Strabo and Pliny have said respecting the glass houses of Sidon and Memphis, it is nevertheless true that Athens and the other cities of Greece, at the height of their prosperity, had no conception of such a novelty as a glazed window. But in the year 79 before the Christian era, the date of Herculaneum's and Pompeii's de-

truction by Vesuvius, certain Romans, probably very rich patricians, fitted their windows with panes of glass. Sashes furnished with bluish-green glass have been found in disinterring Pompeian houses, and an analysis by M. Claudet shows its composition to be analogous to the glass of the present day.

During the reign of Tiberius, a considerable impulse was given to the manufacture of glass which still continued extremely dear, preventing its frequent employment for windows. Glazed windows, for the people of the south, who had never been accustomed to that comfort, were things of minor necessity. Their lodgings consisted of little chambers, with scarcely any furniture in them, which they occupied only at night and a very small portion of the day, the greater part of their existence being spent in the streets and in the public places. Small openings in the walls, near the ceilings of their apartments, allowed air and a modicum of light to enter. The houses of rich patricians only, or the imperial palaces, could boast of windows glazed—if we may say so—with thin slices of diaphanous alabaster, or with light plates of semi-transparent gypsum. Certain windows had neither translucent plates nor glass. They consisted of narrow slabs of marble with open intervals between them. From this state of things the passage is long to the crystal palaces, the grand palm-houses and glass-roofed railway stations.

Churches were the first buildings to patronize the re-application of glass to architectural purposes. Those of Brioude and Tours, toward the close of the sixth century, and the basilica of St. Sophia at Constantinople, exhibited the earliest specimens of glass-glazed windows. They were composed, not of panes like those now employed, but of little round pieces, known as "cives," fitted into grooves in wooden frames, and kept there in their places by plaster. In the twelfth century, painting on glass was invented. The first stained glass windows were put up in 1140, in the Abby of St. Dennis. It was not till the fourteenth century that private dwellings were lighted by little square panes mounted in lead, such as we still see in the humblest habitations of ancient towns. Thanks to Colbert, under Louis the Fourteenth, glass-houses were established in France which succeeded in manufacturing entire panes of reasonable dimensions, but their employment was far from general.

The manufacture of glass for windows, in England, dates as far back as the seventh century. Its value in the sixteenth century may be judged from an order given by the Duke of Northumberland's steward in 1567: "And because, during high winds, the glass windows in this castle and in other castles belonging to my lord duke got injured and broken, it is advisable that the glass frames in every window should be taken down and put in a place of safety when his grace departs.

And if, at any time, his grace or others come to sojourn at any one of the said estates, they can be replaced without much expense; whereas, at present, the damage done is considerable, and the cost of repairs exceedingly heavy." Glass panes can hardly be said to have come into general use before the close of the eighteenth century. In fact, during that century, in French provincial towns, and even in Paris, there flourished a corporation of artificers called "chassissiers," whose occupation consisted in fitting up windows with oiled paper in place of glass.

Jules Magny, the clever writer of the "Histoire d'un Morceau de Verre," in giving the genealogy of his "Bit of Glass," points out to his unscientific readers the difference between the mixture and the combination of materials. You may grind sulphur and iron filings to the finest powder, and after mixing them together mechanically as thoroughly and in whatever proportions you please, you can always separate one from the other, provided that both of them are dry. But if you heat the mixture in a crucible to the temperature of a good blacksmith's forge, you get a combination of those substances. You may reduce the mass to an impalpable powder, but you will obtain neither a particle of sulphur nor a particle of iron. Chemistry demonstrates that in the smallest atom of the new substance produced, there exist both sulphur and iron. The two ingredients are intimately united, combined as chemists say.

The elements which enter into the composition of glass are siliceous flint, soda, potash, lime, clay, or its metallic basis, and minium or red lead, the matter which colors house painters' priming. They are mixed together in the crucible of the glass-house, and then combined or melted by the aid of fire. The temperature (in all cases high) at which fusion is attained varies with the kind of glass and ingredients of which it is composed. Window glass is made of flint, soda and lime; bottle-glass of flint and iron (in the shape of ferruginous sand), soda, lime, and clay; crown-glass of flint, potash, and lime; and so on for other kinds of glass. The greater the number of bases used in the composition, the more easily they are melted into glass. Hence, for cheap glasses, such as bottle-glass, the manufacturer mixes as many different elements as possible, in order to obtain his result at the least possible expenditure of fuel. Nevertheless, as often happens, what is gained in one way is lost in another; for the greater the fusibility of the glass, the more it is liable to decomposition by atmospheric and other influences.

THE head of a family is about to eat an apple. Mother—"Say, father, give us a piece." Daughter—"O, father, give me a piece." Son—"O, father, I want a piece." Niece—"Won't you give me a piece, too?" Father (disgusted)—"Here, the rest of you take the apple and give me a piece."

"RAMON."

EL REFUGIO MINE, NORTHERN MEXICO, 1874.

Drunk and senseless in his place,
 Prone and sprawling on his face,
 More like brute than any man alive or dead,—
 By his great pump, out of gear,
 Lay the peon engineer,
 Waking only just to hear,
 Overhead,
 Angry tones that called his name,
 Oaths and cries of bitter blame—
 Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who 'll bring to me,"
 Cried Intendant Harry Lee,—
 Harry Lee the English foreman of the mine,—
 "Bring the sot alive or dead,
 I will give to him," he said,
 "Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
 Just to set the rascal's crown
 Underneath this heel of mine;
 Since but death
 Deserves the man whose deed,
 Be it vice or want of heed
 Stops the pumps that give us breath—
 Stops the pumps that suck the death
 From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
 From the shaft rose up on high;
 And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
 Came the miners each, the bolder
 Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
 Grappling, clinging to their hold or
 Letting go,
 As the weaker gasped and fell
 From the ladder to the well—
 To the poisoned pit of hell
 Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
 Cried the foreman, Harry Lee,—
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine,—
 "Brings them out and sets them free,
 I will give that man," said he,
 "Twice that sum, who with a rope

Face to face with Death shall cope.
 Let him come who dares to hope !”
 “ Hold your peace !” some one replied,
 Standing by the foreman's side ;
 “ There has one already gone, who'er he be !”

Then they held their breath with awe,
 Pulling on the rope, and saw
 Fainting figures reappear,
 On the black rope swinging clear,
 Fastened by some skillful hand from below,
 Till a score the level gained,
 And but one alone remained, —
 He the hero and the last,
 He whose skillful hand made fast
 'The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer !

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
 At the feet of Harry Lee, —
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine ;
 “ I have come,” he gasped, “ to claim
 Both rewards. Senor, my name
 Is Ramon !
 I'm the drunken engineer —
 I'm the coward, Senor ” — Here
 He fell over, by that sign
 Dead as stone !

— *Bret Harte, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

FURNACES.

By R. C. Kedzie, M. D., Member of the Michigan State Board of Health.

The statement of the wrought-iron men that gases will penetrate and pass through a plate of cast iron, especially when red hot, is correct. The experiments of St. Clair Deville and Troost of Paris, demonstrate this fact. They took a cast-iron stove, the walls of which were one-tenth of an inch thick, enclosed this in a cast-iron cylinder so as to isolate the air around the stove from surrounding air; the stove was heated from low-red to bright-red heat during the experiment, and the air enclosed between the stove and the surrounding envelope withdrawn and analyzed. The results of six experiments showed that this air contained on the average, 562 parts of hydrogen and 537 parts of carbonic oxide in 1,000,000 parts of air.

This seems to make a strong case against the cast-iron men. But unfortunately for the wrought-iron men the same thing is true, in a less degree, of wrought iron. Graham has shown that “ pure iron is capable of taking up at a low red heat and holding when cold, 4.15 vol-

umes of carbonic oxide gas." Deville and Troost have showed that wrought iron and even platinum are permeable by gases when heated. It is highly probable that no metal will resist entirely the passage of gases when strongly heated, but this is especially true of iron. By this permeability of carbonic oxide, Graham explains the process of converting soft iron into steel. The experiments of Deville and Troost was undertaken, not to show the objectionable qualities of cast iron for stoves and furnaces, but to show that porcelain should be used instead of iron of any kind for such uses.

The very important fact has been brought to light that while all metals may be permeable by gases at higher temperatures, yet at lower temperatures they very effectually resist their passage. One condition of safety is that we should not heat our stoves or furnaces to a high temperature. By increasing the size of the heating furnace we may adequately warm the air without any part of the heating surface being heated to such an extent as to allow the passage of gases through the metallic walls. From a false economy our furnaces are made small, and then to secure a sufficient degree of warmth in the air they are heated often to a red heat, when they become a source of danger by allowing the passage of the carbonic oxide, the most deadly gas known; and its poisonous effects are shown in the intense headache, the head often feeling as though compressed by a tight iron hoop, languor, oppression of respiration, and general disturbance of nervous functions. But if the heating surface in the furnace is so large that the requisite amount of heat may be secured without raising the temperature of any part of the furnace walls above 500°, this danger may be obviated so far as it prevents the direct passage of this gas through the metallic surface.

It is very necessary that the products of combustion within the furnace should not escape through cracks or joints in the walls of the furnace. For this purpose the castings should be as perfect as possible, and any openings be closed with some indestructible cement. One very important condition for obviating the leakage of the furnace gases into the air chamber is to facilitate the escape of the smoke by an ample smoke-stack and a good draught. The practice of placing a damper between the furnace and the smoke-pipe, and thus regulating the activity of the combustion in the furnace by checking the escape of the furnace gases, is worthy of all condemnation. The same is true of dampers in stove-pipes. They tend to throw into inhabited portions of the house the deadly products of combustion which should be allowed the freest escape by the chimney to the open air. The only place where a damper should be used, either in furnace or stove, is where it may regulate the access of air to the fire, and thus check the combustion by shutting off the air to feed the flame. When we interfere to prevent

the escape of gases from the furnace, we add a strong force to drive these poisonous materials into the air of our houses, and thus place a club in the hands of death. If we reverse this condition, allowing the freest escape up the chimney while regulating the access of air to the fire, we have the draft of the chimney acting as a force to restrain the escape of gases, either by transpiration through the metal or by leakage at the imperfect joints in furnace or stove.

One fact in favor of cast-iron surface has been generally overlooked, viz.: that it is a better radiator of heat than wrought-iron, and consequently will more effectually heat the air passing over its surface than wrought iron at a corresponding temperature.

There has been considerable discussion on the subject of wrought-iron and cast-iron stoves and furnaces in the Eastern States, where anthracite coal is the usual fuel. Where anthracite is used the subject becomes more important, because it is so difficult to completely burn anthracite, *i. e.*, to convert the carbon into carbonic acid instead of carbonic oxide.

Where wood or soft coal is used this subject is of less importance, because it is much easier to completely burn these forms of fuel. While the carbonic acid is injurious, it is very much less dangerous than carbonic oxide. But whatever the kind of fuel, we should seek to secure its complete combustion, and the perfect removal by the chimney of all the products of combustion.—*Lansing Republican*.

AMERICA THE TOMB OF RACES.

Dr. Edward H. Clarke, the author of "Sex in Education," brought forward at the Detroit meeting of the National Educational Association a paper on the "Building of a Brain," in which he laid down the problem of life which the American nation confronts as follows: "No race of human kind has yet obtained a footing upon this continent. The Asiatics trace back their life in Asia so far that the distance between to-day and their recorded starting point seems like a geologic epoch. The descendants of the Ptolemies still linger about the Nile. The race that peopled Northern Europe when Greece and Rome were young not only retains its ancient place and power, but makes itself felt and heard throughout the world. On this continent races have been born, and lived, and disappeared. Mounds at the West, vestiges in Florida, and traces elsewhere proclaim at least two extinct races. The causes of their disappearance are undiscovered. We only know that they are gone. The Indian whom our ancestors confronted was losing its hold on the continent when the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth Bay, and is now rapidly disappearing also. It remains to be seen if the Anglo-Saxon race that has ventured upon a continent that

proved the tomb of antecedent races, can be more fortunate than they in maintaining a permanent grasp upon this western world. One thing at least is sure—it will fail as previous races have failed, unless it can produce a physique and a brain capable of meeting successfully the demands which our climate and civilization make upon it.”

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

No system of instruction is a sound one which does not consider the physical health as well as the mental capacity of school children, and provide for the former by good school-houses, well-ordered school-rooms, abundant means of exercise, plentiful ventilation and wholesome light and air; and for their minds, after their bodies are cared for, the necessity is to supply a system of training (not merely a mass of facts) to develop the reasoning faculty, not merely to test the memory or to overload it. There ought to be in every school district capable inspectors to supervise both the actual teaching, with its fitness for the pupils, and their physical condition, so that pupils might be watched and classified and cared for from the outset, and not looked on merely as ciphers or figures in the great indefinite mass. The great defect of our primary schools is that children are dealt with as if they were all of one model and perfect alike in mind and body; the few who are so, stand the strain, but the mass of them either do their mental work at the expense of their physical development, or in a much larger proportion snirk their studies and contrive to grow up strong and idle.

On a former occasion we made mention of the necessity of considering and providing for the health of the body, and especially the risks and dangers inflicted unnecessarily upon the eyes of school children through the lack of proper furniture in the class-rooms and the bad arrangement of desks in relation to the windows. Near-sightedness and weak sight are almost invariably the penalty of ill-arranged school lighting, and in Germany it has been traced out in each separate school-house, so that there was no excuse left for not correcting it. Here a school-house once built and a school once started, there is practically no authority exercised (and sometimes not even employed) to discover and cure faults of construction or errors of instruction. In this respect we want a better and more elastic system of inspection, with power to make every exception that is needed, not as at present, to secure conformity to an arbitrary standard.

The good of the best school books and instruction may all be wasted upon a pupil whose physical condition demands either absolute rest or an entirely different method of motion from that arbitrarily prescribed by our school desks and benches. A fine intellect may be wasted or lost by reason of a physical inability to work to advantage, or to work at all in a bad atmosphere, which to others is a matter of indifference or a merely passing inconvenience. The long list of sicknesses peculiar to schools may well be held up as a justification of ignorance, and yet it might be made a useful lesson in physiology, and serve to teach by example alike to parents, pupils and teachers, which of them are preventable, and how few are really unavoidable evils. A little instruction of this kind could easily be added to or introduced into existing studies, and if pupils knew a little more of their own physical structure and processes, they would be the better fitted to decide how far they could trust body and

mind to carry them on to their various ends in life. The boy or girl who can give the name of every river and the height of every mountain in Asia, the age of every reigning sovereign in Europe, the date of every battle in America, can hardly be as well off for all this burdensome knowledge as one who knows the elements of human physiology and anatomy, who is taught more of the knowledge useful in after life, and can tell how to help himself or another in case of accident or emergency. The boy who is to go into active life, and the girl who is to become the head of a household, will have little occasion and less opportunity to use the greater part of the "crammed" lessons so industriously accumulated during their school years. A fair knowledge of the rules that are at the bottom of all healthful activity, a general acquaintance with anatomy, and a well-grounded taste for natural science, will all grow into and become a part of their daily lives, and such things are far less likely to make pretentious men or women than that kind of smattering "memorialized" facts and dates and words, which is too often the penalty of superficial study. The German name "Real School" might suggest the introduction into our own schools of real studies; of instruction in subjects of absolute knowledge; of matters that have to do with the every-day life and actions of each one of us, instead of some of the learning of the schools, mere abstractions, which are but a poor sort of mental gymnastics, and only serve to train the mind at the expense of its real work in after years for feats of strength and trials of skill that lead to no good now and serve for no end in the future.—*Cincinnati Trade List.*

CHEMICAL CHIROGRAPHY.

Some kinds of writing are not chemical processes, and some kinds of ink do not owe their property of staining paper to chemical principles. In writing with a lead-pencil, for instance, a portion of the "lead" or graphite is simply rubbed off by the friction, and the fine particles adhere to the paper, precisely as when we scrawl with charcoal or chalk on a board. When the charcoal is used, indeed, the process is virtually the same as writing with the lead-pencil; for the graphite, as the reader is doubtless aware, is nothing but a form of charcoal or carbon. India ink and printers' ink, likewise, are merely mixtures of carbon with materials that give it an adhesive quality. The countless kinds of ordinary writing ink, on the other hand, owe their color to a chemical mixture, and the change in color that occurs in many of them after being applied to the paper is a chemical change, as is that which takes place in so-called indelible inks when the writing is exposed to sunlight or pressed with a hot iron.

But the most striking examples of chemical writing are afforded by what are commonly called "sympathetic inks," characters written with which may be made visible or invisible as one pleases. They have a certain practical value, for purposes of secret correspondence, but are chiefly interesting as curious chemical experiments. Their action in all cases depends upon chemical changes that take place in the ink after it has been applied to the paper; and these changes are brought about either by light or heat or by the action of some gas or solution.

For instance, if we write with a very dilute solution of chloride of copper, which has scarcely more color than pure water, the characters are invisible; but if gently heated they become distinctly yellow, and are easily read. Let the paper cool, and

they vanish; and they may be made to appear and disappear an indefinite number of times. If heated too strongly the compound is decomposed, and the writing become permanently brown from the deposition of the copper. The chloride of copper may be conveniently made by mixing solutions of ammoniac chloride (sal-ammoniac) and of cupric sulphate (blue vitrol). We remember making it in our boyhood by precipitating the copper from a solution of blue vitrol by putting a bit of zinc into it, and then dissolving the finely divided metal in muratic acid.

The change of color in this and kindred cases is due to the removal of the water of crystalization by the heat. In chemical combination with the water the salt is transparent; without the water it is opaque. The salt, being very deliquescent (as you will find if you try to prepare it in a crystalline form), rapidly absorbs moisture from the air when cool.

A weak solution of nitrate of copper forms a red sympathetic ink; that is, the writing becomes red when heated. A solution of chloride of cobalt produces a faint pink writing, which becomes colorless when dry. When heated it appears green, but fades out again on cooling. Dampness renders it visible as a pink, and a very strong heat as a brownish red. A solution of bromide of copper is one of the best of this class of inks, becoming light brown under the influence of gentle heat. The salt may be made by dissolving one part of potassic bromide and one of blue vitrol in eight parts of water.

There are many other salts which afford inks acted upon by heat, and there are various more familiar substances which are affected in a similar way. Among these are milk, onion juice, and lemon juice, all of which have been used for secret writing. The salts, however, are preferable if they can be obtained.

It is necessary to use perfectly white paper with these chemical solutions, as most of them will remove the color from blue and other tinted papers, leaving the writing permanently white on a colorless ground. Highly glazed paper is also objectionable, as the characters can be discerned even when colorless, on account of the liquid on the glazing.

Inks that are rendered visible by the action of light are mainly solutions of silver salts, such as are employed in photography. They require more care in manipulation than the inks already mentioned, and are therefore not so good for amateur experiments. The writing must be done by gas, lamp, or candle light, and must not be exposed to daylight until it is intended that it should become visible. It cannot be rendered invisible again by mere removal to a dark place; but this may be affected in the case of some of these inks by washing with a solution of bichloride of mercury, as the so-called "magic photographs" are treated.

The other forms of sympathetic inks, some of which are more interesting than those already described, would require more space than we can give to the subject in the present number, and we therefore leave them till another month.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

We have received, says *Harper's Drawer*, from an eminent American jurist the following interesting narrative:

Near the close of the seventeenth century, that renowned judge, Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his cotemporaries, as well as by men of after-ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the

assizes held in and for his native county of Oxford. A decrepit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The history of the case, the offense of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, were laid before the jury by the Attorney-General prosecuting for the crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life. When a student at the University at Oxford his habits were wild and irregular, and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford. Young Holt had separated himself from his companions and riding up to a side-way inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and an ample dinner prepared for himself. Strolling into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was sick, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her. The young collegian at once declared his ability to effect a cure. Taking a piece of parchment, he wrote upon it a cabalistic word in the Greek characters, bound it tightly upon the wrist of the girl, and then assured her that while she retained it she would have no further return of her chills and fever. He remained at the inn for several days, and the girl had no return of her sickness. When demanding his bill the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted that her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now, as he sat on the bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the way-side inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

She had followed in his own footsteps, and had been using the charm for the benefit of her neighbors and friends. The Chief Justice called her up, and as she unfolded some old greasy rags, she presented to him the well-worn parchment with the cabalistic word in his own handwriting written upon it. It is needless to add that the woman was at once discharged. If the great Chief Justice had previously entertained any doubts on the subject of witchcraft, they were now removed.

There is a curious sequel to the incident above related. Some twenty-five years ago the writer of this article was sitting in the private office in Wall street of the late Mr. S——, then a wealthy retired merchant, and acting president of one of the principal Wall street banks. He was a quaint, curious old man, fond of the marvelous, and disposed to believe in spiritualism, then first coming into prominent notice. Our conversation had been continued for some time, discussing Scottish second-sight, supernatural appearances, and especially Kidd's buried treasures, when he suddenly changed the subject, saying, abruptly, "I can cure the fever and ague." On asking how, he produced a small piece of parchment with a cabalistic word written on it in Greek characters, saying it must be bound on the wrist, and the disease will disappear or go away. He did not tell me how or when he had obtained this wonderful charm. Nor was I at that time aware of the trial before referred to, and sure I am that he could have had no knowledge of it. A hundred years had come and gone since that fallacy had been exposed by Lord Chief Justice Holt. It is probable that at some time during the forty years preceding that trial the woman possessing the pretended charm had communicated the secret, and given a copy to some friend emigrating to America, and that it may have been handed down to successive generations,

and perhaps in some cases effecting cures by and through the imagination. It has been said that sometimes violent exercise and sometimes strong impressions on the mind will ward off attacks of what are called fits of ague.

MOTHS IN THE CANDLE.

Every moth learns for itself that the candle burns. Every night, while the candle lasts, the slaughter goes on, and leaves its wingless and dead around it. The light is beautiful, and warm, and attractive; and, unscared by the dead, the foolish creatures rush into the flames, and drop hopelessly singed, their little lives despoiled.

It has been supposed that men have reason, and a moral sense. It has been supposed that they observe, draw conclusions, and learn by experience. Indeed, they have been in the habit of looking down upon the animal world as a group of inferior beings, and as subjects of commiseration on account of their defencelessness, yet there is a large class of men, reproduced by every passing generation, that do exactly what the moths do, and die exactly as the moths die. They learn nothing by observation and experience. They draw no conclusions, save those which are fatal to themselves. Around a certain class of brilliant temptations they gather, night after night, and with singed wings or lifeless bodies, they strew the ground around them. If they were moths in fact they could not be sillier or more obtuse. They are, indeed, so far under the domination of their animal natures that they act like animals, and sacrifice themselves in flames that the world's experience has shown to be fatal.

A single passion, which need not be named,—further than to say that, when hallowed by love and a legitimate gift of life to life, it is as pure as any passion of the soul,—is one of the cradles around which the human moths lie in myriads of disgusting deaths. If anything has been proved by the observation and experience of the world it is that licentiousness, and all illicit gratification of the passion involved in it, are killing sins against a man's own nature,—that by it the wings are singed not only, but body and soul are degraded and spoiled. Out of an illicit indulgence come weakness, a perverted moral nature, degradation of character, gross beastliness, benumbed sensibilities, a disgusting life, and a disgraceful death. Before its baleful fire the sanctity of womanhood fades away, the romance of life dies, and the beautiful world loses all its charm. The lives wrecked upon the rock of sensuality are strewn in every direction. Again and again, with endless repetition, young men yield to the song of the siren that beguiles them to their death. They learn nothing, they see nothing, they know nothing but their wild desire, and on they go to destruction and the devil.

Every young man who reads this article has two lives before him. He may choose either. He may throw himself away on a few illegitimate delights, which cover his brow with shame in the presence of his mother, and become an old man before his time, with all the wine drained out of his life; or he may grow up into a pure, strong manhood, held in healthy relation to all the joys that pertain to that high estate. He may be a beast in his heart, or he may have a wife whom he worships, children whom he delights in, a self-respect which enables him to meet unabashed the noblest woman, and hold an undisputed place in society. He may have a dirty imagination, or one that hates and spurns all impurity as both disgusting and poisonous. In brief, he may be a man, with a man's powers and immunities, or a

sham of a man,—a whited sepulchre—conscious that he carries with him his own dead bones, and all uncleanness. It is a matter entirely of choice. He knows what one life is and where it ends. He knows the essential quality and certain destiny of the other. The man who says he cannot control himself not only lies, but places his Maker in blame. He can control himself, and, if he does not, he is both a fool and a beast. The sense of security and purity and self-respect that come of continence, entertained for a single day, is worth more than the illicit pleasures of a world for all time. The pure in heart see God in everything, and see Him everywhere and they are supremely blest.

Wine and strong drink form another candle in which millions of men have singed themselves, and destroyed both body and soul. Here the signs of danger are more apparent than in the other form of sensuality, because there is less secrecy. The candle burns in open space, where all men can see it. Women flaunt their gauzes in it. Clergymen sweep their robes through it. Respectability uses it to light its banquets. In many regions of this country it is a highly respectable candle. Yet, every year, sixty thousand persons in this country die of intemperance; and when we think of the blasted lives that live in want and misery, of wives in despair, of loves bruised and blotted out, of children disgraced, of alms-houses filled, of crime committed through its influence, of industry extinguished, and of disease engendered, and remember that this has been going on for thousands of years; wherever wine has been known; what are we to think of the men who still press into the fire? Have they any more sense than the moths? It is almost enough to shake a man's faith in immortality to learn that he belongs to a race that manifests so little sense, and such hopeless recklessness.

We do not like to become an exhorter in these columns, but, if it were necessary, we would plead with young men. Keep out of the candle. It will always singe your wings, or destroy you.—*Scribner's*.

MOTHER KEMP GIVES HER OPINIONS.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jeems," said Mother Kemp the other day, when we took a seat in her cozy little parlor, "I don't go much on your Masonry brethren who are all the time dingin' away about Masons not helpin' them. Why don't the hulks help themselves? I would say. Why they are big enough; and ugly enough, and old enough, as the people used to say, and ought to know better than to expect to live off any bencvolent society."

"What do you mean, mother Kemp?" we ventured to ask, for really, the earnest way in which the good old woman started out, it was impossible for us to discern the string she was pulling on.

"Why, Jeems!" said she, with a sort of startling glare of her two big grey eyes, "you are so obtuse, as my reverend husband used to say to me when I was not thinkin', as not to know that you have among you a smart chance of great, big, ignorant sort of masonry brethren, who think because they are Masons, you ought to employ them whether they suit you or not, and when they want office they think you must vote for them no matter what politics they are of."

"Well, now, Mother Kemp," said we, "if there are any such Masons among us they must be green, for everybody knows there is no politics in Masonry, and everybody knows, also, that there is no Masonry in politics, the two are positively incompatible."

"Jist so, Jeems, and I know'd it and I told 'em so down at the quiltin' the other day. You see, I went down to help the widow Sowers quilt a quilt, and who should come in but Sally Jones and Betsey Cowder, and old Mrs. Johnson, for they were invited too, and they laid off their bonnets and shawls on the bed, while Sister Sowers and me took their two babies, and dear bless me I began to think, directly, that we would have got the quilt a good deal sooner if they hadn't of come at all. You know, Jeems," said she, "what a pester babies are at a quiltin'."

"O, yes, Mother Kemp, they are sometimes very troublesome," said we by way of helping the old lady on with her story.

"Well, after so long a time, Jeems, we got the two babies to sleep, and laid 'em on Sister Sowers' bed and then we all got round the quilt, which did make things look a little like business again. But then we had't quilted long before I saw somethin' was comin', and was goin' to fall on me, too, hit or miss."

"I hear, Mother Kemp," said old Mrs. Johnson, with a sort of smart crisp of her big mouth, 'that you are becoming a very distinguished Mason of late.'

"Well, you've heard what is not so Mrs. Johnson," said I, as I indignantly stared her right in the face. She looked frightened, as if she was afraid she had hurt my feelins', and she tried to smooth it all over by sayin' :

"I didn't believe it myself, Mother Kemp, for I'd known you a long time, and I was satisfied you wouldn't have much to do with any such people who turned their poor brethren out of office.'

"Who's been turned out of office?" I asked.

"Why don't you know, Mother Kemp," said she, 'that Jack Cas-hatt and Sam Jones, Sally's husband, yes, and Peter Rankins, who is Mrs. Crowder's brother, yes, were all turned out of office by the Masons, a few weeks ago, and yet they are all brother Masons, too.'

"Well, what of all that, Mrs. Johnson," said I, 'Is Masonry a political society,' I asked her.

"Well—no—I—suppose—it—aint," said she in her long, drawlin' way, 'but then, I supposed they wouldn't put their poor brethren out of office, when they had no other way of makin' a livin'.

"Mrs. Johnson," says I, 'you've got two things mixed up that never will mix. Don't you know that Masonry never knows no man's politics or religion? Why, you are blamin' the Masons for the very opposite sin, which they are so often accused of. Other people say they

always stand right up for one another right or wrong, and you tell us they don't stand up for one another worth a cent.

"Now, you don't know nothing about the Masonry folks, Mrs. Johnson," said I, "and you hadn't ought to talk about people you don't know," I said.

"Well, but, Mother Kemp," said she, "you know the tree is known by its fruit."

"Yes, I know that," said I, "but you are judgin' the tree without tastin' the fruit. The fact is, Mrs. Johnson, you have got under the wrong apple tree, altogether, for you are blamin' Masonry for what politics has done—that's just what you're a doin'," said I, and you ought to have seen her, Jeems, when I said that, for she looked straight down at her needle, and pushed it through the quilt, with an ugly screw of her mouth, as as if she was sewing leather. I saw she was riled, Jeems, and I changed the subject mighty quick for fear we would get into a rumpus."

"Mother Kemp," said we, "you were right in defending our Ancient Craft in this respect, for Masonry is no political machine, its members differ in their politics and religion, as everybody may know as much, perhaps, as any other people."

"So you've often told me, Jeems," said the zealous old lady, "and it was because I know'd better that made me pitch into old Mrs. Johnson as I did."

"But, Jeems," she asked, "don't you think some men join your lodges just to get popular?"

"It is probable, Mother Kemp, that some do," we admitted.

"Well, but, don't they often miss it, Jeems?" she asked.

"Yes, we presume they do," we answered.

"Well, that is right, Jeems, for I've often seen the same thing in the church, and I've most always thought that if people would make a stepping-stone of the church they would make it of anything else. Don't you, Jeems?" she asked.

"Inordinate ambition, Mother Kemp," we responded, "is apt to be unscrupulous in regard to the means to an end; and if such a class should get in among us they would, no doubt, do us great harm, sooner or later."

"Just so, just so, Jeems," assented the good old woman, as she gave a dry smirk to her wrinkled face, and she changed the subject and asked:

"Don't you Masonry brethren, Jeems, find it very difficult sometimes to make some men who belong to Masonry, anyways zealous in the cause?"

"Why do you ask such a question as that, Mother Kemp?" we inquired.

"Why, I'll tell you, Jeems," said she, "for I was down to Squire

Rush's wife last week, and while I was sittin' and talkin' to Mrs. Rush, the Squire came in and took a seat right by me, and the first thing he said was :

" 'Mother Kemp, I hear you've become a very zealous Mason in your old days.'

" 'I knew he was just jokin' me, Jeems, so I said,

" 'Well, aint you a Mason, Mr. Rush?'

" 'Well, yes,' said he, 'I reckon I might say I am.'

" 'You only reckon so. That is,' said I, for I wanted to hit him a lick, 'you are then a reckon-so-Mason, Mr. Rush? Well I have often heard they had such men among them, but I didn't know you was one of 'em,' I added laughin'.

" 'Do you attend your Lodge, Mr. Rush?' I asked him.

" 'Not often, Mother Kemp,' said he.

" 'Are your dues paid up?' I inquired.

" 'Well, I suppose not, Mother Kemp,' said he, 'for I believe I haven't been to Lodge for a year or more.'

" 'I couldn't help but think, Jeems, poor backslider. I thought I would just put him clean through, and I said, 'Mr. Rush do you take the *Masonic Advocate* ?'

" 'No, Mother Kemp,' said he, 'I've not taken that paper.'

" 'Well, now, Mr. Rush, I'm ashamed of you, and your Masonry brethren will be, too. I'm afeared,' said I, 'you are a very unzealous sort of a Mason, you don't attend Lodge meeting, you don't pay up your dues, so as to help the poor widows and orphans, and then you don't take the *Advocate*! I'm afeared, Mr. Rush, said I, 'that you'll git to be a suspended Mason, if you keep on a year or two more.'"

" 'What did he say to all that, Mother Kemp?', we asked.

" 'O, Jeems,' said the old lady, " he only twisted, and wriggled and laughed, as such poor backsliders always do."

" 'He's a very unzealous Mason, Jeems, and if you have many of this sort among you, Masonry will git to be a weak sort of thing; don't you think it will, Jeems?' she asked, as she looked up at her clock and saw that it would soon be high noon. Rising from her chair, said she,

" 'Stay and take dinner with me to-day, Jeems, I've got a nice corn pone in the oven.'"

Mother Kemp well knows we are a great lover of corn bread, and as she is a good talker, and always interesting, we accepted of her hospitality, and took up a volume of Wesley's sermons to look over, while she went out to prepare the meal.—*Jeems in Masonic Advocate*.

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth;
 And from the soul itself there must be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the lip and element.

MASONS AND THE CENTENNIAL.

Much credit is due to Colonel John W. Forney for the able and persistent manner in which he has presented the objects of the Centennial, not only through the columns of the *Press*, but also in public addresses. The following remarks of Colonel Forney, delivered at an entertainment given by Kensington Lodge, A. Y. M., will do much good. Could the entire Masonic Order be interested in the Centennial, it would need no other support, and we trust that the body, as an organization, will have much to do with the erection of this national temple of progress :

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN W. FORNEY.

I do not know, ladies and gentlemen, how better to prove my sincere thanks for your kind invitation than by calling your attention to the interesting connection between the Order of Masonry and the coming Centennial. In fact, there is no association on this continent more intimately connected with the history and growth of our country, and therefore more especially dedicated to the appropriate celebration of the Centennial, than Masonry. Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Joseph Warren, and many other Revolutionary characters, were distinguished members of your Fraternity, and, as I recall these names, and add to them the names of such Pennsylvanians as George M. Dallas, Francis R. Shunk, George Wolf, and others, still living, almost equally distinguished, high in confidence and service, I find sufficient evidence of the universality of our benevolence and usefulness. It is this universality which must especially mark the Centennial. [Applause.] Inviting hither all the nations of the earth, how beautiful the idea that a brotherhood which extends to all these nations should be invoked to aid in the good work. [Cheers.] Masonry has no politics; the Centennial will have no politics. Masonry pleads for religious toleration; neither sect, nor creed, nor dogma will be excluded from the Centennial. Your members can travel safely over all the world, armed with their simple diploma, freely admitted into every circle, protected from every injury; and during the late civil war, more than one life was saved and many sufferings alleviated by your gentle ministrations. [Applause.] It is because you are thus uplifted from party, section, and intolerance—because your fibers reach to the utmost ends of the earth, while your history is lost in tradition, that we all look to you to help forward what will be a universal meeting of the peoples of the earth in grateful revival of all the sacred teaching of our illustrious past. [Cheers.] The collections of history and the relics of the Revolution will be immensely increased by your aid, and, no doubt, among your archives will be found many treasures that will throw light upon the best examples of the past. [Applause.]

Many people are puzzled to know exactly what Masonry means—how it originated—whether, in fact, you are doing much good. Your roll of membership ought to answer this question, for it is hardly possible that the eminent characters I have named would be attached to an institution without an object; but if I could define any specific advantage resulting from your organization, it would be your architecture and your conservative relation to many of the existing splendors of European art. [Cheers.] Without discussing whether your Orders can be traced from Solomon and his gorgeous and unparalleled temple, it is enough to refer to the many superb testimonials erected by the Masons in ancient countries, especially in Great Britain. Here, again, you will be needed at the Centennial. Most happily have you set the example by your unequalled temple, at the corner of Broad and Filbert streets, in this city, a work which excites the admiration and wonder of every visitor, and which is, let us hope, the great pioneer in the artistic and harmonious development of our great metropolis. [Applause.] Here, where, indeed, our architecture has been so slow, we may well turn with gratitude to the massive and symmetrical pile quietly erected by your Order, not simply as a lesson in public buildings, but as a model to public servants—you have set us an example in more respects than one, in management, in style, and in economical expenditure. [Applause.]

How curious the history of Masonry! How it has overcome all opposition! There are no anti-Masons now, and yet most of us who have passed over half a century recollect the time when hostility to Masonry was as fierce as hostility to Catholics—when your members were dragged to Harrisburg, and were thrown into prison, and when almost a Presidential party was formed on the basis of opposition to your Order. Now, nobody is willing to admit that he ever opposed your organization [cheers], and most of the distinguished statesmen who led in the crusade are willing to obliterate that part of their record, so that you stand vindicated by the glorious charities of your Order, and by the overthrow of your adversaries. [Applause.]

Many people wonder why ladies are not admitted to membership; but, judging from their presence here to-night, they do not complain any more than because they are refused admission to the clubs or to political organizations; and yet, with your enormous and increasing numbers, they are enabled to use all the elements of womanhood in the country, because your cause is the cause of charity, and love, and forgiveness—the alleviation of human suffering, the dissemination of friendship, and the extinction of all differences between the nations. [Cheers.] This is especially women's sphere; and I can well imagine with how much zeal your wives and daughters will enter upon that part of the Centennial mission which relates to the women of the Revolution—so many of them the wives and daughters of the leading Masons of that exalted period.—*Phil. Journal of Exposition.*

MASONIC LIVING.

Before concluding my address, the last probably which it will be my privilege to present to you, permit me to refer briefly to the importance of a faithful adherence in principle and practice to the sacred tenets and cardinal virtues of our institution. It may seem trite to say that these are of far greater importance than its ritual; and yet the fact remains and is a reproach to Masonry that Masons here and there, and among them some who spare no pains to make themselves perfect in the ritual, are sadly indifferent to its moral precepts and obligations. Do not understand me to depreciate the value of high acquirements in the ritual. We should all be bright Masons. Let it be remembered, however, that the brightest ritual can never hide a tarnished character. The ritual is only the shadow of the real body of Masonry. It is the casket which contains the jewels of Masonic principle and character. Too many of us carry caskets in which the jewels are either wanting or so defaced with careless handling that we dare no longer call them jewels.

I am aware that to some Masons these admonitions are distasteful and will probably be received with some impatience. They will say that Masonry is not religion, and that it is not to be so preached and enforced. I answer that it is true that Masonry is not religion, and that any man who accepts it as such makes a mistake which may be fatal to his happiness here and hereafter. But I answer further that Masonry is a pure, high-toned morality, to the practice of which every brother has voluntarily, and in the presence of that God in whom he has avowed his trust, solemnly pledged himself. The obligations thus assumed cannot be set aside or neglected without condemnation and loss of character both to the individual and to Masonry.

Further, any brother who after faithful instruction and warning finds himself unwilling to abandon immoral practices, becomes a proper subject of Masonic discipline, and when a Lodge unfortunately includes in its membership a controlling immoral element and influence there can be no question as to the propriety of promptly arresting its charter.

We are not content ourselves, however, with merely abstaining from immorality. It is especially the duty of Masons to carry into daily life the tenets of our profession, which are Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. It has been represented to me that some of the brethren have been careless in this direction. We should not wait for invitations to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, or rally to the support of a falling brother. Our eyes should open to see and our ears to hear and our hands be ready to supply the needs of those in distress. I am persuaded that any failure in duty in this direction will be found mainly

in our larger towns, where the pressure of business and other pre-occupations sometimes seem to leave little time for other duties. I am glad to be able to say, also, that I believe the average standard of morality to be fully as high in our jurisdiction as in any other, and that it is advancing from year to year.

The words of admonition which I have expressed are intended to aid the advance referred to, and to arrest tendencies in the opposite direction, which seem to exist in a few localities.

In conclusion, brethren, allow me to congratulate you on the present, and to encourage you in your efforts to extend the blessings of our institution. May your labors be abundantly rewarded, and may the time soon come when Masons everywhere will recognize their obligation "to be good men and true and strictly to obey the moral law."—*Brother Thos. H. Logan, G. M. of W. Va.*

A MASONIC GOAT.

In a small village, not a thousand miles from this place, says the *Sonoma Democrat*, a certain divine, whose church is strongly opposed to secret societies, announced a few weeks ago, that he would deliver a discourse against Freemasonry. The appointment was for Saturday night, and a large audience came out to hear him. Just as the speaker began to warm up with his subject, a lot of boys went up to the door, and opening it, shoved in an old billy goat, and locked the door on the outside. Now this old goat was a notorious fellow. The boys about town had teased and "fooled" him with so much that he was always on the fight. When thrust into the large company that composed the audience of the reverend speaker, he was not at all abashed, but began looking about for a foeman worthy of his horns. Soon he discovered the speaker gesticulating in the further end of the room, and, with a few preliminary nods to assure himself that his neck was in good working order, he made for him on the double-quick. It was as if the ghost of the traditional Masonic goat was after him. Dodging around the pulpit he managed to elude Billy's well-aimed butts. Down among the audience they came, the pursued and the pursuer. Women and children mounted the benches and such a scene of confusion and such an uproar is not often seen in a solemn assembly. In the meantime the boys were firing a volley of stones at the end of the building. By a strategic movement the goat was caught and tied to a bench, and the congregation quieted down. The speaker resumed his subject. Billy stood quietly for a while, but when one of the boys who knew his tricks, made a motion at him, he began to plunge and rear to get at him, creating about as much confusion as before. When the door was opened all were glad to get out, except Billy, who felt that he had not had half a show.

LIGHT, BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.

 BY M. F. BIGNEY, 32°.

Light, beautiful light !

Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,
 That waketh worlds from the chaos of night,
 And brighteneth ocean and isle !
 Fleet as a thought o'er the waters careering,
 Iris-hued pearls in thy pathway appearing,
 Gemming the foam, while the depths thou art cheering,
 Light, beautiful light !

Light, cherishing light !

Light as it lingers o'er forest and field,
 That tinteth the flowers to gladden the sight,
 And brighten the emerald shield !
 Thou to the gardens in glory descending,
 Mystical beauties forever art blending,
 While to the fruit-trees rich treasures thou'rt lending,
 Light, cherishing light !

Light, gladdening light !

Light that converteth to diamonds the dew,
 That wakens the morn with a hymn of delight,
 As if 'twere created anew !
 When over Nature thy mantle thou'rt flinging,
 Groves become vocal, and birds, with their singing,
 Gush forth in thy praise, like a mountain upspringing,
 Light, gladdening light !

Light, truth-telling light !

Light as it comes from the radiant spheres,
 That shadows dispels with its silvery might,
 And dangers, and phantoms, and fears.
 Bright through the lattice thy matin rays streaming,
 Startles the maid from her passionate dreaming,
 Showing the true from that only in seeming,
 Light, truth-telling light !

Light, heavenly light !

Light, as in brightness it beams on the mind,
 That seems with a pencil of glory to write
 High lyrics of hope for mankind !
 Mortals, the mystical tablet divining,
 Still for the fair and the holy are pining,
 While their best thoughts thou art upward inclining,
 Light, heavenly light !

TRUE MASONIC CHARITY.

We have often thought what a vast amount of good could be accomplished, in an unostentatious way, by brethren with limited means. We see around us many fatherless and motherless children uncared for, without homes and buffeting about the world as best they may. Now, if every brother would take one of these little wanderers to the bosom of his family, care for it, and educate it as his own, it would save a human being, if not from a life of degradation, at least from a life of hardship. The addition of one little child as a member of a family would not add much expense, and the thoughts of having saved the moral life of one of these little outcasts would be a reward sufficient for all trouble.

We believe it was Grand Master Chilton, of Alabama, some two or three years ago, in his annual address, who, in referring to this subject, said: "Let us look well to our helpless little ones, who, by the death of their parents, are thrown as waifs upon an unfeeling world. Let me take one, and you take one, and that other brother take one; in short, all of us who are able to sustain them, take one until they shall all be provided with homes. Let us take them to the bosom of our families, and make them feel that they have a home indeed, where they can be cheered by the warm sympathies of our wives and daughters, who will aid us to train them up for usefulness here and happiness hereafter."

These are words that should be weighed well by every brother, who with the ordinary means of life, could maintain one or our little orphans. There are not many brethren who, if they would only think so, but could thus adopt as his own, or give support to one child without affecting him to any extent financially. We are aware how many there are who would smile at such a proposition, but would simply ask them in all sincerity to look upon it in the light of real Masonic charity. How many a little heart would be gladdened, how many a bright living smile would be given, and how many a heart-felt prayer would ascend to heaven for such an unostentatious charity.

We would not confine this kind of charity to Masons' children alone, or the Masonic Fraternity to extend it, but to all alike. The children of our dead brethren are first to receive our care, next others; bright-eyed little souls who would soon learn to love and respect us as parents. If all would adopt this mode of dispensing charity, what an amount of suffering and crime it would prevent. Let us think of this, brethren!

We know a worthy brother who has adopted this mode of charity. Six years ago he adopted one of these little waifs, and at the present time it is loved and petted as his own, nor has the little wanderer ever

known the difference of a real parent. Taken at the age of six months, a little pale, wasted and half starved infant, by kind care it is now a healthy and intelligent little girl. He says she will never know that she is not his child, unless some "kind friend" at some future time whispers it in her ears. He intends to educate, and in all respects treat her as he does his own children, yet this brother is far from being wealthy.

Now, brethren, here is an example for us all. How many are there of us that could not do the same? Probably three-fourths of the members of any Lodge are just as able as this brother, who finds his reward in the sweet little face and sunny smile that meet him at the door. This is his way of doing good. Could it not with propriety be emulated? He says he has no means to give to swell a subscription list, that his name may be read, but he can fill one little mouth, and guide her little footsteps towards the Giver of all good. He looks not for other reward than the love and affection which he daily receives in return.

Is this not true charity?—*St. Louis Freemason.*

THE MASON'S ORPHAN DAUGHTER.

In the last visitation which we made to one of the Orphan Homes of this State, we found among the interesting groups of fatherless inmates of the institution, a sweet-faced little girl of some eleven summers, whose mild blue eyes and simple, womanly manners at once attracted our attention, and kindled within our hearts, as is somewhat natural in such cases, an inquisitive desire to know something of her history.

The wonderfully attractive power which some persons possess, and which is often found in the eye and contour and manners of the young, seems to wear the mystic blandishment of some weird land. There is an unearthly beauty in the personnel, and a wand-power of immediate influence of the individual spirit which but few can resist. It comes over us like a divinity, and fastens our admiration as with the tethers of an irresistible affinity.

It was this sort of a soul-subjugation which came over us when we looked into the eyes and apparent angel character of this little orphan girl, as she sat among the rest, as if she were but a common lamb of the fold, with the helpless and innocent consciousness that she was only an orphan child, homeless and friendless, and without a single bright star to illuminate her unknown future.

To us this condition seemed a sad one--without father or mother, brother or sister, and alone in the world, with no guardian power over her save that of the sympathy of public charity.

When the songs and prayers of the evening were over, and the

orphan family had retired to their respective chambers for the night, we began our questioning with the kind-hearted matron, who herself is the relic of a Masonic brother whom we once knew, and who, in her present position is doubtless the right woman in the right place.

"What is the history," we asked, "of that little blue-eyed girl who sat here to our right this evening during devotional exercises?"

"O, that is Annie Torrey, one of my favorite pets. Isn't she an interesting child?" the matron said.

"Indeed she is. but where is she from?" we inquired.

"Her little short life-story," responded the good woman, "is full of interest, and I might add even of romance, too, for she is an English born child, and here in this city lost both her father and her mother within a year. She had two little brothers, but they are since dead, and Annie is now the only one left of the entire family."

"She is indeed a fair and beautiful child," we replied, "and her very soul seems to speak through the soft and mild beamings of her eyes."

"Does she seem happy here?" we inquired.

"Why, yes, this is her native disposition, it seems to be natural with her to be pleased, no matter what turns up."

"Do you know anything of her parentage, farther than that she is of English birth?" we asked.

"Why, yes," she replied; "I have heard that her father was a Master Mason, and came to this country to better his fortune as a machinist, and for some time worked in this city. But, poor man, he and his wife both died within a year after coming to the country. Their possessions were small, and by the time they had passed through their sickness and death, there was nothing but their three children left behind."

With a sympathy of soul for the poor little orphan daughter that was even painful, we bade the good matron adieu for the evening, with a promise of attending the Sabbath services next Sunday in the institution.

We could but think when lying down for the night how melancholy and hopeless is the prospective destiny of the tens of thousands of orphan children which are to be found scattered over our country. We thought devoutly, too, of the "All-seeing eye," and wondered if there was not an especial assurance given to all such in that old Jewish inspiration, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." Surely if God pities the poor, there must be some special hope for the helpless orphan in the divine compassion. Life's relationships are often sad at the best, for men and women are weak and frail, and too frequently are wanting in education and intelligence, as well as in self-government, and even with their children around

them they are far from being happy. They fail to recognize the highest gifts of heaven, and draw closer upon themselves the sorrows of life, when they should only be drinking of its most pleasurable realities.

The next day in the Chapel of the Orphans' Home we again met the Mason's orphan daughter. She was dressed in her plain Sunday suit of buff calico, with a neat little ruffle of the same color round her neck, which was partially hid by the beautiful clusters of auburn curls which hung down her back.

The children all looked well and appeared to be happy, and we joined with them in their Sabbath school services with much more than the ordinary interest. Little Annie sat near us, and we had a good opportunity of noticing her intelligent readiness in answering questions, and when the school closed, by permission of the matron, we had a long and interesting conversation with her in regard to what she knew of her history.

"Do you remember, Annie," we asked her, "your father and mother?"

"O, yes, sir," said she, "as well as if they had only died yesterday."

"What do you remember of England, your native country?" we enquired.

"Why, sir, I remember Manchester, the place where I was born. My grandfather and grandmother and Uncle James live there, and I often think," said she with an air of observable sadness, "if my dear parents had remained there we might all have been living yet."

"You have no relatives in this country, Annie?" we asked.

"Not one," she answered promptly.

"Would you like to go back to England?" we inquired.

"Indeed I would," she affirmed.

"Well, then, why don't you write to your relatives to send for you? Wouldn't they do it?"

"Yes, sir, I think they would?" she quickly responded.

"Do you know, Annie," we asked her with some delicacy, "whether your father was a Mason?"

"No, sir," she responded, "he was a machinist."

We could but smile at her simplicity, and explained, by asking, "if he was what they called a Freemason?"

"I think he was something of that sort," she responded with a laugh, "for I have in my little trunk up stairs a purple apron which has a good many things on it which I don't know anything about. I found it in one of our drawers after mother died, and as I thought it was very pretty I have kept it ever since."

I asked her if she would please go and get it, and let me look at it.

She flew up stairs at once, like a little bird, and in a few minutes returned and spread out on my lap a very well preserved Master Mason's apron.

"Was this your father's, Annie," we inquired.

"I presume it was," said she, "though I don't know what he did with it. I have often taken it out and looked at it, and thought that it was something that belonged to the machinists."

"No, Annie," we assured her, "this is what we term the apron of a Master Mason, and we presume your father held this relation to the craft in England."

"It may be, but I don't know," said she, "for I was only eight years old when we left England, and I never saw it until after my mother's death, when I was nine years old."

"And you have kept it ever since?"

"Yes, sir, for since Joseph and Fleming died, this is nearly all I have left of anything that belonged to our family."

The Masonic apron was a relic worthy of her tenderest regards, for it gave to others, whom she knew not, an interest in her, which, perhaps, nothing else in her possession would or could have done, for she was soon made known to several as the Mason's orphan daughter, and with the little light which she could give, a correspondence was opened up by Brother Gentry, of Terra Haute, with Annie's friends in Manchester, England, and the probabilities now are that ere the new year of 1875 dawns upon us, she will be under the genial roof of her grandparents in the land of her birth, where it is fondly hoped that the loneliness of her orphanage will be forgotten in the loving smiles and tender caresses of her own blood kin.

"Thus found alone on a bleak and foreign shore,
An orphan child is carried home once more,"

—*Masonic Advocate.*

MASONRY THE MODERN METHUSALEH.

The long and uninterrupted existence of Freemasonry in the world is a circumstance which cannot escape the observation of the contemplative, or fail to excite some degree of wonder in those, at least, who understand not its pure and well-formed system. It has stood the waste of time through many revolving ages; amidst the successive revolutions of States and Empires, of human laws and customs, it has remained without any change in its principles and without any material alteration in its original form. Placed on the immovable basis of the best natural principles of the human heart, its pillars have remained unshaken amidst the rage of every varied storm, and to this hour have suffered no decay.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

MASONIC FUNERALS.

It is undoubtedly the proper rule for Masonic funerals that the services shall be under the exclusive direction of the Master, and that no non-Masonic organization shall be permitted to participate. Perhaps a brief reference to the reason for this rule may be a guide in practically applying it under the varying circumstances which arise, and may also to some extent remove an impression which even some Masons have, that the rule is unreasonably exclusive. The key to the whole matter appears to be the fact that during the funeral service the Lodge is regularly open in the Master's degree. From this it of course follows that the service is in the strictest sense a Masonic ceremony, and not merely a tribute of respect to a deceased Brother. The performance therefore, after the Masonic ceremony commences, of any other ceremony, however appropriate or beautiful in itself, would be an interruption which could not be allowed, for the same reason that no Brother could be allowed to introduce any address or ceremony in the esoteric work of the Lodge room, however important might be his subject, or however respectable might be his character or his abilities. The Lodge does not claim the right to perform its funeral service for any Brother. That service is performed only at his request or the request of his family, and since the peculiar nature of our ceremonies is well known, there seems to be no good reason why the Master should be thought uncharitable if he insists even rigidly that our rules and practices be observed.

It will be easily inferred that no objection should be made to the performance of such religious or other services as the friends of the Brother may desire, before the Masonic services begin. But after the Master, upon proper request, commences our service it is clearly his duty to arrange that no other burial service shall accompany or follow his Masonic work.

While it appears that our service is thus exclusively Masonic, and cannot be delayed for the interpolation of any other ceremony, it must also be recollected that it differs from most Masonic ceremonies in being held outside the Lodge room, and including in its purposes the friends of the deceased Brother, who may not be Masons, and that by reason of this fact, certain rules which obtain in other ceremonies, have here no application.

It is obvious that there can be no objection to the presence as spectators or mourners of persons not Masons. The necessity of the case requires this, and the propriety of the occasion also demands that the friends of the deceased should be assigned a place with the Lodge. Perhaps practically the most difficult question which arises, is as to how far persons not masons may be employed or permitted to assist the Lodge in its duty. Certain parts of the ceremony have a meaning

known only to us as a substitute for our private work, and these should obviously be performed by none but Masons. Certain other parts though having an inner meaning, known only to us, have also an appropriateness which is apparent to all, and there seems to be no reason why all might not be allowed to join, so far as can be done without disturbing our proper order.

It is almost necessary that in some cases, persons not Masons should assist in the work of burial in the same way in which operative masons are often employed to assist in the actual work of laying a corner-stone. And when musicians who are Masons cannot conveniently be found, it seems reasonable to allow the employment of proper persons outside the society, to perform suitable music.

In brief all that need be insisted on is that the service, being exclusively Masonic, should not be accompanied by any ceremony which would detract from that character, and that such parts of the service as have an exclusively esoteric reference should be performed only by our Brethren.—*C. in Freemason's Repository.*

A TEMPLAR ROCK.

There is the Knight Templar Rock on Lundy Island, at the entrance of the Bristol Channel, England. It is so called because the Knights Templar at one time occupied the island, and the rock represents one of the Knights in a cap such as the warriors wore when not in armor—a Knight-cap but not a night-cap. The features are very plain, and are those of a sagacious old man with deep-set eyes and a Roman nose. He looks out over the waters as though he were a sentinel who sat there to watch, and being forgotten by the departing Knights, had gradually been turned into stone. It is curious that the Templars should have found there an effigy in the enduring rocks so strikingly like one of themselves.

Singular as this resemblance to a human face is, it is by no means single in the world. Two others are equally distinct, and being more complex, are perhaps even more remarkable.

Many of our readers have doubtless visited the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, and looked up at the dark, grim visage of the "Old Man of the Mountain," as from an elevation of fifteen hundred feet he gazes on the wonderful panorama around him. He is certainly the oldest inhabitant of that region, if not of the globe. "Profile Rock," as it is also called, is the most remarkable in that it is not really a single rock, but several rocks piled one above another. The projections which form so distinct a face are hundreds of feet apart. Only from one line of view is the "Old Man" visible. Place yourself opposite the face of the mountain, and you lose every trace of the rocky visage.

The other profile, carved by the hand of nature, is the Queen Elizabeth Rock, off the coast of Cornwall, England. The resemblance of Her Majesty is quite evident, as she is seated in erect dignity on a sort of throne. The rock is two hundred feet high, and situated in the midst of the wildest scenery. The best view is from the cliffs of Watergate Bay. It was sometimes thought that Queen Elizabeth had a heart of stone while she lived, but she never presided over the stormy political affairs of her time with such firmness and enduring calm as her effigy now does over the storms of the Atlantic. She looks here as though she had been *rocked* into a perpetual sleep.—*Key Stone.*

Official.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Sir John Quincy Adams Fellows, M. E. Grand Master :

To the Officers and Members of our Grand Encampment, to wit :—

To all the Office Bearers of the Grand Encampment of the United States—

To the Past Grand Masters, Past Deputy Grand Masters, Past Grand Generalissimos and Past Grand Captains-General of the Grand Encampment—

To all the Grand Commanders, Past Grand Commanders (or Past Grand Masters), Deputy Grand Commanders, Grand Generalissimos, and Grand Captains-General of each State-Grand Commandery within the United States—

To the Commanders, Generalissimos, and Captains-General of the Commanderies holding under Charters immediately from our Grand Encampment—GREETING :

WHEREAS, at the stated meeting of the Grand Encampment held in the city of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on Tuesday, September nineteenth, A. D. 1871, and the days following, a resolution was unanimously passed, designating the City of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, as the place, and Tuesday the 1st of December, A. D. 1874, as the time for the next Triennial Stated meeting (the nineteenth) of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States of America.

These are therefore to summon you, and each of you, in accordance with your Constitutional obligation, and unless excused by virtue of the terms of your vow, to attend the said meeting to be holden at the place and at eleven o'clock A. M. of the day aforesaid, and then, the Grand Encampment having been opened, to regularly transact such business as is required by the Constitution and Edicts of the Grand Encampment, and as the good of the Order may require.

Done at New Orleans, Louisiana, this twenty-third day of September, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

BY THE GRAND MASTER.

Attest my hand and the seal of our Grand Encampment, at Iowa City, Iowa, this thirtieth day of September, A. O. 756.

SEAL.

THEODORE SUTTON PARVIN,
Grand Recorder.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER R. A. M., FOR THE U. S.

OFFICE OF GENERAL GRAND SECRETARY,
BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1874.

To All whom it may Concern, Greeting:

Notice is hereby given, that the General Grand Chapter will hold its twenty-second Triennial Convocation in Freemason's Hall, Nashville, Tenn., commencing on Tuesday, November 24th, 1874, at 9 o'clock A. M. pursuant to a provision of its constitution and a resolution adopted in 1871.

The Grand and Deputy Grand High Priests, Grand King and Grand Scribe of each of the State Grand Chapters under its jurisdiction, all Past Grand High Priests of the Grand Chapters respectively, and the High Priests, Kings and Scribes of the Subordinate Chapters under its immediate jurisdiction, are entitled to seats in the General Grand Chapter.

Fraternally,

CHRISTOPHER G. FOX,
General Grand Secretary.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Sept. 20th, 1874.

Question. A member of our Lodge, being in ill health, removed with his family to another jurisdiction. A short time after his removal, at a regular communication, one of our members moved that a dimit be granted to said Brother who had removed as aforesaid, and upon such motion a dimit was voted. The Secretary prepared a certificate, which was duly attested, and mailed to the absent Brother. A short time afterwards the dimit was returned by the Brother to whom it had been sent, who wrote that his removal was but temporary; that he did not desire a dimit and had not requested it, and desired to retain his membership with our Lodge. Before any action was taken by the Lodge, the Brother to whom the dimit was voted, died, and the question arises whether such dimit was legally voted, and whether the deceased Brother was a member of our Lodge at the time of his death, and what action shall now be taken to right the wrong committed, if any, by the Lodge?

Answer. A dimit should be voted only upon the written application of the party desiring it. The action of your

Lodge in voting the dimit under the circumstances, was void. The deceased was a member of your Lodge at the time of his death. At the next regular meeting of your Lodge the Worshipful Master should direct the Secretary to make an entry upon your records of the fact that such dimit was voted and issued without authority and that the action of the Lodge in voting it was erroneous and void, and that the certificate of dimit being returned to the Lodge should be canceled.

Question. When a Worshipful Master is suspended from his office by the Grand Master, does he cease to be an officer the Lodge? If so, is he, during the term for which he was elected, liable to charges and specifications for unmasonic conduct, to be presented to and tried by the Lodge of which he is a member?

Answer. His suspension from his office by the Grand Master does not remove him permanently from the office. He ceases to be an *active* officer, but whenever the Grand Master shall withdraw the suspension he will again become an *active* officer; in other words, the withdrawal of the suspension will restore him to the position he occupied previously; and it follows that as he is still Master of the Lodge, suspended merely from the performance of the duties of the office, he is not liable to have charges preferred against him in the Lodge. Charges, however, may be preferred to the Grand Master for unmasonic conduct, and a committee may be appointed to take testimony and report the charge and testimony to the Grand Lodge, to take such action as it may think proper.

Question. Would it be regular for our Lodge to recommend the formation of a new Lodge upon a petition of brethren who are still members of Lodges in this jurisdiction?

Answer. Under our practice, every member petitioning for the formation of a new Lodge, must accompany his petition with his dimit. Section 30 of Grand Lodge By-Laws provides, however, what the petition shall contain, and the Lodges whose recommendations shall accompany the same are to certify to the truth of the statements contained in said petition. I do not think it would be illegal or improper for your Lodge to receive such a petition; if for instance a part

of the names appended were members of your Lodge at the time, provided they should take their dimits from your Lodge before sending in the petition for dispensation; and although the dimits might bear date later than the petition, yet if the dimits were in fact sent with the petition for a dispensation, it would be sufficient.

Question. Is it necessary to make written charges and specifications and have a regular trial before suspending members for non-payment of dues? If members are in arrears for several years, and their residence cannot be ascertained, how can we notify them?

Answer. Yes. It is immaterial how long such non-payment is continued, the member has a right to a trial before he is punished. As to giving notice to absent members, I refer you to the same question answered by my predecessor. See Transactions 1874, p. 49, question 16 and answer. This having been approved by the Grand Lodge, is of course the law of the case.

Question. A member of our Lodge was indefinitely suspended for unmasonic conduct. Afterwards, and at a regular communication of our Lodge, a motion was made to change the punishment to expulsion. I refused to entertain the motion. Was I right?

Answer. Yes. Upon the former trial the Lodge voted to inflict the penalty of indefinite suspension. The penalty can not be increased for the offense for which the Brother was tried. If another offense exist, different from the one specified in the former charges and specifications, new charges may be preferred, another trial had, and the Lodge in its discretion may inflict the penalty of expulsion.

Question. What is the proper course for our Lodge to pursue under the following circumstances:

A member of our Lodge is arrested on a criminal warrant for adultery and brought before the court. His case is adjourned in court from time to time, and pending the trial there, charges with specifications are preferred in the Lodge against him, charging as unmasonic conduct the same offense as that for which he was arrested in court. Counsel for the accused objects to any proceedings for trial in the Lodge

prior to the trial in court, for the reason, as assigned by him, that a conviction in the Lodge would influence the decision in the courts, and claims that should the Lodge proceed to trial and should the trial result in conviction of the accused, the Lodge will be liable for damages in an action for libel.

Answer. Overrule the objection and proceed to trial as though no such objection had been made. It is frivolous, and if the party charged is found guilty, expel him. The proceedings had in the Lodge should not be made public. The court and jury that may try him will have no knowledge that any such proceedings have been had in the Lodge. If your Lodge is *leaky* you need some further trials to remedy that defect.

WM. L. WEBBER,
Grand Master.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not law.]

CAN THE MASTER, BY RIGHT, USE THE SEAL OF THE LODGE?

Editor Freemason,—Has the Master of a Lodge any *right* to use the Seal of the Lodge? Or to do any of its correspondence under the Seal? A friendly difference of opinion has arisen about the above, and we would like your opinion on the same. Please give it in THE FREEMASON.
XXX.

Article VI, of our Grand Lodge Regulations, prescribes the duties of the Master of a Lodge. Section 2, of this article, says that it shall be his duty "*To superintend [not perform] the official acts of all the officers of his Lodge, and see that their respective duties are properly performed.*"

Article X, of the Regulations, prescribes the duties of the Secretary of the Lodge; and provides that "*It shall be the duty of the Secretary, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER, * * * * to keep the seal of the Lodge and to affix the same with his attestation, to all papers issued under its authority or in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution and Regulations of this Grand Lodge.*"

We hold that the Secretary and all the elective officers of the Lodge, so far as their peculiar and prescribed duties are concerned, are the agents of the Lodge—not of the Master—but they are required, by law

and usage, to perform their duties under the supervision and subject to the will and pleasure of the Master. Indeed it is made the duty of the Master to see that the functions of all the officers of his Lodge, are properly performed by *them*—not by himself. But the power and duty of the Master to *supervise*, do not clothe him with any power to *supplant* them or to *assume* to himself the performance of duties devolved, by the Lodge and by the laws and usages of Masonry, upon them or any of them.

If the Secretary or any other officer be absent, the Master may fill the vacancy by a temporary appointment; but such appointment ceases to be valid immediately upon the return of the regularly elected officer of the Lodge.

If the Secretary be incompetent, if he refuse to perform his duty, if he wilfully abuse his trust, or if he be guilty of any unmasonic conduct, he cannot be removed or suspended from office or supplanted by the Master; but if *charges* be preferred against him, he may, during the pendency of the charges, be *suspended* from office by the *Grand Master*.

Having thus declared what we understand to be the duties and powers of the Master and of the Secretary, and having also stated their official relations to the Lodge and to each other, we find no difficulty in answering both questions, propounded by our correspondent, in the negative.

Masonic law and usage make the Secretary of a Lodge the *keeper of its Seal*; they devolve upon him the right and duty to use that seal, *with his own official signature*, in attestation of all papers requiring it; and subject him to the will and direction of the Lodge as to *what* he shall do and to the will and pleasure of the Master as to *how* he shall do it.

If the Master wishes an official letter to be written, he may direct the Secretary to write it; in which case it should close with the following words, "By order of the W. M.," and be signed and sealed by the Secretary officially: or, the Master may write and sign it officially as "W. M." and direct the Secretary to authenticate it by his official signature and the seal of the Lodge. But the Master cannot, *rightfully*, sign a communication and seal it with the seal of the Lodge, because, by the law of Masonry, that seal can be used properly, only in connection with the signature of the Secretary, which signature, the Master has no right to make.

The Master has certain prerogatives which cannot be rightfully infringed upon; so too has the Secretary; and one of the Secretary's prerogatives is the authentication of Masonic papers and documents by his own proper official signature, and by the seal entrusted to his keeping and use by the Lodge that elected him.

We say this in face of the fact, that we are in daily receipt of communications, from Masters, to which the seal of their respective Lodges

has been affixed by themselves, or, without the signature of the Secretary. This may be a convenient way to give a *quasi* official appearance to a letter; but it does not make it *official*; neither does it help to establish the Master's *legal right* to do an act which Masonic Law declares shall be done by the Secretary.

IS DANCING LAWFUL IN A LODGE.

Editor Free Mason.—Is dancing in a Lodge Room that has been "dedicated to God and the Holy Saints John," allowed by the Regulations of Grand Lodge, or is it in keeping with the principles and purposes of Masonry? Please answer under the head of Law and Usage.

LANDMARK.

Grand Lodge has not adopted any Regulation on this subject. When the present Regulations were reported to Grand Lodge by the committee appointed to draft them, the report contained a provision forbidding all Lodges "to permit their Lodge Rooms to be used by any Body, or for any purpose, not Masonic."

The discussion on this provision disclosed the fact that, in many cases, Lodges were compelled to rent rooms of, or become joint tenants with the Odd Fellows—could not get other rooms—could not pay the rent even if they could procure separate rooms; that, in other cases, they had been compelled to lease their own rooms to other bodies in order to pay their rent and other expenses; that, in yet other cases, they had been forced to lease their rooms to pleasure parties in order to get along; and the representatives of all of these classes of cases claimed, if Grand Lodge enforced such a rule, at present, it would result in the destruction of many new Lodges that had struggled into existence at a heavy expense to a few Brethren who were members thereof. It was admitted, that all these things were not as they should be—that Masonry could not, without detriment to itself, be associated, in a joint occupancy of its rooms, with any but Masonic Bodies; but that to enact such a law, without notice, would ruin many promising Lodges.

It was held that such a rule was unnecessary, too, because if Lodges *abused* their liberty, the Grand Master, on proper complaint, would administer reproof to, or suspend the charter of the offending Lodge.

In view of all these considerations, Grand Lodge, by a large majority, struck the provision, before quoted, out of the report of the committee and refused to make any regulation on the subject.

The provision, thus struck out, contained the clause forbidding the use of Lodge Halls for "*any purpose not Masonic*," and this went with the other, because of the practical difficulty encountered in the attempt to draw a line of distinction between the lawful and the unlawful, and to so draw it, as not to compromise Masonry on the one hand or seriously embarrass struggling Lodges on the other.

Thus it is, that we are without Law or Regulation on this important subject; and no restraint is put upon Lodges except by the principles and the prudence of the Brethren composing them—there is no penalty for violations of Masonic policy, in this respect, except such as the Grand Master or Grand Lodge will unhesitatingly inflict upon any Lodge guilty of a gross abuse of its liberty.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

MASONRY AND BUSINESS.

Intelligent people are united in regarding the man, who joins a church *for the purpose* of increasing his trade and benefiting his business, as a conscious or unconscious hypocrite. We do not know why the same judgment should not be passed on the man who becomes a Mason from “mercenary motives.”

Religion—true religion—that regulates a man’s conduct in business, commands universal veneration and respect: but that so called religion, that is ostentatiously paraded to attract customers is, like a beacon light on a rocky coast, deliberate deceit and full of danger to all who approach it. In short, religion is a safe *rule*, but a dangerous *bait*. So too, the man, who comes to us to enrich his *heart* with the pure gold of Masonic principles and to *do* good, is one whom we should cling to as with “hooks of steel”: but he who deliberately calculates to coin Masonry into gold for his *coffers* and to *get* sordid good for himself, should be shunned as a coward and clandestine.

The religious hypocrite, who “steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in,” and the Masonic imposter, who assumes the attributes of *manhood* to pander to a sordid selfishness. are “*par nobile fratrum.*”

Religious cant and Masonic cant—religious lotteries and Masonic lotteries—pious gambling and mystic gambling—nominational enterprises and Craft enterprises, that are in-

tended and designed to deceive the credulous and fleece the unsuspecting, all have "the mark" of the Devil on them.

Men of the world and business men, who know something of church and about religion, curl a scornful lip at all attempts to conduct business under a denominational name and on a "creed" basis. They give all such institutions "a wide berth." We fancy the howl of derision, on Wall Street, that would greet the announcement of a Presbyterian Bank, an Episcopalian Broker or a Methodist Life Insurance Company. But the men who concoct and inaugurate such schemes know too well that their success depends upon the ignorance and credulity of their anticipated victims, and they expend their efforts in the country and among the unsophisticated. They keep clear of Wall Street and other monied centers, whose business is based on capital and not on creeds—whose credit is given to the honest dealer and not to the self-confessed hypocrite.

Some years ago, we noticed flaming signs on street corners of country villages, and staring announcements and advertisements in country newspapers, of "*Eclectic Life Insurance*" and "*Homeopathic Life Insurance*," as if there were some magic virtue in a system of medicine that could do business *without capital*. How many "gudgeons" were caught we do not know—but we do know, that the disappearance of these signs and advertisements gives token that business mixes no better with medicine than with morality or Masonry.

And now come *Masonic Life Insurance* and *Masonic Accident Insurance*, (*Assurance* they should be called,) to swell the long catalogue of schemes contrived to entrap the unwary and to coin the honest faith of Masons in Masonry, into dollars and cents for the benefit of a concern that begins to trade without any capital—except the credulity of its victims.

To all Masons, we would say, beware! Schemes like these are well calculated to deceive—especially to deceive the enthusiastic young Mason, who, in the innocence of his heart and in his newborn love for a Craft that deals "*on the square*," is especially liable to be attracted by the specious name and yet more specious arguments and inducements, which such institutions, as we have mentioned, put forth to

catch his eye and his money. The fact that Masonry, as an institution, and by its *charities*, provides for the wants of the needy and ministers to the sick and the dying, only prepares the unsuspecting young Mason to fall, an easy prey, into the toils of those who deliberately bait their net with the symbols and shibboleths of our Mystic Craft.

Masonic charity is a good thing, and trade—honest trade—is a great thing; but the two things don't do well mingled. Religion—true religion—is worthy of all reverence, and business, properly conducted, is essential to commercial prosperity; but beware of business under a religious or Masonic cloak. There is much wisdom in the homely old adage, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." We like Masonry and we like business; but, if you please, we'll not take our Masonry "mixed." "There's no friendship in trade," says the business man, and he says truly; because the fundamental motive of all trade is *selfishness*. But there *is* friendship in Masonry—some of the nearest and dearest friendships on earth—and the fundamental motive of Masonry is *Charity*. As well then might we mingle oil and water, as the *selfishness* of trade and the *charity* of Masonry. Again we say—beware of the mixture!

MANHOOD IN MASONRY.

When, (forty years ago.) it suited the purposes of a political party to inflame the passions of the ignorant against Masonry and to hunt Masons as fiends and devils—villains and traitors—many of the Craft of that day lacked the moral courage to defend their character and their rights; but others of our Brethren showed themselves to be **MEN**.

Loomis' Masonic Journal recalls to our memory of one of these **MEN**, by publishing the following protest. The ability of the protest and the dignity and high character of its author, not to speak of the *Manhood* of which it was the product, entitle the paper to prominence and attention. To give it this prominence and secure for it this attention, we reproduce it in our editorial department.

At the instigation of Thad. Stevens, then a noisy and un-

principled demagogue, the Legislature of Pennsylvania appointed a committee to investigate *Masonry*, with power to send for persons and papers. Of this committee, Thad. Stevens was chairman; and he so used his place and power, on the committee, as to injure or attempt to injure the character and popularity of all political opponents that he wished out of his way.

By this committee, Bro. Geo. M. Dallas, of Pa., (since then Minister to St. Petersburg and to London, and in 1844 elected Vice President of the U. S.,) was impudently summoned to appear and "*communicate, under oath, what he might know in relation to the society of Freemasons.*"

In response to this summons he sent the following able and manly protest; it is wolesome reading:

"*Gentlemen of the Committee*,—I am a citizen of Pennsylvania by birth and constant residence. Having imbibed in early youth a strong sense of the free spirit of her institutions, I still retain it, and am unconscious of ever having, directly or indirectly, intentionally or inadvertently, committed an act or uttered a sentiment repugnant to her constitution, inconsistent with her laws, injurious to her morals, or derogatory to her character. My present purpose is to do that which, under existing circumstances, best harmonizes, with my past life, and with an unabated devotion to her highest, purest and most lasting interests.

"I am a member of the Society of Freemasons. It is more than twenty years since I became so. At that period the example of the wisest and purest patriots—of Dr. Franklin, Gen. Geo. Washington, of Gen. La Fayette, of Gen. Warren, and of many near and dear friends, was naturally alluring.

"Public opinion designated the Association as alike virtuous, useful, and harmless; and legislation, which never discountenanced the connection, subsequently and expressly encouraged its continuance by signal marks of approval. In passing through the forms of admission I voluntarily assumed obligations and duties in themselves perfectly compatible with the paramount obligations and duties of a citizen of this country, and tributary to the pursuit of an enlarged philanthropy. If in the spheres of the institution, beyond what is termed the Master's degree—spheres which I have not entered—or in other regions of its existence, there are, as I cannot believe, practices or ceremonies opposite to their tendencies, they are irreconcilable with its essential aims and true character. Certainly of any such I am entirely ignorant. It is, however, not my design or wish to eulogize or defend Freemasonry; I am neither authorized or required to do so. My only object is dis-

tinctly to explain my own personal attitude and actions in regard to this committee.

"The ninth article of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, entitled *A Declaration of Rights*, sets forth, and unalterably establishes, 'the general, great, and essential principles of liberty and of free government.' It was intended by this article to guarantee the citizen against the inroads of power, exercised from whatever quarter and under whatsoever pretext; and it is formally declared 'that everything in it is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall forever remain inviolate.' It is above the reach of legislation. We have no 'omnipotence of parliament.' Neither this committee nor the House of Representatives, nor the General Assembly, nor all the organized Departments of the Government united, can conspire in order to evade or violate any of its provisions. It is a sacred repository of the practical and substantial rights and liberties of the people enumerated and reserved, inherent and inalienable. When these shall be supinely yielded up, the freedom which we now justly boast must become illusory and vapid.

"As a private citizen of Pennsylvania, I claim, with special reference to this article of her Constitution, to possess and enjoy rights and liberties which no earthly power can abridge or destroy; nor will I consent, when mindful of the gratitude I owe to the community at large, to be in the slightest degree accessory to the mischiefs which a surrender or waiver of those rights and liberties, on an occasion so ostensible as this, might produce. I will not consent to discredit the Declaration that 'the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the inviolable rights of man.' I will not consent to consider as idle and nugatory the emphatic precaution that 'the people shall be secure in their persons, houses, papers and possessions, from unreasonable searches and seizures.' I will not consent to the validity of any '*ex post facto law*.' In a word I will not consent to hold my rights and liberties of private intercourse, private sentiment, and private business, subject to the domiciliary visitations, the changeable majority, or the ideal policy of any body of men whatever.

"I understand this committee to be empowered by the House of Representatives to investigate what are called 'the evils of Freemasonry,' and for that purpose to send for persons and papers; and I am summoned by subpoena, attested by *Thaddeus Stevens, Esq.*, its chairman, from my home, family and professional pursuits, to attend here, in order to communicate, as a witness under oath, what I may know in relation to the subject of inquiry.

"The Society of Freemasons is, in this State, strictly of a private nature. Like other voluntary associations, it is neither formed nor forbidden by law. Without, therefore, pausing to illustrate and enforce the remark that it would be equally constitutional to investigate the

evils of the Society of Friends, or other societies of religion, or societies of politicians, or societies of convivial gaiety, or of any countless combinations of partnership by which men strive to realize calmness of conscience, the enjoyment of life and liberty, the acquisition of property and reputation, and the pursuit of happiness, I respectfully affirm to this committee my absolute conviction that the proceeding which attempts, under the form of legislation, and through my own agency, to pry into, expose, condemn, and ridicule my personal doings and relations with this body of citizens, is as utterly inconsistent with the tenor and terms of the Constitution as its expansion to similar cases would be to freedom.

"Superadded to the considerations at which I have just glanced, it is impossible for me to be insensible to the just dictates of personal honor. Assuredly this sentiment should never restrain anyone from denouncing what is criminal or dishonest, and were I acquainted with anything of that nature in the operations and tendencies of Freemasonry, nothing could bind me to silence. But I was received by this association into its own confidence upon my own application. I have been allowed a knowledge of the modes by which its members identify each other, and avoid deceptions upon their benevolence. At a time when neither law, nor public opinion, nor my own conscience suggested a doubt of its correctness, I engaged myself to secrecy, and I cannot without a sense of treachery and degradation which would embitter all my future life, prove false to my promise! Better, by far, endure the penalties of alleged contumacy, be they what they may.

"I have thought it due to the committee and to myself to preface by these explanatory remarks MY REFUSAL TO BE SWORN.

"G. M. DALLAS."

He refused to be sworn, and he *was not sworn*: but his manly courage and firmness turned the political scheme of Thad. Stevens into a ridiculous farce.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE M. W. GRAND MASTER OF QUEBEC—Bro. J. H. Graham—in his opening address to the Grand Lodge of that Grand Jurisdiction, speaks thus eloquently of the settlement of all differences between the Grand Lodges of Canada and of Quebec:

"BRETHREN,—This day becomes memorable in the annals of Freemasonry in the Province of Quebec.

Seven years' discussion of constitutional principles is ended.

All differences hitherto existing between the M. W. the Grand Lodge of Canada, and this Grand Body, have been happily adjusted.

Jurisdiction within our territory has been formally withdrawn,—due recognition has been most fraternally extended to us;—our Grand Representative, M. W. Bro. T. D. Harrington, has been most honorably and heartily received,—the consummation of all which this day, and the honorable and perfect union now most harmoniously

effected between the daughter Lodges of "Canada" in this Jurisdiction, and this Grand Lodge is, I am sure, a source of profound satisfaction, and deep, heart-felt joy, to every one of you; and to every true Mason of whatever Registry he may, hitherto, have been;—and I am confident that this will prove to be the beginning of a new era of prosperity to the craft throughout the entire Province, and will be a cause of universal rejoicing throughout the Masonic World.

All thanks are due to the able and prudent Brethren in both the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec, who officially or otherwise have so earnestly and efficiently labored to bring about this most desirable end. May they long live to see the blessed fruits of their good work. May one and all put out of sight and out of mind all past differences;—and each try to excel in that noblest of emulation of who can best work and best agree, so that our symbolic temple may be erected, harmoniously and successfully and in the perfection of beauty, to the honor and glory of the Great Architect of the Universe. So mote it be."

WE learn, with regret, of the death of Bro. W. M. Perkins, Past Grand Master of Masons of Louisiana. The sad event occurred at Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 14th, ult. Our Brother was much beloved in Masonic circles, and was a prominent merchant of New Orleans.

Tidings from the Craft.

IMPOSTERS.

By a communication received some time since from a Brother at Jonesville, Mich.; (but accidentally mislaid,) we learn that an imposter has been traveling through that part of the State. He claims to hail from Peter Williamson Lodge, Pa., No. 323, giving, for his own, the name now of one and now of another member of that Lodge.

The following letter from the Secretary of the Lodge in Pa., tells its own story:

PETER WILLIAMSON LODGE, No. 323, A. Y. M.,
MASONIC HALL, SCRANTON, PA., June 22d, 1874.
C. S. Spaulding, Esq., W. M., Jonesville, Mich.:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—Your dispatch this morning received, and reply was forwarded immediately by telegraph. I have no idea who the rascal is who is personating members of our Lodge in good standing by soliciting aid, etc. Your communication is the third sent me from your State, inquiring the standing of members here, when all of them are at home, and in no need of aid.

The communications were from Schoolcraft and Holland City, besides your own, that the individual was assuming the name of M. H. Dale and A. Ferner, both in this vicinity and in good standing in the Lodge, and both men of means. I wish you to catch this rascal and bring him to justice who ever he may be.

Please send me his description and perhaps we can ferret him out.

Yours fraternally,

O. B. WRIGHT,
Secretary.



ANOTHER.

FROM Kanawha Lodge, No. 20, in Charleston, West Virginia, we have received a circular relative to yet another of these traveling swindlers. It says:

He is about 28 or 30 years of age; about six feet tall; large dark eyes, with an unusual amount of white in them, and with a restless expression—presenting a wild gaze, as if he momentarily expected to be seized by an officer of the law. His hair is dark brown, with whiskers lighter in color. (He, however, usually wears but a mustache.) His complexion is medium blonde, and his weight is, perhaps, 140 to 150 pounds. He is a good billiard player, and loafs about billiard saloons.

The names that he uses most in his drafts upon this Lodge are Prof. A. Willey, Prof. W. Alexander, Prof. A. Livingstone, Prof. A. Mayfield, and many others. *He always retains the "Alexander" among his assumed names.* On one or two occasions he has used the name of Past Master and Past Grand Lecturer William S. Summers, who is a member of this Lodge in good standing. Bro. Summers has not been in the South for nearly ten years; and besides is a worthy and honorable Brother, and our Lodge regrets exceedingly that he is being personated by this "wolf in sheep's clothing."

This man not only travels at the expense of the Masonic Lodges upon which he preys, but keeps drunk almost constantly, and also gambles at the expense of the Fraternity.

We are also advised that, being naturally delicate in appearance, he represents himself as an invalid, and undergoes an examination at his room at the hotel. This is false. It is only intended to work upon the sympathies of the Brethren. He is one of the most veritable scoundrels now at large.

We trust that, by means of this circular, he may be arrested and brought to immediate justice.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

WASHINGTON, August 11th, 1874.

Foster Pratt, M. D., Grand Secretary of Grand Lodge of Michigan, F. & A. M., Kalamazoo, Mich. :

DEAR SIR—The Washington National Monument Society has determined to make a final appeal to the patriotism of the American people for funds to complete that structure. The plan fixed upon, is to call for *contingent subscriptions* from all organizations and societies in the United States. No money to be paid until the entire amount necessary to finish that great work is first pledged, then payments to be made as per conditions of enclosed circular letter, which is to be used in forwarding subscriptions.

We desire to address each Lodge in your State.

Will you kindly lend your co-operation by sending me the list of

the Lodges in Michigan, with names and address of W. Masters or Secretaries.

Yours Respectfully,

J. CARROLL BRENT,
Secretary.

The circular, which will be sent to each Lodge, is in the following form :

J. CARROLL BRENT, Esq.,
Secretary Washington National Monument Society.

SIR:—This will advise you that _____ has subscribed _____ dollars towards the building of the Washington National Monument. This amount to be paid in accordance with the terms adopted by your Society, viz. : On being officially notified that the contingent subscriptions have reached an amount necessary for the completion of that work, then one-half of the above amount will be forwarded to the order of the Treasurer of the Society, and the balance in two equal payments of six and twelve months from the date of first payments.

Respectfully, &c.,

THE DEATH of Bro. Raynale, announced last month, creates a vacancy in the Chairmanship of the Standing Committee of *Masonic Law* in Grand Lodge, which vacancy has been filled by the appointment, by the Grand Master, of M. W. Bro. Hugh McCurdy. No one will question the ability of Past Grand Master McCurdy to perform the duties of the position with credit to himself and with advantage to the Craft.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the Marquis of Ripon has resigned the office of Grand Master of Masons in England and has given no reason therefor, but that he finds himself unable longer to discharge the duties thereof. The Prince of Wales will act as W. M. until the next annual communication of the Grand Lodge.

The following is the text of his resignation. It was presented to the United Grand Lodge of England, on September 2d, ult. :

NORTON HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE, Sept. 1st, 1874.

Dear Grand Secretary:—I have to inform you that I find myself unable any longer to discharge the duties of Grand Master, and that it is therefore necessary that I should resign that office into the hands of the members of Grand Lodge. With the expression of my grateful thanks for the favors which I have ever received from them, and of my regret for any inconvenience which my retirement may cause them,—I remain, yours faithfully,

RIPON.

BY CIRCULARS, received from Grand Secretaries, we learn that, The GRAND LODGE OF COLORADO has elected Bro. Webster D. Anthony, Grand Master, and Bro. Ed. C. Parmelee, Grand Secretary.

The GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS has elected Bro. Geo. E. Lounsbury, Grand Master, and Bro. John F. Burrell, Grand Secretary ;

The GRAND LODGE OF NEW BRUNSWICK has elected Bro. John V. Ellis, Grand Master and Bro. Wm. F. Bunting, Grand Secretary.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—NOVEMBER, A. L. 5874.—NO. V.

THE DISAPPOINTING BOY.

"My dear Septimus," I said, "I congratulate you on your son. He is a most pleasant fellow; cheerful without silliness—intelligent, but not a prig."

"Humph," replied my friend.

A great part of conversation in this country is carried on by grunts; but if there is anything which cannot be expressed in this manner, it is cordial assent. I relapsed into silence, and filled my glass. Septimus passed his hand over his hair, which is rather long, and still thick, though streaked with many threads of grey, and gazed thoughtfully through the window, which opened on to the lawn. A faint light lingered in the west, and one star shone brilliantly above the black cedar, near which was dimly seen the graceful figure of my friend's wife. At her side was the young man on whom, moved by genuine liking and the emotions natural to a benevolent person who had dined well, I had just pronounced a seemingly inopportune panegyric. We sat at a round table, over which a shaded light was hanging, and the claret passed slowly between us. It was too old to be hurried. After a silence of a few minutes, my friend leaned back in his chair, and said—

"If it would not bore you, I should like to tell you a few anecdotes of my dear boy's life."

"Pray do," I said. I was in the mood for listening—disposed for silence and moderately curious. Septimus had a manner gentle as the evening, and a voice which might have grown mellow in his own cellar.

"It has long seemed to me," he began, "that the rules of conduct which we try to impress on our children, are absurdly inconsistent

with those by which we expect them to regulate their later life. When they are young they are to be unobtrusive, and to give up to everybody; when they have reached man's estate they are to give way to nobody, but to push their fortunes in the world. As well might we punish the child for going near the water, and expect the man to swim; or train the runner for the race by making him walk backwards. When Tommy was born, I made up my mind to avoid the common error. In the battle of life he should be taught to win, and not to go round, when the fighting was over, with a red cross on his arm. When he was a baby he showed a great love of color, and would lie for hours smiling at the sunlight, and making little motions with his hands. It seemed clear to me in those days that the child would be a great painter (you know I was always fond of art), and take a high position. There is a great opening in that direction. An active man, who cultivates a bold style, and is above niggling over details, can paint ten pictures in the year, and, when he has made a name, can sell them for £1000 each. When I pointed out to Jesse what a road to fortune lay before our baby, she laughed at him, and called him Tommy R.A.

"But of course in those days I could not be sure of the line in which my son would excel. My duty was to prepare him to excel in any which he might choose, by developing in him the taste for competition. I looked about for a competitor, and had the good luck to find my little nephew Theodore, who is ten minutes older than Tommy. I borrowed him from his parents, and at once brought the two lads into competition. I well remember my first attempt, and its failure. I had been left in charge of the children for a short time, and seizing the opportunity, induced them to race across the room for a lump of sugar."

Here I interrupted my friend by asking if the boys were not young for education.

"Not at all," said he; "for let me tell you that in these days, when the idea of individual liberty is in the air we breathe, children rebel against the influence of their parents almost before they are breeched."

"You surprise me," I said, "and wellnigh make me accept the poet's picture. You remember the lines?"

'Didst never hear how the rebellious Egg
Stood up i' the straw, and to his Mother Goose
Cried, Madame, I will no be set upon.'

Septimus smiled in a deprecating manner, somewhat uncertain, I think, whether I were in jest or earnest. He continued his story. "Tommy was a good walker, if you make allowance for the novelty of the accomplishment, but lost some time in lateral motion like those of a landsman on a rolling sea; therefore Theodore, who had a perpetual inclination forward, and went with an involuntary goose-step, took the lead at once, and would have won, had not his head, advancing too

quickly for his legs come suddenly in contact with the floor. Now was my boy's chance; but instead of going by his cousin, who was prostrate and howling, he sat down on the carpet and bellowed twice as loud for sympathy. Jessie said that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and divided the lump of sugar between the competitors.

"When the boys were a little older, I again borrowed Theodore, and made a little class of him and Tommy, hoping for healthy rivalry in the acquisition of knowledge. I began with an opening address, in which I pointed out to them that the duty of each was to beat the other; and that, as every man in the grown-up world was trying to get as much of the luxuries and honors as he could, so each boy should try to gain for himself as large a share as possible of the marbles, taffee, and other prizes, which I should from time to time offer. They heard me with great gravity, and our opening day was a decided success. I soon found, however, that my prize system was a failure, since, as the students always played together, they cared not a jot who won the toys, which they enjoyed in common; and as to the taffee, they both suffered so much after the first prize-day, that Jesse put her veto on that form of reward.

"After this I determined to substitute pennies, and for a time thought that I had effected my purpose. Tommy grew wonderfully industrious, and in spite of my strict impartiality accumulated a vast store of copper. Week after week he drew on me with papers of marks, which were duly honored, until I saw myself in days to be the aged father of the first of gentile financiers. He should direct the application of his neighbors' fortunes, speculate in a gigantic war, become Baron Tommy at a foreign court, perhaps Sir Thomas at his own. My dream was rudely dispelled. One day my small nephew came to me in great glee. 'Uncle Septimus,' said he, 'do you know that it is my birthday?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and Tommy's birthday too, although you certainly gained an advantage over him, for which no activity on his part can ever compensate.' 'And please, Uncle Septimus,' continued Theodore, 'do look at the present which Tommy has given me;' and he held up a highly decorated whip and scarlet reins. It was but too clear that the fortune which my son had accumulated by his industry, had been expended in a present for the defeated candidate; and when questioned on the subject, the young prodigal at once allowed that this had been the sole motive of his extraordinary devotion to study. While I was trying to impress upon him that if the triumph of the successful resulted in the gain of the unsuccessful competitor, emulation was impossible, his mother came in with a rush and hugged him. Jessie is apt to act from impulse, as almost all women are. When I pointed out to her, on one occasion, that unless everybody is always trying to get as much of everything for himself as he can, the most

valuable laws of political economy are false, she said that she did not care if they were, and that she knew that it was better to help another than to help one's self."

Here I could not help interrupting my friend Septimus with the remark that there was no better way of helping one's self than appearing as a helper of others, if you know the right moment at which to leave them; and that some had grown wonderfully rich in this manner.

Septimus seemed to think my remark irrelevant, for he took no notice of it, but continued his story.

"You may suppose," he said, "that in choosing a school for my boy I should be greatly influenced by size; for, if competition be a good, the wider the field of competition the better. I sent him off to Eton with a copy of Mr. Smiles' stimulating work on 'Self-Help,' and a manual of political economy, to which his mother added a large hamper and a Bible. His school career was fairly successful, and would have been brilliant but for that moral obliquity, of which alas! there was no longer room to doubt. There was no limit to his generosity, which was constantly developed by an ever-growing popularity. There never was so popular a boy. The masters could hardly find fault with him, and his school-fellows made a hero of him as was natural, indeed, for he could refuse them nothing. His gaiety, which never flagged, grew riotous when he was conferring a favor. He was the author of more Latin verses than have been left to us by the poets of Rome, and never dashed off his own copy until he had wooed the Muses to the side of Tomkins, Brabazon, Jones, Montgomery, and a host of others. Again and again I told him, both verbally and by letter, that popularity is the reward of those who are the gulls of society; that there is no current coin of so little value; and that the only real proof of a man's success is the jealousy which he excites. He now not only neglected my advice, but even respectfully contradicted me; and it must be confessed that his answers had a great look of brilliancy, for he was an unusually clever lad, and might now be anywhere if he chose. I ought to add that he never grew angry in argument. He has his mother's sweet temper, which is a very good thing in a woman.

"Perhaps you think that I have given undue importance to trifles; and indeed I made light of them myself until my son, in a great crisis of his career, behaved in a manner which I could not interpret, though I am thankful to say that I could pardon it. He was now eighteen years old, when he and his greatest friend, a boy of the name of Dart, entered together for scholarships at one of the Oxford Colleges. I will not linger over the story; indeed, if you will excuse me for a moment, I will fetch my son's letter, from which you will learn the catastrophe at a glance, while I shall be spared the pain of recital."

Septimus, who had risen slowly while he was speaking, crossed the

passage to his study, and came back with the following note, which he placed in my hands :

OXFORD, ———, 18—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I hope that you won't be awfully sick at what I have done; but I am afraid that you won't like it. I thought of you a great deal before I made up my mind, but I don't know what else I could have done. There is a fellow up here called Mills, who is just going to take his degree, and is very thick with the dons. He was at my tutor's when I first went to Eton, and was very keen that I should get one of the scholarships here. Somehow or other he found out from one of his don friends (which, of course, he had no business to do), before the last day of the examination, that a Clifton fellow was pretty safe for the first scholarship, and that the other was a very near thing between Dart and me. Now you know that old Dart could not have come up to Oxford at all if he had not got a scholarship, and it did not make any difference to me, because you always let me do what I want. So the fact is that I did not do quite my best in the last papers. I am as good as sure that it did not make the least difference in the world; for the dear old man is a perfect needler at a critical paper (Greek particles and scholarship tips, &c., you know), and was bound to lick me any way. Only I did not like to keep it dark from you, though of course he must never know anything about it; and you never saw any fellow so happy as he is; and so you must not be vexed, or at least must have got over it before you see your affectionate son.

TOMMY.

"P. S.—Of course you will tell mother, and she will make you forgive me, I know. I am awfully well and happy; and the fellows here are tremendously kind and jolly."

When I had finished reading this scholarly composition, and had breathed a sigh for the lost slang of my early days, it occurred to me that I had a chance of praising my young friend for a virtue which even a parent could not deny him. And calling to mind an old tale of our university life, at which Sep. and I were wont to smile when we were careless undergraduates, I laughed, and said: "You should be thankful for so honest a son, who did not 'keep it dark,' as he might have done. He seems as anxious to avoid all misunderstandings as was Toby O'Connor, when he carefully engraved his name upon the stone which he afterwards flung through the the Dean's plate-glass window."

This anecdote had never before failed to raise a smile; but my friend was evidently in no mood for laughter. After a simper of acknowledgment, he carefully folded up the letter, and, smoothing it with his hand, he continued his story.

Can you imagine my feelings, when I read this missive?" he said. "I could not speak; so I threw it across the breakfast-table to Jessie, and went away to my study. For a full half-hour there was no sound. Then I heard the door of the dining-room open, and my wife's step in the passage. I called to her. When she came in, I saw that her eyes were full of tears. I took her in my arms, and begged her not to fret about it, saying that it was a terrible disappointment, and that we must bear it together. I was quite choky, and she did not appear to hear me. 'O Septimus,' she said, after a few minutes, 'what have we done that

God should have given us such a noble son?' and she burst out sobbing. I have long ceased to feel surprised at the behavior of women. Every man marries a Sphinx. The power which that boy, with his frank manner, cheery laughter, and honest heart, (for I admit his charm, as who does not?) had got over his mother, who is no fool, I can tell you, was inexplicable. If he had robbed the bank to buy sweetmeats for the urchins of Little Britain, I believe that his mother would have cried for joy and gone to say her prayers. There is a peculiar beauty about a woman's character; but as to expecting rational conduct or logical argument, you might as well make a salad of roses or walk in high-heeled boots."

Septimus had now finished the anecdotes of his son. Leaning his head upon his hand, and looking across the table, he asked, "What is my boy to be?"

"What does he wish to be?" I asked in turn.

"That is just what I asked him the other day," said my friend, with a half smile; "and the young wretch suggested that he should follow my profession."

"Your profession!" cried I, in amazement. I had known Septimus all my life, and was well aware that he had never followed an occupation for more than six days at a time. The routine of work which he planned on Monday morning never could survive the intervention of the following Sunday.

My friend looked at me rather comically and said, "I am afraid he was laughing at me. You know that I went in for all sorts of things when I was a young man. I was wild about art at one time; and once I thought seriously of making a fortune on the Stock Exchange. You remember my devotion to literature, and how I studied architecture that year when we traveled together. I might have made something of them, if I had not been so often anticipated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Ruskin, and others. It was not until I was engaged to Jessie that I took up political economy, and found that I had been an unproductive consumer. It is a wonderful science, and makes humanity so simple, showing you that all men are very much alike, if you look at them in the right way, and don't confuse yourself by the analysis of people's characters."

"Well, Septimus," I said, "you can't be surprised that your son should be as idle a dog as you were in your youth. Perhaps he may some day catch this science, as you did, for it is certainly in the air."

"But," said Septimus, "the curious thing is that he is not idle. On the contrary, he works very steadily, but hates to get anything for it. I have shown him bishops in their aprons, and judges in their gowns, but without the slightest effect. When I took him into the House of Commons he expressed an opinion that all the members

should wear wigs like the Speaker's, maintaining that no man could be revolutionary in a wig. He added that, but for the head-gear of the lawyers, codification would be inevitable. When I introduced him to the peer of my acquaintance, he cross-questioned the noble lord about his tenants' cottages. I should suppose him to be entirely without reverence, if he did not sometimes burst into enthusiasm over people of whom, for the most part, I have never heard, and who have certainly achieved no position. But, though he is without ambition, he is so far from idleness, that his industry is almost a vice. He not only pursues every study, which cannot possibly lead to fortune or place, but he occupies his spare time with other people's business. Some days ago my laborer (I had but one) abruptly left the place, and on inquiry I found that Tommy, anxious to diminish the surplus agricultural population, had helped him to emigrate. He is on the point of delivering a series of lectures to our peaceful rustics, who have heretofore been perfectly satisfied with my penny readings, and by these means he will probably depopulate the village. He talks of a visit of inspection to the valley of the Mississippi. In short, I begin to fear that I am the father of an agitator. A strange lad, of whom the only thing which you can safely predict is that he will do what he likes, and that his mother will abet him. Will you have any more wine?"

"One moment," I said. "I only want to ask: What has become of the borrowed Theodore?"

"He is a very fair player at whist," replied my host. "You won't have any more wine? Then let us join Jessie and my boy on the lawn."—*Blackwood's*.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read the Psalm and the Scripture lesson, and the first lines of the opening hymn. The eyes of his people were fixed intently on him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine-looking one, too, and thus enchained usually not only the attention of the true but the false worshiper. The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air which the mid-summer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and

watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when they were fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was, ay, and how many whispers, too. In vain sought the good, the sound, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. to steal again the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow C., and Widow C.'s young and dashing-looking attendant.

How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said a hundred times or more, that her heart was in the grave of her buried one, that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused always to walk out or ride out with any of the unappropriated gentlemen of the village? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all these protestations, hadn't she come out all at once, dressed all in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two, how many witnesses might have been subpoenaed. She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemisette, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest of Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as service was closed. And the gentleman—he too, was dressed in style. Didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern and a white vest and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too; and didn't he sport a splendid pin and a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often, and tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair creature beside him? Ah yes, he did so, and there was no farther room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on bridal attire, and was going to be married in church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. She choir sang, the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place. But, to their utter astonishment, they were left to wonder. For when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the rest of the congregation quietly out of the church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautifully soft coat-sleeve, and they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the

brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. "The like of such a thing" had never occurred before in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun—a lady had had a beau, and nobody knew of it. Widow C;! Didn't your ears, not only the right, but the left, burn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him though. The magnet was in the pew before him. Every one was sure the wedding would take place then; but everybody was again sadly disappointed, and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they traveled then on the electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject engrossed the village mind. The widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After tea, arm in arm, with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

There was a large attendance the afternoon of the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that was all-sufficient, all-engrossing—the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least he ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numb palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet, ladylike way. "I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting;" and then she proceeded to the table, helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing-silk, and having received it, she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing, on to a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole when completed was designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her placid countenance soon re-assured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old Gramma W. was the first to venture. She meant "to do up the matter" very delicately, and in so "roundabout a way," the lady

should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C.'s dress. "Why, it's a real beauty," she said; "where did you get it?"

"I bought it," was the quiet reply.

"Here?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In New York, last spring."

"Oh, you did, did you? But I thought you wasn't never going to wear anything but black again?" Every eye scrutinized the lady's face this time in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as was usual, while she answered:

"I did think and say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."

"You have, ha! But what made you?"

"Oh, I had good reasons." Here the hearers and lookers-on winked expressively at each other.

"But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it 'way up there to the burying-ground?"

"I did not."

"You didn't! But how could you help it? There was a wonderful heavy dew."

"*I did not wear it.*"

Here was a damper on the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was so determined to do it, too, when, unfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C.'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She would find out all about that beau before she went home, "that she would." So she began by saying, "your company went away this morning, didn't they?"

"*They* did," was the answer, a wee bit of emphasis resting on the "*they*."

"He didn't stay very long, did he?"

"Not as long as I wish he had," was the emphatic answer this time. And how the ladies did look at each other. It was as good as a confession.

"When did he come?"

"Saturday evening."

"Was you looking for him?"

"I had been expecting him for a fortnight."

"Why, du tell, if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he business in the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?" This was rather more direct and blunt than the

old lady had meant to put it, and she forthwith apologized by saying, "I didn't mean that—I—I only thought—I—"

"Oh, I'd as lief you knew as not," said the lady, with a charming air of *naivete*; "he came to see me."

O Widow C.! didn't your good name go down then. Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants always go cheap.

"He did, did he, and he didn't come for nothing else then? But was you glad to see him?"

"Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence."

"Well, well," said the old lady hardly knowing how to frame her next question, "well, he's a real good-looking man, anyway."

"I think so, too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good-hearted; one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't say so, then! But is he rich?"

"Worth a hundred thousand or so," said the lady carelessly.

"Why, du tell, if he is. Why you'll live like a lady, won't you? But what's his name?"

The old lady's curiosity was roused to the highest pitch.

"Henry Mason."

"Mason! Mason! Why, wasn't that your name before you were married?"

"It was."

"Then he's a connection, is he?"

"He is."

"Du tell, if he is then? Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marriages between cousins."

"Henry is not my cousin."

"He isn't. Not your cousin? But what connection is he, then, du tell, now?"

"He is my youngest brother!"

If ever there was rapid progress made in sewing and knitting, by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who unobserved had stood on the threshold, a silent spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps, mind you, we only say *perhaps*, they might have guessed more correctly the name, character, standing and profession of the Widow's Beau.

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

MY BOOKS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah ! well I love these books of mine,
 That stand so trimly on their shelves,
 With here and there a broken line,
 (Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),
 A curious company, I own ;
 The poorest ranking with their betters :
 In brief—a thing almost unknown—
 A pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they ;
 Some fair'ly worth their weight in gold ;
 Some just too good to throw away ;
 Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
 Yet well I love them, one and all,
 These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
 Who never fail to come at call,
 Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive !

If I have favorites here and there,
 And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
 I never meet an angry stare
 That *this* I take and *that* refuse ;
 No discords rise my soul to vex
 Among these peaceful book-relations,
 Nor envious strife of age or sex
 To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
 Which otherwhere one vainly seeks,
 Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
 He never *uninvited* speaks ;
 And should he prove a fool or clown,
 Unworth the precious time you're spending,
 How quickly you can "put him down,"
 Or "shut him up," without offending !

Here—pleasing sight !—the touchy brood
 Of critics from dissension cease ;
 And—stranger still !—no more at feud,
 Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
 See ! side by side, all free from strife
 (Save what the heavy page may smother,)
 The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
 For conscience' sake, had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
 And well the title they may cla'm,
 Who always give me cheerful looks
 (What living friend has done the same?)
 And, for companionship, how few,
 As these, my cronies ever-present,
 Of all the friends I ever knew
 Have been so useful and so pleasant?

CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY.*

BY THOS. J. MAYS, M. D.

Few subjects are of greater importance and more faithful in correctly modifying our present theories of the innumerable phases of human action, than the study of *criminal responsibility*. Researches in physiology and pathology have forced upon us already a perfect revision of our former ideas of mental action, and still further inquiry will cause, although not without a sharp conflict, a radical change in our present opinions concerning individual responsibility. As man advances intellectually, so will he discard his crude and fallacious reasonings which cling to him as his indispensable hope and safeguard. Witches are no more sacrificed at the stake or hung; maniacs are no longer incarcerated and left to perish for want of proper care and nourishment; criminals who were classed among rational beings, and visited by the stern hand of law, are now known to have been insane and irresponsible; while a wholesale modification of opinion, respecting capital punishment, is taking place at the present time. This revolution of the intellect is, undoubtedly, due to a more proper appreciation of the relation existing between brain and mind. Formerly mind and body were presumed to be separable, could exist independent, the mind only requiring the brain during its terrestrial life, but at present every physiologist is aware of the fallacy of such a doctrine. This notion took its origin at the time when the crude knowledge of nature was confined to priests, and when all the perceptible changes, even in inanimate matter, were attributed to and solved by the supposition of countless supernatural agencies, according to whose caprice man was injured or benefitted—punished or rewarded.

In the course of experiment and investigation, man has generalized the appearances of nature, has unveiled their mystery, and referred them to the laws by which they are governed, until now, it is an accepted scientific fact, that all her phenomena, mind not excepted, fall within the sphere of natural laws, and are proper subjects for physical

*Read before the Lycoming Co. (Pa.) Medical Society.

investigation. However, until this was accomplished, the scientific world was attacked from all quarters by the ignorant and superstitious, who are always ready to ascribe everything they cannot readily understand, to supernatural causes. Unfortunately man was the last to be divorced from the supernatural element. Both health and disease were referred to the favor and displeasure of spirits. A man who was deprived of speech or hearing, had a dumb or a deaf devil. If he suffered pains in any portion of his body, it was believed that a witch was inflicting this torture by forcing pins into the corresponding portions of a wax model. The devil was supposed to be omnipotent. There were religious sects, who were required to hawk, sneeze and spit continually, in order to expel the devils which they inhaled. Few ever thought of inquiring into these terrible delusions, and the church denounced all who dared attempt an investigation.

While this disposition prevailed to refer all diseases to the interposition of demons, rational medicine could hardly be brought into existence; but as time rolled on and truth and light were developed and diffused by science, these supposed supernatural diseases were assigned to their proper and legitimate sphere, and from thence we date the birth of rational scientific medicine. In the development of anatomy, physiology, and pathology, as indeed in everything else, we see that the more simple and common structures are comprehended previous to those more complicated; hence the brain, the most complex and least understood organ in the body, is the last seat of struggle between the natural and supernatural—between science and demonology.

It is now an admitted fact, by nearly all scientific men, that mind is nothing more or less than brain-function. Dr. Maudsley says: "It must be distinctly laid down that mental action is as surely dependent on the nervous structure, as the functions of the liver confessedly is on the hepatic structure." And Professor Claude Bernard says: "Physiology tells us that, except in the difference and greater complexity of the phenomena, the brain is the organ of intelligence in exactly the same way that the heart is the organ of circulation and the larynx that of the voice." And again Dr. Carpenter says: "It is one of the best established facts in physiology, although taken very little account of by metaphysicians, that *all* mental action is dependent on a chemical re-action between the blood and the brain."

On the other hand, a majority of metaphysicians contended that the mind is something altogether independent of the brain, and only uses it as an instrument for its own revelation, and while others are forced to admit that a portion of mind is brain-function, they believe that which they call "free-will" to be altogether extraneous to man, and sufficiently strong to guide and keep him, if he chooses, in the path of rectitude and virtue.

But if every man, as they hold, is endowed with this innate power, why do not all individuals possess it in the same degree? Why is one good and another corrupt? Is it not very evident that a great many fall, while others remain unscathed from the pernicious influences of society? If it does not depend upon some basis which is more or less imperfect in different individuals, why so many different shades of human conduct? And again, if this "free-will" power which does not depend upon a defective material substratum, enables a man to control himself at his own command, why does he not escape the tyranny of his own imperfect organization and become a sinless and perfect being? Surely there is no one who does not desire such a condition in life. And again, if it is free, it must necessarily be uncontrolled and independent. It cannot be the result of a cause, for then it is dependent. It cannot come within the bounds of the physical world, for here everything is the result of the operation of law. In short can we conceive of anything uncaused, uncontrolled and independent? Yet these properties, if it is free, are essential to its free existence,

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," discards the idea altogether that human action "depends on some capricious and personal principle, peculiar to each man, as 'free-will,' or the like; on the contrary, he asserts "the great truth that the actions of men being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we, in the present state of knowledge, can barely see the outline." He further writes, "Indeed the progress of inquiry is becoming so rapid and so earnest that I entertain little doubt that before another century has elapsed the chain of evidence will be complete, and it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world." Quetelet, in his "Science of Man," says, "It is curious to see man proudly entitling himself King of Nature, and fancying himself controlling all things by his free-will, yet submitting, unknown to himself, more rigorously than any other being in creation, to the laws he is under subjection to."

The will or volition is the determining agent of the body, it sets free the movements which have been previously organized in the motor nerve centres; depends upon the brain for its basis; is controlled by natural law; and for its proper development and proficiency, training and exercise are as essential as they are to develop any other faculty in the body. All our actions are either instinctive or acquired. The instinctive are immediately essential to the maintenance of our lives, and take place from the commencement without any training; they are inherited, and are such as breathing, sucking, etc. But on the other hand there are a great many actions which we learn and after having

acquired them thoroughly, perform them as regularly and methodically as we do instinctive actions. This is the case with the acts of walking, writing, speech, &c. We all know how difficult it is to train a child to these actions. Until locomotion is thoroughly accomplished, the child endures a long and painful experience. So a great deal of time and patience is required to bring all the voluntary actions of the body under the guidance of the will.

It is a fact, and long ago admitted, that tubercle, syphilis, rheumatism, scrofula and gout may be inherited and transmitted from parent to child, but not until within a recent period was it believed that the brain enters the world with the same imperfections which have long been observed to take place in other organs. If then, all our actions are controlled by immutable and unchanging law, everything the necessary result of a cause, are they who are not responsible for the cause, responsible for the effect? In other words, are those beings who are born into the world with a defective nervous organization and thus inherit a tendency to sin and crime, as responsible for their actions as their more rational fellows? A son inherits a tendency to strong drink, through his whole life he labors under an oppressive and imperfect constitution, and eventually becomes a drunkard, commits a capital crime, and is accordingly hung. Now, no amount of reasoning can lead us to the preposterous conclusion, that there is the faintest shadow of justice in such a procedure—punishing an individual for an act, the effect of a cause for which he was perfectly irresponsible—yet no one will deny that such acts do occur and frequently have occurred hitherto.

The question invariably follows whether we are not all born with a tendency to sin and how far this annuls the responsibility of every one. This is a point that should be weighed with due consideration; and, on the one hand we know that ante-natal causes and tendencies shape our actions and ends to a greater degree than we perhaps are conscious; but we must not, on the other hand, forget that pernicious and vitiating environments, such as are found in every civilized and uncivilized community, are as potent for evil. In his address before the "National Prison Association," Hon. Horatio Seymour said, "I do not doubt that some men are more prone to vice than others, but, after listening to thousands of prayers for pardon, I can hardly recall a case where I do not feel that I might have fallen as my fellow men have done, if I had been subject to the same demoralizing influences, and pressed by the same temptations. I repeat here what I have said on other occasions—that, after a long experience with men in all conditions of life, after having felt as most men, the harsh injustice springing from the strife and passion of the world, I have learned to think more kindly of the hearts of men, and to think less of their heads." Language like this, coming from such eminent authority, is full of mean-

ing, and cannot fail to carry its weight wherever uttered; yet how much is it at variance with the doctrines and decisions of the courts of law, which hold all men equally responsible, unless smitten by the most consummate aberration of the mind.

We are too prone to stand up and thank God that we are not like these poor men who are blood of our blood, and bone of our bone, who are ourselves, only under different conditions, and the influences which dragged them to ruin, may force others to sink to the same level, who do not dream of danger. We love to do this, while at the same time we are guilty of offences, which were committed on similar principles and under like influences. To say that a criminal is responsible for his actions, where he knows that which he does is wrong, and that he could have done differently had he only chosen to do so, is to impute to a defective creature something which we in our better and wiser moments cannot, at least do not, resist, while probably if placed in similar circumstances, we would fall side by side with him whom we are so free in condemning. For it must be patent to nearly all, that it is a great wrong and a positive physical injury to overload and abuse our digestive organs, yet where are the precious few who are exempt from this sin? Many who are in this habit will say, and perhaps console themselves, that they have a will power, whereby they can avoid it at their own pleasure, but do not seek to do so; yet this is fatal, for the darkest stained criminal may bring the same plea in self-defence. It is poor evidence that a man possesses much will power, if he never manifests it when demanded for his own health and safety. The true reason that an individual abuses his stomach is not owing to the assertion that he has a will whereby he can control his appetite, but it is on account of his imperfect organization, resulting from inheritance or lack of proper training. This is only one of the many transgressions which we are apt to commit every day, and they pass by unheeded without teaching us the valuable lessons that all our actions are imperfect and that they only develop in proportion to their cultivation, and whenever they receive this properly they will always manifest themselves in the right direction.

It is utterly and glaringly foolish to expect a musician of ordinary skill to perform the different compositions of Liszt, or the sublime symphonies of Beethoven; but it occasions surprise and even condemnation when an individual who was born in crime and poverty, who is deficient in training and education, does not conform to the requirements of social law and order. These are analogous cases as far as capability is concerned, and we can with equal propriety demand as much from the former as from the latter. Whenever the responsibility of an individual is involved, inquiries should be instituted whether and to what extent he is mentally incapable or incapacitated. In the

eyes of the law the young members of society are held incapable and irresponsible in proportion to the incompleteness of their development; but it is an indisputable fact that in every country there exist tens of thousands of hopeless vagabonds, usually known as the dangerous classes, who are really so incapacitated that they possess no self-control beyond that of a brute, and are, for the most part, moral infants, if not imbeciles. These persons are the weeds of society, and in truth are men who are in a great degree made and controlled by the pernicious impulses surrounding them. Their condition is the result of causes, exciting and predisposing, which to a great degree are preventable, and however often they are subjected to the most rigid prison discipline, the moment their foot is set free, the majority will re-enter the former life of vice and crime.

The majority of criminals are of a very fertile race and naturally propagate their kind at a very rapid rate; and if I had time and ability I might show you how vicious, depraved and imbecile parents pollute their offspring, to the "third and fourth generation," and how they serve to fill our asylums for the insane to overflowing, and that unless means be instituted to restrain their liberty during the period of fecundity, there must necessarily be an incessant increase in the insane, imbecile and vicious portion of our population.—*Sanitarian.*

LESSING AND TOLERATION.

[The attention of our readers is particularly called to the undercurrent of Masonic philosophy running through the following fragment, from the great Spanish patriot—ED. FREEMASON.]

The thought which Fredrick II. realized in politics Lessing sustained with enormous force in letters—universal tolerance; the human spirit rising purely above the discords of men; the eternal revelations of God by means of the various religions; the right of every conscience, of every being, to communicate freely and intimately with its religious ideal, which in whatever form, always embodies the infinite. These ideas gained him bitter opponents, proceeding principally from the bosom of the Protestant orthodoxy. And his opponents, like all those who assume to possess absolute truth with their religious faith, far from consenting merely to refute the ideas contrary to their own, insult, defame, and persecute those who maintain such ideas, seeing a crime where perhaps there may be an error, in the case of beliefs, almost always independent of the human will, and imposed upon the understanding by forces superior to our own. To spread his ideas among the masses, to enlighten consciences and persuade minds, Lessing chose the sphere intermediate between the real and the ideal, the sphere of Art; and in Art that manifestation which is most nearly related to life, which partakes most of its emotions and its incidents, the Theatre. Draw-

ing his inspiration, like the great English dramatist, from the luminous narratives of Italian literature, from which dramatic subjects have been drawn, like the fine marbles from the rich quarries of Italy, Lessing took the foundation of his drama, a genuine defense of toleration, from the famous tales of the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. It is the time of the Crusaders. Jews, Christians, and Mussulmen meet at Jerusalem, the Holy City, where all have imbibed the idea of the unity of God, and whence all have departed from rivalries of race more than from motives of dogma and belief. And nevertheless that close communication between races, though it be made by means so destructive and inhuman an element as war, teaches a truth which it is hard to hide from natural reason—that all these enemies, rivals, warriors, who hate, persecute, and kill each other, have the same affections and needs; live in common griefs and hopes; are all weak or strong in the same condition; all hungering for the ideal, and needing the light and air of nature; subject to death: forced to join in mother earth those mortal frames which in life have been kept apart by their hostile creeds and religions; to wake perhaps in another life, and to discover there that one God illuminates and vivifies and nourishes with his uncreated light not only all worlds and suns, but all souls and consciences.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem is the type of the intolerant ecclesiastic materialist—avaricious, sensual; loaded with jewels and diamonds, dressed in costly brocades; more careful that the faithful should fear, venerate and maintain himself than his God, Saladin is the Sultan, who has risen above the intolerance of his religion to a more intimate and profound worship of humanity and its rights. The young Templar, born in the feudal castles of Germany, a child of royal blood, who has sought beneath the palm trees of Jerusalem the sepulchre of his God, represents the middle term between the intolerance of the Patriarch and the humane and generous spirit of Saladin. He is, without knowing it, the son of an Arab prince, the brother of the Sultan, and of a gentlewoman belonging to a noble family. The hero of the drama is the wise and prudent Jew named Nathan. Religious hatreds, intolerant fanaticism, have led the Christians to burn his home, and with it his children. He is at first filled with implacable horror of Christianity; but he afterwards sees that these passions would give way to pure and intelligent toleration, and receives in his home as his own child a daughter of his persecutors, the fair and pious Rachel, educated by her protector in sentiments more humane than those of selfish sectarianism. Saladin being in want of money, intends to extort it from this Jew by proposing to him a delicate question—which of the three monotheistic religions he prefers. The Jew in reply, tells this story: "A certain lord possessed a beautiful ring, to which were attached all the advantages of life and fortune, and he ordained that the one of his sons who should re-

ceive the ring should be his sole heir, with the right to transmit it to his successors. It was traditional in the family that the best among the sons of these heirs should inherit the ring; but in the course of time it happened to one of these lords that his three sons were equally good and worthy, and he ordered to be made two rings identical with the ring of marvelous prestige, and gave them to his sons. The father having died, each one of them believed he had the true ring, and demanded the inheritance. A suit was begun, and when all the three rings were brought to the tribunal they were so identical that no distinction could be made; and the judge decided that he whose life should be most blameless should be held the possessor of the true ring." Saladin, who believed he had left the Jew no escape, because if he declared in favor of Judaism or Christianity he would have to give up all his treasures as a blasphemer, and if he declared in favor of Mohammedanism he would have to give them up as a convert, was astounded by this dexterity and prudence. Such considerations persuaded him more and more towards tolerance; and it is afterward seen that the Jew's daughter Rachel and the Templar were niece and nephew of the Sultan, children of his brother, who, captivated by the beauty of the noble Christian woman, had listened to the voice of his affections more than to that of his creed: showing how nature brings together beings divided by the discords of men and their religions.

Lessing was not contented with defending toleration in the theatre; he raised it to a creed in his theory of the education of the human race. In the opinion of the great thinker, the glory of humanity does not lie in the quiet possession of truth, but in the contests and struggles which the truth has cost. He says that if God should call him and say, "In this hand I hold the truth, and in this other the rough and painful road which leads to the truth—choose?" he would choose the road, although at the risk of moistening it with his sweat and his blood. Yes, sanctifying virtue of struggle, of labor, of pain, thou appearest to destroy, and thou createst! thou appearest to abase, and thou exaltest! thou appearest to be the sign of our inferiority, and thou art the splendid proof of our greatness and glory!

Lessing accepted the struggle for the truth to strengthen his spirits, as the ancient athlete entered the gymnasium to strengthen his body. And in these exercises of thought he found the truth that all religions are different grades, scattered fragments, varied shades, of one religion, which has progressively educated the human race. The religious ideal is not found contained in a single book, but in all the books which have sustained and consoled humanity on its rough and sorrowful road toward the realization of its ideal. As the labor of the East was not lost, nor the labor of Greece and its philosophers, nor of Rome and its lawyers, so also the work of the different churches will serve to clear and enlighten the human conscience. From the peaks of the Himalayas,

to which the fathers of the earliest gods raised their supplicating arms; from the summit of Sinai, from which the Jehovah of Moses still speaks in lightning and thunder; from the sombre hill of Calvary, where flows the blood of the Son of Man; from Hybla, which saw the cradle of the Greek gods and heard the dialogues of the divine Plato; from the Coliseum, over whose arches shone the protecting genius of Rome, and in whose centre to-day the cross spreads out its arms, appearing to be nourished by the ashes of martyrs, as a tree by the sap of the soil; from the domes of St. Peter of Rome and of St. Paul of London; from the towers of the church of Worms which heard the protest of the monk Luther, and the towers of the Cathedral of Cologne, which still shelters the Catholic reaction—there comes no final discovery of the ultimate limits or signs of revelation. We can not see in the past the beginnings of religious tradition, nor in the future the limits of religious hopes. For as the book of Vedas has been the book of nature, the book of the Persians the book of light, the book of the Old Testament that of God the Father, the New Testament of God the Son, and the Reformation that of the Holy Spirit; as the human understanding can never count the stars nor measure the infinite, so it can never know how many religious books full of disclosure and light may come hereafter in progressive ascension to continue the work which the others have begun, to embellish and sanctify the human spirit, for which are reserved in the depths of the heavens eternal and incessant revelations.

The fundamental idea of Lessing is that all religions have powerfully contributed, although in different degrees, to the totality of human education. The spirit of progress entered, therefore, even in those secluded and sacred spots which appeared to be excepted from the movement and the renovation of all beings and ideas. The saints saw the fluttering of the leaves of their inert books of stone before the breath of the wind of their age; they saw the germs of new ideas taking life in progressive transformations in the very warmth of their sanctuaries. These agitations of conscience gave birth to high conceptions of human dignity; and whenever knowledge gives prominence to human dignity there follows of necessity an outburst of the conscience, freighted with ideas, and with this outburst comes perforce another victory of liberty.—*Emilio Castellar in Harper's.*

HELMHOLTZ'S TREATMENT IN HAY FEVER.

Professor Binz, of Bonn, writes to "Nature" that from what he has observed of recent English publications on the subject of hay fever, he is led to suppose that the English authorities are not accurately acquainted with the discovery of Professor Helmholtz in 1868, that certain uncommon low organisms are present in the nasal secretions in this

complaint, and that quinine arrests their action. Professor Helmholtz had been subject to this disease since 1847, and from the fact that the attack always commences in his case between May 20th and the end of June, he was led to the suspicion that organisms might be the cause of the mischief. Examination with the immersion lens of a very good microscope, proved the presence of vibrio-like bodies, which he could never find at other seasons in the nasal secretions. Remembering the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, he made a weak neutral solution of sulphate of quinine, containing one part of the salt to eight hundred of water. This was effective enough, and caused moderate irritation of the mucous membrane. Lying flat on his back he poured from a pipette about four cubic centimeters into the nostrils, turning the head about in order to let the liquid flow in all direction. This produced the desired effect. He could expose himself to the sun without bringing on the fits of sneezing and the other disagreeable symptoms and it was sufficient to repeat the treatment three times a day even under the most unfavorable circumstances. One treatment a day is enough if he goes out only in the evening. No vibrios are then found in the secretion. After treatment for some days the symptoms disappear completely, but the treatment must be kept up until the end of the time during which the attack would ordinarily make its appearance. In professor Helmholtz's case this, as before said, was between May 20th and June 30th.—*Galaxy*.

THE beginning of a hardship is like the taste of bitter food—it seems, for a moment, unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite, and find it possible to go on.

IN YOUNG, childish, ignorant souls, there is constantly this blind trust in some unshaped chance. It is as hard to a boy or girl to believe that a great wretchedness will actually befall them as to believe that they will die.

IN THIS artificial life of ours it is not often we see a human face with all a heart's agony in it, uncontrolled by self-consciousness; when we do see it, it startles us as if we had suddenly waked into the real world, of which this every-day one is but a puppet-show copy.

THE idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or an ideal without rising to a higher order of experience; a principle of subordination, of self-mystery, has been introduced into his nature: he is no longer a mere bundle of impressions, desires, and impulses.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

We may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
 If we listen to all that is said as we go :
 We'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
 For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
 For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, 'twill then be presumed
 That your humble position is only assumed ;
 You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else your a fool,
 But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
 For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
 You'll hear some loud hints that your selfish and mean ;
 If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
 They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, sneaking way—
 For people will talk.

Then if you show the least boldness of heart,
 Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
 They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain ;
 But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain--
 For people will talk.

If threadbare your coat, or old-fashioned your dress,
 Some one, of course, will take notice of this ;
 And hint rather close that you can't pay your way ;
 But don't get excited, whatever they say—
 For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
 They criticise them in a far different shape ;
 You're ahead of your means, or your bills are unpaid ;
 But mind your own business, and keep straight ahead—
 For people will talk.

They'll talk fine before you, but then at your back
 Of venom and spite there is never a lack ;
 How kind to your face in all that they say,
 But bitter as gall when you're out of the way—
 For people will talk.

Good friends, be advised, and do as you please,
 For your mind (if you have one) will then be at ease,
 Through life you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
 But don't think to stop them, 'twill be of no use—
 For people will talk.

THOMAS YARN.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

He was a failure, an innocent, colorless failure, holding his place in the energetic town of Mossbrook rather because he was too amorphous to be kicked out than from any power of his own to keep in. Thomas Yarn had never made a living, but had hung, a barnacle, on somebody else's living all his life. He was ugly, and dirty, and poor, and lazy, yet these terms seem too strong for so nebulous a creature. The colors in which his portrait should be painted are what the French call *teints dégradés*—sinky brown, pale-olive greens, mixed and tardy grays; no black, no white, no red; all shadow, dead lights, a poor, forlorn, faded picture, which no gallery coveted. He was a sort of a connecting link between the earth-worm and man, suggesting both extremes. Yet the creature was kindly, and had his own little corner of wit and humor; once in about ten years he said a good thing. He had never harmed anything, not even a fly; in fact, he and the flies was rather intimate, and had acquired a right of possession from long occupancy of a dirty, curtainless tavern-window, which was the height from which Thomas Yarn surveyed life as it went on in Mossbrook. He was in some remote way supposed to be a gentleman, perhaps because he never did anything, perhaps for a better reason. At any rate he was tolerated in some of the best front parlors when on centennials, and on such infrequently-occurring occasions he put on a clean shirt and made a call. Thomas Yarn was not dirty for the same reason that is said to have governed a celebrated English scholar, "because it rhymed with *Goethe*;" no, poor Thomas was not even literary, that next to nothingness in good, hard-working New England. His habits grew out of a slovenly soul; the cold waters of energy and ambition had never cascaded down Thomas Yarn's back. He sunk low in the slums of laziness and inertia. Who knows what had deprived Thomas Yarn of his birthright of success? who knows what heart-aches had paralyzed his energies? who knows any of the great secrets of nature?—why one brain works and another will not? and why one man sits still while another man runs?

One thing Thomas Yarn possessed, and that was the village news. The tavern-window, in spite of the flies, was a good field of observation. He went round with the returns of elections, with the deaths and marriages, and the latest, well authenticated scandals. Never malignant, never prone to see evil, Thomas still told what he heard—like an invaluable local newspaper. He would put his sad figure in penitently at the side door, as if to say that the news he brought was his only excuse for being there.

There were rumors of his once being seen driving a horse, but this was not well authenticated. It gave too much energy and decision to

the picture, and was rejected by most as improbable; but one great, grand, important thing he had done, one event illuminated his existence, and he never was tired talking of it. He had once been married, and he could not forget the pride, pomp, and circumstance of that occasion.

Probably at that moment he might have been cleaner and more prosperous than at any subsequent one; else why did that very pretty girl, with her long, black hair,—always remembered in the village admiringly,—why had she so over-estimated her own powers of endurance as to marry Thomas Yarn? Marry him she did, and naturally died in two years, to be ever after the primal beauty and saint of his life. He never could sufficiently praise her hair. He placed it among the constellations like Berenice's, and wore one long tress, folded in China-paper, next his heart. The way he worshiped his "Mary in Heaven" affirmed Thomas Yarn's claim to the name of gentleman. He had been "in business" when he married, but he failed immediately, and that continued to be his business forever after. The tavern swallowed him up, and it was on its worm-eaten porch, that he first learned that he was remembered in Gov. Hammond's will. Some one else knew that news before he did.

Gov. Hammond was a rich and prominent citizen, who had been terribly stricken, in the midst of his prosperity, by the death of his only son, a young man but a few years married, who had left one young daughter.

It was a proud old name, and Gov. Hammond did not like to have it die out. But Fate was stronger than he. He left his fine property to this little girl, something in the same disappointed frame of mind as Dombey, and he added a singular codicil. It was to charge his executors to pay a small annuity to Thomas Yarn, and to give him the charge of his library, which was large and in great disorder, and which needed attention and repair.

This library had come from "two lawyers, one gentleman, and one clergyman ancestor," as Gov. Hammond was fond of explaining his various forbears, and had been generally tumbled by the Governor, no great reader, into an unoccupied room, which was not unsuited to it, being in a wing of the house in which Emily, the child-heiress, lived with her Aunt Margaret and the old servants. The little unconscious owner of all this rambling property was a healthy, hearty, robust little girl, with an early propensity for tales of fancy, and legitimately for novel-reading. She spent her Saturday afternoons, and some part of the next day, in her library, sitting on the top step of a ladder reading "The Cottage of Glenburnie," "A Simple Story," or "Thaddeus of Warsaw." There, wrapped in the delicious mantle of romance, would she sit for hours, while Thomas Yarn would look up from his paste-pots

as a dreamy mole might contemplate a butterfly. He and she were great friends; not having arrived at the critical age, she did not notice his soiled habits as Aunt Margaret did, but willingly put her soft, white hand in his, and was led to Mary's grave, listening with much gravity to the account of that famous wedding, and looking with sweetly-sorrowful eyes at the long tress of beautiful hair.

It was a part of Saturday afternoon to Emily; a part of "Thaddeus of Warsaw;" a part of that golden prime which Emily was passing through; and, as he was indulgent, and let her press wild-flowers in some of the old theological works, Emily thought he was a model librarian.

Emily found the library rather overstocked with the sermons and grave folios of her clergyman ancestor, rather too sparsely furnished with the "Thaddeus of Warsaw" school of literature. She had gone through Scott, the gentle Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth, and dull old Mrs. Sherwood, whose story of "Rich in the Kitchen and Poor in Parlor" is chiefly valuable for its receipt for making gooseberry-tarts. She had wept over the redeeming work of "Little Henry and his Bearer;" she had shuddered over "The Ruffian Boy;" and she had got to Pope. Then she began to sigh for fresh fields and pastures new. Cooper she tried and could not; and, as for the theological works, what were they good for but to press flowers in?

O old, dry doctors? did not your pulses beat as this image of spring, and hope, and joy threw open your musty pages, and laid the freshly-gathered flowers in your heavy grasp? Were these the only flowers you had helped to press down and dry up?

Who will read these accumulated words of wisdom—old sermons, theological treatises, records of undying dullness? Why does the greatness of subjects lead to such poor writing?

"I wish there were some novels," said Emily, one day, from the top of the step-ladder.

"Novels ain't good for young people," said Thomas Yarn.

"But I like them—I like a book that is very beautiful in the beginning, and very sad in the middle, and very magnificent at the end!" said Emily, who did not want for words.

"Well, I guess you'd better not read so many of 'em. That isn't at all like life," said Poor Thomas, remembering the tavern-window; besides your Aunt Margaret says you walk in your sleep, and have bad dreams, and I guess you'd better go off and get some more wild-flowers."

So Emily would dance off to the woods, and Thomas looked up some more novels for her, and, finding a good, old-fashioned story, would leave it accidentally on the top of the step-ladder, sufficiently rewarded if he saw her flush of pleasure as she discovered it. There were no poisonous plants in this Forest of Ardenne, —all was the good,

wholesome pasturage of which Charles Lamb speaks; and the young maiden who was thus set free was as protected as the lady in "Comus," or that other delicious creature of whom our great English Shakspeare says:

A thousand liveried angels lackey her.

Thomas Yarn, in spite of his inability to make a living, was so good a creature that his virtue shone through his bedraggled exterior, as the sun himself shone through that tavern-window through which he saw the distant world.

Miss Margaret, rectangular spinster that she was, permitted him the guardianship of her niece without fear,—nay, she even admitted him to that icy, frigid zone of virtue which surrounded herself. He sat on the edge of his chair in her presence when he told her the scraps of news she so dearly loved to hear.

Oh! on one of these occasions, what a piece of news she told him!

"You may shut up the library; Mr. Yarn, I am going to take Emily off to school. The trustees will allow you your accustomed stipend." (Miss Margaret loved to use a new and grandiloquent phrase as well as another), "and your work can be resumed in the spring; now I prefer to have the library shut. *Good-evening.*"

And she swept out without a look; besides, who had ever flattered him or softened the asperities of Fate to this creature?

Poor Thomas! From him that hath nothing shall be taken even that he hath!

He took out the piece of folded China paper, and looked long at the tress of black hair. He wondered, knowing how low down he was, that he could be so exquisitely miserable. There is a great talent in human nature for pain, and suffering, and dull grief. That side of our nature seems to be singularly gifted. We have no such unlimited powers in the way of joy and gladness. After the sixteenth year of existence is passed, it seems doubtful, if any one can feel rapturously happy for a very long time,—say three minutes. But the power of suffering constantly grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. No one ever complained that he had not talent enough for this sort of thing. Even Thomas Yarn, who had seemed to have talent for nothing else, felt within himself the comprehension of an intellectual colossus for suffering.

It is a hard thing to take out of a poor life the friendship, the unquestioning love of a child. He saw Emily turtively during those years when she danced over that mysterious land,—that borderland of girlhood and womanhood,—but when she came home from boarding-school, and looked at Thomas Yarn with new eyes,—he who had not grown cleaner, or younger, or more agreeable,—he felt that he had lost his little friend. She reinstated him in the library; but she came there seldom herself; she had a new book to read,—her own romance was being written; lovers were coming in the flesh, instead of on the yellow pages of her old books,—so Thomas and Memory dusted alone.

One day Thomas took down a volume of Scott's "Commentaries," in which he saw a moth creeping, and, as he did so, a wild-flower fell out,—one of those which had not been elevated to the dignity of Emily's herbarium. It was a heavy old book, with a parchment cover; and, as he dusted and shook it, Thomas Yarn shook out his fate,—a folded paper fell to the ground with bits of fern, a pressed violet, a lady's slipper, and several fringed polygalas.

It was a will. He knew the hand-writing well, for in his struggles for existence he had been a copyist, and had often met the stiff, stately, old-fashioned, copper-plate

hand of Gov. Hammond. He read on through the formal phrases and legal forms,—he read on as a man does in a dream, and he never knew how long it took him to find out what was written on that piece of paper. He might have fainted away,—if so, he came to all by himself. It was a will leaving all his property to his natural son, Thomas Yarn. It was witnessed by Deborah Doolittle (misanamed woman!), then and now cook to the establishment, and by old Deacon Ramsey, who had been gathered to his fathers.

Thomas Yarn remembered the date of the will which had given all the property to Emily, yes, this was written a year after. It was not recorded, *that* he knew well, but he thought Deborah would remember signing it. He went through all these mental operations with half his mind, the other half was paralyzed with surprise.

He was looking at it with bleared eyes when he heard a fresh young voice singing in the hall. He had just time to put the paper in perhaps the poorest old pocket in the world, when Emily opened the door.

Thomas Yarn was surrounded with faded wild flowers. He even had a piece of fern in his hand, endeavoring to hold it as if it were a thing to which he was accustomed.

How Emily laughed as she saw him!

"So you have found some of our old flowers? How yellow they are, poor things! Look at that violet. They are like people who have had sickness and trouble. I wonder if I ever look like one of these?"

"Yes, they are yellow," said Thomas feebly; "do you remember when you put them there?"

"I remember! Why, no; it might have been the summer after I had the measles, or the summer before I went to school; I don't remember."

Thomas Yarn took his way home that day through the kitchen. It was not the first time, for Deborah was very apt to waylay him with the proffer of a cup of tea, or some of her nice dishes, always doing it with respect, for she thought with the rest of Mossbrook, that Thomas was a poor gentleman; and he, not a person to be invited to dinner, would pause furtively, and at Deborah's neat table snatch a cup of tea or rich doughnut, grateful variety to tavern fare!

So, when he appeared down stairs, Deborah hustled round, and put a plate and knife and fork on the side-table.

"No," said Thomas Yarn, "nothing to eat."

"Why! whatsomdever has happened to you, Mr. Yarn?" said Deborah. "You look as white as a sheet!"

"Deborah, do you remember witnessing a paper for Gov. Hammond in his last illness?"

"Well, yes, I guess I do, Mr. Yarn. The Governor was terrible queer in his last sickness. He wandered round, and went to the library, and wouldn't stay in bed, and wrote things. Yes, me and Deacon Ramsey see him sign something, I suppose it was his will, giving everything to Miss Emily. He was awful troubled, the Governor was. After his son died he got queer, and then, after Miss Hammond died, he got queerer. I expect the Governor had been rather hard on the poor when he was making his fortune."

"Deborah, put on your spectacles, and see if this is your signature."

Deborah produced some very large glasses, and proceeded to fit them with difficulty on a very small nose.

"Well, yes, I wrote that. I never was good with my pen; and I was kind of flustered when the Governor he called me, and Deacon Ramsey he was coughin' awful at the time; he died, poor man, before the Governor did; and then I had my dinner on, and the soup was a-burnin'."

Thomas Yarn was half up the street before Deborah had finished, and had reached the Register's office. Yes Emily's will was recorded; this was not, but this was written a year after the other.

Then the poor soul traveled back to his recollections, and he saw here and there, the figure of that stately man, who had been his father; he recognized, here and there, that he must have secretly helped him from time to time; he remembered, too, that he had not helped him when help might have saved Mary, and his soul swelled with bitterness. But, in the hours that death waited for the Governor, he had paid this tardy debt to conscience. He had laid the paper in the old book, he had sent Thomas Yarn to the library, and he had left the rest to chance. Miserable, vulgar fraction of conscience-money. Miserable playing with justice! Gov. Hammond, like many a dignified gentleman, uncovered his real character in his will, and showed the poor and mean thing which a fine appearance had draped and ornamented.

Thomas Yarn went to Mary's grave and considered. He saw from that humble spot Gov. Hammond's tall Corinthian column gleam through the trees. He thought of the change it would make in the village treatment if he announced the fact. The tavern-window would cease to be his post of observation; he would sit of an evening on the broad piazza where Miss Margaret and Emily received their guests; it would be his own!

He would become a man of fortune, a power in the State. He looked down at his garments. It even occurred to him that he should have a new suit of clothes; but as these airy visions floated before him, he looked again in the grass at the stone, and read:

"MARY, WIFE OF THOMAS YARN,
DIED SEPT. 23, 1835,
AGED 22,"

and he decided that he did not want fortune, fame, consequence, enough to take it away from Emily, his child-friend. She, next to Mary, was the dearest thing to Thomas Yarn.

Often he determined to burn the will, but he did not. He even bought a piece of oil-silk, and carefully folded it around the paper before returning it to his ragged pocket. Sometimes when he was particularly forlorn, he would take it out and read it, and become a rich man for a few hours; then Emily's laugh would resound through the house, or he would see her, gay and triumphant, driving off to picnics or to sleigh-rides, the successful young heiress and belle of Mossbrook, and he would fold it away.

Thomas Yarn watched with a jealous eye the men who approached Emily, and he saw to his sorrow that she began to blush and look down when Horace Frazier came near her. It began to be village talk that there was an engagement.

Now, Horace Frazier had come to Mossbrook to study law; he was not of the town. Perhaps he brought some foreign graces with him; he was handsome, dressed well, and had fascinating manners. But the tavern, in this instance, had become an important post of observation, and Thomas Yarn knew of nights past in gambling, of drunken boöts, of the crime and degradation of a dissolute life. Yet what could he do? What headway make against this young and clever man?

Before he had resolved on his course of action, Emily had come into the library, and had announced her engagement to him.

"O Miss Emily! don't! He isn't worthy of you! He is a gambler, a drunkard, and worse. Don't love such a man; don't marry him, I beg of you!" burst from poor Thomas Yarn's lips.

To describe Emily's indignation would be impossible. The sun in the heavens was not more illustrious than Horace Fraizer in her eyes. To attack him—and to her!

She swept out of the library, after a vigorous denunciation, and Aunt Margaret swept in. It had been a part of Horace Frazier's policy (graceful good-for-nothing) to win the older one first, and she had but to hear the dreadful news of the attack to rush to the battlements and mow down Thomas Yarn with a well-directed volley.

"I hear that you dare, Mr. Yarn, to insult my niece, and to assail the character of her intended husband—you, Mr. Yarn! Who are *you*? Why my relative, Gov. Hammond, descended so far as to mention you in his will, I never could understand. *You*, slothful, dirty, poor, mean, insignificant—you dare to speak of a gentleman—a well-dressed gentleman like Mr. Frazier? Leave this house, Mr. Yarn (you never ought to have been allowed to come into it), and never let these eyes behold you again!"

Miss Margaret held out a thin forefinger as she spoke, like a third-rate *Lady Macbeth*. Thomas Yarn rose slowly and walked out; yet, as he passed her, he fired one Parthian arrow.

"I will save Emily yet," he said.

"Go, base creature!" said Miss Margaret furiously.

When Mr. Frazier came to tea that evening, both ladies received him with greater tenderness than ever. His waistcoat was very perfect; his necktie and conversation delightful. He was a handsome fellow and in love. They did not tell him how cruelly he had been slandered.

Thomas Yarn watched him for a few weeks, hoping that love might make a better man of him; but no, it did not. The play went on; the drinking bouts continued; even Emily began to see some signs which troubled her, but, womanlike, she only loved him better. That he made her heart tremble and ache, was part of the agitation of the period.

Then Thomas Yarn took a determination. He went to Judge Sutherland's office and had a private consultation with that eminent jurist; and the next night, as Horace Frazier came up the tavern-steps, fresh from Emily's sweet presence, on his way to the card-room, Thomas Yarn stopped him.

"Mr. Frazier Judge Sutherland desires to see you in Number 17, if you please."

Frazier sullenly turned toward the room. He was a student in the Judge's office, and expected he knew not what in the shape of a reprimand. He was surprised and offended when Yarn entered the room and locked the door.

Judge Sutherland's dignified presence, however, silenced him, and he seated himself awaiting the revelation.

"Mr. Frazier, we are about to make a confidence to you, and, as a man of honor, I ask you to give me your promise that you will not reveal it."

"Certainly, sir, I give you my word."

"It deeply concerns you, as I understand that you are to marry Miss Hammond; it deeply concerns me, as I am one of the trustees of the supposed estate; it deeply

concerns Mr. Yarn, as he is the real owner of that estate. Here is a will which you shall read ; it is a perfectly legal document, although not registered. One of the witnesses to the signature is still living. Of the contents of the will I am not ignorant, having been consulted as to its form. I have also known for many years, as a professional secret, that Mr. Yarn was a natural son of Mr. Gov. Hammond ; but I had supposed that my old friend had abandoned his project of making this will. Here it is and in my opinion it will stand."

Horace Frazier read the paper with attention. It was ruin to him and he looked it ; but he said nothing.

Once he turned and gave Thomas Yarn a searching, contemptuous, and almost amused look.

"You are a good-looking fellow to turn a young lady out of her property !" said he coarsely.

Thomas Yarn did not answer.

Judge Sutherland did. "No abuse, Mr. Frazier. Mr. Yarn has treated you most honorably. He is not ready to make this will public just yet, but he wishes you to know of it, in order that you may not be disappointed in regard to your future wife's property. If you love her well enough to marry her, a penniless girl such as she is, that, of course, is a matter into which I shall not enter. But it is our duty to let you know that Mr Yarn will, in the event of your marriage, produce this will, and proceed to claim his property"—and the Judge pushed up his glasses.

Horace Frazier was stunned, as well he might be. Judge Sutherland was a dry, convincing sort of terrible man ; what he said must be true.

"Do you think, Judge Sutherland, that Mr. Yarn has any chance of success?"

"It may be enough to say to you that I have advised him to try," said the Judge, dryly.

Yes, that was quite enough for Horace Frazier. He loved Emily in his selfish way, for herself ; but he was not the man to do a generous deed, and wed her without a penny. Emily an heiress was quite another thing from Emily penniless. Thomas Yarn had not mistaken his man.

He left town very shortly after, and wrote a few lover-like letters. Then he went through the usual process of pretended jealousy, coldness and neglect ; then writing her that, as he knew he was not worthy of her, he must beg that their engagement might come to an end.

He had told the truth for once. He was not worthy of her.

But it took Emily some time to see that Love's young dream can have an end. She went through the usual delusions ; thought he still loved her, and that some enemy had done this thing. The leaf of music which fluttered off the piano in the evening breeze brought back the hour when he had gracefully stooped to pick it up for her ; the flowers about the piazza still breathed of him ; the west wind brought her his whispered vows ; the moonlight seemed but to cast shadows which might be his. It was hard to accept life without him. Emily had never met pain before ; it came with its usual intensity to the young and strong. She sought to escape it, to believe in him, to forgive him ; and she would have done so to the day of her death had not a newspaper fallen into her hand with the news of his marriage—yes, so soon, too ! Ah, Horace you might have waited !

Trembling old Thomas looked on the surgical operation which he had performed ; sadly he watched the pale cheek and dejected attitude as she sat, once again his

silent companion, in the old library. He would have given all the fortune that he had not had, twice over, to hear her laugh; but it was too late. Could he have foreseen this, he would not have frightened Horace Frazier away. But, before a year had passed, the healthy and prosperous young girl began to recover from her heart-break. The same temperament which had induced her to throw "Thaddeus of Warsaw" half across the room, in her excitement at its rapidly-changing tone of joy and despair, came to her rescue. The unmitigated worthlessness of her late lover's character began to come to her, although she did not know the half. That knowledge sometimes is a good medicine for a heart diseased. Aunt Margaret, too, was as violently *desillusionnee* as could be desired; but she never forgave Thomas Yarn, nor invited him to the edge of a chair, forever more, in her cool parlor.

Before three years had passed Emily had replaced Horace Frazier by a far better man. Thomas Yarn had kept his secret, and had seen his Emily, as he believed, safe. He crept to the library not often now, for his breath was getting short, his heart beat painfully; he was going down to that quiet resting-place by the side of Mary, for which he had long prayed. Deborah began to go over to him, now, with comfortable soups and encouraging wines. Excellent Deborah, missnamed Doolittle!

Happiness did not harden that good young heart, which had been such a dear thing to Thomas Yarn. She never forgot him, but even on her marriage day sent over to see if he could not come to the wedding; but no, he was too feeble. Deborah said he would sit up at the window and see her go by!

So Emily, in her white robes, looked up at the tavern-window, as she drove to church, and kissed her white-gloved hand to the faded figure who watched her as she passed.

He had given Deborah a message for her, to be delivered when she came home from her wedding-journey.

"Tell her," said he, "that she will find my gift in the second volume of Scott's 'Commentaries,' on the third shelf of the library."

"Just write that down, Mr. Yarn, if you please; my memory ain't what it was," said Deborah.

Thomas Yarn wrote a neat hand. It was the only thing he did neatly. He wrote it, and added, "among the wild-flowers."

And when the beautiful, proud, happy young bride came home, she went with her hand in her husband's, to see the present. Aunt Margaret followed, saying, "Poor Mr. Yarn has saved a little money, I don't doubt, and he has given it all to you!"

There were tears in Emily's bright eyes. She did not follow Aunt Margaret's meaning. She was thinking of his lonely lot, and of her own dear happiness.

She opened the book, and there, with some faded flowers, lay the folded paper.

She and Miss Margaret read it together. They did not understand it until Emily's husband interpreted it for them.

They had been living for three years in Thomas Yarn's house on sufferance. He had been their host, knowing that at any moment he could turn them out if he chose.

He had not forgotten to add a will of his own, giving all the property once again to Emily.—this property he had never touched. "Where is he?" said Emily; "let me go to him and tell him what I think of him!"

"Oh, my dear, hain't you heard?" said Aunt Margaret. "He has been dead a fortnight; he died on your wedding-day."

M. E. W. S.

MIXED FUNERALS.

FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF BRO. C. F. STANSBURY, GRAND MASTER OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

In February last a brother of this jurisdiction died, who was a member both of the Masonic Fraternity and of the Order of Odd-Fellows. The Master of the Lodge, to which the deceased brother belonged, very properly claimed that he could have no partial or divided authority over the arrangements for the funeral; he must either control them altogether or not at all. In pursuance of this determination he went rather farther than, in this jurisdiction, we have heretofore been accustomed to go, by declining to allow the Odd-Fellows to have a portion of the pall-bearers. This gave rise to some irritations between the Masonic Lodge and the Lodge of Odd-Fellows, and led to a correspondence between the Grand Master of Odd-Fellows and myself, in relation to the matter, and the reference to a standing committee of the Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows, of the whole subject. Messrs. R. Finley Hunt, Jas. E. Boteler, and Henry Trine, constituted the committee, and have entered into a correspondence with me marked by moderation and good feeling. I have been in no haste about the matter, inasmuch as the subject has once before been presented to this Grand Lodge, and referred to a committee of which Bro. Larner was chairman, whose report, adopted by the Grand Lodge, is as follows:

“WASHINGTON, November 8th, 1871.

“*To the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. of the District of Columbia:*

“BRETHREN,—Your committee, appointed in compliance with the request contained in the resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows of the District of Columbia, and presented to this Grand Lodge at its annual communication of 1870, respectfully report: That immediately after their appointment, the Grand Secretary notified the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows of their appointment, and that the committee was ready to meet the committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Odd-Fellows. Several months afterwards, a meeting of the committee was held. At this meeting, it was ascertained that similar committees had been appointed by nearly all of the organizations of the District, some of whom were present; and without accomplishing anything, the committee adjourned. One or two meetings were subsequently held with the same result. Your committee finally informed the committee of Odd-Fellows that they would decline to meet in future with committees appointed by other organizations than their own, and requested that a meeting of the two be held for final consultation. A meeting was subsequently held, when your committee requested them to present in writing the propositions they had to make on behalf of their Grand Lodge, and give us some idea of their wishes. At a subsequent meeting, the committee on the part of the Odd-Fellows presented to your committee a proposition relating entirely to the mode of proceeding upon funeral occasions, when the deceased was a member of both organizations, claiming, in cases where deceased was more prominent in their organization than in ours, the right to take precedence in conducting the funeral ceremonies, as in such cases, in

their opinion, the courtesy was due to them. Having considered the proposition, your committee concluded to go no further in the matter, but to report to the Grand Lodge, that, in their opinion the question of courtesy on such occasions, belongs exclusively to the Worshipful Master of the Lodge having charge of the funeral, and with whom, they suggest, the matter should be left entirely, believing that the interests and reputation of the Fraternity will be properly protected by them; that a W. Master is fully authorized to extend such courtesy when the circumstances of the occasion would render it advisable and proper to do so."

I desired that, if the subject were to be reopened, it should be on a full knowledge of the particular case which brought it up, and of the general sentiment of the Fraternity throughout the United States on the question. I have, therefore, taken care to investigate both, having addressed a letter to every Grand Master in the country, inquiring whether any agreement or regulation existed in his jurisdiction as to the relative positions or authority of our Fraternity and the Order of Odd-Fellows at funerals where the deceased had been a member of both societies; and in case no agreement or regulation existed, what was the custom on such occasions. I have received replies from twenty-seven Grand Jurisdictions, and they are, almost without exception, uniform in declaring that there exists no regulation or agreement on the subject; that the Masonic Fraternity always assumes exclusive control where it takes any part in the burial of a Brother, and performs its ceremony last where other associations participate at all in the funeral rites. The Masonic Fraternity never attends a funeral except when the deceased, or his friends on his behalf, have expressed a desire for Masonic burial: and that wish is taken as the expression of preference that the rites should be under their control. And that control cannot be divided with any other body, because no person not a Mason, can assist in the performance of Masonic work; and it is only for the performance of Masonic work that the Craft is ever permitted to appear in public. These are, in brief, the views of the Grand Masters who have responded to my inquiries.

Anxious to show every courtesy to a great and useful society, I recommend that the whole of the papers in relation to this matter be referred to a special committee for examination and report. Leaving the matter wholly to the judgment of the Masters of the Lodges, does not seem to have fully met the requirements of the case, and often places a Master in an embarrassing position, in which he is liable to the accusation of discourtesy, if he carries out what he conscientiously believes to be his Masonic duty. The adoption of a strict and uniform rule appears to me to be the best method of avoiding painful and inappropriate discussions on these mournful occasions; and I confess that I incline to a more rigid enforcement of the exclusiveness of our Fraternity.

We shall do no injury and offer no discourtesy to the other societies

by this course. They are free to adopt a similar principle for the government of their own arrangements, and in so doing will never meet with opposition or jealousy from us. Seeking no publicity, avoiding parade and show as utterly opposed to the principles of our institution, we are never desirous of forcing our attentions or honors upon any. They must be sought before they will be bestowed, and no stranger hand should be permitted to assist in their bestowal.

The special committee of the same Grand Lodge, to whom was referred the annual address of the M. W. Grand Master, made the following report on this subject :

WASHINGTON, January 14th, 1874.

To the Grand Lodge F. & A. Masons of the District of Columbia :

BRETHREN,—The Special Committee to whom was referred the annual address of the M. W. Grand Master, have to report that they have had the same under consideration and have found nothing in it requiring the attention of the Committee, except that portion which relates to "*Mixed Funerals*," and deeming this a question of importance, they have given to it such consideration as its importance demands, and beg leave respectfully to report as follows :

The subject presented for consideration is an important one, and it involves not only the friendly relations of the Masonic Fraternity with other Associations, but also the proper standing of our own Order. The question seems to be reduced, however, to this simple aspect: Can a Lodge of Masons, in the performance of any public ceremony, but more particularly in the services used as the last honors towards a deceased brother, permit any other society, outside of the Fraternity, to take a part? For instance, to be more explicit, can a Lodge of Masons, when burying a brother Mason, permit a Lodge of Odd-Fellows, or any other non-Masonic association, to take an equal part in the ceremony, or share with the Masons as pall-bearers in the honors paid to the dead?

To answer this question it is necessary that we should first understand, distinctly, what is the true position of a Lodge of Masons under such circumstances. Of what this position is your committee have, themselves, no doubt.

Whenever a Lodge of Masons performs any public duty, such for instance as laying a corner-stone, or burying the dead, that duty constitutes a part of the Masonic labor. A Lodge must always be, according to our rules, in one of three conditions. It must be at labor, at refreshment, or closed. Now, it will be admitted that a Lodge, when performing the solemn duty of laying the corner-stone of a public edifice, or the more sacred and mournful one of burying the dead, cannot be at refreshment. Neither can it, when about to perform that duty, be closed. A Lodge when closed, ceases for the time to be a Lodge. Its functions, as an organization, are suspended. If they meet together afterwards to attend a funeral, it is as private citizens and friends of the deceased, not as Masons. So meeting, they have no right to display the aprons, jewels, and other insignia of the Fraternity, and the Master and Wardens have no official control over them. It is, then, evident that when a Lodge buries a deceased Brother, it is not as a closed Lodge. Such an act would be an anomaly.

It is, then, evident, that when a Lodge appears in public, when the members congregate together under the regulations of the Fraternity to perform any duty that our rules prescribe, and to perform that duty with the forms of Masonic law and regulation, the Master governing the Craft and carrying those forms out as the regulations direct,

whatever that duty may be, it is nothing more nor less than Masonic labor.

In burying the dead, a Masonic Lodge is, therefore at labor. But in that labor none but Masons in good standing can be permitted to assist. We have, under our laws, no option. However much we may desire to pay respect to our fellow-citizens, or to be courteous to other associations, our respect and courtesy cannot extend beyond a certain limit, as none but Masons can assist in the performance of Masonic labor. *This rule is imperative.*

Whether another association shall be permitted to unite with us in the funeral services of a deceased brother, conducted according to Masonic forms, is not a question of courtesy at all. It is the question whether we can permit a non-Masonic association to unite with us in the performance of Masonic labor. Put in this form, we suppose no Mason would, for a moment, hesitate to answer in the negative.

Masonry does not insist upon the right to bury the dead as one of its ancient prerogatives, except in cases where they are requested to do so, (as required by our rules,) and when engaged in the performance of this or any other Masonic labor in public, it must have absolute control.

We, therefore, recommend the adoption of the following resolution as a standing Regulation of the Grand Lodge :

Resolved, That in the burial of a deceased Brother by a Masonic Lodge, or in the performance of other Masonic labor in public, the control by the Lodge must be absolute, and that while the Lodge is exercising that control, no non-Masonic organization shall be permitted to participate.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

NOBLE D. LARNER, }
WM. A. BATES, } Com.
JOHN LOCKIE, }

The report of the committee and the resolution appended were adopted.

THE ENGLISH GRAND MASTER.

Intelligence comes from England that the Most Worshipful Bro. the Marquis of Ripon, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of A. F. & A. M. of England, has resigned, and has been succeeded by the Most Worshipful Bro. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is further stated that the noble Marquis has become a Roman Catholic, the authority for the statement being the London *Times*. While we are surprised at the announcement, we see no reason to find fault with the course taken, since it is the recognized right of every man to follow the dictates of his own conscience in matters of religion, and Masonry being confined to no creed, we are not disposed to question the propriety of the Marquis embracing Roman Catholicism. Our surprise is that he should have seen fit to join hands with a body from whom Masonry has received more persecution and slander than from all other societies put together.

We presume the noble Marquis saw the necessity of separating himself officially from the Freemasons of England, but they will probably still receive his countenance and support. He ceases to be conspicuous in order to avoid the censure of the Church, and possibly he may have to remain quiescent in future. There are numbers of Roman

Catholics in the Masonic ranks, but we are given to understand that excommunication is the penalty of persisting in attending the Lodges. We do not for a moment suppose that the Marquis of Ripon found any cause for giving up his Masonic connection, further than that it was incompatible with his duty to a church that has shown the worst kind of intolerance towards Masonry. It is gratifying to know that a successor has been found in the Prince of Wales, the Heir apparent, who already holds the position of Grand Master.—*Craftsman*.

To the above, from the *Craftsman*, we add the following extract from the speech of the Marquis of Ripon, delivered at the Quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of England, holden on the 4th of March last, when he was unanimously re-elected Grand Master. Being proclaimed and saluted according to ancient form, he thereupon addressed the Grand Lodge as follows:—[ED. FREEMASON.]

“Brethren, I beg now to return you my warmest thanks for the great honor which you have just been pleased again to confer upon me. I hope that I need not tell you how highly I appreciate that honor, conferred once more with complete unanimity by this great assembly of Masons so thoroughly representing the Craft throughout the country. I assure you all, those of you who are here present and those whom you represent alike, of the deep sense of gratitude by which I am animated at this renewed proof of your confidence, and I am happy to be able once more to congratulate you upon the prosperous condition of the Craft at the present time. The worthy Brother who proposed my re-election in terms much too kind and flattering, spoke of that great prosperity and of the thoroughly Masonic harmony which reigns throughout the Craft in every part of the country. Brethren, that is true. But it is not to me as your Grand Master that that happy condition of things is due. I inherit it, that great heritage of prosperity and honor, from one who, during the year that has passed away, has been removed from amongst us, from one who had laid the foundation of that prosperity and harmony by a quarter of a century of untiring labor and by continual action, having but one desire, to promote the prosperity and harmony of the Craft by every means in his power.*

“Brethren, when you succeed to such an inheritance, and have to rule a great community in quiet and peaceful times, the task is easy. Little credit, therefore, is due to me. But it is indeed a proud thing to be called to stand at the head of a body of men, who, in the midst of such great prosperity and with even increased numbers, are able to boast, as boast we can in these days of Masonry, that there has not been, during the past twelve months, a single cloud for one moment to overshadow the perfect brilliancy of our Masonic harmony. That is a thing of which we may justly be proud, because it shows that we have been acting in the true spirit of this Ancient Craft, and that we have been animated by those great principles which we ought to remember even more constantly and more invariably, when we have to meet not the trials, the purifying trials as they often are, of adversity, but when we have to meet trials, which are no less great, which attend on all communities in a time of peculiar prosperity. I trust that we shall always bear in mind the duties that that prosperity casts upon us, and that we shall always recollect that the strength of the Order does not lie in the number of its Lodges, or in the increasing roll of its members, but that it lives in the spirit by which those members are animated, and which

*The Earl of Zetland.

lives and breathes in these Lodges. It is because I hope and believe that these principles are deeply written in the hearts of all, that I do esteem it a very great honor once more to be called to preside over you."

THE LODGE AND ITS LESSONS.

The great increase of Masonic Lodges proves two things, we think, incontestably. The one is, that Freemasonry is, in itself, a want for the age in which we live. It is a very remarkable fact, that, in this prying and bustling age, in which everything seems to be sacrificed to the dust, and dirt, and turmoil of public life, an institution so peculiar and so unobstructive, so much averse to open recognition, and so difficult of access, should be popular with all classes of society. And yet the secret of such a want such popular appreciation is, we think, not hard to find. Freemasonry may have its frailties and its defects, like every thing else that is earthly or human, but Freemasonry has this great recommendation—it is a neutral ground for us all—an open platform on which the most differing and most distant may happily meet together in peace and good will, a little green oasis in this arid wilderness of toil and strife, in which the genial and the friendly, and the tolerant and the true, and the scholar and the statesman, may find alike rest for their bodies and refreshment for their minds. Many of us, who day by day are toiling at "the form" or in the counting house, in the senate or in the camp, or are laboring as bread winners, by the energy of our bodies and brains, to cheer and sustain those nearest and dearest to us, can find in Freemasonry many an hour of intellectual improvement, many a season of faithful work, many a pleasant moment of social relaxation.

Around the portals of our Lodges and on the pediments of our stately halls, seem still engraved, in words of light, that good old English motto "Friendship, Good Will and Brotherly Love." For there we all can gladly resort, after the toils of the busy day are over. There, when we meet once within the Lodge, the divisions and the separations of social, political and denominational life end, for there the echoes of political war cries do not penetrate and there the acrimony of sectarian controversy is unknown. So, despite all our boasted publicity of life and thought and ways and words to-day, the tyled Lodge room of us "Ancient Free and Accepted Masons," has a great attraction for many a wandering and weary child of earth.

And, again, Freemasonry is recognized as a medium of doing good. The idea was, that we were a club of good fellows, a convivial and benevolent order, whose very best aspiration was a good dinner, and whose chief qualification was a Masonic speech. But now we, like others, have "lived down" an ancient jest or the childish calumny, and can point with laudable pride to our charitable institutions which

emulate if they do not excel any similar ones in the land, and so, many of the public are beginning to believe, what we have proclaimed in our good old formularies, that the chief characteristic of a Freemason's heart is his charity.

Each new Lodge, then, that we found to-day is meant to be a centre of light, friendship, toleration and charity to its members. From it, we trust, some rays of brightness may fall on our fellow men. And if, alas! it be true, that all things here are at the best but ephemeral and transitory, that they fade like the dying flower, and pass like some pageant of the day, yet let us hope that, from the crumbling fragment of many an earthly Lodge, there may emanate a spirit of truth, and love, and loyalty, and benevolence, which shall outlive both the material fabric and the earthly members, and be perpetuated in a happier scene of perfect knowledge, of undimmed light, and of eternal love.—*London Freemason.*

MUTUAL MASONIC DUTIES.

BY BRO. JNO. KENNETT, G. M. OF IDAHO.

If our obligations, laws and ritual, are not a miserable and profane mockery, then Freemasons are bound together by certain peculiar and sacred relations, and bound to a certain course of conduct from which they cannot deviate without committing fearful sin and perjury. What then are the peculiar duties which a Freemason is bound to discharge toward a brother? * * * This is a part of his great and solemn pledge; it reaches to all the relations of life, to the minutest details of business, to all the acts of our hands, the words of our mouths, the plans of our heart. The Mason is bound to protect a brother in all his lawful interests, and to warn him when he discovers some threatening evil. Consequently no Mason can devise a scheme which will tend to the injury of a brother's business and interests, without incurring the severest penalties of the Order. Think well of this, brethren. You should not, you must not, build up yourselves on the ruins of your brother. You must not cherish a thought for a moment, which thought, if ultimating in acts, would reduce a brother to poverty, and involve himself and family in distress.

One of the most beautiful features of our institution is its social character and influences, its peculiar obligations, duties, and its lessons of brotherly love. It is this which gives a charm to our Lodge meetings, which makes the members diligent and prompt in their fraternal offices, and willing to bear one another's burdens.

But the sentiment of brotherly love involves other duties and among them is that of forbearance. Brethren should not be hasty and passionate in their dealings with each other. Should we have reason to

think that a brother is losing the sense of his obligation, and is falling from honor and rectitude, it is our duty to treat him with honor and forbearance. We know not what unseen causes may have forced him into a seeming case of dishonesty. Even if the brother really offend against good morals and virtue, we are still to be forbearing and charitable, until all efforts to reclaim him prove unavailing. When a brother sins, the first thing to be done is to expostulate with him, move him, entreat him, and, if possible, save him; and we are false to our obligations if we allow a brother to fall into vice, and to be cut off from our communion, without making an attempt to save him.

Let us, then, exercise forbearance toward each other, and remember that charity is the brightest of all the graces, as it is the first and most imperative of all the duties of our society.

Freemasonry frowns upon all recriminations and backbiting. It commands its disciples to defend each other's reputation, and promote each other's welfare; but we do not mean that Masons are bound to uphold one another in vicious practices. No, far from this—a delinquent brother is always to be brought to justice.

But this must be done in a legal manner. If one brother thinks he has received some injury from another, or feels that he has brought a reproach upon the Order by habitual vice, he is not to go about, and like a midnight assassin, or base coward, whisper his surmises (which may be, after all, entirely unfounded) to this and to that one, and thus destroy his brother's good name and plunge him into distress.

This is unjust, unchristian, and in direct opposition to every principle of the Order. What course, then, should a brother take in this matter? Commit his feelings to writing, and in open Lodge, the Lodge to which the offending brother belongs, prefer charges against him, and have the matter adjudicated according to law. He is never to take the sword of justice in his own hands, but until the judgment of the Lodge, and not his own judgment, finds him guilty, he is not to cease to treat him or speak of him as a brother.

No atheist or libertine can be a Freemason.

THERE are now 7,787 non-affiliates in the State of Indiana.

THE Grand Lodge Library of California now comprises over 700 volumes.

THE Grand Master of Colorado, recently called attention to the fact that non-affiliates abounded in that jurisdiction and recommended the abolition of the affiliation fee, which was accordingly done.

SAVE the records of your Lodge; a hundred years hence they will be invaluable. This is demonstrated by the eagerness of the archæologist in searching "old records" for a vindication of the present theories of the Craft.

MASONIC EXPRESSIONS IN SHAKESPEARE.

It is not necessary to argue that Shakespeare was a Mason because he uses many expressions now found in the Masonic lectures, any more than it is necessary to claim that Amos was a Mason because we now use a part of chapter vii. of his prophecy in conferring the Fellow Craft's degree. It is impossible that the "universal writer" of Stratford-on-Avon could overlook such symbolism and "chambers of imagery" as Freemasonry abounds with. If ever he saw a Masonic procession; if ever he was inside of a Mason's hall; if ever he conversed with a well-instructed Mason, he must have got at least a hint, which, in such a teeming brain as his, would have been the parent of a thousand images.

In reading his quarto Shakespeare, the writer has found it profitable to mark those passages which, could it be proved that the dramatist was a Freemason, would naturally be accredited to that source. A few are appended :

"I have not kept my square, but that to come,
Shall all be done by the rule."

—*Ant. and Cleo.*, ii. 7.

How well that is expressed! The Brother remembering his reception as a Fellow-Craft, his position in the N. E. corner, and the many other applications of the Square to his mind or person is wrung at heart with the feeling that he "had not kept the Square," that is, within its influence, or the rectitude it symbolizes.

"I met a courier, once mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends."

—*Timon*, v. 3.

That's an exquisite rendering of many Masonic incidents that occurred in the late war.

"To teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night."

—*Tempest*.

"My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal."

—*Two Gentlemen*, iii, 1.

"A thousand oaths
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

—*Ibid.*

“Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
 Timon has made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
 Whom, once a day with his embosomed froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
 And let my gravestone be your oracle.” — *Timon.*

In the “Merchant of Venice,” Antonio represents the generous Mason, heart-bent upon relieving a distressed brother.

“I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it,
 And if it stand as you yourself still do,
 Within the eye of honor be assured
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 Lie all unlocked to your occasions.” — *Brooklyn Review.*

MASONIC PROCESSIONS.

There is a very general and growing opinion among thoughtful and zealous members of the Fraternity, says the *New England Freemason*, that Masons appear too often in street parades and other public displays. Before the anti-masonic excitement it was a rare thing for Masons to appear in procession in the streets. To have seen such a turn-out was an event of a life-time, a sight which blessed the eyes of few more than once. Fifty years ago the brethren scarcely appeared in procession except at rare intervals, when they walked decently to church on St. John's day to listen to an eloquent discourse in praise of Masonry from the lips of some learned and reverend brother. But now-a-days the brethren seem to think it incumbent upon them to take part in the ceremonies of every Decoration Day, in the inauguration of every soldiers' monument, in the celebration of every centennial anniversary, and indeed in almost every demonstration of general interest in their locality. We think this opinion and practice altogether wrong, contrary to the spirit and express teaching of our institution, and calculated, if continued, to bring it into contempt.

As individuals, it is perfectly right and proper that we should take interest in such objects as excites the enthusiasm of our fellow-citizens, and that we should do our full share to contribute to the success of such public displays as are intended to commemorate noble deeds, or important events, or to promote generous and philanthropic purposes. But as Masons we should appear in the streets only on some Grand Masonic occasion, or for the performance of some Masonic duty, such as the laying of a corner-stone, the dedication of a public monument, or the performance of the funeral rites over the remains of a deceased brother.

Public processions are becoming so numerous and frequent as to be positive nuisances, especially in large cities. St. Patrick's day is looked

forward to with dread by all but the happy Celts who throng the streets to see and be seen. There is wisdom as well as wit in the discourse of the *Chicago Tribune* on "Man as a Processionist":

"The tendency of men to herd themselves into processions is one of the mysteries of human nature, which is only equalled by the tendency of those who are not in the herd to stand in the broiling sun and admire the others. Why this should be so, what peculiar satisfaction the man in the procession derives from it, and what object he has in view, are problems yet to be solved; and yet it is probably the height of the ambition of every average man to see the day when he shall go into a procession; happy if he can march on foot; doubly happy if he can carry the Star Spangled banner or some other banner bearing a strange device; thrice happy if he may ride a horse, terrify the women and children with the caracolings of his fiery charger, and shout hoarsely at his division in the procession. All of this is more remarkable from the fact that the procession is but a child's sport, with the difference that the paper hats have been changed for beavers with feathers in them; the lath swords for steel ones; the tin pan and whistle for the drum and fife; the red flannel stripe and bit of blue ribbon for a variegated uniform bespangled with jewels and gaudy with tinsel; and the stick, which the leader straddled so gracefully for a live horse, which the leader, nine times out of ten, straddles ungracefully.

"The effect of the procession upon the individual hardly has a parallel among natural phenomena. Your butcher or your shoemaker may be, and probably is, a very ordinary man; not blessed with wealth or beauty; having no soul-cravings or yearning desires for the good, the true and the beautiful; the owner of a brood of rather dirty and promiscuous children; with an intellect capable of the scientific carving of a sheep or skillful cobbling of a boot. There is nothing majestic or awful about him. You would not invite him to your soiree as a paragon. Indeed, in his morning call at your house, your servant receives him and they gossip together in a friendly way. But once array your butcher in a plug hat and white apron, throw an emblazoned crimson scarf about his muscular shoulders; put a boiled shirt on him, and stick a rose in his button-hole, hang two or three tinsel crosses and other ornaments on his manly breast; and, if he be a large butcher, let him carry a banner stuck in a pouch, looking as if it were rooted in his ample corpus, and he becomes metamorphosed into another creature. As he marches along in a stately manner, keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinabulation of the band, he is an awful and majestic being, who towers above you as you stand upon the curbstone, and looks down upon you as one of the *sans culottes*. Yesterday he would have taken off his hat to you; to-day, if he sees you at all, he only sees you as an atom; one of a thousand, admiring him as a magnificent being, only equalled by a royal potentate, and possibly surpassed by a Sultan in the grandeur of his bearing and the gorgeousness of his apparel. As you retire to your chamber at night with the confused pictures of flags, banners, roses, swords, aprons, horse collars, trombones and guns sitting before you, the picture of this majestic creature appears, looming up like Mont Blanc among lesser hills.

"You regret now that only yesterday you vexed his great soul with complaints about tough beef; that you had threatened to discharge this awe-inspiring creature and employ another. You regret your dulness in not recognizing the possibilities lying dormant in him, and you mentally resolve to make your respects to him, the

Thrice Illustrious Prince, or Most Eminent Grand Seigneur, or High and Top-Lofly Baron, commanding the Most Stunning Knights of Pythagoras and request the pleasure of eating tough steak hereafter!"

TOBACCO, CROQUET AND FREEMASONRY.

[The following, from the New York *Independent* may be regarded as evidence that "Doctors disagree"; or it may be taken as a sample method of answering "a fool according to his folly."

If to smoke, to play croquet, and to be a Freemason be a *Cynosure* (sign o' sure) damnation, we still have a hope—*we don't play croquet.* ED. FREEMASON.]

The Rev. Mr. Osborne, of Florida, speaking out in the meeting of the National Holiness Association, the other day, "exorted the people to seek salvation that would save them from tobacco, from croquet and from Freemasonry." The *Cynosure* echoes the exhortation, especially including croquet, and putting it, just where Mr. Osborne puts it, between tobacco and Freemasonry, as the middle term of what we are bound to regard as a progressive series of enormities. Whether it is an ascending or descending series we do not know. It is clear that croquet is either a greater evil than tobacco and a less evil than "Freemasonry," or else it is better than "the weed" and more than "the lodge." Either case is sad enough. We all know what Mr. Trask has said about tobacco, and what the Pope of Rome and the Pontiff of Wheaton have written about Freemasonry, and to think that another evil of similar proportions is stalking through the land, and that croquet is that evil, is enough to make the brain reel and the teeth chatter.

There can be no question as to the prevalence of this bran-new abomination. Travel where you will, and you see the signs of its ravages. In every country door-yard you are greeted by the wicked wicket and the satanic stake, the malicious mallet and the baleful ball; the rudest neighborhoods have been invaded by this enginery of mischief, and sometime you may see the country boys filling up the leisure of their nooning with this iniquitous practice, and even the farmer and his wife bowing down, after the day's work, at the altar of this horrible sorcery. The towns have long been overrun by croquet; but if any one wants to gain a clear conception of the extent to which it has taken possession of our country, let him forsake the railroads and travel for a week over the hills and among the by-ways of New England. If after such a journey as this he does not return fired with a determination to devote the rest of his life to an unrelenting warfare against this gigantic evil, whose upas branches are overshadowing the land with a baleful blight and drawing down our youth into an insatiable whirlpool of vanity and corruption, it will simply be because his opinions and his rhetoric are unlike those of Mr. Osborne and *The Cynosure.*

We freely admit that croquet has not hitherto presented itself to our minds as an evil of the first magnitude. We had even esteemed it to be an innocent and beneficent pastime; we have looked upon it as furnishing the town-folks with a good excuse for healthful outdoor exercise; we have supposed that even the country boys might better spend the noontide hour in driving the devious ball through the waiting wicket than in telling salacious stories upon the haymow; and that into the somewhat monotonous life of the farmer's family, it brought an element of diversion most needful and most wholesome; and even in spite of Mr. Osborne, we still incline to the same opinion. We doubt whether this worthy is sufficiently versed in the game to be able to express an intelligent opinion as to its merits or demerits. We presume he has never knocked a croquet ball through the first wicket. In that case (perhaps in any case) he is a booby. As for the editor of the *Cynosure*, we know that his righteous soul will be satisfied if we assure him, as we do, from a full knowledge of all the facts in the case, that all the devotees of this diabolical game are sure to come to the stake at last—if they play well enough.

It occurs to us to add in closing, this serious suggestion, that those persons undertaking to erect an innocuous pastime like croquet into an enormous sin, from which we need Holiness Associations to free ourselves, are doing just what was denounced by Jesus Christ when he spoke of binding heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and laying them upon men's shoulders. If any people in this country need praying for, it is the Pharisees and hypocrites who spend their days in distorting and rendering hideous the Christian rule of life; and, if there be any Holiness Association which undertakes to provide salvation from ignorance and fanaticism, we advise Mr. Osborne and the editor of the *Cynosure* to attend all its meetings.

WHAT GOOD?

"He is a Mason. What good does it do him?" This is a question frequently asked. Generally it is intended to elicit an enumeration of the material benefits that accrue to the person spoken of in consequence of his connection with the Masonic Order. "Does it pay?" And the *pay*, in the mind of the catechist, is dollars and cents, or influence that leads to the acquisition of office or power. Does it bring him trade, patients, clients, employment, constituents? Now, while we hold that the Scriptural maxim "in honor preferring one another," in other words, that the principal, "all things being equal, to patronize those nearest to you," are just and equitable principles of action, at the same time we maintain that Masoury is not designed to build up the material fortunes of men, and that the Mason who becomes a mere hunker and

traffics with his profession is recreant to every true conception of the dignity of his vows and associations. Masonry may put no money in a man's purse, it may yield him no votes—but if it serves to enoble character, to enlarge human sympathies, to mitigate the wants and woes of suffering humanity, to break down the barriers of caste, to extend the brotherhood feeling among men of divers views, pursuits and races—then it pays. The good it does may not be expressed in statistical tables and find a fair exponent in Federal money; but it introduces a man to a wider society than his native selfishness would prompt him to enter, and makes him feel that he is not an independent unit but a factor in a community, which has for the end of its organization the support of human virtue and the relief of human suffering. Since "man does not live by bread alone," but by noble thoughts and feelings as well—since existence is not merely physical, but also spiritual—Masonry is highly compensating in its lessons, associations and charities. When a man does good he is blessed in the deed. When he associates himself with the good he feels that he is enobled by their society. No one makes a mistake who puts himself into wide commerce with his fellows in the endeavor to cultivate the graces and virtues of a true life. A self-contained "I" is not only hateful to others, but becomes so narrow in all his opinions, feelings and activities as to so abridge soul-life that the interior consciousness is affected by that debasement. Suppressed sympathies are as dangerous to spiritual health as suppressed secretions can be to physical. A thoroughly developed, well-rounded manhood can only proceed from generous outgoings of heart toward others. What exercise is it to the body, philanthropic activity is to the spirit. As paralysis results from indolence and somnolence, so does physical palsy ensue upon mental and moral inactivity and slumber. A creed and platform-bound soul develops the bigot and the demagogue. A man needs a larger development than comes of denominationalism and partizanship. When a man joins the Masons from a heart desire to enlarge his relationships, he at once feels that he is a member of a community which extends beyond the boundaries of mere nationalities and leaps the hedges of dogmas and articles. He becomes a citizen of the world and expresses his cosmopolitan citizenship in the inquiry of the great-hearted poet:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?"

The idea of true life is not mere money-getting and the soft ease that comes of affluence. He is the largest man who can feel the most friendly toward his kind. You cannot measure him with a tape-line or weigh him upon a pair of avoirdupois scales. Feet and pounds cannot express his girdle, height or weight. You cannot estimate him from the assessor's books. His wealth does not enter into the tax lists.

What is he worth? has a wider meaning than can be answered by an appeal to the sordid standards. The elevation of his thoughts, the nobility of his feelings, are his treasures, and only angel book-keepers reckon such accounts. Masonry does good in associating men in benevolent efforts. It dries the tear of the orphan and hushes the widow's wail and helps to bear the burden of the virtuous poor. To engage a man in such enterprises is to do him good. But we take it that the widest benefit of such an institution as ours is beyond statistical expression and in the souls of those who have been made to feel its character-raising power.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

[Our M. W. Bro. Hugh McCurdy, Past Grand Master, pays the following glowing tribute to the memory and to the virtues of Bro. Spencer Raynale, lately deceased. By long and intimate association with Bro. R. in business and in Masonry, our M. W. Bro. is well qualified for his "labor of love"; and we take great pleasure in laying before our readers his estimate of our late Bro. who was Chairman of the Standing Committee on Masonic Law, in our Grand Lodge. ED. FREEMASON.]

BROTHER SPENCER B. RAYNALE.

It is a difficult and painful task for me to give a brief outline of the noble character and generous heart of my friend and Brother through life—intimately associated as we were, from early boyhood until the close of his earthly labors. It can be no wonder, then, I should feel embarrassed in performing this sad duty.

Brother Raynale was born at Franklin, Oakland County, Michigan, October 9, 1833, and died at the residence of his father, Dr. E. Raynale, at Birmingham, in this State, September 26, 1874, where he had gone to receive medical treatment of his father.

He received a liberal education, and after the writer of this had established himself in the practice of law in Corunna, Brother Raynale came into his office in 1857, as a law student, and was admitted to the bar in 1859, when a co-partnership was formed under the firm-name of McCurdy & Raynale.

In 1865 the First National Bank of Corunna was established, and Brother Raynale was elected its cashier, which position he held until January, 1871, when he resigned, to assume the duties of the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Shiawassee County, to which he was elected in the fall of 1870, on the Democratic ticket, against a conceded Republican majority of upwards of four hundred—showing his popularity with the people and the high estimate in which he was held by them.

In the municipal affairs of Corunna, he filled many offices of trust and responsibility with great credit and marked ability. As a counselor, he was cautious, prudent and safe; and as an advocate, he watched

and guarded the interests of his client with untiring energy and fidelity.

MASONIC.

Brother Raynale was made a Mason in Birmingham Lodge No. 44; was initiated and passed March 27, 1856, and raised April 25, 1856. He took an active part in establishing Corunna Lodge, No. 115; and on the 11th of February, 1864, was made a Royal Arch Mason in Washington Chapter, No. 33, at Flint; and May 18, 1868, was Knighted in Corunna Commandery, No. 21. The Council degrees he received in St. Johns Council, February 13, 1874, and subsequently aided in forming a Council in this city. He was Worshipful Master of Corunna Lodge for four successive terms, and at the time of his death was High Priest of Corunna Chapter, to which position he had also been elected for four continuous terms. He was also D. M. in Corunna Council and Recorder of the Commandery. He performed the duties of these several offices with a retiring modesty peculiar to himself, that made friends of all with whom he came in contact.

For many years Brother Raynale was an active member of the Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge, and many will remember the able report which he made in the latter body as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, at the last session. As soon as the report had been received, Past Grand Master Chamberlain, it will be remembered, rose and congratulated the Grand Lodge upon receiving such an able and clear report, and thanked the committee for making a statement that exhibited to the Grand Lodge the true state of its resources; something which had never been done before; and when Brother Raynale handed the report to the Grand Secretary, (Dr. Pratt,) that officer also expressed the same sentiment. M. W. Brother Webber, (the present Grand Master,) was also so well pleased with the document, that he appointed him Chairman of the Committee of Jurisprudence, which position he held at the time of his death.

In religion Bro. R. was a Universalist, and a member of the church here, and brought to its support the generous impulses of a heart overflowing with naught but loving-kindness and good will to man. To his perseverance and untiring energy in the erection of the church edifice here, its members acknowledge a debt of profound gratitude.

His remains were brought here for interment, under the immediate charge of Corunna Commandery, (Past Grand Commander, O. L. Spaulding, conducting the impressive and beautiful ceremonies of the Order,) Corunna, Owosso, Byron, Vernon and North Newburg Lodges joining in the services. The sermon was preached by Brother and Companion Sir Knight, Rev. C. W. Knickerbocker, of Bay City, assisted by Right W. Brother Rev. Eaton Ray Clarke, of Vernon, Past Grand Chaplain. By proclamation of the Mayor, the business of the city

was entirely suspended and the stores closed during the funeral obsequies, as a token of respect to the memory of the departed.

Brother Raynale leaves a wife and two children, father and mother, two sisters and a brother, to mourn his loss.

Brother Raynale was never idle in the Masonic vineyard—never bringing up other men's work for inspection, and never found asleep at his post, but always prompt and on hand in attendance, whether in Lodge, Chapter, Council or Commandery—doing what his hands found to do with all his might, yet so silently and smoothly that he infused into those around him his own spirit. Pure in heart and life, genial and dignified, he governed those over whom he presided with such ease that to obey his orders seemed only a pleasure. He lived a life in accordance with the teachings of our *Fraternity*. Honest in all his dealings with his fellow-man, true as steel to his convictions of right, a just and upright citizen, an affectionate husband, a loving parent, and an upright christian ;

“The soft memory of his virtues yet lingers,
Like twilight hues when the bright sun has set:”

and this tribute is offered by one “who knew him but to love him, or named him but to praise.”

Corunna, October 16th, 1874.

HUGH MCCURDY.

Official.

[For some reason, not known to us, “Official” decisions by the Grand Master have not reached us. We presume the decision business is slack, as it generally is, near the close of the Masonic year.

ED. FREEMASON.]

COMPILED MASONIC LAW.

The orders, for copies of the Compiled Masonic Law of this Grand Jurisdiction, have been filled and sent as ordered. Bills, for the amount ordered, have also been sent to the Lodges and it is important that they be paid promptly, to avoid a draft on the Grand Treasury for the cost of publication.

We are in receipt of numerous letters expressing the satis-
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faction of Brethren with the style, arrangement, convenience and cheapness of the work.

As yet only so many copies have been bound as were needed to fill orders: but a few hundred more copies yet remain in sheets unbound, and all Lodges and Brethren who desire to make additional orders, should do so at once. From present indications, the edition will soon be exhausted.

As previously stated, it is highly desirable that individual Brethren who wish copies for their own personal use, *should order through their Lodges*, to the end that the accounts of the Grand Secretary may be kept with *Lodges* only. But all orders, accompanied by the price of the copies ordered, will receive immediate attention.

FOSTER PRATT, *Grand Secretary.*

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

ED. FREEMASON:—*Dear Bro.*: In the absence of any By-Law of the Lodge on the subject, what sum of money should accompany a petition for initiation or the degrees? Please settle a question raised in our Lodge, by answering the above in the FREEMASON.

SECRETARY.

Art. XIV. of the Grand Lodge Regulations provide, that all petitions for "initiation, degrees or membership" * * * "shall be accompanied by the fee required by the By-Laws" of the Lodge.

Section 1 of Article XVIII. provides that "the three degrees" shall not be conferred for *less* than twenty-one dollars; and the By-Laws of each Lodge shall provide how this, *or a larger amount*, shall be divided between the degrees." Section 2, of the same Article, also provides, that "no Lodge shall initiate, pass or raise any candidate, *until the proper fee has been received by the Secretary.*"

In the absence of any By-Law of the Lodge prescribing what amount of money shall accompany a petition, it would be proper to require with each petition, whatever amount the Lodge charges for the degree petitioned for.

For instance—the petition is for initiation, and your Lodge charge *ten dollars* for the first degree; ten dollars should accompany the peti-

tion; or if the petition be for the second degree and the price of the degree be fixed at five dollars, five dollars should be paid in advance by the petitioner, &c.

Grand Lodge requires the price of each degree to be paid to the Secretary *before the degree is conferred*, and it is well to provide, by a By-Law, that the *whole cost* of the degree shall accompany the petition for it. This saves confusion of accounts and occasional misunderstandings and controversies. But in the *absence* of any By-Law of the Lodge on this subject, it is certainly proper to require the price of the degree to be sent in with the petition.

CAN A VERDICT OF NOT GUILTY BE APPEALED FROM ?

BRO. GRAND SECRETARY:—A Brother was recently tried in our Lodge for unmasonic conduct, resulting in a verdict of *acquittal*. The prosecution was badly managed—its important testimony was not all produced—and many members of the Lodge are of the opinion, that the case was purposely allowed to go by default.

Appeal of the case is talked of; but we are told that from a verdict of *not guilty* there is no appeal. How is this? JUSTICE.

Section 62 of the Penal Code says that “any Brother deeming himself aggrieved by the decision of the Lodge, of the Master thereof, or the Commissioners, may appeal to Grand Lodge.”

Section 63 of the same Code says also: “The appeal may be taken whether the accused be *convicted or acquitted*, and *by either party*.”

The old maxim that “a man shall not be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense” applies as well to Masonic as to criminal law. It means, that when a man, charged with a crime, has been once tried and acquitted, he cannot be *again* tried for the *same* offence.

But this principle does not apply to *Appeals* in Masonic Law and Practice. An appeal is not a *second* charge or trial of the *same* offence; but is a continuation of the *original* charge—is a legal continuation of the *first* trial.

In this Grand Jurisdiction every case of trial is liable to appeal, by either party; and no case is *closed*, until the right of appeal is waived by neglect, or exhausted by a Grand Lodge trial.

Our Grand Lodge has repeatedly heard appeals from a verdict of not guilty; and, in at least one instance, revoked the Charter of a Lodge because it contumaciously refused to enforce an edict of Grand Lodge against one of its own members by rendering a verdict of guilty and by inflicting the proper penalty.

The rule and the practice are wholesome and the purity of Masonry frequently demand their enforcement.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

THE LATE GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

The Marquis of Ripon, recently re-elected Grand Master of England, has resigned his office, for the reason, it is said, that he has become a Catholic. The grief and the joy thereat which move, the one the Masonic and the other the Catholic circles of England, are something noticeable; but we, who are removed from the scene and the immediate influences of the conflict, cannot find, in the main fact, any adequate occasion for the chagrin or the delight which it seems to have occasioned; but general Masonic principles and policy are sufficiently involved in the event to warrant us in discussing it.

The resignation of a Grand Mastership, it is true, is very rare, if not unprecedented, in the annals of Masonry, and its rarity may have attracted attention which the act itself is not entitled to; for, if the late Grand Master, in renouncing the creed and communion of one church to embrace those of another, has conformed to the rules of the church of his new choice by severing his visible connection with masonry, he has, in so doing, only exercised that liberty of conscience and freedom of action in spiritual affairs, which Masonry concedes to every man—and claims for every Mason. If this be all that is signified by this act, we repeat the remark that we cannot see why so much should be said about it.

But they say, (both those who mourn and those who rejoice,) "*It is the Grand Master!*" Suppose it is; the church has gained no more than the Craft has lost, and the loss to the Craft is no more than the official service of an officer for a part of a year; for who shall say that the Marquis of Ripon is any less the Mason, in heart and life to day, than he was two months ago? If the life and conduct of the late Grand

Master of England had been such as to degrade himself and to dishonor Masonry, we might, for a time, have hung our heads in shame; but even in the midst of our shame, we should have urged, and justly, too, that the Craft though damaged in reputation, had not received essential injury. But what Mason shall presume to say, that *Masonry is damaged* because liberty of conscience—a right vital to Masonry and, when used, dishonorable to none—has been exercised by a Brother, even though that Brother be the Grand Master himself? We cannot afford to deny the exercise of this great right to any Mason, nor to attack him who uses it, however high or low his station in Masonry.

But again it is said, both by those who cry and those who laugh: "*It is a Marquis!*" This fact undoubtedly has more weight and influence in England than in America; but even in England, we cannot understand why *Masons* who stand upon the Mystic Level of our Craft, should regret (even if lost,) the loss of one man more than another of equal mind and character. When the late Grand Master of England was made a Mason, he laid *manhood* but *no titles* upon our Mystic altar; and when he voluntarily leaves us, it is certain he can take away no more than he brought with him. His relative importance to the Craft cannot be measured by titles or any social rank; for when measured by Masonic standards, Brothers Hughan and Lyon are of infinitely more value, to Masonry in England and throughout the world, than all the "nobility" on the Lodge Rolls of the United Kingdom. On the other hand, why should a church, that holds all men to be equal before God, rejoice over the accession to it of one man more than another? And if Masons lose dignity and belittle the Craft by indulging regrets for the loss of a *titled* Brother, to what extent is a church degraded by ecclesiastical boastings, not of a soul saved, but of a Marquisate captured?

But frowning Masons say, again, "*He went over to our bitterest enemy!*" and "Exactly so," reply the smiling Jesuits. This raises a question, the true answer to which may be of much more consequence to the Marquis of Ripon than to any other man or body of men; for if he went as a traitor goes—with the heart and the motives of a traitor—then, indeed,

his act is a boon to Masonry, everlasting disgrace to himself, and a stigma on the church. But we do not believe (and we shall not believe without the clearest proof,) that this act of the late Grand Master of England was prompted by any motive or influence dishonorable to him or derogatory to Masonry. Our reasons are these :

We do not believe, that a man, surrounded by the social, political and ecclesiastical influences that in England environ a man of his rank, can be *suddenly* converted to a new religious faith. We must suppose that months if not years of thought and investigation have been given to the subject before the decisive step is taken. During these months and years of doubt and indecision, he was the Grand Master of England: only last March he was re-elected to that high office and, in accepting his election, he made a speech, (a portion of which we give elsewhere,) in which he expresses his profound regard for the principles and purposes of Masonry and his love for her institutions and organization. To suppose that he accepted his re-election and spoke thus highly of the honor conferred, only to give the greater *eclat*, by their surrender, to the triumph of a church, the joining of which he must even then have contemplated, is only to suppose him a hypocrite and a traitor, who basely betrays true men whom he professes to love, even while they are rejoicing to do him honor. To suppose this, is to suppose a crime without a motive—a treason without even the hope of a reward—an unnecessary sacrifice of manly dignity and honor. We cannot accept the supposition.

But judging him by the rule of charity which governs or should govern all Masonic judgments, it is easy to suppose, that a man, with the character and surroundings of the Marquis of Ripon, may be honestly led to embrace the creed and communion of the Catholic Church and that, too, without surrendering an honest love for an institution like Masonry, that does good to many and harm to none. Because he obeys the church of his new choice, and surrenders the tie that visibly binds him to Masonry, it is by no means proved that he thereby abjures what he knows to be the truth, or that he accepts what he knows to be false in regard to Masons and Masonry. And if bigoted ecclesiastics shall seek to prove or to induce a belief, that their Masonic convert to Catholicism has been made, by the

mere fact of his conversion, a witness to the truth of their absurd charges against Masons and Masonry, they will, in so doing, neither injure Masonry, nor benefit their church, but they will degrade the man. His last public utterance relative to Masonry, made so shortly before the announcement of his conversion, will stand as the mature judgment and deliberate testimony of the Marquis of Ripon in defence of Masonry and against all its vilifiers *whoever they may be*: and we repeat, that all attempts that may be made by the ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church to unsay or gainsay that recent declaration, will do Masonry no harm, will do the church no good, and will tend only to prove, that the Marquis of Ripon is a knave or an imbecile. We shall not, without evidence, believe him to be either.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HO! FOR NEW ORLEANS!

The Knights Templar of Michigan, in common with their Brethren of the United States, are just now interested in everything that relates to the approaching Tri-ennial General Grand Conclave to be held in New Orleans on the first Tuesday in December. How to get there? and what will it cost? are two questions of interest to all who wish to make the trip.

On these points, we are enabled, (by the courtesy of Sir Knight J. H. Page of Grand Rapids, the Ticket Agent of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad,) to furnish the Sir Knights of Western Michigan especially, some useful and important information.

All Sir Knights can obtain, for themselves, for members of their families and for friends, tickets to *New Orleans and return*, at the following low rates, viz.: from Grand Rapids for \$38.40; from Kalamazoo for \$37.25; and from Sturgis for \$36.40. These are exceedingly low rates for the round trip.

The route will be by way of Fort Wayne, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Columbia, Montgomery and Mobile to New Orleans, returning by the same route. But all who wish to return by a different route can, without doubt, make an exchange of tickets at New Orleans, to enable them to do so, by paying the difference, if there be any, in the cost. The trip over the proposed route will be made, from Michigan to New Orleans, in about forty-seven hours, and the round trip, including the sessions of the General Grand Conclave, will occupy about ten

days. This route, in its interest to the Northern traveler, is fully equal to any other that is equally direct.

The officers of the connecting lines of railroads, over which these rates of fare are offered, we are informed, have made ample arrangements for carrying their passengers through promptly and comfortably; and have secured from the hotels on the route, the pledge, that all Templar tourists and their friends shall obtain every comfort for the inner man that attention and the country can afford.

Sleeping coaches will start from Grand Rapids and run through to Cincinnati; and will also be furnished on such other portions of the route as may be run over in the night. Accommodations on these, however, will be subject to the usual extra charge.

The precise day of starting from Michigan is not yet fixed, but will be determined in the future by the tourists themselves.

R. E., L. H. Randall, Grand Commander, and V. E., Wm. P. Innes, Grand Recorder, and other officers of the Grand Commandery of Michigan, expect to take this route and it is probable that the time of starting will be announced, by a circular, to the Commanderies interested.

GRAND LODGE OF KANSAS.

From R. W. Bro. John H. Brown, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Kansas, we have received the Annual Reports of the Grand Master, Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary, made to the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction at its recent Annual Communication.

Among Grand Master Bassett's decisions we find the following.

"5th. A ballot, on an application for the degrees or for membership or for advancement, *when participated in by one who is not a member of the Lodge*, must be held *regular* and treated as any other ballot."

If the ballot be unanimous in such a case, and elects the candidate, no harm would be done; but suppose *one black ball* to be cast and the candidate rejected—how then? By this decision one man, not a member of the Lodge, may black ball and reject material perfectly satisfactory to the members of the Lodge. To avoid or prevent such mischief as this, and to offer no temptation to malicious action by those not members of the Lodge, we are of the opinion that, in all Jurisdictions where the right of ballot is restricted to members of the Lodge, the casting of a ballot, by one not a member thereof, should invalidate the ballot. To prevent the *evil* suggested, the rule must be made broad enough to cover all such ballots, whether "clear" or "not clear."

If a Brother, a member of another Lodge, have good and sufficient reasons for wishing a candidate for Masonry to be rejected, let him state them manfully to the Master or to the Committee, or to the Lodge. If malice prompt the objection, investigation will discover and defeat it;

but if the ballot, in which he has illegally participated, be held to be legal, his malice, in such case, is successful and great injustice and mischief may be done.

But another decision of the Grand Master is, in our judgment, even more mischievous in its tendency and effects than the one just quoted. It is this:

8th. When charges have been presented against a Brother, and he has been tried and acquitted by his Lodge, *no further action can be taken in that case. It cannot be appealed for review before Grand Lodge, for there is no one aggrieved.*

Unless the law of Kansas requires a *unanimous* vote of the Lodge to acquit, we do not discover what authority the Grand Master has for saying "*no one is aggrieved.*" If there be a voting minority—though it be but a minority of *one*—somebody may feel greatly aggrieved by a decision of "*not guilty.*" If there be one such, what is his remedy? Under the decision of the Grand Master he is helpless, because he cannot appeal to Grand Lodge, even though the Brother acquitted may have been guilty of a gross outrage against the aggrieved or his family.

Under the head of LAW AND USAGE, in this number of the Magazine, we have discussed this very question, sent to us from one of the Lodges in this jurisdiction, and it is not necessary to repeat that discussion here.

We respectfully dissent—the decision is not only not sound Masonic Law—it is dangerous.

AT THE LAST.

"The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
 And flowers the sweetest at the eventide,
 And birds more musical at close of day,
 And saints divinest when they pass away;
 Morning is love, but a holier charm
 Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm;
 And weary man must ever love her best,
 For morning calls to toil, but night to rest."

A MAN OF PEACE.—We find the following beautiful tribute to the virtues and the memory of a Mason in the *Freemason's Repository*:

"It is my sad privilege to stand beside this flower-decked casket enclosing the remains of a venerable man—the oldest member, at his death, of the Masonic Order of Connecticut—and to speak words of comfort to mourners of whom I am one. The rare beauty of his character, acknowledged by all, arose largely from the fact that he was a *man of peace*. In the Lodges which he visited or of which he was a member, he was a wise counsellor, for he always spoke of peace. A halo of divine peace enveloped his life experience, within which all, who approached him, found blessing and consolation."

ROYAL MASONIC PEDIGREE WHEAT.

We clip the following from the *London Freemason*: "On the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the New Grammar School at Reading, with Masonic honors, by his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in 1870, a single grain of wheat which fell from his hands was picked up by Bro. Thomas Deller, P. M., of Newbury, who was the bearer of the cornucopia. This he planted. In 1871 the result was 157 grains, which was increased again in 1872 to about one-and-a-half pints. This sown in 1873, yielded seven-and-a-half gallons.

"In October of that year, Bro. Deller wrote, placing this at the disposal of the Prince, and in reply received a letter from Sir William Knollys, conveying his Royal Highness' gracious acceptance, and a request that it be forwarded to Marlborough House. In November he received a further communication to the effect that it had been taken down to Sandringham and sown in a favorable spot, and that his Royal Highness' agent at Sandringham should, at the proper time, inform him (Bro. Deller) of the result. Several communications passed as to the progress the wheat was making, and before its being cut an invitation, of which he availed himself, was received to go over and see the crop. It was about an acre of really very fine grain, the probable yield being some five quarters (or forty bushels), the intention being to sow this next year, in which case we shall see about forty acres of wheat from a single grain in five years. It is highly gratifying to see the interest taken in the matter by his Royal Highness, which alone is sufficient reward to Bro. Deller for his trouble and care in the matter, at the same time his thoughtfulness has supplied what has hitherto been wanting, viz.: a pedigree wheat for use for all Masonic purposes."

The *Freemason* adds: "Any Brother wishing to keep up the 'breed,' may have a few grains on application."

BLANCHARD, CARPENTER and other anti-Masonic shriekers, have made an organization of themselves and sympathizers and sought to obtain Articles of Incorporation in Illinois. Their objects, as stated in their articles filed for legal incorporation, are to "expose, withstand and remove secret societies—Freemasonry in particular." The Secretary of State doubts his power to issue Corporate Powers for such purposes, and the question has been referred to the legal advisers of the State authorities.

No Mason will object to their having a legal existence; and if by such an organization, with or without law, they can stimulate or provoke the Masons of the United States to prune from their mystic tree the excrescences and parasites that disfigure its fair proportions and sap its vital strength, all good and true Masons will have reason to count

blatant Blanchard as a blessing "in disguise." Masonry suffers from the meretricious prosperity of an unnatural popularity, and criticism—caustic criticism—will do us good.

That opposition to our institution is but a stimulus to growth, is proved by the Masonic history of Italy for the last few years. There are now about eighty Lodges in that Kingdom, and their number is rapidly increasing, not so much in spite of the Papal opposition, as *because* of it. And so it will be everywhere, among an enlightened and intelligent people, who can distinguish between the dogmas and function of a church and the fraternizing philanthropy of the Craft.

Churches and Priests, to a great extent, have yet to learn that we are not and do not assume to be, a substitute for spiritual organizations; and many Masons, too, have yet to learn that Masonry is not a religion or a substitute for it. When these lessons have been learned by both parties, we shall get along very quietly and comfortably, each working in its own sphere for the good of our fellowmen and for the glory of God.

BOSTON has, for years, claimed to be the Mother City of Masonry in the United States. Bro. McCalla, editor of the *Keystone*, has collected evidence which shows that Lodges were established in Philadelphia, at least two years before the organization of the oldest Lodge in Boston. The *New England Freemason* calls "check," and says those Lodges were illegal—clandestine—had no charters. To which the *Keystone* "interposes a piece" of evidence, from a newspaper of that day, showing that there was a Grand Lodge in Philadelphia, at that very time, (1732), and that charters may be presumed to have been granted though not preserved during the confusion and troubles of the War of the Revolution. This makes a Masonic Hub-bub in the Boston game.

THE CEDAR RAPIDS (Iowa) *Republican* has a Masonic column—long may it stand—of which the presiding architect is Bro. Enos. It evinces good sense, not to speak of good taste, (we never dispute about such tastes,) in the following notice of the the FREEMASON :

"MICHIGAN FREEMASON.—The July and August numbers of this superb Masonic publication have reached us. We like its appearance and contents. It is in good form for binding and is well worth preserving."

IN THE Seal of the Grand Lodge of Michigan is symbolized the God like principles of Justice. The female figure represents *Astrea*, who, according to mythology, is the daughter of God; her blinded brow betokens *impartiality*—the balanced scales, in her left hand, signify *just judgment*—and the sword, in her right hand, threatens *swift retribution*.

A GOOD NOTION.—The W. M. of a Lodge said to us the other day, "I like your Magazine—do you know why?" Of course we were ignorant. "Because it helps to keep up an interest in the Lodge and its meetings." "Now I'll tell you," he continued, "what I do—when I get the Magazine, I carefully read and study the Grand Master's Official decisions and all that is said in "Law and Usage"; and when the Lodge is open and no work to do, I put to my Lodge the *same questions* that are asked in the Magazine, (saying nothing about the answers,) and we have a debating society, for half an hour or so, on the questions. After the talk is all done, I put the question to vote. Sometimes the Lodge decides right and sometimes wrong; but however it decides, I wind up by reading the answers given in the Magazine. I tell you it has waked us up—we read and study ten times as much as we used to—but the fun is spoiling, for the Brethren are nearly all taking the Magazine now, and when we meet they know as much about law as I do."

THE MONEY CHANGERS are seeking a lodgement in our Mystic Temple. They need scourging, and we are glad to know that, in some instances, they are getting it. The punishment should be administered whenever and wherever they attempt to plant their sordid "tables" in the portals of our Ancient Craft.

An attempt was made, not long ago, to create a Life Insurance Company within the Grand Lodge of Kansas. The Committee on Jurisprudence, to which the project was referred, reported against it and the scheme was defeated. On this action, Bro. Jos. Robbins, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence for Illinois, comments as follows:

"We are glad to see that the Grand Lodge concurred. When Masonry shall have instituted a system of stated benefits, as it has already a system of fixed dues, its revolution from charitable fraternity to a purely commercial association will have become well-nigh complete; it will have been shorn of those grand features that distinguish it from the ephemeral institutions that have sprung up all around it, and its chief glory will have departed. It is time to ask ourselves whither we are drifting. Thicker and faster come these inconsiderate propositions to convert this model commonwealth of the ages into a mutual insurance association. Surely they have studied Masonry to little purpose who find not in it something nobler than the spirit which would prompt to a scramble with a dozen 'orders' to see which can pay the largest per cent. on a given pecuniary investment."

Of these views, the New York Committee on Foreign Correspondence say: "This is sound reasoning, and we hope that fatal day will never be reached when the grand old institution of Freemasonry shall

be converted into a money-grabbing concern and its glorious temples into the dens of money-changers."

SPEAKING OF MASONIC FUNERALS, the St. Louis *Free Mason* says: "Our view is that the Blue Lodge has the primary and indefeasible right to bury a Master Mason, even though he be a Knight Templar. The right of burial is a Landmark. The Knight Templar's burial is not Masonic. Knight Templarism is adjunct to and supplementary of Masonry. Thousands of Good Masons cannot take the Templar Degrees."

BRO. J. H. DRUMMOND, is publishing some Masonic Memoranda in the *New England Freemason*, in which he undertakes to sketch the history and characteristics of all Masonic Magazines. In the number for August, he pays his respects to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON; informing his readers that ours is a "48 page" monthly and edited by "Spencer Pratt."

Our name is of no consequence; but we insist that "our fair proportions" of 64 pages, must not be thus summarily "curtailed."

THE GENIAL EDITOR of the Memphis *Jewel* has seen service as Chairman of a Masonic Board of Relief. Of late, he has "ta'en notes" of his experience and "faith, he prents 'em." He tells the following on one of the "side" sisters:

"A female, full of side degrees—husband not a Mason—brothers were—had medals in brass and medals in silver—wanted to go to Illinois—demanded her rights as a *Mason*—wanted 'em all—we had no right to refuse—told us our duty—glass of ice-water—no other relief granted—she left in disgust—feeling was mutual."

WHAT NEXT?—Down in Illinois, the female Order of Eastern Star have begun to bury their "side degree" sisters with the "impressive rites of the Order." "Mixed Funerals" are getting more and more "mixed."

THE *Masonic Advocate* says: "If the Craft in Indiana are not happy, it is not for the want of District Deputy Grand Masters—they have eighty."

STOP IT.—"Times are hard, money scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop it"—whisky? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year. Please stoy my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere—

please stop my"—ornaments and trinkets? "No, not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; "but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, not these, I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah? I have it now, my paper costs me two dollars a year. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy—especially in the matter of brains."—*Tidings*.

"In FAITH and HOPE the world will disagree,
But all mankind may meet in CHARITY."

"WHAT IS IT?"—"St. Mary's Court of Heroines of Jericho," is its name—St. Louis, Missouri, is its native wild—"Colored Lady Masons" are its members—"Lord knows" what are its habits; but some Masonic Barnum should capture the creature at once.

Tidings from the Craft.

A CAUTION to Masters and Secretaries. A circular is being sent, to all the Lodges of this Jurisdiction asking Masters and Secretaries to furnish the name, number, &c., &c., of the Lodge and the names of its officers. This information is already in print, and furnishing it as requested can do no harm: *but why should it be asked?* This is a somewhat difficult question to answer, especially since the sender of the circular already knows the name, number, location and officers of each Lodge well enough to address a circular to each.

The real purpose of the circular is disclosed in the request to furnish the sender with the name and P. O. Address of *every member of the Lodge*: and if the Master or Secretary cannot or will not furnish these names, they are urged to give the author of the circular the name of some one with whom he can make a bargain to make out the desired list.

It may be asked what harm will it do to furnish the list? We reply—possibly, *much harm*: and our reasons for saying so we will give.

Every Master and Secretary that has held office in the Lodge more than a year need not be told that the mail is flooded with circulars of all descriptions, asking their aid to sell books, charts, diplomas, lottery tickets, and a dozen other things by which somebody hopes to make money and too often, without rendering a full and fair equivalent for the money sent. This kind of thing has become so common and the dishonest purpose in some (not all) cases is so apparent, that Masters

and Secretaries, as a rule, pay no attention to these appeals, and the Circular Venders do not reap the results expected from their enterprise.

This Circular, asking for the name and P. O. address of every member of every Lodge in Michigan, is a new "dodge" and its manifest purposes are 1st, To sell a book; and 2d, To advertise a score or more of articles, by direct appeal to each Mason, old and young, wise and unwise, in the hope that, when such obstacles and "middle men" as Masters and Secretaries are out of the way, their direct trade with the Craft will be more abundant and lucrative. In short, by furnishing such a list of Lodge members, to men and firms of whose honor, or integrity or Masonic standing nothing is known, is, to say the least, exposing the young and unsuspecting Mason to imposition and perhaps to loss. A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE COMPANIONS of Luddington Chapter on Wednesday, October 7th, paid a visit to Manistee Chapter and witnessed an exaltation, in the latter, conducted by our Rev. Bro. and Comp. B. F. Doughty. The work being done, a banquet followed, given to their visitors by the Companions of Manistee. The occasion was made pleasant to all and would have been still more pleasant but for an alarm of fire which prevented the usual toasts and speeches. We didn't understand that the "alarm" interfered with the *eating*.

THE *Masonic Review*, published at Cincinnati by Bro. Cornelius Moore, began its forty-sixth volume in October. It says:

Reed Commandery, of Dayton, Ohio, has chartered a steamer for New Orleans: and that, during the four days Conclave of the General Grand Encampment, the passengers will use the vessel for their hotel. Fifty dollars for the round trip, board and lodging included.

THE FOLLOWING sensible amendment, suggested by the famous Speight case, is proposed to the Constitution of the G. L. of Maine. It is good law—but we suggest one amendment and that is after "but when" insert *on appeal*:

"Whenever the Grand Lodge shall restore a suspended or expelled brother to the benefits and privileges of Masonry, he shall not thereby be restored to membership within the body from which he was suspended or expelled, without its unanimous consent; but when [on appeal] it shall reverse or abrogate the decision of a subordinate Lodge which suspends or expels a brother, the brother shall retain his membership, in his Lodge as well as [his standing] in the fraternity."

THE JEWEL of pure gold ordered by vote of last Grand Lodge to be presented to our M. W. Bro. Hugh McCurdy, Past Grand Master, is

now ready. It was made by M. S. Smith & Co., of Detroit—is of the form and design of all recent G. L. Jewels—and in style of finish and workmanship is a credit to the firm by which it was made.

THE MARQUIS OF RIPON was made a Mason in *Lodge of Truth*, No. 521, Huddersfield, England, of which he continued to be a member until recently. Since resigning his position of Grand Master, he has resigned his membership in his Lodge.

THE Masonic Veteran Association of Ohio is composed of members who have been Masons more than twenty-one years. A reunion is held each year. The present officers are Bros. Jacob Gaff, President; Cornelius Moore, Secretary; and John D. Caldwell, Treasurer. The objects are, "to perpetuate Masonic friendship, cultivate the social virtues, and preserve facts of Masonic history and personal reminiscences."

ANOTHER SWINDLE.—We have been honored with a circular inviting us to purchase a ticket in "The last Grand Gift Concert, in aid of the Masonic Relief Association of Norfolk, Virginia." The special object, as pretended, is to complete the new Masonic Temple, in that city. The office of this swindle purports to be located in New York city, with "Henry V. Moore," as Secretary.

These persons may as well save their postage stamps, as we never deal in Lotteries, Gift Concerts, or kindred swindles; and the members of the Craft every where should be cautious how they bite at such a bait. We do not believe that the Masons of Norfolk, Virginia, have anything to do with it, or know anything about it. It is doubtless, a regular, barefaced swindle. True Masons never engage in such business, or if they do, should be expelled for bringing dishonor upon a noble Order. This whole story is but a pretense to swindle Masons; but it is so thin that any one can see through it without spectacles: those who are caught in the trap deserve no sympathy.—*Masonic Review*.

Our opinion of the above named concern was expressed, privately and not politely, to the concern itself sometime since. It has ceased to pay its respects to us; but we shall not, on that account, refrain from paying our respects to it. We heartily endorse Bro. Moore's first-class notice and charge nothing for the puff.

ED. FREEMASON.

THE King of Sparta, when asked how he protected his unwallied city from outside assault, pointed to his army saying: "These are my walls, every soldier is a stone." So in our Spiritual Temple, every Mason should be a "living stone," a "perfect ashlar," protecting the Fraternity from objection, much more from attack, by the uprightness of his life.

THE Freemasons of Alexandria, Egypt, have a newspaper organ, issued in the Arabic tongue.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—DECEMBER, A. L. 5874.—NO. VI.

HOW BILL WAS MISTAKEN.

"Two crazy men live up there. Go on, Sanch! Where'r goin'?" said my "prospecting pard"—the first words to me, the remainder to the pack-mule—as we journeyed, skirting along the base of a range of rough-peaks, which peaks, like ourselves, were, and still are, in the vast area of sage-brush called Nevada.

"Two crazy men!" repeated I, and added, "Where?"

"Why, up there!—to the right hand, at the end of that sort of a road we jist crossed—where the mule wanted to turn off, you know;" and turning in his saddle, he pointed. "You' see that high, dark-looking peak, with the round white spot of snow near the top; it's the biggest peak of the lot, and kinder behind the rest. Do you see it?"

"I think I do," said I, shading my eyes with a heavy buckskin glove. "There is something like a squad of white-pine trees just below the snow-spot."

"Yes; that's it. The white-piners are a little below, and a little to the right of, the snow."

I nodded my head.

"Sanch! Go on. Git! Just below them pines lives the two craziest men in this State."

"Why crazy—what have they done?"

"Done! why, they aint done nothin'—but work up there, winter and summer, on a little bit of a razor-blade silver-lead, that isn't wuth a hill o' beans. Been a-workin' there jist that a-way for three or four years—sinkin' and sinkin', and driffin' on—nothin'."

"How do they live?"

"O, the little streak is rich enough, what there is of it. They jist

dig and dig, and blast and gad—bustlin' fellows to work, you bet!—and they save every ounce of it. Then you'd jist hev to laugh to see 'em. They've got a sort of Spanish raster, and an old blue-mouse-colored big mule, with a club-foot and rope harness; and with such fixins they grind out bullion enough to keep soul and body together. The raster is right alongside the shaft of the mine—jist side the dump—and one of the fellers works on the dump and hists out, while the other feller and an Injin works below. The chap on the dump hists out, sorts ore, and shies a piece of waste rock at old muley, now and then, to wake him up. That old mule—his club-foot is mighty pigeon-toed, and they work him with that foot on the inside of the track, so he jist don't walk, but sort o' leans round and round all day—that old mule has been kep' goin' one way on circular work so long that when he's turned out to feed they never miss his tracks, 'cause he always grazes in circles."

"Who are these crazy men?"

"Two brothers, they say, name of Rockshaw."

"Where are they from—what race? Dutch, Irish, French, or English?"

"More'n I know. Never heard anybody say they pretended to know much about 'em. One's older'n t'other; he never talks—jist works ahead, with 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' 'Can't say, sir,' 'Perhaps so, sir,' and sich like, mighty short, but kind o' perlite and quiet. The other one—the young one—is always smillin'; and his eyes are as blue as the sky in spring-time—little eyes, away into his head, and nearly kivered up with long sandy eyebrows, like a hairy rat-terrier dog's—and they twinkle like specks of ice among dry grass in a sunshiny winter morning. And that young feller he never says nothin' to speak of more'n the old one; but he'll look at you, like two brand-new gimlets, while you're talkin'; and he'll stand all nervy like, with smiles twitchin' round his mouth, a-waitin' for somethin' to laugh at."

"I don't see anything out of the way in what you tell me about these men."

"You don't? Well, you haven't seen 'em yet. Why, I told the young one that old story about the broken winder, and I thought first he'd bust, and then wear himself out, a-laughin'."

"I don't remember any story about a broken window. What is it?"

"Don't you know about the man who was ridin' along the road, passin' a log-cabin where was a six-pane winder-sash with all the glass broke out, and the old woman and four children lookin' out of five frames in the sash, and the man said to the old woman, 'How-do-you-do, ma'am? Have you had a funeral in your family lately?' 'No, sir. Why do you ax?' said the old woman; and then the man said, 'I see one sash-frame's got no head in it, and I thought t'other head might be dead!' But that man was on a good horse, and saved his skelp."

"To laugh at that sort of a story is not good evidence of insanity," said I to my "pard," as we spurred off into a short lope.

I make a note here of a fact—namely, after a joke on horseback, an acceleration of gait follows. I do not, however, wish to infer that the animals enter into the enjoyment. In riding through the sage, the horses are compelled by the bunches of brush to perform a continual zigzag journey, which interferes with any pace beyond a walk or jog-trot; so that we were soon forced to give up our gayety of motion, and resume the slower progress, which seemed also to call for a resumption of conversation:

"From what you tell me, Bill, about those queer fellows, I feel inclined to ride back and see the men and the mine. What do you say?"

"Not a bit o' use. They won't let you down into the mine—ashamed of it, I reckon—and you won't think of staying there all night."

"Why cant we stay there all night? We've got our own grub and bed."

"O, well, you could stay up there; but you wouldn't."

"I don't see why."

"You don't want to be et up with m'skeeters, if you sleep out of doors, and you can't sleep in them fellers' cabin—there aint room. They live in a hole in the hill-side, and the hole is so small that one of 'em has to go to bed or go out while t'other one puts on his coat, or pulls on his boots. I've been up there. Them little popplewood groves is fuller of m'skeeters than a Mississippi swamp-bottom; and, in July, a Nevada mountain m'skeeter is savager'n h—l!—cuts like a lancet, and sucks like a leech."

"Well, well, William, if you've been there, of course I'll not insist; but if we live to come back this way, I'll ride up and see the boys."

"All right! I'm on it, if you are in airnest about wantin' to go now," said Bill, riding forward to turn the pack-mule.

"No, no; never mind. Come back, Bill. Let the mule go ahead as he is," said I.

Well," said Bill, dropping into line again, "jist as you like. I'm none of yer growlers that wants it all his own way, and can't humor a pard's curiosity. That's not me. I can give and take, and allus do—on a trip like this."

Hereupon William proceeded to tell me, as we rode along, of the various prospecting trips he had been on in the sage-brush; interjecting his narrative with estimates of human character worked up from quiet observation of men in what he called "close, hard games," and "tight places," from which a man had to fall back on his 'ore in reserve,' and just 'dig out' or die—all of which he concluded with this piece of wisdom. Said he:

"A man may live in a civilized country, and be as flowery, and

mossy, and sweet to look at and be with, as a buttercup dell on a sea-shore mountain, while all his life long he's slippin' on the bed-rock; but you bring that man into this dry country, where all the posies die and the leaves burn up, and he is soon stripped so, that, if he aint got the clean grit in him, you can pan him down till he peters on the bed-rock in a week."

"Well, William, my boy, you've got the advantage of me, I think. You have had experience in panning—both mines and men—while I never yet handled a pan."

"That's it, is it?" said Bill, chuckling. "I was talking hyperbowl—but you'll see. Ef you don't have a higher or lower opinion of me, and me of you, when this trip's over, then I don't know the road to breakfast. Frills 'll do at a social party, and made-up faces will pass in church; but, out in these mountains, you come right down to mammy's boy, good or bad. What you are, you are; and you aint no more, nor can't be."

William Wilson's conversation is not very interesting without William's manner, especially without his peculiar intonation; which latter, though making no disagreeable perceptible suggestion of halting, still has that interrogative-responsive-ejaculatory style, not exactly Emersonian, yet bearing such a likeness thereto as to require a similar habit of elocution in reducing it to reading. For instance, like many Pacific-slopers, he had at least six ways of saying 'yes'—three ways of assenting with the word, two of doubt, and one which is neither assent nor doubt. In this last 'yes' there is assent, dissent, doubt, admiration, and wonder.

I said to Bill, after we had ridden some time in silence, broken only by the ringing jingle of the great Spanish spurs on our heels, as they jangled among the tops of the brush, or by the voice of Bill, urging Sancho, the pack-mule:

"Bill, I think it's our luck to find a staving mine on this trip."

Bill looked at me from under his hat-rim, as we swung round in a circle the knotted end of his picket-rope, and said, "Y-y-e-e-us."

"What do you mean by that kind of a yes?"

"Well, I mean—I mean"—looking straight over his horse's ears, past the coils of the flying rope, "Git a-e-up, Sanch!—I mean, as near as I can make out, sort, o' yes, sort o' no, and mebbe so—I'm willing."

"I don't like that kind of a yes, Bill. It hasn't much faith in it."

Then Bill said, 'No-o-uh,' with a peculiar cooling, rising inflection.

"Your no is as queer as your yes."

Then Bill said, 'Y-y-e-e-us;' and laughed at the sound of his own words.

"Do you think you used your words that way before you came to California?"

"I dun know. Don't reckon I did, though. I think that this

kind of use in the words comes from a feller talking when he is busy. If I'm in a drift, pickin' and gaddin', and lookin' out for rocks overhead, and you are wheelin' out, and you tell me somethin' that I don't know about, one way or t'other—can't agree to in full, nor yet go back on it—and aint got much time to talk, anyway, I throw all the answer into one word."

"That's a new style of elocution, Bill."

"Don't know, never elocuted any myself; but it fills the bill as well as a sermon could."

There is not a great deal to startle the gaze of the rider through the sage-brush, where the gray of one valley, and the ranges of mountains have, at first view, about the sameness of furrows in a new-plowed field. But, in the utter absence of bright-green pastures, and the myriad seamy palms of leafy woods, with the glint and glitter of gliding waters pooling underneath, there is a wonderful play and a delicate blending of subdued colors, along with a grand and varied lining-out of mountain tops against the blue-white canvass of the sky; while every change in the atmosphere alters this shading and blending, in degrees so slight as to be scarcely perceivable to a stranger's eye, and yet be felt, even when taken into exact account. Over these gray valleys and sober-hued mountains travel the images of the floating clouds, painted by the sun—a moving panorama, with nature shifting the weird lights; and the naked geology of the country modestly changes color under the inquiring glances of the sun.

I said, "William, my boy, do you see anything pretty or sublime in the surrounding scenery?"

"Scenery! exclaimed Bill, suddenly reining up his horse and looking round, "which?—where?"

"Why," said I, waiving my unoccupied hand in a lofty manner, "this grand, quiet chapter in the wide-open history of the universe; where the great central Intelligence has written in lines indelible—not subject to proof-imprint, or printer's revise, error, or errata—the prehistoric 'Sermon on the Mount!'"

"Eh?" ejaculated Bill. "Ef you come that again, you'll make my eyes bung out like a butterfly's. You skeer me!"

"Well, William, I will desist; but there is, nevertheless, a lofty repose, a grand reserve of tone, in these silent surroundings, which seems to hold the chirrup and clatter of more busy, bustling lands in the strong quiet of true aristocratic scorn."

"I don't know what you're a-drivin' at, any more'n a bump on a log! Mebbe you're playin' off on the scenery people?—those high-toned uns what go into fits over a bunch of green rock-moss with a dew-drop in the middle of it; which I heard one woman with long, bony white hands, and gold spectacles, once, on the Sierra, called it the

'king of diments, with the emerald in his dream.' Is that what you're gasn' for?"

"No, William. I truly admire what we now behold around us."

You do! Well, I don't. I'd as soon look at a Quaker meetin' when their spirit was off on particular business. Scenery's somethin' 'at I don't savey. I always thought it meant somethin' green, a-standin' out of doors in the worst place it could get to. But here we are at the spring, and we may as well put up for the night." And Bill dismounted.

Putting up for the night, on a prospecting trip, may be rendered lying out for the night; but there is a pure-aired satisfaction in bustling about the impromptu location, with the ever-present thought of "what next?" that drives away all weariness, to be replaced by a zesty keenness of appetite, as the prelude to a simple supper, a solacing pipe, and a sound slumber.

After we had done all that a sage-brush camp requires, in the way of unpacking, unsaddling, hobbling, picketing, making fire, cooking, eating, unrolling blankets into bed-shape, and were laid down for the night, with our faces upturned to the bright, sparkling, star-lit-sky, I observed to William :

"This is grand."

"Wot?" said Bill.

"This night of calm repose in the gorgeous bridal-chamber of our first parents."

"There you go agin! Looney as a new convert at a camp-meetin'."

"No, William, not looney. It is a beautiful thought, that Adam and Eve, in the incomparable purity of the first, new love that blessed the world, should have rested thus upon the young earth under the royal drapery of all the night."

"Yes. A-shiverin' in the wind, without Mission blankets, and no shirt on, like two Shoshones in a *wickiup*! You can't come any of that on me. I had a pard once, in California, that used to read a lot of that every night, out of a book he called *Milton*."

"Who was Milton? Do you know, Bill?"

"Yes!"--without variety of accent. "He was a looney old psalm-singer, and said that the devil invented silver and gold mining in the black territory of hell and erebust, whatever that is."

"Do you remember the lines, William?"

"No, I don't. Somethin' about the devil and his crew working three shifts a day into a hill."

I recited :

"By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifed the bowels of their mother earth
For the treasures better hid. Soon had his crew

Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
 That rich glow in hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane."

"That's like it," said Bill. "But old Milton didn't know much more about it than Moses did about making time across deserts. Gold may come out in ribs in hell—I don't know; I never mined in them diggings—but it comes in lumps and dust on this coast. That's how the fact is; but the poetry is—well, d—n the poetry! I'm a-goin to sleep." He turned over on his side, drew the end of the blanket over his head, and said no more.

I had left one of the older settled mining-towns to inspect a ledge belonging to my present companion, and also to find whatever other prospects there might be open to location and possession. This statement will account for my present journey; Wilson & Co. were to put their mines into my hands, to be sold by me to other and wealthier parties, if I liked the property.

On the morrow there was before me part of a day's ride, previous to reaching Wilson & Co.'s camp; and after arriving at that point, there was the climbing, on foot, of mountains of rock, naked to the hot noonday sun, except in those favored spots where struggling, straggling trees sucked a scanty and scrubby life through their bruised roots in the stony soil. I tried to forecaste the future, even for a day; but gave it up, and passed into sleep with as full a confidence in the unknown as I could have felt in the positively ascertained. Do we not, no matter what may be the tone of our faith, rely more implicitly upon the wide unknown than upon the known or knowable?

I need not trouble the reader with the result of my speculations and climbings with Bill Wilson. We did not find that "staving mine;" but we got through our business, and returned to town; stopping, however, on the way back, to visit what Bill called the "craziest camp in Nevada."

After going through a narrow, steep cannon, we climbed a crooked, rocky trail, and stood upon the dump, near which the club-footed mule was slowly limping around the shallow circular pit of an *arastra*, dragging after him a short beam, fastened at the farther end to a revolving centre-post in the middle of the pit; and this beam in turn, dragged a heavy stone round and round, through a mass of rock mush. I need not say that this "mush" was well-pulverized ore, mingled with a portion of quicksilver; the mercury gathering into itself the silver, as the dragging rock freed it from the stony portion of the ore.

"How do you do?" I said to the man on the dump, as he landed a bucket of ore from the windlass.

"So-so," said he, smiling and twinkling at me, as he stood erect, with the crank of the windlass in his hand.

"Not far from heaven, up here!"

This remark seemed to strike him as such a particularly good joke, that he laughed all over, and shied a piece of rock out of the bucket at the pigeon-toed mule; then he looked at Bill, which made Bill laugh, and then we all laughed—at nothing.

"Is your brother down below?" said Bill.

"Yes."

"This gentleman wants to see him."

"All right," said the younger Rocksaw; and disappeared down the shaft by way

of a ladder nailed against the timbering, leaving his laughing face the last part of him visible.

"Didn't I tell you," said Bill, "he would laugh more'n any two men? But t'other chap won't laugh. The Rockshaw family ain't laid out in fair shares—one's got all the laugh, and t'other all the solemn."

Presently, there came slowly up the ladder a bared head of light-brown hair, sprinkled with gray, and dusted with minute rock; and soon there stood before us a middle-statured, stout man, clad in garments of a hundred pieces, carefully and coarsely sewed together.

"How are you, gentlemen!" he said, as he straightened up from the mouth of the shaft, in a voice at once deep, muscular, and doubting.

"Well, thank you. How are you, sir?—Mr. Rocksaw, I believe," I said, extending my hand.

"Yes, sir,—George Rocksaw," said he, taking my hand in a manner both shy and hesitating.

"Mr. Rocksaw," I said, "I have heard that yourself and one other man—your brother, I presume —"

"Yes, sir,—Andrew."

"—have worked a mine for years all alone. I should like very much, if I may be permitted to ask it, to see what work two men can do in this hard mountain."

He looked at me, with one hand on his hip, and the other stroking his long sandy whiskers, and answered:

"No, sir. Against our rule. There is nothing to see."

"I merely wished to see your work—the amount of labor——"

"Sorry to say 'No,' but that's the rule. Never depart from it."

All his talk was in the same even key; neither assertive nor commanding, but shyly, rather than modestly, positive.

Andrew came up the ladder with a face still on the verge of breaking over into a laugh; but gave his entire attention to the circularly moving mule, who seemed inclined to stop and take an interest in the conversation. George Rocksaw ventured no further remark, but stood as before, stroking his whiskers with his hard hand.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Rocksaw," I said, proffering once more my hand.

"Good-by, sir," said he, taking his hand off his hip to put it in mine, and was gone down the ladder in an instant thereafter.

By this time Bill was in the saddle, in no very good humor; and, as I went down the side of the dump, I said:

"Good-by, Andrew. If you come to our place, bring your knitting and sit awhile.

"I will," said he, through his torrent of cachinations. "By gol, I will, and a hank o' yarn! Good-by!"

"There!" said Bill, as we rode down the trail, "he's got enough to keep him laughin' a week. But that George!—I don't go much on him. He looks like a cracked preacher—one of them kind what thinks as God Almighty made the world for saints, and he's one of 'em, and mad because he can't get more'n his share. That's the way I'd put him up: provided he's not regular crazy. Go on, Sanch! Git!"

"Bill, my boy, did it ever occur to you that it is a terrible charge on a sensitive per-on, to cry out 'crazy?' after him, as he passes through this life? Call him a rogue, a thief, a swindler, a villain, or a fool, if you must; for on these charges he

can settle in his own way when he hears them: but this charge that one's mind is affected is something which rests in the estimation of the public, and is practically true or not true, as the public sees fit to receive it. The soundness of one's mind is like the price of greenbacks—a matter of opinion; no odds how well secured, that rises or falls with the public pulse. There is no surveyed boundary between sanity and insanity. How do you know that you are of sound mind?"

"How do I know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know—because I've got good horse-sense, anyway. I eat when I'm hungry, drink when I'm dry, rest when I'm tired, work hard when I can't do any better, sleep when I'm sleepy, and take myself in out of the wet—that's what I call sound-minded."

"Yes, so far as it goes. But how about your ambition, wherein you imagine yourself wealthy from finding a great mine; rolling in your carriage; enjoying the fine things of life, and the flatteries of the fair, the foolish, and the false? Do you never dream, with your eyes wide open, of being a great fellow—a 'big-up ca-pit-u-al-ist,' as you call it?"

"Certainly. I believe every man is to have his streak of luck."

"Then, William, you are a dreamer—we all are dreamers; and dreams are made of 'perilous stuff.' When a man dreams in a full waking state, his 'horse-sense' slips away from him into a cloud, and he is partly out of his mind. He may, from this stage, go all the way out, or he may return to his 'horse-sense.' The floating cloud-land between sanity and insanity admits of no permanent boundary."

"Then, how's a fellow to know he's got sound sense?" asked Bill, with a tired-of-the-discussion expression, as we rode across the great valley.

"He can't know. It is the public—the *vox populi*—which puts the value on the soundness of sense. That is why all new doctrines are first resisted, then ridiculed, then examined, then stolen. The public itself is not often sure of its own wits. In Utah, it is sensible to see angels and hear voices from heaven. In Boston, Massachusetts, it is sensible to worship your own intellect. In Nevada and California it is the height of good sense to worship the power of money. It is wisdom in China to bow before one's father's ghost; in Japan, before Buddha; in India, before Brahma; in Rome, before the Pope; in Mecca, before a black stone. So you see that any sense above 'horse-sense' is a risky and uncertain property in the world's market. Like a ball of quicksilver, it has weight, color, power, and great brilliancy; but it is liable to roll away from you, at any moment, in a thousand glittering pieces."

Bill made no answer in the pause I left open for him, so I added:

"That man, back yonder at the mine, is a dreamer, Bill; and whatever his dream, sad or happy, it weighs upon him, and makes him a stranger in all the real world—in the 'horse-sense' congregation, I mean."

"Well," said Bill, throwing away his studying-cap, "d—n him! let him dream it out. I'll not trouble him again soon."

The conversation between William Wilson and myself, as we rode day after day across broken mountains and gray streamless valleys, were to us twain interesting enough, but need not, therefore, be of interest to other people. And yet, though I do say it myself, we made some pretty sharp remarks on a great variety of subjects; into which William at times threw his unbookish mind with startling effect. Upon one occasion he "got off," as he called it, his opinion of "alk."

"Some fellows," he said, "are always putting up that 'talk is cheap;' but I say talk is precious at twenty to the pan. Blab is cheap; but the first thing in my mother's old Bible is *talk*: 'God said let there be light;' and them words started off into the darkness and slumgullion of nowhere, putting up stuff for heavy crops, and leaves, and flowers, and business generally."

"Why, William, you're a poet!"

"Not much! I despise poetry. But good sound talk set the world a-going, and keeps her a-humming on the pin. I'd like to know what would be the use if people couldn't talk—or didn't talk! I'd as soon be a bump on a log as not to be able to talk. When a fellow says to me, 'O, it's all talk!' I say, 'You bet your life it is!' Newspapers and books is talk. Law and gossip is talk. Money is talk, done up in 'tens' and 'twenties;' take the talk out of it, and its nothing."

"Thus, one way and another, we whiled away the journey back to town; where I left William, and proceeded about my business, far away from the high altitudes and dry valleys of Nevada.

Some months later I returned, to find the town in one of those mining fevers which invariably follow the discovery of rich silver ores. Picking up the lively little daily newspaper from the clerk's counter at the hotel where I stopped, and glancing over it, my eyes fell upon the following:

"**RICH STRIKE IN THE SILVER CHAMBER!**—Wires, ropes, spangles, flecks, and cakes of silver! Chloride ores, by tons and tons, all through the mine, with rich sulphurets at the water-level.

"Nothing except an ownership in the property, could give us more satisfaction than we now enjoy in chronicling the grand success which has crowned with a gorgeous silver crown the long and tedious labors of the genial Brothers Rocksaw.

"By invitation of Mr. George Rocksaw we stepped into his buggy on Saturday last, and after a pleasant drive of two days, and a stiff climb up the side of Pronghorn Mountain, we were permitted to descend into the mine. In the descent of the main shaft, and for a hundred feet along the main drift, there is nothing worth mentioning; but at the end of this hundred feet there opens a scene more gorgeous than the dream of the Count de Monte Christo, All along the drift, overhead, under foot, and upon the hanging wall, for a distance of 400 feet, the precious wealth of nature glitters in the 'lamp-light gloating o'er.' Below this drift, on the lower level, a distance in perpendicular depth of fifty feet is even a richer picture. The mine is not describable, except by exclamations. It is magnificent!

"The mine is patented under the broad seal of Uncle Sam, to George Rocksaw and Andrew Rocksaw, their heirs and assigns, to have and to hold forever."

So Bill was mistaken, after all, about that mine and the Rocksaws.—*Overland Monthly.*

IN THE LOVE of a brave and faithful man there is a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.

DO WE not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and best deeds are all given to us.

AS THE HEART HEARS.

I know that I never can hear it, never on earth any more,
 I know the music of my life with that, silenced voice is o'er;
 Yet I tell you, that never across the fells, the wild west wind can moan,
 But my sad heart hears, close, true, and clear, the thrill of his earnest tone.

I know that I never can listen, with these mortal ears of mine,
 To the step that meant joy and gladness, in the days of auld lang syne;
 Yet I tell you the long waves never break in the hollows of the cove,
 But they mimic in their rise and fall the tread I used to love.

I know the melody that you sing, with its delicate memoried words,
 Is nothing but measured language, well set unto music's chords;
 Yet I tell you as you breathe it, my dead life wakes again,
 I laugh to its passionate gladness, I weep to its passionate pain.

I know the beck that tinkles, beside the ridget-mc-nots there,
 Is nothing but water rippling where the willows simmer fair;
 Yet, I tell you, for me it murmurs, the very words he said,
 When We, and the Year, and Love were fresh, in the golden day that is dead.

Aye, Youth is proud, and gay, and bold; still this is left for us,
 Who sit 'neath the yellowing tree leaves, and listen to silence thus;
 It has left in its April glory, it has Hope with its smiles and tears,
 We live alone with Nature and Time, and hear, as the hush'd heart hears.

— *All the Year Round.*

CHINESE PROVERBS.

The excellence of aphorisms has been said to consist chiefly in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words; and if this be the case, the Chinese language is peculiarly adapted for the production of proverbs, for it possesses, from its peculiar structure, a beauty and pointedness of expression, which, however, no degree of care or pains can adequately convey into a translation.

Let us cite from various sources a few of the numerous aphorisms, maxims, and proverbs current among the Chinese, many of which will suggest parallel sentiments in our own and other languages.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength; so length of days shows a man's heart.

In the days of affluence always think of poverty; do not let want come upon you and make you remember with regret the time of plenty. In contra-distinction to this sentiment is another: Let us get drunk to-day, while we have wine; the sorrows of to-morrow may be borne to-morrow.

To correct an evil which already exists, is not so well as to foresee and prevent it.

Wine and good dinners make abundance of friends, but in the time of adversity not one is to be found.

Cautious conduct under circumstances of suspicion is inculcated somewhat oddly by the following: In a field of melons do not pull up your shoe; under a plum-tree do not adjust your cap.

"Tempus fugit" becomes in Chinese, "Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weaver's shuttle."

Do not anxiously accept what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

The Chinese evidently agree with Solomon's well known advice to a parent, for they say: "If you love your son be liberal in punishment; if you hate your son accustom him to dainties."

If you would understand the character of a prince, examine his ministers; if you would understand the disposition of any man, look at his companions; if you would know that of a father observe his son.

Man is born without knowledge, and when he has obtained it, very soon becomes old; when his experience is ripe, death suddenly seizes him.

The fame of men's good actions seldom goes beyond their own doors; but their evil deeds are carried to the distance of a thousand miles.

Though powerful medicines are nauseous to the taste, they are good for the disease; though candid advice is unpleasant to the ear, it is profitable for the conduct.

From the following simile, looking-glasses are evidently appreciated by Chinese ladies: Without a clear mirror, a woman cannot know the state of her own face; without a true friend, a man cannot discern the errors of his own actions.

The evidence of others is not comparable to personal experience; nor is "I heard" as good as "I saw."

The three great misfortunes in life are: In youth to bury one's father, in middle-age to lose one's wife, and being old to have no son.

A virtuous woman is a source of honour to her husband; a vicious one causes him disgrace.

The strong feeling existing among the Chinese against a widow's marrying a second husband is clearly seen in the following: It being asked, "Supposing a widowed woman to be very poor and destitute, might she, in such a case, take a second husband?" It was answered, "This question arises merely from the fear of cold and hunger; but to be starved to death is a very small matter, compared with the loss of her respectability!" The Chinese, be it observed, are great sticklers for propriety and respectability, and are very much afraid of what they term "losing face."

He who at once knows himself and knows others, will triumph as often as he contends.

It is too late to pull the rein when the horse has gained the brink of the precipice; the time for stopping the leak is past, when the vessel is in the midst of the river.

It is easy to convince a wise man, but to reason with a fool is a difficult undertaking.

To meet with a old friend in a distant country may be compared to the delightfulness of rain after a long drought.

To the contented, even poverty and obscurity bring happiness; while to the ambitious, wealth and honours themselves are productive of misery.

The truth of the following sentiment is, we all know, not confined to China: Though a poor man should live in the midst of a noisy market, no one will ask about him; though a rich man should bury himself among the mountains, his relations will come to him from afar.

A single hair of silk does not make a thread; one tree does not make a grove.

A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years mere study of books.

If a man has plenty of money but no child, he cannot be reckoned rich; if a man has children but no money, he cannot be reckoned poor.

If a man does good Heaven will bestow on him a hundred blessings.

Great goodness or great wickedness, sooner or later, are sure to be rewarded.

Of a hundred virtues, filial piety is the first.

True gold fears not the fire.

Inconsistency is expressed by the adage: *Tsao san, mu sze*, i. e. "in the morning three at night four."

The French "*Donner un œuf pour un bœuf*," in Chinese is "to give a sheep for an ox."

"To look for a needle in a bundle of hay" is with us expressive of trying an impossibility; the Chinese say "To feel for a needle at the bottom of the ocean" and "To turn a somersault in an oyster shell."

"To be bold enough to strike the tiger's beard" expresses great courage and daring.

An ox with a ring in his nose, i. e. a man who has his passions under proper control.

Where there is musk, there will, of course be perfume; it will not be necessary to stand in the wind (i. e. talent and real worth will make themselves manifest without the aid of trickery).

"A basket of grain producing only a pound of chicken meat," is symbolical of a losing business.

"A toad in a well cannot behold the whole heavens" is used in reference to contracted ideas.

"Climbing a tree to hunt for fish" expresses looking for things for things that cannot possibly be found.

To covet another man's house and lose one's own ox (i. e. to lose what property one already has in the effort to acquire more).

"To grind down an iron pestle to make a needle" is a Chinese way of expressing indomitable perseverance.

When you converse in the road remember that there are men in the grass.

The neighboring walls have ears.

Correct yourself, then correct others.

Among the sayings of the borderland of apophthegms and proverbs are such sentences as "Within the four seas all are brethren;" and Tien wu arch jih, min wu arch huang (Heaven has not two suns, the people have not two Emperors); both of which are very effective proverbs, if adroitly used, the former against the exclusiveness of Chinese politicians and their dislike of foreigners, and the latter against polytheism.

The following proverb is applied as an answer to those who foolishly murmur against the daily appointments of nature and the changes of the season :—

No day, no night,
No harvest bright ;
No cold, no heat,
No rice to eat.

There is one proverb which requires distinct and separate notice. It is as follows :—

You're old and ought to die by right ;
You eat our rice from morn till night.

We give Mr. Moule's explanation of this in extenso :—"Considering the fact that the Chinese are remarkable for filial duty, the proverb would, at first sight, seem to present an instance of the extremely rare phenomenon of a national saying springing from the immoral and not from the moral side of a people's thoughts. There is always, however, a strong presumption against such an origin for any maxim that has fairly passed into popular use; and it is a suggestion worth making that this proverb in particular may be an instance of the ironical humour of the Chinese, rather than of heartlessness. It appears not improbable that it took its rise in the grim realities of some period of famine; it would then be perpetuated in an ironical sense, and would be used humorously with what has well been called the irony of affection, even by the most filial and dutiful lips. At the same time, as it is always liable to the charge of a literal interpretation, it is not sur-

prising that many Chinese will often express strong dissent from this proverb and dissatisfaction at its place among their popular sayings."

There is another proverb of a similar nature, and capable, perhaps, of a like explanation, which does not, at first sight, seem to speak well for the courage and conjugal affection of the Chinese:—

Man and wife,
In tranquil life
Sit like birds upon a bough;
Trouble comes,
They shake their plumes,
"Sauve qui peut," their language now.
One flies west,
As he thinks best;
One flies east,
Where trouble's least.

The Chinese have one proverb, which, at any rate, breathes the spirit of true magnanimity. A man being asked to let bygones be bygones, and at least to receive another with whom he had a quarrel, replied:—"Of course I will, 'The knife is sharpened, but not to slay the man who comes alone and of his own accord.'"

Archbishop Trench has pointed out that many proverbs are common to all languages, dressed and colored according to the varying climes and customs. One common proverb, for example, which speaks of falling between two stools, in China, where boat-traveling is the one mode of locomotion for so many millions of her people, takes this form:

One foot in this boat, one foot in that,
They both push off and you fall flat.

"To-morrow never comes" is in Chinese "Every day has its to-morrow."

The country saying that snow-drifts under hedges are waiting for more snow to join them is not unknown to the peasantry of the Flowery Land, for they say, "Hsueh teng hsueh," i. e. snow waits for snow.

Our well-known meteorological doggerel:

If it rains before seven,
'Twill be fine before eleven.

reappears in Chinese thus:—

If it rains when you open you door,
'Twill shine when your breakfast is o'er.

The Chinese carry their liking for proverbs, and sayings akin to proverbs, to such an extent that the most common ornaments for the walls of their houses and temples are long strips of paper, hung per-

pendicularly in pairs and inscribed in bold characters with sentences which are alike in meaning and construction. They have a book called *Ming-hsin pao chlen* (i. e. the reminding precious mirror), which is filled with quotations of this nature from the works of various writers. In conclusion we quote from Davis' Chinese a paragraph illustrative of a Chinese peculiarity, which is in some measure connected with our subject: "Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointed and sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow they call 'a paper tiger.' When a man values himself over much, they compare him to a 'rat falling into a scale and weighing itself.' Over-doing a thing they call 'a hunchback making a bow.' A spendthrift they compare to 'a rocket,' which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said 'to hang a lantern on a pole,' which is seen afar, but gives no light below."—*All the Year Round*.

WRITING AND SPEAKING.

Why do not men write as they speak? Why do they not convey their meaning in books in the good racy English which they employ at the dinner-table, or when giving their household orders? Such are the absurd questions that are asked every day. It never seems to enter into the minds of these people that conversation is one thing, public speaking another, and writing another; that in passing from one to either of the others, certain powers must be called into play that were before at rest, or sent to rest that were before at play; and that, accordingly, to demand a perpetual use of a conversational style is to insist that there shall never be anything greater in the world than what conversation can generate. But a world thus restricted to the merely conversational method of literary production would fall into decrepitude. When a man talks with his friend, he is led on but by a few trains of association, and finds a straggling style natural for his purposes; when he speaks in public, the wheels of thought glow, the associative processes by which he advances become more complex, and hence the roll, the cadence, the precipitous burst; and lastly when he writes, still other conditions of thought come into action, and there arises the elaborate sentence, winding like a rivulet through the meadow of his subject, or the page jewelled with a thousand allusions. Precisely so in the matter more immediately under discussion. Here, too, there is graduation. A man in a state of excitement talks in vivid language, and even sets his words to a rough natural music, his voice swelling or trembling with its burthen, though falling short of song. But in the literary repetition of a scene, nature suggests a new set of properties, answering to the entire difference between the mind in the

primary and the mind in the secondary attitude; and a literal report would be found to defeat the very end in view, and to be as much out of place as a literal copy in painting. Even in prose narration there must be a more select and coherent language than served in the primary act of passion as well as a more melodious music. And when moved to a still higher flight, the story lifts itself into metre—availing itself of a device sanctioned by an origin in some of the most splendid monuments of the ancient human soul—then, in exchange for certain advantages it submits to restrictions that come along with them. Finally, if the charm of rhyme be desired, this too must be purchased by further and inevitable concessions. Thus, we repeat, there is a graduation. In prose narration language is conditioned by a more complex set of necessities than in actual experience; in metrical narration the conditions are more complex still, so that, if the speech were of marble before, there must now be speech of jasper; and, lastly, in rhyme the conditions compel the thought through so fine a passage that the words it chooses must be opals and rubies.—*Professor Masson.*

DRINKING WATER.

There is very little water used for drinking purposes in Great Britain, France, Austria and Germany, in the belief that it is not healthy. In a certain part of our own country, within five miles of New York City, a spring at the bottom of a hill, which sent out its cool, and clear, and bubbling drops, fairly sparkling in their apparent purity, gave a whole family typhoid fever. On letting the water stand a sediment was observed at the bottom, and, being examined with a microscope, the dregs were found to be those of a privy a little distance up the hillside. Hence, families moving to new places should test the water which is to be used for cooking and drinking, thus: put half a pint of the water into a perfectly clean and clear glass bottled with a ground glass stopper, and add a level teaspoonful of the purest loaf sugar. If the water does not become turbid, cloudy, within ten days, then it is certain that there is no sewage, no drain from privies in it. But there may be other impurities, metallic or otherwise insoluble, not subject to fermentation arising from the addition of sugar to a liquid containing sewage dregs; hence the sugar test is deceptive except as to pointing out a particular kind of impurity. There would be no safety in relying upon it as a sure means of designating pure water.

The better way is to decide whether there are any organic impurities, thus: place some of the water in a clean, clear glass bottle with a ground stopper, in the sun for a few days, or where the thermometer is not lower than 70° F. If it does not become offensive to the smell in three or four days, it may be considered free from organic impurities. If the

liquid contains insoluble mineral matters they will settle at the bottom in a few days and can be seen, and also, if there are insoluble vegetable or animal substances; in either case, if the water must be used, it should first be filtered through charcoal and oxide of iron, which detains and destroys all the organic matter in any liquid. All wells and springs of drinking water should be thoroughly cleaned and washed out in October of every year, because the first rains of autumn, after the drouth of summer, in sinking into the earth and finding its way into wells, carries with it those miasmatic matters which abound at that time of the year, and the use of which water is followed by the very effects, during the winter, that the breathing of the air which contained them did in the later summer and earlier autumn.

Hereafter, as our country grows older, there may be so many sources of deleterious contamination that an impression may be made and extended that it is unwholesome to drink water, and the next step will be, as in Great Britain, Germany and France, that porter, and beer, and wine, and other forms of spirits will take the place of water. The death rate of New Orleans, with all its disadvantages of luxuriant vegetation and almost tropical sun, and its level site, making drainage almost impossible, is twenty-nine out of a thousand of the population yearly. In New York City it is thirty-two. In New York we use the sparkling Croton. In New Orleans, where we lived many years, and on the sugar and cotton plantations, the water used for cooking, drinking and washing is obtained from cisterns above ground, holding a thousand or two or more gallons. These cisterns are simply immense wooden barrels or tanks, placed on the shady side of the house, or under a shed with a top, besides the cover of the tank, into which the water comes from the roof of the house. When the cisterns are large the water is palatable, even in midsummer, without ice. Considering that all farm houses have so many stables, barns, pens, out houses and drains about them, it may well be inquired if the general health of farmers' families would not be improved if above ground cistern water was exclusively used for drinking and culinary purposes. It is the almost universal belief of those who live on the banks of the Mississippi that its waters are the healthiest in the world—and yet they are so turbid that if poured into the clearest glass tumbler or bottle it is impossible to see through it, yet if allowed to stand still it settles and becomes quite clear in a few hours. But we have cleared it many times in five minutes by tying a piece of alum to a thread, suspended in the water and imparting a circular motion to it. The alum combines with the solid materials and all fall to the bottom, leaving no taste of alum whatever in the water.

A WORD ABOUT WEATHER.

There is one science which is within the grasp of every mind, and which, to be successfully cultivated, requires no preparation, and furnishes an admirable resource for those who have a taste for the observation of natural phenomena. It is what we may call the science of rain and fine weather, but which now receives the higher title of meteorology. The barometer, the thermometer, and the vane, are the simple instruments it employs; its field of observation is the terrestrial atmosphere, the regular movements and perturbations of which it analyzes.

This particular part of the science is not to be despised; for though the explanations are often untrue, the facts which form the basis are generally certain. The red moon, for instance does not merit all the blame that is laid upon it, but the period of the year when it appears is very dangerous for young shoots, too often frosted by the cold night. It is especially in mountainous countries, where the weather is uncertain, and changes with great rapidity, that this local knowledge of climates is most to be appreciated. In the Alps, travelers may trust most blindly to those excellent guides whose prudence is admirable; if a storm imprison you in some lonely chalet, the guide goes from time to time to sniff the air at the door, to look at the different quarters of the horizon, and when he gives the signal for departure, you may set off without fear. The way in which the fog climbs the side of the mountain, the height which it reaches, the point where it accumulates, give him valuable indications. The sailors possess a similar science; they know the threatening signs of a storm, the menacing aspect of the sky, the clouds accumulated in dark heavy masses, the color of the waves, the particular form of foam-like crests which float over the blue water, the indented appearance of the horizon indicating an angry and agitated sea.

Meteorology is not yet a settled science; its efforts have in no one point been crowned with complete success. Its immediate object is a knowledge about the weather, but we speak of this without analysing the complex elements which enter into that simple term. Well or ill, we all feel, more or less, the atmospheric changes around us, as the air is charged with heat and cold, humidity or dryness, and the electric current; these act on our health, our temper, and the development of animal and vegetable life. The change of a fraction of a degree in the mean temperature, would be a decree of death to thousands of animated beings, and the invalid is obliged to go from climate to climate, in search of one that can mitigate his sufferings.

Besides consulting the barometer, we need to know the direction of the wind and the general state of the sky. These elements are most

important in appreciating the changes that are coming. A wise observer will not flatter himself that he can predict cold summers, warm winters, or any remarkable perturbations; that would be to speculate too largely on the credulity of the public. It is only for a short time beforehand that this can be done, and when, by long observation, a perfect knowledge of the climate has been acquired. By watching whence the wind blows, it is possible, with much confidence, to announce what will be the next variation, and deduce from it the change likely to ensue in the weather. This is as much as to say that the law of the wind is not arbitrary, but submissive to the general law.

There is a curious fact connected with the direction of the wind, which is not generally known. A wind blowing from the east may in reality be a west wind drawn out of its course. Let us explain. The researches of the clever German, Herr Dove, have laid down a law of the rotation of winds. The air anticipates the rotary movement of the earth round its axis; nothing at the pole, this movement attains more and more rapidity as it reaches the equator. When, from any particular cause, a mass of air is driven toward the equator, it arrives at a region where the rapidity of the earth's motion is greater than its own: the result is, that this polar current advances more slowly to the east than those parts of the earth which are beneath it, and it appears to an observer on the earth to move from east to west. Thus, it will be understood that all winds coming from the north pole are, in consequence of our planet's motion, deviated from the direct line towards the west, and are generally changed to east winds. If the current be equatorial, and moves upwards to the north, as it penetrates into latitudes where the movement of the earth lessens, it, preserving its first rapidity, veers more quickly toward the east than the parts of the land over which it blows, thus making the wind appear westerly.

All aerial currents originate in a difference of the temperature in the various parts of the atmosphere. Take an island, for example: the surface of the earth is more quickly heated than the water; the air above the former growing lighter and lighter, will rise higher, and be replaced by that of the surrounding sea, which is what is commonly called the sea-breeze. At night the inverse phenomena takes place—the island cools more quickly than the sea, and the land-breeze sets in. This may be taken on a larger scale in the greater terrestrial masses of the Asiatic continent, and the Indian Ocean, which surrounds it; the sea and land breezes then become what sailors call the monsoons, winds which blow during one part of the year from the burning lands of the interior, and in the opposite direction during the other. Then take the whole world, and it may be understood why the planet, being always heated under the tropics, and frozen at the poles, two fundamental and permanent currents are established, blowing in opposite directions.

About the equator these are distinctly separated, lying superimposed without mingling; the lower forming the trade-winds which are so constant and favorable to navigation. In our zone, the hot and cold winds are in continual conflict, and it is owing to this perpetual opposition that the extreme variableness of our climate is partially due.

This successive predominance of the winds determines the most general peculiarities of our climate. The north and north-west winds come from the pole, the air is cold and consequently heavy, the barometer rises; the air it meets is charged with heat and damp, the north wind grows warmer, and takes possession of the watery vapor, carrying away and dissolving the clouds. In winter, this wind brings a clear, cold season; in summer it also clears the sky, and moderates the heat. In winter, the polar wind has a western tendency; in summer more easterly; and in the western part of Europe, this wind comes in a dry state, having swept the vast regions of the north of Asia, the Ural Mountains, and Russia.

The equatorial current reaches our latitudes from the south-west; it has passed over the liquid plain of the Atlantic Ocean, and is charged with an immense quantity of vapor. The warmth and damp make the barometer fall; penetrating into a cold country, the vapor is condensed—in winter, causing rain and snow; in summer, rain; and the weather becomes mild, because the many layers of cloud intercept the sun's rays like a screen. If the south-west wind continues to blow, the air recovers its usual temperature, the clouds disperse, the sky is clear, and soon the overpowering heats begin which prepare the storms. It is to the equatorial current that Ireland owes the beautiful vegetation which has caused it to be named "Green Erin." The predominance of these winds will also explain why ships can go more rapidly from the United States to England, than the opposite way.

The tempests which arise in the temperate zones are much less important and irregular than those which find their cradle in the tropics. They are apparently owing to the meeting of the polar and equatorial currents, which, instead of crossing or laying in parallel strata above each other, meet directly in front. When one of these masses refuses a passage to the other, it produces a great accumulation of air, and the barometer rises very rapidly. Sadly deceived will he be who, trusting to the barometrical scale, should prophesy a fine season; a frightful storm will soon show the fallacy of his predictions.

Another remarkable law as regards winds has to be kept in mind. Often in the case of storms, the wind, or it may be hurricane, sweeps round in a circle. It may not appear to do so, because the circle perhaps is very broad. The current, however, is a kind of whirlwind. Thus the wind reported as driving from west to east at the British Channel, may be the same wind which is said to be blowing in a con-

trary direction in a northern latitude. Hence the great value of meteorological stations, from which notices may be sent as warnings to the navigator.

By the teachings which it affords, meteorology furnishes immense assistance to the marine service; every year the number of shipwrecks ought to diminish as the laws of nature in her wildest fury are better known, and since the electric telegraph places so many countries in communication. Indeed that part of the new science is without contradiction the most useful and essential branch, and seamen of all nations now rival each other in adding fresh material to that which Maury first drew up. Terrestrial meteorology is also subject to the same general laws as the seas; but whilst the surface of the ocean offers no obstacle to the winds, the earth on the contrary, by the variable height of the ground, the particular nature of some districts, by topographical accidents, and by the range of mountains, complicates the phenomena.

The observation of the great physical phenomena of nature is not only useful, but a fruitful source of pleasure, and a perpetual subject of interest; it enlarges the narrow circle into which our passions are too liable to confine us, and show us the consolation to be found in the contemplation of an infinite world. The murmurs of the forest, the confused accents of a superhuman language, the shore where the waves are for ever rising and falling, the night with its numberless worlds shining upon us, give us the highest kind of sensations; they act on that hidden sense lost in the depths of our being. The study of the world consoles and strengthens, provided we seek the divine element in it; the storms of the sky are less dangerous than those of the soul, and it is sometimes wiser to contemplate the capricious forms of clouds, than the variations of men.—*Chamber's Journal*.

OAT MEAL.

The oat meal is among the richest of all the grains in human nutriment, and as it thrives on poorer and colder soils than wheat, it ought to be the cheapest as it is the healthiest of all sorts of corn. If the husks are taken from the oats, and they are broken into small pieces, the product is called "grouts," as Indian corn broken into small pieces is called "hominy." Oat meal is made by grinding the oats fine. This meal is boiled in water and makes "porridge" or oat meal mush. When baked we have "oat cakes." Both are used with butter, sugar, milk or molasses. Oat meal porridge with milk makes an exceedingly nutritious meal, having largely the elements of warmth and strength. To make good porridge the meal should fall through the fingers into boiling water, the whole in the course of a minute or two, so that all the meal shall be equally cooked, and it should be stirred well all the

time while boiling, so as to have no lumps and to avoid scorching. The longer it is boiled the better—at least an hour. Whey or milk may be used in boiling instead of water. If boiling water is poured on oat meal and stirred well the product is called “brose;” in this case the meal is raw and the mass is mushy, and is a coarse article of food. Still, with milk it is very nutritious and sustaining to hard working men.

To make the best oat meal cake, stir the meal into cool water, knead most thoroughly, the more the better, roll it out thin, the thinner the better, and bake on an iron plate; to be eaten while hot, as it gets soggy after cooling.

Oat meal and milk make an amply sufficient breakfast for growing children up to ten years of age, and for all sedentary persons and many who live indoors. In a very few cases it causes discomfort after eating, then it should be avoided for the present. Oat meal cooked with garlick, leeks or onions, makes a very nutritious and wholesome meal. Some cook it with cabbage, turnip tops or other form of “greens,” in the spring. This is a favorite dish in Wales, while the old Romans delighted in the combination of meal with “porum” or leek, and from which “porridge” seems to have taken its name. A tablespoonful of raw oat meal stirred into a glass of cold water makes a safe and nutritious beverage for harvesters in summer. By keeping the system open, it cools it and carries off feverishness.

Oat meal has seventy-five per cent. of nutriment. Roast beef twenty-five.—*Journal of Health.*

CHEMICAL CHIROGRAPHY.

Last month we described some of the “sympathetic inks” which are rendered visible by the action of heat or light. We will now give a brief account of a few that depend upon the action of a gas or solution to bring out the writing for which they have been used.

A decoction of nutgalls or a very weak solution of tannin is a simple ink of this kind. Characters written with it will be invisible, but if the paper be washed with a solution of sulphate of iron, or “green vitriol,” they become black, as if penned with ordinary ink. In fact, when the writing has been thus developed by the action of the iron salt it is virtually the same as if it had been done with common black ink. The only difference is, that in the latter case the solutions of tannin, or tannic acid, and sulphate of iron are mixed in the ink-stand, before the writing is done. Most of the black inks in common use are made in this way. Pure sulphate of iron, or ferrous sulphate (FeSO_4), and tannic acid might be mixed without change; but when the

mixture is exposed to the air, oxygen is absorbed, converting the ferrous oxide (FeO) into ferric oxide (Fe_2O_3), which unites with the tannic acid to form a black precipitate of ferric tannate (or "tannate of sesquioxide of iron," to use the old nomenclature), a salt whose exact composition is not perfectly understood. It is on account of this gradual oxidation that the writing when washed with the iron solution it is first pale and becomes black by degrees, also the case when certain common inks are used.

Another simple writing fluid of this kind is a solution of acetate of lead, or "sugar of lead." To make the writing appear, expose the paper to the action of sulphide of hydrogen—either in the gaseous state or dissolved in water—when the characters become black; or wash the paper with a solution of bichromate of potash, which will render them yellow. In the former case, the black sulphide of lead is formed, in the latter the yellow chromate of lead.

Another black sympathetic ink is the result of writing with a dilute solution of bichromate of potash, and washing with a solution of extract of logwood. Some of the ordinary black inks are the result of essentially the same chemical reaction that occurs in this case.

For a red ink, soluble salts of antimony may be used, "developing" with sulphide of hydrogen. The sulphur of the latter combines with the antimony to form a sulphide of that metal.

For light blue ink, write with a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, or "blue vitriol," and expose the writing to the vapor of ammonia, or wash with aqua ammonia. For a dark blue ink, use a solution of iodide of potassium mixed with a little starch. The writing will be made visible by acid vapors or by the action of ozone. Another blue ink is furnished by a weak solution of nitrate of cobalt, with a solution of oxalic acid for developing the color; or the writing may be done with the latter and then washed with the former. If we write with a solution of chloride of gold and wash with a solution of a salt of tin, a rich purple—the so-called "purple of Cassius"—is obtained.

Many more of these chemical inks might be added if our space permitted, but those we have given will suffice as specimens. Occasionally they serve some practical use, as in the recent escape of Marshal Bazaine from prison. It is said that the arrangements for his flight were communicated to him by writing in sympathetic ink between the lines of an apparently unimportant letter, which passed the scrutiny of his jailers without being suspected.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

A MEDICAL friend of ours who has cured a very bad case of "fits" considers it an illustration of the Darwinian doctrine of "the survival of the fittest."

TRUTH.

TRUTH is not the only thing which, crushed to earth, will rise again. Wounded Error may die amid her worshippers, but she always leaves a brood of small errors, which are well nigh immortal. You may select any one or any half-dozen, and subject them to the most merciless vivisection, turning them over and over and inside out, and demonstrating their absurd nature beyond a peradventure, and in the morning you will find them skipping about as lively as ever. Perhaps the most persistent of all are certain senseless misquotations. Let us look at three or four specimens.

The "brand of Cain" is perpetually alluded to as if it were a mark of wrath, a badge of shame, and a signal for destruction; whereas it was a token of mercy and protection. "And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

The celebrated bargain between Jacob and Esau, is quoted and used as if from the mere promptings of gluttony he parted with his birthright. Even St. Paul seems to allude to it somewhat after this idea. But when we turn to the original account in Genesis we find that Esau's alternative was starvation, and that his crafty and hard-fisted brother wrung his birthright from him for a pitiful price by seizing the opportunity offered by his faintness and destitution. Did anybody ever hear the transaction alluded to as a piece of scoundrelism on the part of Jacob, rather than of folly on the part of Esau?

If Falstaff had said "Discretion is the better part of valor" (as is daily quoted), he would have uttered a very flat thing by giving an exceedingly poor and inadequate definition of discretion. But he said no such thing. Discretion was not the subject of his discourse at all. He was talking about valor, and he very properly began its definition by mentioning its first essential, "The better part of valor is discretion."

The popular error that Robinson Crusoe's island was Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America—when the book expressly declares that it was near the mouth of the river Orinoco, on the northeast coast of the continent, and all the account of the course of the vessel before reaching it plainly mentions places in the Atlantic Ocean, and none whatever in the Pacific—has been carefully explained; but, as the farmer said of Daniel Webster, it is "not dead yet." It originated, of course, in the story that Defoe stole his narrative from Alexander Selkirk, who did pass some time alone on Juan Fernandez.

We believe Holmes himself has pointed out the fact that his "Autocrat" does not say that the city of Boston is the hub of the universe, but simply remarked that a Boston man thinks the dome of Boston

State-House is the hub of the universe, and that you couldn't pry that idea out of his head if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar. The actual physical resemblance of the dome to an old-fashioned wagon-hub probably suggested the metaphor to Holmes. But those who habitually regard Boston as preeminently the city of self-conceit, quickly turned the expression into its popular form, and gave it the current signification.—*Appleton's*.

THE OVERWORKED MAN OF BUSINESS.

The London *Sanitary Record*, in an interesting article on "Over-work," gives the following graphic picture of the business man who is overtaking his powers; and if any reader of the MAGAZINE recognizes the symptoms as his own, let him be wise in time, and remit the strain on his nervous system before he breaks down under it: "Sooner or later he finds that his day's work has become an effort, a toil rather than a delight; the last hour has become a strain only maintained by determination; a sense of exhaustion and fatigue envelopes his closure of the day's work, and the last columns of figures have presented difficulties hitherto unknown, and the last pile of letters has seemed more trying than of yore. Anything new of an unwonted character, making special demands upon the higher faculties, becomes arduous and distasteful, revealing the fact that the higher powers are first commencing to give way, to announce their inability, while the more routine matters, which have almost become automatic, or even habitual, can still be effectively discharged. But in time even these lower processes are effected, and the last half hour at the office is a distinct trial, and is followed by a new sense of exhaustion. There is a certain amount of irritability combined with the sense of exhaustion, that irritability which is ever found along with the exhaustion of nerve matter; this irritation sometimes almost amounting to exaltation, marks the commencement of nervous exhaustion and failure. While work seems to become more irksome, the usual sources of pleasure no longer afford their wonted solace and satisfaction. There is a heightened susceptibility to any little trivial annoyance, domestic matters are felt more keenly, the dinner is not so satisfactory, the children are noisy; the more necessity for rest, and the more distinct the craving for comfort and quiet, the less seems forthcoming. There is an emotional exaltation which reveals the irritability of the exhausted nerve centres; the newspaper is stupid and uninteresting, the piano wants tuning, servants are deteriorating, children are less obedient, and wives less sympathizing than of yore. The mind is as sensitive as is the skin after a blister; the slightest touch produces pain."

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

A few snow-patches on the mountain-side,
 A few white foam-flakes from the ebbing tide,
 A few remembered words of malice spent,
 The record of some dead man's ill intent,—

They cannot hurt us, all their sting is gone,
 Their hour of cold and bitterness is done ;
 Yet deepest snows and fiercest lashing seas
 Bring not such cold or bitter thoughts as these.

A few soiled lilies dropped by childish hands,
 A few dried orange-blooms from distant lands,
 A few remembered smiles of some lost friend,
 Few words of love some dear dead finger penned,—

They are not beautiful for love to see,
 For death's pale presence seems in them to be ;
 Yet ever living blooms, most fresh and gay,
 Ne'er give us thoughts of love so sweet as they.

—*Spectator.*

THE SUM OF SCIENCE.—The London *Globe* says: "Professor Tyndall's laborious address to the British Association may be readily summed up by the simple re-statement of a very old argument. An egg contains all the material necessary to form a chick. It holds also, for a time at least, the force requisite to construct the animal out of its component elements. The only thing needed is to set the formative process in action by the application of another form of force or motion called heat. But this last must be supplied from without. The sum of Prof. Tyndall's researches is precisely analogous. He finds in matter 'the promise and potency of every form and quality of life,' just as the naturalist and the organic chemist find the organic materials of a chick, and the promise and potency to form one, without the egg-shell. But neither the philosopher nor the experimentalist can go one step beyond the facts. They are wholly unable to explain the something from without, in whose absence neither an eggful nor a world full of life can be called into palpable existence. This is the point at which philosophy again arrives—the old point at which it has been arriving by various paths ever since the first effort to penetrate an inscrutable mystery. The Egyptians symbolized the difficulty, and their inability to surmount it, by offering the mysterious egg reverently to their gods. They laid the unsolved problem of the finite at the feet of the Infinite. Professor Tyndall and the British Association might learn wisdom, without humiliation, from the ancient idolaters, and emulate their not ignoble submission."

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.—A correspondent of *Nature* says: The following is an optical delusion which is none the less interesting for being very easily explained. Let a person, standing before a looking-glass, look attentively at the reflection of the pupil of one of his eyes, and then at that of the other; let him look at different *parts* of the eye, and from one eye to the other, first at one and then at the other. Know that in thus changing the direction of his gaze his eyes *must* move about in their sockets, he will expect to see that they do so in the glass. As a fact *they will appear perfectly still*. If he looks at the eyes of another person trying the experiment, the peculiar fixedness of his own will be still more striking, when he looks at them again.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF COLORADO.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT STONE HOUSES AND REMAINS OF AZTEC LIFE IN THE SAN JUAN REGION—MASSIVE STONE STRUCTURES MADE WITH TOOLS OF STONE—DWELLING-HOUSES, WATCH-TOWERS, AND TEMPLE.

WHOLE VILLAGES IN RUINS—THE VALLEY OF DEATH AND ITS TRADITIONS.

We had heard (so writes the *New York Tribune's* correspondent with the Hayden exploring expedition in Colorado) before leaving Denver, strange stories told by prospectors who claimed to have seen in the southwestern corner of Colorado wonderful ruins of great extent and surprising architecture, entirely different from anything before observed in the country. It was impossible to ascertain anything definite with respect to the exact character or whereabouts of these reported ancient dwellings, but as other duties also led the photographic party of the survey into that portion, the careful investigation of whatever facts gave foundation to the rumors was especially enjoined upon them. The instructions were complied with during the first half of September, in what manner and with what result I propose this letter shall tell.

But a little preliminary geography is necessary. Just along the southwestern border of Colorado the mountains sink almost abruptly into plains, which stretch away to the Gila and Colorado Rivers. Rising in northern New Mexico, at the end of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, which here stops short, and flowing south and west into Arizona, thence north into Utah 25 or 30 miles west of the Colorado line, then gradually westward into the Colorado River, is the Rio San Juan, the largest river of this district. It receives but one tributary of consequence from the south, but from the north many streams draining the southern slopes of the mountains, the principal of which are the Rio Pietra, Rio Las Animas, and its branch the Florida, Rio La Plata, Rio Mancos, and Montezuma creek, naming them from east to west.

Leaving the main camp stationed in Baker's park at the head of the Los Animas, Mr. Jackson and myself with two muleteers, Steve and Bob, took the smallest possible outfit, except of cartridges, and started for a rapid reconnoissance of the valleys of these rivers in which we hoped to find what we sought.

Our first and second days' marches carried us across high, rugged, volcanic mountains, wild and picturesque and full of grizzlies, and down into Animals park, which is a succession of grassy valleys, diversified by frequent groves, and seemingly always warm and lovely. A few adventurous ranch-men have located here, and raise splendid crops. From here across to the La Plata is a day's pleasant ride. At the La Plata we found a jolly camp of old Californians preparing to work the gold placers. Their leader was Capt. John Moss, a New-Englander by birth, who, possessed by a roving spirit, went west when a mere boy, and has ever since remained there, if anywhere. But to his immense experience of life and adventure he has added much knowledge of science and literature, is as familiar with the streets and drawing-rooms of New York, London, Paris, Rio Janeiro, and San Francisco, as with the Ute and Navajo teepees or their labyrinth of trails across the distracted jumble of mountains. He fully understood the language and customs of all the southern tribes west of the mountains, and we were very glad to accept of his proffered guidance and entertaining company, and to learn that our search would not be a fruitless one.

THE SANDSTONE HOUSE OF FORMER TIMES.

Proceeding west 15 miles, and descending some 2,000 feet, we struck the Rio Mauco a few miles down, where we began to come upon mounds of earth which had accumulated over fallen houses, and about which were strewn an abundance of fragments of pottery, variously painted in colors, often glazed within, and impressed in various designs without. Then the perpendicular walls that hemmed in the valley began to contract, and for the next ten miles the trail led over rocks which were anything but easy to traverse. That night we encamped under some forlorn cedars, just beneath a bluff a thousand or so feet high, which for the upper half was absolutely vertical. This was the edge of the table-land, or *mesa* which stretches over hundreds of square miles hereabouts, and is cleft by these cracks or canons, through which the drainage of the country finds its way into the great Colorado. In wandering about after supper, we thought we saw something like a house away up on the face of the bluff, and two of us, running the risk of being overtaken by darkness, clambered over the talus of loose debris, across a great stratum of pure coal, and, by dint of much pushing and hauling up to the ledge upon which it stood, we came down abundantly satisfied, and next morning carried up our photographic kit and got some superb negatives. There 700 measured feet above the valley, perched on a little ledge only just large enough to hold it, stood a two-story house made of finely-cut sandstone, each block about 14x6 inches, accurately fitted and set in mortar now harder than the stone itself. The floor was the ledge upon which it rested, and the roof the overhanging rock. There were three rooms upon the ground floor, each one six by nine feet, with partition walls of faced stone. Between the stories was originally a wood floor, traces of which still remained, as did also the cedar sticks set in the wall over the windows and door; but this was over the front room only, the height of the rocky roof behind not being sufficient to allow an attic there. Each of the stories was six feet in height, and all the rooms, up stairs and down, were nicely plastered and painted what now looks a dull brick-red color, with a white band along the floor like a base-board. There was a low doorway from the ledge into the lower story, and another above, showing that the upper chamber was entered from without. The windows were large, square apertures, with no indication of any glazing or shutters. They commanded a view of the whole valley for many miles. Near the house several convenient little niches in the rock were built into better shape, as

though they had been used as cupboards or couches; and behind it a semicircular wall inclosing the angle of the house and cliff formed a water reservoir holding two and a half hogsheads. The water was taken out of this from a window of the upper room, and the outer wall was carried up high, so as to protect one so engaged from missiles from below. In front of the house, which was the left side to one facing the bluff, an esplanade had been built to widen the narrow ledge and probably furnish a commodious kitchen. The abutments which supported it were founded upon a steeply-inclined smooth face of rock; yet so consummate was their masonry that these abutments still stand, although it would seem that a pound's weight might slide them off.

INNUMERABLE GROUPS OF DESTROYED EDIFICES.

Searching further in this vicinity, we found remains of many houses on the same ledge, and some perfect ones above it quite inaccessible. The rocks also bore some inscriptions—unintelligible hieroglyphics, for the most part—reminding one of those given by Lieut. Whipple in the third volume of the Pacific Railroad reports. All these facts were carefully photographed and recorded.

Leaving here, we soon came upon traces of houses in the bottom of the valley in the greatest profusion, nearly all of which were entirely destroyed, and broken pottery everywhere abounded. The majority of the buildings were square, but many round, and one sort of ruin always showed two square buildings with very deep cellars under them and a round tower between them, seemingly for watch and defense. In several cases a larger part of this tower was still standing. These latter ones, judging from analogy of the underground workshops of the Moquis, were manufactories of utensils and implements. Another isolated ruin that attracted our attention particularly consisted of two perfectly circular walls of cut stone, one within the other. The diameter of the inner circle was 22 feet, and the outer 33 feet. The walls were thick, and were perforated apparently by three equi-distant doorways. Was this a temple?

We continued to meet with these groups of destroyed edifices all day, but nothing of special interest except two or three round towers, and no perfect cliff houses, until next morning, when a little cave high up from the ground was found, which had been utilized as a homestead by being built full of low houses communicating with one another, some of which were intact, and had been appropriated by wild animals. About these dwellings were more hieroglyphics scratched on the wall, and plenty of pottery, but no implements. Further on were similar but rather ruder structures on a rocky bluff, but so strongly were they put together that the tooth of time had found them hard gnawing; and in one instance, while that portion of the cliff upon which a certain house rested had cracked off and fallen away some distance without rolling, the house itself had remained solid and upright. Traces of the trails to many of these dwellings, and the steps cut in the rock, were still visible, and were useful indications of the proximity of buildings otherwise unnoticed.

A STREET A THOUSAND FEET DEEP.

We were now getting fairly away from the mountains and approaching the great sandy, alkaline plains of the San Juan river. Our valley of the Manocs was gradually widening, but still on either hand rose the perpendicular sides of the mesa, composed of horizontal strata of red and white sandstone, chiseled by the weather into rugged ledges and prominences, indented by great bays or side canons, and banked up at the foot by taluses of the gray marl which lay beneath it. Imagine East river

1,000 or 1,200 feet deep, and drained dry, the piers and slips on both sides made of red sandstone and extending down to that depth, and yourself at the bottom gazing up for human habitations far above you. In such a picture you would have a tolerable idea of this canon of the Rio Mancos.

HOUSES ALL FRONTING THE EAST.

Keeping close under the mesa on the western side—you never find houses on the eastern cliff of a canon, where the morning sun, which they adored, could not strike them full with its first beams—one of us espied what he thought to be a house on the face of a perpendicularly high and smooth portion of the precipice, which there jutted out into a promontory, up the sides of which it seemed possible to climb to the top of the mesa above the house, whence it might be possible to crawl down to it. Fired with the hope of finding some valuable relics of household furniture in such a place, the Captain and Bob started for the top, and disappeared behind the rocks while we busied ourselves in getting ready the photographic apparatus. After a while an inarticulate sound floated down to us, and looking up we beheld the captain, diminished to the size of a cricket, creeping on hands and knees along what seemed to us a perfectly smooth vertical face of rock. He had got where he could not retreat, and it seemed equally impossible to go ahead.

A TRAGIC INCIDENT.

There was a moment of suspense, then came a cry that stopped the beating of our hearts as we watched with bated breath a dark object, not larger than a cricket, whirling, spinning, dropping through the awful space, growing larger as it neared the earth, till it fell with muffled thud on the cruel sharp rocks below. But ere we could reach it, another object seemed to fall backward from the highest point, and reeled down through the flooding sunshine, casting its flying shadow on the brilliant bluff, gathering dreadful momentum with which to dash its poor self dead on the dentless stones beneath.

The captain had thrown down his boots.

He was still there, crawling carefully along, clinging to the walk like a lizard, till finally a broader ledge was reached; and having the nerve of an athlete, he got safely to the house. He found it perfect, almost semi-circular in shape, of the finest workmanship yet seen, all the stones being cut true, a foot wide, sixteen inches long, and three inches thick, ground perfectly smooth on the inside so as to require no plastering. It was about twenty by six feet in interior dimensions and six feet high. The door and window were bounded by lintels, sills, and caps of single flat stones. Yet all this was done, so far as we can learn, with no other tools than those made of stone; no implements of any kind were, however, found here. Overhanging the house, and fully eight hundred feet from the ground was a thin projecting shelf of rock. Upon this bracket Bob was now to be seen dancing about in a very lively manner, and endeavoring to get below. It would have somewhat damped his ardor if he had known how thin a stratum held him from the voyage the captain's boots had taken! At any rate, he turned pale when he got down and saw where he had unconsciously been.

INTERESTING REMAINS OF INDIAN LIFE.

Photographs and sketches completed, we pushed on, rode twenty miles or more and camped just over the Utah line, two miles beyond Aztec springs, which, for the first time in the captain's experience, were dry. It was a sore disappointment to us all. There were about these springs, which are at the base of the Ute mountains, the

natural corner-post of four territories, formerly many large buildings, the relics of which are very impressive. One of them is two hundred feet square, with a wall twenty feet thick, and enclosed in the centre a circular building one hundred feet in circumference. Another near by was one hundred feet square, with equally thick walls, and was divided north and south by a very heavy partition. This building communicated with the great stone reservoir about the springs. These heavy walls were constructed of outer strong walls of cut sandstone, regularly laid in mortar, filled in with firmly packed fragments of stone, chiefly a reddish fossiliferous limestone containing a profusion of beautiful fossil shells—especially ammonites and baculites. Some portions of the wall stand twenty or thirty feet in height, but judging from the amount of material thrown down, the building must originally have been a very lofty one. What puzzled me was to place the entrance, or to satisfy myself that there was any at all on the ground floor. About these large edifices were traces of smaller ones, covering half a square mile, and out in the plain another small village, indicated by a collection of knolls. Scarcely anything now but white sage grows thereabouts, but there is reason to believe that in those old times it was under careful cultivation.

Our next day's march was westerly, leaving the mesa bluffs on our right and gradually behind. The road was an interesting one intellectually, but not at all so physically—dry, hot, dusty and wearisome. We passed a number of quite perfect houses, perched high up on rocky bluffs, and many other remains. One, I remember, occupied the whole apex of a great conical boulder as big as two Dutch barns, that years ago had become detached from its mother mountain and rolled out into the valley. Another worth mention was a round tower, beautifully laid up, which surmounted an immense boulder that had somehow rolled to the very verge of a lofty cliff overlooking the whole valley. This was a watch tower, and we were told that almost all the high points were occupied by such sentinel boxes. From it a deeply-worn, devious trail led up over the ledge of the mesa, by following which we should, no doubt, have found a whole town. But this was only a reconnoissance, and we could not now stop to follow out all indications.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

Time was short, and we must gallop on to where tradition tells us the last great battle was fought, the last stand made against the invaders, into whose rufe grasp they must surrender their homes. Toward night we reached it. The bluffs at our right had sunk into low banks of solid red sandstone, white at the base; on the left frowned tall rock-buttres; and the barren hills sloped away to the south behind them. Ahead the valley closed into a canon, and where we stand and off to the right the surface is a succession of low domes of bare sandstone, worn into gulleys and chiseled into pot-holes by ancient rivers and modern rains, devoid of soil, supporting only a few stunted cedars rooted in the crannies; bleached and ghastly, and garish under the September sun. Brilliant cliffs, wierdly carved by Titans, ranged themselves behind; and right in the fore-ground, thrust up through the very centre of one of these sandstone domes, stood a ragged christone—a volcanic dike—thin, shattered and comb-like. It was a scene of despair and desolation, enhanced rather than softened; and humanized by the two great stone towers that stood near by, and the fragments of heavy walls that once defended every approach to the habitations about the christone. Climbing carefully to the top of the dike, mapping out the plan of the ancient fortifications, listening to the fearful concussions of the stone hurled from the top, feeling

how absolutely safe a garrison would be there so long as they could hold out against hunger and thirst, it required but little faith to believe the tradition of this valley of death, whose broad slopes of white sandstone were once crimsoned and re-crimsoned with human blood.

THE TRADITION OF THE VALLEY.

The story is this: Formerly the aborigines inhabited all this country we had been over as far west as the head waters of the San Juan, as far north as the Rio Dolores, west some distance into Utah, and south and southwest throughout Arizona and on down into Mexico. They had lived there from time immemorial—since the earth was a small island, which augmented as its inhabitants multiplied. They cultivated the valley, fashioned whatever utensils and tools they needed very neatly and handsomely out of clay and wood and stone, not knowing any of the useful metals, built their homes and kept their flocks and herds on the fertile river-bottoms, and worshipped the sun. They were an eminently peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture rather than by the chase. About a thousand years ago, however, they were visited by savage strangers from the north, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon them, and at last to massacre them and devastate their farms; so to save their lives at least, they built houses high upon the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away until the raiders left. But one summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains as the people expected, but brought their families with them and desired to settle down. So driven from their homes and lands, starving in their little niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night, and wander across the cheerless uplands. To one who has traveled these steppes, such a flight seems terrible, and the mind hesitates to picture the sufferings of the sad fugitives.

At the chertone they halted and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of the nests of these human wrens and swallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch-towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which in all cases is precarious in this latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and inevitable as the tide. Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving south, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were all safely a hundred miles away. The besiegers were beaten back and went away. But the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the canon. It was such a victory as they could not afford to gain again, and they were glad when the long fight was over to follow their wives and little ones to the south. There in the deserts of Arizona, on well unapproachable isolated bluffs, they built new towns, and their few descendants—the Moquis—live in them to this day, preserving more carefully and purely the history and veneration of their forefathers, than their skill or wisdom. It was from one of their old men that this traditional sketch was obtained.

This is but a picture here and there of one fortnight among these prehistoric ruins. Ten times as much might be said, but limits forbid. Suffice it to say that no item will be forgotten or neglected that can throw any light on this intensely interesting phase of the aboriginal history of our country, and no opportunity let slip to elucidate further the origin and character of these antiquities.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man ?
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbor and himself more true ;
 Whom neither force nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind ;
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While worldlings now ride by, now lag behind.

Who, when great trials come,
 Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay,
 Till he the thing and the example weigh ;
 All being brought into a sum,
 What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
 To use in anything a trick or sleight ;
 For above all things he abhors deceit ;
 His words, and works, and fashion too,
 All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
 At close temptations ; when the day is done,
 His goodness sets not ; but in the dark can run ;
 The sun to others writeth laws,
 And is their virtue ; virtue is his sun.

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias, from his will ;
 He helps the poor and helps to mend the ill ;
 This is the Marks-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

—George Herbert.

GOOD RULES FOR MASONS.

Love all, trust a few,
 Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,
 But never taxed for speech.

—Shakespeare.

WIFE, CHILDREN AND FRIENDS.

Bro. Thos. J. Corson, of New Jersey, was compelled to prepare his Report on Foreign Correspondence, to his Grand Chapter, while under the affliction of temporary blindness; and he thus beautifully expresses himself when appreciating the benefits of wife, children and friends, as his daughter acted as amanuensis for him:—*St. Louis Freemason.*

For nearly three months (most of which time I was compelled to sit with bandaged eyes in a darkened room) I was confined to my house by a severe disease of the eyes (*Iritis*), which deprived me of the ability of reading or writing. And even now the sight is so much impaired (which impairment I have reason to hope will eventually be greatly relieved if not entirely removed) that reading and writing are performed with so great difficulty that these luxuries (and none can tell, until deprived of these pleasures, what luxuries they are) have to be indulged in very sparingly. But though the eye may be dimmed for a time, the heart has lost none of its zeal for the good cause; nor has it abated one jot or tittle of its interest in all that concerns the welfare of our beloved institution, and its love for Masonry and Masons can never grow cold while life lasts.

While I have a very vivid recollection of the intense pain which the disease inflicted, and while I shall not very soon forget the sad condition to which I was reduced, when my wife and children were indeed eyes to the blind and hands to the helpless, still I shall never cease to remember with devout gratitude the many comforts which surrounded me. The gentle ministrations of those about me, and the warm sympathy of friends, showing itself by numberless acts of kindness, sank deep into my heart, and taught me that human love is an emanation from a Divine source.

O! Companions, earth is indeed the vestibule of Heaven, while we have such comforts as Wife, Children and Friends.

“When the black lettered list to the gods was presented,
A list of what Fate for each mortal intends;
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,
And slipped in three blessings, Wife, Children and Friends.

“In vain agony Pluto affirmed he was cheated,
That justice divine could not compass its ends,
The scheme of man’s doom he maintained was defeated,
For earth becomes Heaven, with Wife, Children and Friends.

“If the stock of our bliss be in strangers’ hands vested,
The fund ill secured off in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills that are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of Wife, Children and Friends.”

THE MASONIC WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

Just fifty years ago occurred that spontaneous and universal outpouring of love and gratitude which marked the visit of Lafayette to this country in 1824. Congress had unanimously voted to request President Monroe to invite him to visit the United States. He accepted the invitation, but declined the offer of a ship of the line for his conveyance, and with his son, George Washington Lafayette, and secretary, took passage on a packet ship from Havre for New York, where he landed on the 15th of August, 1824. He visited in succession each of the twenty-four States, and all the principal cities. He was received everywhere with the utmost demonstrations of enthusiasm, and his progress through the country resembled a continuous triumphal procession. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young united with one accord in offering the spontaneous homage of a nation's gratitude to a nation's benefactor. "The heart of every individual became an altar bright and warm with the praises of Lafayette." Even the children welcomed his approach "with the fragrant incense of innocence and untutored hearts." From one end of the country to the other was echoed and re-echoed the sentiment so felicitously expressed by the poet Sprague in the lines inscribed upon the triumphal arch which first met the Hero's eye as he entered the city of Boston—lines which we have often heard repeated with quivering lip and flashing eye by delighted spectators of that magnificent reception :

" WELCOME LAFAYETTE!
 The *fathers* in glory shall sleep,
 That gathered with thee in the fight,
 But the *sons* will eternally keep
 The tablet of gratitude bright,
 We bow not the *neck*, and we bend not the *knee*,
 But our *hearts* Lafayette, we surrender to thee."

The various associations, throughout the country, of every name and nature, were proud to bring their tributes of gratitude and praise. Among these, none were more numerously tendered or more graciously received than those from Masonic Bodies. Every party seemed to take great delight in recognizing the mystic bond of union between them. Many of the incidents connected with these fraternal courtesies are interesting and we have selected some of the most striking from the accounts given in the newspapers of that day.

We have not much faith in newspapers as sources of Masonic history. We know from every day experience that their reports are full of inaccuracies and often of deliberate misstatements; and when the writer or supervisor is not a Mason the attempt to chronicle Masonic proceedings often results only in ridiculous burlesque. From news-

papers, however, we may often obtain useful hints upon Masonic affairs, and interesting, if not always strictly reliable narrative of Masonic occurrences.

In the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, June 8, 1824, R. W. Henry Hubbard offered the following resolutions respecting Gen. Lafayette, which were adopted unanimously :

WHEREAS, The contemplated visit of our distinguished Brother, Gen. Lafayette, at the capitol, must be at a time when the Grand Lodge of this State will not be in session, therefore,

Resolved, That it is a matter of deep regret to the members of this Grand Lodge that they will be prevented from personally offering to him some testimonial of their regard.

Resolved, At this time, that the Grand Lodge will make some proper expression of their feelings of respect and gratitude to this devoted friend of their country and of humanity ; and, therefore, be it further

Resolved, That Gen. Lafayette be admitted a member of the Grand Lodge of the State of New Hampshire, and that he be entitled to all the privileges, rights and immunities of a Past Grand Master.

Resolved, That the Grand Master communicate to him the proper evidence of this fact, under seal of the Grand Lodge.

Splendid as were the numerous parades, fetes and galas in honor of Lafayette, the Masonic dinner given by the Grand Lodge of New York at Washington Hall, surpassed everything with the exception of the reception at Castle Garden.

There are said to have been in the city of New York at that time, about thirty Lodges embracing about eight thousand Brethren. Members from most of the Lodges united in the dinner given to our distinguished Brother, and contributed to the decorations of the Hall, which are described as in a style of elegance reflecting the highest credit upon the Fraternity. In the East a lofty pavilion was erected, stretching nearly across the Hall, and the top of which rose to the ceiling. In front of this splendid recess, at the summit, extended an arch of laurel and other evergreens, studded with red and white roses, and filled with lamps, which sparkled with variegated colors among the foliage. At the bottom, a semi-circular table, raised several feet above the floor, was erected, adorned with *jets d'eau* and various Masonic emblems. The back of the pavilion was hung with banners, and in the centre was a splendid transparency illustrative of the early history of Masonry.

Opposite this pavilion, in the West, was another recess, scarcely inferior in splendor to that in the East, with a large transparency representing Washington and Lafayette, clothed Masonically, in the attitude of shaking hands. The Genius of America, surrounded with a halo of glory and raised upon a pedestal, held in either hand a wreath of laurel about to be placed simultaneously upon the brow of each Hero. Beneath was the inscription,—*Lux et Veritas*—Light and Truth.

In the South were full length portraits of Washington and Hamilton, in frames highly gilt and embellished, and overarched by a rain-

bow, with a span of perhaps thirty feet. It was a transparency, and when lighted exhibited all the hues of a beautiful phenomenon in nature which it was designed to represent.

In the North was another transparency, displaying in large capitals the following inscription: LAFAYETTE, THE FRIEND OF FREEDOM, THE BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND. Above this was the orchestra, embowered with evergreens, so that the band were entirely concealed from the company, and the music seemed to burst from an enchanted copse, as at intervals its inspiring notes rang through the alcoves of the spacious apartment.

Across the Hall, diagonally, from corner to corner, a distance of about one hundred feet along the ceiling, extended two arches woven of laurel and intermingled with roses in the most tasteful manner. At the point where they crossed each other in the centre, was the emblem of the All-seeing Eye, composed of a mirror surrounded with splendid radii several feet in diameter. Faint as every human representation of this object must be, the sacred symbol was nevertheless thought to be striking and impressive.

The Hall was lighted with eight large chandeliers and an almost countless number of small lamps which, twinkled among the evergreens and other ornaments, pouring a flood of light. The effect was much augmented by the quantity of glass which covered six or seven tables extending the whole length of the room, and entirely filling the area. To this must also be added the standards of the several Lodges unfurled and glittering in every part of the Hall, together with the jewels and emblems of the Order.

At 4 o'clock on Monday morning, the Grand Lodge met at the Hall, and being duly opened, a committee was appointed to wait on General Lafayette and escort him to the Lodge. Upon his arrival, he was met at the door by the Grand Master and Grand Stewards and ushered into the Hall with the honors of Masonry. Upon reaching the East the Right Worshipful Grand Master, Martin Hoffman addressed him as follows:

"Brother Lafayette,—Your return to the United States has rekindled the recollections of the surviving warriors and patriots of our Revolution, and the joy which pervades every heart, evinces the deep gratitude of all our citizens.

"Permit us, your Masonic Brethren, to join the general voice of gladness, to offer you the hand of friendship, to welcome you among us and to express the warmest sentiments of brotherly love.

"We receive you with pride and exultation; we hail you as a Brother and philanthropist; we cherish you in our hearts as a patron of our Order.

"To the names of Washington, Livingston, Clinton, and other dis-

tinguished Masons of our country, who have shed a lustre on our institution, who have presided over our labors, and who have patronized our assemblies, we now, with heart-felt gratification, record in our annals the presence and name of LAFAYETTE."

To which the general made the following reply :

"Most Worshipful Grand Master and Beloved Brethren, I am happy in your affectionate welcome; I am proud of the high confidential honors you have conferred and purpose further to confer upon me. Our Masonic Institution owes a double lustre—to those who have cherished, and to those who have prosecuted it. Let both glories, equal in my opinion, be the pride of every member of our Fraternity, until universal freedom insures us universal justice."

After these ceremonies, and at about seven o'clock, the company, consisting of between five and six hundred Brethren, (said to have been the largest assemblage of the kind ever witnessed in this country,) proceeded to the dinner table, and having taken their places, the Grand Officers and their guests moved to the room in procession, in reversed order. The procession opening to the right and left, the Grand Master entered and took his seat in the East, under the canopy above described, supported by Gen. Lafayette, and on his left by the Deputy Grand Master.

"Perfect order, fraternal feeling, mirth and hilarity prevailed at the convivial board." After the cloth was removed, the following among many other toasts were given.

1. Our Order, which, *levelling* the distinctions that divide society—unites the virtues of every country, sect and religion, in one affectionate and social community.

2. By the G. M.—Our illustrious Brother and guest, Gen. Lafayette—no less distinguished for his philanthropy than for his valor.

The General thereupon rose, and, after having expressed his grateful acknowledgments, gave the following toast in return :

Liberty, Equality, Philanthropy, the true Masonic creed—May we, by the practice of these principles, ever deserve the esteem of the friends—the animadversion of the enemies of mankind.

3. The *Sun* of Masonry—May its brightness dispel the cloud with which ignorance and prejudice would obscure it, and its genial rays give *light* and warmth to myriads who yet grope in darkness, unconscious of its power.

4. The mystic Temple—Its walls supported by wisdom, strength and beauty, bid defiance to the assaults of envy, bigotry and despotism.

5. All regularly constituted Grand Lodges throughout the world, directing their energies to the general good—May their labors be rewarded by the general approbation of the Brethren.

6. The day which united Washington and Lafayette to our Ancient and Honorable Institution—May those occurrences assist to rescue the Order from the calumny of its foes.

7. The Fraternity throughout the world—May virtue prompt them to the performance of their duty to their God, their neighbor and themselves.

8. Masonry—May the social and instructive principles which it inculcates be universally diffused, and the whole human race be bound in bonds of brotherly love.

9. The Patriotic Mason, who faithfully wrought at the great national edifice that shelters us, and generously fed and clothed the hungry and naked who assisted in the labor.

Among the volunteer sentiments was the following :

“Frances K. Huger, whose gallantry and generosity were proved in the attempt to liberate our illustrious guest from the Castle of Olmutz.”

Upon the toast being drank, Brother Huger rose and with great modesty disclaimed all title to individual merit in the transaction, assured, as he said, from what he had that day witnessed, that he was only the representative of his Masonic Brethren. He closed with the following sentiment: “The gratitude of republics, the greatest reward of merit.”

Brother Robert Emmet proposed the toast—“Our illustrious Brother Lafayette—After half a century’s labor in the cause of Liberty, he visits the Grand Lodge of Freemen where he first worked, and a whole nation vouches for him.”

In the course of this festival several original songs were sung, among them one by George P. Morris, to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne”:

In auld lang syne did Lafayette
 Kneel humbly at our *shrine*,
 Then shall we, Brethren, e'er forget
 The days of auld lang syne?
 No—by these grateful hearts which glow
 With liberty divine,
 Till *death* shall lay our *Order low*,
 We'll think of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—Of auld lang syne, my friends, of auld lang syne,
 Great Washington and Lafayette,
 And days of auld lang syne.

They both each other's valor proved,
 And honor was their *chart*;
 Together *hand in hand* they moved—
 Were brothers in the heart.

They saw the *Stars*, the *Moon*, the *Sun*,
 In glorious lustre shine,
 And much immortal *work* have done
 In days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—Of auld sang syne, my friends, of auld lang syne,
 Great Washington and Lafayette,
 And days of auld lang syne.

Then welcome, honored Lafayette,
 The friend of Washington,
 Thy Brothers never will forget
 The *work* which thou hast done.
 Thou art a man to honor true,
 And round thy brow we'll twine
 The tender *leaf of green* which grew
 In days of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my friends, in auld lang syne,
 The tender leaf of green which grew
 In days of auld lang syne.

Here, Brothers, on this festive night,
 The "NATION'S GUEST" is found;
 Then let our hearts and hands unite,
 His welcome to resound.
 Hail, noble Brother, Lafayette,
 May happiness be thine;
 And may we Brethren, pay the debt
 Contracted in lang syne

CHORUS.—In auld lang syne, my friends, in auld lang syne,
 To Washington and Lafayette,
 In days of auld lang syne.

A splendid festival was given to Lafayette by the Fraternity of Philadelphia on the 2d of October. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Grand Lodge met in the Grand Lodge Hall and, being duly opened, a resolution was unanimously adopted, electing Brother Lafayette a member for life. A committee was then appointed to wait on him and escort him to the hall. He was met at the door by the Grand Marshal and Sword-bearer and ushered into the Lodge with appropriate Masonic honors. The following address was then delivered by the R. W. Deputy Grand Master James Harper (Grand Master Gibson being absent from the city):

"Brother Lafayette,—The Freemasons of Pennsylvania welcome you to their home with sincere and universal pleasure. Warmly participating in the sentiments which have everywhere burst from our fellow-citizens; in their lively gratitude for the services you rendered our country; in their admiration of your high and various virtues;

and in cordially reciprocating the attachment you have uniformly evinced for our liberties and happiness, we own, in addition, the pride and sympathy of Masonic Brotherhood.

"Your meritorious life has, indeed, justly illustrated our principles; and those who now surround you feel that, like Washington and Warren and Franklin, you have won their most affectionate veneration by shedding honor on their beloved Fraternity. Always contending, General, in the great cause of human rights, your success has equalled the disinterestedness and perseverance of your devotion. In America, as the companion and friend of the wisest and best of mankind, you will ever be regarded as one of the founders of the greatest, purest and happiest of republics; while, in your native land, it cannot be forgotten that amidst the storms of political revolution and through every vicissitude of personal fortune, you have stood an inflexible example of consistency, moderation and firmness. These impressions, common to the people of the United States, but most dear to us, are now indelibly inscribed upon the records of history and will pass to our latest posterity with the sanction of national unanimity.

"Receive then, most valued Brother, the heartfelt benediction of our sacred Institution. Receive the homage of free and upright men, who love you as an early benefactor, and whose affection must remain as sincere as your own virtues and permanent as your own glory.

"I have also the honor to present you with the copy of a resolution passed unanimously by the Grand Lodge during its present session, constituting you one of its members. I hope you will accept this as additional evidence of the high sense they entertain of your virtues, of the services you have rendered to mankind in general, and to Masonry in particular."

To this address Brother Lafayette made an animated and eloquent reply.

The company, numbering about four hundred Brethren, then proceeded to "the beautiful saloon and banqueting room of the Masonic Hall." The decorations are said to have been prepared with "refined taste and superior skill" and abounded in Masonic emblems.

In those days gas was not in so common use as now, and was, therefore, a subject of wonder. At the banquet it was made to play an effective part which was thus described: "A brilliant display of the power and beauty of the gas lights was exhibited immediately after the blessing was invoked by the Grand Chaplain, and while Brother Lafayette was in the act of taking his seat at the table. The saloon had till that moment been but partially illuminated and dim. An additional quantity of gas being turned into the chandeliers, the effect was instantaneous and almost overwhelming. A flood of splendid light was suddenly poured, as if by magic, into the room, producing sensations of

astonishment, mingled with admiration, in all. The incident particularly arrested the attention of the distinguished guest, who expressed his surprise and delight at the magnificence of the scene."

Among the toasts, were the following:

"The universal language of Freemasonry, May its soft and cheering voice win the kindness of its enemies."

"Masons of every tongue, kindred and nation. Their language is universal, and their bond of union, the best feelings of the heart."

"The Mystic Signal. The last appeal of a Mason to the first duty of his Brother."

"Our illustrious guest and Brother. He has animated the patriotism of the nation, and the hearts and the Lodges of his Brethren open at his approach to honor him."

After the last toast, General Lafayette arose, thanked his Brethren for the kindness and affection with which they had received him, and proposed the following sentiment: "The Yeas and Nays upon our Masonic Institution; Nays—Francis the Second of Austria and Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain. Yeas—Washington and Franklin!! The effect was electric and the applause of the company instantaneous, universal, heartfelt and enthusiastic.

In a future No. we may relate other interesting incidents in this wonderful progress, so honorable to all concerned.—*New Eng. Freemason.*

A MASONIC THERMOMETER.

Every body is familiar with a little instrument used for the purpose of determining the temperature of the atmosphere, by which the different degrees of heat or cold existing at one time in different localities, or at different times in the same locality, may be correctly measured. Although simple in its construction, it is generally regarded with curiosity, so much so that the passer-by almost involuntarily turns aside to note how it "stands." This is especially the case in times of extreme heat or cold, and while the information gained may be of no practical benefit to any one, it satisfies the individual and furnishes him a topic for conversation with the next person he may meet. In addition to the usual, "It's a very hot day," or "It's a very cold day," he is enabled to impart the further information that it is one degree colder to-day than it was this day one year ago, or that it is the hottest day of the season by two degrees, and has the figures to prove it in case his statement should be doubted.

In our travels among the Craft, after the "weather" has been duly disposed of, the first question usually is, "How is your Lodge flourishing?" or, "How do you find Masonry in your travels?" The condition of the Order is a subject of great interest to every true Mason, and

we are always glad to give our brethren information regarding it. To be able to do so, we have endeavored to derive the benefits arising from being a close observer, and in comparing one locality with another. In the absence of any personal knowledge regarding a particular locality or Lodge, we discovered, sometime since, that we had a very reliable Masonic thermometer to indicate the status of Masonry in it. Like Fahrenheit's thermometer, this instrument is a simple one, but thus far we have found it correct so far as pertains to Masonry. Our readers will hardly need to be told that it is nothing more or less than our subscription book. Show us the proportion of the membership of any Lodge who regularly read some valuable Masonic journal, and we will give you the comparative standing of the same among those in the same jurisdiction. We do not claim that this standing is regulated by the number of Masonic papers taken, although it is doubtless largely affected by it; but we do assert that the number of subscribers to a Masonic journal will be indicated by the intelligence of the membership.

If any one has any doubts upon this subject they can soon be removed if they will accept the position of traveling agent for any of the best Masonic journals now published.—*Masonic Advocate*.

MASONIC VITALITY.

The century in which we now live has been often and aptly characterized as the age of marvels. The genius, industry, and application of men have revolutionized the ideas of thirty years ago, and things which then, if predicted, would have been scouted at as impossibilities and only to be thought of as miracles most unlikely of accomplishment, are now such every-day affairs as scarcely to attract attention.

But of all the marvels of this nineteenth century the steady, upward and onward progress of the Masonic institution is the most marvelous. While social and business matters have undergone absolute revolutions, while parties in politics and sects in religion have been completely overturned, while ideas once—and but lately—universally accepted have been relegated to the dust and ashes of the past, Masonry has kept steadily on its way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but looking and marching always toward the ideal set out from the beginning. During the past few years the distress always following a war has fallen upon the commercial and industrial classes of this country with a force all the more severe, because the least prepared for and unexpected, yet we do not find any sensible check to the progress of the craft. Year by year its Lodges increase and its membership is enlarged, and that, too, in a degree which the most sanguine could not, in reason, have expected; and not only this, but the advanced degrees,

involving large expense to those who solicit them, have made greater strides than ever before, and are to-day much more sought after than has ever before been known in the history of the Fraternity. To account for this we must look beyond the surrounding circumstances; for we see that while trade is almost at a stand-still, while the work by which thousands get wealth and tens of thousands their daily bread, lags, because there is no demand, the progress of our institution is scarcely interrupted, and all the branches of the craft move forward as if possessed of the gift of perpetual and onward motion. The true solution is in the inherent and natural vitality of Freemasonry. It is the natural outgrowth of that persistent element of power and continuance which has ever distinguished the society. It is a demonstration of our right to live, and our claim upon the sympathy and good will of all men, of whatever persuasion or manner of thought, who wish to elevate the general social status and persuade men to live, not for themselves alone, but for the general good, and that each generation may take one step nearer toward that consummation which all good men so devoutly wish for, when nations shall no more make war, and when peace and good will shall prevail among men. Seeing this, we commend to those churchmen who still cling to the obsolete ideas of the middle ages the problem whether in the face of our constantly increasing strength, in view of the fact that no misfortune discourages and no adversity prevents our onward march, the work they have undertaken is not beyond their strength, and whether their efforts against us are not likely to recoil against themselves, as when a man cuts his nose off to spoil his own face?—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

There are some discussions going on at the present time which seem to require notice, in order that the brethren may know what danger surrounds them, and consider the proper course to follow, that Masonry may not be moved from its propriety, nor its enemies be able to arrest the beneficent work it is doing.

Every Mason knows, and every person not a Mason may know, if he takes the trouble to inquire, that Masonry is not a religious system, in the sense of being a worship, or having a form of religious adoration or a creed, but that on the contrary it only claims to be an association of men of good repute for the promotion of morality, virtue and good order. That while it always acknowledges and plainly teaches that man's first and greatest duty is to the Creator of all things, and allows no infidel to enter its fold, it leaves every man to seek the Heavenward path under the inspiration of his own conscience, and by such mode as may have been taught him in youth, or have been acquired as the result of

his matured judgment. Whatever this may be, no Mason owes the institution any explanation, and the society has not the most remote idea of ever inquiring, for the oft reiterated reason that we are not associated for religious purposes, but are simply an aggregation of men of the world, without other qualification of purpose than being men of fair reputation, and being united for the prosecution of a good design, we should, as a matter of course, leave all distinctions, whether religious or political, at one side. Nevertheless we have to meet a series of opponents who insist that we shall assume their ideas, and carry out their views,—who insist that we shall preach Christ crucified or give up the ghost.

Now, we have never undertaken to do anything of the kind; we have never made any profession as a society that should call upon us to do anything of the sort; we are now, and always have been, the exponents and the arbitrators of a morality to which all men can subscribe and never the exemplars of any religious faith whatever. Yet men will insist that we shall be of their creed; that we shall use our organization to promote their views; that we shall preach their doctrines, or, as we have said before, stop our work, and give up the mission upon which we have entered. Why, we ask in all sincerity, should we do this? Why are we required to take any part in the religious differences of the day? Why may we not go on with our work, seeking to unite good men for a good purpose without being required to preach or practice—as a whole—any particular mode of faith; why, we ask again, should it be expected of us that we be Jews or Gentiles, Musselmen, or any other form of belief, any more than it should be asked of any other association of men, that, eschewing all special forms of religious belief, they, nevertheless, do espouse one, out of the many, as *the* one which is to receive the benefit of their particular organization?—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A PARABLE.—A certain man who was very much deformed, saluted a Rabbi, saying, "Peace be unto thee." The Rabbi did not return the salutation, but said, "Racca, how ugly this man is? perhaps all thy townsmen are as deformed as thou art." The other replied, "I do not know; but go thou and say to the Workman that made me, how ugly is this vessel that thou hast made." Upon this the Rabbi dismounted from his ass, knowing that he had sinned, and fell on his knees before the man he had displeased, and said unto him, "Forgive me I beseech thee." But the deformed man answered, "I cannot forgive thee until thou hast been to the Workman and said, 'How ugly is this vessel thou hast made.'"—*Talmud.*

DEEP, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.

“THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.”

BY DR. NEWMAN, 32°.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite my fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

You cannot take a candidate who is not worthy and well qualified, and make him a Mason by conferring degrees. He must be a *man* God-like, his vision undimmed by vice, his thoughts elevated, his reason bearing full sway, stamped with the divine impress, or degrees will *never* make him a Mason. You may manipulate him, and restrain him for a time, but “Truth is mighty and will prevail;” his true character will develop itself, and when too late you will find that you have either a pestiferous meddler or a useless drone. Where were you taught to look first for the embodied principles of Masonry? At the heart. Will degrees make a Mason, and create what does not exist in the man? Never! never! Principles, eternal principles deeply planted by the *great I AM*, can only make Masons. Degrees make members; *Diety makes Masons.*—*J. R. Boyce.*

THE MASONIC ALMS CHEST.—Ours is a charitable Institution. Like other benevolent societies, it has a treasury and a treasurer, but its deeds of charity are by no means to be measured by the amount paid out of the treasury. Far from it. When it makes a man a Mason, it makes an alms-chest of his bosom, and it gives to every other brother throughout the world a key to it. When a brother dies, he leaves this golden key to his widow and orphans.

Silently are these alm-chests unlocked. The world hears not the lid cracking upon its hinges. Here are found not gold and silver alone, but what is sometimes a great deal more valuable—a smile of sympathy, a note of timely warning, and a word of cheering encouragement—the aid of a friend when such is needed and deserved.

There is no other alms-chest of human construction, fastened with one lock, to which there are ten thousand keys in every part of the world. This is the grand characteristic of this Fraternity, wherein it differs from all other societies of charitable origin.—*Bishop Randall.*

VALEDICTORY.

[In common with all reading Masons, we regret to see the following announcement. For the good of Masonry and the benefit of Masons it is to be hoped that the *National Freemason* will yet be put on a paying basis.—ED. MICH. FREEMASON.]

With the present number, we close the third volume of the *National Freemason*, and suspend its further publication. We confess that it is with great reluctance and with sincere regret that we have been compelled to adopt this course. For three years we have sought to maintain at the capital of the nation, a Masonic Magazine, which should be of some service to the Craft. The repeated comments of our cotemporaries, and numerous letters from our friends, leave us no room to doubt that the *National Freemason*, so far as it depended on the editor, has fulfilled all the promises made in the first number. There has been no lack of assurances on the part of our patrons, that they have been well satisfied with our course, and with the character of our journal. But praise alone, however abundant, is not enough to sustain any undertaking. It is not of war only that money constitutes the sinews. The printer must be reimbursed for the expenditure of his material and the editor for that of his time. Such reimbursement has not been received by either the publishers or the editor of the *National Freemason*. The joints must cease to play, for the sinews are wanting that should move them.

Whether the Magazine will be renewed, after a brief suspension, under a different arrangement, will not depend on ourselves. Some arrangements will be made if there is encouragement to revive it.

At all events, we part, whether temporarily or permanently, with our readers, with a grateful acknowledgment of the patronage that they have extended to us. To our cotemporaries, we return our thanks for the courtesy which they have always displayed. With but one exception we have received respect, kindness, and courtesy, and these we have always sought to return. We do not think that we have said at any time—we are sure that we have never said intentionally—an ill word of any one of those who, like us, have been laboring in the field of

journalism. Our intercourse has been pleasant, and our parting will be painful.

In an old Roman drama it was the custom, when the play was concluded, for the last actor to advance upon the stage, and say to the audience—"Plaudite"—*Give us your applause.* We would fain follow the example, but modesty forbids, and so we make our bow, and draw the curtain with the single but melancholy word—FAREWELL.

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Nov. 20th, 1874.

Question. We desire to confer the degrees upon a person now living in our jurisdiction, who has not been an actual resident for twelve months. Will you issue a Dispensation authorizing us to do so?

Answer. The Regulations of the Grand Lodge, section 2, article 13, absolutely prohibit a Lodge from initiating a candidate until he shall have been a resident of its territorial jurisdiction twelve months last preceding his application. These Regulations are the Masonic Law for this Jurisdiction. The Grand Lodge has no right to violate them, and they can be amended by it only in the manner prescribed in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. Of course it will not be pretended that the power of the Grand Master is greater than that of the Grand Lodge, and the result is there is no power to issue such dispensation as you desire. The individual in question cannot become a Mason until he can obtain a twelve months' residence within the territorial jurisdiction of some Lodge.

Question. Has a D. D. G. M. in this Grand Jurisdiction authority to dedicate a hall for Masonic purposes by virtue of his office, or must he have the authority of the Grand Master for that purpose?

Answer. He must have the authority of the Grand Master, and in acting he acts as proxy for the Grand Master.

Question. Can a Lodge room, held by a Lodge under a lease, be dedicated?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Can a subordidate Lodge change its site by a vote of the Lodge?

Answer. No. It can only change from one town to another by getting consent of the Grand Lodge, and from one place in a village or city to another place in the same corporation by a two thirds vote and the consent of the Grand Master. See Article 20 of the Regulations, Section 1 and 2.

Question. I am the Junior Warden of our Lodge. The W. M. has deceased; the Senior Warden has removed from the jurisdiction, and the whole care of the Lodge rests upon me. Will you issue a dispensation for a special election to fill these vacancies?

Answer. No special election is necessary. Under Section 2, Article 7, Regulations, the duties of the Master devolve upon you, and you can fill the west and south by appointment from time to time at each communication.

Question. A W. M. refuses to admit a Brother into our Lodge while in session. Is there any redress, and if so, what?

Answer. You do not state whether the brother applying for admission is a member of your Lodge or not. If he is a visiting Brother he has not an absolute right to enter the Lodge. If he is a member of your Lodge and in good standing he has a right to enter. The redress in case a Brother is deprived of his right by the W. M. would be by an application to the Grand Lodge or to the Grand Master, such application to be properly authenticated and state particular facts, with names and dates, so that the party complained of may be called upon to answer specific charges.

Question. As Worshipful Master of a Lodge I feel it my duty to attend. A Brother of the Lodge to my personal knowledge, has been guilty of unmasonic conduct of such character as to make it impossible for me to sit in the Lodge with him. He has been a warm personal friend of mine and I dislike to prefer charges. Can I suggest to him to keep away from the Lodge, and if he declines to heed the sugges-

tion, can I refuse him permission to enter, or what course would you advise me to pursue under the circumstance?

Answer. It is your duty to prefer charges at once. You should not take the course you suggest. If he should absent himself from the Lodge and no charges be preferred, not only your Lodge but the whole fraternity must bear the disgrace of his conduct. If the case be so grave that you cannot sit with him you should prefer charges at once and let him be notified and put upon his trial.

WM. L. WEBBER,
Grand Master.

MASONIC PRESENTATION.

[The following correspondence explains itself.—ED. FREEMASON.]

GRAND LODGE F. AND A. M., OFFICE OF GR. SEC.,
KALAMAZOO, MICH., November 13th, A. L. 5874.

Hon. Hugh McCurdy, Past Grand Master :

MY DEAR SIR AND M. W. BRO.—I have the honor to present you herewith the Past Grand Master's Jewel, voted you by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, in token of its appreciation of the able and admirable manner in which you discharged your duties in the high office of Grand Master, during the last Masonic year.

Permit me, my dear Brother, to add my congratulations on your receipt of this distinguished but merited mark of the estimation in which you are held by the Fraternity of this State, over which you so ably and Masonically presided during your term of office; and to express the hope that you may be long spared to wear the honors you have earned, as well as the Jewel by which those honors are symbolized, and to continue your labors in behalf of the the Craft we all love.

With sentiments of the most respectful consideration and esteem, I have the honor to be,

Truly and Fraternaly yours,

FOSTER PRATT, Grand Secretary.

CORUNNA, November 17th, A. L. 5874.

Dr. Foster Pratt, Grand Secretary, G. L. F. and A. M., Mich. :

MY DEAR SIR AND R. W. BRO.—I acknowledge with the profoundest gratitude the receipt of your communication of the 13th inst., presenting to me the Past Grand Master's Jewel, which you are pleased to say, in such complimentary terms, was voted to me by the Grand Lodge of Michigan as a token of its appreciation of my humble efforts in discharging the duties of Grand Master during the last Masonic year.

Permit me, my worthy Brother, in accepting so rich a prize, and one that I shall esteem a legacy in my family, to assure you of the deep feelings of gratitude that spring up in my heart of hearts. To be chosen Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan is of itself an honor that may well satisfy the most ambitious. Having been thus fully accredited by the partiality of my Brothers, and having ascended the Masonic ladder to its topmoust round, there to take upon me great and responsible duties for the benefit of the Order, I feel that I should be content

with the honors conferred; but when, in addition, I am followed in retracy with substantial marks of appreciation such as are now accorded in the letter you officially write and the gift you present in behalf of the Grand Lodge, no pen can adequately depict my emotions. Believe me, my dear Bro. Secretary, I can find no words that fully convey the gratitude these tokens have awakened. Honored as I have been, in the offices of the Grand Lodge, and now permitted to cast aside their responsibilities to mingle once more with Brothers in their private walks and in their tender charities to humanity, what more was wanting to make my Masonic life honorable or desirable!

The beauty and richness of the Jewel which you so kindly transmit, are enhanced by the deep significance of the emblems which adorn it, and which should silence the tongues of those who accuse us of practicing evil within the tyled recesses of our temples. The contemplation of these expressive symbols brings to the heart of every Mason the virtues and graces of that Divine charity—which sweeten this life and prepare for the next. May this great principle ever animate the heart of Masonry; and if by my humble efforts, I have aided in the work of raising our Temple, or of advancing the interests of the Craft—the recompense is sufficient.

Again assuring you of my gratitude, and trusting you will make known to the Grand Lodge the sentiments of my heart for its beautiful and significant token,

I remain, cordially and fraternally yours,

HUGH McCURDY, P. G. M.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not law.]

BLACK BALLS AND CHARGES.

Dear Bro.:—An Entered Apprentice, after examination for advancement in a Lodge, was stopped by a black ball. The W. M. decided that *the Brother casting the black ball must prefer charges.* Is this required? Please answer in the next number of the FREEMASON.
Nov. 12th, 1874. A YOUNG MASON.

Answer. It is almost surprising that even a young Mason should ask this question; but it is amazing that a W. M. should utter the absurdity attributed to one in the above note. We say "*absurdity*" deliberately: for how is the W. M. to find out *who cast* the black ball? Is there anything better understood or better established in Masonry than the absolute secrecy of the ballot? Does this W. M. propose to invade that secrecy, in order to impose a duty upon the Brother who, for any reason, has cast a black ball? If he does not dare to do this, how is he to fix the responsibility of the black ball or of the preferring of charges on any member of his Lodge? And if this responsibility

cannot be laid upon some specified Brother, is it not *absurd* to say that "*somebody*, that cast a black ball," must prefer charges. We remember, when we were young, "the boys" occasionally sang a song, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, of which the following is a couplet—upon refreshing our recollection, we rather think we sometimes sang it ourself:

"Somebody, what stole our old blue hen,
Might better let her be,' etc., etc.

But seriously—the law is clear and the soundness of it well established. Article XV, Section 2 of Regulations says: "The ballot for initiation, advancement or membership shall be strictly and inviolably secret." And Section 3, of the same Article, enforces this general declaration by specifically providing that "No member of a Lodge shall reveal the color of his ballot, nor question or be questioned thereon." Who cast the black ball? Who shall prefer charges? are questions to which the W. M. will get an answer about the same time that a satisfactory reply comes to the question—"Who struck Billy Patterson?"

The Regulations also exclude the idea of "charges" in such a case, by providing what shall be done in the contingency: for, in Article XVII, Section 1, it is declared, that "A candidate for initiation or advancement that has been rejected, by a Lodge having jurisdiction, may renew his application to the same Lodge at any succeeding regular meeting thereof." Charges and trial would need to be much more expeditiously disposed of than is usual—indeed more expeditiously than the law allows—or the candidate, while yet under charges, would be applying at the "next regular" for advancement.

If there is anything well settled in the Masonic Law of this Grand Jurisdiction, it is the right of every Mason, in good standing, to cast his ballot on every application for initiation, advancement or affiliation in his own Lodge; and to cast it as he pleases, remembering always, not to be actuated by any unworthy motive; and that he has no right to reveal the color of his ballot nor has any one the right to question him about it. And a similar right extends to the spoken objection; for when the objecting word is given instead of the black ball, the Brother can no more be required to reveal his *reasons*, or to *prefer charges* than when his identity lies hidden in the secrecy of the ballot box.

We venture to draw one "moral" from this discussion: It will greatly conduce to the harmony of Lodges if the officers and all the Brethren will read and study our law—*our* law; not the law of an author, nor the law of some other Grand Jurisdiction. Our law is now codified and published in one volume which costs only 30 or 45 cents, (according to binding,) and it is no longer a good excuse for ignorance of the law to say, "I couldn't find any law on the subject."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LEADING Editorials are crowded out.—ED. FREEMASON.

BRO. J. W. VAN FOSSEN, of Paw Paw, is the accredited Agent of the FREEMASON, and as such is cordially commended to our subscribers and friends, and to the Craft throughout the State. Any assistance that may be rendered him in the performance of his duties as a canvasser for the Magazine and the Agent of its Publishers, will be gratefully appreciated.

IHLING BROS.,
Publishers Michigan Freemason.

A SUBSCRIBER to our Magazine in Fond du Lac County, Wis., renews his subscription, sends his money, and says:

“I am highly pleased with the Magazine, and expect to obtain some subscribers soon.”

Money is a substantial item on our Bill of Fare; but good words with it, are a pleasant sauce. We like to have many subscribers—we like to have them pay—but we like also to know that they are satisfied with our work, and feel that they are getting the worth of their money.

THE THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, of His Excellency, Gov. Bagley, contains the following sentiment, which will find an echo in every grateful and generous heart:

“The generous response of the earth to our daily needs again reminds us of the old yet ever newly illustrated truth, that to every ‘Oh! my Father’ there comes a ‘Here, my child.’ While we rejoice in the evidence of a Divine Fatherhood, let us remember when gathered together on that day in our places of public worship, or at our firesides, that honest thanksgiving and praise find their true expression in charity of thought and deed, one to another, which gives promise and proof of the Divine brotherhood of man.”

MASONIC WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.—We are sure our readers will thank us for reproducing, from the *N. E. Freemason*, the “Masonic Welcome to Lafayette.” Aside from its historical interest—aside from the interest which every American Mason takes in everything relating to that noble Frenchman, who espoused the cause of Liberty, the cause of American Independence, and the cause of constitutional government; who was the bosom friend and compeer of him who was the Father of our Country, as well as our illustrious Brother in the Mystic Tie—aside from all this, we say, the article is interesting and instructive reading to every intelligent Mason.

It is, too, an admirable answer to the scurrilous and baseless abuse heaped on Masons by “Pope and Pagau.” It and other such scraps of history conclusively show how many of our Brethren, in all parts of the civilized world, have been, during the past century, among the

foremost in all effort, in all danger and in all sacrifice to secure human rights, and to promote the welfare and happiness of the human race. Until the traducers of our Fraternity can number in their ranks men as great, men as pure, men as liberal and men as effective in the great battle of human progress, we need not trouble ourselves, or descend from the proud dignity of our high position, to try titles, with them, to the gratitude and respect of the race; much less to defend, against their impotent hate, our right to live and breathe and mind our own business.

THE LIVING COMMUNION.

When wilt thou, Oh Father!
 Whatever thy name!
 Pour out on the nations
 Thy baptism of flame
 (As thou pourest the sunshine),
 And teach us to heed
 The living communion
 Of truth and of deed?

O, Charity! make us
 At peace with our kind,
 And establish thy kingdom
 In heart and in mind;—

Till thy will, in our wishes
 And actions, be done,
 Man gropeth in shadow,
 And waits for the sun.

He gropeth and creepeth,
 With symbol and creed,
 Till the Day of Salvation
 Be risen indeed,—
 Till the strong wing-ed Seraph—
 The Angel of Light,—
 Roll the stone of great Darkness
 Away from the Night.

—*Trowbridge.*

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF FREEMASONRY.—The possessors and readers of Mackey's Encyclopædia of Freemasonry are requested by the author to make a slight correction, with their pen or pencil, on page 905, second volume, line 27 from the bottom. The printer has inadvertently printed *German Assembly*. It should be *General Assembly*. The mistake is almost too absurd to need correction, and yet it is as well that it should be made.

THE GENESIS of many of the, so-called, Masonic—but really new-fangled—Rites is happily hit off by Bro. McAlla, the editor of the *Keystone*.

The mania of some for Degrees and Societies, he says, is so insatiate that "not satisfied with joining every secret society that is known, but, emulous of King Solomon's honors, desire to sire some that are unknown. To accomplish this they summon several congenial Solmonic spirits, cook up a ritual, conjure a name, put "Masonic" before it to gull the gullable, and then launch their society upon the social sea and advertise to take passengers in their craft at from five to ten dollars per head. These leaders are some of them well-intentioned, harmless people, who would not think of doing an unwise thing, if they knew

it; while others are so supremely ambitious of making a name, or money, or both, that the ability to found a new society is prized by them as a gift of genius vouchsafed only to men of the rarest natural endowments. This leadership reaches the height of the ridiculous when it presumes to unite men and women in a common society, and then dub it "Masonic." We have always been taught that no woman can be made a Mason. We have never seen a woman who was an operative Mason, and we never expect to see one who is a speculative Mason. That rite is a farce and a delusion which arrogates to itself the power to make a woman a Mason.

“Oh glorious gift of Brotherhood!
 Oh sweet elixir of the blood,
 That makes us live with those long dead,
 Or hope for those that shall be bred
 Hereafter!” * * *

—P. G. Lathrop, in *Atlantic* for Dec. '74.

More glorious far that Brotherhood,
 More sweet th' elixir in the blood,
 Whose mystic pow'r, by Charity,
 Binds living men in peace and unity! **

LAFAYETTE'S TOAST: "The yeas and nays on our Masonic Institution—*Nays*: Francis the Second of Austria (who brutally imprisoned Lafayette,) and Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain, (who seized the property of Masons and imprisoned some and drove many into exile.) *Yeas*: Washington and Franklin." Has anybody ever heard anything mean or brutal of these?

The *nays* of to-day are equal in bigotry and, had they but the power of despots, they would prove themselves equal, in cruelty and outrage, to their infamous predecessors.

But from the Pope down to Blanchard they are fangless; and however "willing to wound" they are unable "to strike." "Slanders do not hurt me, because they cannot hit me," said Socrates; and the half a million of Masons in the United States are not likely to be put in deadly fear of the impotent malice of a handful of fanatics.

THE *Voice of Masonry* publishes, monthly, a list of the Grand Secretaries of all the Masonic Bodies of each State. It states, speaking of Michigan, that Comp. Chas. K. Kruger, of Grand Rapids, is Grand Secretary of our Grand Chapter. This is an error. Comp. and P. G. M. J. Eastman Johnson is now, and for years has been, the able and accomplished incumbent of that office.

"A MAN AT PEACE," on page 313 of the November number of the Magazine, which, by mistake was credited to the *Repository*, should be credited to the *Musical and Masonic Journal*.

THE FOLLOWING dispatch to the Associated Press of Nov. 23d might have been headed "Important, if true":

CINCINNATI, O., November 22.

The union on a cordial fraternal footing of the York Rite and Scottish Rite Masons in the reception given yesterday to Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, the highest national officer in both orders, is regarded here by Masons with great satisfaction as an indication that the barriers to a perfect fraternal feeling between the orders have been broken down.

OUR hopes of honor on the sand are built,
When we "call *Greatness*, what the Gods call *Guilt*."

Tidings from the Craft.

THE GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER.

TWENTY-SECOND TRI-ENNIAL CONVOCATION AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

The officers and members of the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States met, in tri-ennial convocation, at Nashville, Tenn., on Tuesday, Nov. 24th. Its sessions continued three days.

The officers and members of this body of Masons, being assembled in the Capitol Building, were elegantly welcomed to the State and to Nashville by Mayor Howell, on behalf of the Governor of the State, and on his own behalf as Mayor of the city. An elegant and in all respects a happy response to this welcome was made by Comp. Josiah H. Drummond, of Maine, the General Grand High Priest. We regret that want of space prevents giving these characteristic addresses in full.

After the ceremonies of welcome were concluded at the Capitol, the General Grand Chapter convened at Masonic Hall and proceeded to dispatch the business of the Convocation.

The report of the Committee on Credentials showed that about thirty States and Territories were represented.

The address of the G. G. High Priest, J. H. Drummond, was delivered during the afternoon session and was full of interest.

The Constitution was so amended as to add the four grades of Past General Grand officers, next below the grade of G. G. High Priest, to the permanent members of the G. G. Chapter.

A grand banquet was held, during the evening of the first day, at the Maxwell House. The toasts and speeches, both regular and volunteer, were interesting and spicy. The toast to Michigan was responded to by Comp. L. H. Randall, of Grand Rapids, P. G. H. P.; and the toast to

"Michigan, the Champion of Knightly drill" was responded to by Sir Knight Charles T. Hills, of Muskegon.— (*Where was Detroit?*)

During the morning session of the second day, the usual routine business was transacted; and during intermission the officers and members of the G. G. Chapter, called, in a Body, to pay their respects to Mrs. Jas. K. Polk, at her residence in Nashville.

Officers of the G. G. Chapter, for the ensuing tri-ennial period, were elected in the afternoon, resulting in the choice of Comp. Elbert H. English, of Arkansas, as G. G. High Priest; and Comp. Christopher G. Fox, of Buffalo, New York, as G. G. Secretary.

Charters were granted to Chapters in Colorado and Montana, and in Washington and Utah Territories.

During the morning session of the third day, resolutions were adopted regretting the use of "*substitutes*" in the Royal Arch Degree; but disapproving the legislation of Grand Chapters forbidding their use; and recommending that the whole question, of their use, be left to the *subordinate Chapters* of the several States and Territories.

The Grand Chapters of Nevada and of West Virginia were recognized.

This being Thanksgiving day, the G. G. Chapter was "called off" and attended Divine Service in a Body.

Convening again in the afternoon, resolutions were adopted providing for the reprint of the Proceedings of the G. G. Chapter from 1798 to 1856;

Making the minimum fee for a Charter to a Subordinate Chapter ninety dollars;

Levying on each Grand Chapter a *per capita* tax of one cent on each Royal Arch Mason carried on its rolls;

Recognizing the Grand Chapter of Nova Scotia; Postponing the recognition of the Grand Mark Lodge of England and Wales;

Appointing a Committee on Titles of R. A. Chapter;

And a Committee to revise the Constitution of the G. G. Chapter.

Officers were then installed; resolutions of thanks adopted; minutes read and approved, and the G. G. Chapter was closed in Ample Form, to convene at Buffalo, N. Y., on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1877.

We tender thanks to Comp. Chas. T. Hills, for papers containing accounts of the proceedings which we have summarized for the readers of the FREEMASON.

TRI-ENNIAL GRAND CONCLAVE.—The Tri-ennial General Grand Conclave of the U. S. Encampment of Knights Templars, which met, in New Orleans, on the first Tuesday of December, bade fair, (as we went to press,) to be a very large and interesting meeting. We shall give full particulars in the January number of the Magazine.

We regret that the attendance, from Michigan, the State that bears the Banner in Drill, is so small.

ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS.

CORUNNA, Nov. 25th, 1874.

Editor Freemason:—The M. I. Grand Master Wm. Brown, assisted by Companions C. W. Strait, of Battle Creek; E. Sprague, of Pontiac, and a large number from St. John's, visited our Council on yesterday for work. The Degree of R. and S. Master was conferred, by Grand Master Brown, on *twenty-three* Companions;—the biggest job, I venture to say, ever done in this or any other State.

Of the accomplished ease and perfection with which Grand Master Brown does the work of this department of Masonry, it is idle to speak; and the adaptability of Comp. Strait to his part of the labor cannot be surpassed. "After Labor, Refreshment;" and, in harmony with this sentiment, a large number of Companions participated in an elegant and most enjoyable banquet after their arduous labors were closed.

G. M. Brown goes from here to Pontiac to help them in their labors and confirm them in their Masonic zeal. ZABUD.

BLANCHARD & Co. IN COUNCIL.

A Grand National Conclave of those whose nightly rest is disturbed on account of secret societies—Masons in particular—was held in Chicago on the 18th and 19th of November. Their proceedings are a curious jumble of ignorance, bigotry and nonsense. In one breath Masonry was denounced as the great monster of the 19th century; and in the next it was conclusively proved to be a ridiculous farce—quite beneath the notice of any intelligent man. By one orator it was declared to be the "sum of all villainies," and by the next as too contemptible to merit attention.

We quote from the Chicago daily papers one rich scene as a sample of its proceedings:

Rev. Mr. Cogwелlette, a French Canadian, and a seceding Mason, revealed the secrets of the craft to the convention. He stated that he had taken sixteen degrees, but he felt the profession of Masonry was not compatible with the profession of Christianity. He had no doubt that the action he had taken in withdrawing from the organization would cause him trouble, but he could not conscientiously remain within its secret circle. When he was exercising authority in the Lodge he ruled with a rod of iron and did not give those below him the slightest show. He pledged himself to support this association.

Dr. McMurdy, who was present, made things pretty lively for a time in the convention. He took up the cause of Masonry with considerable warmth, and asked if the senate of the United States did not often hold secret sessions, and if the secret Session at which Dr. Seymour was defeated did not partake of the secrecy of Masonic Lodges. He

stated that the proceedings of the Grand Lodges were published and could be obtained by any one.

President Blanchard—I know that is false, for I have striven for years to get them and have failed.

Dr. McMurdy—The last speaker has courteously challenged my veracity. Now I am willing to give the name of parties from whom the proceedings can be purchased, and if some one is sent at once for them, I will pledge my honor that they will be obtained. Any one who knows me would not doubt my word.

Dr. Blanchard—Will the gentleman give his name to the convention?

Dr. McMurdy rose to speak, but evinced no desire to give his name. He said he merely wished to put the convention right on a question of which they evidently were ignorant.

Loud cries of "Give us your name," and general uproar.

Dr. McMurdy again tried to speak, but he could not make his voice heard above the general babel of tongues calling for "Name, Name."

The president (Dr. Walker) vociferated that it was not courteous of the stranger, having been asked to give his name, to refuse it.

One excited delegate cried out that no one had a right to address the convention, if the name were not given.

Order being partially restored, Dr. McMurdy said it was evident the convention did not want light on the subject, and if it was not their intention to have any interlopers present, he would withdraw.

We give the following samples of the consistency of the views held by the convention :

Mr. Fanning held that the antiquity claimed for Masonry was a claim to which they had no title. The order originated in London, in 1717, and was born in iniquity. Therefore an effort had been made to trace its origin into ancient times. It was even now claimed to aid and abet every crime in the decalogue. Masonry, in fact, was a fraud of a seriously injurious character. It fostered aristocratic forms of government, and therefore was the enemy of democratic government. The Christian religion was involved in this issue. Seeing that both civil and religious liberty were endangered by this order they should awaken to the needs of the hour. Eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, and it was only by eternal vigilance that they could avoid the threatening danger, and he urged all to take up the fight of republicanism and Christianity. * * * * *

Per contra, Dr. Blanchard observed that the effect of the previous night's meeting must have a salutary and beneficial effect, because it gave an impression that Masonry was a farce and not worthy of the time, attention, and money of thinking men.

The following resolutions were adopted :

Resolved, That obligations to keep secrets or to obey unknown laws imposed by an oath or promise imply an abrogation of the rights of conscience and of God's authority over it.

Resolved, That while secret orders, based on such obligations, are as numerous and as flourishing as they are now in this nation, the correction of political abuses or preservation of political equality, or a pure administration of government, is an absolute impossibility.

Resolved, That the impunity of great criminals, the reign of terror in the south, and the unprovoked, unpunished murderers of the last ten years, are the natural outgrowth of secret associations.

Resolved, That the rituals of the principal secret orders of our time are disclosed with such clearness of evidence as to leave no room for rational doubt of the truth of the disclosures.

Resolved, That the important parts of these rituals are the oaths or obligations, and that these oaths or obligations are of no value but to enable a man to ensnare his fellows as voters, witnesses, jurymen, sheriffs, judges, governors, presidents, ministers of religion, and brother secretists.

Resolved, That the claims of Masonry as set forth by their highest authorities, wherein it is declared that whoso is a good Mason is thereby prepared for heaven independently of the gospel, the atonement of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit's work, and that it is the only true reformatory institution in existence, stamp it as anti-Christian and blasphemous.

Resolved, That Masonry at the present day receives its most efficient support from its kindred associates such as Odd Fellowship and Grangerism: that therefore these institutions are to be viewed as highly objectionable by all the Christian philanthropists.

Resolved, That the frivolities of the Lodge ceremonies, called by Washington "for the most part mere child's play," and its other objectionable features, deemed by him as dangerous to the government, and the millions of money it exhausts, and the tremendous power it exerts, admonish us to a more earnest opposition to this with all other fraternities.

Resolved, That all friends of the divine and open methods of truth, in opposition to the guileful and secret methods of error, should speak, act, give, vote, pray, and labor by all honorable and gospel means in their power to hasten the complete overthrow of secretism, and above all things be sure they do this in a spirit of meekness and love for all men, with no sinister purpose, with a supreme desire to honor Christ and save men temporarily and eternally, and that all this be with single reliance on the power and help of our God.

What the press of Chicago thought of these performances is indicated by editorials which we take from the *Tribune* and *Times* of the 20th.

The *Times* editorial says:

"SECRET SOCIETIES.—A harmless squad of busybodies, assembled in Methodist block, has been agitating a very ancient subject. The right of men to band themselves into secret organizations has been a matter of dispute for centuries, and will probably continue so as long as the desire to meddle in other people's business remains a human failing. But as secret societies have held a tolerably healthy existence ever since men have found it advisable to hold private dealings with their fellow-men, it is likely they will flourish serenely to the end of time.

Religious antipathy to the secret secular organization, like every other form of religious prejudice, must have its reign. It can neither be reasoned nor laughed away. If a whole religious sect believes Masonry a device of the devil, and a clandestine method of smuggling human souls to perdition, the only thing for Masons to do is to bide their time, and leave to patient futurity its never-failing task of soothing away error. Fortuitous justice will hardly let a generation pass without holding up a marked example of the fatuity and inconsistency of bigoted aversion. Catholics, with all their honest hatred of mysterious Masonry, and sublime reverence for the head of their church, must have their natural sense of the incongruous queerly excited at the spectacle of Masonry turning the joke on the Pope. The latter has actually been proved to be a member of the secret order in question, and Victor Emanuel has duly expelled him for "perjury."

But while respect may be entertained for an honest religious dislike of the secret society bugaboo, there can be only ridicule for secular, and quasi-pious howlings at the institution in question. The *Times* has no personal information concerning the inner workings of "Lodges." The Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, and the rest, shut unkind doors in the faces of its representatives. But the *Times* does know that many estimable people are members of these and other similar societies. It knows that these bodies contain citizens who are ornaments to society and business. It knows that they are agreeable men and women, who injure nothing from a fly to a religious sect; who comfort themselves and others; attend to their own affairs, and live and die in the fear of God and the respect of mankind. It knows that a profound acknowledgment of Almighty power and goodness is a fundamental rule of every secret organization, of any account, in existence. Knowing these things, while it may have a certain veneration, coupled with regret, for those who conscientiously oppose secret

organizations because of religious belief, the *Times* cannot forbear prodding all other anti-Masonic fanatics.

For the "Doctors," and pseudo "Reverends," who discourse cheap fustian at Methodist block, there can be only pity and derision. Their impudence in raging at secret societies is both ill-bred and comical. What right have they to interfere with a number of gentlemen who desire to congregate in private, for social or other rightful purposes? because some of the malcontents are smarting under the disgrace of the black-ball, they must needs tilt virtuously at the sacred human privilege of seclusion. Is there any more harm in a large number of individuals transacting their affairs privately, than in a smaller body? If Masons, and other respectable societies, must be forced to whisk aside the veil of secrecy, what is to prevent the intrusion of curious asses into anybody's family circle, business office, or other inviolate retreat? The right of privacy is one of the holiest vouchsafed human kind. Whoever trespasses upon it, unless assured beyond all peradventure that he is laying bare that which is infamous, is intrusive, sneaking, and despicable. Even religious dislike is no warranty for directly interfering with the privilege of two men, or two million men, to have certain things in joint secrecy, so long as the men are known to be in the average upright and generally estimable."

The *Tribune* editorially, of the same date, has the following :

"THE MASONIC BUGABOO.—If we are to believe the enemies of Masonry, the Lodge-room must be a chamber of horrors, in comparison with which Dante's *Inferno* is quite insignificant. We are told that the brethren go round shrieking "Jubila, jubilo, jubulum," as Solomon did to the workmen who were building the Temple; which, of course, is quite absurd, because "Jubila, jubilo, jubulum," is Latin, and Solomon never spoke Latin, the classics not being a part of his many accomplishments. Clergymen are led into the Lodge-room with ropes about their necks, one shoe off and the other shoe on, (Hey diddle dumpling, my son John), and stripped of a portion of the raiment,—a costume almost as unique as that worn upon some occasions by the Sons of Malta. This is sufficiently distressing, and ought to be a solemn warning to the brethren how they dally with the deceitful goat. Let them cling to the horns of the altar lest the horns of the goat lead them to the halter.

Another member told his little story, announcing to those present the dire disasters which overtake such luckless Masons as inform their wives, in moments of inebriation or absent-mindedness, of any of the secrets of the Order. First, they cut their throats across. Then his tongue is torn out. Then, notwithstanding his complaints at their rough treatment, they let out his heart and bowels, so that he has no further use for affection or food. Having accomplished this, they then burn him to ashes, singing "Jubila, jubilo, jubulum," we presume, and dancing up and down, kicking up a dust with the ashes of the late departed. Then they gather the ashes up in a dust-pan and scatter them to the four winds of heaven, arrangements having been made, of course, beforehand with the Signal Service to have the wind blow all four ways at once that day in order to distribute the late deceased as impartially as possible. The horrors of such a treatment are enhanced by the fact that it will be next to impossible for the deceased to find the whole of himself when he wants to rise at the summons of Gabriel's trumpet. The worst, however, is yet to come, for one of the Grand Masters was struck upon the windpipe with a square by Jubilo. Then Jubila hit him a terrible blow on the breast with a compass; and Jubulum knocked him clean out of time and fixed him for the rest of the night with a stuffed club. The very next day the victim went to church and discovered that Jubulum was his minister. We haven't much sympa-

thy for the victim, however, who would coolly stand this kind of business and not get even with Jubilum at the first opportunity.

To all such twaddle as this there can, of course, be no answer made. It answers itself by its own absurdity.

To conclude our account of this farrago of nonsense, and at the same time to show how and when our "antis" expect to succeed in their warfare against us, we give the following sample of their sweet hopes. The *Times* says editorially :

"ONE of the members of the Anti-Secret Society association, now in session in this city, bemoaned the indifference of Christians to the growing power of Freemasonry. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if the Masons would but murder somebody! That would arouse the churches." Quite likely. But this zealous brother ought to understand that it is contrary to the teachings of Masonry and other secret societies to commit murder. And if the churches wait till a murder is committed by Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Druids, the Sons of Herman, or other benevolent organizations, it is very much to be feared that they will never be aroused."

ANTHON.—On Thursday at Cooperstown, where he has been for some time past, the M. W. John H. Anthon, Past Grand Master of Masons in New York, departed this life after a long illness, and to-day his remains are to be committed to their last resting-place. Like all men of strong character, this distinguished Mason had warm friends and persistent enemies; the former will long regret that the brilliant abilities of Bro. Anthon should thus early be closed in the silent embrace of death, and all of the latter will feel that in the grave all enmities should cease, and only the brighter and better attributes be remembered. We tender our warmest sympathies to all who loved him most.—*N. Y. Dispatch, November 1.*

WE also publish, in addition to the above, the following official notice of the death of P. G. M. Anthon :

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY, G. L. F. & A. M.,
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
NEW YORK, November 12th, 1874.

R. W. Foster Pratt, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Michigan :

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—It is made my sad duty to notify the Grand Lodge of Michigan of the decease, on October 29th, 1874, at Cooperstown, N. Y., of M. W. John H. Anthon, Past Grand Master and Representative of your Grand Lodge, near the Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

Please communicate the same to your Grand Master.

Very truly and fraternally yours,

JAMES M. AUSTIN, Grand Secretary.

ON MONDAY evening, Nov. 9th, the Lodge Room of Big Rapids Lodge, No. 171, was destroyed by fire. The fire broke out in the cellar, while the Lodge was at work and made such rapid progress that some of the Brethren found it difficult to make their way down through the fire and smoke.

Fortunately the Charter and Records of the Lodge were saved. The uniforms of most of the Knights Templars, whose commandery held its conclaves in the same room, were also saved. Building and furniture were insured for \$1,000—but the loss, over the amount insured, is estimated at \$1,000. The Lodge, we are informed, expects to continue its work for the present in Odd Fellows Hall.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular communication of Hudson Lodge, U. D. F. & A. M., held at Pine Grove Mills, Nov. 10th, 1874, A. L. 5874, the following minute was adopted on the death of Frank E. Mooney :

"It has pleased God by a sudden and terrible providence, to remove from our midst our worthy Bro. Frank E. Mooney, at the early age of twenty-three years. He was one whom living we loved for his many attractive social qualities, and whom we honored for his zeal as a Mason. He commanded our respect by the filial and fraternal spirit which he manifested toward his widowed mother and his sister, whose only earthly support he was. To them he was devoted, tender and loving; to us he was always courteous and kind in all the relations which existed between us. We deeply feel his loss both as a citizen and a Brother. We will cherish his memory and emulate his virtues; and in that grave to which faithful Craftsmen have borne his body, we also bury the faults which human imperfection imparts to us all.

"To his afflicted family we extend our deepest sympathy; and will remember them as coming within the limits of that Mystic circle whose centre is here, but whose circumference is as extensive as the entire Brotherhood.

"Your Committee recommend that this minute be recorded in our proceedings and published in the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased."

W. A. MASKER,
HIRAM COBB, Committee.

DAVID D. WISE, W. M.
O. L. MOSHIER, Secretary.

AT A regular communication of Hudson Lodge, U. D., F. & A. M., held at Pine Grove Mills, Nov. 19th, 1874, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, Death has invaded the ranks of our Brotherhood, and our worthy Brother, T. G. Cutler, who died the 5th day of September, A. D. 1874, A. L. 5874, has fallen a victim to his power, and

WHEREAS, That from his associations among us, as a Lodge (however short) we feel it is but fitting that we take note of his demise, and to administer comfort and consolation to those bereft; therefore,

Resolved, That we testify our sincere respect for our Brother while living, and join with his bereaved family, relatives and friends in this, their affliction.

Resolved, That it affords us no small gratification to be able to point to our late Brother as one who, while among us, was respected by all that knew him, to be not only a good and true man, but a just and upright Mason, and we commend this to those afflicted as having in it much to console them.

Resolved, That we especially and tenderly sympathize with the family of our deceased Brother, and express the prayer that the God of the widow and fatherless may watch over, care for, and protect them as they shall need.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Brother, also a copy to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and a copy be placed on file in the archives of this Lodge.

DAVID D. WISE,
HIRAM COBB, Committee.

DAVID D. WISE, W. M.
O. L. MOSHIER, Secretary.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—JANUARY, A. L. 5875.—NO. VII.

EMPRESS EUGENIE SKETCHED BY NAPOLEON III.

In days when the Second Empire, though really far advanced on the road of its portentous decadence, was to all outward seeming firmly fixed, and when its Chief, though checked and thwarted by the growing Prussian giant who had originally courted his favors, bade fair despite the 'black spots' visible on the horizon, to run on to the close of his career as 'the modern Augustus,' peacefully and splendidly seated on the throne of his uncle, there was seated in Paris, with the title of *Dix Decembre*, a newspaper, not merely undisguisedly Imperialist in tone, but, like one or two others, in reality entirely under the immediate control of the Emperor; so much so that articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. The following sketch of the Empress, which appeared in the *Dix Decembre* of December 15, 1868, was the first of these, and the MS. draft, *written entirely in the Emperor's autograph*, was found two years afterwards, when the catastrophe of Sedan installed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries.

Under these circumstances, the brief sketch, which embodies with its necessary artificiality several touches of nature, possesses considerable interest. The following translation has been made as *literally* as possible.

At the end is added a curious illustrative reminiscence of the Empress in youth by Washington Irving, with which few probably are acquainted.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

To-morrow is the *fete*-day of the Empress! The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth, and daughter of

an illustrious partician family, certain public organs endeavor continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism, and with all the prejudices of aristocracy. It is hard that, placed on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued. A short sketch of her life will show them in their true light.

The father of the Empress Eugenie was the Count of Montijo, one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars. Acting his part in our period of reverse no less than in that of success, covered with wounds, he was one of the last to fire off against the enemies of France the cannon of the Buttes de Chaumont. Withdrawing into private life at the fall of the Empire, he preserved his Napoleonic symyathies, and his Liberal ideas drew upon him persecution by the government of Ferdinand VII.

In 1838 the Countess of Montijo came to Paris with her two daughters, to place them in a great educational establishment. Pupil at the Sacre-Cœur, she who was to be one day Empress of the French, and who was spoken of then as the young Countess of Teba, acquired, one may say, the French language before the Spanish.

A few years later the Montijo family returned to Spain, where the Count died. From the hands of their mother the two girls received the finishing touches of their education, and their introduction to society.

Those who visited Madrid at that epoch will remember that hospitable *salon*, which the foremost intellects of all countries—diplomats, men of letters, or artists—seemed to create into a *rendezvous*. Everywhere was praised the supreme distinction with which, by her *esprit* and her affability, the Countess of Montijo did the honors of this society, of which her two daughters formed the ornament. The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether influenced by the souvenirs of the years she had passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm, she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas. Her ardent imagination sought an aliment for its noble aspirations towards the beautiful and the useful, and often she has been known to pass hours together in the study of the works of Fourier. Her friends called her, smilingly, *la Phalansterienne*.* It was

* Fourier and his *Phalansterian* associations being now of but faded fame, probably for the general reader it may be well to explain briefly that in this system of philo-

impossible not to admire this young girl of eighteen preoccupied to such a degree by these social problems, and seeming to prepare herself by such meditation for some high and mysterious destiny.

A curious incident of her life deserves to be told. Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the Prince who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by unlooked-for circumstances.

This sorely-tried Prince she was some years later herself to see—in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attractions of her beauty, of her *esprit* and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny.

The Countess of Teba has not disappeared under the lustre of the diadem of France. The character of the Empress still remains that of a lady of the simplest and most natural tastes. After her visit to the cholera patients at Amiens nothing seemed to surprise her more than the murmur of applause which everywhere celebrated her courageous initiative; she was indeed at last distressed by it.

The lot of all classes of the unfortunate constantly awakens her especial solicitude. It is known with what efficacious activity she has intervened in the reorganization of the prisons for youthful offenders; in the labor of the reclaiming and charitable societies. She founded the *Societe des Prets de l'Enfance au Travail*. How many generous reforms she still pursues with a marvelous perseverance! One finds still in her a little of the young *Phalansterienne*. The condition of women singularly preoccupies her; her efforts are given to the elevation of her sex; it was she who, on a fitting occasion, decorated Rosa Bonheur.

In two instances, during the war of Italy, and during the voyage of the Emperor to Algeria, she has exercised the regency. Every one knows with what moderation, what political tact and sentiment of justice.

Relieved of the occupations of duty, the Empress devotes herself to serious studies. One may say there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, History,

sophical education one of the chief elements (accompanied by others of the wildest nature) was the organization of humankind into *phalansteres*, or societies of common toil, having special provision for the natural aptitudes of each individual.

and Art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea party of the Empress.

Surrounded by a select circle she engages with equal facility in the most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of perception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of expressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of color and life. With astonishing power of exactness in conversation on common affairs, she rises in remarks on matters of state or morality to a pitch of real eloquence.

Pious without being bigoted, well informed without being pedantic, she talks on all subjects with great unconstraint. She, perhaps is too fond of discussion.* Very sprightly in her nature, she often lets herself be carried away by her feelings, which have more than once excited enmities; but her exaggerations have always for their foundation the love of good.

Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for the son.

It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence, in that growth of mental power which in the inheritor of so high a fortune is the pledge of the most brilliant future career.

I believe I have told you [wrote Washington Irving to his niece, Mrs. P. M. Irving, on February 28, 1853, referring to the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon and Eugenie to that 'hospitable *salon*' in which he had known the Empress in youth] that I know the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who has been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Teba, at Granada—a gallant intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye and being maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The younger of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterwards, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On my making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Teba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoke of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I have known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid.

* None but Cæsar himself writing of his spouse would have ventured to put in this naive little touch among the laudatory compliments.

After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capitol. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married whilst I was in Madrid to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British Crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Again, on the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote :

Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson ; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada ! The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid ; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon the throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most religious orders. Poor ——— ! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of two. 'The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest ;' but the other is launched from a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea, infamous for its shipwrecks.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

VENUS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

One glorious evening in October a little caravan might have been seen toiling up a steep hill in the vicinity of New York ; said caravan consisting of a furniture truck filled with the personal property of Prof. Douglass, and a wagon, containing his wife, a young friend of the family, Alexander M'Shane, and a quantity of loose articles too numerous to mention.

The professor had gone on ahead with his daughter Madeline.

Mrs. Douglass glanced nervously at the heterogeneous mass of familiar articles piled up before them, and, sighing heavily, looked at her companion.

"If only Madeline has put a few things away out of that first load, Aleck," she said wistfully—"got out the tea-kettle, you know, and wiped off a few cups and saucers ! I'd so like to have a cup of tea for the professor !"

Aleck turned upon the poor lady so loving a smile, so bright and cheery withal, that it lighted up his plain face wonderfully.

"That will be all right, Mrs. D.," he said. "We'll have up that stove in a twinkling of an eye, and we'll make those old cups and saucers jump. I had an eye on the tea-caddy myself ; and before you know where you are the professor shall have a cup of tea that'll make his hair stand on end. As to Maddie, you know, we can't expect her to bother with these things."

Mrs. Douglass was silent a while ; then she turned her sad brown eyes upon Aleck.

"It's a great change for Madeline," she said, "a very great change.

She's been used to no such excitement, adulation, and amusement, I don't know how she'll get on ; but it was all we could do. You see it was ruinous living in the city ; the rent was so high, and there was so many incidental expenses, and the professor's sight becoming impaired, he has not yet made up his mind how to place himself."

Aleck listened as respectfully as if he had been a condensed drawing-room of afternoon callers ; but Mrs. Douglass at last came back to the consciousness that she was not talking to Mrs. Grundy, but only to poor Aleck M'Shane.

"It was all he could do, Aleck," she repeated ; "we would have starved in that great hungry city."

"Oh, no, Mrs. D.," cried Aleck, hastily ; "not quite ; no, indeed. I assure you I'm a humble individual in my way, but I could have kept the wolf from the door with this red right hand of mine."

He flourished the puny, bloodless hand of a city clerk in the air, and Mrs. Douglass laughed, and put her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"You're such a good fellow," said she ; "it's a pity you should waste your life here dangling after Madeline. She's so spoiled you can never tell whether she cares for you or not ; and I'm sure the way we're situated now, I don't see why you should sacrifice—"

"Ah, Mrs. Douglass," cried Aleck, "it is the situation now that has the charm for me. Maddie, being deucedly lofty, has given all her purse-proud friends the slip ; the fiat has gone forth that neither rich nor poor shall be allowed to enter our humble domicile, and sneer at its unfrescoed walls. I may thank the good Goddess of Poverty for the privilege of sharing your retirement."

A turn in the road here brought the cottage in view, and they found Madeline enthroned upon a pile of mattresses upon the porch, and the professor botanizing in a neighboring field.

"What a lovely view we've got!" said Madeline. "I've been hoping you'd get here before the light leaves the shores yonder ; it was wonderfully beautiful an hour or two ago, but it's been fading gradually ever since. There's only a remnant of its glory left. Come and look at it while it lasts."

"I'd be delighted," said Aleck, "but I'm in a deuced of a hurry just now to get up the kitchen stove. Just persuade it to stay till the fire's lighted, and some cups and saucers washed, and the tea put to draw, and I'll be on hand."

Aleck followed Mrs. Douglass to the kitchen. When he got back to the porch his hands were rather sooty, and a broad black bar rested on his nose ; but it had grown too dark for Madeline to see these imperfections, and she was persuaded to go in and have a cup of tea that was warming the heart of the professor.

The next morning Aleck jumped out of bed at sunrise, and ran down stairs two steps at a time. He had determined that the old kitchen, which had looked rather cavernous and gloomy the night before, should greet its poor tired mistress with a welcoming fire. What was his surprise, his horror, to find Madeline standing in a helpless attitude upon the hearth-stone?

"Why, Maddie," he gasped, "what's up? You're never awake at this hour!"

"But I mean to be," said Madeline, turning upon him savagely. "Do you think I am made up of selfishness and greediness and meanness, that I will let poor mamma toil like a slave while I lie at ease in my bed? I mean to get up every morning and do the work, and all that sort of thing, only I don't know what to do or where to begin." Here her voice faltered. "I think it would be so much better, Aleck if we were all dead!"

"O Lord! no, Maddie," said Aleck, collecting all the loose sticks from the packing and making a blaze upon the hearth. "O no. You'll think better of it yourself presently. There are capabilities in this old house that don't shine out on the surface. Here's this old fire-place, for instance—you don't see this sort of a thing in a modern dwelling. All it wants is wood, plenty of it."

"An expensive luxury," sneered Madeline. "How are we to buy it?"

"Bless your soul, Maddie! we don't want to buy it. The common kind of wood that can be bought wouldn't suit us at all. I'll tell you what it is," pursued Aleck, "I didn't waste all my admiration upon the scenery as I came along; I left that for brighter eyes and handsomer ones to enjoy. I was prospecting, Maddie—keeping an eye out for the main chance—and really it seems like Providence. You know, people are building, and pulling up trees, and the lots hereabouts are filled with huge boulders of wood. Just the thing for us, you see, to surreptitiously cause these boulders to disappear from their present abiding-places, to tumble them over and over till they reach our premises, then to lever them into that capacious fire-place, and inserting a few precious pine knots under them, cause a tremendous blaze to radiate the darkest corner of this old kitchen; all this, Maddie will be my delight

"Of a shiny night
In the season of the year!"

Madeline condescended to smile, the kettle began to boil, a sun-beam stole in at the window, and shone upon the newly swept floor. When Mrs. Douglass came down, breakfast was smoking upon the table.

"Why, Madeline," she cried, in surprise, "and Aleck! I thought you were both asleep."

"Madeline says you're to be a lady," said Aleck "and she's to be Cinderella."

"And you the prince, perhaps," said the good lady, with happy tears in her eyes.

A fortnight afterward Madeline, becoming disgusted with rural joys, declared again to Aleck that it was her settled conviction it would be better if they were all dead.

"If a body had anything to amuse one—even a parrot would do," she added, "or a monkey."

"I'll bring you home a parrot to-day," said Aleck, hastily devouring his breakfast.

"A white one, please," said his tyrant, languidly.

"Certainly—any color you like," said Aleck, and strode away to the store.

But Aleck did not know what a *rara avis* a white parrot was. Leaving it until after business hours, he went down in search of parrots, and found that such a thing as a nice white one was not to be had for love or money; the green ones were dilapidated, belligerent, and profane; so he went home pondering over the awkwardness of persuading Madeline that even this miserable little request was an inordinate one. He thought of his love for her, and the hopelessness of his ever having money enough to offer himself to Madeline, even if she'd have him, which she wouldnt; of that horrible tread-mill of a store that was devouring him body and soul; and whether he hadn't better go to South America and find his uncle; when suddenly he heard a low, whining cry. It was so human and so piteous that Aleck stood still and listened. It came from the direction of the wharf, and was repeated again and again, till Aleck made his way to the very verge of the rotten old piles, and discovered that one of them had been dislodged, and in falling had caught and pinned fast the little leg of a Scotch terrier, that had no doubt come to grief in the pursuit of rats. It was a good hour's work to extricate the leg from its captivity, and when it was taken out, the question was whether it was worth the trouble, for it hung loose and limp, all bloody and bruised, and was evidently broken in two places. Aleck turned a little sick, and held the dog over the water a minute, thinking it best to drop it in and let it drown at once and be rid of its misery. But it was so plucky, never making a moan from the time it heard Aleck's voice, and now it looked in his face so honestly and touchingly, and so *Scotch* withal, that Aleck's heart warmed to it, and he had the bravery to take this poor dirty maimed little creature home to Madeline instead of the white parrot.

"It's a compound fracture," said the professor, who had studied surgery in his youth. "The creature is in such a state of emaciation and weakness I don't think it can live; but if you'll hold it, Aleck, I'll

set the bones and do what I can for it." But Aleck's hand trembled, and an awkward faintness came over him. Mrs. Douglass had long since left the scene, and it remained for Madeline to help her father in this delicate and difficult operation. Aleck held the candle instead of the dog, and at such an angle that the hot grease was in danger of dripping on the poor little victim, and the poor professor was thankful that his sense of touch was so gentle and accurate. Aleck's head was turned with the piteous extremity of the dog, and the wondrous beauty of Madeline, as her lithe, supple form bent over the lap of the professor, her white fingers held firmly but caressingly the shattered leg, and her radiant eyes, filled with the first tears Aleck had ever seen therein, shone down upon the little sufferer with subdued yet glowing splendor.

"If I thought she'd look upon me in that way," thought Aleck, "I'd go out immediately and splinter my leg in a dozen places."

But all Madeline's sympathy and affections were lavished on the dog; it became the pet of the household; and because in was so undeniably ugly they called it Venus.

Aleck had certainly saved its life by digging it out of the debris of the wharf, but this would have been useless without the skill of the professor in setting the broken bones, and the professor could have done nothing without Madeline's help, and when all was done, the dog wouldn't have lived if Mrs. Douglass had not come to the rescue with her coddling soups and delicacies; so it became a house-that-Jack-built matter of gratitude with Venus, and she loved each and all of them with a limitless devotion.

A long, sad winter closed in upon the professor's family, and Aleck saw many more tears in Madeline's beautiful eyes. Mrs. Douglass' face wore a look of anxiety akin to despair, and each and all suffered alone, not daring to whisper to each other, or even to themselves, the awful calamity that threatened them.

Only one of them had courage to approach the professor when at times his head sank upon his breast, and his soul shrank from the pitiless thoughts that assailed him. Always in the bitterest of these moments a cold, soft substance insinuated itself into the drooping hand of the professor, and turning, he found it the nose of Venus.

Only the professor knew, and he scarcely dared own to himself, the inestimable value of the dog as she cuddled close to his feet day by day, half guiding the footsteps that grew more and more distrustful of confidence.

Oh, the misery of getting skillful with the sense of touch, the bitterness of finding the face of his wife growing dim and indistinct to him—a hazy veil spreading itself between him and the eyes of his daughter!

Harder and harder became the strain upon his wasted sight as he toiled over the heap of manuscript in his laboratory—many a prayer escaped his lips that he may get his work into shape before the end came.

"You see," he said one day to Aleck, upon whom he had called for help in an experiment, "if the book can be published, it will be valuable in its way; there is in it the patient work of a lifetime."

And at that moment the awkward hand of Aleck joggled the professor's arm, and out of his grasp upon the table dropped the jar of dissolving acids, which liquid rapidly and effectually licked up and effaced sheet after sheet of the precious script, while Aleck and the professor, powerless to save, looked on in a horror that partook of petrification. An ashy quiver trembled upon the professor's lips. "The work of a lifetime," he muttered.

"And you can't—" grasped Aleck. Then he remembered all. The blood mounted up into Aleck's head, he became mad for a moment, and seizing a heavy crucible, would have dashed out his brains had not the strong arm of the professor compassed him about.

"Be comforted," he said. "God is above us all!" But poor Aleck rushed out of the laboratory in hot haste to Mrs. Douglass and Madeline, crying, "I've ruined us all, every one of us. I'm going to find my uncle, and if I make a fortune, you'll see me again; if not, good-by forever!" He took Mrs. Douglass in his arms and kissed her over and over again, but only once did he stoop and touch the white brow of Madeline. As for Venus she had gone to the professor. Then Aleck went from the hearth-stone of the little cottage, and it saw him no more from that day.

Deprived of Aleck's cherry boulders, the hearth-stone grew cavernous and cold, the low, black rafters no longer echoing his merry quip and jest, hung ponderously low over the drooping heads of the little family.

Days and weeks and months wore by, and not a word came from Aleck.

"The nasty sea has swallowed him up," said Mrs. Douglass.

"Heaven forefend!" said the professor.

But Madeline cried out that he had forgotten them all. And I wish she could have seen Aleck when she said that cruel word—seen him and looked into his heart, as he galloped over the Southern plain, his tawny hair hanging long upon his shoulders, a Mexican saddle beneath him blazing with jewels, his long shanks half covered with embroidered leggings, his sombrero hat, and his silver spurs! And this gay cavalier, who would have delighted her eyes, was as loyal as when of yore he belonged to her body and soul. His head was full of schemes for making money so fast that he could fly in search of her, and his heart full

of bitterness for her seeming cruelty and neglect; for he had written twice, and even thrice. He had tried them each and all—Madeline, Mrs. Douglass, and the professor—and he was half tempted to invoke the gods in behalf of Venus, for he had gotten no answer, not one.

How could he? His uncle, whose moral education had been sadly neglected, abstracted each of those letters from the mail-bag, and after reading them with considerable interest and appreciation, had touched them to the blaze of his cigar, and watched them fall into ashes upon the broad veranda.

"The lad is clean daft," he said, shrewdly, "and a word from this queen would lure him away just when I want him the most."

As the second winter was closing in, affairs at the cottage wore an ominous look, for the professor's sight had become but a glimmer, and Madeline, going over to town one day, tricked out with the old splendor, looking as grand and queenly as when her poor father sailed on the tide of prosperity, caused a profound sigh to well up from the heart of her poor mother, and with it the wish that Madeline was a trifle less lofty in style, so that the situation would be less incongruous.

But Madeline returned at eventide with a glow on her cheek that rivalled that in the western sky.

"Congratulate me, mamma!" she cried. "I've been to see Madame Chappelle."

"Not to order a new dress, surely?" cried the poor lady.

"No, dear," replied Madeline, "but to seek for a situation. They've been dissatisfied ever so long with that homely young woman in the show-room; they want a figure like mine there, mamma—tall and graceful and statuesque. I'm not to prick my dainty fingers with a needle, only to wear out all my good clothes in receiving visitors and taking orders. And we must get to the city, mamma: it is, after all, a great sheltering old pile for the poor. They herd in there together, and the houses close about them, the streets and alleys hedge them in, and they get comfortably lost from sight in the great surging crowd of humanity. The moment an impecunious family ventures toward the suburbs, a melancholy conspicuousness marks them for its own, and they become the mere puppets of a malignant notoriety. And oh, mamma, don't cry, please don't, for, now that I can do something, I shall be so happy!"

So in an amazingly short time the professor's family became part and parcel of that vague but powerful class known as the working mass of the metropolis. And, in God's good providence, even the professor was inspired to take a stand on a down-town sidewalk, for the sale of spectacles and optical auxiliaries of various kinds, Venus guiding him to and fro, keeping a sharp eye on passing pedestrians, and watching the sales warily. The sad Homeric face of the professor and

the sharp fidelity of Venus becoming one of the landmarks in the vicinity, they were treated with the success and respect their various excellencies merited.

So the years went by, and in course of time Madeline's capacity for business developed, and it became a specialty of hers to manage the bridal toilet in a manner marvelous to behold, to loop the veil and arrange the orange blossoms, to drape the train, and deftly pin the over-skirt so that every curve of the Honiton or point should be seen to advantage—all in such a way that the somewhat faded charms of many a *passee* bride bloomed out for that once with a brilliancy that perhaps made the sudden and irremediable collapse all the more painful to those interested.

At evening parties and stately balls Madeline was in such demand that it became a favor to secure her undivided attention, and anxious mammas begged for the loan of her magical touch with tears of eagerness and entreaty.

In the meanwhile Madeline's cheeks grew less rounded, her brilliant color waned, her face lost its perfect oval, and the great, wistful, melancholy eyes shone from it like load-stars in distress. There were weary hours for poor Mrs. Douglass, and the bitter tears shed, and sighs and regrets unspeakable; but these were in secret, where no eyes could see, save those of Venus perhaps, whose lugubrious sympathy was always close at hand. "To think, Venus," sighed the poor lady, "that she was once the prettiest of them all, and fit for any nabob in the land!"

"Boo-hoo!" whimpered Venus, with so lamentable a sniff that Mrs. Douglass fell to laughing, and forgot her griefs for the moment.

One morning Madeline was sent for to assist in the invention of a toilet for one of the belles of the season. This young lady had apparently succeeded in ensnaring one of the matrimonial prizes then in the market, and to bring the chase to successful conclusion a grand ball was to be given by the anxious mamma. The tempting trophy was in the reception room making a morning call.

"For you see, Miss Douglass," said the mamma to Madeline, who was taking a brief advantage of the capacious dining table for the cutting out of material, "he has all his time to himself, and nothing to do but kill it the best he can (it would be much better to graduate the puffs on the train). He has millions of cattle on the plains (put all the fullness in the panier, I think), and sends all that sticky material here for rubber over-shoes (I'd cut it low on the shoulders), with a diamond mine all to himself in Brazil—"

Here the door opened, and the daughter entered with a graceful step, with thunder on her brow, for the piercing whisper of her mamma had penetrated to her ears, and she had caught a few of those chaotic

sentences. Perhaps some of them had reached her companion, for he glanced with an amused smile after her through the open door, and a pair of big wistful eyes looked into his just for one second; then the door was closed. But Aleck started up—for of course it was he—and looked about him in bewilderment. The amused smile gave place to a flush of eagerness, a wild yearning.

"Who was that within?" he cried to his fair companion, when she came back to him.

"Only mamma," she replied.

"There was somebody else," he said. "Those eyes never belonged to your mother!"

Whereupon the young lady became coldly reticent, and resisted all further entreaty. Aleck, sighing heavily, bade her good-morning.

"What a fool I am!" he murmured, as he took the reins from the hands of his groom, "always looking for the needle in the hay-stack. The eyes weren't like Maddie's, after all; too hollow and sad;" and casting his own upon the sidewalk, he saw a figure emerge from a side door of the house he had left. The face was veiled, but the form was pliant and graceful, and the walk was like—yes, certainly like Maddie's. He drew up his horses for a moment, stared wildly after the receding figure; saw it get into a stage and vanish; then cursed his stupidity for letting her escape.

"But I can't," growled Aleck, "rush up to every woman I meet, and tear the veil from her face. I can't break through doors in strange houses and look after familiar eyes. What in the name of Heaven am I to do?"

At supper that evening Madeline told her mamma that she had seen that day the Grand Sultan whose handkerchief was in such demand.

"He isn't so very bad-looking mamma. He wears his hair long, and his eyes are eager enough to dart through a deal plank. He watched me till I got into a stage to get rid of him."

"Was he insolent?" said Mrs. Douglass, hastily.

"No, no," said Madeline; "only I think he thought he had seen me before."

Her cheeks glowed with the old vermilion; her eyes shone with the old splendor, and she ate not a mouthful—not one.

But she was called no more to assist in the toilet for the ball, nor did she get one other glimpse of those eager eyes. She heard of him often and in various ways. At last, when the season was at its close, she learned that the matrimonial prize had escaped the grasp of all those eager competitors, and was about to sail to Brazil to look after his estates.

The one bit of news consoled her for the other. She would rather

hear of his going to Brazil than getting married. There was something in the latter probability unbearably bitter; and as to the other, it was better, perhaps, that he should be lost to her sight and hearing, for the mere mention of his name had become a matter of nervous anxiety to her of late.

The fact was, Aleck had really taken passage in the big steamer that was rapidly lading for the passage south. He had grown so tired of looking at handsome faces and following graceful forms, only to be disappointed and baffled to the verge of madness, that only that night he declared to a friend, with whom he was walking to his hotel, that not even *Venus* herself could tempt him further, when suddenly a little dog snapped the chain that bound him to a blind man, and rushed upon Aleck, squealing and whining, every stubby hair on end with very joy.

"Why, it is Venus herself!" cried Aleck, catching her in his arms, and gazing with delirious ecstasy upon the broken chain that in some vague but tempting way led straight to Madeline.

His friend having no experience with the canine race, and a deadly horror of hydrophobia, went rapidly across the street, and waived a cordial good-by to Aleck.

"We'll meet at the hotel at dinner," he added.

But Aleck did not dine at the hotel that evening. Finding that Venus, after the first greeting, would not remain in his arms, but struggled to the pavement again, and, uttering, a short, sharp cry, started off on a trot. Aleck followed her as best he could through highways and by-ways, under the poles of carts and noses of horses. At last she turned down a dingy street, and ran straight along till she reached a little rickety two-story building, up the rotten stairs of which she clambered, and scratched twice with her paw at the closed door on the landing.

"God be praised," cried the voice of the professor within; "it is Venus!" and a clatter of joyous feet hastened to the door.

Aleck fell back and gasped for breath as it opened and a young woman stepped upon the threshold to caress the dog. She was in the full light of a dusty sunbeam that struggled through the casement. She was worn, she was wasted; all the brilliancy and glow of her old beauty were gone; but oh! oh! she was Madeline!

Finding a big form looming over her, she looked up and saw Aleck, with the old yearning love in his eyes—heard him falter out her name. A blue palor spread over her face; she clutched the landing for support.

"Mamma," she said, "here is Aleck M'Shane. I think I'm going to faint."

Then Aleck's tongue was loosed. He got down on his knees in the dingy corridor, and held out to Madeline his trembling hands.

"Don't faint, Maddle!" he said; "don't, for God's sake, do anything as cruel as that, when I've just found you, after thinking the earth had opened and swallowed you all, and the fortune my uncle left me would be of no use, after all, to any of us. For I warn you if we don't go down there and take care of it straightway, it 'll disappear like the snow-flakes yonder. The India rubber 'll melt, and the herds gallop off, the diamonds hide in the wool of the seekers, the stocks go down to zero, and I'll be the poor devil again you used to despise."

"Despise!" echoed Madeline, tears of joy, of humility, of gratitude, of love, falling on his outstretched hands. Aleck kissed them away with rapture, and looked up at a white, wonder-stricken face bending over them both.

"If you'll let me take supper with you to-night, Mrs. D.," he said, "it 'll help me to believe in the reality of the thing. I'd be fit to cut my throat if I awoke and found all this a dream."

Then he turned to the professor.

"Could you find it in your heart, Sir," he said, touching reverently the professor's hand, "to go with me to Brazil? As God is my judge, I believe that your advice and presence there will save me from ruin. It is plain to be seen, Sir, that the dog was sent to me."

"Yes, yes," said the professor, "by a higher power."

It was a more frugal meal than ever again was set before them, but I don't remember a happier one.

As for Venus, she sleeps now on a Persian rug, wears an immense diamond on her stubby tail, and fares sumptuously every day; but stretched that night on some straw in the corner, she tasted the rare felicity that is given sometimes to the humblest agent of God.

SALTS IN THE SEA.—Many people imagine that the ocean water is naturally salt, and will be surprised to know that the salt comes from rocks, and is washed into the sea. The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltness. It does not originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject, may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was found. Thus the salt mines of Portland, and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water.

There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rock is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of Northern Africa have discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grassed and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary, as with us, for keeping the organs of venison in good condition. Stop the supply and blindness would ensue.—*Sanitarian*.

If the above be true, why are our lakes and inland seas *not* salt?—ED. FREEMASON.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

My friend, you will do wisely not to steer,
 Too boldly out to sea—just ruffled o'er
 With favoring breezes; ner, with coward fear,
 When tempests rage, to hug the treacherous shore.

The wise man chooses aye the golden mean;
 Safe from the pinching cares and withering blight
 Of squalid want; safe from the gorgeous sheen
 Of halls that bring more envy than delight.

The loftiest pine bends first beneath the blast;
 The loftiest tower in heaviest ruin falls;
 The lightning blasts the loftiest mountain-crest,
 But scorns to strike the shepherd's lowly walls.

The well-schooled mind hopes in the worst of times—
 Fears in the best—some change, or good or bad.
 The same great God who formed earth's various climes—
 The same—sad winter brings and summer glad.

What though the sun of happiness refuse
 To chase thy clouds—'twill not be always so:
 Apollo rouses oft the slumbering muse,
 Nor always sternly bends the unerring bow.

When tempests lower, be bold and firm of mind,
 But, when skies smile, then reef thy bellying sail—
 Filled with the breath of a too prosperous wind;
 And, wisely cautious, dread the coming gale.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ROUGHS AND ROWDIES.

The "rough" in England, and the "rowdy" in the United States, form an unpleasant variety of the human species, and one which seems to be peculiar to these countries. Unhappily, there are brutal, degraded, and violent people, in all parts of the world; but there are no rougls, or rowdies, properly so called, except among the English speaking race. The characteristics of these savages are their ignorance, their recklessness, their ferocity, their intemperance, their filthiness of speech, the cruelty of their amusements, and their utter disregard of all decency, propriety, and respect for the feelings, or even for the existence, of other people. They form a class, or caste, by themselves, speak a jargon which respectable people do not always understand, and are the veritable pariahs of our civilization. They look upon a police-

man as their natural enemy, even when they are not criminals by profession.

There are many points of resemblance between the English and American varieties of the tribe, and also many points of difference. The English, and especially the London "rough" is often a thief; but the American "rowdy" is merely a strong, violent, abusive, and drunken blackguard. The English rough often kicks his victim to death, with heavy clogs, or high-lows; the American rowdy prefers to assassinate with the pistol or the bowie-knife. The English rough would as readily kick a woman to death as he would a man; indeed, he often prefers to kick women, children, and helpless old people to death, rather than measure his brutal strength against an antagonist who might be more brutal than himself. The American rowdy, even the lowest of the low, and the vilest of the vile, has sufficient self-control, and self-respect to forbear violence towards women. Is there anything in the laws of the United States, that can account for this difference between the blackguards of the two hemispheres? I think there is, and shall point it out hereafter.

Meanwhile—to deal with the subject on its broadest basis—how can the existence, either of the "rough" in England, or the "rowdy" with many aliases, in America, be explained—side by side, with their non-existence in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and other European countries? In charging the grand jury at Leeds, in July last, Mr. Justice Denman commented upon the great and alarming increase of violent and savage assault, and declared that in his opinion, "if we could erase from existence the excessive drinking which unfortunately prevailed among the highly paid working population of this country, we should then erase more than one-half, probably two-thirds of all those violent and brutal offences with which the courts of justice have to deal." "There is," Falstaff says, much virtue in an 'if,' and, of course, "if" drunkenness could be abolished or greatly diminished, the crimes that arise out of drunkenness would be diminished in like proportion. But how is the great British nation to make its people sober? On this point the learned judge expressed no opinion, though the way is obvious enough, if the Legislature could but be induced to act upon it, to make the next if not the present generation of Englishmen as sober as the people of France, Germany and other European countries. Society and law cannot prevent drunkenness, but society, without law, can render it unfashionable. In the last century it was the rich and not the poor who got drunk. To be "drunk as a lord" was a common saying. Now the rich are sober, and if a man in the rank of a nobleman or gentleman is publicly seen intoxicated, or even but once, he loses caste and position. It was not any law against intemperance that reformed the rich, neither will it be any law for the preven-

tion and punishment of intemperance that will reform the poor. Deeper agencies must effect the work, and happily these agencies can be brought to bear, though slowly yet surely, upon the next generation, powerless as they may be upon the generation which has already grown to man's estate.

A case of English ruffianism, worse than any rowdyism of the new world, which occurred on the night of the last bank holiday, will exemplify the brutishness which somehow or other has got into the nature of the ignorant street Arabs, grown to maturity both by age and crime, and which it must be the business of statesmanship not only to punish in this generation but to eradicate in the next. On that evening—I borrow a newspaper report—a Liverpool porter, one Richard Morgan, was proceeding homewards with his wife and brother. All three had spent the day in the country, and were perfectly sober. On their way home, at the corner of a small alley, they passed a knot of ruffians lounging about. One of the gang followed Morgan, impertuning him for something to drink. Morgan replied, "Go and work for your drink as I do." Before the words were well out of his mouth he was knocked down, and a whole posse of roughs, associates of the scoundrel who accosted him, were kicking him upon his head, his face, his neck, his collar bones, his legs, his chest, his loins, and the pit of his stomach. He was kicked from one side of the street to the other; knocked out of the road into the gutter, out of the gutter into the road, and out of the road again to the pavement, until, at last, a crowd, attracted to the scene by the screams of his wife, called for the police. Upon this the assailants took to their heels, but one of the gang, after a desperate attempt to use his knife, was taken into custody. Poor Morgan himself was taken to the hospital and died within a few hours. He was literally kicked and hacked to death. His skull was broken, his ribs were fractured, and he sustained terrible internal injuries.

Murders will and do occur in all countries; but a murder so foul, so wanton, so beastly as this (there is no better word for it), could scarcely occur anywhere except in England, and among the classes born, as it were, in the gutter, and left to wallow in it, uncared for and untaught, during those early days, when, if the State had been wise, it might have taken effective steps to have made men of them, instead of allowing them to develop into ruffians and cowards.

The American rowdies are, as has been already stated, a shade less savage than their English compeers. They never kick their wives or other women to death, and if they murder at all, think that a revolver is a more civilized weapon than their heels. The reason of this difference in favor of the American rowdy is that before he was born, a system of national education was established and enforced, and that if not very highly educated and civilized at school, to learn to respect women

—of itself, if there were nothing more, a very considerable part of a liberal education. Twenty-eight years ago the writer of these lines addressed a series of letters to a distinguished statesman, advocating the establishment of a system of national education, which, had it been established and worked at that time, would most probably, if not certainly, have thinned the ranks of the roughs in 1874, and left very few of the breed to plague us and disgrace us, below the age of five-and-twenty years. Three years ago, a system was established under the auspices of Mr. W. E. Foster, M. P. The system was very incomplete, and over its meagre details sectarians in religion are still squabbling. The act will doubtless help to civilize the roughs of the future, but is not comprehensive enough to extirpate the breed, or make of the lower classes of our English cities and great centres of labor, a class as refined and gentle as the corresponding class in Prussia and Germany, where national education is a long-established fact. In those countries of the same race and blood as our own, rowdiness and wife kicking are unknown. The people drink, it is true, a good deal of beer, but they do not madden themselves with it, or poison themselves with gin. They indulge in rational and elevating amusements, and take no delight in brutal and cruel sports. And these results have been attained by the action of the State and Government, which insists upon the education of the whole people, and carried its wise intentions into effect in a manner much more complete, systematic, and beneficial, both to the bodies and minds of the multitude, than our English statesmanship has ever considered possible or worthy of being attempted. It was stated in the letters of twenty-eight years ago, that it was impossible to open a book of statistical returns relative to crime, without seeing that out of every ten criminals nine were either entirely ignorant of the commonest rudiments of education—reading, writing, and arithmetic—or imperfectly acquainted with them. Of fifteen thousand prisoners in one section of the country, according to the report of Mr. Frederick Hill, only one in fifteen was able to read and write well, only one in sixty who could read and write imperfectly had ever derived any real and useful knowledge from the acquisition, while upwards of three thousand could not read at all, and upwards of eight thousand could not sign their names.’’ No improvement took place in the long interval between that time and the passing of Mr. Foster’s Act; and if any improvement is to result in the future, it is yet too soon to ascertain, or even to calculate it. But it is not too soon to convince ourselves that the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic to the children of the poor, and giving them a smattering of theology or religion, is not sufficient to fit them for the great battle of honest life in our crowded islands. The State requires citizens who shall be a help, not a burden, who shall be a glory, not a disgrace, and who, if evil times come upon

us, and we have to struggle with foreign foes for, possibly, our national existence, shall know how to fight like brave men, and not like cowards or the kickers of women. I repeat, as more applicable, to 1874, than it was to 1846—"that in addition to instruction in the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, a thorough system of national education should provide for the physical as well as the mental and moral training of her sons. There should be baths and large airy playgrounds attached to each school, with facilities for athletic and invigorating games. . . . And not only these means of physical and mental culture which the State, without alarming jealousies of any class or sect, might be fairly allowed to employ, that of music should not be forgotten. Its humanising influence is well known by the rich and felt by the poor. Its preventive and reformatory power is of immense value, and should be brought into operation even in the commonest primary and elemental schools. Nor even at that time was the teaching of music, though derided in England, a new thing in the schools of Germany and other parts of Europe. "In Prussia," wrote Mr. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, in the report of his educational tour in that country, "all the school teachers employed by the State are masters, not only of vocal, but of instrumental music. One is as certain to see a violin as a black-board in every school-room. Generally speaking, I found that the teachers could play upon the piano-forte, the organ, or other instruments. Music is not only taught as an accomplishment, but is used as a recreation. It is found a moral means of great efficacy. Its practice promotes health. It disarms anger, softens rough and turbulent natures, socialises and brings the whole mind as it were into a state of fashion, from which condition the teacher can mould it into what form he wills, as it cools and hardens."

If music, as the poet says, "have charms to soothe the savage breast"—if he "who has none of it in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils"—shall music not have power, if instilled into the young rough when he is at school, and compelled to go there, have power to humanize even the guttered children and street Arabs, who are our present shame and the feeders of our prisons, and train them up gradually into a gentleness and propriety of conduct, unknown to their neglected and untutored fathers and mothers? The ancients, at whose wisdom, real or supposed, we sometimes presumptuously sneer—as if wisdom came into the world for the first time in the days of the railway, the steam engine, and the electric telegraph—thoroughly understood and appreciated the value of music as an educator and a refiner of the savage nature. Polybius, in the fourth book of his history, is at the pains to explain why the Cynæthians, who were originally Arcadians, were so cruel and violent as compared with the gentler race from whom they sprang. He states that the youth of Arcadia, in

obedience to the laws, were habituated from their early childhood to sing hymns and poems in honor of the gods and heroes of their country, as well as the melodies or airs of Philoxenus and Timotheus; to sing in bands or classes at the festival of Bacchus. Even in their assemblies and parties of pleasure, the Arcadians diverted themselves less with conversation or the relation of stories than in singing by turns and inviting each other reciprocally to this exercise. "But the Cynaethians," he adds, "living in the most rude and savage parts of the country, neglected those arts, of which they had all the more need; and, being subject to mutual divisions and contests, they at length became so fierce and barbarous that there was not a city in Greece where such frequent and savage crimes were committed as in that of Cynætha. . . . We have," he says, "related these things, first, that other cities may be prevented from censuring the customs of the Arcadians, or lest some of the people of Arcadia themselves, upon false prejudices that the study of music is permitted them only as a superficial amusement, should be prevailed upon to neglect this part of their discipline; in the second place, to engage the Cynaethians, if the gods should permit, to humanize and soften their tempers by an appellation to the liberal arts, and especially to music. For this is the only means by which they can ever be dispossessed of that ferocity which they have contracted."

Mrs. Grundy may sneer at the wisdom of the Greeks, or at the idea of teaching the street Arabs, and the gutter children of London, and other cities, to sing, or to learn anything but the three R's and the catechism; but without undervaluing the three R's and the catechism, and most cordially wishing and hoping that all the little ones born amid our slums of vice, poverty, and wretchedness, may get as far as the three R's and the catechism, and a great deal further, I for one, notwithstanding Mrs. Grundy and all her class, think, and maintain, that the state owes some education to the bodies as well as to the souls of its citizens; and that if it teaches them how to become strong, cheerful, law-abiding, brave, as well as tolerably literate, it will supplement the work of imperfect school education greatly to its own disadvantage and to that of every individual in the community. It is well to read, well to use the multiplication table well, to sign one's name. All these humble accomplishments are humanising and elevating to the degraded nature of the roughs and the rowdies; but is it not well to swim, to sing, and to be neither intemperate in drinking nor in kicking? I think so: and think, moreover, that the time is coming when most people will be of my opinion, and when the state will act on the opinion of the majority. As for the veteran and inveterate roughs and ruffians, we must do the best we can with them, and nothing better can be proposed than the "often and deep scarification" of their scoundrel backs, as advocated by "The Uncommercial Traveler,"* together with

such change of the law as shall make offences against the person liable to as great a severity of punishment as offences against property. Our great business now, and for the future, is to prevent the growth and cultivation of any more roughs or ruffians to be the terror of our streets, and the disgrace of our civilization.—*All the Year Round*.

CONTAMINATED WATER.

LAKE MAHOPAC AND THE GREGORY HOUSE.

BY GENERAL EGBERT L. VIELE, C. E.

The facility with which water absorbs impurities makes it the great source of disease, especially in rural districts, where it is so universally exposed to contact with vegetable and animal decomposition.

A timely article in *The Sanitarian*, for September, called attention to this important subject in terms which should be reiterated every month and every day in the month, until the recklessness of ignorance shall yield to the care and foresight which an intelligent acquaintance with the laws of health cannot fail to produce. It is a good indication of sanitary reform that the people are beginning to charge criminality where death is produced by preventable causes; and when the violators of the laws of health shall come to be held to criminal responsibility, and be punished with the same rigor and severity as the transgressors against ordinary statutes, then will begin the true era of sanitary reformation.

A recent occurrence at one of the most attractive and most frequented places of summer resort in the neighborhood of New York, which resulted in several fatal cases of illness, has attracted some notice from the press, and, as it illustrates with particular force the subject of water contamination, should receive careful consideration.

On the night of the 13th of July, 1874, a number of the inmates of the Gregory House, at Lake Mahopac, were simultaneously affected with a disturbance of the bowels, accompanied by nausea, and, on the following day, as also on several successive days, a number of others were similarly affected, while many were only slightly disturbed, resulting in several fatal cases of typhoid fever. The cause for this extraordinary state of affairs was sought for in vain.

Lake Mahopac itself and all its surroundings is one of the most salubrious and beautiful spots in America. It has been a favorite place of resort for many years by thousands of people, who have derived incalculable benefit from its pure bracing mountain air, and has been more particularly attractive on account of the remarkable purity of its

*See *All the Year Round*, October 10th, 186°.

CONTAMINATED WATER.

water, all the numerous hotels being supplied from the lake, which is one of the principal sources of the Croton water which the city of New York receives through its magnificent aqueduct.

This lake has been called the American Windemere, and certainly there are few spots either in America or Europe which can rival it in natural beauty. Impressed with this fact, a number of gentlemen of taste and capital became, a few years ago, the purchasers of a large portion of the surrounding territory, and also of several of the hotels, with a view to adding to the profuse charms, of which nature had been so lavish, all that art and skill could do to perfect it as a summer residence. The leading features of the expensive and elaborate plan of improvement which was adopted were the sanitary provisions embraced in it. Notwithstanding all this, a fatal disease breaks out, and for some time runs its course, while the cause is a hidden mystery. All the surrounding circumstances seem to preclude the possibility of such a disaster. The place is a purely summer resort. It is especially prepared for this purpose by all the appliances that taste and skill and money can command. No thickly settled neighborhood, or manufactory, or nuisance of any kind exists to vitiate the air in the slightest degree. The immediate grounds of all the hotels are kept scrupulously clean; shady groves, velvet lawns, and parterres of flowers are on every side. In front is the superb lake, with its water clear as crystal. In vain would an observer look for the least cause of disease; yet sickness did occur, and that, too, from a preventable cause. It was discovered, after an elaborate and expensive examination, and the uncovering of water pipes and sewage conduits, to have arisen from a cause so simple, and yet so effective, and so dangerous, while it was at the same time, so hidden and so remote, that nothing but the determined efforts of the proprietor of the hotel, after innumerable failures, succeeded in unveiling it. In less than fifteen minutes the cause was removed; no other case of sickness occurred from that moment, nor can it possibly ever occur again from that source. The circumstances, however, were such as might occur anywhere; and, for that reason are now referred to in detail.

The "Gregory House" is named after a former proprietor, Dr. Gregory. It was purchased, with other property, by the Lake Mahopac Improvement Company, and Dr. Gregory ceased to have any connection with it. The arrangements of sewerage and water supply had been constructed under his supervision, and although not as perfect as they might have been, seemed to have successfully served the purpose for a number of years. The water was conveyed from the lake to the hotel through earthenware pipes into a brick reservoir by gravitation, and as the ground in rear of the hotel is lower than the surface of the lake, the water flows into a hydraulic ram, whence it is forced into the house. The construction of a large extension to the

hotel necessitated the use of a small steam engine, and for this purpose another reservoir connected with the first one was built under the building to supply the water for the steam engine. Subsequently to this a steam laundry was constructed, and the new engine did the work of the laundry and the pumping for the house; consequently the use of the smaller engine and *its reservoir* was discontinued. The connection, however, between the two reservoirs was, by a most stupid and criminal blunder, not cut. The new proprietor knew nothing of this connection; it was hidden deeply under ground, and when the continued and copious rains of the last week in June found access to the disused reservoir, already containing impure water, a flow of poisoned water through the former connection took place into the reservoir then in use, and the fatal cases of typhoid fever was the result. Dr. Gregory was certainly reprehensible for not discontinuing the connection between the two reservoirs when one of them was disused, and if it is true that a subsequent proprietor, Ramsay, stated, while the sickness was raging, that he knew the cause but would not divulge it for less than one thousand dollars, he ought to be indicted and punished.

A cause so fatal and yet so easily remedied, so apparently insignificant, and yet so powerful for evil, should attract attention to this cause, and induce a most careful examination of all the surroundings of our summer hotels and watering places.—*Sanitarian*.

POLITNESS TO SERVANTS.

Is there not, or at least ought there not to be a code of etiquette for the kitchen as well as for the parlor; for conduct toward inferiors as well as equals?

We make our plea for politeness in the kitchen on the following grounds:

1. No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the parlor, where so small a portion of the average American house-keeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and manner which no sudden effort can produce. And at housekeeping there are at best, so many unexpected occurrences, not always agreeable, that nothing but a *habit* of self-control and serenity can tide us over them creditably. According to John Newton, it sometimes requires more grace to bear the breaking of a china plate than the death of an only son; and there is a good deal of truth under the seeming absurdity. Have we not all proved by experience that we bear with least equanimity the daily, petty vexations which are unexpected, and apparently unnecessary? But there are many

small miseries to one great affliction, and if character is to be improved by tribulations, it must be mainly by those of every day—the pin-pricks for which we are ashamed to demand sympathy.

2. For the sake of *family* comfort we must have comfort in the kitchen. Willing and unwilling service are readily distinguishable by every member of the household. We can all of us remember how the atmosphere of a dinner party has been suddenly chilled by a few words of unnecessary blame to a servant. To mortify a person is not usually to reform him. On the other hand, how delightful to a guest are those homes where the relations of masters and servants are friendly; where shortcomings on the part of the latter are delicately excused in public, and judiciously investigated in private. I say, advisedly, investigated rather than reprovèd; for undeserved misfortune may happen alike to all, and there may be occasion for sympathy rather than blame. If Biddy has had bad news from over the sea, must we not take that into account when we find fault with the gravy? I think sometimes we do not remember sufficiently that those who serve us are not machines, but men and women of like passions, and sorrows, and tempers with ourselves.

3. For the sake of our servants themselves, we must pay them due politeness. Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by benefit. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. You say they are provokingly stupid; we will suppose they are; but if we have to have to deal with stupidity, let us use the means best adapted to it. Will intimidation succeed? Did you ever find that scolding made an order more intelligible, and caused anything but broken dishes and ill-cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while; if that will not accomplish anything, send away your servant and try another. You can not afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom persistent kindness is thrown away, can render you no intelligent or permanent service.

We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort and duty, do not all require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?—*Scribner's*.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.

It is a very hard thing to find out the truth about royal personages. They are so environed and shut out by the chain-mail of etiquette that they can be only known to very few people. Those people who do know are, of course, very shy of talking of them, especially in England, where loyalty seems to effect the mind with a fever of adoration, and where speech becomes eulogium as soon as you say "Her Majesty."

But the queen who has had the most prosperous and distinguished reign so far of any monarch who has ever filled the throne with a royal crinoline in the history of the world, is a problem somewhat worthy of study. How steady have been the acquisitions of territory since she came to power! What must old Queen Bess think as she looks at the map of England now? A greater than she will fill the pages of history if *England's* greatness is to redound to VICTORIA. Of course, we believe that she is individually a cipher, and that her ministers have done the work; but we must not forget that, had not the queen some elements of greatness she could have made her ministers a vast amount of trouble, and England less great than it is.

She had a reputation, as a young woman, of having a very bad temper. The world has read of her *striking* her maid-of-honor, Lady Flora Hastings, when the young girl was dying of a mysterious disease. She was not beautiful, and she was not said to be jealous of those who were. She fell in love with her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, and with a young nobleman of her court. The astute ministers did not let her marry either of them, and doubtless she tore her hair and flung her slippers about, as any other girl would do if thwarted in her flirtations. England's queen, too! If she could not have her own way, who could? And yet, she has had probably less of it than most women. Yet every old *Polonius* of them "built wiser than he knew" when he plotted to marry her to her cousin, Prince Albert. A happier marriage never blessed a throne. In looking back over the thirty-three years of devoted wifeness and the singularly deep grief at the loss of her husband, one must respect Queen Victoria. She can be no common woman who loves and regrets as she has done.

Her beautiful domestic life and the royal brood of children interested every papa and mamma in the United Kingdom. "My boy was born on the same day with Prince Leopold," said a Scottish landlady to me as I admired her flaxen-haired laddie, and her face flushed with pleasure. This sentiment of loyalty, of which we know so little, is very attractive. The human figure never looks so well and so nobly as when it is looking up. It has no snobbery in it, as between royalty and the people, for royalty is to them incarnate England. The queen was a loving and attentive mother. Every day, as her old doctor tells us, she saw every one of her children, talked with them and caressed them, paid those motherly attentions to their teeth and hair and costume which many a fashionable mother neglects, and this with all her enormous work, for no charwoman in her majesty's dominions worked as hard as she.

When we remember that the royal nursery absorbed all the attention of one great man, that it was an institution of the state, that every royal infant had a retinue of admirals, generals, noble duchesses, and the like, as soon as it was born, to look after it, this maternal solicitude is another point in Queen Victoria's character of great and unexpected excellence.

When the Prince of Wales was here, as a young boy, he was accompanied by General Bruce, who was his governor. The Prince would jump into his lap and caress him, boylike, but the general never entered his presence unless his royal highness requested it, and never sat down in his presence unless commanded to do so. The prince might be familiar when he pleased; the subject, never! What a state of things! We can imagine the royal under-nurse saying, "May I be permitted to brush your royal highness's hair?" to a recalcitrant prince of three years, and receiving a very ungracious shub.

But there came into this royal nursery one presence which always brought about

law and order. It was the father. Prince Albert was an uncompromising disciplinarian. It would be curious to imagine what England would have been, what the queen would have been, without this extraordinary man—a man of such gifts and graces who had the remarkable gift and grace to appear a nonentity. The English would have been jealous, would have been up in arms, had they suspected how great he was; indeed, they were even jealous of his appearance in politics.

We get pleasant glimpses of Queen Victoria's accomplishments from Mendelssohn's letters. When the great composer went to England, the queen and prince gave him an audience. He says that the queen sang for him very prettily, and that she was a most thorough musician. He gives a graceful picture of the royal interior, the queen and her young husband singing duets; and the praise and admiration which they gave to him was, in his idea, of a delicate and discriminating character.

The queen has always appeared to great advantage in her grateful care of her old servants. Hampton Court, St. James' Palace, and I do not know how many other palaces, are filled with her disabled courtiers. In her patronage of authors, she has undoubtedly appeared to less advantage, but in this she may be dependant on others, and under obligations to the civil list. Her immense private fortune might be spent more liberally. The foreigners who live in England accuse her of avarice, and we all know how weary the English got of her prolonged mourning, and her determination not to be seen; what part avarice may have had in this deliberate seclusion I do not know. Certainly she is not fond of spending her money.

Those who have seen her of late years have beheld a very plain lady, with a very red face, that heavy face of the Georges, and a short dumpy figure. Her only beauty is a very small, exquisite white hand. It is a peculiarity of her family. Her uncles had it eminently. Her manners are very dignified; they even give her height. She wears her great rank worthily in this respect, knowing, to the last shadow of a shade, just how much affability to show.

The rumored disaffection of the queen with the Prince of Wales was probably true. She, however, melted toward him, mother-like, during his illness, and watched by him and prayed for him tenderly. She dislikes his lady friends—those fast women of England who have brought him into disrepute. Her court has ever been one of the severest morality until the prince began his flirtations. The very popular and good little Princess of Wales is an immense favorite, and often, it is said, intercedes for her haughty spouse with the queen, which is certainly very pretty and noble of her to do.

The queen, as an authoress, has not added much to the literary reputation of her family. Perhaps some sponging censor went over the books and wiped out all individuality. She never says a clever thing, if we may judge of her by her books, but they speak loudly for her heart. They are pure and sweet pictures of domestic happiness love of Nature, and soft and womanly affection. One lady of high rank in England told me that the queen always bowed and kissed her hand to her children. The queen is remarkably fond of children, and takes much notice of them.

Among her accomplishments, she numbers the possession of five languages, all of which she speaks fluently, except Latin; the faculty of painting well in water colors, and some cleverness at modeling in clay. She has acquired some knowledge of Indian dialects, finding it necessary from her possessions in conquered India; her reading is vast and various, as we learn by her books, and by her occasional letters to the authors. Yet, with all this culture, she cannot be called an intellectual woman;

she has no genius, unless it be for affairs. Probably, in a less exalted station, she would have been a very good and frugal house-keeper. She has certainly kept her large and various household in good order so far.

She is very kind and thoughtful about the sick. The attention to poor Mrs. Warner, the actress, who died wearily of a cancer, and at whose disposition she placed one of the royal carriages, was much remarked, and gave great comfort to the poor sufferer. It seems very little to us, who remember her vast powers of doing good, but we must also remember how much is expected of her, and how much she has to think of. Charity often consists of thoughtfulness.

Across this varied existence has hung, it is now almost universally conceded, occasional clouds of insanity. After the prince consort's death, for more than a year, the queen's state of mind gave great uneasiness to her immediate friends. At this time, and through this infirmity, arose this miserable scandal of John Brown, when she was accused of being in love with her servant! Even *Punch* forgot its loyalty so far as to make a cartoon, representing majesty stooping to flunkeyism. The truth was, that the faithful Scotchman became a kind of keeper to this afflicted woman. A gentleman connected with the court described a scene which he frequently saw: the queen would imagine that she was stepping into a gulf as she descended from the carriage, and it was John Brown's function to say, in broadest Scotch, "Na, na! yer mawjesty, there is na goolf there!" and, by the power of a very strong will, and the confidence she felt in him as an old and faithful *gillie* to Prince Albert, he succeeded in getting her across "the goolf."

Undoubtedly, this nervousness, this hereditary malady, has hung over the queen for a long time, and will continue to reappear through her life; but that it is much better of late, and that her health and cheerfulness have much improved, there seems to be no doubt. As she gets away from her great grief, and as she turns to the remarkable prosperity and happiness of her children, she must feel the ameliorating influence of Time, that best of consolers, and she must indulge in more cheerful thoughts.

In religious opinions the queen is remarkably liberal. The party with which she has the least sympathy in England is the very High-Church party. She liked very much to hear the Rev. Norman McLeod, and she goes often to dissenting churches when at Balmoral. Her favorite and highly-prized friend is the admirable Dean Stanley, whose liberality is almost working a schism in the English Church, and I happened to hear her attacked at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, the very stronghold of English orthodox High-Church sentiment, for signing the Irish-Church Disability Bill.

"She has no right to break her oath," said the brave preacher. "She has sworn to be the defender of the faith in these three kingdoms," and he quoted the ferocious text about the curse on "the bloody house of Saul," who broke his oath and slew the Gibeonites.

But, although there are this freedom of speech and freedom of thought in English pulpits, and in the mouths of Sir Charles Dilke and the like, they would all die for their queen. They could not pray loud enough, sing high enough, or watch with sufficient patience for the Prince of Wales recovery; they stood, thousands of them, to see the queen ride by to St. Paul's to offer up her thanksgiving for her son's recovery, and, I dare say, my brave preacher of St. Mary's, Oxford, threw up his shovel-hat higher than the rest, and forgot all about the bloody house of Saul.

And, in this unending devotion to the royal family, in this curious loyalty, lie the glory and safety of England. The pendulum will swing, of course, and there will be disaffection. There are gigantic evils of overcrowding, and concentration of landed property; no doubt those can be remedied by emigration and just laws. But you can never knock down this pyramid which they have built, unless you change the body and blood of an Englishman. The little girl on her way to church stops and courtesies to the ladies at the great house, and she is a much better little girl for so doing. The peasant takes off his hat to the squire, and I do not think he is a less respectable man for that act of breeding. The whole people bow down and cheer when their queen and her children drive by; and everybody raises his hat to the pretty Princess of Wales.

The queen has always been a very good friend to this country. She took pains to express that sentiment to Mr. Motley very plainly before he was our minister, and almost the last act of good Prince Albert was one of friendliness to our country during our civil war.

Her letter to our president, when she commended the Prince of Wales to him, was a curious document. It commenced, "My very good friend"—and Lord Houghton who knows all the gossip, said that the title of that letter had caused the cabinet three sleepless nights. There was no precedent for addressing a president. They could have written to the Imam of Muscat or the Khan of Tartary with greater ease. Her reception of Miss Grant was cordial and friendly. She intended it to be stately, and such as she would have given to a princess, but the good sense and simplicity of the American girl forbade that. Perhaps neither of the two imagined then that the daughter of our president was to become a loyal subject of her majesty, as her marriage has since made her.

On the whole, looking at the private character of Queen Victoria, as derived from conversation with some who know her best, from her books, and from all we can see of her life, it is a character greatly to be respected. It is not an unusually great character, like Prince Albert's, nor a wonderfully muscular mind, like that of Queen Elizabeth. She is not a Semiramis, nor a Zenobia. She has not the charm of the latter or the genius of the former, and yet she has been a better queen for England of to-day than either would have been. It was once said wisely of monarchs that the world must thank them if they escape being great monsters.

"That great white light which shines upon a throne" is a hard light to live in. Had Queen Victoria been a great genius and a great beauty, she might have ruined England. A too pronounced personality in a monarch, especially a female one, is to be regretted. The Empress Eugenie improved the dress of the world, but it is to be feared she did it at the expense of France.

The queen has suited the eminently home-loving genius of healthy England. They like to read that she walked yesterday on the terrace with the Prince Leopold; the day before with the Princess Beatrice, who, by-the-way, is the prettiest of her daughters.

Her speckless morality is the brightest jewel in her crown; that and her undoubted love for England, her devotion to her husband, living and dead, and her love for her children, and her faithful devotion to her kindred and old friends, will remain to praise Queen Victoria when even the glories of her Indian Empire and the splendid pageants which she summons at Windsor when she entertains an emperor, or in London when she drives to her famous old church of St. Paul's—nay, even when the

last grand pageant of all takes her to Westminster Abby to lay her beside her royal sisters, Mary and Elizabeth—yes, when all these glories shall have faded from the pages of history and the minds of men, it will be remembered that Queen Victoria was a good woman, and that she passed through the terrible ordeal of her court, through the depreciating influence of flattery and eye-service, and bore the temptations of enormous power, without losing the respect of herself or her subjects.—*M. E. W. S., in Appleton's Journal.*

CRYING BABIES.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

A young mother and a neighbor just called in a moment to ask me, "Did you ever give Soothing Syrup to any of your children?"—"Never!"—"I didn't know but I had better get some for my baby. I can't bear to hear him cry so." It is certainly very hard for a mother to bear, and it must be hard for the baby, but soothing syrup wouldn't help either of them in the end. The baby is only three weeks old and during the last week, since the mother dismissed her hired girl, and began to take the care of her little family, the baby has cried a great deal, generally resting pretty well at night, however. The parents have rocked it and walked with it, and the little thing wants to be tended in some way almost constantly. I asked if there seemed to be any danger of a rupture from its crying. Since no danger appears I could only advise the mother to keep as still and quiet as she can herself, eating plain nourishing food and resting as much as possible, and try time and patience instead of soothing syrup. The *Agriculturist* quoted a statement from the *California Medical Gazette*. a few years ago, that this popular syrup contains nearly a grain of morphine to an ounce of the syrup, so that the dose for a child three months old, is equal to ten drops of laudanum. In San Francisco, where about 100,000 bottles of soothing syrup were sold annually, it was also the case that one-third of all the babies there died under the age of two years. Soothing syrup indeed!

A neighbor recommends to this young mother some kind of patent pills, which had a wonderfully quieting influence upon her babies years ago; but none of us know what these sugar pills contain. Others would recommend, some one thing, and some another, all with a view of quieting the baby.

The child needs a healthy mother more than anything else, and its mother wrongs it by her well-meant efforts to do more work than her present state of health will warrant. Calves and colts are not so treated, and they have no need of drops and syrups. If baby cries, it is probably uncomfortable in some way, though I suspect it has already learned to want "tending." I can hear my neighbor's little one, and it seldom sounds to me like a cry of positive pain. If my own babies only cried like that, it seems to me that I could bear it more easily when they get into a crying spell. I wonder if it can possibly be because this one is not *my* child, and does not pull upon *my* heart-strings? No, I hardly think that explains the difference, for I was glad to find that my care of my neighbor's new baby, while its mother was unable to dress it, called out the same tender, motherly, and worshipful feeling toward the innocent new-comer, that I had felt for each of *own* babies.

WHAT IS THE MATTER ?

I have noticed a great difference in the crying of children. Some babies and some older children, when they cannot have what they want, or when they feel unwell, keep up a moderate kind of "boo-hoo-hoo" that no one is much affected thereby. Other babies cry with all their might, going so nearly frantic if their pain of body or mind is not allayed, that all in the vicinity are nearly driven frantic also. This difference depends much upon temperament, but sometimes it seems to be the result, in considerable measure, of different methods of baby culture. But, oh dear! how can we know just the right way each time? A baby is such a complex thing! It has in it the blood of so many ancestors, all of which may modify its mental and physical constitution in ways we little dream of—for I have little faith in the rather common latter-day doctrine, that parents are wholly responsible for the peculiar organization of their children.

"What is the matter with that child, that it cries so?"—"Firstly, is it a sticking pin?"—"No."—"Is it colic?"—If so, it draws up its legs and inclines to double itself together while crying, and perhaps its feet are cold at the same time. Warmth, by external application of warm cloths over the bowels, or simply a warm hand underneath, as the little one lies face downward, is the simplest and best cure for colic, and a gentle patting upon the back at the same time may help on the cure. *Don't* try the various teas so generally recommended. If you begin on one, you will probably have to follow it up with another. Not a drop of any kind of "herb tea" have any of my babies taken.

But what is the matter with the screaming baby? Ear-ache perhaps, as several times with mine after hot *windy* weather lately. Get a piece of cotton wool—pull it out of a bed-quilt or comfortable if you have no other—and wet it with sweet oil or glycerine, and stuff it into each ear of the sufferer to soften the wax, the hardening of which, from undue exposure to cold or wind causes the ache. If the baby is teething, and its gums are troublesome, it may be best to call the doctor, but look carefully to its diet, and keep its nerves as quiet as possible. If you cannot find the source of its trouble, and it still cries, wet a clean napkin or soft towel in cool (not cold) water, and lay it gently over its head and forehead, and possibly it will stop crying at once, and drop asleep in a few minutes. I have tried this more than once, with success. After all, perhaps, the baby was only hungry, and having asked in vain, by all the pretty ways of asking that it knows, it has cried out in despair or rage, or earnest entreaty, while it has been tossed, and trotted, and chirruped to, and sung to, and dozed. perhaps, all for nothing. You thought it was not time for it to be hungry, but its last meal may have been spoiled in some way, so that it got little, or was obliged to throw it up almost as soon as swallowed. But do not offer it the breast until you are sure that something else is not its trouble. It may be suffering from too much food already.

It is *not* a very simple and easy thing to bring up a modern baby in the midst of modern civilization. Nevertheless it is the most interesting work and study that I know of at present.

WARM UNDER-CLOTHING.

Whether it shall be made of flannel or not, who shall say? Some strongly advise flannel next the skin for all seasons of the year, others advise it only for winter, and others think flannel too irritating to be worn immediately next the skin of the whole body at any time. Having decided this matter for ourselves, according to our

own best light upon the subject, the most important thing is to pursue an even course, not wearing a flannel under-shirt one week, and a cotton one the next, with no special reference to the time of year and its probable changes. The skin gets accustomed to either cotton or wool, so different in their texture and feeling, and changes from one to the other require considerable judgment. Careless changes from woollen under-garments to cotten ones may cause disease of the lungs or of the digestive organs.

It is certainly reasonable that warmer clothing should be worn in winter than in summer, and it is time enough in November for mothers to be putting on winter garments on their children. The little boys should all have warm under-drawers of woollen or of cotton-flannel. These may be cut by the long trowsers pattern, but without any seams at the sides, and with more fullness around the body, as the two legs need not be sewed together, except a part of the way in front. Such drawers should button to a warm-sleeved under-waist, or be attached to the same when made. They should be gored at the ankle, both on the inside seam and on the fold opposite, so that they may fit well under the stockings. Left open at the bottom a few inches, they lap over more smoothly. Some mothers cut the under-garments of their small children like night drawers, or with waist and drawers in one piece. If short trowsers are worn, warm under-drawers, reaching to the ankle, should surely form a part of the same costume, and leggins or high top-boots should be added in cold weather. A fundamental principle is, *keep the extremities warm*. Many children, perhaps the majority of the little folks, are stunted in their growth by insufficient clothing, especially upon the lower limbs during the winter.

Consider the barbarism in the winter clothing of little girls. Imagine yourself walking to school, with the thermometer in the neighborhood of zero, or lower, and nothing covering your flesh between your shoe-tops and the bottom of your dress skirt—a space of several inches perhaps—except one thickness of stocking. Woollen stockings perhaps;—you may have thought your duty done when you substituted home-knit woollen stockings for sale ones of cotton. But just think how little protection that really is, and, as I said before, imagine *yourself*, or your husband, dressed in that style in cold weather. Your skirts, at least, afford you some warmth, but look at the little girl's skirts. They seldom protect even her knees from the blast, and when she sits down hurriedly upon a cold bench or chair, there is often but one thickness of cotton between her flesh and the freezing board. It is not uncommon to see little girls, under four years of age, sitting upon the cold floor, with their skirts spreading out in such a way as to leave only their drawers for protection from cold beneath them. Very little dependance should be placed upon skirts except for ornament, while drawers and trowsers should be well looked after as actual protection from exposures of all kinds.

It will not answer to leave our little girls without long under-drawers, because they wear leggins, when out of doors. One thickness of stocking on the lower part of the leg is really not enough for in-door wear. Put yourself in the little girl's place, and how would you like it?

Don't tell me that little girls have dressed in that way these many winters, and it hasn't hurt them. All that talk about this and that thing not having done hurt, because one has managed to live in spite of it, does not convince me. Why is it that more than half of the children die under the age of five years? Why have we no healthy women?

The clothing should be evenly distributed over the body. The average school-girl under ten years of age, has perhaps four, possibly five, thicknesses of cloth upon her waist—supposing that she wears a high apron and a low-necked chemise and skirt waist. Probably she has not more than three thicknesses between her elbow and waist, the lined dress sleeve and the apron above. Between her waist and knees we will suppose four or five thicknesses, lower than that, above the shoe, only one thickness. Is it reasonable? Dare you risk it another winter while diseases of all sorts are abroad? They usually make their victims of such persons as have *prepared their bodies to take diseases*, by lowering the vitality in some way. Of course, then, all of us who have given thought to the subject, will straightway provide long warm under-drawers for all of our children. While we are about it, let us put them upon ourselves; for every woman needs them.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

PAPER READ BEFORE THE HEALTH CONGRESS.

BUILDING GROUND IN ITS RELATIONS TO HEALTH—BY EZRA M. HUNT.

The moment a spot is built upon, it is, by necessity, placed in abnormal condition; the building alters the whole relation of the ground occupied, and its immediate surroundings. The great sanitation of nature is suspended, and factors of insolubility introduced to a degree that must arrest our most careful attention. Changes thus actually made are interruptions to the equilibrium and compensation which nature has established, and as such are fraught with danger to human health. The sun causes in the earth a diurnal wave of heat, in our climate, of about four feet in depth, varied somewhat by soils and seasons. As this recedes by night there is circulation of heat beneath the surface. When we come to see in what normal conditions the ground is placed as to heat, and remember what indispensable office it has in dealing with air, earth, and water beneath the surface, we cannot but come to feel still more the sanitary significance of the study. Indeed, medical men need to remember that earth has to do with great questions of physical science, and so is a department of physics to be studied technically as such. Next the ground is largely made up of air, and questions of ventilation are not all above ground. It is in constant interchange with the surface air, or else confined and fouled in its impeded underground circulation. Bad air stagnated in the ground is hurtful there in all that constitutes insalubrity, by interfering with normal and healthful affinities. It is believed that one of the causes of the prevalence of typhus and typhoid in the Winter is that the greater inner heat of houses causes the currents of air from the surrounding ground to set to them, under the general law of currents as affected by heat. So the basement and the house suck up the ground air contaminated by its wrong conditions, and the local heat causes it to penetrate more than in the Summer.

Whole groups of zymotic diseases are traceable to ground conditions. Rheumatism and all pulmonary affections are vastly dependent upon ground moisture. The indispensable disinfectant below ground as well as above is air, the circulation of which in the soil depends upon temperature, and this on light and heat as applied to the surface. The carbon is provided for vegetable life and other purposes, but when we come to deprive the soil of plants and substitute animals, we cause it to be unappropriated by the one or harmfully appropriated by the other. Where, as in some parts, made soils are composed of an over accumulation of decaying matter or of foul

material removed from streets, the building of houses over it may conceal but cannot destroy contamination. With intelligent recognition of the faculties of self-correction and health equilibrium which we have embarrassed by our buildings and pavements, we must by art compensate therefor and as far as possible prevent all abnormal conditions.

We must get the homes of people on better foundation than damp, water-soaked, air-polluted, filth-burdened ground. We must see that its soil-particles are not overlaid with vegetable or animal decay, that its fountains of moisture are not impeded in their flow or saturated with impurities, that air has free circulation through all its spaces, that its regulative ability as to temperature is not unduly complicated.

A brief discussion followed the reading of Dr. Hunt's paper. Dr. Hartshorne, of Philadelphia, moved that it be referred to the Committee on Publication, and said that the subject was one which was unfortunately not sufficiently understood by the popular mind. He alluded to the want of sanitary arrangements of watering places, and hoped some improvement would be made in this respect.

The Chairman agreed with Dr. Hartshorne as to the necessity of perfect sanitary arrangements at watering places, and said that Newport, Cape May, and other places, required much attention.

Dr. Stewart, of Baltimore, Dr. Bauch, of Chicago, and Dr. Moreau Morris, of New York, also alluded to the importance of the subject, and hoped that a thorough system of sewerage would be put in force in all cities and towns.

“MINE IS THINE,”

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign ;
When the mother's bosom bare
Giveth milk to a baby fair ;
When the ailing infant's cries
Bring tears to the mother's eyes.
Smile for smile, and eye for eye,
Tear for tear, sigh for sigh :
Then appears the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign ;
When the lover takes his bride,
Each shall share th' same fireside
Each the blue sky overhead,
Each the board and each the bed ;
Each the night and each the day,
Each the toil and each the play.

Pulse to pulse and start for start,
Beat for beat and heart to heart ;
Thus they show the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

Mine is thine, and thine is mine—
Such is Love's most holy sign :
When the members of the state,
Children are of mother great :
One in heart, and one in head,
Like two lovers ripely wed,
When they each shall share as one,
Morning red and evening dun.
Each the spade, and each the lute,
Each the work, and each the fruit :
Each the common table spread,
Each the blue sky overhead ;
Then shall rule the law divine—
Mine is thine, and thine is mine.

—Ben. F. Rayim in *Hebrew Leader*.

MASONIC AXIOM.—The simpler the ritual, the older and purer is the Masonry.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

TO G. G. H. P. DRUMMOND, AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

Most Excellent Grand High Priests and gentlemen of the Grand Chapter of the United States: It was the intention and expectation of His Excellency the Governor, to have been here to-day, and in the name of the people of the State to have extended to you a general welcome. Pressing official duties have demanded his presence in another part of the State, and at his request I am here to represent him. "I regret his absence, both on his account and your own. Had he been present his welcome would have been more glowing, but it shall not by reason of his absence be less warm. Allow me, gentlemen, to receive you in the name of His Excellency, and welcome you on behalf of the people of Tennessee. It is a great gratification to be able to receive all the members of the General Grand Chapter. Without making any invidious distinction, it is an especial pleasure to welcome those who come from great distances. [Addressing himself to the Grand High Priest.] You, sir, I believe, come from the extreme northeastern State of the Union—that hyperborean region whose streams are now locked up in crystal slumber. As our leaves have hardly fallen from the trees, in your State they have long since gone, and are already almost forgotten. When the leaves and buds shall have again returned to us here, yours will still be locked in that icy embrace. You have done us great honor in leaving that distant region to come here to attend this session of the General Grand Chapter. It is an especial gratification to make known throughout all portions of the country here represented, the character of our State.

Stretching, comparatively, in a narrow belt from the Mississippi to the mountains of North Carolina, she has a great variety of soil and great capacities, were they but developed. We have a climate not surpassed by that of any portion of the country. She is so far North that the enervating heat of Summer does not oppress her people, and so far South that there is a sufficiency of bracing atmosphere to produce the best variety. We occupy a central position. We have such a soil and climate as should have given us long since a higher position in every respect than that we now occupy. Such an opportunity as this we take advantage of to impress upon our visitors, at least the advantages we possess.

I receive you, sir, and through you the General Grand Chapter, in the name of the people of Tennessee. I also welcome you, gentlemen, as Mayor of the city of Nashville, and receive you to the hospitalities and homes of our citizens. They have always been ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to strangers. You have especial

claim upon them, and they extend to you the warmest welcome they can give. Finally, as Commander of the Knight Templars of Tennessee, I extend to you a courteous, fraternal and Masonic greeting to our city. We are of your brethren and kin-descendants of those noble Giblemites who worked so faithfully in former days. "We do worship your God as ye do," since long before the days of Eserhaddon, who did not bring us up hither. We labor under the same Royal Arch and still give you all our sympathy and aid in your efforts for the good of the order.

In conclusion, Companions, as citizens we welcome you; as Knights Templar, we guard you with our swords, and as Royal Arch Masons, we devoutly hope that your labors here may be of everlasting benefit to the order and to our common country. [Applause.]

To this welcome, General Grand High Priest Josiah R. Drummond responded as follows:

SIR:—It is with a full heart that I attempt to respond to your words of welcome to this General Grand Chapter. In their behalf, to you as the representative of the people of Tennessee and the citizens of Nashville, and to the Fraternity of this beautiful city, I return sincere thanks. We, even in the icy regions of icy Maine, have often read of the citizens and Masons of Tennessee, but it has not been our good fortune until now to grasp them by the hand and receive the fraternal welcome. Upon an occasion of this kind it would not be wonderful that we should experience other feelings than those pertaining to the matters of business we came here to accomplish.

Representing, sir, as you do, the Chief Executive of this State, it is not inappropriate that he should be here to welcome us, for, in the Masonic order, obedience to the government and respect for the civil magistrate is among our first duties. If we look at the history of our country, we find that many of our noblest men and statesmen have been Masons. Washington himself was a Mason. We find that most of the great men Tennessee has furnished the country have been Masons. Tennessee has furnished, if I recollect aright, three Presidents of the United States, every one of whom was a Mason. Andrew Jackson was a Past Grand Mason. [Laughter.] And I point to you, among my predecessors in this office a De Witt Clinton, an Edward Livingston, and a Robert P. Dunlap.

Sir, the duties of Masonry, if carefully and conscientiously performed, make men better in all respects in life, and it is not, as I said before, inappropriate that the Chief Magistrate of your State should bid the General Grand Chapter of this order welcome to your State.

Sir, you alluded to another point which I consider of importance to us, not only as a Mason, but as a citizen. This country embraces such a large variety of soil, climate, and is of such wide extent, that it

prevents such intimate relations between its people as the citizens of smaller countries are favored with, and, coming as we do from all portions of this vast country—from the extreme Northeastern States, from distant California, from the Territories, from the States bordering upon the great lakes, coming together and grasping each other's hands and looking into each other's eyes, this coming together, I say, must bring about more intimate relations and stronger feelings of fraternity than could otherwise be. And it seems to me that there must be an influence growing out of meetings of this character which will result in good. We only need to know each other. Sir, you speak of my having come from the "icy hyperborean region of the Northeast," but this remark only shows that you have never been there. [Laughter.] However rough our mountain heights, and however cold our wintry air, I undertake to say you will there find hearts which beat as warmly and with as generous impulses as in any portion of Tennessee. [Applause.] There is a certain sectional pride which we all feel and which you have, though unknowingly, touched upon. But, sir, if you will come up to Maine you will be disappointed. We are not that cold, rugged people seem to imagine, and in this connection I must confess that I have you met with disappointment in Tennessee—as happily disappointed in your people and your State as you would be in coming to Maine, particularly because you yourself made special reference to that State.

Sir, in regard to your welcome to the city of Nashville, we have already been made to feel that we are Tennesseans ourselves; that we have simply been absent for a while, and that we have returned to the old hearthstone. [Applause.]

To the Masons of Tennessee, I can only say a few words, because I cannot command language to do more. Of their devotion to duty, warm hearts and generous hospitality, we all know; but, sir, I cannot allow this occasion to pass without a general reference to our duties. There are in these United States more than half a million of Masons, more than one hundred thousand Royal Arch Masons, and more than forty thousand Knights Templar. These men are all pledged to the performance of specific duties, both in relation to themselves and in relation to others. There ought to go out from these representatives of the Masonic order a mighty influence for good, extending all over the world, and there is as much need for this now as there ever was in the history of mankind. There seems to be, throughout the world, a certain loosening of the bonds of morality—a certain disposition to make might law instead of right. Whatever may be the cause of all this such a state of things exists. Violence prevails to a great degree, and crime goes unpunished to a fearful extent. There is corruption in high places and in low. Now, against all these things this institution of Masonry should stand as a barrier, and if we are true to our belief our

order would so stand. Our institution pervades all parts of the world. Even this body which meets you to-day has its subordinates in the isles of the sea, and from this body should go out all over the world, the influence which our principles demand.

Sir, it is sometimes said that it is darkest just before morning, and sometimes we can discern the light in the east while all around is obscured by darkness. I have often thought of that when among our hills in Northeastern Maine. In the morning every thing is obscured by a mist which chills the blood; and the sun tips the tops of the highest peaks, then the next, and the next, until the mist disappears, and the valley is flooded with golden light. Let us hope that even now the sun of morality, truth and virtue, is rising to brighten up the whole land with a flood of light, dispelling the mists of ignorance and vice from the whole land. [Applause.]

THE JUNIOR WARDEN.

The office of Junior Warden is the most important in the Lodge, for upon him rests the responsibility not only of the working in the the Lodge room, but also in the streets, in the work-shops, and in all the various ramifications of business life. It therefore behoves the Brethren to be exceedingly careful who they place in this responsible position in the South, where the duty is to be performed of observing the time, and of calling the Craft from refreshment to labor and from labor to refreshment, and to superintend them during the hours thereof, seeing to it, that they deport themselves within the bounds of the tenets of an institution to which they are bound by indissoluble ties. The duties of Junior Warden are such that it requires more than ordinary vigilance and moral strength of character to perform them, in order to guard well the outer door of this ancient and honorable Order. It is his duty to see to it, that the Brethren are guilty in their private transactions of no little, mean, indiscretions towards each other. It is his duty to see to it that the breath of slander is not instituted against a brother, by a member of this Fraternity. It is his duty to see that no member of this institution shall throw a stumbling block or supplant a brother in his legitimate designs. It is his duty to see that temperance, fortitude, charity, and a tongue of good report, shall prevail among the Fraternity, and when these and other cardinal principles well known among Masons are perverted or set aside, it is his duty to bring the offending brother to a speedy trial before his Lodge. The good effect of the salutary lessons taught in the beautiful symbols and impressive Masonic lectures in a great measure depends upon how the Junior Warden performs the duties allotted to him. He is virtually

greater than the Master. Upon the Master devolves the conferring of degrees and the opening and closing of the Lodge, and the rendering of decisions, while the Lodge is in session, but upon the Junior Warden depends the watchful care and superintendency of the whole fabric of Freemasonry, while the brethren are at refreshment, and while the brethren are performing the various complex functions pertaining to human existence. In the work-shop, in the rostrum, on the streets, everywhere the watchful eye of the Junior Warden must dwell, and all praise be to him if he has the moral courage to perform his duty truly, squarely, and unflinchingly, without fear, favor or partiality.

Look well to the South, see that the right man is in the right place; and our mystic order will preserve its ancient glory for all time to come, and men will acknowledge the sublime truths we teach: but place in the South an officer of loose morals, who is derelict in the duties pertaining to his station, and our Order will be a conglomeration of meaningless ceremonies and silent symbols. A diploma presented to a Junior Warden for having faithfully performed his duties, would be to us, and it should be to the Masonic world a commendation of the highest significance. Look well to the South!—*Hebrew Leader.*

MOTHER KEMP HAS A SICK SPELL.

"I tell you, my son Jeems," said Mother Kemp, as we entered her sick chamber a few days ago, "it is no laughing matter to be laid up with the ague and fever as I've been for four weeks past. The doctor, don't you think, Jeems, wanted to persuade me that it was a visitation of Divine Providence, which he said I had ought to receive with becomin' thankfulness. But I told him I thought it was a visitation of the dog days malaria, which you know, Jeems, checks up the organic functions of the liver, and gives us the abnormal propensities of a billious constitution.

"That is it, Mother Kemp," we frankly responded. "You were right, no doubt, in your diagnosis, and old Dr. Wight ought to have been ashamed of himself to attempt to impose on your credulity in that way in your affliction."

"Well you know, Jeems," said the old lady, "there are some people who always want to blame Divine Providence with whatever they do or suffer themselves. Now you know, my son," said she, "that there is a great many folks in this world who would like to get along on the credit of somebody else's responsibility, whether they are sick or well, rich or poor. For my part, Jeems," she went on to say, "I don't think much of your Divine Providence people no how. If you get sick they don't come to see you unless you are a dyin', and even then they only come, in the general way, to hide their selfish meanness, or it may be

to git you to leave them somethin' in your will. Now, Jeems," said she, "I've been lyin' here on my bed of sufferin' for nigh on to four weeks, and there has only been four sisters in to see me, all told."

"Well that is too bad, Mother Kemp," said we, "and the sisters ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"Indeed they had ought to be, I think, Jeems; for you know," she added with a pious air, "that I have tried to be a faithful servant to the public all my born days, and I did think my good Christian sisters at least would have come in to see me in my afflictions."

"How is it, Jeems," she asked, inquiringly, "among your Masonry brethren; do they visit the sick much?"

"Well, some of them do, Mother Kemp," we replied, "and yet, I am sorry to say, many do not."

"Then, Jeems," said she, "you had ought to turn them out of your Lodges, for my ideas is that visitin' of the sick is one of the most worthiest duties any of us can perform, be we Masons or Christians. Don't you think so, Jeems?"

"You are no doubt right, Mother Kemp," said we, "and we should be glad if there were no delinquents in this matter among us as Masons."

"Well, but, Jeems, what do you do with such delinquents?" she asked, rather earnestly.

"Why, Mother Kemp," we answered, "we don't do anything with them. We just have to let them go."

"Let them go!" exclaimed the old lady, with emphasis. "Yes, Jeems, I would let them go. They had ought to go, to the dogs, too; for my ideas is, Jeems," said she, "that people who won't give you even the small crumb of comfort of a visit when you are sick, are generally not worth shucks, no how. Them's my opinions, Jeems, anyhow," said she.

"Well, Mother Kemp," we answered, "you doubtless are about right in your judgment in regard to many of these men, for they are too careless in their professed affiliations to claim the character of being either friends or brothers."

"That's so, that's so, Jeems," chimed in Mother Kemp, with a sort of renewed zeal as she raised herself up a little higher on her pillow and adjusted her large silver-plated specs on her head, "I do hope, my son," she added, "that among your Masonry brethren you will always preach this ere doctrine zealously, for I am afeered, Jeems," said she in a solemn tone, "that the world is gettin' colder and colder and more selfish every year in its friendships. At least," said she, "I've felt this way myself a good deal, Jeems, since I've been sick with the ague these last four weeks."

"We do not wonder at it, Mother Kemp," we responded, "for a

room is apt to be a very lonesome place, and the more especially is it so if we are just left alone with nothing to cheer us up but our own poor thoughts."

"Yes, Jeems, that is raley what's the matter, for I've jist laid here on this bed communin' with my own thoughts, and wonderin' whether if my revered husband had been, a Mason whether any of your Lodge would have called to sympathize with me. I know, Jeems," she added, "I'm only a poor lone woman, and my candle of life is pretty near burnt out, and I know I ought not to expect the new race of people who have sprung up all around me to pay me much attention. My dear old friends are nearly all gone, Jeems," said the good old saint, in her most plous air, "and I often feel as if I had been spared only to buffet with the cold and heartless world around me, just bekase I was not ripe enough in grace and piety to go up to heaven; and then, Jeems, I've felt a great deal worse bekase so few of you have come to see me in this long sickness. It is too bad, Jeems," said she, "when neither earth nor heaven care anything for us."

"Well, now, Mother Kemp," said we, "you must not think so hard of us; the fact is nobody scarcely knew you were sick, for if they had your house, no doubt, would have been full of visitors all the time, and you might have got tired of us."

"Well, that may all be so, Jeems, but you know I've bin very weak like in my mind, and I almost felt at times that a body might die in this place and be in heaven a week or more, before any of you would find it out. I want you to tell your Masonry brethren, Jeems, that I will have a much higher respect for them all if *they'll only visit the sick*. It's a sacred religious duty, Jeems, that hadn't ought to be neglected by any society, for it gives them a good name here in this world, and it will open the doors of heaven in the next. Ain't this all so, Jeems?" she asked with great earnestness.

"Well, we believe it is, Mother Kemp," admitted we.

"Yes, my son, it is, for the eyes of the Great Father of all ever look down in pity on all poor sufferin' mortals everywhere, and people had'n't ought to be so careless and forgetful of each other when they are all poor dyin' mortals. Why, Jeems," said she, "I've often heard of poor, weak, sinful critters dyin' in the streets, and in hovels of poverty and in dens of misery, when, Jeems, I've no doubt if some good Samaritan had come along and taken good keer of them, a great many of 'em might have lived for many years. 'Man's inhumanity to man.' Jeems, 'makes countless thousands mourn.'"

"O, I tell you what it is, Jeems," the old lady exclaimed with vehemence, "there is no use in denyin' it, this is a very unfeelin' world, and one half of the people don't know nor keer how the other half lives or dies. Ain't this so, my son?" she asked.

"We fear it is, Mother Kemp," we rather solemnly responded.

"Well, then, Jeems, when you go to your Lodge meetin' agin I hope you will tell all your brethren to *visit the stek*, and not to wait until grim death has done his work, and then come jist to have a big funeral parade to show off their Masonry regalia before the eyes of the world. Indeed, Jeems, I don't go much on the churches or on Masonry either, when they only make fine displays. All benevolent institutions, Jeems, had ought to be for the benefit of the poor, sick and dying. If they are not I fear they are of no account. Why, even fashionable churches, my son, with all their pious pretensions, are often only mere aristocratic Sunday theatres, and I do not doubt, Jeems, that do-nothin' Lodges of Masonry are only temples of ignorant and stupid mockery."

We are happy to say that Mother Kemp's head is level, sick or well.

JEEMS.

FROM CHAOS TO COSMOS.

When it was first announced that in the newly discovered continent of Australia all cherry stones grew on the outsides of cherries, and the large ends of pears next to the stems, and lilies and tulips in the form of trees, men were incredulous, forgetting that we live in a world of wonders, and that man himself is the chiefest wonder of all.

A notable marvel is referred to in the First Degree of Freemasonry, and is made the basis of a striking analogy. The words are: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be Light; and there was Light." Marvelous words; and yet some men will repeat them, and hear them repeated, for a lifetime, without surprise, and without apprehending their force. The Great Light in Masonry tells us that "all flesh is grass;" but we know that when a goose eats grass, it becomes goose-flesh—and when a donkey eats it, he changes it to donkey-flesh. So, different men are like different animals. Two persons will witness the same sublime ceremonies, or listen to the most eloquent recital in the power of language to convey, and the one be filled with soul-stirring ideas, and the other go empty away. Do not some Masons hear the wondrous words quoted above from the first chapter of Genesis, and remember them only as a meaningless form, or, at best, only as a sort of *clap-trap*? Let us endeavor to measure their force, if we can.

The creation, "in the beginning," of the material for worlds; the moulding of the confused, yawning gulf of Chaos into the harmonious universe of Cosmos; the birth of the heavens and the earth from the womb of Nature—how shall we describe these omnific acts? Astrono-

mers tell us that they see worlds forming before their eyes—material changes, for example, in the constellations of Andromeda, and Argo, and Orion. The universe is far from complete, nor will it be completed till the end of time, if then. Creation is in progress now; the Grand Architect of the Universe is still designing and erecting worlds in space. Well may we look into this stupendous work with wonder, and desire to understand something of its meaning, and to profit by its analogies.

We may exclaim, with an eloquent writer: "The Architect of Heaven and Earth appears not—who and where is He? He is a Mason, who not only uses stones for His building, but produces them. Without mortar or cement He makes creation's walls of adamant. He has neither plane, chisel, nor trowel, and uses no hammer, and yet He erects enduring edifices. No tongue, no eyes, no hands has He, yet from the caves of ocean He has reared the habitable globe. Behold the wonderful works of God."

According to Grecian mythology, Uranus, a deity of the highest order, was dethroned by his youngest born, Kronos. The party of Titans, led by Jupiter, would not brook this usurpation, and hurled thunderbolts, and stirred up earthquakes against Kronos. Old Chaos thought his hour had come, since the earth took fire and the ocean boiled. As a result the rebels were slain, Jupiter became supreme, and the earth came forth out of the confusion clad in verdure and beauty. This is the heathen version of the growth of Cosmos out of Chaos.

Note the result of the Divine command: "Let there be LIGHT," and trace its Masonic analogy.

If we cannot adequately picture the darkness brooding over the face of the deep neither can we the simultaneous flashing of Light, once and forever, over the universe. Then Chaos became Cosmos, indeed. The Grand Architect, by this act, as it were imparted to creation a part of Himself, for we read: "Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment." And this Light was not partial, but reached to the farthest world-spaces. The universe is a material *plenum*. Light is omnipresent. The waves of Ether are infinite in extension, reaching to and from the farthest star. It has taken millions of years for the light to reach us from some of the nebulae—a beautiful proof of the existence of God, whose creature Light is, from all eternity, everywhere in space.

Let us now strive to apprehend something of the analogy which the Craft draws from the shock of enlightenment. Before initiation, the candidate in his attitude towards the Fraternity represents Chaos—his mind confused by doubts and fears; his eyes blind to Masonic Light; his steps uncertain—while he waits for the omnific words: "Let there be Light!" When prepared for the change, and guided to the source of knowledge, he has the truths of Freemasonry flashed upon him, he may well exclaim, in Miltonic language:

"Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven's first born."

He sees what he never saw before; he learns the symbolic mysteries of the craft; and his mind, from being a confused chaos, is developed into an harmonious Cosmos. The man is a Mason.—*Keystone.*

A PLACE IN THE LODGE FOR ME.

A place in the Lodge for me;
 A home with the free and bright:
 Where jarring cords agree,
 And the darkest soul is light.
 Not here, not here is bliss:
 There's turmoil and there's gloom;
 My heart it yearns for peace—
 Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
 A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

My feet are weary worn,
 And my eyes are dim with tears
 This world is all forlorn,
 A wilderness of fears;
 But *there's one green spot below,*
 There's a resting place, a home—
 My heart it yearns to know,
 Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
 A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

I hear the orphan's cry,
 And I see the widow's tear;
 I weep when mortals die,
 And none but God is near:
 From sorrow and despair,
 I seek the Mason's home
 My heart still yearns to share.
 Say, Brothers, say, is there room?
 A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

With God's own eye above,
 With Brother hands below,
 With friendship and with love,
 My pilgrimage I'll go;
 And when in death's embrace,
 My summons it shall come,
 Within your heart's best place,
 O! Brothers, give me room.
 A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

WASHINGTON AS PAST MASTER.

A Masonic bust of Washington, the patriot and Mason, has during the present year been executed by Mr. Edward V. Valentine, the sculptor, of Richmand, Va. To the Fraternity of which the great original was a member and presiding officer is thus afforded an opportunity of obtaining an interesting souvenir to adorn the Lodge or home.

Mr. Valentine some time ago made a careful copy of the head of Houdon's statue of Washington in the State Capitol at Richmond, and since then has produced the Masonic bust.

As regards the truthfulness of the Houdon's statue as a *likeness*, the contemporaries of Washington have borne testimony; and among them General Lafayette declared it "a fac-simile of Washington's person."

Houdon, the eminent French sculptor being recommended by Mr. Jefferson, visited Mount Vernon in 1785, and made casts from Washington's features and person; and it was at Mr. Jefferson's suggestion that he was chosen by the General Assembly of Virginia to prepare the work which now stands in the rotunda of the State Capitol at Richmond.

The Houdon statue being so highly prized as a faithful likeness of Washington, at that time, Mr. Valentine used it as a guide in producing the Masonic bust.

In this work Washington's connection with Masonry is indicated, for he is represented with sash and jewel worn by him when Worshipful Master of Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, Alexandria, Va.

The following letter from the venerable Dr. John Dove, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, with reference to this work, will be read with interest by the Fraternity everywhere:

RICHMOND, June 6th, 1874.

MR. EDWARD V. VALENTINE:—I understand from good authority that you have a plaster copy of Houdon's statue of Gen. George Washington, now in the State Capitol of Virginia, pronounced by his favorite and associate Gen. Fafayette, "a fac-simile of Washington's person." May I ask of you to perpetuate this highly gifted work by the following use of it.

History, tradition, and the records of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons of Virginia establish the fact that the man who was to become "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was an active Master Mason; that he cherished and cultivated the principles and objects of Free and Accepted Masonry, and gave to the diffusion of them the sanction of his great name. He presided in Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of which he was the founder, in 1788, and as a member participated in laying the corner-stone of the United States Capitol building at Washington in 1793, where the seat of government was then established.

In this venerable Lodge now hangs the only portrait of him in the full costume

of Worshipful Master ever painted, and was executed by Williams pursuant to order of the Lodge in 1794.

It is therefore meet and proper that Masons should seek to perpetuate the history of his association with the Order, and along with his great deeds in behalf of his country transmit his bright example as a patron of it. In behalf, then, of the world-wide brotherhood, I take occasion to request you to bring to our aid your widely acknowledged fine talent and elegant culture in the highly appreciated art of sculpture. Such a bust of Washington, clothed in full Masonic costume, as I know you can execute, would connect his name and the honored Fraternity with which he was so conspicuously associated in an enduring form, and would eminently contribute to the holy purpose which your heaven-gifted art has already done in perpetuating the fame and features of the Father of his Country.

I am sure I can rely upon your kind indulgence and appreciation of the motives and purposes which have induced me to address you.

With sentiments of respect and esteem, I am yours,

JNO. DOVE.

On the completion of the Masonic bust, Grand Secretary Dove writes:

RICHMOND, VA., October 1st. 1874.

MR. E. V. VALENTINE:—On my late visit to your studio, I was highly gratified by a view of your bust of Washington, taken from the statue by Houdon, in the State Capitol of Virginia. As a work of art it will compare favorably with any I have seen, especially when the peculiarly life-like expression of the features is taken into comparison with the marble lineaments of the original.

The Masonic character given to it at my suggestion, by the costume of Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of which he was clothed when assisting in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol at Washington in 1793, gives to it a priceless value as an enduring monument of that peerless man and exemplary Mason, who showed his high appreciation of our time-honored institution when he said, and affixed his name to the words, "Whose liberal principles are founded in the immutable laws of truth and justice," in reply to the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in their dedication of their Constitution to him in 1798.

The bust of such a Worshipful Master should ornament the Lodge room of every Masonic body as a perpetual remembrancer of the exalted position to which each and every member may attain by the study and practice of those principles.

Respectfully,

JNO. DOVE.

The Masonic bust is life-size, in plaster. Price, \$30.

Orders may be sent to us, or direct communication can be had with the artist, whose studio is 806 Leigh street, in this city.

WOODHOUSE & PARKHAM,

1205 Main St., Richmond, Va.

A NICE LITTLE DODGE FOR GETTING NAMES.—Many good people who receive circulars of quack medicines and other things, wonder how the senders could have obtained their names. We have in former numbers explained some of the means resorted to, and stated that lists of addresses were bought and sold like other merchandise. A circular is being forwarded to the officers of various society lodges and other associations; it is printed on the back of two specimen pages of a Temperance

Almanac, which the signers say they are getting up; it asks for statistics about the lodge, its officers, etc., etc., and then adds: "also please send us the names and address of *all the members* of your lodge, if you have them in print, and if not in print, please give us the names of one or more officers or members, who will arrange with us to get them up and send them to us." Now this may be all legitimate, and there may be a temperance almanac on foot, but the funny thing about it is, that one of the "specimen pages" is the exact reproduction of a page in a Bitters' man's pamphlet, and the circular is signed with name and number in New York, while the Bitters' thing is signed with another name but at the *same number*! It all looks very much like a dodge to get names for the bitters establishment.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

[In the November Number of the FREEMASON, we cautioned our readers and the officers of our Lodges to beware of a similar "dodge."—ED. FREEMASON.]

LATE HOURS IN MASONRY.

In a certain noted history of Iceland, there is a chapter entitled "Snakes in Iceland," and the information conveyed in this chapter is contained in a single line, to wit: "There are no snakes in Iceland." In like manner our editorial leader this week is entitled "Late Hours in Masonry"—upon which we remark: There are *no* late hours in Masonry.

Perhaps an explanation is necessary. Masonry has much of its good, evil spoken of. It is not singular in this respect, for *all* good is evil spoken of; but it *is* singular that Freemasonry should so generally have "late hours" attributed to it, when it has *no* late hours. Both the law and practice of the Fraternity are opposed to them. From September to March, in Pennsylvania, the Lodges meet at 8 o'clock and close at 10 o'clock, and from March to September, from 7 o'clock to 11. Now 10 o'clock is not a late hour in winter, nor 11 in summer. The Grand Lodge fines all subordinate Lodges that continue in session *beyond* the hour named, and, as a matter of fact, we know that Lodges are rarely fined. It is also a matter of fact that Lodges, on an average, close at least from a half hour to an hour *prior* to the regulation time, so that Master Masons are not kept from their homes of an evening to an unreasonable hour, by the demands of Masonry. Some of them may not proceed directly to their homes at the close of the Lodge, but they are not at the Masonic Temple after the hours named.

Masonry respects and honors the sacred precincts of home. It does not seek to entice away the husband and father from those whom he should love and honor supremely on earth—his wife and children—on the contrary, the whole explicit teaching of the Fraternity is opposed to such a course. It provides, at the outset, that no man shall be *made* a Mason, unless he have some *visible* means of gaining for himself and family an honest livelihood. Then the charge to a Mason when he is "made," admonishes him that "he is *not* to neglect his own necessary

avocations for the sake of Masonry"—(Ahiman Rezon, p. 48), in other words, his store, his office, his workshop, his home, are all to be diligently attended to first, and *Masonry afterwards*. When he is raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason he again has brought before him, most impressively, the claims of the Mason's wife, daughter, sister and mother to his unbounded respect and honor. Thus throughout the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, the principles we have outlined are diligently enforced.

But sometimes the best principles are taught in vain. We make laws, and their natural effect is to influence obedience, but this is not universally the case. For example, some Freemasons, perhaps, do *not* return to their homes after the Lodge closes, but leave the Temple to go among dissipated companions, and, it may be, in pursuit of unlawful pleasures. *If* they do this, they are recreant both to their principles as Masons and their duty as men. Both the home and the Lodge are sacred places. Next to the Divine Architect of the Universe, in each Mason's regard, should be the wife of his bosom, she whose life is bound up in his, and whom he has solemnly promised to love, honor and protect; and *after* his wife comes his Lodge. If any of our readers have thoughtlessly neglected the one for the other, let him remember his duty to both, and perform this duty religiously.

Freemasonry is eminently a moral institution. Its natural influence is to make better men and better citizens. It openly asks the blessing of God upon its work in the Lodge. If it had not been pure in its principles and practice, it could not be a living order to-day, nor have its long and glorious past to look back upon with pardonable pride. Anti-Masons may charge us with Atheism, irreligion, and immorality, but the very existence of the Fraternity after its long and successful career, and its wide-spread continuance among all the nations and religions of the world, embracing, as it does, the best men, morally and intellectually, of every age and people, prove, to a demonstration, its true character and legitimate influence. That all Masons are *not* good men is proved by the fact that numbers have been expelled *for this very reason*: but this is true of the Church, and must be true of every class of men.

There are certain rare high days in Masonry when annual celebrations are held—annual suppers they are popularly termed. On these unusual occasions the Brethren may be kept from their homes to a later hour, but these meetings are so infrequent, that they do not, and can not, be used to base a charge against Freemasons of indulging in late hours. These are annual re-unions of Brethren, many of whom have not met for a year or more, and it is but fitting that they should rejoice with each other, and spend a social season together at the festive board.

We trust we have demonstrated that there are no "late hours" in Masonry, and if there be any "late Masons," that they are not in the Lodge, but are derelict to the lessons taught there, as well as false to their own sense of right and duty as men.—*Keystone*.

Official.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

[In the absence of any "Official" matter, such as has usually appeared in our Magazine under the heading of Official, we publish, for the information of the Craft in this Grand Jurisdiction, the following important and admirable letter from the Grand Master. The letter explains itself. ED. FREEMASON.]

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Dec. 28th, 1874.

J. CARROLL BRENT, ESQ.,

Sec. Washington Nat. Monumental Ass'n, Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 17th inst., with accompanying papers, is received. In it you inform me that the society of which you are Secretary has determined to appeal to the organizations of the country, by a letter sent to each body, soliciting contributions, upon a contingent basis, viz: such contributions not to become binding until a sufficient amount shall have been subscribed to warrant the completion of the monument by the use of such subscriptions; and in order that it might be known that every subscription made could be relied upon, it would be expected that the organizations through whom such subscriptions should be made or received, should themselves become liable for the payment of the amount of subscriptions; and you ask me to unite with others in an appeal to the Masonic Fraternity of the United States in this behalf, basing such appeal in part upon the patriotism of the Fraternity, and in part upon the fact that Washington himself was a Mason, and in his lifetime acted with and presided over the Fraternity.

I cannot consent to sign such an appeal for several reasons.

First. I cannot recommend that the several Masonic Lodges shall assume a liability for the individual subscriptions of members on the plan proposed. It might be years before the total sum subscribed would be such as to make this contingent liability a fixed one. In the meantime members subscribing may remove from the juris-

diction or may die, or their pecuniary circumstances may change; and it would bring discredit upon the Lodges should they decline to make good from the Lodge funds the subscription thus lost; and to make them good might be embarrassing.

Second. It is true that Washington in his lifetime was a Mason and acted with and presided over the Fraternity. But it is not proposed to erect this monument to the memory of Washington as a Mason. The proposition is to erect it to his memory as the Father of his Country; as the one to whom, more than any other, the country is indebted for its existence as a separate nationality. It is, therefore, to be a National Monument, and should be erected with national funds. The Masonic organization should use its funds for charitable purposes, and, in accordance with its custom, in an unobtrusive manner. The erection of this monument is not in any sense a work of charity, and therefore does not fall within the legitimate sphere of our institution.

I agree with you that it is a National disgrace to have the monument stand thus unfinished at the Capital of our country. The American people are justly subjected to the criticism of all who witness it in its unfinished condition. But if the people of the United States would speak to their Representatives on this subject, the monument would be finished; and it occurs to me that is the manner in which the funds to finish it should be raised. While the Masons of this country and the members of other organizations appealed to are patriotic, yet it cannot be supposed that all the patriotism of the country rests with them, and other citizens who are unorganized perhaps, except in a governmental capacity, should have the privilege of joining in promoting this national enterprise. If it is done from the public treasury, all will contribute, and each can say as he points to the completed monument, that he has done his part towards its erection.

For the reasons above given, I must respectfully decline joining in the appeal as requested.

WM. L. WEBBER,

Grand Master of Masons in Michigan.

PRACTICAL MASONIC LECTURES, is the title of a book, of over 400 pages, which has been prepared and published by Comp. Samuel Lawrence, P. G. M., and P. H. P. of Georgia. It is well worth the price, \$2.50, and will repay the time spent in a careful perusal.

RETURNS AND DUES TO GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Secretary respectfully calls the attention of all Masters and Secretaries of Lodges to the fact, that they are now required, by Grand Lodge By-Laws to forward to the Grand Secretary, *before January 10th*, the *Annual Returns* and *Annual Dues* of their respective Lodges.

It is hoped that this rule will be strictly complied with, in every instance. The business of Grand Lodge can be much more satisfactorily and promptly done, if Returns and Dues be thus forwarded in time to enable the Grand Secretary and the appropriate Standing Committees to thoroughly prepare their work for the consideration of Grand Lodge.

Dues may be forwarded, with returns, in *Registered Letter*, by *P. O. Money Order*, by *Bank Draft* or by *Express*. Exchange on Drafts and Express Charges must be pre-paid. Any charges, on Dues and Returns, paid by the Grand Secretary, will be deducted from the remittance and charged back to the Lodge. Money sent by letter, (not registered,) will be at the risk of the sender.

The attention of the returning officers of Lodges is called to the "Tabular Statement" beginning on page 120 of Grand Lodge Proceedings for 1874, in the third and fourth columns of which table may be found the balances due the Grand Lodge and the several Lodges, on last year's returns. The Lodges that, last year, failed to pay their dues in full, will each add to their dues, for this year, the deficiencies charged to each in the table by the Finance Committee. The Lodges that overpaid last year, will deduct from the dues of this year, the amount standing to the credit of each in the fourth column of the table.

It is useless for Lodge Officers to discuss, with the Grand Secretary, the accuracy of these balances in the "Tabular Statement." If a mistake has been made, it should be properly presented to the Standing Committee on Finance, by whom the balances were declared, and by whom alone, they can be corrected, if wrong.

The Worshipful Masters of Lodges U. D. are also reminded, that their Dispensations and Records are required to be forwarded to the Grand Secretary, at Kalamazoo, at least *ten days* before the time of the meeting of Grand Lodge. This is required, that the

Standing Committee on Lodges may have ample time to inspect their Proceedings before Grand Lodge meets.

Respectfully and Fraternaly,

FOSTER PRATT, *Grand Sec'y.*

☛ All letters or communications that will not reach the Grand Secretary at Kalamazoo, on or before the 21st inst., should be addressed to him at Detroit, care of Russell House.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

CAN A MEMBER, NOT UNDER CHARGES, BE EXCLUDED FROM HIS LODGE?

"Can the W. M. refuse permission, to a Brother and a member of his Lodge in good standing, to enter the Lodge room? If not, why instruct the Tiler to let none pass or repass without the W. M.'s permission? Why hold the Master responsible for the well being of his Lodge and divest him of power to protect it? To prefer charges against the obnoxious Bro. exposes the daughters or sisters of Brothers to scandal and reproach. These Brothers, under the circumstances, prefer that he go unpunished; but they will not sit in a Lodge with him. Can the obnoxious Brother be kept out? N."

We give the Brother's question nearly in his own language. The real question is as we have stated it at the head of this article. Can a member, not under charges, be excluded from his Lodge?

The W. M. of a Lodge not only has the power to refuse permission to an obnoxious brother to enter it, or if he be already in, when the Lodge is opened the W. M. can order him out of it, and if he resists can summon the assistance of the Brethren to *put* him out; and if his orders be not obeyed, he can close his Lodge.

The case, as put by our correspondent, is an extraordinary one and not likely to occur. But the right of the W. M. to exclude in such a case, is beyond question. Such arbitrary powers however, should never be resorted to except upon the clearest evidence of the guilt of the party and when there is a moral impossibility of bringing the culprit to justice. It is always better, if possible, to prefer the charges, to investigate the offence, to decide it according to the law and the evidence, and, if found guilty, to inflict the punishment. There is a majesty and a moral power in a calmly administered but *even-handed justice*, which sinks all arbitrary power, even though justly exercised, into insignificance.

SIGNING BY-LAWS.

A good Brother, the W. M. of one of our Lodges, while writing a letter at us full tilt, suddenly "paused, in mid-career," to fling some questions at us—*hard* questions—that were manifestly intended to make us dodge adroitly or get hurt. Hear him :

"Since the great fire, we have had no By-Laws for our members to sign. Dispute has arisen in the Lodge about the standing of those who have not signed. What is their standing? *Do they stand as expelled; suspended; non-affiliated; as a Brother under charges; as a delinquent Brother; as a Brother in the Lodge with no right to vote; can they become members of any other Lodge; have we any claim on them as members of our Lodge; or how does it affect their standing?* All these questions have arisen and made quite a dispute."

A Lodge, that can raise so many questions about nothing, must be in a chronic "dispute."

In the last number of the FREEMASON, Grand Master Webber decided that, "The Brother asking to become a member, promises, *in his application* to 'conform to all its established laws, usages and customs;' and the Lodge having considered the application and by unanimous ballot having acceded to his request, the Brother becomes a member of the Lodge even if he neglects to sign the By-Laws."

To which we add from our last Report on Foreign Correspondence, the following: [See page 251 G. L. Proceedings of 1874.]

"The obligation of every Mason *binds* him to obey the By-Laws of that or of any other Lodge of which he may become a member, and the mere act of signing his name cannot add to or detract from that binding force. In Michigan we require the signature to a *roll of membership*, because we want in the Lodge, the undoubted signature of each member, as a standard of comparison by which to judge other signatures purporting to be genuine; but whether he does or does not sign his name, is not allowed to affect, in any degree, the question whether he is or is not a member—is or is not bound to obey the By-Laws of the Lodge."

We hold a Brother by a very "slender tie," if after the pledges made in his petition, and the obligations taken in each degree, he may be raised to such a "sublime degree" of impudence as to snap his fingers in our faces and tell us—"I've got Masonry and 'got you,' but I haven't signed your By-Laws and until I do, you haven't got me"!

It is amazing how much time and temper have been spoiled, even by old and intelligent Masons, in arguing on this foolish question.

LODGE JURISDICTION OF MATERIAL.

"A resident of our jurisdiction has been initiated, passed and raised in an adjacent Lodge without our knowledge or consent. He still lives in our jurisdiction. Of which Lodge is he a member—which has a right to his dues—which is bound to pay his Grand Lodge dues?"

"RICHARD NYE, W. M."

The law is clear. The Lodge that initiates, passes or raises a resident of another jurisdiction must pay to the Lodge of that other jurisdiction *all the fees* received by it for the degrees conferred. But the Brother, thus raised, will be a member of the Lodge that raised him; and to that Lodge he must pay dues; and that Lodge will pay his Grand Lodge dues.

Further; if it can be proven that a Lodge has *knowingly* trespassed on the the jurisdiction of another, by working its material, complaint to Grand Lodge will elicit some wholesome discipline. Its charter will be in imminent danger.

QUESTIONS ABOUT DIMIT.

A Brother asked, at our last Regular for a Dimit. The members present knew that his reasons for asking a Dimit were two: 1st. He could not meet in the Lodge a brother who had defrauded him and traduced his good name; 2d. He was unwilling to prefer charges because convinced that the W. M. would do all in his power to prevent a trial.

A majority of the Lodge were of the opinion that, for such reasons, the Dimit should not be given; but the W. M. instructed the Lodge that it had *no right* to refuse, and that, if it did refuse, it might get into trouble. Under these instructions the Dimit was granted.

Quere. 1st. Were the W. M.'s instructions correct?

2d. If the instructions were wrong and misled the Lodge, have we a right to reverse our action?

4d. Has the Grand Master the power to reverse it? M. C.

Under our law a Brother must apply for a Dimit in writing, and must *state* his reasons. Brethren have no right be governed in their action thereon by any reasons except those stated in writing. The Lodge *may* [not must] grant the request.

The reason assigned for neglecting to prefer charges against the offending Brother are *not good*. The charges should have been preferred and, if thrown out by the W, M, or the Lodge, or if unfairly or imperfectly tried, or if an unjust verdict be given, he has his right of appeal to Grand Lodge, where justice will be done without fear or favor.

To the questions we answer:

1st. The W. M.'s instructions were wholly wrong.

2d. The Dimit having been granted, the Lodge cannot reverse its action except on a petition of the dimitted Brother for affiliation.

3d. The Grand Master has no power in the premises.

AT THE annual regular convocation of Peninsular Chapter, No. 16, R. A. M., held at Detroit on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23d, '74, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Jas. Findlater, H. P.; Wm. Saxby, K.; Wm. Brown, S.; A. F. May, Secretary.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

THE GRAND BODIES.

Three of the four Grand Masonic Bodies, of this Jurisdiction, hold their annual meetings this month, and all at Detroit.

The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons meets, in Annual Convocation, at Masonic Hall, Detroit, on the *third Tuesday* (January 19th,) at 12 o'clock M.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters holds its Annual Assembly at Masonic Hall, Detroit, on *Wednesday*, January 20th, at 6 o'clock P. M.

The Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. will convene, in Annual Communication, at Merrill Hall, (north-east corner of Jefferson and Woodward Avenues,) Detroit, on the *fourth Tuesday*, (January 26th,) at HIGH TWELVE.

THERE BE TRANSITS AND TRANSITS.

MORAL TRUTH is that mystic light—whose source is the centre of our Masonic system: by the illuminating and purifying power of truth, the darkness of ignorance, the fogs of superstition and of bigotry, and the miasms of evil are penetrated and dispelled. Masonry, by a method peculiar to itself, teaches its novitiates by symbols; and prominent among its symbols of moral truth or light stand the sun, moon, stars and other celestial bodies that shine by inherent or reflected light. Astronomy—the science of the heavenly bodies—is a study to which, of necessity, Masonry pays profound respect and from which it derives many important lessons: indeed, astronomers seldom discover or develop any new law or fact which is not susceptible of a symbolical application to our mystic philosophy.

From a recent astronomic event, interesting if not important to all intelligent readers, we may deduce a useful thought. The transit of Venus across the sun's disc, which occurred on the 8th of

December last, is an event full of interest and significance to astronomers. The governments of almost all civilized nations have incurred heavy expense to enable their *savans* to observe and compute the elements of this rare conjunction of the sun and one of its satellites—and for what? primarily and chiefly, to *determine the earth's distance from the sun.*

Astronomers tell us that the Planets, of which our earth is one, revolve around the sun, practically, on the same plane; in other words, the planets, in their orbits, move as *Masons* meet—"on the level." Those planets whose orbits are outside of or beyond our own can never, by any possibility, come between us and the sun to obscure, to us, any portion of its light. But we of the earth, who, by God's electing Providence, are nearer than they to the center and source of material light, may cast *our shadow* "across the abyss of space" and be the means of teaching those possible outside people, how small we are and how far they, and we too, are from our common source of light.

Venus, whose orbit is within but on a level with our own, in like manner, passes, occasionally and at long intervals, between us and our great source of light. She does this because, by the same All-Wise election, her "station" is nearer than ours to the grand center of influence and of power. But when she thus obtrudes herself between us and our common light, we learn that instead of being, as she often is, the brilliant, "blazing star" that heralds the rising or attends the setting sun, she becomes, on the face of that great luminary, an inconspicuous and unimportant *spot*—she *obscures light and reflects none.* Knowing her exact distance from us, we are also enabled to learn, by observation and by a proper mathematical use of "right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars," *our own distance—our immense distance—*from the great light that rules our day.

What the sun is to the solar, the Bible—the source of truth and of moral light—is to the Masonic system. As *Masons*, we meet and move on the same level—the *plane* of our orbits is the same: but, by our election, some are made *Masters* and *Wardens* and they, by their position and while in office, revolve or should revolve within the Masonic orbits of their Brethren and nearer to our great source of light. If, by their lives and example, they truly rise in the East to rule and govern the Lodge, set the Craft to work and

give proper instruction; or, so stand in the South as, by temperance and self-control, to exemplify the glory and beauty of true manhood; or so conduct themselves, in the West, as to preserve that harmony which is the strength and beauty of Masonic as of solar systems, then, indeed, like brilliant and useful planets, they reflect, for their pleasure and our profit, the moral glory of our great Masonic Light.

But if, by misconduct or by evil and immoral lives, they pass, as in a *transit*, between us and the light, then, indeed, we easily discover that they seem but as *spots* upon our sun—*obscuring light and reflecting none*. And then, too, by a proper Masonic application of “right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars,” we are enabled to compute their great moral distance—and our’s too—from that perfect rule of life revealed, in living light, by the center of our moral system.

May we not, also, regard our Grand Lodge, soon to meet, as a Great Light—the central sun of this Jurisdiction, around which three hundred and twenty planet Lodges revolve in harmony? What Representative will dare to so belittle himself and degrade his office, by evil and unmasonic conduct, as to hide, by a moral transit, any portion of its light from the Lodge he represents? Or what officer of Grand Lodge, who, by his orbital relations, is yet nearer to the center of our Masonic system, will presume, by unmasonic conduct, to obscure its light to *all* the Lodges and Masons of this Grand Jurisdiction?

But poor human nature is weak; we are all liable to stray from our true moral orbits; and daily we observe, that there be transits and transits; and Lodges should learn to be circumspect in the election of officers; officers should learn the duty of living blameless lives; and we should *all learn* to recognize the *profit* of *purity*, the *propriety* of *humility* and the *beauty* of *Charity*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

“HERE’S A HAN’ MY TRUSTY FRIEN’.”

The near approach of the sessions of our Grand Bodies always creates a lively interest, in Masonic matters, among the Fraternity—especially among those who, by the choice of their Brethren, are to be the members of those Bodies. To some it will be a new experience;

and an intelligent curiosity to see and mingle in the Proceedings of the Senates of the Craft, added to their zeal in its behalf, make many quite impatient for the arrival of the appointed day.

To others, who have for years been familiar with the business and pleasures of these annual gatherings, they have long since ceased to be objects of curiosity: but these veteran Brethren all manifest a growing regard for many, whom, year by year, they meet and year by year learn to love more and more. It is no small pleasure to quietly watch the meetings of these older Brethren, to see the kindling eye—to note the hearty hand shake—and to hear the manifestly heart-felt greeting and the anxious enquiry after health and welfare. It is also interesting to watch these same loving Brothers in the heat and earnestness of discussion—in the conflict of opinion—and in that clash of mind with mind which marks our legislative Bodies: they differ with regret but with honest earnestness, and always yield gracefully—when they must.

We sincerely hope the coming meetings will be a source of pleasure and profit to those who meet, and of real advantage to the Jurisdiction whose interests they have in charge.

A MASONIC LANDMARK.

TO RANDOLPH & ENGLISH, Booksellers of Richmond, Va., we are indebted for a copy of a valuable Masonic work compiled and prepared by Bro. John Dove, the venerable and R. W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

The introduction to the volume, sketches "the origin and progress of Masonry in Virginia from 1733 to 1778." It was during the year of this latter date, that the Grand Lodge of Virginia, (while the war of the Revolution was being waged,) organized the first "Grand Lodge in America clothed with the power of perpetuity of existence according to Masonic Ritual and Law." And from this time, (A. D. 1778,) the volume gives the Annual Proceedings of this venerable Grand Lodge—the mother of Grand Lodges, as its jurisdiction was "the mother of States and statesmen"—down to the year 1822.

It was about this time, or not more than a year or two later, that the venerable author, now nearly ninety years old, became Grand Secretary—an office which he has filled so long and so acceptably that his name is known to every Masonic household. Of course, his long continued and intimate official relations with the Grand Lodge of Virginia peculiarly fit Bro. Dove to be its historian.

The volume is a handsome octavo of nearly 700 pages, and contains, (as a frontispiece,) a view of Masonic Hall, at Richmond, the first building ever erected in America to be exclusively devoted to Masonic uses. It has also well executed portraits of John Blair, Edmund Randolph,

John Marshall, Robert Brooke, Benjamin Day, Solomon Jacobs and John Purdie, all of whom were among the Grand Masters of its early history.

It also contains the likeness of Geo. Washington from a picture of him, painted in 1794, by order of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22.

To the students of Masonic history this will be a valuable mine; and no Masonic Library—particularly no American Masonic Library—can afford to be without it. The price of the volume is \$4.00.

HAVING NOTICED, in our November number, an error of Bro. Drummond in the *New England Freemason*, relative to the size and editorship of this Magazine, it would not be fair to withhold, from our readers, the vicarious and more than ample atonement made, by the editors of the former journal, for the mistake—manifestly an oversight—of their distinguished correspondent.

“THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.—In the November number of this excellent publication we thus stand corrected: “Bro. J. H. Drummond is publishing some Masonic Memoranda in the *New England Freemason*, in which he undertakes to sketch the history and characteristics of all Masonic Magazines. In the number for August, he pays his respects to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON; informing his readers that ours is a ‘48 page’ monthly, and edited by ‘Spencer Pratt.’ Our name is of no consequence; but we insist that ‘our fair proportions’ of 64 pages, must not be thus summarily ‘curtailed.’”

“Brother Drummond had discovered his error and requested us to correct it, before we received the above gentle hint. The *Michigan Freemason* was originally a 48 page monthly. It now comprises 64 pages of interesting and instructive matter, and is edited by Foster Pratt, M. D., the accomplished Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, and Chairman of its Committee on Foreign Correspondence. May his shadow never be less—nor his magazine either.”

“Which, the same, we now rise to explain”—that the “accomplished” part of our cotemporary’s explanation is wholly supererogatory: besides, to us, it is embarrassing; because to reciprocate “the same” politeness, on Brothers as distinguished and “accomplished” as Drummond, Nickerson and Titus, is manifestly superfluous. It is embarrassing to be superfluous, and almost as bad, at times, to be silent; for we have heretofore noticed, and now know, that it is very embarrassing to be in a position where one is expected to say something—and wants to say something—but has nothing to say.

Our cotemporary prays, that our “shadow may never be less”; by which, we suppose, it expresses the hope, that the capacity of ourself and our “Maga” to intercept light may suffer no diminution. Even this, under the circumstances, is not without its embarrassing aspect. We most thankfully accept and fraternally reciprocate the petition in its realistic sense; but in reciprocating the prayer, we must be permitted a “mental reservation,” (applicable only to the mystic aspect of the case,) which exonerates our luminous cotemporary from all suspicion of casting any “shadow.”

MORE THAN A YEAR ago, we had some pleasant correspondence with Dr. Edmunds Mason, the W. M. of Wetumpka Lodge, No. 39 F. & A. M., of Alabama. Recently he favored us with a copy of an address delivered by him on again assuming the gavel of his Lodge. The topics of the address were Intemperance and Profane Swearing; and, from a strictly Masonic standpoint, he most cogently reasoned and eloquently urged the duty of every Mason to personally avoid and fraternally discourage the practice of these un-Masonic habits. In closing his remarks on the first topic, he says :

"I do not wish to be understood, as proposing to make the Masonic Lodge a temperance society, but I do most earnestly insist that intemperance is inconsistent with all the principles and purposes of the institution, and the indulgence in this vice, by members of the order, has too frequently marred its beauty and disturbed its harmony."

On the latter vice, he says, among other good things :

"If I properly understand the teachings and precepts inculcated in the ancient usages of the order, they certainly prohibit profane swearing. Surely it is inconsistent with true Masonic character to profane the name of that Being, for whom our reverence and adoration should increase, as each beautiful and instructive lesson, unfolds to us the secrets and mysteries of the order, as we pass from the ground floor, along the winding stairs, to the middle chamber and thence to the sanctum."

And, in conclusion, he gives an exhortation which is applicable to us at the beginning of another year.

"Let us at the commencement of this Masonic year, renew our obligations to raise the standard of Masonry higher, still higher, and let us practice out of the Lodge, those beautiful tenets so impressively taught in it. Let us shun the vices to which we have briefly invited your attention, and let us persevere in the discharge of those duties which will best fit us for traversing the rugged pathway of life; and when the last bitter hour comes and "death and the narrow house" may each one of us have the password, which will insure us an entrance into the Celestial Lodge above."

COMPLIMENTS.

This is preeminently the season of compliments; but compliments merited or unmerited, are seldom *unseasonable* to the recipient. Agreeably with the customs of society and with our own vanity (if the reader please,) we put in our "card basket," the following complimentary notices of our Magazine of which we are not a little proud :

"OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,

"JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

The FREEMASON is a welcome visitor, and I thank you for the courtesy so long extended to me. Fraternally,

J. L. POWERS, Gr. Secy."

Bro. T. S. Parvin, the veteran Grand Secretary of Iowa, in his report on Foreign Correspondence, made to the Grand Chapter of that Grand Jurisdiction, quotes the handsome commendation given our Magazine by Grand High Priest Finch, last January, and then says of our bantling :

"It is no glimmering and faded or extinct "*Light in Masonry*," which we in Iowa have a pecuniary consciousness of, but a genuine and meritorious work, worthy of his endorsement."

And Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley, well known as the editor of the *St. Louis Freeman*, and the Grand Secretary of all the Grand Masonic Bodies of Missouri, also speaks handsomely of us in his official—not editorial capacity. As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence in Grand Lodge, he quotes Grand Master McCurdy's endorsement of our journal, given in his annual address last year, and then says: it is a "deserved tribute; and if the Brethren of Michigan would read such a good journal as the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, the Grand Master would be spared answering a lot of simple and useless questions."

Such commendations (and we have many others,) from such distinguished Brethren of the Craft, *incline* our editorial chair backward into an attitude of most comfortable complacency.

But it must not be understood that the editing or publishing managers of the FREEMASON are disposed to rest upon the good name and fame already acquired by their journal, but they propose, from time to time, as circumstances or the interests of its readers may require, to steadily increase its attractiveness and value to its patrons. No pains will be spared to make it indispensable, especially to its Michigan readers, to whose interests it is especially devoted. To whom, and to all who peruse our pages, we wish a "HAPPY NEW YEAR" and all the other "compliments of the season."

BRO. ELWOOD E. THORNE, the M. W. Grand Master of New York, has sent us a circular announcing, that the Masonic Hall which has been erected, at great expense, by the Grand Lodge of New York, will be dedicated, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, on the 2d day of June next.

A Dedication Fund has been authorized by him, for the purpose of defraying the heavy expense of the occasion; and the Lodges and Brethren of that Grand Jurisdiction are solicited to contribute to it, in order that there may be no draft on the Grand Lodge Treasury for the purpose.

The occasion will undoubtedly be anticipated, with great interest, by the Fraternity of that great State; and not by them alone; for to all Masons, especially to all American Masons, the event will be full of significance. We wish them abundant success in their efforts to make the occasion such, in all its aspects, that every Craftsman may be proud of his Brethren who hail from the Empire State.

AT THE General Grand Encampment, held at New Orleans, very little important business was transacted. The vexed "costume question" received a satisfactory and sensible solution—each Grand Commandery is allowed to choose as it pleases, the old black uniform or the present red and white.

Jas. H. Hopkins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is the new Grand Master, and John W. Simons, of N. Y., is Grand Recorder; and the next tri-ennial Grand Conclave is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio.

IT WAS EXPECTED that a new Masonic Hall, just completed in Lawrence, would have been formally dedicated December 10th, by the District Deputy G. M., G. J. Hudson; but as the Grand Master was not notified in time to come in person or appoint his proxy, the dedication did not take place, greatly to the disappointment of those present. Instead of a dedicatory service, those in attendance were favored with an able and interesting address on Masonry, at the new Hall, by Rev. Dr. Huson, of South Haven. This was followed by a dinner, served up in the old Hall; and by a dance at the new public hall in the evening, and a late supper at the hotel of Sam. G. Mather.

NAMES WANTED.

[In the December number of the *American Newspaper Reporter*, published in New York, we find additional evidence of the necessity for the caution we gave to our Masonic readers in the November number of our Magazine.—ED. FREEMASON.]

Judging from the advertisements which peep out here and there in some of the newspapers, there is to be repeated this season the old oft-repeated dodge of "name-getting," an artifice which has been exposed in the *REPORTER* and elsewhere, but seemingly with the usual non-effect upon the foolish people. The remark has been made before, that "the fools are not all dead." No, they live to become the natural food of the sharpers; as the porgie and moss-bunker of historic Brooklyn live to become the natural food of the blue-fish as they swim like gudgeon to the tempting food on the shores of Long Island.

It is a curious fact in connection with this matter of "names—wanted" or "names for sale," that in spite of the exposure and condemnation of respectable newspapers, the advertisements appear worded precisely the same as before; the sharpers have not taken the trouble of changing so much as a syllable. Here is a recent example:

"FOR SALE.—A list of 6,000 names that have been obtained by advertising. All are genuine and the letters will be sold with them. Address——."

What are these names? They are simply such as have been obtained from countrymen in all parts of the United States by parties who have advertised counterfeit money, patent medicine of a dubious character, "advantage" playing cards, and things of the sort. These are not only the names of greenhorns, but of low and vicious greenhorns. The dealer in such names will get a good price for them as soon as he can satisfy his customer that they are what they purport to be. It is only necessary to show that the names are genuine and are answered to by so many corrupt fools; and it is to prove this, that "the letters" as runs the advertisement "will be sold with them."

A gentleman once asked a man engaged in one of the many swindles, how he obtained the names of the parties to whom he sent his circulars.

"That is the great trouble," he replied. "We can get names enough out of the directories, but they are not such as we want. We buy lists sometimes from the publishers of a certain class of weekly papers, but they are not very good, as the people who read most any paper get, after a while, too intelligent for us. We send to the Postmasters, but they are stupid and send us the names of the most prominent men instead of the obscure ones which we want. Sometimes we hire men to go around through the country places and collect names under various pretences, but this costs a great deal of money, as a man must stay some time in a village or country town before he can get at the names. The best lists are those made up by copying every name written on the walls of railway stations and the buildings that surround them, and in the country stores. A man who writes his name in a public place is pretty sure to be an idiot, or so near one that he is pretty sure to bite at a glittering bait."

Is it not a pleasing picture? There are said to be in New York at present two or three hundred men who live by preying in these ways on the credulity of countrymen. They are seldom brought to justice from the fact that men cannot prosecute them without confessing to the fact that they wanted to swindle some one.

Why will not the country newspapers put a stop to the profits of a business which must in some degree injure honest advertising, by tully exposing the matter in their journals?—*American News Reporter.*

Tidings from the Craft.

W. Bro. A. F. May, the genial and efficient W. M. of Ashlar Lodge, No. 91, of Detroit, sends us the following. It was received too late for insertion in the December number of the Magazine.—ED. FREEMASON.

DETROIT, Nov. 20th, 1874.

Foster Pratt, M. D., Kalamazoo, Mich.:

DEAR SIR AND R. W. BRO.—Acting on the suggestion of P. G. M. McCurdy, and of several articles which have appeared in your valuable periodical, (MICHIGAN FREEMASON) Ashlar Lodge, No. 91 has warmed up its big coffee pot and dusted out its banquetting hall, and finding the latter a decidedly good place to be, has assembled there several times. The following is the report of the committee of arrangements for our last meeting of this nature:

“DETROIT, November 19th, 1874.

“*To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Ashlar Lodge, No. 91, F. & A. M.:*

“Your committee appointed to the duty of making the preparations necessary for holding a social banquet, beg to report:

“That in carrying out the wishes of the Ledge, a circular was issued to every member whose address could be obtained, inviting their presence for social objects on the evening of Friday, Nov. 6th, '74. In response thereto about one hundred and twenty members, and invited guests, evinced their deep interest in the object of the meeting by assembling promptly at eight o'clock.

“On repairing to the banquet hall it was evident that ample accommodation and provision had been made to meet the requirements of the large company assembled. Full and signal justice was done to an excellent supper, prepared, and elegantly served up, by Bro. McGregor, upon whom had devolved the duty of providing and arranging the material refreshments.

“The Worshipful Master in calling the meeting to order, stated, in a few well chosen and appropriate remarks, the object in view, and the advantages resulting from such social meetings, and at once surrendered the management of affairs into the hands of the Junior Warden, who only required such an opportunity to show his great executive ability. Under his vigorous administration, toast, speech and recitations followed rapidly, while the Brethren with musical proclivities (and with commendable promptitude) filled every interval with some of their best songs. And, while the evening lasted, it seemed to be a full realization of the fervent inspiration of one of America's most graceful poets:

“The night was filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Had folded their tents like the Arab,
And had silently stolen away.

"In as much as it may be safely presumed that every member of Ashlar Lodge interested in the movement was present, assisting and participating in the pleasures of that joyous occasion, an elaborate report of the evening's exercises would be superfluous.

"In conclusion we beg leave to report (from necessity, not from choice) that the expense incurred by your committee in bringing your wishes to a successful issue, amounted to \$——.

Respectfully submitted,

"Jno. McCORMICK,

"Chairman of Com."

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF MICHIGAN TO TEXAS KNIGHTS.

The Houston, Texas, *Age*, has the following about one of the pleasant incidents of the late meeting of the Knights of the Cross at New Orleans: "Major I. C. Stafford, who has just returned to our city from New Orleans, where he has been attending the Conclave of the Knights Templar, while in our office showed us an unique badge, of which we will give a description: On the top of the badge was the word 'Michigan, and underneath 'Let us,' then comes an engraving of two Knights Templar, in full uniform, shaking hands over 'the bloody chasm,' after this the words 'And bury the,' then a picture of an old bloody shirt. The word 'Texas' is on the bottom of the badge. The whole thing interpreted would read 'Michigan and Texas. Let us shake hands over the bloody chasm and bury the bloody shirt.' Ike says this was gotten up by the Michigan Knights in honor of the fraternal feeling they had for the Texas Knights at the Conclave. The Texas delegates will not soon forget the courtesies received at the hands of their Michigan brethren while in the Crescent City. Ike says the Michiganders are as jolly good people as he ever saw, and would like to see a couple of hundred thousand like those he met in New Orleans at the Conclave come and settle in our Lone Star State.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has become the Grand Master of England. He was installed with great ceremony.

THE AUSTRALIAN FREEMASON, whose advent as a Masonic journal we noticed some months since, comes regularly to our table, and is full of interest. We wish it success.

THE CRAFTSMAN, too, a new journal, comes to us from San Francisco. We extend to it the right hand of journalistic fellowship and cordially wish it abundant success.

AND YET ANOTHER—*The Scotsman and Caledonian Advertiser*, comes to us with a page devoted to Masonry, under the editorial charge of Bro. F. G. Tisdall formerly of the Masonic Department of Pomeroy's *Democrat*. Bro. Tisdall is a vigorous writer. We wish him and his abundant success.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—FEBRUARY, A. L. 5875.—NO. VIII.

ONE MORE CHANCE.

From the Sunday Magazine.

Rab Christison had been ailing for some time. He said it was nothing very much. Only something that shortened his walks. That kept him awake till midnight, and wakened him at dawn. That made him think there must be something terrible amiss with London meat and London bread, since he found no appetite for either. But surely all this was nothing very serious.

His conscience even misgave him that he should use such an excuse to ask for an untimely holiday in the spring that he might go down to his old home at Clachan on the Forth. They were all glad to see him there; no visit of his would ever be untimely to his old father and mother and his two maidenly sisters. They would like to put him in the "spare room," which was carpeted all over, and had white hangings. But Rab would have the little room in the roof where he slept when he was a boy, with its windows turned to the sky, where, if you climbed up, you could catch a glimpse of the blue hills far away. The deep sleep of his boyhood seemed to return to the low matted couch, at least Rab said that he rose as refreshed as when he was fifteen.

He found some appetite for the fresh milk and the new-laid eggs which they set before him, and they told the neighbors with wistful pride that Rab ate a whole reaper's "bap" on the very first morning of his return. And surely he seemed to drink in health from the sea-breezes, that blew up the shingled shore. It was too shingly a shore for any one to walk much there. But Rab found out sheltered coves, and sat in them for hours together. Sometimes his companion was

sister Flora, sometimes sister Christian, but Jessie Macfarlane, daughter of the farmer at Easter Clachan, was the friend of both, and came with either. She was the only girl in the house at Easter Clachan, and the good Christian women were fond of her, and never left her lonely. She was but twenty, and they were both nigh forty, but they all loved each other, and cared for the same things—their respective households, the sermons at kirk, their thrifty handiworks, and the running story in the magazine, and were not without an appreciation of far wider interests much more keen than that of many who would scorn the humble monotony of their outward lives. They had stayed at home, but their hearts had traveled far. In the girl's eyes, those two good, plain spinsters were sacred and glorified by the romance that was not yet audible in her own life. Christian Christison had been "promised" to the young mate of a whaling-vessel, that nearly fifteen years before had sailed from Clachan on the Forth, and had never sailed home again. Flora was engaged to one who went to seek his fortune in India, and was still unsuccessfully seeking it there. Flora was the graver of the two sisters, and was sometimes a little sore and hasty in temper. But with neither had their love affairs made any parenthesis in life. They kept their father's ledgers, and served behind his counter, and went out to tea among their own little set in a substantial, cheerful way. But Jessie understood where Christian's thoughts went, when she dropped her knitting and gazed at the sun sinking over the sea, till the grey clouds closed above him, and only a streak of glory lingered on the wave. And Jessie respected Flora's quaint and constant knowledge of Hindoo words and customs. She never said a word on the subject to either of them, nor they to her. They did not know she knew, and she felt that they would prefer it to be so. Let us take our friends' sweet flowers of wisdom and patience and poetry without grubbing up the black anguish which lay at the roots and ripened them.

Rab Christison was twelve or fifteen years younger than his sisters, and he had known Jessie, coming in and out of his mother's little parlor, ever since she had been a baby. While they were still children he had said that he would marry nobody but Jessie. "Ah, he has forgotten that now," thought Jessie, sitting beside his sisters on the shingles. "I wonder if she remembers that?" asked Rab Christison, starting up and taking a hasty turn among the rocks.

These were sober, quiet people, who pondered many things. They had been taught in childhood, not to think they had a right to snatch whatever they wanted, but rather to pause and consider everybody's welfare and wishes before their own.

And so Rab Christison said no word of love to Jessie Macfarlane, the one love of his strong, patient heart. He had no prospects but

what were in himself. The respectable old shop on Clachan Market had made no money, and it would be the natural and lawful inheritance of the sisters who served it and knew all about it. They would live and die here, for nobody expected that Flora would ever go away now. Jessie would have no dowry. Her father's farm was poor and small, and there were many boys on the farm of Easter Clachan who must, somehow, be creditably started in life.

Rab did not think it a hard matter. It was all, of course, with him, "the steep brae" which "the stout heart" does not even notice. Nor did he dream that Jessie loved him, though he had a happy instinct that she was to be won. He knew she liked him, that she was glad when he came, and sorry when he went away. And he was right. But Jessie was not the girl to make all her friends miserable by freaks of sentiment and passion. Jessie Macfarlane had never yet let her own heart say to itself that the crowning bliss of her life would be to become Rab Christison's wife. She had that pure woman's uprightness which feels that to throw an unsought love at a man's feet is to degrade herself and to wrong him bitterly. Jessie was one of those who can in patience possess their souls, in a sense that is almost forgotten in this age of hysteria and mania.

So the two took their last walk on the Clachan shingles. Flora and Christian were both with them that night, and at first they all talked much faster and more merrily than was their wont. Christian was the only one who seemed able to trust herself to be silent. And at last she suddenly asked Jessie to sing a song which she herself had taught her.

Rab had never heard "The Bonnie Beeches," and he seconded his sister's request. It was the last song Jessie would have chosen. But what she was asked to do that she would do, assured that she would get through somehow.

And so she sang—

O happy day that is past and gone,
 O bonnie beeches beside the sea,
 O summer sun that so sweetly shone,
 O friend of mine who is dear to me.

The sun no longer shines through and through
 The bonnie beeches beside the sea;
 And the happy day, that too swiftly flew,
 Is gone with the friend that is true to me.

The twilight falls with a breath of night
 On the bonnie beeches beside the sea;
 And a ship sails out in the western light,
 And shadows are only left for me.

Now God be praised for his summer day,
 For his bonnie beeches beside the sea,
 For the true, true friend that he called away,
 And the blessed shadows He leaves for me!

They were all quite silent when she finished. Nobody thanked her, nor spoke, till Rab rose, saying he felt rather chilly, and then Christian said—

“Perhaps Jessie will take a turn with you, while we finish our seams.”

They went off together among the rocks. Twenty years after, Jessie could remember every rough point where he stopped to help her. They did not talk very much. Rab said—

“My sister Christian seems a very happy woman, after her sorrowful history.”

“It does not seem a sorrowful history now,” said Jessie.

Rab was in London again by that time next day.

How hard he tried to believe that he did not grow weary, and more weary!—that it was only sheer self indulgence which made him so often take an omnibus where he had once walked; that it was only a nervous desire to satisfy those at home which made him consult physicians.

But it all ended on that red autumn afternoon when Rab went to the famous doctor, to whom he had deferred going for so long, because “it scarcely seemed worth while.”

They had only half an hour’s conversation, and then Rab came out of the great, grandly desolate house, and walked across the misty park, in front of the setting sun, like a man in a dream!

“Only one chance for life.” A long sea-voyage, and a settlement at Australian Morecambe Bay or Adelaide, might save him yet!

The weariness was heavy on him now, dragging him like a death, even as he paced to and fro under the dusky falling leaves. They dropped upon him slowly, surely; they would be all underfoot soon, as his hopes were already. Need he contend any more with the fate that was fastening itself upon his vitals? Must he take that long journey in such forlorn hope? It seemed far easier to lie down and wait for the swifter and shorter passage from this life to “that which is to come.”

But it was only his body that was failing; his spirit was strong enough to soon rally. He would go. It was not God’s appointed time for him to die, while there was one available chance of life left.

“For her sake, too,” he caught himself whispering. For it was revealed to him then, like a divine secret, that his life or death would make all the difference in life to her. He did not long need that knowledge as he had it at that supreme moment. It paled away, like starlight in a grey dawn. But ever after he knew that it had been there; and that it would come again. Did those two miss the sweetness of love by silence? Rather, may not this silence bear love’s full chalice with such firm and screeching hands that no precious drop shall be spilled, and no speck of common dust sully its crystal whiteness?

Yes; Rab saw that it was his duty to go. But he decided that it was not his duty to fall dependant on the help that his home circle would so eagerly render and could so poorly afford. He must not impoverish poor Christian and Flora, though, like the leal sisters that they were, they would insist on it if they knew of any need.

They should know of none. They had never seen anything but the sunny side of his affairs. They knew his salary; but did not realize the cost of city living and lodging, nor the more recent inroads of country trips and doctor's fees. They would readily believe that he had saved more than he had; at any rate, unless he could win his chance of life without preying upon their industrious poverty, then he should understand that it was not God's will he should have it.

The first proposition he laid down was that he must work his passage out somehow. It was of no use to think of going before the mast. He wished he could have done this. It had its fascinations for a native of Clachan on the Forth, who had once had dreams of being mate of some Arctic whaler, whereof a brother-in-law should be captain; it was an open, daring life, which did not turn its worst side to one who was far above any fear of hardening his hands. But that could not be now; for it would kill him at once. He must take some post that would deal more gently with the fading body, albeit it might bear more bitterly on the spirit.

To Clachan he first wrote of his voyage as a mere possibility, that would probably be to his great advantage. His sisters responded sensibly, quite open to the benefits he might derive, and tenderly silent as to the fears and scruples of the old father and mother.

Rab got a birth sooner than he had hoped or dreaded. He was to be a sort of ship's handy man—assistant to the steward, cook, and so forth. Rab Christison was but a tradesman's son, and himself a clerk in a London house of business. But the old home in Clachan Market had a dignity and daintness in its staid decorum and severe simplicity; and Rab himself was a fine clever fellow, who had regularly carried off the best prizes at school. His London employers had a high opinion of Rab Christison—that peculiar shade of high opinion which credits its object with its own respectable pecuniosity. Such a superior young man must be well-off; his family must be well-to-do. They only inquired the name and port of the ship he was to sail in, and straightway inferred that he would be a saloon passenger.

Flora and Christian, who were the mediums of most of the home correspondence, were much troubled about their brother. They lay awake at nights, and talked to each other, about what he could have saved and what he would need. But it all issued in a very timid suggestion that the voyage must cost a great deal, and that he must not land on a strange shore without a considerable stock of cash. Rab

wrote back that all was well, that he should not have spent all his money when he arrived out, and that with his introductions and his London experience he would be sure to get some light counting-house work very easily.

Rab bought a few potatoes and practiced scraping them, and made his own bed and washed up his own tea-things. His landlady and her servant girl seemed to think at first that he was going mad, but presently came to the conclusion that it was as well to have some preparation for "roughing it in the bush," of which they had a curious mixture of ideas, based on a picnic on Wormwood Scrubs, and the perusal of Mayne Reid's "Maroon." They would potter about poor Rab, giving him instructions, and asking all sorts of inconsequent questions. But he was grateful for their good-natured interest, and their ignorant sympathy even did him good, though it was for trials and troubles only of their own imagining.

But all Rab's manly independence did not grudge his sisters the kindly rights of love and kinship. Though he could have afforded such rough outfit as his lowly place required, still he cheerfully allowed them to make one of their own considerate and dainty planning. Christian wrote him that Jessie Macfarlane helped them, and was their greatest cheer and comfort. Nor did Rab hurt his sisters' feelings by persisting in repaying them in the strict letter of the debt, though he sent them each a little golden locket holding a scrap of his hair, which he asked them to accept as a parting memorial. The truth was he bought three lockets, but the third he did not send. He put his hair in it, and pondered over it, but finally put it away in his own trunk, thinking some day he might send it, and joyfully tell the story of the time and purpose of its purchase. If that was not to be, then Rab decided that it was wiser and kinder not to send it now.

For days before the ship sailed he had to be down working among her stores. It was hard work after all, and tried his strength sadly, otherwise he found he did not mind it very much, his prejudices, like most other shadows, having vanished as he boldly walked up to them. Rab had always been one of those people who, keeping in view the possible adjustments of the next life, are not afraid of finding themselves very much out of place among any common humanity. Manners might be rough and language coarse, but there were men always ready to "give a turn" when they saw him pause to pant and wipe his brow under any particularly heavy burden. And all the people about him seemed so used to doing things they did not wish, and to giving up what they did, that Rab fairly blushed, and silenced forever even the scarcely audible misgivings and pangs of his own heart. The sailors' wives and daughters—aye, and widows too—came and stood about the ship sometimes, and gossiped, and treated him with all the

woman's kindly yearning over the "poor gentleman." Knowing nothing whatever of him, they made out their own little history. Most of them thought he must have been a little wild—nothing very bad, you know, but not "settling," and that therefore his friends had cast him off. "Their hearts 'ud soften a bit if they could see him now," said one. But the cook's old wife, who had been three long voyages, and seen "a many people an' their different ways," was sure it was only all through cross in love.

Rab was off at last, an unnoticed unit in the crowd of passengers and crew. In the hurry of his work, he got scarcely a moment to look at the receding shore as the ship sailed out of dock. It was not Clachan Beach, the scene of his boyhood and of many a dear and happy hour. But yet it was dear to him now, and his eyes were moist as they looked at it. There are some people who love places that seem outwardly very bare of pleasant association for them. Is it that angels have been with them there? May they not "have meat to eat which we know not of"?

Nobody ever heard much about the long voyage out. Rab's first letter was but short, written hastily to catch the mail, which was just leaving the port when his ship arrived. He only told of his safe arrival, and that he had found the voyage so trying that he must rest a little before he should be fit for much. He should have plenty of news to tell by the next mail.

Poor fellow! By the next mail he had to own that he was in the hospital. But he softened the fact for those who had to hear it. The hospital was the only place where one could get good attendance and nursing in this busy new country, where there were but few women without stringent family cares of their own. And he would be better soon.

Rab's letter gave no hint whereon to found such a supposition, but Flora felt sure that the hospital must be an institution where the sick out of the many "extra men" of that unsettled land paid for such comfort and kindness as could not be obtained elsewhere at any reasonable cost. Flora was enthusiastic about the thoughtful benevolence that must have planned such an establishment for the benefit of those deprived of the natural aids by the abnormal circumstances of the case. But one day, while she was talking fast on the subject, she looked up and met Christian's eyes, and suddenly she stopped, burst out crying, and never named the subject again.

Oh, there must have been hot and bitter tears shed unseen on the solitary hospital pillow. Whatever one may be willing to pay for independence, it may become too near for one's power at last. But Rab said nothing of his pain, or of his defeated struggle. God knew—and that was enough.

Weary, weary mails between Britain and Australia! It was hard, hard to wait in the house on Clachan Market amid mutual comfort and the stays of habit and duty. What must it have been to wait out there among strange faces, work on this earth all done and put away? But God and his angels are as near in Adelaide as in Clachan. And perhaps the vision of "the city not made with hands" shines but more clearly on the black hospital wall.

Rab got two letters which had followed him on his journey, and had been written in ignorant and eager hope that the voyage would accomplish its work of cure. Rab never received any more. And he knew there was sure to be one coming in answer to his. And it seemed to him as if he ought to be able to live to read it. He felt ready to blame himself as dying in sheer cowardly impatience.

"There will be a mail in two or three days," he said to the house-surgeon; "and there is sure to be a letter for me by that mail. Do the mails often come in before they are due?"

"Very seldom," answered the doctor.

"If I give you our address at home, will you write a few lines to them?" Rab asked. The question was put quietly; but the tone made the doctor look up, and he and his patient looked at each other, and the doctor's eyes fell. Rab saw that he fully understood and freely consented. "They will be so grateful for hearing of me up to the very last," said Rab.

Rab thought of the locket he had bought for Jessie. No; she must never hear of that now. And yet, with all the clearness of that old revelation of the day of his doom, he felt that she did know all about it, but that it was with a knowledge that was best apart from word or token. She was his. They could walk together on the eternal hills beyond the valley of the shadow of death. He could wait for the endless to-morrow; for that eternity of revealing against which time can keep its brief secrets and the heart its own silence.

"You needn't send home my box," he said to the surgeon. "Please to tell my people that I bade you sell my traps for the benefit of the hospital. It is all I can do." Then, seeing that the doctor hesitated, comprehended, and said, "If you will give me a piece of paper, I will write that down as my will, and then you can send it home."

"He ought to have died before this," was the surgeon's comment to his colleague. "I wondered how he lasted so. But I understand better now I see how anxious he is for the next mail."

What made Rab so anxious for it? There could not be much news from Clachan. There could be no healing virtue in poor Christian's letter that should suffice him for whom all else had failed. But Rab said to himself that to see that mail come in he would give all—and then he smiled, and remembered that he had nothing to give.

He died just two hours before the British mail arrived.

There were two letters for "Mr. Robert Christison." The doctor to whom he had spoken of his sisters, thought he could see the sensible Scotch spinsters in the thicker of the two epistles, with its big seal impressed with a "C." He looked at the other letter with more curiosity. The writing was small and neat—a little timid. The envelope had a crest stamped upon it. The doctor, who was a Scotchman, recognized the sign of Clan Macfarlane. The only address he knew was to the house on Clachan Market. "No, no," said the doctor, "I won't send the poor girl's letter back to her through anybody's hand. I'll send back the sister's letter when I write to the parents; but I'll take this back to the office, and let it go home through the dead-letter post."

If Rab Christison, through the clouds and pains of the falling flesh, had still felt the something coming, who can doubt that when risen to new and finer powers, exceeding the best powers we know, as those best human powers exceed the powers of the brute, he still knew what came, and the tender heart, brave as it was true, who sent it.

The young colonial doctor had been very good to his patient, and he did his best also to fulfill his last request. He spent two whole evenings trying to indite a letter that should fully satisfy the yearning hearts at Clachan. Less pains might have succeeded better. But there was nobody to criticise that night when it was read among bursts of tears in the parlor behind the shop, when Jamie Dee, the rough errand-lad, hanging about the door, skulked off, and put up the shutters without waiting to be bidden.

And Jessie Macfarlane came and went as of old with Miss Christian and Miss Flora. She put on no mourning. But from that day it has been more natural to Jessie to buy anything for anybody else than finery for herself.

Her letter came back to her, and she read it through, and wondered how she could have been so terribly frightened when she wrote it. It somehow seemed different, as it might have seemed if Rab had lived and come home, and married her, and she had found it in his desk in the long years afterwards. She felt as if she loved the little letter which had gone after Rab, though it had missed him. But it was only her own letter and she burned it.

Nobody knows; nobody ever will know. But Christian, talking one day of Rab, mentioned his simple will, which the doctor had sent home.

"It was very right and thoughtful of my brother," she said. "I think we should all do so, however little we have to leave. I should not have thought of it for myself; but I've done it since then. There's the locket with Rab's hair put down to you, Jessie."

And they both stitched away and did not look at each other.

Jessie Macfarlane lives to this day in Clachan, an old maid, pretty in her primness, and gentle and pathetic in her old-fashioned, reserved sentiment. There is no "story" to be told about her: no whisper wherever she goes, nothing that can keep old pangs at fresh sting-point. She is very "young-like," people say, knowing not that her girlhood is inclosed in a crystal, whence it shall only escape into the land of everlasting youth.

Have I told a sad story? I did not mean so to do. It is not sad to me. It is only the story of how a man made the very best of his life, and, out of his sorrow and weakness and loss, marched onward—a hero.

PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF MENTAL CULTURE.*

BY NATHAN ALLEN, M. D., LL. D.

In the advancing knowledge of physiology it has been discovered that all mental culture should be based upon the brain—that education should be pursued in harmony with the laws of life and health, and that, where these are violated, the advantages of the former afford poor compensation. Formerly no attention, or scarcely any, was paid by school boards and teachers, in the matter of education, to the condition of the body or the development of the brain, and even at the present day very little is paid them, compared with what should be given to those great physical laws which underlie all mental culture. The lives of a multitude of children and youth are sacrificed every year in this Commonwealth by violating the laws of physiology and hygiene, through mistaken or wrong methods of mental training; besides, the constitution and health of a multitude of others are thus impaired or broken down for life. Nowhere else in society is a radical reform needed more than in our educational systems. Inasmuch as the laws of the body lie at the foundation of all proper culture, they should receive the first consideration. But, in educating the boy or girl, from the age of five to fifteen, how little attention is given to the growth and physical changes which necessarily occur at this important period of life! The age of the child should be considered; the place of schooling, the hours of confinement and recreation, the number and kinds of studies, together with the modes of teaching, should all harmonize with physical laws—especially those of the brain.

The system or mode of treating, in education, all children as though their *organizations were precisely alike*, is based upon a false and unnatural theory. Great injury, in a variety of ways, results from this wrong treatment; in fact, injuries are thus inflicted upon the sensitive

* From "Medical Problems of the Day"—a Discourse delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society.

organizations and susceptible minds of your children, from which they never recover. That many of our most independent and clear-headed educators themselves express so much dissatisfaction with the working and results of our schools, affords evidence that something is wrong in the present system. As we contemplate the great improvements made in education for the last thirty or forty years, and are surprised that educators were content to tolerate the state of things then existing, so will the next generation, when still greater and more radical changes shall have been introduced, look back with astonishment at this generation, and wonder that it was so well satisfied with its own methods. When our educators become thoroughly convinced that physical development as a part of education is an absolute necessity—that a strict observance of the laws of physiology and hygiene is indispensable to the highest mental culture—then we shall have vital and radical changes in our educational system; then the brain will not be cultivated so much at the expense of the body, neither will the nervous temperament be so unduly developed in proportion to other parts of the system, now so often bringing on a train of neuralgic diseases which cannot easily be cured, and exposing the individual to the keenest and most intense suffering which all the advantages of mental culture fall, not unfrequently, to compensate.

The more this whole subject is investigated, the more reason we shall find for making allowances or some distinction in scholastic discipline with reference to the differences in organization of children, and for adapting the hours of confinement and recreation, the ventilation and temperature of school-rooms, the number and kinds of studies, the modes of teaching, etc., to the laws of the physical system. But another and still more important change must take place. Some time—may that time be not far distant!—there will be a correct and established system of *mental science*, based upon physiological laws; and, until this era arrives, the modes and methods of education must remain incomplete and unsatisfactory. The principles of this science, in the very nature of things, must rest upon a correct knowledge of the laws and functions of the brain; and, until these are correctly understood and reduced to a general system, all education must be more or less *partial, imperfect, and empirical*. While the old theories of metaphysicians are very generally discarded, they still have practically a powerful influence in directing and shaping our educational systems and institutions. In the selection and arrangement of studies very little attention is paid to the peculiar nature or operations of the various faculties of the mind, or the distinct laws that govern their development and uses. For illustration; instead of educating, drawing out and training all the mental faculties in their natural order and in harmony, each in proportion to its nature or importance, the memory is almost

the only faculty appealed to in every stage of education; and this is so crammed and so stuffed that frequently but little of the knowledge obtained can be used advantageously. Instead of developing the observing faculties by "object-teaching," appealing to the senses of sight and hearing, those two great avenues of knowledge, or giving much instruction *orally*, we require the scholar to spend most of his time in studying and poring over *books*, mere *books*. The mind is treated as a kind of general receptacle into which knowledge almost indiscriminately must be poured, yes, forced, without making the knowledge one's own, or creating that self-reliance which is indispensable to its proper use. In this way the brain does not work so naturally or healthily as it ought, and a vast amount of time, labor, and expense, is wasted—nay, worse than wasted. From this forced and unnatural process there often results not only a want of harmony and complete development of all parts of the brain, but an excessive development of the nervous temperament, and not unfrequently an irritability and morbidness which are hard to bear and difficult to overcome. And not unfrequently it ends in a permanent disease of the brain, or confinement in a lunatic asylum.

When we take a careful survey of the various discussions and diverse theories on this subject, considered metaphysically, and then compare them with the great improvements and discoveries in the physical sciences for the last fifty years bearing upon the same subject, the change or progress looks mainly in one direction, viz.: that all true mental science must ultimately be based upon physiology. Here is a great work to be performed, and when accomplished it will constitute one of the greatest, most valuable, and most important achievements wrought in the history of science. A vast amount of positive knowledge has already been accumulated on this subject, by various writers, but a great work, by way of analysis, observation, and induction, and of further discoveries as to the functions of the brain, remains to be completed. This work must be performed, in a great measure, by persons profoundly versed in the physical sciences; and no small proportion of it must come from the observations, labors, and contributions of medical men.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

OBSCURE FORCES IN NATURE.

There are very many apparently insignificant operations and processes in nature, concerning which but few stop to ask by what power the phenomena are brought about. The peculiar force or forces manifested by the surfaces of bodies are too singular to escape inquiry, and still more wonderful is the attractive force present in the interior or molecular interstices of bodies. If we place a drop of water upon a dry,

highly polished strip of plate-glass, and invert this, the drop does not fall off; and if we bring another strip in nearer contact with the one holding the water, it is at once lifted against the gravitating influence of the whole earth. These experiments inform us that a power resides on those glass surfaces of no inferior importance; indeed, we know that it is a power equal to the breaking up of strong chemical affinities. This is proved by substituting for the drop of clear water a drop of solution of copper or zinc, when it will be found that the metal is gradually separated from the solution and deposited in thin films upon the glass plates. In the fine fissures of greenstone rocks we often find films of native copper, and the films of gold in the cracks of the gold-bearing quartz are well known to the miner. These are doubtless due to the force resident on the surfaces of the rocks, in the same way as is shown in action by experiment.

A lump of sugar, placed in a saucer with a little water, will in a few moments attract to itself the water, drawing it up against the powerful attraction of gravitation and hiding it in the interstices between the molecules. A bit of sponge accomplishes the same work much more rapidly and perfectly, the little tubes "sucking up" the liquid instantly. If we take a piece of lamp wicking, or a strip of calico a foot long, and after wetting it thoroughly hang it over the edge of a basin of water, the water will ascend through the cotton, and mount over the side of the vessel, and soon the basin will be empty. These are apparently simple things to observe, but they open a door disclosing a way which promises to lead us to a knowledge of nature's most secret operations.

Suppose we are at the sea-shore, where the waves beat upon the strand; a vast ocean of saline water stretches before us. This water we cannot drink, as it holds in solution certain salts which render it very bitter and injurious to the system. If we make an excavation in the sand fifty or a hundred feet from the flow of the tide, and reach water, we shall find it to be perfectly fresh and palatable. Here we observe the influence of surface: salt water, when filtered through thirty feet of silicious sand or powdered glass, is rendered free from salt, the surfaces of the grains of sand attracting and holding fast the saline particles. This is indeed a wonderful result, and well worthy of attention.

When water colored by organic matter is filtered through a few feet of earth, the coloring matter is removed, and the water flows clear as crystal. The surfaces of the earthy particles attract and hold the coloring principle with a firm grasp. Charcoal possesses this power of surface attraction more strikingly than any other substance, and hence it is used for purifying water, decolorizing syrups, etc. It also has the power of absorbing gases and vapors, and hiding them away in great quantities. A cubic foot of fresh charcoal will absorb more than thirty feet of certain gases. If a bit of charcoal connected with a voltaic

tery is plunged into a solution of platinum, in a few hours it will have all of its interstitial spaces coated with a film of the metal. This platinized charcoal possesses all the powers of the ordinary charcoal greatly exalted. It acts, indeed, as spongy platinum does, and not only condenses the gases escaping from putrid matter, but combines them with oxygen and slowly burns them away. A jet of hydrogen projected upon spongy platinum is rapidly condensed, and forced into combination with oxygen, so that heat enough is developed to ignite the hydrogen. That this is produced by surface action is proved by experiment. Take a piece of perfectly clean platinum and plunge it into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases; a film of water will form on the surface of the metal, and by the heat evolved in this process the metal will become red-hot.

But few, probably, ever reflect upon the question of what becomes of a lump of sugar when dissolved in a cup of tea. A substance having the physical characteristics of a dry, powdery body is put into the warm liquid and it suddenly disappears; we cannot see it after solution has occurred, and we can only know of its presence by the sense of taste. How is it so mysteriously concealed from view? A little attentive consideration will carry conviction to the mind that in the solution of the water we see the diffusion of it through the interstitial spaces of the fluid, up to the point of saturation, when the solvent power ceases. The process is similar in nature to the solution of sulphuretted hydrogen in charcoal; it is another mode in which substances manifest surface force. This surface force in water may be beautifully shown by experiment.

If to a solution of sulphate of copper some liquid ammonia is added, we produce that beautiful purple solution which marks the shop of the druggist. Fill a small phial with this solution, and, place a little bit of window-glass over its mouth, lower the phial, by means of a string into a confectioner's jar filled with water. When it rests steadily at the bottom of the jar, strike off carefully with a rod the glass cover from the phial. The water and the ammonia-sulphate of copper are in contact, but they do not mix. Gradually it will be observed that the purple solution loses color, becoming a pale blue. The chemical combination has been *overthrown*; the ammonia has left the sulphate of copper and diffused itself through the water. Here is a manifestation of power in a quiet way which cannot but fill us with wonder.

It is probable that the phenomena called exosmose and endosmose are a similar action of forces. When a piece of animal membrane divides two fluids differing but slightly in their character—say, for example, syrup on one side, and water on the other—porosity immediately begins its work; the solid substance in solution (sugar) passes through in one direction, while water passes through in the other. Flowing

in and flowing out goes on until all the sugar leaves its own cell, and settles itself in the other. By this wonderful process numerous chemical decompositions can be affected, requiring the aid of the most energetic forces.

In each and all of these phenomena, it is tolerably certain that we are dealing with an obscure but a most energetic force, possessing more resemblance to gravitation than to any other known power, but distinguished from it by broad lines of difference. In gravitation we discover a power acting irresistibly amongst the particles of matter, drawing all to a mathematical centre, while at the same time we detect an influence—it is diffusive?—which binds mass to mass in space, and regulates the motions of worlds. In the surface force we find a power acting in perfect independence of gravitation, often in opposition to it; but it is a prisoned giant, whose power is limited to the cave in which it dwells.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

DESULTORY READING.

Some distinguished writers have laid down a very simple principle for the guidance of ordinary readers. Read, they have said, good books, and good books alone. Be familiar with the great masters of thought, and preserve your mind from the trash of the circulating library. The motives which prompt the advice are only too palpable. In days when a large proportion of the population is more or less capable of reading, it is melancholy to see that the effect is in one respect the very reverse of what might have been hoped. The greatest writers, though they may have positively a larger audience, have relatively a smaller audience than ever. Their works are pushed aside by masses of ephemeral literature, and even when read they are read with little attention. The mind becomes demoralized by the habit of desultory and superficial study; and a man who reads at a gallop expects that Shakespeare will yield up his secret as easily as the last new novelist. The greatest men are distinguished from the little men in nothing more than this, that the tenth or twentieth reading of their books is more fruitful than the first; whereas a modern reader is far too impatient to give more than one audience to the most venerable of teachers. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than to denounce as a debilitating practice all study of inferior authors. Life is shorter than ever in proportion to what has to be crowded into it, and our minds are no larger. We should, therefore, lay down immovable regulations against the invasion of distracting influences. The time which we dawdle away over the valueless parts of newspapers would enable us to become familiar with the thoughts of the wisest and best of men. If a man had to choose whether a few months hence he would be familiar with the

ins and outs of the Tichborne case, or have made a careful study of all the Greek dramatists, no reasonable being could hesitate. In one case he would simply have enjoyed a questionable amusement, which leaves no trace behind it; in the other his imagination would have been stored with a perpetual source of delight. Yet hardly anybody has sufficient foresight or resolution to sacrifice the temporary excitement in consideration of the permanent advantage. The case, indeed, is, up to a certain point, too plain to admit of argument. Everybody should have an inner circle of friends amongst books, to which none but the really great writers should be admitted. So far as reading is not a mere pastime, but a part of the systematic cultivation of the faculties, it is only valuable in proportion as it implies close and intimate knowledge. No poetry is really worth reading unless it is worth learning by heart. A man may say that he has read Shakespeare's sonnets if he has glanced through them as he glances through a leading article; but he has not read them in any profitable sense until they have fascinated his imagination and sunk into his memory. Really great books, in short, must be assimilated, and they scarcely begin to produce their true influence until we know them so well that actual reference becomes almost superfluous. It is clearly desirable that every man should have thoroughly absorbed some of the masterpieces of literature as a true believer absorbs a book of religious devotion. If the task could be accomplished only by the sacrifice of all inferior work, perhaps it would be desirable to make the sacrifice.—*Saturday Review*.

STRANGE PRACTICAL JOKES.

Many years ago there was printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* an essay on practical jokes, written by Theodore Hook, who at that time edited the serial. We have not the magazine by us, but we distinctly recollect two or three very ingenious devices for torturing friends, enemies, and strangers, which were suggested by the celebrated author of the *Berners' Street Hoax*. One was to tie, after nightfall, pieces of raw meat to the bell handles of suburban residences, the consequence of which was that every stray dog, as it passed, would snap at the meat, pull the bell, and bring forth the terrified inmate, who would come to the gate, candle held high over head, and find nobody. This summons Hook guaranteed to be repeated every time a dog happened to pass. Another joke, earnestly recommended to your attention, was to steal into your friend's bed-room at night when he was asleep, and run a stitch or hem down the legs of his trowsers and the sleeves and back of his coat, so that, on dressing himself in the morning, he would have great difficulty in squeezing his limbs and body into his garments. You were then to enter his room, as if by accident,

and, on perceiving him, utter an exclamation of horror and entreat him to let you run for a doctor, as he has swollen enormously since you last saw him. The unusual tightness of his clothes was supposed to assist the deception, and it depended upon your powers as an actor whether your friend was to be put into a sick bed or not. Since Hook's and Mathew's time, practical joking has declined, and we may now, with deep thankfulness, consider it an almost lost art. Now and again, indeed, the newspapers tell of hoaxes which, for the most part, are played off on some illiterate mayor or on the public of some small provincial town, who are brought together for the purpose of witnessing what could not by any human possibility take place. But an improved police-force very greatly diminishes our risk of being victimized; moreover, custom has stunted the infinite variety of practical jests, and left little for the joker to contrive which experience cannot anticipate.

There are various species of practical jokes. The highest order, to our mind, are those which embody in a process of profound and clever mystification a neat and ingenious point of wit, the humor of which is felt and enjoyed, long after the eclaireissement has taken place. Then there is the recriminatory joke, the retaliatory joke; the good-natured joke, by which good is performed under a singular masquerade; hoaxes which are entirely aimless in their interests and entirely bewildering and inexplicable in their results; and low, farcical hoaxes, such as Hook teaches in his essay. To what orders the following specimens belong our readers may determine; we relate them because we believe them to be little known. We have chosen those which seem to us to best illustrate the various orders of hoaxes and jokes which we have just described.

Turpin, a Frenchman, celebrated by his countrymen and neighbors as a wicked wit, once, out of caprice, assumed the garb of a hermit. In this guise, accompanied by another wag of his own complexion, he entered an inn yard, where he found an ass attached to the door. Stripping the animal of his harness, he crept into it himself, and awaited the arrival of the owner of the ass while his companion drove the animal away. The owner on his return was not a little astonished to find his beast gone, and a hermit standing harnessed in its gear. Still more was he amazed when he heard Turpin thank God for the recovery of his human shape. "At length," exclaimed the hermit, "my sins are forgiven me, and the time of my penance is expired. I sinned and was changed to an ass, but Heaven is merciful, and its anger does not endure for ever." Saying which, Turpin threw down his harness and walked away. However, not long after, the ass was sent to be sold, and who should come into the market but his former proprietor. After staring at the animal, he called out, "What! has the

wretch sinned again! and has he again been turned into an ass! For the love of God, friends, have nothing to say to that animal! he has deceived me once, but I am not to be caught again; for, look you, whoever buys him will find him, someday or other, as I did, turned into a hermit."

Another example, in our opinion, of a high order of practical joking, malicious though it be, is the following one, related by Moore of Sheridan. The Reverend Mr. O'Beirne, afterwards Bishop of Meath, having arrived at Sheridan's country house near Osterley, it was proposed that on the next Sunday the clergyman should preach at the village. On his objecting that he was not provided with a sermon, Sheridan offered to write one for him, if he would consent to preach it. The offer was accepted. The next morning (Sunday) Mr. O'Beirne found the MS. by his bed side. Having read it over and corrected some theological errors, such as "It is easier for a camel, as Moses says," &c., he went to the church and delivered the sermon in his most impressive style, to the great satisfaction, as he thought, of all the congregation, among whom was Sheridan's wealthy neighbor, Mr. C——. Some months after Mr. O'Beirne found himself cut by the whole family of the C——'s with whom he had previously been intimate; and on expressing his surprise at this treatment was informed that Sheridan's sermon had been, from beginning to end, a personal attack upon Mr. C—— who had rendered himself very unpopular by his harsh conduct to the poor, and to whom the congregation had applied every sentence the preacher had delivered. The sermon is preserved, but it is unfortunately too long to quote. The text is: "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him. Ps. xii, 5. The whole discourse is so grave and seemly that it needs an acquaintance with Sheridan's intention to appreciate the subtle vein of irony that runs through it.

William Beckford, the author of "Vathek" was once guilty of a practical joke that is well worth telling. The inner portion of the grounds of Fonthill Abbey was protected by a wall. Two young gentlemen, anxious to see the place, scaled this barrier and entered the estate. They had scarcely advanced a dozen paces when they met Beckford, who, instead of requesting them to leave, received them with haughty politeness, and after exhibiting the splendors of his abbey, set them down to a magnificent entertainment. When night arrived, and they proposed to take their leave, a servant conducted them to the spot where they had been met and informed them that as they had found their way in they might now find their way out again as well as they could. They were then left to themselves. What became of them, we are told, it is difficult to guess, for the place was a perfect

labyrinth even in the day-time, and there was a single pathway through it which measured above twenty miles without once crossing or retreading a step of the same ground.

To the order of good-natured practical jokes belongs the trick that was played on Charles Morris, the well-known song-writer. The captain lived in a quiet retreat in Surrey, provided for him by the Duke of Norfolk. A party of gentlemen determined to take him by surprise, and having provided themselves with an excellent dinner and some fine wines packed in hampers, entered their carriages and started for Morris's house, anticipating with heartfelt delight the confusion and dismay with which the host would greet so formidable a party. He was in his garden listening to a blackbird. Suddenly a number of carriages whirled round the corner, and stopped before his door. Out of these carriages stepped a crowd of gentlemen, among them the Duke of Sussex. "We are come to dine with you, old bard," said the Duke. "Your royal highness has taken us by surprise," said Morris, "but we will send off for some provisions to Dorking; it is only three miles off." A messenger was despatched, but conformably to previous instructions, intercepted, and a walk in the garden being proposed, the captain was detained there in conversation, whilst the servants were setting out the table and arranging the banquet. All this time the "Bard" is described as suffering the agonies of a host who, though on hospitality intent, was conscious of the emptiness of his larder, and on the anxious look-out for the arrival of the basket laden with supplies from Dorking. Presently the dinner was announced. Morris entered the dining-room, profusely apologising as he went. To his profound amazement, however, he perceived a turbot at the head of the table, and a long vista of hams, fowl, venison, pastry, terminating in a sublime round of boiled beef. "A most ingenious and well executed device," said Morris; "the joke, however, is not at my expense," and sat down and heartily enjoyed himself.

Of enigmatical jokes, to all intents and purposes absolutely aimless and pointless, and of which the humor is only appreciable by the hoaxer, the one we are about to relate is a most remarkable instance. It is to be found in the letters of Mademoiselle Aisse, and is as follows:—In the reign of Louis XV. Isisse was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the Rue Pot de Fer, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening. This professional rendezvous he of course did not fail to keep, when he was met by a man who brought him to the door of a house at which the guide knocked. The door opened by a spring, moved from within the porter's lodge, and Isisse, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared, and desired to mount au premier. Obey-

ing this order, he opened the door of an ante-chamber, which he found completely lined with white. A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed lacquais, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isisse's shoes. The surgeon observed that just having left his carriage, his shoes were not dirty; the lacquais persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the ante-chamber Isisse was shown into a saloon hung like the ante-chamber with white, where a second lacquais repeated the ceremony of wiping the shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs and every article of furniture were white. A tall figure in a white night-cap and white morning-gown, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in a hollow voice, "I have the devil in my body," and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe for more than half an hour, whilst he amused himself in pulling on and off six pairs of white gloves which lay on a table beside him. Isisse was greatly alarmed by this extraordinary spectacle and by his reception; and his apprehension was not diminished on perceiving that fire-arms were placed within reach of the white spectre. His fears became at length so excessive that he was compelled to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask, "What were Monsieur's commands?" remarking that his time was not his own, but the public's, and that he had many appointments to keep. To this the white man only replied, in a dry, cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what is that to you?" Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the spectre pulled a white bell-rope and the two white servants entered the room. He then called for bandages and desired Isisse to draw from him five pounds of blood. The surgeon frightened still more by the enormous blood-letting thus enjoined him, asked in an anxious tone who had ordered the remedy. "Myself," was the short answer. Afraid to venture on the veins of the arm, Isisse begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest white silk stockings, and then another, and then a third, and so on to the sixth pair, which discovered the most beautiful foot and ankle imaginable and almost convinced Isisse that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened, and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Isisse would have removed the mask, but was prevented by the servants. The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses, was put to bed, after which the servants again left the room. Isisse slowly advanced toward the fire while he wiped his lancet; but on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney-piece that the white figure was advancing towards him on tip-toes. His alarm became still more violent when,

with a spring, the spectre came close to his side. Instead, however, of offering violence, he merely took from the mantel-piece five crowns and gave them to the surgeon, asking at the same time if he was satisfied. Isisse, who would have been content with five farthings, said that he was. The spectre then told him to be gone about his business. Isisse hastened out of the room, lighted by the servants, who could not conceal their smiles. He asked them what was the meaning of this pleasantry? but their only reply was, "Are you not well paid? have you suffered any injury?" and bowed him to his carriage. Next morning he found the whole affair discussed and laughed at by the court and city. What the object of the hoaxer or joke was he never could discover.

A clever, but a cruel joke, was once played by Bissoni, an actor, who died in 1723. At the age of fifteen he engaged himself with a quack doctor, with whom, after a while, he quarrelled. They separated, and Bissoni, traveling with his drugs, arrived at Milan. To his dismay he found there a rival mountebank of established reputation. To enlist the public sympathy Bassoni conceived and practiced the following singular trick:—Taking his station in a public place, he proceeded to advertise the excellence and healing powers of his wares, assuring the people that they were a portion of the stock sold by the other doctor, who was his father, but who refused to own him because of some juvenile offence. Saying which, Bissoni approached the rival doctor, fell at his feet, begged his forgiveness, vowed that he was a repentant child, and concluded by asking the paternal blessing. The enraged doctor spurned, and accused him as an imposter; Bissoni, with tears in his eyes, begged the people about him to intercede with his cruel father. In vain they strove to mollify the inexorable parent. At length, to show their disgust of his cruelty, they refused to lay out another penny with so unnatural a sire, and bought up the whole of the stock of the ill-used son.

But, perhaps, this last example savors a little too much of fraud and false pretence to be classed among mere practical jokes.—*All the Year Round*.

THE OCEAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I.

"I tell you, Duke, for the last time, it is impossible!" A man's voice—low, earnest and distinct.

"And I tell you, Gray Hartman, that there is no such word as impossible. Comply with my request, or to-morrow I tell the whole story to the world. How think you it would strike your proud *fiancee*!" The words were loud, reckless and defiant.

"For heaven's sake, hush, Duke. The house is full of guests. There is no knowing who may overhear you."

"And the consequences might be inconvenient for you," returned the other, with a bitter laugh; then in a more subdued tone: "It was by the merest chance in the world that I learned of your conquest of the heiress. I trust that you were not obliged to enter minutely into the details of your family history. However, I bear you no malice, old fellow, for not remembering me when the invitations were issued. You would hardly have cared to have had Alice present, even if she could have left her baby. By the way, the brat's eyes are wonderfully like yours. Seeing Alice, you know, might have brought back too vividly the time when you ——"

"Stop! If there were one spark of manliness left in your false nature, Duke Aubry, you would not thus drag in the name of Alice to torture me into submission. You well know that if it had not been for her I would have cast you off long ago. Speak; what is the least sum that will meet your present necessities?"

"Gently—gently; there is no need to get into a passion. I have told you; a thousand now, and in three months ten thousand more, payable at Morton, & Co., bankers, in Paris. I shall leave on the steamer to-morrow, unless"—with a mocking sneer—"you insist on my remaining for the ceremony to-morrow."

"Here are \$500, Duke; that is the utmost farthing I can give you."

"Much obliged; and the rest?"

"I make no promise for the future. Your insatiable demands on my purse have already driven me to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Old Rutherford is worth his millions."

"We will not mention his name, if you please."

"And you know, Gray, that it is an easy matter to sign a name."

Without noticing this taunt, the other asked: "What will Alice do?"

"Really you show more interest there than I. I have never thought to ask," returned the other indifferently. "Have you such a thing as a match about you?"

In the darkness and silence of the winter's night the echo of their footsteps died away, and only the booming of the surf, in ceaseless monotony, broke the silence which closed around. From the window underneath which the speakers had been standing, there came a breathless gasp, a hush, and then a sudden stir, like the flutter of some wounded bird. No cry or moan entreated sympathy of the breaking waves, which kissed the shores with murmurs now as soft and sweet and low as a mother's cradle-song; but a woman's face, with color blanched as the crown of the foam-chapped waves, looked out with dark eyes shining in the night—a golden-haired Aurora—a perfect face, but one from which the brightness, the joy, and love, which form the

spiritual essence of beauty, had been suddenly blotted out. Motionless she stood with passionless face, gazing down the path which the two had gone, waited and watched until one returned, then the statue became breathing life again. A cold shudder shook the delicate form as a reed is swayed by some sudden wind. She dropped down upon her knees as if an unexpected freedom had come upon her. A moment, while her heart gave one great sob of agony, she remained kneeling; her strained ears heard the click of the hall-door below; then she rose with sudden, feverish haste, and, taking paper and pencil from a writing-desk, she wrote, with quick, nervous motion, a few lines, which she folded without seal or address. Then, with the same nervous impetuosity which now characterized her every movement, as she took from the wardrobe a cloak in which she completely enveloped her form. This done, she went into a small room adjoining, where her maid was sleeping. "Emilie," she called in a low voice, giving her a quick shake—"Emilie." The girl stirred in her sleep. A third time. She started up, rubbing her sleepy eyes, and regarding with astonishment her mistress bending over her:

"*Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle*, is it—"

"Hush, Emilie; rise and dress yourself. Ten minutes from now you will take this note to Mr. Hartman's door and give it to him. He will understand. And be very careful to disturb no one else."

Emilie, too well accustomed to the capricious whims of her imperious mistress to question any command, took the note in silence. A moment later, the hall-door closed softly, and a dark-robed form flitted with the lightness of the wind down the path to the ocean. On she sped, never stopping to look back; hearing nothing in the still darkness of the night but the dull sound of her own flying footsteps over the frozen ground, and the ceaseless call of the ocean, which sounded louder and more distinct as every passing moment lessened the distance between them; though to her it seemed as if her feet were leaden weighted, as if every breath of wind, with iron hand, were grasping and holding her back, while from every wave which surged resistlessly to and fro, myriad voices were calling, myriad hands were beckoning to her. Would she never reach it—the great gray cliff which overhung the sea? There she would find rest and calm, there she would be strong and brave. Only the ocean—which all that summer long to the story of her love had chanted an accompaniment so passionate, so full of bliss, that the very waves seemed rose-tinted, and the light of the sun and the moon streamed over and through them with golden and silver radiance, making of them now a forest of roses and now a wilderness of lilies—should witness this meeting, should hear the last false, jarring cords of a symphony begun but never to be ended. Scarcely ten minutes she waited—an eternity of woe it seemed—then she saw a

tall, dark form, with eager, hurried steps, approaching. Her very heart stood still and pulseless, and her pallid face became more frigid, while the rippling wave of memory carried her back to the time of perfect faith and trust, when the world seemed made for beauty and for love, when the sudden vision of that form had sent the hot blood in wild tumultuous currents from heart to cheek and brow, and she had shrunk back with maidenly tremor lest his eyes should see too clearly the form mirrored deep down in the depths of her own. Their love had come to them both—the strong man and the tender, dreaming maiden—like the opening of a flower bursting with the weight of its perfume; like the sudden dawn of light, irradiating everything with calm translucency; sinking their voices to the softest murmur, and, whether in speech or in silence, encompassing them with the deep rest of happiness, where a look, a word, the consciousness even of a loved presence, is fraught with bliss.

Gray Hartman, for the second time that night summoned to a secret interview, hurried along the well-known path, his heart filling with a strange wonder, which was also a nameless dread. The short, imperative note which Emilie had handed him, contained these words

“Come to the Gray Cliff. I wait you there.”

An abrupt turn in the path revealed to him the dark figure standing out clear and well-defined upon the jutting rock. The sudden thrill which moved his whole being at the sight made him realize more intensely than he had ever done before all that this woman—whose wondrous beauty seemed but the fitting embodiment of the purity, truth and tenderness of her soul—had become to him. And now it was almost the dawn of that blessed day for which the shepherds of old watched and prayed in holy adoration, and which to him would be throughout the great hereafter doubly blessed by the coming into his life of her radiant majesty. Was it the remembrance that never but once had the golden glory of her hair met and mingled with the darkness of his—that only for one ineffable moment had their lips touched and trembled with the shadow of a kiss—that now made him hasten toward her, with a passionate longing to fold her in his arms in a long caress, which, encircling her forever, should forever banish darkness and cold with the warmth and light of love? Or was it that something inexorable in her attitude roused out of the dread foreboding which oppressed him, a feeling of resistance, a wild determination to claim her then and there? In the gray light, which seemed to shine from both sea and sky, he could read an indefinable change in the face whose every fleeting expression a few hours before he had fondly dreamed his own. It was that which gave to his voice the anxious, beseeching tone: “Regina, darling, what is it? Speak to me. Is there anything which you wish to tell me?”

She thrust aside with a half gesture of scorn the extended arms, and said, with a voice whose coldness vibrated painfully upon his ears: "And you—have you nothing to tell me?"

Suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, Gray Hartman saw that something had come between them, something which he might be powerless to thrust aside; though he resolved with the bitter energy of desperation, to bring all the force of his nature to bear against it. Hardly a second intervened between her question and his answer. The swelling arch of waves below, which curved and bent forward under its weight of waters, had not time to break into a cloud of silvery, sparkling foam; yet Regina thought, "He hesitates—he can not explain;" and the faint hope which all the time had struggled with her wrath and scorn died away. And Gray Hartman thought, "She is pitiless—she could not believe or understand;" while he answered with passionate earnestness:

"Yes, Regina, through all my life I shall never have finished the story of my love for you, my darling, my queen—shall never have shown the half of its boundless depths. What else should I have to say to you, Regina *mia*—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, with a touch of scorn ringing in her voice; do not take that term upon your lips. The woman is dead who listened with fond credulity to such protestations from you, or else her name is Alice—"

There are moments when innocence confounded puts on the dark crimson of guilt. Gray Hartman felt the dark flush tinge his cheek before the searching indignation of her gaze, and it seemed to him that the strong foundations of the world were snatched from beneath him, and all around and above and beneath was darkness. "Regina," he cried, and he felt his voice tremble, "I do not know what or how much you have heard. I only ask you to give me time to explain, to make it all clear to you."

"Yes," she answered, scornfully, "give you time until your accomplice, or he whose silence you have bribed, is safe beyond the danger of denial. Of your capacity to explain and make clear I have no doubt."

He started as one might when a sore wound is probed to the quick, and said, with painful humility, which moved her to even greater wrath: "My darling, I would have laid down my life rather than this should have come to you. I entreat you to hear me, by that ocean which you have so often said had only smiles and caressing tones for our love."

"Ah!" she cried, a horrible sense of what life had been and what it would be in the future pressing upon her like a weight of iron, "once I could have forgotten everything, could have been content even to have been the second in your love, if only you had been true to your-

self and me. What was it you read to me one day? 'It is not the commission of a crime so much as the shaping of one's whole life to a lie that makes one base.' I wonder that your eye did not dim, that your voice did not falter, in reading it," she continued, a dash of angry resentment tinging her tone. "I could have forgiven a man for seeking the possible wealth I may inherit, could have forgiven him even the commission of a crime, had he been true; but to have loved a man, believing him everything that is noble and good, and then—O, it is the degradation of a whole life!" She tore off with fierce impatience, as she spoke, the engagement ring, which six months before, with tender, loving words, he had placed upon her finger, and as she did so, a flaw in the setting pierced the delicate skin, and a bright crimson drop gushed to the surface.

Gray Hartman made no movement to take the ring she held toward him. It seemed some hideous nightmare. "Good God! Regina, you do not mean it?"—he found words at last. "Think of what you are doing, of the cold comments of the world, of your father's rage which this act of yours will leave you to bear alone. I plead not for myself, Regina, but for you. How will you meet the angry astonishment, answer the curious questionings, meet the——"

"I see," she interrupted, hotly, "you tremble for yourself; but you need have no fear that I shall reveal what I have learned this night—that I shall so expose to the world the depths of my own misery and degradation. Only leave me; only never let me look upon your face again."

Nothing could have given him more clearly a sense of the distance which had come between them than these words of Regina's. It was as if by a fierce convulsion of the earth the Gray Cliff had been rent in twain, and all the mighty waters of the ocean had rolled between them. He took the ring mechanically, and, leaning over the edge of the cliff, dropped it down, down to the eager waves, which rushed forth to grasp it. "So be it, Regina, may you never learn the bitterness of an unforgetting spirit."

She was alone—alone with the ocean, which had never failed to have an answering note of sympathy for every changing mood of hers. Now the angry breakers lashed the shore with wild vehemence, which subsided into a mournful, piteous wail as the broken waves swept back again only to return with gathered strength in their white wreaths of foam.

II.

Two years later, and with glory of sea and sky, after an eve of darkness and tempest, Christmas morn dawned again, heralding the glad tidings of "peace on earth, good will to man." The serene blue of the heavens, with its golden fringe of clouds, told not of the storm of ice and sleet which had darkened its glory the night before, and the sea-green waves of the ocean, rocking to and fro with peaceful, mur-

muring undertones, told not of the storming waves, the terrible shipwrecks, which had disturbed its quiet depths. Only the trees, with sparkling coats of mail—each twig a prism for the sitting sunbeams—and the masses of wet, tangled sea-weed, high up on the gray cliff, told of the storm which had raged. A week before, for the first time in the years which had passed, the Rutherford mansion had been opened. By one of the windows, looking out upon the sea, a man was standing. No thought of tempest and shipwreck, or of brightness and sunshine, occupied his thoughts, but the warning words of a friend the day before: "Go, if you like, Sandford; there will be plenty to envy you as a lucky dog, but count me out. You were abroad at the time, and so have never heard the story. It's a weird, desolate old place, taken at the best, but in winter it is especially dreary and uncanny, with that eternal sounding of the sea forever entering into whatever you say and do—ugh! it makes me shiver now. But, however, we managed to be as merry and gay a party as a wedding calls together. There were just enough of us to be social without oppressing each other with our weight, and old Rutherford with his millions was not niggardly in his entertainment. It was a whim of the bride's to be married there—some nonsense about the ocean, I believe—and it was Hartman's wish to be married on Christmas Day; and so, though we had to go seven miles by stage—of course' Rutherford sent his carriage—we all went, on a wild-goose chase as it proved, down to the ocean house. The last load, and with it Hartman, arrived the day before Christmas. You never saw a more devoted couple than they were; Hartman looked upon her as a sort of goddess, and, I believe, thought it profanation to so much as touch her hand; and she—well you know you can never tell much about a woman. But, anyway, Christmas morning came, and neither Hartman nor Miss Regina were to be seen, though none of us thought that strange. We were at the breakfast table when some one said—and, by Jove! I've never been able to recollect who, the announcement so startled me—that there would be no wedding that day. When I did venture to look up and around me, it was only to read my own astonishment depicted in every face. Old Rutherford alone sat there self-possessed, grim and forbidding, as if defying any one to question him.

"You can imagine that we were not exactly a merry breakfast party after that, though we managed to get through with it in some way. Afterward we learned that Hartman had left the night before, leaving an incoherent letter to Regina's father, freeing her from all blame, and that was all we ever knew: the mystery, whatever it was, was never explained. There were rumors of a midnight meeting on the rock down by the ocean, but that was all a servants' fabrication. Nothing has ever really been known, except that they were to be married and were not. Hartman sailed for South America, or some other out-of-the-way place, and the next spring Rutherford took his daughter to Europe. About them since you know more than I; only not all the wealth of the Indies would tempt me, as far as Miss Regina Rutherford is concerned."

That was all. Well, what was there in all this? Certainly nothing detrimental to Miss Rutherford. She had probably at the last moment learned something which had caused her to break off the marriage, and she had had the courage to do what few women would have done.

Twelve months before, Mr. Sanford had met the father and daughter for the first time, in Rome. He remembered as vividly as if it had been but yesterday, the first glimpse he had had of Regina Rutherford. She was leaning against a pedestal in a

dreamy, listless attitude. A beam of the bright sunshine of Italy resting on the golden radiance of her hair, made of it a halo of glory, and the pure face was as that of some Madonna, who had descended from her shrine and was wandering about intent on deeds of charity. And they had met repeatedly in palaces, gardens and galleries; then some favor which he had been able to render the father, had secured him an introduction to the daughter. At Naples they had separated, only to meet again in Venice, and after that they had continued their travels together. There had always been a certain reserve in Regina's manner, during all these months of acquaintanceship, which he had never been able to penetrate. It was the father's invitation which had brought him now to the old Rutherford mansion, but he well knew that the invitation would never have been given without the daughter's consent, and from that knowledge he gained encouragement.

In the window above, looking out upon the same quiet sea, drinking in eagerly the brightness and beauty before her, sat Regina Rutherford. Save that the tender, beseeching look had died out of her black eyes, the two years had wrought but little change in her, only to fulfill and perfect the beauty which then had seemed perfection.

Her father had said to her when telling of the invitation given and accepted, "Mr. Sanford is a man whom I respect, my daughter, and if you could——"

"Pray, father, don't!" Regina had cried, putting out her hands in passionate entreaty.

"My daughter, you know that I am very old, and I should feel better about leaving you, if I could first see you the wife of some strong, good man. I know that Mr. Sanford esteems you highly, and I only ask you to consider well before you treat lightly the esteem of such a man."

"Father, I beg of you not to mention such a thing again," replied Regina, firmly. "It would be useless for Mr. Sanford to speak of love to me." Then, seeing the shadow on his brow, she continued with a tender caress: "You are not getting tired of me, father!—why can not we go on together as we are, you and I, and be content?"

The father shook his head with a sad smile. "Regina, you are no longer a foolish, dreaming girl, but a woman—of whom I would not have it said, that all her life long she went mourning the falseness of one man."

It was the first time that by word or look the subject had been alluded to by him. Regina shivered with proud sensitiveness. Nothing more was said; but now, as she looked out upon the tranquil sea, thinking over those words, and knowing that in the room below one was waiting for her, rest and quiet seemed very sweet, and any life or change welcome which would crowd out or numb the dull, heavy pain which had never ceased throbbing in her heart. The young, fresh passion of life she felt was dead; the deep yearnings of her nature, which had demanded that the man she loved should be something higher and greater than herself, would never be satisfied. Why should she not make her life like the sea, stretching out calm and tranquil, with the wrecks buried deep below? What would be the wrong in her taking this man's offered love? A voice from the ocean seemed to call her; an impulse, which she blindly followed, led her down to its waves. No snow had fallen yet that winter, and the overhanging cliff stood out gray and bare, with the dead mosses of the past summer clinging to it. The keen salt air had a charm in its touch, such as the soft air of Italy had never possessed, and, wooed by its carresses, the warm blood sent a

sweet pink flush over cheek and brow. What was it that the tender, entreating waves were whispering to her in tones so soft and low? Beseeching her to listen, reproaching each other with sad melancholy for their vain efforts to make her understand, then striving together to make their meaning clear in a chorus so sweet and grand that it seemed to swell from wave to sky in liquid harmony. "In vain, in vain," the receding waves murmured to each other; "the dull, cold heart of the woman fails to intercept the voice, which would have been a revelation to the loving heart of the girl." And the chant became a requiem.

An hour later Maurice Sanford, pacing the beach with restless steps, beheld her sitting there, motionless as the Gray Cliff, which for untold centuries had defied the power of wind and wave; a far-away look in her dark eyes, and a radiance shining in her face such as he had never seen before. It was as if over the silvery white of the lily the flush of the rose should be shed. Maurice had not meant to speak so soon, but now a sudden longing seized upon him, which made suspense a pain unbearable. He sprang up the path to her side. She welcomed him with a vague, wondering smile, more enchanting than any speech could have been; then out upon the pure air of Christmas morning he poured the story of his love—told it in eloquent speech of truth and tenderness; while Regina listened—listened without hearing, for the voice of the ocean deafened her ear to the sense of every other sound. He waited her answer. A proud humility forbade his interpreting this passive silence as consent.

"Even if you cannot bless my love," he entreated, "Regina, my darling—you will let me call you so once—I shall never regret this feeling, which will enrich all my life."

He had been standing very near the edge of the cliff while speaking. A bright flashing gleam in the tangled sea-weed caught his eye. He stooped and picked up the ring which Gray Hartman had dropped two years before, while standing in that same place. And now the ocean heaved a tremulous sigh of content, and the waves broke into rippling smiles.

"See, Regina!" he cried, holding toward her the ring—"you cannot blame my love, where nature even pays tribute at your court, and the old ocean brings you its Christmas gift."

Strangely moved she seemed as if the sea had given up its dead, and the shadow of a buried hope fitted across her face. She made an impetuous movement forward to take it from his hand, but by that movement jarred from its resting-place a stone which had served as a support for her arm. It was a flat, evenly balanced stone, covering a cup-like cavity in the rock. Regina remembered to have said once, in merry jest, that it was the place where the mermen left their love-missives for her. Now she saw concealed within, what seemed a folded paper upon which her name was written. Mechanically she bent and took it from its hiding place, while Maurice Sanford looked on with blank amazement, a sudden sense of the hopelessness of his suit blinding and confusing him. He uttered some incoherent words of pain and regret, but Regina stopped him gently.

"My friend, the love which you offer me would be a precious gift to a better woman than I—I am not worthy of one pang of regret. Thank me, rather, that probably something has happened to prevent my selfishly accepting a love to which I could bring no return. O, I thank God that I have at least escaped that added misery."

"But," he cried, catching at the faint hope in her words, "I would be content, Regina, if you would only let me love and care for you."

"No," she returned, with sudden energy, "that is false, or else you do not love. I have tried to delude myself with that thought; but now I see clearly it would be misery for me—it would be worse than misery for you. Besides," she added, with a touch of scorn, "you do not know me as I am—as I loath myself—cold, selfish and unforgiving; living a life of mere egoisms; striving always for my own content; longing at times for death, simply because life had denied me the blessings which I craved, and faith, truth and tenderness had become mere sounding words of which

Maurice Sanford interrupted her with the rare delicacy which only a pure feeling excites:

"Regina, you are making confessions to me which belong by right to another. Something, I feel, has happened, which makes the avowal of my love unwelcome to you. Let it be between us as if it never had been."

And Regina cried, with piteous self-reproach: "I bring only sorrow and misery to all who love me!"

Alone with the murmuring ocean, alone with the strange missive which seemed to have come from another world, she did not seem to read the written words—they burned themselves in her mind like letters of fire. She heard the voice, the tender caressing tones; felt the old strange power of his presence come over her. Not one word of reproach did the letter breathe; only sorrow for her pain, remorse for having brought it unwilling upon her.

"I know that sometime dearest, you will visit this place, where the keenest bliss and the sharpest sorrow of your young life have come to you. It will be after the first bitterness of your anger has worn off—long years from now, may be; but until that time comes, I confide these words as a sacred trust to the ocean you love so well, and when you read them, if one touch of compassion, one throbbing of returning love moves your heart, I shall know it; for though I may be an unknown wanderer in an unknown land, my spirit will forever haunt the Gray Cliff, where first the possibilities of what life might be with you by my side dawned upon me. . . I never told you the story of my life, Regina, because when I was with you, the consciousness of our love blotted out all else. My mother had but two children. My half brother, Duke Aubry, who was four years my senior. A handsome, self-willed, tyrannical boy he was, but my mother's darling, and she resented it as a very bitter wrong when my father made me the sole heir of his property. Ever after she treated me as an alien, even when she knew that my first act, upon obtaining my majority, was to give a portion of my property to Duke, who in less than a year had spent it in a reckless and dissolute life. After that he made constant demands upon me, until both my purse and my patience were exhausted. Suddenly his appeals for money ceased, though he continued living in the same reckless, extravagant manner as before. If I gave the matter any thought, it was to wonder at his unusual success at cards. Then the mystery was explained: a forged check had been presented, and cashed at the bank before the forgery was detected. The check was traced to Duke Aubry, who came forward with the fairest face in the world, and declared that I had given him the check. If it was a forgery he knew nothing about it. The check was drawn upon my guardian. I was summoned, and my first glance told me that the check was one I had written years before—I recognized it by the peculiar shading of a certain letter. As a boy I had a silly passion for imitating any peculiar handwriting, and I remembered perfectly well the circumstances under which this had been written—some boyish wager stimulated me to make the trial. Duke, it seemed, had found and preserved it for future use if necessary. But I will not linger over this part of my story; suffice it to say that my word was sufficient to free him from all shadow of suspicion. I replaced the money which Duke had used, but no consideration of self would ever have led me to shield Duke Aubry, had I not known that he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a sweet young girl whom my mother had adopted, though I did not know at the time that they were already secretly married. Poor Alice!—I was very fond of her. The only brightness that had ever come to my life had come through her; but she never mistook the brotherly feeling I possessed for her, though

Duke pretended to do so, and often taunted her with regretting my love. Ask your own heart, Regina, if I speak truly or falsely when I say, that to you I have given the overpowering love which a man gives to but one woman in his life."

There was more, explaining all the conversation of that night, fragments of which Regina had heard. Now she read it with a thrill of relief and joy leaping out from under the weight of doubt and despair; while the sunbeams came simmering down in rays of gold, and the air seemed laden with the messages of peace and love, which, more than eighteen hundred years before, One had come to proclaim. And now the unending refrain was joyous and exultant, as the coming tide sent the rising waves higher and farther up, until with lingering caress they kissed the topmost edge of the Gray Cliff.

III.

And yet another year had completed its cycle of seasons. Summer noontide and winter twilight had come and gone; spring had unfolded its blossoms, summer had ripened to golden harvests its rich fields of grain, and the earth again on Christmas eve was held fast bound in a sleep of ice and snow. All that year, in her house by the sounding sea, Regina had listened to the melody of unwritten music; through the mingled echoes of the rolling surf a fainter echo had sounded in her soul, whispering once more of love and hope, which, as the days glided into weeks, and the weeks into months, sounded fainter and farther away. The tidings which came to her from the busy, gossiping outside world had all melted into one burning, glowing sentence—"Gray Hartman has returned;" and in these words were embraced all the fresh brightness of spring, the dewy sweetness of summer, and the sad sighing of autumn.

A woman of more vanity and less love would have waited, and waiting died. As the Christmas time approached, the rippling waves kissed the Gray Cliff, murmuring sweet reproaches all the time, to which Regina listened with vague incomprehension. "In vain have we labored and striven; in vain have we guarded the trust confided to us. She values pride more than happiness or love." Then their meaning dawned upon her, and with tremor of gladness in her glance, and in her dark eyes the reflection of the "Star of the East," she wrote and sent again the message,

"Come to the Gray Cliff. I wait you there."

And this time it was love and the sweet abnegation of self, not anger, that reigned in her full heart. He would understand; other words would be superfluous. There are feelings that move the heart which are far above the power of speech to elaborate, and so the first moments of their meeting were moments of silence, oppressive with their burden of bliss. Gray spoke first:

"Regina, my goddess! never in my wildest dreams have I imagined the deep joy of this moment."

With a swift, sudden movement, Regina bent toward him:

"Not your goddess, Gray, but a tender, loving woman."

The rosy radiance of dawn drowned the gray from the heavens, and the hymn of angels and archangels was in the air. The waves, triumphant and jubilant, filled by the glorious sunshine with ecstatic gladness, gushed higher and fuller, sweeter and stronger, then died away into trembling silence. An anthem of all ages, whose first note of harmony was sounded when a babe was cradled in a manger, and the wise men of the east, beholding the star, came to worship and adore Him who said:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."—*Overland Monthly.*

INDIVIDUAL MASONIC DUTY.

The faithful Mason will keep steadily before him, first of all, his *individual accountability to God*, the Great Architect and Grand Geometrician of the Universe. Wherever his business or his inclination may lead him, in the busy marts of commerce or the halls of legislation, amid the keen excitement of public business, or in the sacred quietness and calm of his own fireside, he will never fail to realize the presence of that All-seeing Eye which surveys the planets in their courses, and yet condescends to watch over the faltering footsteps of the humblest child of man. He will not forget that he is responsible, in his individual capacity, for every talent that has been entrusted to his care. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." He cannot escape from this personal obligation by sheltering himself under the broad wing of the Order to which he belongs. He is not lost sight of as a unit is lost sight of in the aggregate that contains it, nor can he plead exemption from any duty because the body of which he is a member undertakes and performs it. He must start with that body in an exertion of his own power.

And yet, as individual effort, when left to itself, amounts to very little, it becomes a second duty of the Mason *to remember his corporate life*—his participation in a fraternal bond. The raindrop that falls from the clouds finds its way back to the ocean which gave it birth. It is a child of the sea, caught by exhalation, out of the arms of its mother, to which it hurriedly returns by direct descent from the sky, or by a circuitous percolation through the soil. As a globule, it is nothing; but as a part of the mighty waters which are made up of single drops, it helps to float navies and encompass continents. We are children, in like manner, of a common humanity. We are born into the world as the outgrowth of a stock which existed before us. We inherit by birth and providential surroundings all the benefit to be derived from the comparative advance in civilization, of the society into which we have been cast. No one of us began life without the advantage of helpers preceding us, who gained for us something. And so we continue, every day, to enter into the labors of others. The ablest statesman and the most learned scholar are indebted, each in his turn, to generations that have passed; and any man who hopes to accomplish in his time any marked result, must enter upon ground which has been providentially prepared for him by earlier efforts than his own. Like the raindrop, we find our element in society, and our power to do, in combination with our kind.

Hence the origin, my brethren, of the Order of Freemasons. Every child of Adam is truly related to every other member of the human family, and his duties are as wide as his relationship. But, because in so vast a body both the duty and the relationship are apt to be lost sight of, the aspirant after fraternity is inducted into a fellowship, composed of others like-minded with himself, who are banded together for this very purpose, viz., to instil fraternal charity, to cultivate and expand its region, to elevate the aims, assist the endeavors and guide the labor of its members, to lead them to seize the opportunities of good which they are privileged to enjoy, and help them to a manly and holy development.

Such an organization is both a blessing and an ornament to the world. Such, also, in its sphere, is every Grand and Subordinate Lodge that is conducted on the ancient principles of our Craft. But, forget not, my brethren, that the strength and power of that cord depend on the *single strands* of which it is composed. It rests with you, as individual Masons, to make the order to which you belong, as far as your influence extends, an object of glory and praise, or of shame and scorn on the earth. If, while professing the most unbounded charity, you exhibit in your daily lives a niggardly selfishness; if you take the shield with which you have sworn to protect your brother, and use it only to cover up your own errors and shortcomings;—then may you write over the doors of the Masonic Temple, “Ichabod! the glory has departed!”—*Rev. H. W. Nye, Grand Chaplain, G. L., Canada.*

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

There are some discussions going on at the present time which seem to require notice, in order that the brethren may know what dangers surround them and consider the proper course to follow, that Masonry may not be moved from its propriety, nor its enemies be able to arrest the beneficent work it is doing.

Every Mason knows, and every person not a Mason may know, if he takes the trouble to inquire, that Masonry is not a religious system, in the sense of being a worship, or having a form of religious adoration or a creed, but that on the contrary it only claims to be an association of men of good repute for the promotion of morality, virtue and good order. That while it always acknowledges and plainly teaches that man's first and highest duty is to the Creator of all things, and allows no infidel to enter its fold, it leaves every man to seek the heavenward path under the inspiration of his own conscience, and by such mode as may have been taught him in youth, or may have been acquired as the result of his natural judgment. Whatever this may be, no Mason owes the institution any explanation, and the society has not the most re-

mote idea of ever inquiring, for the oft reiterated reason that we are not associated for religious purposes, but are simply an aggregation of men of the world, without other qualification or purpose than being men of fair reputation, and being united for the prosecution of a good design, we should, as a matter of course, leave all distinctions, whether religious or political, at one side. Nevertheless we have to meet a series of opponents who insist that we should preach Christ crucified or give up the ghost.

Now we have never undertaken to do anything of the kind; we have never made any profession as a society that should call upon us to do anything of the sort; we are now and always have been, the exponents and the arbitrators of a morality to which all men can subscribe, and never the exemplars of any religious faith whatever. Yet men will insist that we shall be of their creed; that we shall use our organization to promote their views; that we shall preach their doctrines, or, as we said before, stop our work, and give up the mission upon which we have entered. Why, we ask in all sincerity, should we do this? Why are we required to take any part in the religious differences of the day? Why may we not go on with our work, seeking to unite good men for a good purpose without being required to preach or practice—as a whole—any particular mode of faith; why, we ask again, should it be expected of us that we be Jews or Gentiles, Christians or Musselmen, or any other form or belief, any more than it should be asked of any other association of men, that, eschewing all special forms of religious belief, they, nevertheless, do espouse one, out of the many, as *the* one which is to receive the benefit of their particular organization?

Clearly there is no reason for this, yet we find the Catholic church condemning us as outcasts from all social and religious favor, and *mirabile dictu*, certain of the Protestant churches are doing the same thing for the same reasons. Not only the Pope of Rome, and the gentleman (*sic*) who compose the church of Mr. Thinangbob, out in Ohio, and his congeners; but now the *Church Herald*, published in England, comes down on us as separated from all that is good, because we will not undertake that work of all work which we as Masons are especially bound not to do.

We can understand that each church organization should seek to promote its own interests, and to make the most strenuous efforts to add to its members; we are even willing that each one should believe that it alone possesses the keys of Paradise, it being understood that we are to have the same privileges; but, for the life of us, we cannot see in what corner of a disordered brain men find their justification for asking us to join in their special work, or for vilifying us because we will neither be cajoled nor coerced into giving up our calling for theirs.

There are some people in the world whose tongues convey no scandal because of their ignorance, presumption, and bigotry; they throw off epithets by the shovelful, but their epithets are only dust and ashes, and fly back in their own faces. Sensible people measure the work by the workmen, and conclude that these blatant representations of *religion* had better lave their own skirts before they commence at their neighbors. But then, again, there are many earnest, serious, well-meaning people who are led astray by the specious representations of these narrow-minded zealots, and we would be glad to have all such understand that there is a place for all things, and that the place for religious instruction is in the respective churches, or under their direction, and not in the Lodges of this institution of Masonry, formed to promote the moral and social virtues, and to let creeds and forms of faith alone.—*Masonic Tidings*.

THE LESSONS OF OUR PREPARATION.—How beautiful are the first lessons taught in the first steps of our institution! Even before the candidate is admitted into the Lodge, how significant the preparatory forms and ceremonies; in teaching him that Masonry regards no man for his worldly wealth or honors; that it is the internal rather than the external qualifications of every candidate that command attention; in impressing upon him that we are here all brethren, requiring nothing to defend ourselves from each other; with showing him how important it is that his heart should *conceive* and properly estimate before he suffers his eyes to look upon the beauties of Masonry; in representing the necessity of extreme caution in taking a professed brother by the hand; and by that part of the preparation which refers to the beautiful ancient custom, whereof we read in the Book of Ruth, exhorting the candidate to *sincerity* in the business in which he is about to engage.—*The Square*.

THE *Denver News* records this incident for the benefit of those who doubt woman's faith in Masonry: "A man was about dying in this city, and an acquaintance sent the following telegram to his wife, who was in Chicago: 'Your husband is dying. Come quick.' She coolly replied: 'Can't go now. If he dies hand him over to the Masons; he's one of them.' The man died. The wife hasn't been heard from since."

THE latest Masonic report in "high life" is that Tom Thumb has become a Templar.

GRAND MASTER'S ADDRESS,

BY BRO. WM. L. WEBBER, M. W. GRAND MASTER OF MICHIGAN, DELIVERED BEFORE GRAND LODGE JANUARY 26th, 1875.

BROTHERS:—In obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, we have again assembled as a Grand Lodge. We have, as our first duty, implored the blessing of the Supreme Grand Master of the Universe and offered up to him our adorations. We have assembled for the purpose of considering the condition of the Craft throughout this Grand Jurisdiction, of advising together for its good, and of performing such duties of legislation and administration as will best promote its welfare.

Having been charged with the executive functions of the Grand Lodge during the past year, it is proper that I should report to you concerning the same, and give such information as will enable you to judge whether the trusts committed to my hands have been properly fulfilled.

LODGES CONSTITUTED AND CONSECRATED.

Soon after the last session of this Grand Body the Lodges chartered at that time were duly constituted and their officers installed, and the work done by said Lodges since, so far as I am advised, proves the wisdom of the Grand Lodge in granting them charters.

REPRIMAND.

At the last session the Grand Master was instructed to reprimand Austin Lodge for its neglect to inflict a penalty required by Masonic law. That unpleasant duty was performed by me and the reprimand was received by the Lodge in a truly Masonic spirit, and it is to be hoped that a like duty may not be made necessary in any case hereafter.

MASONIC HISTORY.

The Grand Master was authorized, in his discretion, to employ some one to write a Masonic History of this Jurisdiction. Our financial condition was such that I did not feel justified in incurring any expense for this purpose, and consequently have taken no action under the resolution. The subject is one worthy of being remembered; but as we have an able Masonic Magazine published in our State, the material might be readily gathered, if the Brethren who are familiar with these historical facts or have access to the material would put it in shape and send it to the Magazine for publication, and this would be without expense to the Grand Lodge.

CORNER STONE CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

In May last, I received from the Grand Master of Masons in the State of Illinois and the Fraternity of Chicago, an invitation for the officers of this Grand Lodge and the Craft in this Jurisdiction, to be present, and participate, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of

the United States building, in process of erection in that city, which ceremony was performed on St. John's day, June 24th. The Grand Secretary issued a circular notice to the different Lodges of this Jurisdiction, informing them of the invitation. On the day appointed, accompanied by P. G. M. Chamberlain and our R. W. Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary, I attended and participated in the ceremonies. There was a very large attendance; the day was beautiful, and the occasion one to be remembered by all who were present, and the stone was laid in accordance with ancient usage. For courtesies extended by the Grand Master of Illinois and Brethren of Chicago to the Grand Officers of this Jurisdiction we return thanks.

BONDS OF G. T. AND G. S.

By the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, adopted in 1873, the Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary are required to give bonds to the Grand Lodge for the faithful performance of their duty. This was a new regulation and before had not been required. It being the law now, however, I felt it my duty to call the attention of these officers to it, and request their compliance. The bond of the Grand Secretary, with approved sureties, was promptly filed. The Grand Treasurer, however, from some cause, failed to comply with the suggestion. While these By-Laws remain in force I recommend that they be observed.

AID TO LOUISIANA.

In May last, I was informed by the Grand Master and Grand Secretary of the State of Louisiana, that by reason of the overflow of water in that State, to such an extent as to become a public calamity, a large number of our Brethren there had been deprived of their property, and were, with their families, absolutely destitute, alike of money, clothing, food and medicine; that much sickness followed in the wake of the great overflow, and an appeal was made to the Fraternity throughout the nation for relief. Such an appeal from our Brethren, wheresoever dispersed, could not be heard by us unheeded. I accordingly requested the Grand Secretary to issue a circular letter to the different Lodges in this jurisdiction appealing for aid. The circular bore date the 10th of June, and responses came in so promptly that I had the pleasure of remitting to the R. W. Grand Secretary of Louisiana,

June 26th.....	\$225 00
June 27th.....	239 10
July 2d.....	405 85
July 6th.....	303 90
July 17th.....	214 70
August 22d.....	156 50

Making a total of..... \$1,585 05

Which was contributed by the Fraternity in this State, and duly acknowledged by the Grand Secretary of Louisiana. The vouchers ac-

knowledging the receipt of the same, and the other papers connected with this appeal, were filed with the Grand Secretary. On the 31st of August I had the pleasure of receiving a circular from the Grand Master of Louisiana, from which we extract the following :

"A few months since a terrible calamity had befallen our people. A large portion of Louisiana, whose citizens had been gradually brought to poverty by a continued series of reverses and afflictions, were now threatened with destruction by flood and famine. The distress that followed was so appalling and so general that our resources would have been as nothing to relieve the sufferings of our Brethren in the hour of trial from hunger and consequent sickness. The noble benevolence of the Masonic Fraternity, and the promptitude with which their offerings were laid at once upon the altar of our common Brotherhood, has relieved the sufferings, and averted the gloomy results that for a time stared us in the face—that of our Brothers and their families perishing in the agonies of famine, unless relieved by public charity, which could not be relied upon with certainty. Thanks be to God, and our Brothers, we are now relieved from any further apprehension, the trial is past and we are not in need of any further assistance. Rest assured, the Masons of Louisiana, more especially those whose necessities were so quickly relieved from the bounties that have been extended to us, will ever bear in grateful remembrance the timely assistance and the hearty good-will and expressions of sympathy and brotherly love that accompanied the gifts in the hour of our want and distress. May God in His infinite wisdom and mercy spare you, Most Worshipful Brother, and yours, from such a fearful trial and heart-rending affliction."

I can assure our Brethren of Louisiana, that the Masons of Michigan feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive. They feel that their action in this case has been but the performance of a duty, which, had our circumstances been reversed, would have been performed with equal promptitude in our behalf by our Brethren. We cannot forget how nobly our Brethren of other States, came to the relief of those of our members who suffered from the fires which prevailed so extensively a few years since, and it is a source of proud satisfaction to know that the bond of our Brotherhood is not limited by governmental boundaries.

After receiving the circular that no further help was needed, I received from Carson City Lodge, from Brethren at Holly, and from Portsmouth Lodge, remittances for the relief fund, which were severally returned to the donors.

MASONIC HALL BURNED.

On the 9th of July last the hall of Orion Lodge, No. 46, was burned, together with its furniture, including the Charter. I granted a dispensation authorizing the Lodge to work, without requiring the payment of the fee fixed by the By-Laws. The loss was said to be one thousand dollars, and the insurance upon their property had shortly before expired, and by some oversight was allowed to remain unrenewed. I recommend that the Grand Lodge remit the dispensation fee in this case, and grant the Lodge a new charter free of charge. I was also requested to approve of an application in behalf of said Lodge to sister Lodges

for aid; but as the exigency did not seem to me to require such a course, I did not consent. Their last report shows sixty-nine members, which would indicate sufficient strength without external aid. This Lodge also lost their furniture by a fire in 1862, and their experience should serve as a standing caution to Lodges to keep their insurance policies in force.

D. D. G. M. FOR TENTH DISTRICT.

No nomination having been made at the last session of a D. D. G. M. for the 10th Masonic District, the Lodges in that District were applied to by circular to make nominations. Replies came in slowly, and it was not until July that a sufficient number were heard from to authorize the appointment upon such nomination. R. W. Bro. M. H. Maynard, having been nominated by a majority of the Lodges in the District, was duly appointed by me, and after being installed, entered upon the performance of the duties of his office.

REMOVALS.

In several cases where Lodges desired to remove from one hall to another, within the same corporate limits, I have granted the request, pursuant to Section 2 of Article 20 of the Regulations, taking care in each case to receive authentic advice that the new hall to be occupied was a suitable one.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS.

During the year I have granted seven special dispensations for the election of officers at other than the usual time, pursuant to Sec. 4, of Art. 5, of the Regulations, the fees for which have been paid into the hands of the Grand Secretary. The Lodges to which such dispensations have been granted were numbered respectively, 77, 82, 87, 174, 210, 265, and 303. I have also granted two dispensations, one each, to Lodges Nos. 38 and 315, to confer degrees in less than the usual time, the fees for which have also been paid into the hands of the Grand Secretary.

LODGES U. D.

I have issued dispensations for the formation of seven new Lodges, viz: Pearl Lake Lodge, at Sheridan, in Montcalm County, dated April 11th, 1874; Hudson Lodge, in Pine Grove, in Van Buren County, dated June 16th, 1874; Kalamo Lodge, at Kalamo, in Eaton County, dated June 30th, 1874; Saugatuck Lodge, at Saugatuck, Allegan County, dated September 30th, 1874; Howard City Lodge, at Howard City, in Montcalm County, dated November 16th, 1874; Lakeview Lodge, at Lakeview, in Montcalm County, dated December 2d, 1874; Clam Lake Lodge, at Clam Lake, Wexford County, dated December 29th, 1874. Several other applications for dispensations have been made which it did not seem proper to grant. The requirements of our By-Laws relative to applications of this character were such that I deemed it proper to direct the Grand Secretary to cause blanks to be prepared

for such applications, as it seemed difficult otherwise to get them in proper form. The Lodges whose dispensations were continued at the last session, and those to whom dispensations have been issued during the year, a time sufficient to justify the granting of charters, will probably apply to you at this session for charters, and I recommend them to your favorable consideration.

COMPILED MASONIC LAW.

As the New Constitution, Regulations, By-Laws and Penal Code had not been printed, except in connection with the Proceedings, and as it seemed desirable that the various Lodges and members should have access to the law without difficulty, and that no one might plead ignorance thereof, I requested the Grand Secretary to issue a circular to the Lodges, asking for a subscription for copies of the Compiled Law, as the same should be printed, and when a sufficient number of orders was received so as to warrant the expense, the Grand Secretary, by my direction, caused to be published a volume, which has doubtless been seen by each member here present. It contains the Ancient Constitutions, our Grand Lodge Constitutions and Regulations, together with our By-Laws, Standing Orders, Resolutions, and such forms and other information as it was thought would be useful to the Craft. The price fixed was 30 cents for each copy in paper covers, and 45 cents for bound copies, which barely covers the cost of publication; and with this volume in his hand no Master need plead ignorance of the law. A careful study of it will relieve the Brethren from asking, and the Grand Master from answering, many questions.

JOINT OCCUPANCY OF HALLS.

During the year I have received a great number of letters inquiring whether it be regular for Masons to occupy halls in connection with other organizations—Good Templars, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Patrons of Husbandry, &c., &c. I have uniformly answered that such a practice was not to be approved, and should not be adopted if it could be avoided, yet that there was no absolute law against it, and the discretion of the Brethren in each particular case must be relied upon. I recommend that the Grand Lodge enact some rule upon this subject, so that all uncertainty may cease. It would be a safe rule, and work no hardship to prohibit such joint occupancy except in extreme cases, and to require the consent of the Grand Lodge, or Grand Master, or D. D. G. M. of the District, in every case before the same should be allowed.

CORNER STONE CEREMONIES.

During the year the services of the Fraternity have been called into requisition to lay the corner-stone of three public buildings. On September 9th, R. W. Bro. A. M. Clark, Senior Grand Warden, acting as my proxy, laid the corner-stone of a Public Hall at Mt. Clemens.

On September 24th, W. Bro. William Summerville, acting as my proxy, laid the corner-stone of the Court House building for Menominee Co.; and on October 8th, M. W. Bro. Wm. T. Mitchell, P. G. M., acting as my proxy, laid the corner-stone of the new Custom House and Post Office building being erected by the United States at Port Huron. In each case, a full report of the proceedings was made to me, showing that the work was done in accordance with the ancient usages of the Fraternity, and that there was a large attendance and much interest taken in the proceedings.

HALLS DEDICATED.

Eight Halls have been Dedicated during the year for Lodges, numbered respectively, 54, 151, 170, 228, 255, 279, 301 and 306.

VACANCY FILLED.

The death of Bro. Raynale, Chairman of the Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, having created a vacancy in that Committee, I appointed M. W. Bro. Hugh McCurdy, to fill the same.

G. L. REPRESENTATIVES.

I have appointed two Representatives of this Grand Lodge near other Grand Lodges, namely: R. W. Bro. James E. Morrison, near the Grand Lodge of New York, and R. W. Bro. Nathan Haines, near the Grand Lodge of New Jersey.

W. M.'S SUSPENDED.

During the year it has been my painful duty to suspend the Masters of three Lodges; one on a charge of neglect and inattention to his duties, and two for unmasonic conduct. In each case before taking action, charges were presented by members of the respective Lodges, the Masters were called upon to answer and proofs taken—in one case before me; in one before R. W. Bro. William Graves, D. D. G. M., and in the other before R. W. Bro. G. J. Hudson, D. D. G. M. The papers in the several cases have been placed in the hands of the Committee on Appeals, and the cases will doubtless be brought before you by their report. Intemperance was doubtless the primary cause in two cases; such intemperance, however, leading, as is usual with that vice, to other vices. One who cannot control himself is unfit to govern others—is unfit to exercise any place of honor, or responsibility. If one who has taken upon himself the obligations assumed by every Master at installation, so far forgets the duty he owes to himself and his Lodge and the Fraternity in general, as to violate the cardinal virtue of temperance, inculcated upon his first admission into the Lodge, I think regard for his personal feelings should not prevent us from protecting the members of the Lodge and the reputation of the Fraternity by strict enforcement of our Regulations.

GAINES LODGE ACCOUNTS.

The charter of Gaines Lodge was heretofore arrested and revoked,

and the books and papers of that Lodge placed in the hands of the Grand Secretary. It is claimed that at the time of the revocation of the charter, the Lodge was indebted to several persons, and it appears that there was certain furniture of the Lodge-room which was not disposed of. I requested Bros. Geo. Still and Roger Haviland to make an inventory and appraisal of the property, which they did, and reported to me, and thereupon I authorized them to sell such property as it was proper to sell, that the proceeds might be paid into the Grand Lodge. I recommend that the indebtedness of the Lodge be paid so far as the proceeds of the sale of its furniture will permit.

JURISPRUDENCE.

Many questions have been presented during the year for decision, the answers to most of which have been published in the MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

[As these decisions have appeared, during the year, in the Magazine, we omit them.—ED. FREEMASON.]

COMMUTATION OF LODGE DUES.

I understand that many of our Lodges are incorporating a provision in their By-Laws to the effect that if a Brother, on becoming a member, will pay ten or fifteen dollars, more or less, over and above the usual fees for the degrees, he shall be forever thereafter exempt from dues, some framing the phraseology in one form and some in another. The Grand Lodge, at its last session, approved a decision made by M. W. Bro. McCurdy, to the effect that a Lodge could not remit the dues of one or more of its members for life. If this ruling be correct, (of which I have no doubt) and the dues cannot be remitted, how can they be commuted so as to exempt them for life? Suppose for instance that a Lodge has one hundred members, each of whom has paid in say ten dollars to the common fund, making a thousand dollars as commutation for dues. This thousand dollars of course must be invested, in order to produce an income to support the current expenses of the Lodge; and as all business men know, investments are subject to fail—it may be from fire, from bankruptcy, from burglary, or from any one of many contingencies that have happened heretofore, and may happen again, and the entire thousand dollars may be lost. How can the Lodge subsist afterwards, no member being liable for dues, and the money being gone? This practice has become so common that I desire to call attention to it, as I deem such a provision improper, as holding out inducements to those about to become members, which may prove false in fact. I think it is much safer to leave the money in the hands of the members, where if it be lost it will be their own loss, and they can blame no one else for it. Voluntary organizations, like ours, are not adapted to the safe handling of large sums of money, and there are many chances for it to be lost, and I think less difficulty will arise be-

tween the Brethren, upon financial questions, if the dues are required to be paid annually and no commutation allowed.

VISITATION OF LODGES.

I think it would be well if a more thorough visitation of Lodges could be had by the D. D. G. Masters. The By-Laws make it the special duty of each Deputy to examine the work and proceedings of the Lodges in his District. Wherever confusion exists, by this means it will be discovered, and unless such visitation take place, such confusion may continue indefinitely before coming to the notice of any of the Grand Officers. The By-Laws of the Grand Lodge provide that the D. D. G. Masters shall make reports of their doings quarterly, and oftener if required, to the Grand Master. I recommend the adoption of a resolution calling upon them for a report to be submitted to the Grand Lodge at each session, of their official acts during the year, and that such reports be published with the proceedings of Grand Lodge.

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

This periodical has been published during the year under the able editorial management of our Grand Secretary, Bro. Pratt. As at present conducted, I regard it as of great value to the Fraternity, not only as giving them a large amount of useful information not elsewhere attainable, and entertaining and instructive reading, but also as serving as a medium of communication between the Grand Officers and the members of the Craft scattered throughout the Jurisdiction. Every Lodge, I think, should subscribe for one or more copies, to be kept on file, and at the close of the year to be permanently bound for reference. I also commend this publication, while as ably edited as now, to the favorable consideration of every Mason in the State.

BY-LAWS OF LODGES U. D.

The By-Laws of Grand Lodge, Sec. 35, provides that Lodges U. D. shall be governed by such By-Laws as the Grand Lodge shall enact. As none have been enacted for this purpose, I recommend that the subject receive your attention at this session.

GRAND LODGE FINANCES.

The subject of the finances of this Grand Lodge has been referred by me to the proper committee, and their report will inform you of our present condition, and will be accompanied with their recommendation as to the best mode of increasing the balance in the treasury. A few years ago we had a large surplus, but our expenditures have since exceeded our income, until the balance in the treasury is now uncomfortably small. I recommend that some measures be taken to increase it, either by a decrease of expenses or an increase of income. There should be sufficient balance on hand, at all times, so that in case of an urgent appeal for charity, such as the one from Louisiana, and such as we are subject to at all times, the Grand Master might feel at liberty to

respond to such appeals without the delay necessary to apply to the Lodges.

OBITUARIES,

It is my painful duty to inform you of the death, during the past year, of the Representative of this Grand Lodge near the Grand Lodge of New York, our late M. W. Bro. John Hone Anthon, a P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. By the kindness of M. W. Bro. Elwood E. Thorne, the present Grand Master of the State of New York, I am enabled to give you the following particulars:

Bro. Anthon was born on the 25th of October, 1832. Was a lawyer by profession and filled several places of trust and honor in the government of his native State. He was made a Mason in Holland Lodge, No. 8, on the 11th of June 1855. Afterwards became a member of Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, of which he was several times elected Master. Was Deputy Grand Master of the State three successive years, and its Grand Master in 1870-71. He was an earnest and zealous Mason, having the respect and affection of his Brethren. He died Oct. 29th, 1874, aged forty-two years, and was buried with Masonic honors. Bro Anthon, as a Mason, was well known throughout the country, and was universally esteemed.

Bro. Spencer B. Raynale, who at the time of his death was Chairman of the Standing committee on Masonic Jurisprudence, departed this life Sept. 28th, 1874. He was a member and P. M. of Corunna Lodge, No. 115. He was modest and retiring in his nature, but his heart was filled with the principles of Masonry, and in his daily life he put them in practice. I knew him well, and "to know him was to love him." By his death in the prime of life, the Fraternity has sustained a great loss. His example, however, is a legacy which will be of value if followed. I recommend that a Memorial Page be set apart for each of the distinguished Brothers, above named.

NON-AFFILIATION.

How to enforce affiliation seems to be a question which is now attracting much attention throughout the different Grand Jurisdictions. From the remarks of some on this subject, one might suppose that the principal object of the creation of Lodges, was to collect dues. In one State they have provided that unless all non-affiliated Masons within their jurisdiction within three months after notice connect themselves with some Lodge, the subordinate Lodge shall expel them from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, and others have gone nearly as far in this direction. They should go a little farther, to be consistent, and *require* Lodges to receive them on application. But to be Masonic, they should cease this warfare against non-affiliated Masons. Masonry existed before Lodges, and Lodge dues were not thought of until a recent period of our history; and I think it is but proper to say that

this crusade against non-affiliated Masons is an innovation in the body of Masonry. Non-affiliation is an evil, but it is one that cannot be corrected by force.

When we undertake to correct it by force or by arbitrary rules, the result doubtless, will be to increase the number of non-affiliates and suspended members. Masonry is not founded on force. It does not exist by force or compulsion. Let us make Lodges attractive. Let us so conduct our Lodge meetings that the rights of membership will be worth having, will be appreciated, and only those will remain non-affiliates who are kept away by force. It is true that our Lodges must have a certain amount of income in order to pay their necessary expenses, but that income should not come as an enforced tax—it should be the voluntary, free and equal contribution of members. If any one be poor his dues should be remitted. If any one, not being obliged by necessity, shall neglect or refuse to pay his share of expenses, we should not dimit him on that account. But he, by this act, proves himself unworthy of being a Mason. He proves that when he declared, before being made a Mason, that, “unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, and influenced solely by a desire of being serviceable to his fellow creatures,” he freely and voluntarily offered himself as a candidate for our mysteries, and desired to become a member of the Lodge, promising a compliance with our usages, he stated that which was not true, and he should be expelled from Masonry as material received under a misapprehension as to its quality. In our Fraternity, the law of force except as it is applied to cut off unworthy members, has no place. Brotherhood is maintained and strengthened by the law of love, but is destroyed by force. If this fact should be remembered and acted upon, it is confidently believed the evil of excessive non-affiliation will cease. Again: the mere fact of non-affiliation cannot be regarded as an injury to our order, nor as conclusive evidence that the Brother is not a lover of the Craft. There is a distinction between the rights of Masons, as such, and the rights of membership. If a Mason is willing to renounce the benefits of his membership, and become non-affiliated, he is still entitled to his rights as a Mason. There may be special reasons in his particular case, reasons perhaps connected with the peace of his family, or other causes that we know not of, and that we have no right to inquire into, that lead him to take his course. Why should we assume to judge him harshly? As the connection was originally voluntarily formed, so let it be voluntarily continued, and if he desires to sever his membership, I think the Fraternity is strengthened by allowing him to do so rather than by retaining him against his will. Ceasing simply to retain membership, he does not cease to be a Mason, nor does he necessarily cease to practice Masonic virtues.

I agree entirely that "every Mason ought to be a member of a Lodge." This is declared as a duty resting upon him. In the exercise of that charity toward our Brethren, which we profess, I think we are bound to assume that every Mason will be a member of a Lodge unless he has a good reason for not being. Let us hold non-affiliated Masons strictly to their duty, and require of them an observance of the moral law, and in case of their failure in this regard, treat them as members of Lodges in a like case should be treated, with discipline, even to the extent of expulsion, if it be necessary to purge the craft; but do not let us put the non-payment of one, two or three dollars a year as dues, in the same scale as to punishment as we put an offense against the moral law, unless this non-payment be wilful, in which case the question enters the forum of morals, as an offense against brotherhood and good fellowship.

MASONIC RELATIONS.

Nothing has occurred to mar the harmony existing between this Grand Lodge and our sister Grand Lodges during the current year. It gives me great pleasure to state that since our last meeting intelligence has been received of a cordial and brotherly settlement of all the difficulties that have heretofore existed between the Grand Lodges of Canada and Quebec. We extend our congratulations to our Brethren of the Dominion, and trust that the pleasant relations now existing may never be disturbed.

GRAND LODGE OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

I received a communication from the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the Indian Territory, requesting recognition. The communication is under seal of the Grand Lodge, is signed by G. McPherson as Grand Master, and R. P. Jones as Grand Secretary. I have also received a copy of the proceedings of the Convention for the organization of such Grand Lodge, which is submitted for your consideration. I recommend that the matter be referred to a Special Committee, and that if they find the organization of this Grand Lodge regular, the same be recognized by us, and fraternal relations established.

THANKS TO GRAND OFFICERS.

I desire to acknowledge the obligations I am under to the several Grand Officers for their uniform kindness and courtesy during the past year, and also to those Brethren who have so kindly acted as proxy for me on different occasions in the installation of officers, dedicating halls, &c. Every request made by me has received cheerful and prompt attention. I would be glad to name each, but to prevent this address from becoming so long as to weary you, I must condense as much as possible, and therefore omit the naming of any.

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS.

The general condition of the Craft throughout the State affords

cause for congratulation. The great body of Masonry in Michigan is moving forward in its good work, guided by wisdom, supported by strength, and adorned with beauty. If judged by its works, the judgement cannot be otherwise than flattering to every lover of humanity. But while I can speak thus favorably of the great mass of Lodges, there are some (and I rejoice to say that the number is small) which seem to be ignorant of the liberal arts and sciences, and to ignore the the first teachings of the order. The success of a Lodge depends much upon the Master. To make a good Master something is required besides a knowledge of our ritual—a good judgment, sound, practical common sense; a good, kind heart—in fact, he should be a pillar of wisdom, that the Brethren may have some one to lean upon and be rightly guided by, when difficulties arise in the Lodge or in relation to its business. He should be perfectly familiar with the Ancient Constitutions, our own Regulations and Edicts, and the general principles of Masonic Law—in fact, this knowledge is only what every intelligent Mason will have, but it is more particularly necessary for the one charged with the care and guidance of the Lodge.

When confusion is found among the Craft, its source can generally be traced to the admission of improper material; and in reference to this, allow me to say, that the strength of a Lodge consists not in the number so much as in the quality of its members. The idea is too prevalent that any man of whom no ill is known has a right to be made a Mason, and it is by too many considered a hardship that men whom they consider good men are not permitted to enter the Lodge. On the contrary, *no man has a right to be made a Mason*. It is no hardship to keep him from becoming a member of the society. If he is received, it is a favor bestowed, and should be so regarded. And no man should be admitted until such facts are positively known as will give assurance that he will add strength to the institution. that he is a lover of the liberal arts and sciences, of a social disposition, having a capacity for self government, able to understand and appreciate our mysteries, and who will aid in transferring the same pure to posterity. Suppose you, an operative Master, would take an Apprentice unless he found him to possess those qualities of heart and head which would enable him, with proper instruction and experience, to become a Master workman? When a committee is appointed, unless the petitioner is well known to them personally, they should call him to meet them, and examine him as to his qualifications, that they may have not only his reputation, but their personal observation to enable them to judge as to his fitness, before making report, and if he be accepted, when he presents himself in the ante-room, and is called upon to declare that he is not influenced by mercenary motives, that he has a sincere desire to be servicable to his fellow-creatures, &c., he should be made to understand

that that *language means just what it says*; and if he is not willing to take upon himself a course of life which will make those words true, he better retire from the room and proceed no further. I urge this point upon the Brethren throughout the Jurisdiction. The Fraternity is in no danger from without; our danger is from within, and we are therefore called upon to guard more carefully against such dangers. The fact that our institution has existed from a pre-historic period, is, of itself, sufficient proof that it is founded upon immutable principles of right, which are adapted to the nature of man, and which possess in themselves the seeds of perpetuity. These principles will continue to exist, whether we truly and correctly administer them or not. Truth is eternal. What time and long experience have sanctioned and approved, should not be laid aside because even the wisest man now on earth may think he knows wherein it can be improved. What has been demonstrated we know; what is now suggested as an improvement, may prove to be folly. There are those in our Order who seem disposed to imagine themselves wiser than all the past. When their pretended wisdom shall seek to change Masonry, or make innovations upon it, they should be rebuked.

MASONRY NOT A RELIGION.

As before observed, our only danger is from within. In looking over the proceedings of sister Grand Jurisdictions, I observe discussions which it seems to me are entirely foreign to our institution. Some seek to prove that Masonry is, and others that it is not Religion. Which is right depends upon the definition which is given to the term. The dispute is rather a dispute about terms than a dispute about principles. There are many different Religions in the world, and each adjudge all the rest wrong. Why should we dispute about such questions? Masonry has been well defined to be "a universal system which teaches the relative and social duties of man on the broad, extensive basis of general philanthropy." Within that definition every lover of his kind, every one who is willing to love his neighbor as himself, or to do unto others as he would have others do unto him, can see that Masonry is right, no matter whether, as a technical religionist, he be a Jew, a Mahomedan, a Christian, a follower of Zoroaster, Confucius or Brahma. The inhabitants of all climes and the men of every worship may join with Masons, without hearing that which will conflict with their peculiar ideas. As men, as citizens, as members of ecclesiastical organizations, differences may exist between us. With those differences we, as Masons have nothing to do, and a discussion of those differences should find no place in our Lodge rooms. When we meet as Masons, we meet as children of one common Father, as brothers laboring for one common end. If we are asked for our creed, we reply, "Faith, Hope, and Charity." If we are asked for the tenets of our

profession, we answer, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth." If we are asked what principles guide us in our intercourse with humanity, and in our progress through life, we answer, "Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice." If there be any who say that our creed is founded in error, that our tenets are not entitled to their respect, and that the principles guiding us through life are not well adapted to benefit humanity, we point them to the history of our institution, which ante-dates human records, and ask: Who is he that dare put his individual opinion against the experience of the past? So believing, let our practice be made to conform to our professions—we serve God best, when we best serve our fellow men. "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

WM. L. WEBBER.

Official.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF K. T., OF UNITED STATES,
OFFICE OF THE GRAND RECORDER,
IOWA CITY, Jan. 18th, A. D. 1875.

Foster Pratt, Kalamazoo Mich.:

DEAR SIR KNIGHT—I enclose you the official action of the Grand Encampment, at its recent conclave, on the "vexed costume question," being the statute on the uniform a Knight Templar. The early publication of this statute is demanded, because some of the periodicals have already erroneously published that "Each Grand Commandery is allowed to choose as it pleases, the old black or the present white uniform," which is calculated to mislead the unenlightened.

Courteously Yours,

T. S. PARVIN, *Gr. Recorder.*

UNIFORM OF A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.

The uniform for a Knight Templar is that prescribed by the Grand Encampment in 1862. No other uniform is allowed, and no authority other than the Grand Encampment can modify or alter it.

Provided, however, That all members of Commanderies which now have what is known as the "Black Uniform" be permitted to wear it while members of said Commanderies, but no other Commandery, nor the members thereof shall be authorised or permitted hereafter to wear any other than the regulation prescribed in 1862.

Provided further, That any Commandery in a State where the "Black Uniform" is worn may, by permission of its Grand Commandery, adopt and wear such "Black Uniform."

No officer or member can be present in the Grand Encampment, or Grand Commandery, unless in full Templar Uniform, except by the vote of the body excusing him.

CHAPTER JURISPRUDENCE.

At the triennial Convocation of the Grand Chapter of the United States, the G. G. H. Priest reported the following decisions, which were approved by the body:—

1. **SUBSTITUTES.**—The action of the General Grand Chapter in relation to substitutes is not mandatory, but permissive. A regulation of a Grand Chapter permitting their use, or one prohibiting their use, does not conflict with the resolution of the General Grand Chapter, and subordinate Chapters are bound by such regulation.

2. **QUALIFICATION OF CANDIDATES.**—The General Grand Constitution does not prescribe the qualification of candidates. By the landmarks they must be Master Masons, and therefore such Master Masons as are legally recognized as such by the other Master Masons of the particular jurisdiction. In other words, they must be Master Masons in good standing as such. The meaning of the term "in good standing" is determined by the laws governing Blue Lodges in the particular jurisdiction. If by these laws an unaffiliated Mason is "in good standing," he is eligible as a candidate, in the absence of any regulation of the State Grand Chapter. But I find nothing in the General Grand Constitution preventing any Grand Chapter from requiring such further qualifications as it deems proper.

3. **EFFECT OF DISCIPLINE BY THE LODGE.**—The Chapter must give to discipline by the Lodge the same effect that it has under the laws of the Grand Lodge, and the Chapter has no authority to inquire into the regularity of the proceedings of the Lodge, but they must be taken as valid until reversed by competent authority. The Chapter has no part or lot in making or fixing the standing of Master Masons; we take them as made by the Blue Lodge, and their standing as fixed by the Blue Lodge. The effect of the suspension of a member of a Chapter by this Lodge for non-payment of dues, must be determined by the laws of his Grand Lodge. If the suspension (as in some States) is from membership only, his standing in the Chapter is not affected in the absence of regulations in his Grand Chapter; but, if the suspension (as in other States) is from all his Masonic rights, he at once loses his standing as a Royal Arch Mason, whatever may be the regulations of his Grand Chapter.

4. EFFECT OF REVERSAL OF ACTION OF LODGE BY THE GRAND LODGE.—When the action of a Lodge, in cases of discipline, is reversed or annulled for any reason by competent authority, the party at once regains the same *status* that he had at the commencement of the proceedings, as fully and completely as if none had ever been had.

5. EFFECT OF RESTORATION BY THE LODGE.—But when a companion is restored to his Masonic rights by his Lodge, after a legal conviction by it, the settled law is, that he is restored to his rights as a Royal Arch Mason, except membership in his Chapter; though I confess I have never been able to see the propriety of this rule, nor of the exception if the rule is adopted.

When a Lodge expels a member, he loses all his Masonic rights, as fully as if he had never been initiated; consequently he ceases to be a Royal Arch Mason. Now the Lodge may, by restoring him again a Master Mason, as it previously made him a Master Mason, save that the *process* is different; but I cannot see what authority a Lodge has to make a Royal Arch Mason by *restoration*, any more than by the *original initiation*. But if it is held that the act of the Lodge restores him to all the rights of which the Lodge deprived him, why is membership in the Chapter excepted? The *Lodge* may refuse to restore him to membership in itself, because it may annex such limitations to the restoration as it sees fit; but the Lodge has no power to annex any limitations to the effect of his restoration in the Chapter.

6. PAST MASTER'S DEGREE.—It is not proper for a Chapter to confer the Past Master's Degree upon the Master-elect of a symbolic Lodge, who has not received the Mark Degree. As I understand, the General Grand Chapter decided at its last convocation that a Chapter can recognize no other Past Master's Degree than the one conferred by it, and no other person eligible to receive it than a Mark Master Mason.

7. QUALIFICATIONS OF GRAND HIGH PRIESTS.—The General Grand Constitution does not provide that a Grand High Priest must be Past High Priest; but seems to leave it to Grand Chapters to fix the qualifications of their officers.

8. WHO MAY OPEN A CHAPTER.—A chapter cannot properly be opened by a Past High Priest in the absence of the High Priest, King and Scribe. Section 10 of Article 1 of our Constitution provides, that "In all cases of the absence of any officer from any body of Masons, instituted or holden by virtue of this Constitution, the officer next in rank shall occupy his place, unless through courtesy, or for other reasons, he should decline in favor of a Past High Priest." The language of this provision embraces Grand Chapters and Subordinate Chapters, and in terms seems to authorize the Captain of the Host, or even the Master of the Third Vail, to open the Chapter in the absence of all his superior officers. I cannot believe that such was the intention; but that it was

intended to apply only to the officers composing the Council ; but if it has a wider meaning, it does not authorize a Past High Priest to open a Chapter, save under the direction of the highest officer present.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

The following decisions, by Grand Master Webber, were not reported to Gr. Lodge and have not received its sanction.—ED. FREEMASON.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Jan. 20th, 1875.

Question. A, having been initiated in the State of New York and paying there for the three degrees the full fees, after initiation and before having been passed, removes to the State of Michigan, where he becomes a resident and applies to a Michigan Lodge, which, after obtaining permission from the Lodge in New York, confers the second and third degrees. Is he a member of the Lodge in Michigan or the one in New York ?

Answer. The Lodge in New York had personal jurisdiction over him. It could waive that jurisdiction. If he became a permanent resident of Michigan it will not be presumed that the work was done at the request of the New York Lodge for its benefit, as would have been the case had he been merely visiting within the jurisdiction of Michigan, with the intention of returning to his New York home as a permanent resident. Section 2, of Article 16 of the Regulations provides that, "where the work is done at the request of another Lodge, the membership shall be with the Lodge requesting the work;" but in the case supposed, I think it may be fairly presumed that the New York Lodge waived jurisdiction, and not that it intended to request the Michigan Lodge to perform this work for it. I am, therefore, of the opinion that the membership is with the Michigan Lodge.

Question. If a member of a Lodge is suspended or expelled for non-payment of dues and afterwards reinstated, can he be charged with dues accruing during the time of his suspension ?

Answer. Yes. He should be so charged, and under ordinary circumstances the Lodge would not be doing its duty

to reinstate him except upon condition that he will pay the amount of dues which would have accrued from the time of his suspension, together with such as stood against him at that date.

Question. After a member has been duly expelled from a Lodge and eight or ten months elapses, can the Lodge by a unanimous vote grant the accused a new trial?

Answer. Section 76 of the Penal Code, which has been informally approved by the Grand Lodge, provides that "the Lodge, by a unanimous vote, may grant a new trial." Construing this, I should say that the application must be made within a reasonable time; and what would constitute a reasonable time would depend somewhat upon the peculiar circumstances of the case. More time might be proper under some circumstances than under others. If, in the opinion of your Lodge, the circumstances are such as to reasonably account for the delay, I think it competent for your Lodge, by a unanimous vote to authorize a new trial.

Question. Is it lawful for a Lodge to expel a member for habitual drunkenness and rowdyism?

Answer. Yes. But the charge should be made specific. Habitual drunkenness would be sufficiently specific. Rowdyism is a very general term, and I think it would be better in the charge to state unmasonic conduct with specifications, which would give such particulars as are required in each case. Temperance is one of the cardinal virtues of our institution, and any one who habitually violates either of these cardinal virtues is unfit to be a Mason, and should be expelled unless he will do "works meet for repentance."

Question. A candidate having been rejected by Lodge A, now resides within the jurisdiction of Lodge B, and has applied to the latter for initiation, Lodge B. having been instituted since the rejection in Lodge A. Can Lodge B. receive and act upon the petition without the consent previously obtained of Lodge A?

Answer. No. The petition should not be received until the consent is given as required by the Regulations.

Question. Is it necessary that all bills against the Lodge

should be referred to the Finance Committee, or may the Lodge receive and act upon them without reference?

Answer. It is a matter of discretion with your Lodge. If your members are satisfied that the bills are right, they may as well be allowed without reference. The only object of referring to the Finance Committee is to ascertain whether the bills are correct in amount and are proper charges against the Lodge. If you are satisfied on this subject, without reference, it is sufficient.

Question. Our Lodge received a petition from a candidate previously rejected by a Lodge in the State of New York. After reference, the candidate was elected and initiated, and we now find that the Regulations prohibit our action and that we were in error in receiving the petition. What shall we do in the case.

Answer. You should have known by the petition of the applicant whether he had been rejected, as he is required to state whether he has ever made application to any other Lodge, and the result of such application. This rule applies equally to Lodges under other jurisdictions as to Lodges in this jurisdiction. In your case, stop where you are until you have applied to the Lodge where he was previously rejected, state the circumstances, and if you believe that the material is good, you can ask the Lodge in New York to waive jurisdiction and allow you to proceed with the work. If they consent, you can go on; if they refuse, you can not undo what you have done, but you should go no further in the case.

WM. L. WEBBER,

Grand Master.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 23d, A. D. 1875, A. L. 5875.

M. W. Wardens and Brethren:

Your attention is especially called to the following: Art. IX, Section 5, of the Grand Lodge Constitution, provides that,

"SEC. 5. This Grand Lodge may supervise the state and condition of its own finances, and adopt such measures in relation thereto as may be deemed necessary."

Under and by virtue of the power hereby conferred, the W. M. Grand Lodge, at its last session, held at Detroit, Jan. 26th, 1875, adopted the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, Additional revenue must be raised to meet the necessary expenses of this Grand Lodge, for the current year; therefore,
Resolved, That an assessment of ten cents, on each affiliated Mason in this Grand Jurisdiction be and the same is hereby laid, to be paid by the respective constituent Lodges and "returned with their annual dues."

The effect of this action is to make your Grand Lodge dues, for this year, 35 cents, instead of 25 cents, for each member of your Lodge liable to the tax; and your Grand Lodge Dues, to be paid in January, 1876, *will be calculated on this basis*; but, in order that your *Lodge funds* may not suffer from this increase of your Grand Lodge Dues, the tax is imposed, by Grand Lodge, on "each affiliated mason."

You are therefore authorized and required to charge, in the ledger account of each Master Mason who is affiliated with your Lodge, the sum of ten cents, in addition to the amount required of him, for Lodge Dues, by the By-Laws of your Lodge. The entry, in the ledger account, should specify the authority for, as well as the amount of, this special assessment; thus:

WM. JONES,	-	-	-	-	DR.	
To Lodge Dues for 1875 (<i>whatever the amount may be</i> .)	-	-	-	-		\$1 00
" Assessment by Grand Lodge for 1875,	-	-	-	-		10

This assessment should be charged up at once, in the ledger account of each Brother, so that if any dimit or pay dues during the year, their tax will be collected when their are paid, and the Lodge Fund will not suffer loss.

The volume of Grand Lodge Transactions which you will receive about April 10th, will explain the necessity for this unusual action by Grand Lodge.

By order of the M. W. Grand Lodge,



FOSTER PRATT.

Grand Secretary.

DEDICATION.—Muskegon, Mich., Feb. 23—The Masonic Fraternity have lately had a new Lodge-room elegantly fitted up, which was opened last evening by a grand dedication ball. The hall is handsomely frescoed and furnished. A large number of people were present at the ball. The hall is splendidly located, and is a credit to the city.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

THE EDITOR regrets to be under the necessity of apologizing to the readers of the FREEMASON, for the delay in the publication of this number. His other engagements—official and professional—have compelled the delay.

ED. FREEMASON.

MASONRY AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

[The following note is a fair sample of a score received by the editor during the last six months.—Ed.]

Editor Freemason :

1. If an affiliated Mason engage in the business of retailing intoxicating drinks by the glass and thus, many times a day, violates the laws of the State in which we live; and if it can be proved that he is doing this; is it not a Masonic offence that admits of discipline?

2. If the Brother keeps, what the good people of the town and village call, a low, vile drinking hole or saloon, ought he not to be subjected to discipline, even to the extent of expulsion?

Please answer through the FREEMASON, as there are many Brothers among us who wish to know your opinion on these points.

Yours, Fraternally,

The use of alcohol as a beverage, in some form, is older than human history. No age so old as to have been free from its evils; no race so barbarous as to be ignorant of its production and of its seductive influence; and no nation so refined or religious as to be superior to its temptations. The appetite for some form of stimulus, with few exceptions, is co-extensive with the race; and human history, ancient and modern, clearly teaches that all attempts, by *law* or by *force*, to restrain that appetite are futile—that “sumptuary laws,” whether enacted by despotic or republican governments, are a dead letter. It is not necessary to our present purpose, nor is it our design, to explain *why* this is so; it is enough to state what every reading, observing, impartial and intelligent man knows to be a *fact*.

The fundamental difficulty in handling the great evil of intemperance is to be found in *appetite*: appetite demands drink and the demand for drink creates the traffic in drink. Could we remove the appetite, this monstrous evil would dissolve like a morning mist. But all history and experience teach that the appetite for stimuli springs from our physical nature—that the nervous organization of men and women, weakened by hereditary or climatic influences, wearied by labor, or exhausted by sensual indulgences, craves stimulus, more or less strong, to give or to restore *comfortable sensations*. The relief that is found in tea, coffee, tobacco, and the milder stimuli is not attended in the main, by dangerous consequences; but that relief, which is found in hasheesh, opium, and the stronger alcoholic drinks, is liable, as we all know, to end in drunkenness and its fearful train of attendant evils.

The fundamental fallacy of modern temperance philosophy and well meant effort, is in this—that the traffic *creates* the appetite; when the substantial truth is to be found in the converse proposition. That the traffic ministers to and in many cases aggravates the appetite none will deny: but it is not, in any general sense, its creator. He who seeks to prohibit and prevent this traffic, in the hope that, thereby, the appetite and its evils will be abated, is no more wise or practical than he who should ordain an atmosphere free from smoke by stopping up the tops of our chimneys, while the fires beneath are unextinguished. The former drives men, raging with appetite, to desperation; as the latter, if attempted, would drive every household into the streets prepared for mutiny and revolution.

Masonry, declining to adopt any of the vagaries of modern reform, deals with the *individual* and his own appetites and propensities. She enjoins upon all her children temperance, chastity and honesty, and punishes intemperance, unchaste conduct and dishonesty.

The ethics of Masonry, too, are based on the moral—not the civil—law. A man may be and many are in the daily habit of violating the law of the land who are not guilty of any breach of the moral law. Section 2 of our Penal Code expressly declares, that;

“Masonry will not take judicial cognizance of offences merely ecclesiastical or political in their nature, nor of a breach of contract or claim at law between Masons, or between one Mason and another, unless involving *moral turpitude* in the offender.”

Where, then, shall we as Masons, locate the “moral turpitude” of selling intoxicating drinks? Is it in the *selling* or in the *surroundings*? Is it in selling “by the glass”? Then what is selling at wholesale? Is it because sold in a “low, vile, drinking hole”? Then what is it when sold in the gorgeous saloon and palatial hotel? Is it in selling it “many times a day”? Then what is selling it *once* a day? Is it in the violation of the statute? Then what becomes of the sin, if the statute be repealed? or how can it be a sin in a state where there is no law forbidding it? Or is the offense to be located in the selling it at all? Then what is to be done with him who drinks it? Is it a sin to sell and not a sin to drink? We ask these questions solely for the purpose of calling attention to the difficulties that surround this subject; and to suggest the many obstacles to be surmounted before a rule can be made that will be susceptible of equal and universal enforcement by Masonic Lodges.

Masonic Jurisprudence contains no rule in regard to the mere sale of ardent spirits; and the Grand Lodge of this Jurisdiction has never attempted to make a law on the subject. But Masonry aims at the root of this evil—this great evil—by enjoining upon each Brother “to act as becomes a moral and a wise man; wisely to consult his own honor and that of the ancient Brotherhood; to avoid gluttony and drunkenness that his family be not neglected or injured, nor he disabled from working.” [See Ancient Charges.]

Masonry forbids and punishes *intemperance*, because *that* is a violation of moral law: but whether Masonic law can be applied to the punishment of a Brother who *sells* liquor, will depend entirely upon the circumstances that surround each case. The simple fact that he *sells*, will not, of itself, be sufficient to sustain a charge of unmasonic conduct.

But if, in any case, a Brother can be clearly proven to be *in the habit of selling liquor to minors, to men when drunk, or to habitual drunkards*, we are of the opinion that Grand Lodge will sustain the Lodge that inflicts punishment upon such an

offender. But the charges must define the exact nature of the offense and the proof must be clear. It will not be enough to show that the Brother sells liquor, or that he "keeps what the *good* people call a *low, vile, drinking hole*." Questions might be asked in such a case, which it would be difficult to answer: Do *all* the "good people" say so? Who are the "*good* people"? What makes them "good"? Do "good people" never make mistakes in judgment? Are "good people always free from passion and prejudice? Are they ever bad? Do they ever seek revenge? Do they ever get mad because they can't have their own way, or can't rule the town, or can't regulate everybody's business and conduct? Are "good people" ever hypocrites? &c., &c.

Again—(to say nothing of doubts about what a "drinking hole" is,) what is "low and vile" is often and largely a *matter of taste*. "*De gustibus, &c., &c.*" What some people, we know, would call "low and vile" other people, (and *tolerably* "good" people too,) would not be greatly offended at. What would be "low and vile" in some refined and well ordered towns, would be "rather respectable" in other towns not so fastidious.

But when it is clearly proved, as a *fact*, that a Brother, who deals in liquor, is in the habit of selling it to a *neighbor's minor child—to a man when drunk—or to an habitual-drunkard*, it is our judgment, that Masonry and Masons will punish him; because, in such a case, there will be no serious doubt or disagreement among Masons, that there is "moral turpitude" in his conduct. Beyond this, we do not believe Masonic discipline can go without departing from its ancient principle and policy of *tolerating the use* and of *punishing the abuse of appetite and passion*. Beyond this, too, it cannot go without (in appearance at least,) allying itself with modern reforms. The Masonic institution is not, in any sense, a propaganda—it does not even seek to propagate Masonry—still less does it seek to propagate reforms or religions. Should it ever depart from this policy and be led to form "entangling alliances" with reformers or sectaries, its unity will be at once broken and its death will soon follow. There is no more occasion for difference or disagreement, among Masons, on this,

so called, "temperance question," than there is on questions of religious belief or politics. Each is at liberty to believe and to act (outside the Lodge,) as his conscience may dictate; but he must always remember to concede to others the same *liberty* he demands for himself. So long as we adhere to this Masonic rule of charitable toleration, we preserve the old landmarks and "stand by the ancient ways."

THE GRAND BODIES.

The M. W. Grand Lodge of Michigan met at Merrill Hall, Detroit, on Tuesday, January 26th, at High Twelve. The M. W. Grand Master, Bro. Wm. L. Webber, and all the Grand Officers and about 350 members were present. The Grand Master's Annual address published in this number of the Magazine, contained, in addition to the usual detail of internal affairs and external relations, able discussions of several topics of interest and importance to Masons both at home and abroad.

The business of the session was promptly and well done, and much of it was of unusual interest to the Craft. Under the head of "Official," we print a circular, sent by the Grand Secretary to all Lodges, relative to an increase of Grand Lodge Dues

The session of Grand Lodge was unusually short; beginning Tuesday noon and ending Wednesday evening at 9:30 o'clock, thus occupying *two* legislative days, instead of three or four as has been usual for years past. Inasmuch as it costs over one thousand dollars a day to run Grand Lodge, when convened in annual session, the saving, thus effected, is of no small consequence, especially in view of the small balance now in Grand Treasury. But short sessions are not to be advocated if they result in crude, hasty and ill digested legislation, even though they may be economical. We hazard nothing in saying, however, that the business of Grand Lodge, (with perhaps one exception and that not due to want of time,) was better done than usual.

This was due to the change made, by our new law, in regard to Standing Committees. By the old arrangement, the

Standing Committees were not appointed until Grand Lodge convened, and one whole day or more was practically lost in waiting for them to prepare and present reports, that, for obvious reasons, must often be very imperfect. By the new arrangement, the Standing Committees are appointed by the new Grand Master at the close of the session and are enabled to mature much of their business during the year. The Committees on Appeals and Finance, appointed one year ago, were convened at Detroit by the Grand Master, on Friday the 22d, preceding Grand Lodge, and their duties were well done and their reports were carefully prepared and were ready to be made as soon as Grand Lodge was organized and ready to receive them. The Committees on Jurisprudence, on Lodges and on Credentials were also convened on Monday, the day before Grand Lodge, and they, too, were prepared to report at once. Thus more time was given to committees to prepare their reports and Grand Lodge was held together only long enough to act upon them. By such arrangements time was saved, economy was secured, and no interest was sacrificed.

The Grand Officers for the ensuing year are as follows :

Bro. GEO. H. DURAND,	- -	Flint,	- -	<i>Grand Master.</i>
" M. H. MAYNARD,	- -	Marquette,	- -	<i>Dep. Grand Master.</i>
" WM. DUNHAM,	- -	Manistee,	- -	<i>Grand Sen. Warden.</i>
" J. W. FINCH,	- -	Adrian,	- -	" <i>Jun. Warden.</i>
" R. W. LANDON,	- -	Niles,	- -	" <i>Treasurer.</i>
" FOSTER PRATT,	- -	Kalamazoo,	- -	" <i>Secretary.</i>
" A. M. CLARK,	- -	Lexington,	- -	" <i>Lecturer.</i>
" J. S. GOODMAN,	- -	East Saginaw,	- -	" <i>Chaplain.</i>
" WM. JOHNSTON,	- -	Port Huron,	- -	" <i>Sen. Deacon.</i>
" JOHN P. PHILLIPS,	- -	Woodland,	- -	" <i>Jun. Deacon.</i>
" F. A. POTTER,	- -	St. Joseph,	- -	" <i>Marshall.</i>
" ALEX. MCGREGOR,	- -	Detroit,	- -	" <i>Tiler.</i>

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

1st District,	- - -	Bro. BELA COGSHALL,	- - -	Holly.
2d "	- - -	DAVID BOVEE,	- - -	Coldwater.
3d "	- - -	N. HAMILTON,	- - -	Buchanan.
4th "	- - -	G. J. HUDSON,	- - -	Paw Paw.
5th "	- - -	DAVID STRIKER,	- - -	Hastings.
6th "	- - -	ELISHA MUDGE,	- - -	Maple Rapids.
7th "	- - -	ISAAC T. BEACH,	- - -	Almont.
8th "	- - -	FRED. J. BURTON,	- - -	East Saginaw.
9th "	- - -	CRAWFORD ANGELL,	- - -	Grand Rapids.
10th "	- - -	(No election—vacancy to be filled.)		

STANDING COMMITTEES.

Jurisprudence—Bros. Hugh McCurdy, J. W. Champlin and A. T. Metcalf.

Appeals—Bros. O. L. Spaulding, E. A. Brown and Daniel Striker.

Finance—Bros. Wm. Powell, Eugene P. Robertson and Wm. B. Wilson.

Lodges—Bros. J. B. F. Curtis, Wm. Graves and J. B. Bampton.

Credentials—Bros. Richard Rowland, W. R. Bates and William Walker.

Foreign Correspondence—Bros. Grand Secretary (*ex officio*), M. C. T. Plessner and A. Partridge.

The sketch of the Proceedings of other Grand Bodies is crowded out. It will appear in the March number soon to be published.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE RUSTY MASON.

BY W. BRO. P. H. TAYLOR, IONIA.

[Re-published from Manuscript furnished by the Author.]

Once on a time, I sought to know
The mysteries of Masonry, and, seeking
Knocked, and, knocking found the door open for me;
And when I looked within,
I saw a band of men all clothed in white
Around an Altar.

And on the Altar lay
The Word of God, with Square and Compass.
Of that band of men,
I saw one, more knightly than the rest,
For on a throne he sat, and gave to each to all,
Lessons of Wisdom.

He came and gave to me
A Lambskin, pure, and white and
Told its meaning. He told me, too,
That Kings and Princes long had worn it, and
How free it was from spot, or stain, or blemish.
He also gave me tools to work with,
A Gauge, a Gavel, Level, Plumb and Square,
And, last of all, a Trowel that had no spot
Of rust upon it, for earth's noblest sons had used it
Ages long, upon the Mystic Temple.
He told me, too, I stood an upright Mason;
He spake to me of Temperance, of Fortitude,
Of Prudence, and of Justice.

I listened still with wondering ears,
To learn a Mason's tenets;
And, when they sang of Faith, of Hope
And Charity, the true steps that lead
From the level of time to the Grand Lodge on high,
I pledged myself then, that the tools to me given,
Should never find rest till the cap-stone was laid;
And my Lambskin if spotted, should know but the stain
Of Masonic cement, in life's rugged road.

This pledge was freely given,
For I meant to act the Mason's part,

And, if my memory serves me right
 I started for the work,
 But found the world all cold
 And selfish, and then I feared to make the effort.
 I hardly dare to say it, yet 'tis true,
 I never used my tools one hour;
 And all are lost, save this, this Rusty Trowel;
 It seems to me, it might have kept its brightness
 If never used.
 But, as I laid it by the rust began
 To gather on it, and now, it has no affinity
 For any save Untempered Master.

I have a hope that some bright Craftsman,
 As he has walked around the Temple
 May have found my Tools: my Gauge,
 My Gavel, Plumb and Level, and
 Laid them by for better workmen.
 Teacher as I was,
 My Lambskin gathered dust, and
 With the gathering dust, it lost its whiteness,
 And now that, too, is gone.

If I remember rightly, that Knightly man
 Gave other things, I guess he called them
 Passes, Signs, Degrees, whereby
 To know my brethren.
 Though they were truly given
 They were not safely lodged;
 And,
 Now to tell the summing of this matter,
 This much I only know—
 I once was made a Mason.

Tidings from the Craft.

BURR OAK, MICH., Jan. 11, 1875.

Editor Michigan Freemason:

DEAR SIR—A man named John Steele was here Jan. 1st, and received assistance "through an examination and by taking the Test Oath." He claimed to belong to Carlyle Lodge, No. 197, Carlyle, Penn. Our Secretary wrote there, and they answered that they *don't know him*. He is an elderly man; white hair, light mustache, &c. Says he is a book-keeper, &c. He claimed he had friends in Cleveland, and wanted to get there. Circumstances would seem to indicate that he is a *prowler*. Have you heard of him?

P. S.—He also beat a Coldwater Lodge.

MT. STERLING, ILLS., Jan. 12th, 1875.

Foster Pratt, G. S. G. L. A. F. & A. M. Kalamazoo, Mich.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—I understand that Dr. Grant J. Ross is now in your State. He was a resident of this place for six years, and was twice rejected by Hardin Lodge. He went away for a few weeks, and came back, pretending to be a Master Mason. I investigated his

claims and found they were false, and that he was an imposter. You will find his descriptive roll in the August number of the FREEMASON. Look after him, and prevent his getting into any of your Lodges, as he is impudent enough to do anything, and is well calculated to impose himself on the fraternity. If you need any further information, it will be cheerfully furnished.

Fraternally Yours,

MOSES BLACK,

Sec'y Hardin Lodge, No. 44, A. F. & A. M.

To the Editor of the Michigan Freemason:

At the Regular Communication of Oriental Lodge, No. 240, held some time since, Bro. George S. Adams, on behalf of the members, presented our P. M. Bro. George Morehouse, a beautiful P. M.'s jewel. Bro. Morehouse has been our Master for the past two and one-half years, in which time he has taught us all to love and respect him, and he retires from the chair with the very best wishes of every Brother.

MASONIC PRESENTATION TO THE MARQUIS OF RIPON.—The London correspondent of the *Scotsman* says that some of the more intimate of the Masonic friends of the Marquis of Ripon, several of whom are members of the Grand Lodge, although pained at his lordship's secession from the Order, intend presenting him with a costly artistic gift, in recognition of his lordship's valuable services to the Craft, and as a mark of their continual esteem and friendship for him. This *souvenir*, the presentation of which was decided upon very shortly after the noble Marquis had resigned the Grand Mastership, has just been received from the hands of the artist. It consists of a jewelled casket of pure gold, six inches in length by four in depth. The corners of the lid on the outside are enriched with carvings of beautiful and appropriate designs, while raised in the centre is the monogram of the Marquis, worked in jewels. Attached to the inside of the lid is a silver trowel, the surface being filled in and ornamented with the symbolisms of Masonry. An illumined address accompanies the casket.

FESTIVAL.—By invitation of Saline Lodge, No. 133, F. & A. M., a representation numbering about 60 members from Phoenix and Ypsilanti Lodges, of Ypsilanti, visited Saline Lodge, F. & A. M. They were met at the depot by Bro. G. W. Hall and conducted to the Lodge room, where they were warmly welcomed. Afterwards delegations from Ann Arbor Lodges entered the room and were cordially received, making about 150 in attendance, of which number five were Masters of Lodges, fifteen Past Masters and one hundred visiting brethren.

The Lodge was called to order by Alfred Miller, Master of Saline Lodge. Bro. C. N. Webb, of Phoenix Lodge, was then called to the chair, and with the assistance of other members of his Lodge he proceeded to confer the degree of Master Mason, which was the special order of the evening. The business of the evening being over the large company assembled were seated, and full justice done to an elegant repast. The occasion was a very enjoyable one.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—MARCH, A. L. 5875.—NO. IX.

A SHORT STUDY OF BIRDS'-NESTS.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.,

I.

Having had many opportunities of examining the nests of those birds habitually breeding throughout Central New Jersey, during the past fifteen years, and so, familiar with the construction and location of such nests, I have, since the publication of Mr. Wallace's essays on "Natural Selection," in 1870, endeavored to determine if the theory there expressed was applicable to the birds that are common to the locality we have mentioned.

In so studying birds'-nests, I have carefully avoided prematurely arriving at any conclusions that might influence my judgment when subsequently examining a series of nests, and therefore I believe the notes made concerning the construction of each nest, and the inferences drawn, are exact in the former case, and justifiable in the latter.

At the very outset, I found a careful study of the courtship of birds essential to a proper appreciation of their subsequent habits, and learned, not at all to my surprise, that marriage among birds, as among mankind, is not universal, but that both bachelor and spinster birds of every (?) species constitute a fraction of the ornithic population of our woods and fields.

I reached the above conclusion in this way: Having carefully gone over a given extent of ground, and noted every nest, say of the cat-bird (*Galeoscoptes Carolinensis*), I have then endeavored to learn about or precisely the number of individuals of this species frequenting the same extent of territory. As birds, during the breeding-season, do not wander any very great distance from their nests on the one hand,

nor from the locality whereat they halt on their arrival in early spring, on the other hand, it is not very difficult to reach a very close estimate of the numbers of each species occupying a locality, any given season. Thus, during May and June, 1873, I found eleven nests of the cat-bird in a given area, and feel confident that I recognized twenty-seven individuals of this species. If this is correct, then there were five cat-birds not nesting, and, I should judge, all male birds. It will be remarked that I overlooked the nests of these "extra" birds. This I believe is impossible. By going over a given space—an acre at a time—prying into every nook and cranny, climbing every tall tree and searching over every small one, as well as bushes and brier-patches, it is hardly possible to overlook any nest, especially so large and conspicuous a one as that of the cat-bird. The habits, too, of non-nesting birds differ from those then breeding. They are much less restless, do not chirp and twitter, or exhibit distress when closely followed, as in the case of nesting-birds.

Having carefully examined a bird's-nest which seemed to agree most nearly with the published descriptions of such nests, I then noted each nest found, and marked the amount of variation in the construction and position. Take, for instance, the nest of our very common robin (*Turdus migratorius*). Here we have a nest largely constructed of coarse twigs and grass, lined with "a cup-shaped fabric of clay or mud," this mud, again, being covered with finer grass, horse-hair, and occasionally a few feathers. This nest is an excellent one to study for degrees of variation in construction; and here note these differences. During the past spring and early summer, we found thirty-two nests of the robin in an area of about four hundred acres.

Of these thirty-two nests I will speak, principally, as to their construction, especially with reference to the care exhibited in the *mud-lining*, and refer but incidentally to the positions of the nests.

Eleven nests were what might be called "typical," following the description given by Dr. Brewer in the latest work on North American ornithology. In the eleven nests the mud-lining was complete, extending to within about an inch and a half of the rim, or top of the nest. In fourteen, the mud-lining was more or less incomplete, although always extending over the bottom of the nest, i. e., so much of the interior surface as the eggs or very young birds rested upon. Without an exception, I believe, the fine grass and hair lining the interior of each nest were in greater amount in proportion as the mud-lining was imperfect; so that, in some instances, the mud being concealed, the nests were very similar to those of other thrushes. The remaining seven nests were altogether "abnormal," and, noticeably, each of these seven nests was in such position as a robin would not be supposed to select. A careful study of the surroundings, however, showed that

there was always some outside advantage, such as proximity to abundant food, and this may have had some influence in the choice of location. As an instance, one of these seven nests was placed in a deep cleft in the trunk of an apple-tree. It had a southern exposure, was protected from rain by the trunk and branches of the tree, and, altogether, was admirably located. But, as the tree itself had an abundance of branches, and for many summers had had nests upon it, there seemed to be some reason in the location now first occupied. What, indeed, was the cause of this change from the branches to the cleft, I could not discover. The nest itself was merely a few coarse twigs for extra support of the "clay fabric," which was placed so as to resemble a modified cliff-swallow's nest more than that of any other bird. If, now, young birds build nests through imitation, then the young robins reared in this nest will seek out somewhat similar situations for their own nests; but if such a locality did not suit the bird's mate, then a nest in a more exposed position would be built, but, I doubt not, with some of the peculiarities of the nest in which it was reared.

In comparing the eleven typical nests of the robin, it could not but be noticed that minor differences or peculiarities existed. These small variations were such as size, which was, in fact, considerable; in shape, some of the nests being oval rather than circular; in the choice of material for the interior lining, which, I am sorry to say, was, in one instance, suspiciously similar to the lining of the nest of the chipping sparrow, and was probably stolen. Indeed, among robins, as well as all other birds, there are individual rogues, as well as cross-grained, scolding wives and husbands.

Taking a careful survey of the whole thirty-two nests, they suggested at once an ordinary village: there were handsome structures, such as opulence builds, and very modest ones, such as those in very straitened circumstances are compelled to occupy; and, while the same causes for this variation in dwelling-places does not obtain among birds as among mankind, causes do exist among the birds, in many ways analogous. For instance, there are energetic birds and lazy ones. There are plucky birds that will overcome obstacles, and despondent ones that are easily cast down; and will not this of itself account for a great deal in the variations of birds'-nests? Can it be doubted that birds differ greatly in their temperaments? Who that has kept canaries, has not noticed that, while some are cross, others are affectionate, others lively, and, again, others moody—that their dispositions were nearly as varied as in mankind? If it is admitted that variation in disposition exists in birds, may we not go a step farther, and claim also differences in mental ability—that, in plain language, the "smarter" bird will build the better nest? One reason why nests do not vary more than they do, simply is—a mudlined nest being *best* suited to a robin's wel-

fare—that a bird reared in a poorly-constructed nest may be of greater ability and more energetic than its parents, and this, joined with the fact that the bird's mate may have been reared in a nest of perfect construction, of itself would tend to remedy, in part, the defects its partner might allow; these facts together would certainly secure an approach to, if not the complete attainment of, a "typical" robin's nest. So, as the years roll by, the nest of the robin would remain substantially the same, while the amount of variation that now exists would be perpetuated, and probably very slowly increased.

Why, indeed, a robin should line its nest with mud, and a cat-bird should not, is probably past finding out, but, as changes gradually brought about by man's agency have already effected changes in the habits of some of our birds, so these same changes, ever in progress in the haunts of our robin, may cause these birds to gradually omit this lining of mud in their nests, and so make them more like the nests of other thrushes; just as the cliff-swallow, with us, no longer places a "bottle-neck" opening to its mud-built nests. There is an instability in the whole range of the habits of birds, going hand-in-hand with the undoubted tendency to variation in their anatomical details. Natural selection (or whatever may be the governing impulse that controls it,) also indirectly causes the range of variation in the details of the construction of their nests, insomuch as these variations of habit are the necessary result of changes wrought in the physical construction of the creatures themselves; for, stripped of the haze that metaphysics has gathered about it, as a bewildering gloom, we can see in the operations of the mind, in man and bird, only the curious results of the workings of those fatty atoms, intimately combined, we call the brain; and no argumentation can separate this brain and mind. They are just as interdependent, and parts of a single whole, as the eye and sight, the nose and smell, hearing and the ear, the circulation of the blood and the beating of our hearts.

II.

A nest of totally different character, that of the well-known Baltimore oriole (*Icterus Baltimore*), was more carefully studied by the writer, inasmuch as it afforded more marked variations from what may be considered a "typical" form of the structure.

Mr. Wallace has shown that, where a nest is so constructed as to conceal the sitting bird, in all such cases the birds are of bright, showy plumage, and would be easily detected by birds of prey, if not concealed when occupying their nests. Of the family *Icteridæ*, to which our Baltimore oriole belongs, Mr. Wallace says, "The red or yellow-and-black plumage of most of these birds is very conspicuous, and is exactly alike in both sexes. (*This is not true of the Baltimore oriole, the female of which is much less brightly colored.*) They are celebrated for their fine,

purse-shaped, pensile nests." There are now two considerations worthy of attention, with reference to this bird and the character of its nest. In the first place, as the male bird is much brighter in the color of its plumage, would it not require a concealing nest if it assisted in incubation? Now, does the male bird assist in covering the eggs? It unquestionably does.

Secondly; if the bird-concealing nest, a "pendulous and nearly cylindrical pouch," as described by Dr. Brewer, is constructed solely with reference to the protection of the parent-birds, would it not be within the range of probabilities that, the danger no longer existing, the labor of constructing so elaborate a nest would be abandoned. Has this actually occurred? During the summer of 1872, I found nine nests of the Baltimore oriole within a comparatively small area; in 1873, I succeeded in finding seventeen nests in an area nearly ten times in extent; and during the present summer (1874) I found thirteen nests in an area of the same extent as that examined in 1873. These thirty-nine nests I classified as follows: Of the nine nests of 1872 that I examined, six were so constructed as to effectually conceal the sitting bird, and three were sufficiently open at the top to give a hawk, hovering above it, a view of the bird.

Of the seventeen nests of the oriole which I found and inspected during the summer of 1873, eleven of them were "bird-concealing" in their shape, and the remaining six like the three I found in 1872, i. e., open at the top.

During the present summer, Baltimore orioles have been unusually abundant, and, of the thirteen nests I found, eight were open at the top, and five were long, pendulous pouches, that wholly hid from view the sitting-bird.

Bearing in mind the supposed reason for building a nest that would conceal the parent birds when occupying it, I noted down the exact location of each of these thirty-nine nests. In every instance those nests that concealed the sitting bird were at a considerable distance from any house, in uncultivated parts, the larger number on an unfrequented island, the others on elm-trees growing on the banks of a lonely creek. In both of these localities, sparrow-haws (*Tinnunculus sparverius*) were frequently seen—they are nowhere so numerous as some seventy years ago—as compared with the neighborhoods selected for the building of the open topped nests, all of which were in willow and elm trees in the yards of farm-houses, and in full view of the people continually passing to and fro beneath them. The conclusion drawn from the study of these nests was, that the orioles, knowing that there was much less (if not total) absence of danger from hawks, therefore constructed a less elaborate nest—one which answers every purpose of incubation, and yet does not conceal them when occupying it.

Of the nests that did conceal the sitting bird, every one was really open at the top, and the bird entered from above. The weight of the bird, when in the nest, appeared to draw the edges of the rim together sufficiently to shut out all view of the occupant. The rims of these nests that, when occupied, concealed the birds, were all much smaller and the nest itself deeper than in those nests where concealment was not considered in the construction, these latter being in every way much like the nest of the orchard oriole (*Icterus spurius*).

Originally, in all probability, when its enemies were more numerous, especially the smaller hawks, the nest of the Baltimore oriole was perfectly closed at the top, and with a side opening; but, of the many scores of this nest that we have met, we have never seen a nest of this bird so constructed.

The very fact of the Baltimore oriole constituting a partial exception to Mr. Wallace's supposed law of birds'-nests is, we think, here shown to be a proof of the correctness of his theory.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

CHAIRS.

“Man,” Mr. Julian Hawthorne tells us, “is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair—it is as much his prerogative as laughing and cooking.” It is, no doubt, comforting to find accumulating these discoveries of the distinctive characteristics of our kind. Darwinism has made it urgent upon us to widen and deepen the gulf between us and the inferior creatures as much as we can. And chairs, like cooking-stoves, make a good distinction. But sceptical philosophers may some day inquire whether, in this article chair (which the simple fact that, unlike the beasts of the field, our nether, or, equivalently, hind limbs, have a movable joint, alone has rendered possible), we have, after all, exhibited a skill at all commensurate with our claims to an exceptionally superior place in the scale of creation. The birds build their nests, the spider spins his web, the fox constructs his burrow, all adequately to their needs; but man builds a chair that is nearly always a discomfort, and sometimes an exasperation. It cannot be denied that he has been ingenious in the form and full of device in the ornamentation of the structure; but he has not yet intelligently adapted it to the comfort or ease of those for whom it is designed. Mr. Hawthorne is partially wrong in saying that man is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair. Animals do not have this power, but where is the chair that a man can sit squarely down upon? Once there was the small-seat, straight-back chair, which one could just manage to get a portion of his person upon; then there has been, and still is, the high puffed, cushion-chair, over the smooth rotundity of which

one keeps sliding and slipping, to his vast discomfort; then there is the outward-inclined seat, which one can only keep possession of by desperately bracing his feet upon the floor; then there is the chair so high-backed that it strains one's neck to lean upon; and the chair, the upper-rail of which takes one painfully just at the shoulders; and the chair that is so high that the feet have no hold upon the floor; and the chair so low that the knees are thrust up to the level of the chin; and the so-called easy-chair, that one might lie in, but no skill can enable him to sit upon; and so on interminably. The simple device of having a broad, ample, flat seat, with the hind-legs an inch or two shorter than the front legs, has not yet been discovered by our boastful civilization. By this construction, the body of the sitter would be taken up and held securely and comfortably, with the gravity inclining toward the back of the seat. There would be no muscular strain to keep one's self upon the seat. There would be no troublesome disposition of the body to slide off the cushion. Details as to character and form of the seat or cushion are, no doubt, important, but the real principle of a comfortable chair is to have the hind legs shorter than the fore-legs—and this little secret has not yet been discovered by chair-makers, old as the world is.—*Appleton's*.

AN OPIUM-EATING CURE.

An opium eater published in the New York "Graphic" of November 7 a letter describing a method by which he was able to very materially reduce the amount of his daily dose. The picture he draws of the opium-eater's slavery to his habit is so striking, though so simple, that we reprint the letter in full:

Severely wounded during the war of the rebellion, I became an opium eater (or rather laudanum drinker) nearly ten years ago. From thirty drops in twenty-four hours I rose to thirty ounces in the same period. I verily believe that a gallon would not kill me now. A month ago my daily quantity was ten teaspoonfuls (or one and a half ounces); now I take but three teaspoonfuls, and am hoping to still further reduce that quantity without unpleasant effects. That I shall take some laudanum daily during the rest of my life, I truly believe, for my stomach has become used to it, and will not do without some of the drug. My hopes are to get to one teaspoonful (of sixty drops) morning and evening. You will ask how this wonderful reduction has been made. I will say to you, and to the suffering army of opium-eaters, that this has been done by simply giving up the use of all stimulants, and more particularly of coffee. When a poor devil takes laudanum with the hopes of ending his life, and is discovered before it is too late, the physicians administer strong coffee as an antidote. It therefore stands to reason, that no opium-eater should use coffee, or he will have to take more of the drug to offset the effect of the coffee. During the past five years I only hoped that I could some day reduce my daily quantum to one ounce (seven teaspoonfuls, or four hundred and twenty drops). Such an event I feared could never be realized. Now, as I have stated, I get along nicely on three teaspoonfuls, or one hundred and

eighty drops, and experience no uneasiness, no sternutation, no yawning, and sleep well at night. In fact I feel more drowsy evenings than formerly on an ounce daily. The expense of laudanum to me for the past ten years has been very great. Of course I buy in considerable quantities, at some reduction from the retail prices, and it has averaged me an outlay of ten dollars per month for this article. I dared not take a trip to Europe, or far away, for I should need a large quantity for my voyage, to say nothing of the annoyance and expense of passing the same through various frontier custom houses. Now I see my way clear to be a freer man. Please to publish this experience to the world through the columns of *The Daily Graphic*. Let opium-eaters give up brandy, whisky, and above all coffee. Many a time when I have drunk too heavily at night I have required a wine-glassfull of laudanum in the morning to bridge over the bad feelings I experienced, and to set me up again for business. A dreadful bondage it is, and many a poor fellow—more to be pitied than blamed—suffers from his slavery to opium.

A HIGH PRICE FOR HAIR.—A few days ago a young and poorly-clad girl entered a barber shop in Vienna and told the proprietor that he "must buy her head." The *friseur* examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks and began to bargain. He could give eight gulden and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. She finally threw herself into a chair. "In God's name," she gasped, "take it quickly!" The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his shears, when a gentleman who sat half shaved looking on told him to stop. "My child," he said, "why do you want to sell your beautiful hair?" "My mother has been nearly five months ill; I can't work enough to support us; everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house." "No, no, my child," said the stranger; "if that is the case I will buy your hair, and I will give you a hundred gulden for it." He gave the poor girl a note, the sight of which had dried her tears, and then took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks into his hand, he took the longest hair, cut it off alone, and put it carefully in his pocket-book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another hair at the same rate. This charitable man is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

BY BRO. JOHN G. SAXE.

"Say, what shall I believe?" my neighbor said
 Late yesternight, when light discourse had led
 To graver themes. "For me, I stand perplexed,
 While fierce polemics each upon his text
 Of Scriptural foundation each builds his creed,

And cries, 'Lo! here is Truth! *the* Truth!'—I need
 Some surer way than theologians teach
 In dogmas of the sects." I answered, "Each
 Must do his own believing. As for me,
 My creed is short as any man's may be;
 'Tis written in 'The Sermon on the Mount,'
 And in the 'Pater-Noster'; I account
 The words, 'Our Father' (had we lost the rest
 Of that sweet prayer, the briefest and the best
 In all the liturgies) of higher worth,
 To ailing souls, than all the creeds on earth.
 A Father loves his children—that I know—
 And fain would make them happy. Even so
 Our Heavenly Father—as we clearly learn
 From His dear Word, and dimly may discern
 From His fair Works—for us, His children, weak
 To walk unhelped, and little prone to seek
 In all our ways what best deserves His smile
 Of approbation—careth all the while
 With love ineffable. 'Tis little more
 Of His designs I venture to explore
 Save with the eye of Faith. With that I see
 (Aided by Reason's glasses) what may be
 Hereafter, in that 'coming kingdom' when
 The King shall justify His ways with men
 On earth."

"And what," my doubting friend inquired,
 "Shall be our destiny?"

"No tongue inspired
 Hath plainly told us that. I cannot tell—
 It is not given to know—*where* we shall dwell;
 I only know—and humbly leave the rest
 To Wisdom Infinite—that what is best
 For each will be his *place*; that we shall bear
 In the Beyond the character we bear
 In passing; with what 'meliorating change
 Of mind and soul, within the endless range
 Of their activities, I cannot tell.
 I know 'Our Father' doeth all things well,
 And loves and changes not."

"Alas! we know
 The earth is rife with unavailing woe!"
 My friend made answer. "How can such things be?
 The Father being perfect, we should see
 His government the same——"

"Would he not err—
 The hasty judge, who, having seen the stir—
 In the first act of some well-ordered play,

AIRY LILIAN.

Should cry, 'Preposterous!' and go away
 And criticize the whole (for acts unseen!)
 As ill-contrived, inconsequent and mean?"
 "Something germane to this," my daughter said,
 "In an old Jewish tale I lately read:
 To pious Bildad, deeply mourning one
 Whom he had deeply loved—his only son—
 Who of the plague had died that very day,
 Came his friend Amos saying, 'Tell me, pray
 What grief is this that bows thy reverend head?'
 The mourner answered, pointing to the bed
 Whereon was laid the body of the youth,
 'Behold, my friend, the cause! good cause, in sooth,
 For one to weep, who sees his hopes decay—
 The work of years all blasted in a day,
 As there thou seest!' Amos, answering, said,
 'Tis true, indeed, thine only son is dead;
 And as thy love even so thy grief is great;
 But tell me friend, doth not thy faith abate
 In some degree the sharpness of thy pain?'
 'Alas!' said Bildad, 'How can I refrain
 From these despairing tears, when thus I find
 My anxious care to cultivate the mind,
 The wondrous gifts and graces of my son,
 Untimely doomed to death, is all undone?'
 Touched by his sorrow, Amos sat awhile
 In silent thought; then, with a beaming smile,
 As one who offers manifest relief,
 He said, 'O Bildad! let it soothe thy grief,
 That He who gave the talents thou has sought
 To cherish, and by culture wouldst have wrought
 To highest excellence in this thy son,
 Will surely finish what thou hast begun!'"

—*Galaxy.*

AIRY LILIAN.

Alonzo. Whe'r thou beest (s)he, or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
 Beats, as of flesh and blood."

—*The Tempest, Act V, Scene I.*

It was through an atmosphere hazy and laden to the saturation point with nicotine that I looked at length with a sort of annoyance at Tom, who sat with his feet on the other side of the little open-grate stove which, by a bold fiction of the imagination, was supposed to warm my office. His silence ought, perhaps, to have been construed

as a tacit reverence for the arguments which I had been advancing with considerable fluency during the past fifteen minutes. They were certainly incontrovertable, sustained as they were by the only too-material and acknowledged facts about us. Certainly, had he been disposed to assail my proposition, that the work of establishing a practice by a young physician without connections was one of poverty and misery and long suffering, the auction-room furniture would have creaked a denial, my unused instruments would have snapped their joints with indignation in the drawer at the other side of the little room, and the gray ashes that so nearly crowded out the coals from the grates would have glowed again in remonstrance. This last event could not have been wholly disagreeable, since we had been smoking for warmth rather than for enjoyment, and my pipe had gone out in the ardor of discourse.

But controversy was not what my heart sought; rather sympathy. And Tom, to whom my plaint had lost its soul-moving quality by frequent repetition, replying at first with words that became inarticulate in the struggle to press his pipe-stem, had then punctured my remarks with meaningless gutturals, and finally subsided into the quiet of abstraction. It was not speechless conviction, then, but quite another state of mind that I saw portrayed on my friend's countenance; and there fell upon me that sense of loss which comes with the conviction that a well-expressed and forcible grumble has been thrown away on deaf ears.

Whether it was the unnamed influence which popular superstition assigns to the gaze of the human eye, or whether it was the abrupt cessation of the sound of my voice, something caused Tom to raise his glance, and, as it were, to gather himself together again from the scattered condition into which he had lapsed. From vacancy, his eyes enlarged the visual angle until probably my figure came in sight, and he spoke:

"Too bad. Didn't you collect anything?"

"Collect your senses, Tom," said I, with some indignation at this irrelevant speech.

"So I will; so I will," was Tom's unoffended reply, as he drew that long breath which accompanies a change of mental occupation—or, to speak with more scientific exactness, which is caused by the involuntary respiratory muscles relieving themselves of restraint. "I was thinking of something else."

Now, this mode of abstraction had been growing on Tom of late. His occasional visits of friendship and condolence at my office had been given up more completely to that fumigation which is so admirable an accompaniment to, but not wholly a substitute for, sympathetic companionship; and the evidence that he had something on his mind

whose contemplation was more absorbing than even the picture of my woes, had at length become irresistible. I have no hesitation in saying that I was more selfish than my friend. Miserable egotist that I was, my own affairs filled my mind so entirely that, although perceiving that he had a trouble, I shut my eyes to the fact, and inflicted myself upon him more persistently than ever.

It may be that Tom thought himself lacking in generosity while permitting me to unbosom myself and offering nothing of his own in return; or, perhaps, the time and the occasion were peculiarly inappropriate. Whatever the case may have been, he was silent only for one moment, long enough to blow a large ring of smoke, thick as a ship's cable, and then to send another, slim as the bracelet of the daintiest wrist, whirling through the exact center of the first, when, just as they broke on the side of the stove, he continued:

"Roger, what are the signs of incipient insanity?"

The inconsequence of this remark made its substance rather startling.

"What in the world do you ask about that for, old fellow?" said I. "There's Maudsley's treatise will tell you all about it, if you really want to know; but, you see, when everybody is more or less insane, it breaks out in all sorts of ways. You have to watch for it."

"No; but seriously, now, did you ever see anything in me that made you think—that made you suspect—"

"Nonsense, Tom! what has got into your head?"

"That's exactly what I want to talk to you about. I want you to feel my pulse"—here he stretched out an arm that would have been formidable, indeed, had a madman's mind controlled its action. "Does it run along furiously? Look at my eyes, are the pupils dilated and glaring? Is there anything bloodshot and glaring there? Do I avoid your glance? Look me straight in the eye. Now give your professional judgment.

I must have grinned in a manner most exasperating to an earnest inquirer as I gazed into Tom's honest face and calm blue eyes, and felt a pulse full, strong, and perfectly regular in its beat, as my sense told me, quite below seventy-eight.

"I don't know as I can trust you, Tom," said I, laughing. "You are, doubtless, as mad as a March hare; but, probably, there is nothing here to excite a display of your mania."

"It's no fooling matter," responded my friend. "I want to know exactly what you think; whether you see anything strange about me."

"Dear old fellow," said I, at last, a little troubled, "your head is as sound as a nut, and don't go to crack it with such botheration. There is no surer way to get the hypo than to think about it."

"Well, I believe you," said Tom. "But that settles the question. If I'm not going crazy, I know what I am."

"What's that?"

"Floored."

"Eh?"

"Smitten! Smashed! Done up entirely. Spooney on a ghost!" ejaculated Tom, as if to exhaust the synonyms of slang in aiding my comprehension.

Now, as neither Tom nor myself was even approaching that condition of material prosperity which is thought a necessary precedent of matrimony, it should, perhaps, have been considered an act of profound discretion on his part to fall in love, if fall he must, with a creature so inexpensive and intangible as a ghost; but the statement was none the less strange and possibly alarming. It certainly required explanation.

"That's about the long and short of it," continued Tom, leaning back his head and sending the smoke through his nostrils toward the ceiling. "If I'm subject to illusions and that sort of thing, I'm all right; it is only an insane imagination. If my head is clear as you say it is, then I won't answer for myself. The first time I saw her at Madame L'Astra's——"

"You don't mean to say you have been running after that sort of humbug, Tom," I exclaimed, in amazement.

"I mean to say exactly that," replied he; "and I don't know about its being a humbug, either; or, that a lawyer hasn't as much right to investigate physical phenomena as a physician. But I was going to say that the first time I went to one of those materializing seances, I fell in love with that girl."

"Oh! then she isn't a ghost?"

"Oh! you know what I mean. They call it a materialized spirit. I don't mind talking to you about her, Roger, and I have been bursting to talk to some one. I find I can't keep it to myself; she is really growing fond of me."

"A true spirit love!"

"And isn't that the truest kind? She always wears my flowers now when she appears; and Madame says that if I am not there, she seems more shadowy and sad. Two weeks ago she let me kiss her hand, and when I had a private sitting, she really put her cheek against mine. If it were not for those touches, I should think with you, that it is all a humbug; but they thrill me now. Then I thought, perhaps, I was not all right in my head. Perhaps you can't tell. Are you sure? But your brain is clear enough, and you shall come with me and see for yourself."

"When?"

"This evening," answered Tom, pulling out his watch. "Madame begins her seance at eight. We shall have just fifteen minutes to get there."

The door-way before which Tom halted me was the entrance to one of those semi-public buildings in which rooms may be hired for any conceivable purpose on payment of rent weekly in advance, whether one may wish to use them for preaching, for manufacturing or for lodging. There was evidently a photographer's room in the upper story, for padlocked shutters hid what must have been a remarkable display of "art" just inside on the walls of the passage. The words "Intelligence Office" mocked the passer in brilliant letters on one side; and opposite swung a flattened representation of a portion of the human leg, which, when viewed in profile, illustrated the legend of "Gaiters made to Order," and when seen edgewise, painfully suggested a victim of the torture of the iron boot. There was of course a dentist up one flight, and the sign of a patent invention of some sort was very fresh at the foot of the staircase.

The street lamp shone brightly, or the modest tin plate tacked on one of the jambs of the door-way, announcing "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Clairvoyant," would have been invisible. Tom preceded me up the stairs, turned to the right through a close darkness that seemed to make itself felt, and climbed another flight at the top of which swung a dim kerosene lamp, shedding oily rays on two cards of the show-case order, one of which read: "Madame Estelle L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium;" and the other, "Seance To-night;" while the hand of an unprofessional letterer had added in rickety print beneath, "Walk In."

As I followed my companion through the door, which he opened as if familiar with the peculiar weaknesses of the loose knob and the rattling latch, there smote upon my senses that odor, indescribable in words, which is found only in apartments bearing more than their share of the burdens of daily human existence. There was a suggestion of tea and toast in the air, with possibly something fried; a sofa-bed and a curtained recess, which were doubtless a lavatory, hinted other family uses of the room; a faint flavor of wet gingham floated in from the umbrella-stand in the entry to mingle with the scent of the lamps; and when to these were added the burdened exhalations of some dozen persons already assembled for the exhibition, it did not seem altogether incredible that from such an atmosphere a spirit having any synthetic power could easily gather the means of materialization.

"Fifty cents admission, if you please," said a large and not unkindly-looking woman as we passed into this home of mysteries, advancing with an assumed dignity ludicrously out of keeping with the nature of her demand. "Ah! Mr. Bolter; I am glad to see you.

We had a beautiful see-ance last evening. They were all so harmonious. We don't often get the conditions so perfect; harmony is so essential. There was a lady here who received a wonderful test. It was her brother, killed two years ago by the Indians in Arizona. I was under the control of Big Mountain and he described it exactly. He gave the initials of the name—J. V. R.—which are very uncommon initials. Lillian didn't seem in good spirits last night and couldn't materialize, only her hands. It was a great disappointment. Do you know, she tells me she is never so strong as when you are in the room? She draws a great deal from you, and that is a relief to me; it is so exhausting to my magnetism to keep up the supply of her currents when she materializes."

During the progress of this professional monologue, I had opportunity to regard the person who had such familiar relations with the unseen. She was a tall woman, with a frame implying considerable physical power, dressed plainly in black that showed signs of wear and careful preservation; her hair, which gave intimations of gray, arranged close to her head, and her face, while not yet what might be called aged, showing the hardness which generally precedes the wrinkling of the skin. Her figure was full, and her teeth, when she smiled in welcome of Tom, appeared preternaturally regular.

"This is my friend Mr. Atkinson," said Tom, introducing me; "I hope Lillian will appear to-night, for I wish him to see her very much."

"I have no doubt she will," said the seeress, addressing me. "She told me she would come and bring your flowers, Mr. Bolter; although the weather is so bad that the conditions are not very favorable. I don't know as we shall get the flowers."

I mentioned my gratification and referred to the interest which her name had awakened in me.

"That is my spirit name," was her reply. "They gave it to me. Estelle L'Astra—it is Alwato language, and means the Starry One. They say I have great influence among them."

There had been several fresh arrivals during our conversation, and after collecting fifty cents from each, Madame L'Astra, whose name, as interpreted, seemed sufficiently inappropriate, announced that she felt the influence coming on, and that harmony would be gained if some one would sing. Song was quaveringly furnished by two ladies of elderly habit, in whom I thought I saw habitudes of the entertainment. Nor was harmony disturbed when, on the entrance of a tardy disciple, the medium, aroused from the magnetic sleep that was rapidly possessing her through sighs, and gaspings and contortions, calmly made change for fifty cents, and was speedily under "control" again.

Soon the spirit spoke. It was an Indian warrior who claimed possession of the Starry One. He announced his presence by a whoop,

and he chuckled and grunted as he pictured the spirit forms which he saw standing in that close and stuffy chamber, now over the shoulder of this, and again by the side of another. One he summoned to clasp the hand of the medium and listen to a revelation from a guardian angel giving his name as John, to the effect that perseverance in the right will bring happiness, and that the future has changes of importance in store. A woman, in whose dress there is a conspicuous absence of bright color, is compelled to ply her handkerchief freely as she hears what to her is the lisping voice of her child, assuring her that heaven is much nicer than she expected, and that dear papa is there by her side, anxious to speak with dear mamma at a private sitting with this excellent medium, price two dollars. A substantial business man hears, with staring eyes, the assertion of a spirit giving his name as William, to the effect that the enterprise in which he is now engaged is in danger of failure, through the treachery of a man with dark hair; and his alarm is only partially quelled when the spirit promises to influence him toward the right course, especially if he will inquire again through the medium. A young man, with resplendent scarf-ring and huge, dangling locket, is inclined to skepticism, and prone to indulge in scoffing and gentle raillery, until startled into wondering faith by the spirit's revelation of the fact, known only to the young man himself, that his appetite is not good in the early morning, and that he frequently feels it necessary to take bitters. When the Indian warrior adds that chamomile flowers are not as beneficial as thorrowort, the youth gives a conscious start, thrusts something into his cheek with his tongue, and slides away to his seat astonished.

During all this and much more, I was occupied in watching Tom's expression. It was that of one bored, half-contemptuous, and on the verge of disgust. Neither did he display evidence of a truly harmonious spiritual frame of mind when Madame L'Astra, shaking off her possession, stood with one knee under the piano and summoned by her word stout spirits, who lifted and bumped the heavy instrument in time to music. It was only when she stretched two heavy shawls across one end of the room that a spark of interest seemed to flash in his face.

"Now, Roger," said he, "you may think what you like about the Indian and the piano. I know you could do as well as that yourself. But you must believe this."

"My friends," spoke Madame L'Astra, "the spirits that have been with us this evening have not all acquired the high development necessary to enable them to become visible to earthly eyes; but I have the promise of Lillian, one who has reached a higher plane, that she will materialize so far as the conditions permit."

There was a brief silence, during which there was evidently much

magnetism proceeding from the medium, whose spasmodic twitchings and flutterings were even painful.

"I am not sure that Lillian will be able—"

Here her speech was cut short by a white hand that protruded from between the shawls, and laid itself gently across her lips. Something glittered on the round arm. A sigh went up from the entire company.

"My bracelet!" murmured Tom.

I looked at my friend in indignant wonder.

"Have you been wasting your substance on a shadow in that way?"

But he was gazing in a sort of ecstasy at the swaying shawls. Two hands, shapely, and attached to arms whose symmetry was unquestioned, now appeared, flickered, and vanished. The dim light—for the lamps had been turned down, and smelled vilely—permitted only shapes to be seen; when suddenly, seeming to glow as if by the light of its own beauty, there sprang out, framed between those musty shawls, a face whose bright, joyous loveliness was better worthy of the spirit land than of dull earth. The folds of the drapery were gathered close beneath the chin. Slowly they parted downward for the space of two or three handbreaths, giving a glimpse of a throat as white and as round as was fitting for such a face. In her hair were flowers, and a spray hung down toward her bosom. The vision seemed to melt rather than to draw back within the curtains; and now, for the first time, I noticed that its eyes had never been diverted from my fascinated companion. They were still upon him as the shawls seemed about to close over the fair face, when by a sudden movement, the full head and bust came quickly into view; and a hand carried what seemed to be a small bunch of flowers to the lips, with a movement as if wafting a kiss in Tom's direction, the whole vanished.

He was on his feet in an instant, dragging me after him.

"That is all. Come! come!" And he pulled me out of the now stifling den, down the stairs, past the intelligence office, the patent agency, and the dentist's room, dark and dismal enough for the haunts of veritable ghosts, into the street.

"I can't stay and hear their doubts and ridicule, or their twaddling belief either, after that," he at last spoke, after we buttoned up our coats and turned down the street toward my office. "Now, what do you say, Roger?"

"I would like to see the lady in a less dramatic situation—without so much of stage effect, if I may say so—for it is rather distracting to sober judgment upon her."

"But you understand me, I mean, what do you say about me? Am I under an hallucination, or is that the loveliest creature in the world?"

Although fully confident that the apparition of the fair young girl with which the exhibition closed was of the same fictitious character as the spirit revelations and the tipplings that had preceded, it was impossible for me to dislodge from Tom's mind the ridiculous notion that the purity and beauty of the face guaranteed its celestial origin, and that, where all else might be deception, Lillian was a truth. He tried to explain to me the difference in the feeling which he experienced toward this inaccessible spirit-love as compared with that which he must feel toward one of less evanescent flesh and blood. The hopelessness of all thought of possession, the intangibility of the object of his affection except for a few moments at a time, the brief interviews permitted, all tended to give an elevation to his passion such as no earthly conditions could produce.

I began to fear that my friend was indeed touched with a mania on this subject; and as the weeks wore on, this impression was confirmed, and gave me exceeding pain. For Tom neglected his law reading, neglected me, neglected everything, apparently, except the ghostly Lillian. He was a constant visitor at Madam L'Astra's; and twice, as I passed the door-way, did I encounter him coming out with a countenance expressive of such exaltation of soul that his failure to recognize me, his old friend, was no surprise.

My anxiety was at its height, when one afternoon there came a hasty ring at my office bell. It was not office hours, to be sure, but at that time those distinctions had little meaning in my practice. I was wanted by Mrs. Lunt. No other doctor on the street was to be found, and I must come at once. The girl who brought me the message wore a water-proof cloak—for it was raining—with the hood put up over her head. She waited in the passage while I hastily armed myself with rubbers and umbrella, and then hurried me along. She led me through a passage, up a staircase, then turning and up again, until she placed her hand on the knob of a door, on which were the words: "Madame L'Astra, Business and Healing Medium."

"Isn't there some mistake here?" I asked, for I was young in the profession, and more sensitive to possible association with quackery, and to other violations of the code of ethics, than I am now.

"No, sir," answered the girl, in a voice of rather coarse and metallic quality. "This is where Mrs. Lunt lives. Her other name is Madame D'Astra. Come right in."

It was the same room, with but a slight change in appearance, while the odor of a stew of some medical herbs was added to the compound scent which I had analyzed on my former visit. The sofa-bed was in its bed form, and on it lay Madame L'Astra, evidently much nearer the spirit world than she ever before suspected herself of being.

As I raised my head, from a brief examination of the sick woman

to ask a question of the girl, who had thrown off her cloak and was standing at the side of the couch, I was conscious of a puzzling reminiscence. The face I had certainly seen before, yet I utterly failed to recall the circumstances. It was youthful and fresh; rather too fresh and obtrusively rosy for refinement, in fact; the texture of the skin seemed healthy, but coarse; the expression was that of self-consciousness with a tinge of boldness; and in the manner of dressing the hair there was a somewhat unpleasant suggestion of frowzy display. The features were in their shape not without beauty of a rather striking character, and this was what agitated my memory.

As I looked I became conscious that the feeble eyes of the seeress were upon me, evidently with recognition in their gaze. I bent my head to hear what she was struggling to utter.

"Do—you—know—her?" rolling her eyes in the direction of the girl.

At once it flashed through my mind. Here was the original of the spirit Lilian, in her permanently materialized form, as seen without the accessories of shadows and flowers, and probably pearl powder and chalk.

"Don't—expose—her. I—did it all—for her. She—will not—starve when I am gone," gasped out the old woman. "Lucy!"

"Well, mother?"

But whatever the poor woman had to say to her daughter was left unsaid. Her strength was exhausted by the short effort to excite my sympathy for her helplessness. The maternal instinct was strong even to the verge of death, and would have employed the last breath in the service of the child.

When I returned to my office there was Tom. Had he at this time put to me the question regarding his sanity, my answer would have been less confident than it had been a month before. His delusion had gone apace. He had indulged in fancies that were actually wild at times. One of these was, that since he could never possess Lilian in this world, he would serve his own happiness by getting himself into the spirit world as quickly as possible. He would become restive under opposition; and when, as I met him now, he advanced with the statement that he had come to say good-bye, wished me to take the key of his room and deliver in the morning a package I would find on the table, as he was to take the night train and wouldn't be back for some days, I thought the crisis had come. It required a sharp awakening, or his mania might indeed push him on to suicide.

"Have you bade good-bye to Lillian and the Madame?" I asked, with as close an imitation of pleasantry as I could summon up.

"Lillian, Lillian?" said Tom, with the strangest yearning in his voice and eyes. "No; Madame has been too sick to give sittings for a fortnight past. But I hope to see Lillian before I return."

"When does your train leave?"

"Oh, it makes no difference—I mean, about nine o'clock, I believe."

"Then you will have time to walk a little way with me. I have a patient to whom I must return at once."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, wearily; "I'll walk along with you."

Now, I thought to myself, for an experiment that will either kill or cure. If Tom would not yield his morbid fancy to reason, he must to startling fact.

"Here? You're surely not going up here?" said he, as I turned into the door-way of the passage leading to Madame L'Astra's apartments.

"Yes," I replied. "The Madame is my patient. Come up with me. It is a curious case, and I know she won't object to my bringing you in for a minute."

"It makes no difference! It makes no difference now!" I heard Tom mutter, as he followed me along the dim passages.

I presumed upon my professional privilege for a purpose of my own, and entered without knocking. Madame lay as before, and the filial Lucy was engaged in ministering, with camphor and other such common medicaments, to the sick woman's fancied comfort. She was tender enough in her care, but outwardly she was even less attractive than when I had seen her a few hours before. She had changed her gown for one of calico, which, without being absolutely slatternly, had a leaning in that direction. Her hair, which she had worn loose, had become tangled and was askew over her forehead. Her face looked redder and coarser than ever; and, but for those large brilliant eyes, I doubt if Tom would have recognized the Lillian of his fancy.

Perhaps the eyes themselves would not have been sufficient, had not a startled look come into them as their glance fell upon Tom; but that he saw it all, and took it all in at once, I was conscious.

It was, in my opinion, an even chance whether his mania would burst out into evident insanity on the spot, or whether his physical strength would collapse, and then probably a run of fever to work off his trouble. But Tom neither yelled nor fainted. All the man in him rose up at once and saved him, half crazed though he had been. This is what he said, speaking low in my ear:

"Don't hurry yourself, Roger; but when you get through with your patient you needn't wait for me. I want to speak with that young woman."

What was spoken at that interview Tom never told me exactly. It was enough to know, from the manner in which Madame sounded his praises at my subsequent visit, that he had behaved both handsomely and discreetly; and, from Tom himself, that his delusion was over.

Madame L'Astra, perhaps I ought to say unfortunately, paid tribute to Lucy's nursing and my medical skill by recovering; and if the spirits that had gone before thus lost by the postponement of what would doubtless have been a distinguished arrival, the materialized ghosts visiting this sphere endured perhaps greater bereavement, for Lillian never re-appeared. I think this must have been one of the conditions imposed by Tom for his silence on the subject; and whatever may have been Madame L'Astra's ambition for her very substantial familiar spirit, it could hardly have been that of which Tom shortly brought me news, in the announcement of the marriage of Lucy Lunt to the keeper of a small restaurant around the corner.—*Scribner*.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF HUMBUGS.

One accustomed to classifying and grouping objects of nature, when a series of other objects comes before him, naturally groups them and subdivides them. Taking a natural history view of the subject, we look upon humbugs as a family, and to characterise the whole, as a botanist would describe a family of plants, we would say that they are marked by showy flowers of great promise, followed by fruit of bitter disappointment. They have thorns which are so hidden that they are not suspected until the wound is felt. They all grow in low and dangerous places, and if cultivated require fertilizing abundantly with dollars, but soon exhaust the soil. Everything which promises something for nothing, every scheme which promises to give a dollar's worth for less than 100 cents, every secret remedy, and most unusual ways of doing business, belong to this great family. Some of the family are repulsive at first sight, while others hide their ugly stem and bitter root, by leaves and flowers so attractive, that many good people only find out their real nature too late. In this great family there are numerous genera or kinds, as our past experiences abundantly show. Here we enumerate some of the leading ones.

THE LOTTERY AND GIFT CONCERT GENUS.

This is one of the most dangerous of all genera of humbugs, as it is the one most able to command influential names. Our position is, that lotteries of all kinds, no matter how honestly conducted, are wrong in principle, and disastrous in their effect upon the community—and to none are they so injurious as to those who draw the prizes—the "lucky" ones they are called, but it is a misnomer, for no greater misfortune can befall a man, than to make him feel that there is some way of getting money without honest work, whether of hands or brain. So we are "sot agin 'em," whether they are called Gift Concerts, Prize Distributions, or whatever name is used to mean lottery, and if all the governors of all the States, and every bishop, priest, president of bank,

mayor, or alderman, should endorse such a scheme, as unfortunately some of them do, it would not make it any the less gambling, or its results any the less pernicious. Nor does the fact that the proceeds go to some Public Library, Orphan Asylum, Public School, or whatever charitable or worthy object, make the case any better. The fact that an Abbess in Russia, used the proceeds of her forgeries for religious purposes, did not, a short time ago, prevent her from going to prison. This genus of humbugs is so sugar-coated, that it deserves the bad eminence we have given it at the head of the list. Another bad genus is the regular out-growth of the lottery business, viz :

THE NOTIFICATION OF PRIZES.

Notices are sent to numerous people that their ticket, number so and so, in such a "distribution," has drawn a melodeon or other prize, worth \$125, and by sending \$5 or \$7 to pay for packing, it will be forwarded. There are dishonest fools enough to take advantage of what they think is a mistake; they know that they had no ticket, but are willing to try to cheat, and send their money. That they lose it is small punishment. There are several minor swindles growing out of the lottery crime, but this will serve as a sample.

UNUSUAL WAYS OF SELLING GOODS,

form another genus, with several marked sub-genera. Some, including "C. O. D. Supply Companies," are so plausible that many are bitten. Examine all these schemes carefully, and it will be seen that they require the payment of some money *in advance*, by sale of coupons, or some other dodge. They send out some goods at a low rate, as an advertisement, but when they have gathered in all the money they are likely to get, these companies suddenly *burst*. All honest dealers offer their goods at a stated price, and the purchaser may buy or not. Where there is any unusual machinery for doing a plain transaction, there is likely to be cheating somewhere.

Another abundant genus is the various watch traders. With the exception of horse-trading, there is probably more fraud in watch-trading, than in anything else. One of the phases of this is to offer a \$50 or \$100 watch for \$4 or \$5. If any one is fooled by this, and many are, it is not that the watch is a poor one, but the money being sent, no watch at all is received. Then comes a letter, asking us to go and get the watch. No—we can't do it. Simple youth, there is no watch in the transaction. The genus of

NURSERY AGENTS

flourishes especially in Western States, and in farming localities. These chaps have a book of highly-colored plates, a glib tongue, and a face of the hardest brass. Don't buy of or tolerate one of these chaps, unless he can show a recent certificate from a respectable nurseryman. Then, if you order, write to the nursery and ascertain if the person is

an authorized agent. If not, don't be bluffed into taking the goods. Don't sign any agreement, or put your name to any paper whatever, that these chaps may present. If any of these fellows has a thing out of the usual way, such as a "self-pruning grape-vine," or a strawberry that grows on bushes, or any such "novelty," show him the gate, and tell him to "*git*." Better have nothing to do with the whole crew. Some are honest, but it is one grain of wheat in a whole cartload of chaff.

BOGUS REAL ESTATE AGENTS

constitute a vile genus. There are some in New York that we expect to get "a twist" on, and are watching their little ways. If you have land to sell, and do not know an honest agent, advertise it. If any one warrants to sell your property before a given date, set him down as a humbug.

There has of late sprung up in the United States a vile genus of

WAR CLAIM AGENTS,

which have fleeced people who have little to lose, under the pretense that Congress has made an appropriation to compensate for losses by the war. They will present the claim, but want \$5 or so for expenses. Congress has passed no such bill, and never will. The magnitude of the losses on both sides will prevent it. Not a family, North or South, but has lost something, and so far as any money can indemnify, it is utterly lost. The genus of

BOGUS WALL STREET BROKERS.

is not a large one, but it is pernicious enough to make up for lack of numbers. When you get a circular, offering great inducements to put money in their hands for stock gambling, consider how much you can afford to risk in this little game, and give it to your church or town charity, and put the circular in the grate. These are to be let alone with unusual severity. There is a small genus of

CHEAP SEWING MACHINES,

which we need only label as dangerous. The fraud is nearly played out. There is a genus which is small but annoying, which is characterized as

KITCHEN HUMBUGS.

This sort usually come to the back door, and have something to accomplish the impossible. It may be a silvering liquid, or some butter powder to make a pound of butter from a quart of milk, or it may be the chap with the non explosive powder, which, if put into the lamp, will not only keep the oil from exploding, but the chimney from crackling! Sensible people will need no advice in such matters. Others had better keep a big dog.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY OR "QUEER."

flourished finely a few years ago, but is now languishing from thorough exposure. As these pretended counterfeiters, by their persuasive

circulars, appeal only to those who are willing to buy and use counterfeit money, if they can do so without fear of detection, these schemes are simply propositions for co-partnership in crime. No honest person will entertain them for a moment, and when we hear that a fool has sent good money to purchase counterfeits, we only say "served him right." To those curious in the "ways that are dark," we will say there is no counterfeit money at all at the bottom of these floods of circulars. The object of the senders is to get hold of somebody's money. Having this, they know their victim dare not "squeal," as he has shown his readiness to enter into the business of circulating counterfeits.

The largest and most varied of all the genera is the

MEDICAL HUMBUG.

It presents innumerable species which may be grouped in sections, which are so numerous that we can but outline one or two. To us, who are in the way of seeing so much of this, the wonder is that there can be found in the whole breadth of the country, people who will accept the absurd claims and swallow the ridiculous stories which accompany these nostrums. An experience of many years as a druggist, allows the writer (though he never advertised or promoted the sale of quack medicine) to have a fair insight into the business. He has sold the crude materials, to some of the most successful quacks of their day, and has analyzed numerous of these secret remedies, and knows that all these pretended wonderful compounds, by whatever name they may be called and whatever claim they may put forth to marvellous discovery in some far-off place, are all made of the commonest drugs, and the cheapest of their kind, and the only thing remarkable about any of them is in their lying printed circulars. His experience has also shown that there is nothing about which intelligent persons know so little as their own bodies and their ailments. He has seen men, whose judgment he would trust in any matter involving law, knowledge of men and business, or in any other thing, be the victims of and advocate the most absurd and ignorant quacks. When we see the name of any otherwise respectable citizen attached as an endorsement to the most palpable nonsense, we are not surprised, but know it is one of the weaknesses of human nature. One of the shrewdest business men we ever met, and whom it would be impossible to deceive in the ordinary affairs of life, not long ago advised us in all seriousness to carry a horse-chestnut in the pocket, to keep off rheumatism. If we were to advise him to pray to the weather-cock upon his church-steeple, he would be horrified, but it would be no more ridiculous, to our notion, than his horse-chestnut prescription.

The worst set of these medical humbugs is the Pseudo-Religious Section, which includes all those who make use of religious professions to increase their gains. These scoundrels know that the majority of

professedly religious people, being perfectly sincere themselves, give a sympathetic hearing to those who claim a religious fellowship, and the "Returned Missionaries," and "Aged Clergymen," and the "Sands-of-Life" man—a young fellow who drove fast horses and was generally fast—all have had very rich pickings. For the whole horde of these villains, who show the cloven-foot of humbug from beneath the cloak of religious hypocrisy, see the advertising column of many newspapers. A true man has too sacred a regard for his religious belief, even to trade upon it. Another section is

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDIES,

those discovered in some wonderful manner, whether picked up in a bottle by the sea-shore, found among the Indians of the Andes, or the Comanches or Apaches, or some other miserable tribe of red-skins. Perhaps one of the most complete things of this class is the "Indian Blood Syrup," claimed to be sent out by Clark Johnson, M. D., Jersey City, N. J., as a discovery by Edwin Eastman during his own captivity and that of his wife among the "Savages." We say "complete," because as to Clark Johnson, M. D., and Eddie Eastman, as Betsy Prig said, "there ain't no such pusson." The bottom of the thing is one who calls himself Dr. Huyler, whose career and the composition of whose medicines have been publicly exposed. We might go on with the endless shapes in which the genus Medical Humbug presents itself, but space forbids. The only safe way is to have nothing whatever to do with any secret remedy. There is nothing in any one of them, no matter what their claims and pretensions, that is not to be found in any well ordered drug-store; and these ignorant quacks, who parade diamonds and fast horses, are not in possession of any medical knowledge that is hidden from any properly educated physician. To all our friends, who make our acquaintance now for the first time, we say—Avoid every secret preparation whatever, no matter by whom put up, by what eminent names endorsed, or whatever its claims. Do not write to ask if we include this or that—we make *no exception whatever*. So about doctors. If one advertises his cures, says he can cure where others have failed, if he sends out a circular of any kind, or claims to have any method of treatment unknown to others; if he warrants a cure or will refund the money, if he will consent to treat by mail without seeing the patient—in short, if he advertises anything beyond the fact that he is a physician, and gives particular attention to a certain class of diseases, set him down as a *quack*, and not to be trusted. Do not write to ask if we include this or that one in this opinion—we make *no exception*. Moreover, do not ask about any New York "doctor," who sends out circulars. Our acquaintance does not lie in that direction, and we can give no advice about them except on general principles, to avoid the whole crew.

These are a few of the forms assumed by the monster we have been fighting for many years, and which we shall keep on fighting so long as one of its foul heads has life in it. This general view of the family, though a partial one, has taken so much space that we have no room to cite species, or individual cases. Of these there are unfortunately too many, as will appear in our future issues. We can do our new friends no better service than to advise them, as we have often advised our old ones, to shun every doubtful project, no matter how flattering the promises by which it is accompanied.—*American Agriculturist*.

FEAR AND LOVE OF PUBLICITY.

There are two great evils which inevitably arise from the present state of things. There is the fear of publicity, and there is the love of publicity. As regards the former, how many timid and shamefaced persons fear to take the right course, fear to take the course which would lead to just results, because of the aversion which they have to this demon of publicity? On the other hand, a still greater danger lurks in the love of publicity, which comes to be a besetting sin, sometimes even of the greatest minds, and which leads to falseness, restlessness, and to a most dangerous desire always to stand well with that public which is sure, very soon, to be made acquainted with all that the lover of publicity may say, or speak, or intend. Publicity is also a great absorber of that time which might be much better spent. The desire for knowing everthing about everybody—what he or she thinks, or says, or does, on any trivial occasion—occupies now a large part of the time of the civilised world, and must be a great hindrance to steady thought about a man's own concerns and about those subjects which ought most deeply to interest mankind. A stupid kind of gossip becomes the most pleasant and the most absorbing topic for the generality of men. I do not agree with a certain friend of mine, who has told us that "the folly of mankind is a constant quantity;" but I do admit that this fulsome publicity I have described is one of the facts which speaks most in favor of the view he has been taking. If publicity could be perfect, there would be less to be said in its disparagement. If every one wore his heart upon his sleeve, we should at least get rid of all falseness, and the world would know with whom and with what it was dealing. But a studied publicity is very dangerous. When all people know that what they may say or do is likely to be made public, they will dress up their sayings or their doings to meet this appalling publicity. And that which they deem will not be pleasing to the public, though it may be the thing, of all others, which the public ought to hear, they will carefully suppress.—'Social Pressure,' by Author of "Friends in Council."

TRUST.

Consider, were it filial in a child

To speak in this wise:—"Father, though I know

How strong your love is, having proved it so

Since my first breath was drawn; and though you've piled

Your stores with anxious care that has beguiled

You off of rest, that thus you might bestow

Blessings upon me when your head lies low,

Yet in my heart are doubts unreconciled.

To-morrow, when I hunger, can I be

Sure that for bread you will not give a clod,

Letting me starve the while you hold in fee

(O'erlooking lesser needs) the acres broad

Won for me through your ceaseless toil?"

Yet *we*,

In just such fashion dare to doubt of God!

—*Transcript.*

FOUR SCENES IN REAL LIFE.

BY BRO. WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

SCENE FIRST.

"You will give me leave to doubt your story!"

The speaker was a woman in the prime of life; the hour 11 o'clock at night; the place, a room in a house supplied with all the necessary comforts of civilized life; the occupants, the before-mentioned woman, and a gentleman of the laboring million, whom she called husband. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and all the appliances of the room spoke of a competence, and taste and judgment to render the means effective in building up a cheerful and desirable home.

"You will give me leave to doubt your story, for I do not believe one word of it."

"Eunice!" and the name was pronounced more in sorrow than in anger, in a deprecatory tone: "Eunice, have I ever given you reason to doubt my word?"

"But it is not reasonable. You say you have been attending to Masonic duties. I should like to know what duties Masonry requires of you at this time of night!"

"The poor you have always with you," responded the husband, "and the sick, also."

"I does not appear to me that you would be out in this storm, attending either to the wants of the poor or the sick, and besides, if you

have been engaged in that kind of business, how is it that your clothes are so free from wet?"

"As you doubt my word, perhaps it is better to show you how it was that I kept dry," and he stepped to the door which he had a few moments before entered, opened it, and pointed to a waterproof cloak yet dripping with the rain.

"Whose is that?" she asked.

"It belongs to Bro. Bentley."

"Then you have been to Bro. Bentley's, instead of being at the lodge and assisting the poor and the sick. I was not aware that there was either poor or sick at Bro. Bentley's."

"There are not, I am glad to say. They have a sufficiency of this world's goods, and enjoy good health."

"Then you have been visiting there, perhaps, while 'Bro. Bentley' attended the lodge, and 'Sister Bentley,' as I have no doubt you call her, kindly loaned you her husband's waterproof cloak, that you might shield your body from the storm. I must say she was very considerate."

"She did nothing of the kind, and besides, if you will take a word which you have so lately doubted, I have neither seen Mrs. Bentley this evening, nor been at her house."

"Where, then, did you get the cloak?"

"At the lodge, of Bro. Bentley, himself."

"That will hardly answer. You would hardly take his cloak from him on a stormy night like the present, and allow him to go home in the rain without it."

"Nevertheless, that is just what I did. I had much further to go than he, had neither cloak nor umbrella, and, therefore, accepted his offer to let me wear it, while he went to his own gate under the umbrella of another brother who was going that way."

"I do not see as you had much farther to go than he. He lives about the same distance from the lodge that you do."

"Very true; but then he went directly home, while I had to go in a direction away from home to make a call."

"Oh, ho! you have been out to make a call in such a night as this! The demand must have been urgent."

"It was a case of urgency, even a question of life and death."

"Why, really, one would think you had assumed the role of a physician."

"No, wife, not a physician, but I am endeavoring to act the part of the Good Samaritan."

"You are very sure that you do not include in your list of duties that other injunction to 'visit the widow.'"

"That is exactly what I have been doing. This night it was my

duty to 'visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction,' and I have done it."

"Oh, I thought the truth would come out at last. Who might the widow be who has made sure of your good offices?"

"Wife, I have always been a true, and have endeavored to be a kind husband to you, but such groundless taunts and insinuations are unbearable."

"I really do not see what you will do about it, as long as you give me cause for suspicion."

"But when have I given you just cause for suspicion of my fidelity to you?"

"When? To-night! How? By avowing the fact that you had visited a widow at this unseemly hour, and refusing to give her name!"

"I have not refused to give her name. On the contrary, I had begun to inform you of all the circumstances for the purpose of personally interesting you in the case, when you declared your disbelief of what I had already told."

"So you wanted me to become your assistant in this matter of visiting widows at ten o'clock at night."

"No; I should not have asked you to do that. It would have been unnecessary; but I did hope to enlist your feelings in her favor to the extent that you would use your influence in her behalf with your female friends to enable her to do something toward her own support."

"Where does this paragon of perfection reside, who has so excited your sympathies?"

"About a mile out on the Fleming road, in the old tenement house which has stood empty so long."

"Who is she?"

"A stranger here. She came here this week, her husband too ill to travel, was taken to that miserable dwelling, and before his case was made known to those who would have gladly assisted him, he was overpowered by a disease unchecked by medicine, and died commending those he left to the brotherhood of which he was a member."

"What kind of people are they?"

"Poor as poverty itself—not remarkably intelligent, but with every indication of humble honest worth."

"There are children, I suppose?"

"Three; a girl of ten and two boys aged respectively eight and five years."

"What does the widow propose to do?"

"Hardly anything as yet. The funeral of her husband takes place to-morrow, and after that we must see what we can enable her to do for herself."

There is no need to explain anything pertaining to this scene, for the conversation explains itself. We can only say that it is not a fancy sketch, but that it gives the relation of an experience that one Mason in the world has passed through.

SCENE SECOND.

"Has any brother 'round the lodge anything to offer for the good of Masonry, in general, or of this lodge in particular?"

The regular business had been performed, a candidate had had exhibited to him the sublime mysteries and lessons of the Master Mason's degree. The little band there assembled was about to "part on the square," until another summons should assemble them "upon the level." The Secretary had closed his record and the gray-haired Master was about to remove his hat while he invoked the Divine blessing. He had arisen to perform this closing ceremony of the Lodge, but before addressing the Divinity he asked the question placed at the head of this scene.

The question had been answered a hundred times before, sometimes by the relation of facts, but more frequently by silence. Now, a brother arose and said he had something "to offer for the good of Masonry, and this lodge in particular." A brother with his family, on their way to the farther West, the husband, being taken violently ill, had stopped the previous day in a shanty out about a mile on the Fleming road. To-day the brother had died, but not before he had made himself known as a member of the Universal Brotherhood. The family were left with absolutely nothing, except a worthless team and wagon, and a few household goods of about an equal value. The funeral would be on the morrow, when he hoped to see every member of the lodge in procession."

"Are the wants of the family supplied for the night?" asked a brother.

"They have had their supper. They have clothing for their beds, so they will not suffer; but the breakfast, and all thereafter, is unprovided for."

A member moved that a committee of one, to supply the necessities of the family, be appointed, and that he proceed in the fulfilment of his duties forthwith.

The motion was duly seconded and when put, was adopted by an unanimous vote. Bro. Crary was appointed, and accepted the trust. The duties of his office were by no means a sinecure. The storm which had broken over that locality since the opening of the lodge, was then at its height and raged with great fury. There were no lamps on the streets over which he had to pass in going to the shanty where the recipients of his favors were to be found; the walks were rough and deep

with mud in many places, and a darkness as that of Egypt in the days of Moses, enveloped the country.

Bro. Bentley, who had been provident, or prophet enough to foresee the storm, had brought his waterproof cloak along. This he pressed upon the committee, who had no overcoat, and took shelter under the umbrella of a brother who was going his way.

The lodge was closed, after an earnest appeal had been made by the presiding officer for all to attend the funeral of the deceased stranger, and the members bidding each other "good night," dispersed to their homes. Bro. Cray, who had the task of visiting the house of death allotted to him, addressed himself to the performance of that duty. He proceeded to the nearest family grocery store and filled a sack with such articles as he judged would be most acceptable to the bereaved ones, and wended his weary way through rain and darkness toward the strangers household.

SCENE THIRD.

"Oh, Heavenly Father, aid thou and assist the widow and fatherless in this hour of trial and extremity. Reconcile them to Thy will, and if it be possible let them see the hand of Thy love even in this terrible bereavement."

As the Masonic committee drew near the hovel that served as a shelter to the bereaved family, he heard the voice of supplication and prayer, and looking in through an open window, open because there was no means of closing it, the words above written were pronounced in a sobbing heart-broken tone, as if the aid asked had already been denied. Tarrying until the voice stopped or was resolved into convulsive sobs, he wrapped lightly upon the frail door. It was immediately opened by the widowed mother, and Bro. Cray entered.

On a cot laid the body of the dead man, a tea-kettle sat in the corner of a wide fire-place, a chest, on which were placed a few dishes, occupied one side of the room, while in a corner reclined on a well worn mattress, the three children, forgetting, for a time, their sorrows and sufferings. A feeble candle shed its faint rays over the scene and contributed to its ghastly appearance.

Enough has already been revealed to account for the condition of the family, and it is not necessary that we follow their history further. Their present and immediate wants were supplied, and when the Masonic committee left on that stormy night, a peace that the stricken ones had deemed impossible to them, brooded over the scene. A neighbor woman had been procured to watch with the wife through the night, and kind and reliable friends pledged their sympathy and attention. Though bereaved, they were not forgotten of friends; though afflicted, they were not forsaken.

SCENE FOURTH.

The morning came bright and beautiful. The sun shone on hut and palace, as the rain had before fallen on the evil and the good. At the hour appointed, the brethren assembled in the lodge, arrayed themselves in the expressive clothing of the Order, and went to the house of death. Encouraged by this example, many of the towns-people turned out and made part of the congregation. Among these was the lady whose conversation we have given in the first of these sketches—Mrs. Crary.

It would be perhaps too strong language to say that she would not have been present, had she not seen that Masonry made it popular to attend the funeral of a stranger, but she certainly would not have attended had she not been desirous of seeing the woman, to help whom her husband braved the terrible storm of the previous night. A short but fervent invocation was pronounced at the hovel by the Chaplain of the lodge, when the body, preceded by two hundred members of the Fraternity, and followed by as many citizens in carriages and on foot, was taken to the cemetery, where the beautiful and impressive funeral rites of the Masonic Institution were performed, after which all retired to their homes, except Bro. Crary and his wife. By the invitation of the former, the lady consented to call for a few moments on the afflicted family. The widow was standing in the door of her hut, as they approached, having removed her hat and veil.

Mrs. Crary gazed on her a moment and then seized her by the hand and exclaimed :

“Are you not May Whitford? In heaven's name tell me.”

“I am,” was the reply, “and you are Eunice Scott?”

“Yes, and I have looked the world over almost, to find you.”

“And I have written everywhere to find you, and received no answer.”

“But here we are at last—my earliest, dearest, best friend! Never more will we be parted.”

And they were not, for the widow was domesticated in the family of her early friend, whose jealousy of her husband seems to have evaporated on that rainy night, when she was determined to look upon his character and doings through green spectacles.

The two ladies were foster-sisters; had been separated by the events of the war of the rebellion; had lost all trace of each other for nearly a decade of years, and now thus unexpectedly met far away from the roof-tree where they had played together in childhood—the one a happy wife—the other a disconsolate widow, with her grief, standing beside the grave of her hopes and joys. We need not give a history of the facts precedent to what we have stated. There are thousands of lives

constantly going on, filled up in the same manner. Take either of those with which you are acquainted, reader. Be assured it will "fit it."—*Voice of Masonry.*

JUDGING PARENTS BY THEIR CHILDREN.

We "live and learn"; and one thing that teachable people learn by experience, is to be charitable in their judgment of others. Before any of our children are a dozen years old, we begin to speak mildly of other persons' failures in bringing up their children; for we discover that our influence for good over our children is counteracted in a large degree, by the influence of other people, and that our own example before our children, is far from being as good as we wish. Children's manners are not formed wholly upon the parental model, unless they are restricted almost entirely to parental society—a thing nearly impossible, as a general thing, and hardly to be desired.

If there are no neighbors and playmates, there are probably grandparents and uncles and aunts, all helping to educate the little ones by their example, right or wrong. A year and a half ago one of our children was three years old. She had then a very pretty habit of saying "hank oo," or "hank oo ma'ma," for every little gift or favor, even for the pin she asked for dolly's toilet, or for playthings picked up when dropped. She did this without prompting, and without special instruction at any time. Even when she waked in the night and asked for water, she was not too sleepy to murmur her thanks. After a few months of daily association with children who live near us, she had lost this habit, and gained some other modes of speech not quite so lovely. About that time I heard her speaking of one of her parents—in loving tones to be sure—as "an old fool."

I like to have the children play out of doors a great deal, and play hard, running and shouting as much as they please, if they do not disturb reasonable people. Some persons are so unreasonable, or selfish, that they would never allow children to be as noisy and as active in their play, as their healthful development demands. But I see, again and again, that half a day's free association with the boys of his own age, very perceptibly affects the manners of my little boy. He comes in so saturated with the impudence and domineering ways that prevail among his playmates, that before he thinks what he is about, he is acting the same manners at home. Worse than this, his manners, brought in from the play ground, are copied more or less by the younger ones. How powerless a mother sometimes feels against these influences, that come pressing into the home circle from the outside, as she sits perhaps with a teething baby at her breast, and with other little ones crying about their cut or burnt fingers, or begging for some help in their plays.

I do not suppose that all the evil influences, against which we have to contend, come from outside the family, for I see how imperfect in culture most of us parents are. But society outside the home circle—in the school, or on the play ground, along the street, at church, at Sunday-school—modifies more or less the education of our children.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

WE THINK that all boys should be taught to sew. "I should just like to see myself at it," your brother will say. "Boys sew, indeed! not any sewing for me, I thank you." Just listen a minute young man, we do not mean that you should be set at making up the sheets and pillow-cases of the family, but that you should know how to thread a needle and to use it. You think it very manly to be able to cover a ball nicely, and it would be none the less manly, if in case of need you could sew up a rip, replace a button, or if need be put on a patch. The one who writes this, has had a varied experience, he has at times been where he had to depend upon himself for all those things, that at home others look out for, and many a time has he had cause, when far from home and all civilization, to be thankful to the good mother who taught him, when a child, to use a needle. It is true that sewing machines save much sewing, but they do not make it the less necessary that girls should learn to sew, for there is much sewing that is not and probably never will be done by a machine. In putting on a patch for instance, the machine is rarely of any use, yet patching and darning are among the most useful of all kinds of sewing. Do not be discouraged, if you make slow progress in your sewing, each day it will slowly, but surely come easier, and at length the needle will fly, and the work be beautifully done almost without effort.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF ALFRED I. SAWYER, M. D., M. E. GRAND HIGH PRIEST.

Companions, High Priests, Fellow Craftsmen:

It having pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in the plenitude of His goodness and mercy, to permit us once more to meet and join hands around our sacred altar for the purpose of entering upon scenes of deliberation, consultation and legislation, in the interest of the royal craft, for a brief season, may the hours thus spent tend to renew old friendships, generate new ones, and to strengthen generally the fraternal bonds that symbolically unite us into one common brotherhood.

Above all things, let us ever bear in mind the motto inscribed upon our banners in letters of gold, and never suffer it to become a mere tinkling symbol, but always bear due reverence for the "God of our

fathers." Let all our thoughts, words and actions be such as will stand the test of the "Grand Overseer's Square." Let it not be as the work of the unfaithful craftsman of a former day, found wanting, and "hove over among the rubbish;" but like that of the true and faithful craftsmen, may it be pronounced "good work, square work," and worthy to "become the chief stone of the corner."

* * * * *

Every day spent here costs this Grand Chapter not less than \$600, and you all know how unable we are to afford any extra expenditures, however desirable the object might otherwise appear; on the contrary, it is a matter of actual and recognized necessity that we should curtail our expenses wherever safe and practicable.

Besides, I consider it to be utterly impossible to have the members, generally, concentrate their minds upon the work, during the hurry and bustle of our brief legislative sessions, however thoroughly and plainly exemplified, for nearly every member has something of special interest either to himself, his Chapter or his neighbor, that he wishes to look after, and therefore his mind and time are mainly occupied in that direction, thus entirely unfitting him for memorizing upon the ritual, hence the almost Babylonish confusion that we sometimes meet with, even where we have a right to expect better things.

If we are to remain here for the purpose of exemplifying the work, at an expense of \$600 a day, then for consistency's sake, if for nothing else, let us do away with the office of Grand Visitor and Lecturer, and thereby save nearly enough to meet it.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

From the many questions that have been submitted for my decision I have selected the following for your consideration, the first two of which I have singled out, not so much on account of their intricate and complicated nature, as for the reason that they are somewhat peculiar, and embrace a principle upon which Masons have been more frequently and perhaps more unjustly charged with unlawful interference than upon any other; and, therefore, they demand something more than a mere passing notice.

The case is as follows: A companion is charged with the seduction of a young lady, under promise of marriage, and it is to be tried in the courts. The young lady is not the wife, sister, mother or daughter of a Master Mason.

Question 1st. To what extent does the O. B. of a R. A. M. require the espousal of the cause of the accused on the part of his companions?

Answer—If guilty, none whatever; unless you can imagine one guilty of so foul and wicked a crime to be a worthy Royal Arch Mason. Such a circumstance, however, I conceive to be utterly impossible, for such base conduct is wholly incompatible with honesty and decency, at variance with the tenets of your profession, brotherly love, relief and truth; in conflict with the cardinal virtues, temperance, prudence and justice; and is subversive of that moral code upon which the whole fabric of Masonry is supposed to be erected, after the designs laid down in our "spiritual, moral and Masonic trestle board," the Holy Bible. Hence, I hold that such a depraved and immoral libertine forfeits all just claims to the protection of the craft.

Question 2d. How far are R. A. M. bound by their O. B. to attempt to influence the decisions of the courts?

Answer—You, as Masons, have nothing whatever to do with the courts. Act

well your parts as Masons, and let the courts take care of themselves. Ascertain the guilt or innocence of the party accused, in a Masonic way, and then govern yourselves accordingly. The mere decisions of courts should have no weight with Masons, as between Masons, unless, after due examination, and a fair trial by his companions, the accused be found guilty or innocent; he may be found guilty, and though guilty, he may be found innocent, through some legal technicality, venality of the courts, or ignorance of the jury. Therefore, though condemned and punished by the decrees of the courts, unless the evidence and facts are against him and you believe him to be guilty, stand by him, succor, protect and defend him to the last. But, though acquitted by the courts, if the evidence and facts are against him, and you believe him to be really guilty, and so find, cast him from among you at once. Heave him over among the rubbish as rejected material, "unfit for the builder's use."

Groping in darkness as we now do, the duties of Grand High Priest must be infinitely more arduous, less satisfactory, and by far more difficult to perform acceptably to all parties, than are the duties of the Grand Master of this State, with the present well ordered code of laws, rules and regulations, that the latter has to rely upon, and yet he receives a salary of five hundred dollars and expenses, while the former officer scarcely has his expenses paid.

With three hundred and eleven subordinate lodges, the Grand Master has ten district deputies to assist him; whereas, with nearly one-third that number of subordinate chapters, the Grand High Priest has none to assist him or to divide the responsibilities of the office with him; and while the Grand Master has an admirably well arranged code by which to be guided, the Grand High Priest, as already intimated, has scarcely a respectable apology for a constitution, and scarcely any regulations by which to be governed.

I am not complaining so much of what the Grand High Priest receives as a want of a proper equilibrium and fitness of things; for I hold that there should be no such thing as a salaried office in Masonry, except that of Secretary, Tyler, Sentinel or Guard. I fully agree with the sentiments expressed in a report submitted to the Grand Lodge of this State, a few years since, upon this subject, by a committee composed of honored members of this Chapter, viz.: That "the honors and dignity of these high offices must not be tainted with the greed of gold; that their intrinsic worth will be best preserved by making no innovations in this direction, of all others, in the body of Masonry."

But I am complaining of what the Grand High Priest has to do, and the implements he has to do it with, when all can be easily remedied, all parties being the better and none the worse therefor.

Since the organization of separate Chapters is an institution of comparatively modern origin, we have no ancient charges, old regulations or Gothic constitutions by which to be governed, unless we assume that, as the Royal Arch Degree was taken from the Master's degree, and therefore ancient craft Masonry, and consequently subject to the common law of Masonry whenever it will apply. But as there have been so many changes and innovations in the body and laws of Masonry since the days of Dr. Anderson and Desaguliers, it is not always an easy task to ascertain what the common law of Masonry really is, especially when we undertake to apply it to Capital Masonry. I would, therefore, suggest the appointment of a committee by this Grand Chapter, consisting of five members, whose duty it shall be to select a second committee, subject to the approval of this Grand Chapter, this second committee to

revise our present constitution, the standing rules and edicts now in force, together with our by-laws, etc., during the recess of the Grand Chapter, and report at the next annual convocation of the same. This will enable the committee to present something worthy of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Michigan, as well as creditable to themselves and beneficial to the craft.

On the 22d of June last I appointed Comp. Wm. H. McIlhane, G. H. P. of New Jersey, as representative of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, near the Grand Chapter of New Jersey. I also suggested the name of Comp. Salathiel C. Coffinbury, of Constantine, as representative of that Grand Chapter, near the Grand Chapter of Michigan, which, I presume, has been carried out, and that the appointee will, in due time and manner, present his credentials as the representative of New Jersey. On the 29th of the same month, Comp. William H. McIlhane wrote me a courteous and fraternal letter, accepting the appointment of representative of this Grand Chapter near the Grand Chapter of New Jersey, desiring me to "convey to the members of this Grand Chapter the best wishes of the Royal Craft of New Jersey, for the happiness and prosperity of the order in our State," and concluded by saying: "I sincerely trust that the existing friendly relations between the two Grand bodies may be strengthened and perpetuated to the end."

On the 24th of August, Comp. McIlhane wrote me again, in which he took occasion to say: "I now beg leave to advise you that I have not as yet received the commission, which I should like to have before the meeting of our next Grand Chapter in September next." To which I replied in substance that, as my action in appointing him Grand Representative of this Grand Chapter near the Grand Chapter of New Jersey, was without precedent in this Grand jurisdiction, and in opposition to the views of some of our leading members, I did not, therefore, feel that it would be strictly proper for me to require the Grand Secretary to issue a commission under the seal of the Grand Chapter for the object named, until the Grand Chapter had taken further action upon the subject.

Trusting that what I have done in this particular will, under all the circumstances, meet the approval of this Grand Chapter, I will leave the subject with you for further consideration, believing that you will, in this as in all other things pertaining to the welfare of Capitular Masonry, be governed by the spirit of Masonic charity, truth and justice.

OUR FINANCES

Are in a very unsatisfactory condition, as you are all aware, and demand economy and wise legislation on our part, in order that we may extricate ourselves from our present financial embarrassment. We must enter upon some sort of reformation at once, or else we shall, I fear, soon become totally bankrupt, as our indebtedness continues to increase from year to year, notwithstanding we have of late years shortened our sessions to an inconvenient and almost unsafe degree, in order to curtail our expenses. I see no other solution of the problem short of reducing our expenses so that our income shall not only meet them, but also ultimately, or at once, liquidate our present indebtedness.

One year ago this Grand Chapter became somewhat awakened to the existence of pressing demands for reformation in this direction, but not knowing exactly where the evil lay, or what course to pursue in order to meet the necessities of the occasion, appointed a committee "to which was referred the whole subject of the finances of this Grand Chapter," and instructed that committee to report at this "convoca-

tion what action it deemed advisable to be taken as to the payment of members, and generally, what is the state of our finances, and if any change is desirable in our present financial system."

From the character and ability of the Companions composing that committee, I have but little doubt that they will discover that "change is desirable in our present financial system," and, moreover, will fearlessly state how and where that change must be made. It is, therefore, not essential that I should enter upon any lengthy disquisition to convince you of the necessity of a change, or to point out wherein or how it should be effected; and yet I feel that I should make a few suggestions at least. I would suggest that hereafter we pay but one representative from this Grand Chapter to the General Chapter, and pay those no more than their actual and necessary expenses as such representatives, until our finances are in a better state than at present. Of course, in simple justice to those who are now in attendance upon this Grand Chapter, or those who attended the late Triennial Grand Convocation of the General Grand Chapter at Nashville, with the exception of mileage and per diem as heretofore paid, you couldn't very well make any action of this session apply so as to cut them off. Our pay roll foots up \$2,203.10; and if we divide that amount by two we shall have \$1,101.55 left, or nearly sufficient from this source alone to meet our indebtedness. Although this change might not reduce the number of representatives exactly one-half on account of there being several Grand and Past Grand officers entitled to pay, and, it is believed, that by paying each member his actual and necessary expenses and no more, such change would reduce the sum total to be paid out to representatives fully one-half; and it is believed further, that this change would be effected without any material disadvantage to any one.

While I would not reduce the pay of our Grand officers to any great extent, still I would not allow any extras for time spent in the regular discharge of their official duties, or, which might be preferable, abolish the salary system entirely, and pay a reasonable amount spent for time, labor and expenses. * * * *

Companions, now that I am about to return to you this gavel, with us the emblem of power, permit me also to return to you my sincere thanks for the many and repeated marks of respect and confidence that I have been the unworthy recipient of at your hands.

For five years I was, by your suffrages, made a silent observer of the transactions of this Grand Chapter, and therefore, when elevated one year ago to the position of Grand High Priest of this Grand Jurisdiction, I had had ample opportunity fully to realize the fact that difficulties and dangers were likely to beset me at every point, and that if I did not commit any grave blunders, nor do any irreparable wrongs I would be very fortunate, and, therefore, would be very grateful. Be this as it may, accept what I have done aright, correct what I have done amiss and overlook wherein I have left undone that which should have been done.

In a word, suffer the mantle of brotherly love and charity to fall upon my faults, foibles and errors, whatever they may have been, knowing that to err is human, and that infallibility is the prerogative of the Great I Am.

A NOBLE AIM.—"The great end and aim of our exertions, as Masons, should be to place the Masonic Institution upon that moral eminence where it may be viewed with admiration by all mankind. Founded on the best attributes of human nature—calculated to bring

into activity the most noble impulses of the human heart, we, who are now responsible, not only for its safety, but, if possible, for its improvement, shall have a startling account to settle with the Deity hereafter if we are false to our trust—if we suffer this sacred Institution, second only to the holy religion we all profess, to become less important to to humanity—less respected and less revered by the great human family than it was when it came into our keeping.”

WHERE IS THY BROTHER ?

ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

It was a fearful question propounded by the Supreme Judge to the first murderer, when he asked him, “Where is Abel, thy brother?” Vain and useless as a defense was the supercilious reply, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” There is a significance in the terms of the question which is not always duly regarded. It was not Abel—a man—whom he had slain, but Abel—his brother—the offspring of the same parents, to whom he was bound by the holiest and tenderest ties. Not murder, only, but fratricide, was the crime imputed to him. It was the first lesson of fraternity taught in Holy Scripture.

It were well if Masons would take this lesson, thus applied, to heart. Impressively is every Mason taught the sacred duty to whisper good counsel in his brother’s ear and to warn him of approaching danger. There can be here no indifference, for, by the law, what concerns my brother concerns myself; I am bound by that law to advise and to admonish him. If I see temptation assailing him, or habits overcoming him, or evil courses inviting him, my voice must be heard, my caution and admonition and persuasion must be given freely, that he may leave the downward road. If he fall through my silence and lukewarmness, I shall be foresworn. I cannot fold my arms and say, “It is no business of mine,” for I am, by my obligation, the keeper of my brother’s conscience as well as of his life. Better and nobler was the spirit of the old Roman heathen, when he exclaimed, “I am a man, and all that relates to man, concerns me.” Matthew Henry has well said: “A charitable concern for our brethren as their keepers, is a great duty which is strictly required of us, but is generally neglected by us. They who are unconcerned in the concernments of their brethren, and take no care when they have opportunity to prevent their hurt in their bodies, goods or good name, especially in their souls, do, in effect, speak Cain’s language.” This is the general rule for Churchmen and for all men—an especial one, by solemn obligation, is it for Masons. Every expelled Mason brings greater reproach on the Order than on himself, if the causes of his expulsion could have been prevented or removed

by timely fraternal advice and interposition. If my brother falls, and I could have stayed his fall, and yet did not, the fearful question will be addressed to me—"Where is thy brother?" And I dare not answer—"Am I my brother's keeper"—for I am—and I cannot shrink from the charge.

LINES—BIND THE TIE.

BY BRO. ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

'Twas in the year of long ago
The *Mighty* Task was done :
The wearied Craft in silence bow,
And hark to *Solomon*.

Chorus—"Oh, bind the TIE my Brethren dear,
" Where'er your feet may rove :
" With *gifts*, the empty hand to cheer,
" The wounded heart with *love* !

" Whatever lands your skill reward,
" With Level, Plumb and Square,
" Oh teach the Golden Rule of *God*,
" And be Freemasons there !

Chorus—" Yes, bind the TIE my Brethren dear,
" Where'er your feet may rove :
" With *gifts* the empty hand to cheer,
" The wounded heart with *love* !

" The bread, the wine of quick relief,
" Have ready in your hand,
" The tear, the sigh of brother-grief,
" Fulfill my last command.

Chorus—" So bind the TIE, my Brethren dear,
" Where'er your feet may rove :
" With *gifts* the empty hand to cheer,
" The wounded heart with *love* !

" And though from Zion you depart,
" Still do your MASTER'S will,
" That we may build, with hand and heart,
" Upon the heavenly hill,

Chorus—" Then bind the TIE, my Brethren dear,
" Where'er your feet may rove :
" With *gifts* the empty hand to cheer,
" The wounded heart, with *love* !"

"THE GREED OF OFFICE."

Every Entered Apprentice knows or should know,—for it is taught in the first lesson he receives,—that Masonry is harmony, and every step he takes in his search after light, is repeated over and over again, "that without harmony there is no Masonry."

Men may meet in Lodges, Chapters, Councils, Commanderies or Consistories, and may have received all the degrees of all the rites known to Masons; and if there be not amity, peace, concord and brotherly love in such meetings, they are no more Masonic meetings than gatherings of Odd Fellows or Knights of Pythias are Masonic meetings.

A man may have taken the third degree, or the sublime degree of the Royal Arch, or passed through the solemn ceremonies of the Temple; yet he is a Mason only in name, if by his conduct he destroys the harmony of any portion of his Brethren, if he disturbs the concord which should prevail in every place where Masons meet as Masons.

The troubles which endanger the Masonic institution are never from without, and never have been. Masonry possesses within itself principles which render attacks from without utterly vain and futile. It cannot be overthrown by the profane; and to-day it laughs at the efforts made, now in one form, and then in another, to destroy its usefulness, as it has laughed at them before and will continue to laugh at them in the centuries to come, if her initiates are faithful to the obligations they have taken.

In the faithfulness of Masons, in the conduct of those who wear Masonic clothing, Masonry sees the greatest danger to the security of the Institution.

This unfaithfulness is apparent in one particular more than in any other, and it is in "*the greed of office.*" On this point Grand Masters have spoken, committees and eminent Masons have written; and yet there is hardly a Masonic Body of any age that has not felt the ill effects of this blighting curse. And why is this? Why will good and true Masons permit it? Why will men who love Masonry with a love from their inmost hearts, by their votes and by their sympathy aid in perpetuating this blot on Masonry?

We ask these questions, but cannot answer them; they have ever been a mystery to us; and with every year, as the annual elections occur, we ask them over and over again, with the same result. A Brother obtains some minor office and at once aspires to a higher position; at the next election he openly avows himself a candidate for the place, and probably, as it is not considered to be of much importance, he obtains it; encouraged by this, he pushes forward, step by step, from year to year, electioneering for the different positions, setting his friends at work, creating parties in the body, and ceasing not until he has ob-

tained the highest position. Is he a Mason? No! He has not the first principle of Masonry in him; but by his open and unblushing appeals to Masons, which they have not the firmness to resist, he becomes during the remainder of his life one of the representatives of the Masonic Institution!

Is there a year that the case we have described is not seen in some one or more of the Masonic Bodies, and is not the final result of the man's success temporary or permanent injury to the Body over which he has most wickedly been called to preside? We say *wickedly*, for it is a violation of the fundamental law of Masonry to vote for a man for office who solicits the place.

"All preferment among Masons is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only." IV. of Old Charges.

It should be a point of honor with every Mason, which he should hold most sacred, *never to vote for any Brother for any place, no matter how humble, who asks for a vote or expresses his wish to hold the office.* His asking for votes, his asking for office, is his own statement of his unworthiness to hold office. He is not fit to be a leader, and wears the badge of purity most unworthily.

When Masons refuse their votes to such men, there is little discord or confusion among the Craft; and when they do not, then jealousies, heart-burnings and dissensions occur, the work stops, the matter goes forth among the Craft, the good name of the Body suffers, and all for what? That a Brother who has violated his vows, and found Brethren willing from false sympathy to aid him, may attain the object of his aspirations, regardless of the peace and concord of the Body, or its good name. We appeal to Masons in all our bodies, at this season of annual elections, not to vote for a Brother who solicits office. Keep him out of the place if you would keep peace in your Masonic home; for he who solicits Masonic office will in the end, if he attains his personal ambition, destroy all harmony in the Body over which he presides.

Remember that it is far better to hurt the feelings of one aspirant for office than to hurt the Body of which he is a member; to wound ambition rather than the peace and harmony which is the strength and support of the Masonic Institution.—*Freemasons' Repository.*

INTELLECTUAL BENEFITS OF MASONRY.

Masonry has two aspects—moral and intellectual. Of course, the moral is the greater, since it determines the duty of one brother to another, and the duty of all brethren to the Grand Architect of the Universe. It is to enforce these that we have all of our expressive symbols—which are the images of the ideas that Freemasonry endeavors to implant in the breasts of its initiates, wherewith to stir them up to correct thinking and heroic doing and suffering. Symbols personify ideas,

and give them life ; but these have altogether to do with the moral side of **Masonry**.

The intellectual side of Freemasonry is one which is seldom separately considered ; but it is distinct from the moral side, and merits recognition and cultivation from every lover of the Ancient and Royal Fraternity. The two sides are distinct, and yet the same, just as the mind and soul are distinct and yet one, there being a co-relation between the two, so that whatever elevates one elevates the other. Every man whose mind is cultivated is so much the nearer to Heaven and God ; hence whatever benefits the intellect of a Freemason, benefits also, in some degree, his higher or spiritual nature. But the direct effect of mental improvement is the one we have now especially in view.

Freemasonry develops a brother's individuality—that is, leads him to consider himself not merely as one of a mass of men, and probably lost in the mass, but as "one by himself," possessing a mind of his own, and abilities with which to distinguish himself. The majority of mankind go like sheep, in a flock. One intellectual benefit of Masonry is to develop the qualities which result in leadership, and raise those who have been gifted by nature, from place in the ranks to stations of honor and responsibility.

Most men have little or no confidence in themselves. Those who actively engage in the labors of the Masonic Craft soon come to lose this feeling, which is owing simply to lack of self-knowledge. The ancient precept of the philosopher—"man, know thyself," will never grow out of date ; it is a medicine for the mind and the life that we cannot take an overdose of. Masonry helps to give this all important self-knowledge, or proper estimate of one's own powers. By these powers we mean not merely the surface abilities, but the hidden faculties which development discloses. We all know men who have succeeded in life, whose outset was the reverse of promising, but whose contact with the world has divested them of the rough edges of their character, and made them keen business men. Masonry does an analogous work for its brethren, who are willing to labor in the Lodge. It builds up their individuality, implants self-confidence, and makes them different men, while they are yet the same.

The active Freemason is a far happier man than his slothful brother. There is a theory which asserts that it is worth going through college merely to acquire the satisfaction of knowing that you have had advantages over your fellows, whether you have improved those advantages or not. This is a very selfish and partial view of the benefit of education, but there is some truth in it. And, analogously, he who has performed work of any description finds happiness, in the consciousness that he has well-done what many others have ill-done, or not done at all.

Practical Masonry diligently cultivates the memory of its working craftsmen. Now, memory is no mean faculty. It is a feeder of thought, the parent of reasoning, the foundation of the whole intellectual superstructure; which, when elegantly erected, is pronounced to be genius. Memory is an attribute of divinity—the book of remembrance is the one out of which we shall hereafter be examined and judged, before we can gain admittance to the Grand Lodge above. It becomes us, therefore, to educate it to its highest point; to impress upon it lessons of sublime morality, which, when exemplified in the life, shall stand the test of that last great examination when the builders of time shall meet the Architect of eternity. The memory is a blank page upon which we may write what we will. There may be inscribed upon it the fair writing of morality, or the blotted lines of sensual thought, wrought out into misguided lives. It may indicate the work of a clear head, a sensitive conscience and an honest heart, or of a muddled brain, an immoral purpose and a depraved will.

We submit that the intellectual benefits of Masonry are well entitled to be classed with its moral benefits. The head and the heart are both ministered to by it, for, its direct object is to make every brother a full-grown man, mentally and morally. In the Masonic as in the physical world, there are dwarfs and malformed men, but this is because Masonry takes them with their deformities often covered or disguised and knows not until too late for absolute remedy that these ought to have been rejected. Freemasonry never *seeks* to do other than to develop in its craftsmen the best faculties of their minds and the purest purposes of their hearts.—*Keystone*.

MASONIC ABSORPTION.—A writer to the *Masonic Advocate* exhorts his Brethren to let their light shine. In conclusion, he expresses a doubt as to how they can comply with his exhortation “who read nothing on Masonry, who seldom attend even their own Lodges, and whose whole drift and aim is for self.” He says, “There is not a Mason in America who is making money,—that is, who is getting rich, publishing Masonic works, or issuing a Masonic newspaper; and yet there are many thousands in every jurisdiction who neither read nor patronize a Masonic periodical. If such men get much Masonic light, they certainly must obtain it by intuition.” Brother Simon Greenleaf, Past Grand Master of Maine, when at the head of the Dane Law School in Harvard University, used to say that some of his pupils never seemed to devote any time to study, and rarely attended the lectures; and if they learned any law, they must acquire it by *absorption*, as a sponge takes water, by mere passive reception, and without any active effort on their part. Some Masons have not even this negative quality, and will not put themselves in the way of receiving light. Far from diffusing, they will not even absorb it.

THE MASONIC MEASURE OF LIFE.

To live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
 In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
 Life is but a means unto an end,—that end,
 Beginning, mean an end to all things, God.

MASONIC PRIDE.

To be proud of being a Mason is commendable, particularly if the pride is of the right sort. We have seen some who had traveled a long ways up, and yet were not very high Masons after all. They had degree knowledge, but precious little of the old baptism. They were proud of being Masons because of its personal honor, and yet they made no effort to build up the Institution itself. What it had done for them they were well pleased with, but what they could do for it they had never yet tried.

Every Mason ought to be proud that he is one, because it makes him that much more of a true man, that is, if he has the stuff in him to make it of. If he has not, then, alas, for the widow's son!

To be a Mason is to be a citizen of the world; for, travel where he may, he will find fellow-citizens—men who will know him—men who will fellowship him. Isn't all this an honor? Then who are they who will recognize him! Will they be vagabonds, cheats, or ignorant loafers? No, not one word of it. He will find himself among the royal blood of humanity—the finished gentlemen of the rarest charity. True, they may be roughly clad, like some we met the other day in the great railroad shops of the North. Yet they were noblemen, well worthy of any man's recognition—any man's grip. We felt proud to be classed with such men. They were our Brothers, and had we called for it they would have rallied to our assistance with the steady readiness of the clans of Rhoderick Dhu. We are talking of true Masons, now, not of mere things. We pity any poor victim who has gone through all the corridors of the glorious Temple, and then come out only a thing in Masonry after all. He may well be pitied, for he must be a sham man as well as a sham Mason.

The Mason of thought, of soul, of dignity, integrity, and honor has a right to be proud of his Masonry; for, if it has helped him to conquer himself—to squelch his native littleness, and to climb up and get on the top of the great mountain of human dignity and charity—then he ought to be proud of it, and never, while life lasts, hide himself away from the three great lights of its holy altars.—*Masonic Advocate.*

MASONIC REQUIREMENTS.

Neither the wearing of a Masonic emblem nor the yearly payment of lodge dues makes a person a Mason.

Masonry demands something more than the mere knowledge of a few signs or grips or the acquirement of the ritual of the work. Her aims are higher, her purposes nobler.

It is not enough that Masonic light should illumine the mind, but it should also penetrate the heart.

He that departs from the Lodge with his heart untouched by the light of our institution is not a true Mason. He may be trimmed and squared, the workmen may have polished him until his illumined mind sparkles with the rays of intelligence, but the builders daub with untempered mortar, and their edifices will soon show the imperfect material.

A Mason without a heart is like the world without a sun. It were difficult for him to conceive the beauties of Masonry. True preparation would be an impossibility, and the lesson, one of the deepest among the archives, thrown away.

The heart then, the perfect heart, is one of the first requisites of a true Mason. From the heart flows charity, tolerance and fraternity.

Charity consists not in mere alms-giving, but in that nobler charity which teaches us to feel another's woe, to hide another's fault. Tolerance permits the exercise of reason and the free expression of thought; and the true spirit of Fraternity is wide enough to embrace in its arms the whole world.

Of what use are the appliances of the *level*, if the proud Mason refuse to recognize the poorer brother; or of what benefit the *plumb* to him who is not *upright* in his transactions with the world?

The letter G. may glitter in the East, but all its refulgence is lost upon him whose conversation is stained with profanity.

That Mason is no true Craftsman who wastes his time in idleness and profligacy; the *gauge* has lost its deep significance, and he heedlessly robs God, his neighbor and himself of apportioned time.

The lodge, it is true, cannot control the private acts of its members, or check the petty meannesses or low tricks of professed Masons who forget that a reputation as spotless as the lambskin apron, is the brightest ornament a Craftsman can wear.

Let us then not forget that as true Masons we should ever have before us in our daily walks the symbols of the Order, and that its teachings should be a constant monitor and guide through life.

The *practice* of Masonry can alone secure its immortality, and the adornments of the Lodge will then prove equally beautiful in the domestic circle.

Let us have *Wisdom* to understand the principles of our Order; *Strength* to carry them out in the stern actualities of life, that the *Beauty* of our Temple may be visible to the world, and merit the approbation of our Grand Master on high.—*Hebrew Leader*.

THE INTERNAL NOT THE EXTERNAL QUALIFICATIONS RECOMMEND A MAN.

In former years, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among the chosen to represent the district in Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston, his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care. "I will get a nice fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and that at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genius. Here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a pooty thick settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweepin' sight of housin in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them?"

"Ya-as, I beaus 'em home—tew meetin' and singing schewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee. Don't keer if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out! I eats toast—never heard o' such a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise, when the stranger rising, spoke calmly and clearly, in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistake me, from my dress, for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were all ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered, and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah—here I am Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumbfounded company:

"I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full grown people to feel.—*New England Freemason.*

BEWARE OF BAD EGGS.

Some ten or fifteen years ago in Trenton, New Jersey, there lived (and for aught we know still lives) a certain zealous Mason, Brother Clapp by name, who was much given to using the incidents of every day life to point a moral or adorn a tale, when he could thereby illustrate and enforce the lessons of Masonry. One day he met with a picture representing a cook surrounded by all the paraphernalia of the kitchen and engaged in the preparation of an omelet. While breaking the eggs his nostrils are suddenly assailed by the offensive effluvia from a particularly bad specimen. The disgusted professor of the culinary art was depicted with half of the egg in each hand, his head thrown back, his nose in a pucker and every feature indicating the utmost abhorrence. It occurred to Brother Clapp that this picture might be made to convey a useful lesson to his Brethren. He therefore hung it in the ante-room of his Lodge, near the door of entrance, and underneath he placed these lines:

THE BAD EGG.

This picture, my Brothers, a moral doth teach,
That with profit might claim the attention of each;
The cook (as 'twould seem by the twist of his nose)
Has discovered an egg, not as sweet as a rose;
And, of course, should he drop the foul thing in the bowl,
The offensive intruder would damage the whole.

MORAL.

In erecting our Temple let it always be found,
The material chosen is perfectly sound;
And let us be careful, the moralist begs,
For our own comfort's sake, to beware of Bad Eggs!

—N. E. Freemason.

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
FLINT, MICH., March 12th, A. L. 5875.

Question. Can a Masonic Lodge, as such, collect debts by suit brought in a court of law in this State?

Answer. No. Because Masonic Lodges are not incorporated institutions in this State and under our present practice cannot be, therefore they can have no standing in a court of law.

Question. 1st. In case a brother makes objection to the conferring of a degree upon a candidate, is it necessary for him to state explicitly the grounds of his objection? 2d. Can the W. M. decide the objection sufficient without putting it to a vote of the Lodge, or without appointing a Committee to investigate the grounds of the objection? 3d. If a Committee is appointed and they report that they can find no good reason for objection, has the Lodge a right to confer the degree notwithstanding the objection; and can a candidate who has been regularly elected, be stopped from taking a degree without a direct vote of the Lodge?

Answer. Sec. 8 of Art. 5 of the Regulation provides that, "if before the degree is conferred any member of the Lodge object, the candidate shall neither be initiated or advanced until the objection is waived or withdrawn." An objection made by a member of the Lodge in such a case is therefore absolute until waived or withdrawn, and neither the W. M. or the Lodge has any discretion in the matter. A Brother is not obliged to state the particular grounds of his objection. It is sufficient for him to say, I object, and the Lodge is thereby absolutely interdicted from conferring any degree until the objection is withdrawn or waived. If, however, the objector should see fit to state the reasons of his objection, and it should appear that his motive in objecting was reprehensible, he violates his obligation, and may be proceeded against

for unmasonic conduct. As to last point, see decision of G. M. McCurdy, G. L. Transactions 1874, page 39.

Question. Is it proper for the officers and members of a Lodge to appear in Masonic clothing and regalia at a public social or banquet?

Answer. The evident intent of the provisions of Art. 21 of the Regulations is to prohibit Lodges from all ostentatious display, as well as to prohibit the members thereof from joining in a public procession of any kind, except as expressly provided in Sec. 1 of said Article. I therefore hold, that it is not proper for members of a Lodge to appear at a public social or banquet in their Masonic clothing or regalia.

Question. The service of a summons on a Brother who resides within the jurisdiction of the Lodge was made by mail, and he acknowledges that he received the letter containing it. Is the service sufficient?

Answer. No. The Brother may, however, accept service in writing, which would obviate a more formal service; or if he should appear before the Lodge and go to trial without objecting to the form of service, the objection would undoubtedly be waived and the Lodge would acquire jurisdiction. In all other cases a proper service of the summons must be made.

Question. A Brother indulges, in a public place and before the profane, in insulting and contemptuous criticism of the official conduct of the officers of his Lodge. Is he liable to masonic discipline?

Answer. Yes. Insulting and contemptuous language used by a Brother in public and before the profane, in regard to the official conduct of the officers of his Lodge, whereby his Lodge as well as the institution of Masonry is brought to contempt before the world, constitutes a Masonic offense, and should subject the offender to severe discipline.

Question. Charges were preferred under the direction of the W. M. by the S. W. *pro tem*, (the S. W. of the Lodge being absent,) against a Brother. The trial resulted in an acquittal. A considerable majority of the Lodge desire an appeal. The question arises: 1st. Ought the appeal to be taken by the

S. W. of the Lodge or by him who was S. W. *pro tem* and who signed the accusation? 2d. If by the latter and he is unwilling so to act, can the appeal be taken by the next officer? 3d. If it can be done only by the *pro tem* officer, ought it to be done in his individual name and capacity, or is his official capacity preserved *pro hac vice*?

Answer. Any Brother deeming himself aggrieved by the decision of his Lodge, may appeal to the Grand Lodge. The right of appeal is not confined to the accuser, nor to any particular officer of the Lodge, but is a general right, and may be exercised by any Brother who deems himself aggrieved by the decision of his brethren in Lodge convened. The reason of this right, is based upon the principle that every Mason is directly interested in the good government of his Lodge and in the integrity and moral purity of its membership. So that either the accused, the accuser, or any officer or member of the Lodge, who deems the decision of the Lodge to be wrong, is thereby aggrieved, and has an undoubted right to take an appeal to the Grand Lodge, whether such appellant is *pro forma* a party to the record in the particular case prior to the appeal or not. The preservation of this right to every Mason is essential to judicial fairness and good government in and by Lodges, and is doubly necessary as a protection to every member against unjust decisions, and hasty or ill-advised conclusions. It is therefore held, that an appeal may be taken in the case referred to, by any member of the Lodge who deems himself aggrieved.

GEO. H. DURAND,

Grand Master.

GRAND SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

HAMILTON, ONT., FEB. 1st, A. D., 1875.

To the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, Grand Officers, and Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Michigan:

BRETHREN,—It is my painful duty to announce to you that the loss which our Grand Lodge, and the Craft generally, sustained in August last by the death of our esteemed Brother, Thomas Bird Harris, Grand Secretary, has been rendered still heavier by the demise of our beloved Grand Master, William Mercer Wilson, LL. D., which sad event took place at Simcoe on the 16th day of Sanuary last. By a strange and mournful coincidence, our first Grand Master and our first

Grand Secretary have both been taken away from us within the past few months; and we may surely exclaim, Who can replace them?

In life their names and works were linked together for good for many a year, and now they have gone, together almost, to the Grand Lodge above.

We confidently ask the sympathy of the Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

Faithfully and fraternally,

J. J. MASON, Grand Secretary,

Grand Lodge of Canada.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

Question. A Brother, who has paid his dues and is in good standing, demands of me, as Secretary of the Lodge, a certificate of dimit—application not having been made to the Lodge. Have I the right to issue it?

Answer. No. The *vote of the lodge* can only be taken, after application by the Brother in writing, stating his reasons; and, if favorable, *that vote is the dimit*. The certificate, signed by the W. M. and Secretary, is evidence only that the lodge, by a vote, has granted a dimit.

The application of the individual, and the consent of the Lodge are both necessary to create and to sever the membership of a brother in good standing.

Question. We have an E. A. and a F. C. in our jurisdiction, both having received their degrees from Lodges in other States. Can they obtain dimits? If not, how can their progress and standing in Masonry be legally made known to our Lodge?

Answer. By our law, only a Master Mason can be a member of a Lodge, and only a member of a Lodge can be dimitted. The proper course in the cases you present, is to ask the Lodge having jurisdiction of each case, as "unfinished work," to certify to his progress in Masonry, and to consent to the completion of its work.

Question. A Brother, after trial, was suspended by our Lodge. On appeal, he was expelled by Grand Lodge. He now petitions for restoration. Can the Lodge restore?

Answer. No. The expelled individual, (alone or with others who are members of the Lodge,) should petition Grand Lodge for his restoration, and Grand Lodge, at its next meeting, will consider the case and take such action as it may deem best. The Lodge can restore only from its own sentence; but Grand Lodge has power to restore from its own sentence, and, on appeal, from the sentence of the Lodge also.

Question. Our Lodge recently changed its By-Law, relative to fees for the Degrees, so as to require of the candidate *thirty dollars*, instead of *twenty-one*—the former rate. On the same evening that this change was made, a petition for degrees came in, and was referred. The question now rises—shall we charge *twenty-one* or *thirty dollars*?

Answer. The new By-Law is in force, and can be set aside only by repeal or amendment. The candidate must pay the thirty dollars; but if, upon investigation, it shall clearly appear that the candidate expected to pay only twenty-one, and had no knowledge of the change requiring thirty, the Lodge may, by a vote, refund nine dollars after he has received the third degree and has become a member of the Lodge. This would be but fair dealing with the candidate.

Editor Freemason:—In granting judicial powers to its subordinates, did the Grand Lodge, by any special enactment, or in any expressed terms, divest itself of its original jurisdiction? Are we to understand that the judicial powers exercised by a subordinate lodge are to be viewed as an express grant or an implied concession? If judicial power is assumed by a subordinate only by consent, and not by an expressed grant, it is evident that the original jurisdiction continues to be vested in the Grand Lodge, and may at any time be resumed by virtue of its inherent rights as defined in the ancient landmarks. The Grand Lodge being the sovereign body, loses none of its rights in permitting its subordinates to exercise judicial powers subject to an appeal. Suppose a mason does any one an injury, charges are preferred, and a trial had, and the members are not satisfied with the results, cannot we appeal to the Grand Lodge? When a man becomes so degraded as to prefer vice to virtue, should he be allowed to associate with honorable

men? When, after hearing the most convincing evidence, some of the members wilfully neglect to do their duty to an offending brother, what are we to do—cannot the Grand Lodge proceed to the trial and punishment of any mason living within its jurisdiction?

Please reply in the next number of the FREEMASON.

Feb'y, 14th, 5875.

ANSWER.—“The Grand Lodge has appellate jurisdiction from the decisions of worshipful masters, and from the decisions and acts of lodges.” [See G. L. Cons.: Article IX, Section 2.]

The penal jurisdiction of a lodge over its own members, is practically, and with few exceptions, an original jurisdiction; but it is exercised subject to appeal by either party, or by any member of the lodge not satisfied with the result of the lodge trial. [See section 6 of Penal Code.]

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

DELAY AND ITS CAUSE.

The readers of this magazine do not need to be told that there has been a long suspension of its publication. Letters from many subscribers, have conveyed to us various expressions of the disappointment and irritation caused by the delay. Justice to the subscribers, not only, but to the Publishers and ourself require a statement of the cause of this unusual and unheralded suspension.

It can be stated in few words. Shortly after the publication of the February number, the editor was taken sick; and for the first time, in a busy student life of over forty years, he was compelled to abandon nearly all mental labor. The difficulty culminated in an affection of his eyes, already weakened and irritated by months of work protracted far into the night, and it suddenly became necessary that he should abandon, for a time, all reading, writing and study.

The attack was too sudden to admit of announcing it as a cause of delay in the publication of the magazine; and hope flattered us to believe that the cause of delay would be of such

brief duration that such an announcement was not necessary. But week followed week, and weeks grew into months, until four had "dragged their weary lengths along," before we were able to resume, even partially, our wonted labor.

Nearly six weeks ago a printed slip was sent to each Lodge in the jurisdiction, informing the Brethren of the cause that delayed the publication of Grand Lodge Transactions, and of the magazine, and prevented reply to correspondents. The hope was then expressed of being able to press everything due to a rapid completion. But the hope was delusive, and the effort to realize it only did us harm and delayed our full recovery.

The writer is now able to work, (though not yet with accustomed ease,) and everything due from him as editor, Grand Secretary, or correspondent, will be attended to as rapidly as possible.

In concluding this explanation, we wish to express to the Brethren of this jurisdiction, to the readers of this magazine, and especially to its publishers, (who have borne for our sake many unmerited complaints,) our heartfelt thanks for sympathy, for patience, and for much kindness toward us during the four months of our affliction.

EDITOR MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

Kalamazoo, July 15th, 1875.

THE ST. LOUIS *Freemason* announces its suspension, for the want of a paying support. We but echo the universal feeling, especially among Masonic journalists, when we express both surprise and regret that a journal of the Craft, so ably and fearlessly edited and conducted, as this has been by Bro. Gouley, should die of pecuniary marasmus.

The *Freemason*, within its proper sphere, was always interesting, spicy, newsy and able, and must have been a welcome visitor to every intelligent masonic reader—by editors and writers of the Craft we know it was always highly valued. Its suspension, surprising and regretted as it is, will, we presume, be the occasion for a renewal of the discussions, often had before, of the necessity for, and the true field and policy

of Masonic journals. It is to be hoped that time and experience will soon set these questions at rest; to the end, that no more time, money, labor and patience need be wasted in futile efforts in this direction.

For Bro. Gouley, whether in or out of the editorial chair of masonic journalism, we shall ever cherish a high regard, both for his manly qualities of head and heart, and for his gifts and graces as a true craftsman.

OUR GRAND LODGE TRANSACTIONS, the manuscript for which was completed just as sickness overtook us, is now being pushed forward with all the rapidity that careful and accurate printing will admit of. We hope to be able to distribute very soon the copies due to all.

BLANKS FOR RETURNS of Lodge Officers, elected in June, were sent to every Chartered Lodge in due time. About one hundred Lodges, at the time of writing this (July 15th), are yet delinquent. Will W. Masters and Secretaries see to it that these important reports are made at once, in order that the official list may be promptly published. Correspondence with Lodges is much embarrassed by any unnecessary delay of these returns.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DEATH OF THE GRAND MASTER OF CANADA.

Instead of any effort of our own to do justice to the masonic and personal character of the late G. M., of Canada, we give place to the following tribute to the memory of this good man and distinguished craftsman:

“Another of our brightest masonic luminaries has been quenched in the night of death. Less than six months ago, it was our melancholy task to announce the translation of our late lamented brother, the Grand Secretary, from this mortal to an immortal sphere; and now it becomes our sad duty to chronicle the departure to the Grand Lodge above, of the Most Worshipful Brother William Mercer Wilson, of Simcoe, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. Those who participated in the ceremonies on the occasion of the interment of Bro. Harris, will remember the prominent part taken in them by Bro. Col.

Wilson, in his capacity of Grand Master. He was then in the enjoyment of good health, with the prospect of a long continuance of the same, but a few months later he was stricken down with a severe, yet not dangerous illness, which, however, terminated fatally on the morning of the sixteenth of last month. The Craft has lost one of its brightest ornaments in Ontario, and the Fraternity a shining light, whose large experience, sound judgment and just decisions commended him as a masonic authority of the highest order. His services to Masonry have been great, and are fully appreciated, though they can never be adequately rewarded, for no man could have done more to advance its interests. He was among the first to aid in the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Canada; and so highly were his services at that time regarded, that he was chosen the first occupant of the Oriental Chair, which he held uninterruptedly for several years. In 1850 he was permitted to retire, and chosen again in 1866, holding the position for two years, which he only relinquished on account of acceptance of an office under the government. Five years later, he was again elected, and finally, at the Annual Communication in July last. The interest the late Grand Master manifested in the advancement of Freemasonry was such as to entail upon him much arduous labor, but he never faltered, on the contrary, he was most indefatigable in the work. He visited most of the United States Grand Lodges, with a view to whatever improvement could be effected in our own, and likewise devoted a great deal of time to an examination into the working of the lodges throughout what were then the two Provinces of Canada. His efforts were crowned with the greatest success, and the result was not merely a further accession to the ranks, but an infusion of greater vitality into the masonic bodies generally.

“The late Grand Master was initiated in St. John's Lodge, Simcoe, on the 11th of June, 1840, and elected Junior Warden in the same year, reaching the Master's Chair in 1842, and filling the same at intervals for ten years. Exalted to the sublime degree of a Royal Arch Mason in the Hiram Chapter, Hamilton, he was, on the revival of the Provincial Grand Lodge, under patent issued by the Grand Lodge of England, R. W. Bro. Sir Allan Napier Macnab being Grand Master, appointed Grand Pursuivant, and officiated as Grand Orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the St. Catharine's Town Hall, in 1848. When the Grand Chapter was organized, in 1857, he was elected First Principal. In 1852 he was installed Knight Companion of the Order of Knights Templars in the *Richard Cœur de Lion*, at London, Ontario. On the 21st October, 1865, he was enregistered as a Knight of Malta, and subsequently installed as Eminent Commander of the *Godfrey de Bouillon* Encampment of Hamilton. In 1865 he installed the first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia at Halifax; and on the 9th of May,

1866, was appointed Grand Constable of the Grand Conclave of England and Wales; and on the 28th August of the same year was appointed to the honorary rank of a Past Deputy Provincial Commander of Knights Templars in Canada. He was an honorary member of several subordinate lodges, both in Canada and the United States, and Grand Representative of the Grand Lodges of Illinois, San Domingo and Cuba. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Kentucky. Our late brother was the recipient of many favors at the hands of the Fraternity, such as jewels, clothing and plate, among them one from the Grand Lodge of Canada, consisting of an elegant carved oak case, containing complete silver sets for breakfast, dinner and tea, valued, with the engraving, etc., at \$1,000. Having officiated at the laying of numerous corner-stones, he was presented with several silver trowels, among them one when the stone of the new masonic hall, Hamilton, was laid. Full of masonic honors, he has lain down to take his rest.

"The writer's acquaintance with the late Grand Master began nearly twenty-seven years ago, just about the time he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of Militia, an honor he was very proud of when conferred. He was then the jolly, active Clerk of the Peace for the County of Norfolk, and lived in a hospitable home in the town of Simcoe. Few men were more widely known throughout the West, and we know of none who enjoyed a higher reputation for whatever ennobles a man and a public official.

"His public career was without a fault, and he had held many important positions, beginning with that of Commissioner of the Court of Requests, and ending with the Judgeship of the county. With the change in the law respecting Clerks of the Peace, he became Crown Attorney, for which he had qualified in 1853, by being called to the Bar, and on the death of Judge Salmon, he was appointed County Judge. For three years he presided over the County Councils as Warden, and commanded the Third Battalion of Norfolk Militia, from which he retired, however, in 1869, retaining his rank.

"Among the brethren of the 'Mystic Tie,' no one ever held a higher place in their esteem than the late Grand Master, and his presence will be greatly missed, for he was a safe counsellor and a judicious adviser in all matters pertaining to the Craft. It may be long ere he can be replaced with one holding such a commanding position in the ranks of the Fraternity. In the neighborhood where he resided so long and won the affection of the people, a blank has been caused which will not be easily filled, for he was truly loved and respected by all who knew him. It were useless to repine, now that he has gone to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

Noble, brave and generous as he was, true to his brother man, and

loyal to his country, he has gone, amid the deep, heart-felt regrets of those who knew him best and valued his worth the most.—*The Craftsman*.

WHAT MASONRY IS.

Water Scott well defines Freemasonry when he says :

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
That heart to heart and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

And Prior, who said :

It is like the ladder in Jacob's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.
Diffused in its virtues; boundless in its power ;
'Tis public health and universal cure,
Of heavenly manna, 'tis a second feast,
A nation's food, and all to every taste.

Ex.

MASONIC EPITAPH :—

Be this alone my epitaph,
When life has closed its span,
" Beneath this stone a BROTHER sleeps
Who loved his fellow man."

Ex.

"There is a world where all are equal,
We are hurrying toward it fast—
We shall meet upon the Level there, when the gates of death are past ;
We shall stand before the Orient, and the Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer, with His own unerring square.

" Let us meet upon the Level, then, while laboring patient here ;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe ;
Already in the western sky, the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square."

THE *Keystone* of March 7th pays the following compliment to a well-known Brother, now of this jurisdiction. It will be remembered by many of our readers that the Grand Lodge of Michigan refused to establish any Army Lodges : " Bro. James S. Reeves, M. D., now of East Tawas, Michigan, in 1861 enlisted in the army of the Union, and participated in all the Western campaigns. While at Bolivar, Tenn., he heard there was to be a meeting of Brethren at Masonic Hall, and attended it, and found that an Army Lodge, connected with the 68th Ohio Volunteers, was about to organize, under a warrant from the Grand Master of Ohio. Bro. Reeves being known as a Past Master, and Grand Lodge Lecturer, was unanimously elected W. M., and

served as such for three years, the warrant having been granted for that time. This Army Lodge held meetings at various places during the campaigns—at the Masonic Halls at Bolivar and Memphis, Tenn., in the pine bushes near Oxford, Miss., at Lake Providence, La., Vicksburg, Miss., in the bushes at several places near Atlanta, Ga., &c. When preparing to participate in Sherman's "March to the Sea," the Lodge Secretary was sent to Chattanooga on detached service, and the chest which contained the Lodge papers accompanied him, and has not been heard of since. Thus the records of Lodge work are lost. Its funds were spent in relieving the wants of those upon whom the war fell heavily. And nine-tenths of them went to the wives and children of Confederate soldiers—the most of it during the occupation of Vicksburg. The last Lodge meeting was held at Silk Hope Plantation, near Savannah, Ga., in a room at the headquarters of Gen. O. O. Howard, where the surviving members took the parting hand. Bro. Reeves, the W. M., carried the Lodge Warrant, enveloped in oiled silk, and belted around his body, from Bolivar, Tenn., in 1862, until Washington City was reached, in 1865. This Lodge gave Bro. Reeves a P. M.'s jewel, and his regiment gave him a splendid gold watch, from Tiffany's, New York. At Atlanta, Bro. Reeves became Surgeon-in-Chief of the Third Division, and held that position until he was mustered out, at the close of the war. He is now Secretary of Baldwin Lodge, No. 274, of East Tawas, Michigan, having previously served as its W. M. His long, varied, and honorable experience is no less a credit to the Craft than to himself."

THE GRAND CHAPTER of Royal Arch Masons of Michigan on Thursday, January 21st, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: G. H. P.—J. L. Mitchell, Jackson; D. G. H. P.—Wm. Brown, Battle Creek; G. K.—O. L. Spaulding, St. Johns; G. S.—Charles J. Kruger, Grand Rapids; G. T.—R. W. Laudon, Niles; G. C.—Rev. Wm. Howe, Grand Haven; G. C. H.—D. C. Spaulding, Lyons; G. P. S.—S. H. Horton, Pontiac.

WE respectfully call the attention of the *Kentucky Freemason* to the article on page 92 of its April session, on "Corner Stone Laying on the Sabbath," which is published as original, or least without credit.

It emanated from the Chairman of our Committee on Foreign Correspondence last year. It has been extensively copied and perhaps, by others, without credit.

THE "EASTERN STAR"—(how about the other "side degrees"?) has set it Utah. The Masons of that Salt Lake State did not, like Joshu old, order it "to stand still," but "to set." The "side degrees" are left wholly to the protection and care of Brigham.

JENISON LODGE, No. 322, located at Jenisonville, and chartered by last Grand Lodge, on March 11th, dedicated a fine new Hall, and installed its newly elected officers. R. W. Bro. Crawford, D. D. G. M. for the 9th Masonic District, acted as the dedicating and installing officer. Bro. W. R. Innes, of Grand Rapids, delivered the address at the Congregational Church of Jenisonville; a banquet followed; and the spare time, that intervened before the train left for Grand Rapids, was occupied by a "free snow-balling match," from which the Grand Rapids brethren retired in good order, but with damaged hats and honorable wounds.

WE ARE IN RECEIPT OF *The Craftsman and Canadian Masonic Record*. It is edited by R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, who, by appointment of the Grand Master, succeeds to the office of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, made vacant by the death of Brother Harris. We welcome it to our table as an interesting and able exponent of the Masonic tenets of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. In extending to it a cordial right hand of editorial fellowship, we also wish it abundant success.

BRO. GEO. FRANK GOULEY, of St. Louis, Mo., editor and Grand Secretary, has just recovered from a severe and protracted illness, which seriously embarrassed him in the performance of duties and labors. A similar experience of our own enables us to heartily regret the illness and to rejoice at the recovery.

VALLEY CITY LODGE, No. 86, on the 6th inst., recognized the faithful services of two of its Past Masters—Bros. Benedict and Wheeler—by presenting each with a P. M. jewel of pure gold.

Tidings from the Craft.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICH.

Editor Freemason:

DEAR SIR, AND BRO.—Will you, through the columns of your magazine, advise the craft throughout the State, that an old woman by the name of Mrs. Sage, (with many *aliases*,) is traveling through the country and imposing on the craft by means of false representations, and a certificate purporting to have been given by Kendall Larker, of Anamosa, Ia.

This woman is an imposter of the worst, and (to the brethren) most dangerous kind; for she takes advantage of her age and sex to solicit alms—when, in fact, she is neither needy or worthy.

Her story is: She lost all her goods, etc., in the first Chicago fire; is now going somewhere, and, owing to some accident which has befallen her, she is out of funds—wants about ten dollars to carry her to her destination.

In this way she makes this business *pay*, and as there are many worthy objects of masonic charity, whose claims will be less likely to be favored if the brethren are allowed to be swindled by this creature, I am anxious to warn the lodges in this jurisdiction against her.

Fraternally yours,

A. HALSTEAD ELLIS,
Member of Middleville Lodge 231.

R. W. BRO. J. M. S. MCCORKLE, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, died on the 5th inst., and was buried by the Grand Lodge on Sunday, March 7th, at Louisville. He had been, for twenty years, Grand Secretary and was widely known, and as universally respected and loved, for the qualities that may adorn the head and the heart of a man and a Mason.

Formal funeral services will again occur at the annual communication of the Grand Lodge in October next. R. Bro. John M. Todd has been appointed Grand Secretary to fill the place vacated by death:

HALL OF LOCUST LODGE, No. 623, F. & A. M.
OWANECO, CHRISTIAN CO., ILL., FEB. 25TH, 1875.

To all whom it may concern:

BRETHREN:—At a special meeting of our Lodge, on Wednesday eve., the 24th inst., Bro. Joseph McClusky was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry. Said McClusky, having defrauded a number of Masonic Brethren and others in this vicinity, will no doubt try to swindle others with whom he may come in contact. We therefore, warn the brotherhood at large, to beware. Said McClusky is a man about 33 years old, about 5 feet 11 inches in height, well built and rather corpulent, weighs about 200 lbs; his hair is of a light auburn, wears a rather heavy mustache, and a small bunch of chin whiskers of the same hue; he has light hazel eyes, and hardly ever looks any one straight in the face; his upper front teeth are large, uneven, and protrude, a fact which is concealed by his heavy mustache. His manners and disposition are rather unassuming, and well calculated to deceive.

By order of the Lodge,

J. J. DANFORD, Sec'y.

A. B. LEEPER, W. M.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a special communication of Decatur Lodge, No. 99, F. and A. M., held in Masonic Hall on the 1st of March, 1875, the following reso-

lutions relative to the death of brother W. Henry Beattie were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe, in the dispensation of His Divine Providence, to call from our midst our worthy brother, O. H. Beattie; and

WHEREAS, The Masonic ties which have bound us in mutual friendship to our departed brother are severed, no more to be reunited until the day when the grave shall yield up its dead; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, W. H. Beattie, we recognize that wisdom which, while it removes from our midst an esteemed brother, from the domestic circle a kind husband and father, from society a valuable citizen, a warm friend and good neighbor, admonishes us not only of the uncertainties of life, but of the many sterling virtues which he exhibited in his daily intercourse with the world, and in the devotion to the principles of his profession and of a mason.

Resolved, That we earnestly sympathize with the bereaved family and friends of our deceased brother, and pray for them that consolation the world can neither give nor take away.

Resolved, That this lodge wear the badge of mourning for the next thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this lodge, a copy transmitted to the family of our deceased brother, and a copy to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, the *Van Buren County Republican*, and *Paw Paw True Northerner*.

CHARLES SCHUSTER,
S. M. HESS,
FRED. E. MINNIS, } Committee.

BRADY LODGE No. 208, F. & A. M., at Vicksburg, on March 20th, 1875, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, The Grand Master above, after a long and painful illness has removed from his labor on earth, our highly esteemed brother, Jefferson Brown; therefore,

Resolved, That while we deeply mourn the dispensation that has deprived us of the presence of a true man and an upright mason, we bow to the mandate of the Supreme Ruler, and look hopefully forward to a reunion in the Grand Lodge above, where He forever presides.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathy to the family and friends of our departed brother in this dark hour of their sorrow and bereavement.

Resolved, That the lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered on the records; a copy, signed by the Master and Wardens, with the seal of the lodge affixed, presented to the family of our deceased brother, and copy sent to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON for publication.

J. W. McELVAIN, Sec'y.

E. G. DEMING, Committee.

At a regular communication of Bailey Lodge, No. 287, of F. & A. M., held at Breedsville, Saturday evening, March 20th, 1875, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, The great harvester, Death, has again visited us, and taken from our number our worthy brother Duane D. Briggs; and

WHEREAS, Brother Briggs has been a member of this Bailey Lodge No. 287, of F. & A. M., of Breedsville, Mich., since its organization,

and was beloved by us for his integrity as a man and a mason, and his untiring interest in our lodge; therefore be it

Resolved, That the death of our brother D. D. Briggs removes from our lodge a beloved brother and Worthy Master; from the domestic circle a kind husband and father; from society a valuable citizen, a warm friend and good neighbor; it also reminds us not only of the uncertainty of life, but of the many virtues which he exhibited in his daily intercourse with the world, and in his devotion to the principles of his profession as a man and a mason.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and friends of our departed brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this lodge, and a copy presented to the family of our departed brother, and a copy transmitted to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, Paw Paw *True Northerner*, South Haven *Sentinel*, Hartford *Day Spring*, and Bangor *Reflector*.

W. H. KNOWLES, }
L. H. BAILEY, } Committee.
N. H. ADAMS, }

N. H. ADAMS, Sec'y.

DIED.—At Adrian, Mich., March 17th, 1875, at 11:45 o'clock A. M., Erastus H. Lyman, aged 54 years, W. M. of Greenly Lodge, No. 103, F. & A. M.

At a special meeting of Greenly Lodge, No. 103, F. & A. M., held at Adrian, March 19th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Death has again knocked at the portals of our lodge, and has taken from thence our esteemed brother and Worshipful Master, Erastus H. Lyman.

Resolved, That the upright conduct and innate honesty, which characterized him in every relation of life, and the intelligent and unwearied performance of his duties in the lodge in every station which by his merit he had obtained, from the lowest to the highest rank, which it was in our power to confer, were striking tokens of his membership and of his true worth as a man and as a Mason. Stricken (as we might say in the prime of life) with an incurable disease, while in the full enjoyment of all the business and pleasure of life, knowing full well that his days were numbered, he was sustained by the high principles of the order of which he was an honored member. His memory will long remain green with us.

Resolved, That we deeply mourn with his afflicted orphan child, and tender her our earnest and heartfelt sympathies in this, her great bereavement.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed brother, the preamble and resolutions appended be entered upon the proceedings of this lodge, and that an attested copy of the same be forwarded to his family, and that as a special token of our respect for our deceased Worshipful Master, this lodge be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary cause to be delivered to each of the city papers, and to the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, copies of the foregoing preamble and resolutions for publication.

W. L. MILLS, }
W. T. TEARNS, } Committee.
J. W. BALDWIN, }

HEMAN LOOMIS, Sec'y.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—APRIL, A. L. 5875.—NO. X.

EGOTISM.

It is generally allowed that one of the greatest blessings in life is the possession of a good, servicable hobby. If we proceed to inquire what is the best of all possible hobbies, the answer would apparently be, that which is closest to us on all occasions, which gives the greatest opportunity for the use of all our faculties, and in which we have the most exclusive possession. Nothing, therefore can be a more serviceable hobby to a man than himself. The man, that is, who takes a lively interest in observing his own character, development and history, has always at hand an inexhaustible source of interesting remark. Some people can amuse themselves with art, or natural history, or antiquarianism; but the study of their own psychological peculiarities suggests more subjects for speculation, and requires less elaborate apparatus, than any of these. Moralists, it is true, are in the habit of denouncing the practice when it is called by the ugly name of morbid introspection; as they are also in the habit of praising it when it is prescribed in the philosophical formula "know thyself." There is a good and a bad name for most qualities, and by judiciously ringing the changes upon them we can succeed in making our advice as imposing as we please, and yet bending it into conformity with our accidental prejudices. The number of fallacies which surround the whole question as to our proper attitude of mind in regard to ourselves is indeed more than usually great. There is a hopeless confusion, for example, as to the right meaning of such words as vanity, pride and conceit. Sometimes pride is represented as incompatible with vanity, and sometimes as shading into it by imperceptible degrees. The main source of such ambiguities seems to be a confusion which has obscured many

subjects—the confusion, that is, between the intellectual and the emotional point of view. Two men may agree in holding a very high opinion of their own merits. Each of them may think in all sincerity that he is a great genius. But one of them may have a very sympathetic character, and consequently take great pleasure in hearing his praises repeated by others. The other may be reserved and self-contained, and therefore indifferent to the opinions formed about him by his neighbors. Or again, our sympathetic person may for various reasons have come to the conclusion that he is a fool, and another of similar character that he is a genius. The man who thinks highly of himself is called vain, and when it appears that his more modest neighbor is equally anxious for external sympathy, though less confident that it will be favorable to him, he is said to show vanity in a distorted shape. An excessive diffidence is frequently attacked upon this ground, and is supposed to prove vanity coupled with insincerity. The judgment is very harsh, and generally quite unfounded: A man may surely be quite sincere in taking a low opinion of his own powers, and yet be very anxious for praise. The truth is that the rough classification of character implied in our popular language is totally inadequate, and that we constantly stretch such words as “proud” and “vain” to indicate half-a-dozen radically different forms of character. It is very unfair, though natural enough, to argue from a man's sentiment about himself that he holds that opinion as to his character which the sentiment seems to us to imply; for, in fact, the opinion may be due to a hundred different causes, to which the man's disposition contributes only a single element.

Thus egotism, though it is an ugly word, is applied to a great many varieties of character, some of which, so far from being offensive, are amusing, and, it may be, amiable. The brutal egotist is the man who thinks it better that his neighbor should starve than that he should have a glass of wine the less for his dinner. We cannot deny that this is an immoral doctrine, and one which can scarcely be held by a lover of his species. But it is a familiar fact that a man may hold opinions which should logically lead to this conclusion, and yet be a thoroughly good-natured person. We may take, for example, the typical case of Goldsmith. We assume the truth of the stories which well-meaning biographers have endeavored to disprove; being willing, as it seems, to save their hero from the imputation of harmless foibles at the expense of making him commonplace. The ideal Goldsmith, at any rate, was the man who was jealous because a pretty girl received more attention than himself, or because people stared at a puppet-show when he was passing; and who expected people to admire his immortal bloom-coloured coat, instead of listening to Johnson's best conversation. Goldsmith, if such stories are to be taken literally, must have

had a ludicrous notion of his own importance; and, if men's conduct were regulated by syllogisms, he must have thought his own reputation the most valuable thing in the world. Unluckily for us, few persons were more careless of their glory; and there is evidently no real paradox if we admit that what was called his vanity merely meant his constant craving for sympathy. He was always trying to "get in and shine," not because he thought seriously that he was a first-rate talker, but because the applause of his fellow-creatures was infinitely refreshing to his sympathetic nature. There are innumerable other varieties of egotism which may vary from the most delightful to the most hateful quality. Sometimes we abuse a man as egotistical simply because he is incapable of concealing what others are wise enough to hide; or because he is so amiable that he is glad of anybody's good opinion. It is always difficult to pardon anyone who asks us, however unconsciously, for the alms of a compliment. Few people are capable of praising a man to his face with any degree of gracefulness, and they revenge themselves upon the person who begs for it. Humility of this kind is, perhaps, even more offensive than vanity. When a man is obviously on good terms with himself, we rather like him for not wanting our praises and allowing us to think badly of him. But, however genuine his desire for our good-will, we can hardly forgive him for allowing his wishes to appear too plainly. He is an awkward companion, and the spice of ill-nature in our composition prompts us to give him a stone when he seeks for bread. The egotism which finds mercy with rougher companions is that which is obviously self-sufficing. That which is popular with the more discriminating is the egotism which conceals itself under a mask of humour. If a man delights in displaying his idiosyncrasies, and yet ostensibly laughs at them, we may be flattered by being taken into his confidence. We are amused by the charming egotism of Montaigne, because he appears to anticipate our amusement. A judicious tone of self-banter is necessary to propitiate the conceit of our neighbors, and, having made that concession, we may talk about ourselves as much as we please. Goldsmith was just a little too simple. If he had laughed at his own absurdities they would have turned into witticisms. The difference between a blunder and a smart saying very often consists simply in the fact that the blunderer is conscious in one case and not in the other. It requires indeed some good taste to guard against slipping into buffoonery, and any attempt at humour presupposes a certain amount of intelligence in the audience. Though few qualities are more praised than a sense of humour, or more often claimed, there are few which are in reality rarer. The lady who was seriously shocked by Sidney Smith's proposal to take off his flesh and sit in his bones had about the ordinary intelligence in such matters. Till a man has established a reputation for humour he should be careful

to give plain notice of his jokes ; as, when he has once established the reputation, he will probably find that his simplest remarks are supposed to carry some profound meaning.

However difficult it may be to make other people accept our egotism in society, there can be no doubt that it is a quality admirably calculated to secure our own happiness. Moralists have sometimes been tempted to admit that a thorough uncompromising selfishness is the quality which, after all, produces the greatest net result of enjoyment. A man who resolutely disregards everything except his own happiness, who regulates his hours to live as long and healthily as possible, avoids all over-excitement, and therefore keeps his heart cold and his digestion good, never joins in a new movement for fear of compromising himself, never gives away a half-crown till he is sure that he cannot get more pleasure out of it by spending it on himself, never loses a good thing for want of asking, or refuses it when it comes out of diffidence, makes it a matter of principle to drop all friends in distress, and keeps closely to those who can make it worth his while, has undoubtedly a good deal to say for himself in this world. But this is hardly the happiest kind of egotism, because it implies a coldness of temper which is scarcely compatible with the great powers of enjoyment. The happy egotist is the man whose geese are all swans ; who is profoundly convinced that his own house is the best situated, his own clothes the best made, and his own verses the best written of any in the country. He need not be in the least degree selfish. His conscience will applaud him more loudly than other people's, but it need not applaud him in the wrong places. It will convince him, if he is a clergyman, that nobody can preach such good sermons or attend so warmly to the welfare of his parishioners ; but that conviction may make him all the more eloquent and self-sacrificing. And even if he does not entertain that consoling conviction, it is still something for a man to be profoundly interested in his own affairs merely on the ground that they are his own. The difference between people in this respect is greater than we sometimes imagine. Some people are moved to tears by the sight of the house where they were born or the school where they were bred, not because they expect that a tablet will be placed on their dwelling-place to enlighten future generations, that the school will found a scholarship in their honor, nor yet because they have stronger affections for their relations or their schoolfellows than others. It is merely that the instinct of property is more strongly developed in them, and that any object which has been in contact with them somehow arrays itself in a kind of imaginative halo. Such people keep old letters which cooler persons would burn, but which are sacred in their eyes, simply because addressed to themselves. At every step they find some special interest. Old drawers full of rubbish are romantic in their

eyes. The most trivial mention of themselves in a newspaper is full of interest. They investigate problems as to the origin of their tastes or habits with never-failing zest. They may be as free as others from that perverse habit of introspection which is so often denounced, not because they do not care about themselves, but because their minds are too happily constituted to make such self-examination provocative to remorse. They look into their own spiritual and intellectual machinery, but from a scientific curiosity rather than a conscientious interest. They do not ask whether they are good or bad, but are simply occupied with a more interesting puzzle. In their old age such people write autobiographies, and autobiographies are the most charming of all books. If everybody were egotistical enough to compose such a work before he died, and if—which is indeed a necessary condition—there was some board of independent critics to destroy the failures, we should have a body of literature more interesting than any history or fiction now composed.—*Saturday Review*.

HOME HYGEINE.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JR.

I have long thought that a paper might advantageously be directed to some of the details of the sanitary arrangement of farm-houses as to any other topic, and surely no other is of nearly so great importance. Health, so far as it is affected by proper arrangements for disposing of refuse or organic matter, is more dependent upon the direct intervention of individual householders in the country than in towns. On a farm, the circumstances and conditions under which the family live are entirely, or almost entirely under the control of the farmer himself, while in towns every one is more or less affected by the circumstances attending his neighbor's mode of life; therefore, while calamities befalling those in towns may be to a certain extent beyond their individual control, much of the death and disease from which the farmer's family suffers, results from causes for which he alone is responsible, and which he might have removed. Nothing is more common than for every death and every case of sickness to be ascribed to the workings of an inscrutable Providence. By far the greater proportion of the affliction to which mankind is subject, comes not by the act of God, but by the act of man himself. The range of what is called preventable disease is now known to be very wide, and all such diseases it should be the first duty of a man to prevent. Much of this—that to which I especially wish to ask attention—is not only preventable disease, but is disease that is called into existence only by the act or by the neglect of man, and it is not too much to say, (after the thorough investigations of the subject that have been

made by sanitary authorities), that there has never been a case of typhoid fever that was not almost directly caused by the ignorance, or by the criminal neglect of some person whose duty it should have been to prevent it. Such disease never comes without cause, and its cause is never anything else than organic poisoning arising from decaying organic matter, or from the spread of the infection directly from a patient suffering from the disease.

Typhoid fever has many names, all of which are suggestive of its origin. It is called "drain-fever," "sewer-fever," "cess-pool-fever," "foul-well-fever," "night-soil-fever," etc., and it is *never* caused except by the introduction into the system of the germs of the disease—which can originate only through the operation of neglected organic wastes, or by communication through the lungs or stomach by means of foul air or water, or of germs arising from the persons or from the excreta of typhoid patients. So far as its contagion is concerned, ample ventilation of the sick-room, and the immediate removal or disinfection of the feces are ample preventives. It is not contagious as small-pox is, but its spread is caused by the action of germs which infect the locality of the patient, and extend more or less widely according to the precautions used to confine it. There is not necessarily the least danger that the disease will attack even the constant attendant of the patient, if proper care is taken. This part of the subject may, perhaps, be left to the control of the physician who has charge of the case; but with the farmer himself must rest the entire responsibility of the *origin* of every *first* case breaking out in his household. This is a certain and thoroughly well-established fact, and there attaches to him the full measure of guilt for every such case. This is a responsibility for which the community should hold him strictly accountable. It would really be as correct to ascribe a red-handed murder to Providence as to attempt in this way to console ourselves for a fatal attack of typhoid fever. We are taught that we shall not cleave our child's skull with an ax, and that if we do, death will surely result; but we are no less absolutely taught that we shall not poison our child's blood with the foul emanations of our drinking-water wells, lest the same fatal result follow. We may ignorantly load the water with which our families are supplied with lead-poison, and so be without the guilt of intention; or we may ignorantly poison our wells by the infiltration of infected organic matter, and in this case, as in the other, be acquitted of the charge of criminal intent. But in these days, when so much has been published concerning the origin of diseases of this class, however free we may be of all criminal intent, the serious charge of criminal neglect must surely lie at our door.

Now, this may seem very savage talk to put into a paper intended for the perusal of the intelligent farmers of an enlightened country, but

any one who will give attention to the subject, will confess that it is precisely the sort of talk which is most needed, and which, if well heeded, will produce the most beneficial results in every quarter of the country. There are other diseases, resulting some in death and some only in illness and its consequent loss of service, which come more or less under the same head, but typhoid fever is so universally prevalent in country-houses, is so fatal in its effects, and is so readily prevented, that it constitutes the most conspicuous type of its class, and is most entitled to consideration. It may be assumed, without hesitation, that whenever a pronounced case of typhoid breaks out in an isolated country-house, or when any form of low fever occurs, though it may fail to assume a distinct typhoid character, there is in that house, or about it, or in connection with its supply of drinking-water, some accumulation of neglected filth, some pile of rotten vegetables in the cellar, some overflow from a barnyard, some spot of earth saturated with the slops of the kitchen, or some other form of impurity to which the origin of the disease may be distinctly traced. The *spread* of typhoid is very generally occasioned by germs contained in the bowel discharge of fever patients, but the disease is constantly originating itself where no such cause exists, and every first attack is a plain indication that either at home, or in some house at which the patient has visited, one or two things has occurred:

1. There has been an exhalation of poisonous organic gases from a privy-vault, from a kitchen-yard, from a neglected cellar, or from some other source of bad air, which has entered the lungs and planted there the germs of the disease; or,
2. Either in the food or in the drink of the patient, these germs, originating in the same organic putrescence, have found their way to the stomach. In either case the blood is attacked; the subject may have been sufficiently robust and vigorous, or sufficiently unsusceptible to infection to have avoided a serious or fatal illness, but in every instance the danger has been incurred, and, when incurred, the risk must be the same as in taking any other form of slow poison. This is not theory, but simply a well established fact demonstrated by long, careful, and frequently repeated investigation. The precise character of typhoid infection, and the exact manner of operation when introduced into the blood, are not known, but that it always originates in the way described, and that it may invariably be prevented by the use of proper sanitary precautions, is absolutely known.

This being the case, it lies perfectly within the province of every farmer, (and if the farmer will not attend to such matters of his own accord, his wife has a way of urging him into it), to remove while it is yet time, any source of infection to which his house may be liable. Vegetables, in any considerable amount, should not be kept in the house cellar, at least once a week the floor of the cellar should be swept,

and every shred of waste vegetables removed. Even when this is done, the cellar should be ventilated by a window or other small opening toward the quarter least exposed to cold winds (and in summer on all sides); the privy, if a privy is used, should be well away from the house, and especially far from the well, unless its contents are received in a tight box; and entirely absorbed by dry earth or ashes, and even then frequently removed; the chamber-slops of the house should *never*, under *any* circumstances, be thrown into the privy vault, nor into a porous cess-pool, from which they can leach into the well, and into and around the foundation of the house; the same disposal of the liquid wastes of the kitchen is desirable, but not so absolutely important. It is, however, important that this should be led by an imperviable drain to a point well away from the house and from the well; swill, and all manner of nondescript refuse material, such as is sloughed off by every household in the ordinary course of its living, should be removed at least daily from the near vicinity of the dwelling, and the vessels in which it accumulates should be frequently cleansed and aired; manure heaps should not be left to ferment and send off their exhalations at a point whence frequent winds waft them toward and into the dwelling, nor should the barn-yard be allowed to drain, (either over the surface or through a porous soil,) toward the house or well. If these precautions are taken, the well will be tolerably safe, and, in most cases, absolutely safe, but if there is any doubt on the point, then let no well-water be drank except after boiling: or the drinking-water of the house may be taken entirely from a filtering cistern, of which the filtering bed is sufficient to hold back all organic matter. If all these points are well attended to, and if the ordinary rules of cleanliness be observed in the household, the members of the family may be considered safe against attacks of typhoid fever.

I might readily, in this connection, show that in carrying out the various details given above concerning the disposal of household wastes, the farmer would only be consulting his pecuniary interests, by increasing the value of his manure, and the economical use of his kitchen wastes, but I do not purpose to weaken the argument by an observance of these simple sanitary rules, one may save those he loves and cherishes, and for whose well-being he is accountable, from the assaults of our most wide-spread and our most nearly fatal disease, and that by neglecting them, he brings upon his own head the responsibility of their illness, their suffering, and their premature death, ought to be a sufficient appeal to any conscientious, civilized man.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

DISPUTES.—It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

CITY OF GOD.

BY S. W. DUFFIELD.

"For my Brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee!"

City of God, grown old with silent faces
 Lying beneath the shadow of the clay,
 Thine are the towers built up in barren places,
 Thine the great bastions waiting for the day.

Dim through the night stone after stone arises,
 Bold through the dawn step forth the peaks of flame,
 Touched with the splendor of those glad surprises
 By which the blessing of the Spirit came.

Toilers of truth are we, who at our labour
 Keep the sharp sword still girded at the thigh,
 Heeding no summons of the pipe or tabor,
 Fighting and building till the end be nigh.

Thus, then, we build thro' storm and pleasant weather;
 Thus, then, we pray by morning and by night;
 Heart knit with heart; and hands at work together—
 Beset by foes until Thou givest light.

City of God! thy peace is our petition;
 City of God! our brethren dwell in thee;
 And for their sakes, in true and deep contrition,
 We seek thy good, O dwelling of the free.

DAYLIGHT.

If I was but born to die,
 Life a "fitful fever,"
 Why is earth so lovely?—why
 Must I love and leave her?
 Why is life so sweet and fair,
 Yet so fickle-hearted,
 That she can desert me ere
 Daylight hath departed?

Am I only born to die?
 Or, as thought condenses,
 Find I something, in this I
 Greater than the senses?
 Something that I do not know,
 And I need not cherish,
 Yet must live forever, though
 Day itself shall perish.

What is death? A dreamless sleep?

Or a new awaking?

What is death?—a nope to keep

Breaking hearts from breaking?

What is death — an endless night,

Darkness gathered o'er it?

What is death — a sudden light,

Daylight pales before it!

—*Good Words.*

FARMS UNDER THE SEA.

It is an old maxim that what is worth having can only be acquired by hard labor. The low lands which have been formed east of the German Ocean from the silt and mud brought down from the interior by the rivers Rhine, Scheldt, and Meuse must have seemed worth having to the old forest men of the first centuries of the christian era, or they would not have built their habitations in the unhealthy marshes, and entered upon a contest with winds and tides for their possession. As the result of this terrible contest, some of the worst land in Europe has been made its garden spot. Here in the Netherlands, or low lands, were bog and drifting sand, lake, pond; marsh, river, and ocean floods, and undoubtedly, when cultivation first commenced, all manner of reptiles and creeping things in its stagnant pools and muddy basins. How could it be possible to bring land into tilth which was absolutely lower than the ocean tides, and which was swept by the fiercest blasts from the seas? But it has been done, and now let us consider briefly *how*, or what methods have been resorted to for accomplishing such stupendous results.

Of course, in order to reclaim this land, the first work to be done was to get rid of the superabundance of water. "Water, water everywhere" prevailed, and when fresh supplies were not furnished by the overflow of the rivers, the great inflowing tides turned the whole delta into one vast lake. At the lowest stage of water in the earliest times in the history of Holland, there were no less than 150 lakes, most of them lower than the level of the sea, which have all been pumped dry, and their shallow basins are now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. These lakes were drained long before a steam-engine was heard of; and long before London or Paris had in their neighborhoods a single garden for vegetables, the enterprising and thrifty Dutch sent to those cities cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables in great abundance.

When in Holland a few years ago, we counted from a tower near one of the cities no less than 173 windmills, nearly all of which were in motion; and in the motion of these mills is seen the vast power which has been utilized in raising the water from the lakes. It is easy to un-

derstand how water can be raised by such agencies, but where can it be put so as to be out of the way in such a low country? It would seem clear if it was pumped up a few feet and turned upon higher land, it would run directly back into the basins, to be again raised. To comprehend how this difficulty is surmounted, it must be first understood that all Holland is *dyked*; that is, there are embankments, constructed of mud, sand, and twigs, formed against the flow of the ocean, and others raised to keep out the fresh waters of the rivers, and over these embankments the water of the low lands is raised and poured into the sea. If a lake is to be pumped dry, the engineers first dig a ditch around it, two or three feet deeper than the lowest bed of the lake, and from this ditch, which has connection with the lake, the operation of pumping is carried on. The ditch serves not only to cut off all inflowing streams from springs or rivers, but is the reservoir into which flow the waters of the lake as the pumps gradually reduce its level. Around one of these lakes or water basins, in former times, windmills were kept at work day and night, often numbering several hundred. More than a hundred years ago the Dutch had 225,000 acres of land under cultivation which had been formerly the bed of lakes. Perhaps the greatest single work of making farms from land covered with water 14 feet 10 inches below low-water mark in the ocean, was commenced in 1836, to drain Haarlem Lake, with an area of 45,230 acres. This enormous labor was completed in 1852, and cost the round sum of \$3,592,537, or about \$79 per acre.

The preparations necessary to commence draining the lake cost a large sum of money and nearly a year's time. To remove the streams running into the lake, a canal forty miles in length, nine feet deep, and from 125 to 147 feet in width, was dug around it, and the earth excavated was made into a solid embankment between the canal and lake. This was not an easy task, for some swamp streams were almost bottomless, and swallowed a world of brush and gravel before the bed rose to the surface of the water. The canal and embankment constructed, and the long dike, also, against the ocean; three steam-engines of 350 horse-power each were procured from England; and to give them a solid foundation in the swamp mud, it was dug out 23 feet, and piles were driven 40 feet below. Each of these engines worked eleven powerful pumps of ten feet stroke. After working two years, and mostly night and day, the water was not out of Haarlem Lake. It was greatly reduced, and in one year more the dry land appeared. It was surveyed and sold for enough to pay all the cost and something over.

We were in Holland in 1856, four years after the water was pumped out, and we found 4,000 people living in this basin, in the midst of the most luxuriant gardens and fields, with their fat oxen, and cows carrying burdens of milk such as are seen nowhere else. These people were

lving securely 15 feet below low-water mark, and 30 feet below high-water mark in the ocean contiguous. It was indeed a most singular spectacle to stand on the dykes and look out upon the ocean covered with ships, their hulls several feet higher than the tops of the chimneys in the houses on the shore. What a wail of agony would go up from these hundreds of dwellings if a *crevasse* should occur in the dykes, and the sea pour in with a vast flood! But the sea will be kept out, if engineering skill and increasing vigilance avails anything. Not a moment, day or night, is this vigilance relaxed, and all materials are at hand to promptly stop any leak that may occur. To pump out the little kingdom of Holland, 3,000,000 of people have expended \$1,500,000,000; and to "keep her afloat" it requires an annual expenditure of more than \$10,000,000.

Land costing \$90 an acre in Holland pays well; it is regarded as a first-class investment, and consequently the rich old burghers of that remarkable country entered upon the gigantic work of pumping out the Zuyder-Zee, which is a salt lake of vast extent. How far this people will push themselves into the sea, or under the sea, it is impossible to conjecture; but if the good Queen of England does not wish her dominions annexed to Holland and the Continent, she had better stop the "progress" of the people of the "low countries."

There is less than two acres of improved land to each inhabitant in the Netherlands, and about one-half of this is in grass. The dairies of Holland are the neatest and most convenient in the world, and the Dutch butter commands the highest prices in Europe. The windmills are prominent objects all over the country, and they give to it quite a picturesque effect. They were in use more than 500 years ago, and ponds of 600 acres in extent were drained by their use early in the fifteenth century. We have tens of thousands of acres of low land in America as good as any in Holland, which can be brought into good tilth without the aid of windmills. All that is necessary is to drain at comparatively small expense, and the prize is in our own hands.—*Journal of Chemistry*.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Two years ago a few peas, in a very dry and hard state, were found in a sarcophagus containing a mummy, in the course of certain excavations going on in Egypt. The idea was conceived of testing the vitality of these peas, buried as they had been for thousands of years. Three of them were planted, which grew and produced enough to cover, in the year following, a considerable field. Some of the stalks reached a height of more than six feet, and attained a size which was altogether extraordinary, and a strength which rendered them self-

supporting. The flowers were white and rose-colored, and of delicious freshness. The pods were grouped on either side of the stalk, in a sort of circular zone toward the top, and not regularly distributed throughout the plant, as in the common pea. It is believed by those who have examined this ancient pea and tested its edible qualities that it belongs to the family of the ordinary pea of our gardens, but that it is a special variety distinguished by the characteristics above mentioned in regard to the form of the stalk and the disposition of the pods.

In corroboration of the fact that seeds will retain their vitality for an indefinite period when embedded deep in the earth, Prof. Von Heldreich, of Athens, Greece, states that on the removal of the mass of slag accumulated in working the Laurium silver mines, some fifteen hundred years ago, a quantity of a species of *glaucium*, or horn-poppy, has made its appearance; and, what is remarkable, it proves to be a new and undescribed species to which the name *glaucium serpierti* has been given. Prof. Niven, of the Hull Botanic Garden, England, in further corroboration of the same fact, mentions several instances of extraordinary vitality of seeds, from his own observation, and remarks that, "Doubtless the absence of air, an equable and unvarying condition as regards moisture and temperature, and above all the complete neutralization of the physical influence of the sunlight, constitute the means by which Nature exercises a preservative power in seeds as astounding as it is interesting."

To the above might be added the fact so well known to the farmers of Monmouth County, New Jersey, that the green-sand marl sown upon lands almost sterile "brings in white clover" (*Trifolium repens*) where it was not known before.

SHORT ESSAYS.

WHO is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honors others?

CHARITY is never lost: it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death. One proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

VALUE OF TIME.—As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no preserving industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be

otherwise ; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

IGNORANCE AND VIOLENCE.—There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the more ignorant were not the most violent ; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—*Popc.*

PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

Some persons actually read and believe the medical almanacs and advertisements of nostrums that flood the newspapers. How wisely they talk, these advertisements, about the necessity of purifying the blood ; but they would lead the ignorant and credulous to suppose that the only way to get pure blood is to take doses of the particular kind of patent medicine advertised. Many respectable families take it for granted that some kind of spring medicine is necessary to set the human system in working order, as winter's cold gives way before the approach of warm weather : whereas it is only necessary for them to "cease to do evil and learn to do well" in their daily eating, drinking, breathing, working and playing.

Persons who have learned and pay heed to the laws of health, find no necessity for spring medicines. They are all of the time purifying the blood by their simple daily habits. They aim to make their blood of good nourishing materials, and to "cleanse" it by pure air breathed into the lungs.

It seems to me more and more astonishing that the human body can stand so much abuse, especially in the way of bad air. People shut themselves into such close rooms in winter, especially at night, that it is no wonder that they are driven to all sorts of stimulants to whip up their flagging energies, and no wonder that they are "all run down" at the end of winter. One of the most common mistakes is the supposition that air is pure in proportion to its coldness, so that you have only to open a door into an unheated room, which is itself a reservoir of foul air perhaps, in order to ventilate sufficiently the living room or sleeping room. But the mistakes in diet alone are enough to account for the biliousness that prevails in early spring. A winter diet made largely of fat pork or of hot pancakes saturated with butter or fat, will pretty surely bring some sort of sickness in its wake.

THE NEED OF ACIDS.

When much fat pork is eaten there will always be a demand for pickles or vinegar, says the report of the Massachusetts Board of Health. The demand for acid is a genuine call of the system, but there

is no especial call for the strong acids, such as raw lemons and pickles, if one has from day to day the proper supply of moderately sour fruit. Half of the doctors would find their occupation gone if apples were freely used as an article of food. Fruit has never done us the good it might have done, because it has been eaten at improper hours, between meals or in the evening. It has actually been turned into a foe to good digestion by the processes of pickling and preserving. The old-fashioned "pound for pound" preserves are too sweet to serve the purpose of acid fruit, and too rich to have the nourishing effect of juicy, sweet fruit. They are simply sweetmeats, to be eaten with caution. Canned fruit is excellent, but fresh fruit is best whenever it can be obtained. The good effect of fresh fruit is often spoiled by the excess of sugar used with it.

When there is a craving for sour food, for pickles or for lemons, it is a strong indication that the system has a real need of acids, and lemons and vinegar are sometimes the best medicine to cure billiousness and restore a failing appetite. A year ago I saw a child pass through one of these poor spells. He lost his appetite, and could not bear the sight or smell of food, until he caught sight of a dish of dried apple sauce, and then he was possessed with a desire for some of the juice. This seemed to refresh him, and he ate, for his next meal, bread soaked in the juice of stewed dried apples. After that canned tomato, cooked with bread, helped forward the cure. Before this ill turn, he had, for a few weeks, lived almost entirely without fruit, contrary to his usual habit.

It is a common mistake to use fruit at the table only in the form of sauce at the evening meal, or encased in rich crusts as pie for dinner. In the latter case, the ill effect of the pie-crust is often greater than the good effect of the fruit inside the pie. As for the fruit sauce on the tea table, it is better than a heavy supper of meat, but there is some sense in the old saying that "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night."

Perhaps any kind of fruit or vegetable may be used to excess, or in too large a proportion as compared with the rest of the diet. Certainly acids should be used, in moderation, especially the strong kinds. Because the juice of a lemon may be an excellent cure for billiousness or flatulence or other disease, it by no means follows that school girls can thrive upon their daily use. In former days, when pale and slender maidens were in fashion, it was not very uncommon for silly girls to try to reduce their weight and ruddy hue by frequent sips of vinegar, and many a feeble woman, and many an early death has been the result of such tampering. A variety of vegetables and fruit, well-cooked, and eaten as appetite calls for them, will satisfy the natural demand for both sour and sweet food.—*American Agriculturist*.

A SERMON ON WATER.

It is very easy, says the *Times of India*, for teetotallers to say that water is incapable of doing anybody any harm, but facts are fearfully against that theory. Water has done more mischief in its time than all other liquors of which history makes mention. For one prince drowned by his own choice in a butt of wine, millions of men (of whom no doubt thousands were princes) have been drowned, much against their will, by water. But that is not necessarily treacherous, and it is said to be an easy mode of killing men. It is a more insidious and cruel death which water seems especially to delight in causing, and it is of use to call attention to this peculiarity of that over-praised element. Dr. Henry Blanc has just issued, in English and in French, a little book, which we cannot say is exactly a gay or jocular production, but which is certainly a very useful one, and which no well-regulated family should be without. It is called *Cholera, How to Avoid and Treat It*, and in it the learned doctor quotes from Dr. Cutcliffe an account of the manner in which the epidemic that is now spreading over Europe took its rise—in water—in 1867. In that year three millions of pilgrims, of whom a handful had come from a cholera district, assembled at Hurdwar, a few miles from the spot where the Ganges escapes from the Himalayas. On the 12th of April the three millions resolved to bathe and drink. "The bathing-place of the pilgrims was a space 650 feet long by 30 feet wide, shut off from the rest of the Ganges by rails. Into this long narrow inclosure pilgrims from all parts of the encampment crowded as closely as possible from early morn to sunset; the water within this space, during the whole time, was thick and dirty—partly from the ashes of the dead, brought by surviving relatives to be deposited in the water of their river god, and partly from the washing of the clothes and bodies of the bathers. Now, pilgrims at the bathing ghaut, after entering the stream, dip themselves under the water three times or more, and then drink of the holy water, whilst saying their prayer. The drinking of the water is never omitted; and when two or more members of a family bathe together, each from his own hand gives to the other water to drink. On the evening of the next day, the 13th of April, eight cases of cholera were admitted into one of the hospitals at Hurdwar. By the 15th, the whole of this vast concourse of pilgrims had dispersed," carrying the cholera in every direction over India; it attacked the British troops along the various routes, it passed the northern frontier, got into Persia, and so on into Europe, where it will work its wicked will for some time to come. That is a sample of the mischief water can do in the way of spreading disease. The lesson should not be lost upon the Government when next three millions of its subjects desire to bathe and drink in an area 650 feet long by 30 feet

broad. Neither should it be lost on white water-drinkers who, on their travels in the mofussil, drink freely from lotas, without troubling themselves as to the whereabouts or character of the crystal spring at which they were filled.—*Medical Press.*

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

This is the district school-house on the corner, of thirty-five years ago, whose desks and benches had been cut, hacked, notched, and polished to an oily smoothness by many generations of uneasy, squirming, and destructive school-boys. Ink-stains were everywhere, and the walls in places showed immense black blotches as if violently hurled ink-bottles had burst upon them. All day in school arose a hurly-burly—a riot, as it were, on the point of breaking out. Study and recitation, feet-shuffling and whispering, reading and writing, mischief and correction, laughing and crying, all went on together.

School for us was a prison. Nothing was so eagerly welcomed as the hour for dismissal. Indeed the chief pleasure of going to school was to get out again.

The school master was generally from Connecticut, belonging to a class perhaps one degree higher than the Yankee clock-peddler, though by no means so gifted with money-making practicality. They were by us boys divided into two classes—those who “licked” and those who “didn’t lick.” The cowhide was their favorite weapon. Their chief qualifications were ability to write a good hand, to mend quill-pens, and to cipher. They were men who had tried many things, succeeded at nothing, and who pushed into pedagogy as a last resort.

We studied aloud, repeating with a certain desperate energy the sentence to be learned, time after time, until it was supposed to be firmly rooted in the brain; this being accompanied by a rocking motion of the body, the double physical and mental action causing the school-house buzz. The buzz might on a quiet summer’s afternoon be heard many rods distant. It ebbed and flowed. It rose higher and higher, until the voice of some child repeating its letters to the teacher would be fairly drowned. Then came a few smart raps with the directing ferule, and the buzz toned down almost to silence, save perhaps in the case of some unfortunate so absorbed in this mechanical repetition as to be unable to control his noisy momentum. But in a few moments the warning would be forgotten, and the buzz rise to its culminating point, to be feruled down as before.

The principal and favorite study of our village school was to do something that was forbidden. Ingenious devices of mischievous tendency were ever going on behind the shelter of the desk-covers. To construct fly-cages—top and bottom cork—to catch unlucky insects and

imprison them therein ; to blow surreptitious soap-bubbles ; to rig toy vessels ; to twist horse-hair bird-snares on diminutive reels ; to paint in pictorial histories the battle of Bunker's Hill, sky-blue ; to dig laboriously with knife-blades through desk-covers ; to manufacture green-willow whistles, and blow softly upon them ; to forge quill pop-guns ; to pull loose teeth ; to chew and throw spit-balls ; to slyly punch other boys passing by ; to ascertain into how many uncouth shapes the human face might be twisted, and cultivate *strabismus* ; to balance rulers skillfully on the chin ;—all this and far more was the chief occupation of the scholar ; to catch him therein, that of the teacher.

The big boys were tyrants, and chewed tobacco, a feat which excited the emulation and admiration of their juniors. Fast-growing, stout, and muscular, aware of their youthful strength, they could not avoid contrasting their physical proportions with those of the spare, sallow man, whose life passed year after year in the close atmosphere of these school-rooms, sent him out of the world long ere his time *via* consumption. The possibilities of a personal contest between Jim Mott and the master was looked forward to, half in fear, half in delight, by little boy-admirers of the Great Mott.

Our village school-house was furnished with a "box-stove," an apparatus incapable of maintaining a moderate degree of temperature, insatiable in its demand for wood, filling the room with smoke, roaring one moment at red heat, the next rapidly tending toward zero. Those sitting near it were partly baked, those in the far corners half-frozen. "Please le' me stand by the stove" was one of the most frequent requests made to the master ; and when the unhappy boy had secured the privilege, he burned his wet boots and possibly attempted the roasting of smuggled snow-balls.

As the stove in winter, so in summer the water-pail was the Mecca of numberless pilgrimages ; the smaller the boy the larger the amount drank. Thus, a boy of seven years would be allowed to imbibe a gallon during the morning session, simply as one means of relief from the tediousness of sitting for hours on a bench and poring over a primer, under the delusion held by himself, master and parents, that he was "studying." Should two boys reach the pail together, a silent and subdued contest for the dipper ensued, it being a custom for the one who obtained possession of it to procrastinate the draught as long as possible, by holding his nozzle in the full vessel long after all capacity for swallowing had ceased.

The speedy exhaustion of the bucket was always aimed at, as then two boys designated by the master would enjoy a few minutes' release from confinement while filling it at the nearest well ; an operation always protracted to its utmost length, for every moment lived outside the building during school-hours was deemed golden.

The writing exercise formed one of the daily agonies of our village school. It came on at one P. M. Its maximum of misery was reached in warm weather. Forty restless flushed, perspiring boys, their heads full of bird-nesting and other arduous summer sports, grappled with their copy-books. Hands grimy and wet with perspiration, nerves not yet toned down from the effects of a half-hour's play, they plunge into this unwelcome task with a rude vigor which borders on desperation. Ink spatters, splatters, and blotches the page; pens slowly and laboriously scrape, scratch and split over the paper; daubs of ink creep far up their finger ends; some voluntarily and others involuntarily rub blackness on their faces; shades of brown from grimy fingers and wrists form under each last-written sentence; capitals fall through the lines, and seem to be desperately struggling to regain their proper position; at times, the letters comprising a word appear to have dissolved all connection with each other; again, and they fuse into an indistinguishable mass. As the exercise proceeds, tongues loll out, and writhe laboriously in unison with the curves; legs kick and twist nervously under the desks; pens immersed in ink and dripping with fluid blackness are shaken in every direction. The last two or three lines are dispatched with a celerity which reduces half the letters to a mere horizontal scratch; a panic appears to have overtaken them. Then the leaves of the copy-book are joyfully slapped together, the ink still undried perpetuating itself on the opposite page; the pen is wiped in the pupil's mouth regardless of the astringent and coloring properties of iron and tannic acid—and the exercise is over.

The very acme of juvenile intellectual torture at the village school was realized in attempting to "write compositions." On "composition day" every one was required to bring his written views, impressions, and opinions on subjects sometimes previously designated by the master, sometimes left to the pupil's own selection. In either case the agonizing process was the same, the operation beginning with the shutting up of the victims alone in a room with the necessary pens, paper, and ink. The first step was easy, being that of heading the foolscap with the title of the subject. That completed, there it remained for hours, the composer writhing in the vain attempt to say something about "The Horse" or "The Cow." The horse was generally pronounced a "very useful animal," after which both fact and imagination refused to give down a drop; and the victim's attention would wander toward some unfortunate fly crawling upon the window pane, which, being caught and immolated on a pin, buzzed forth a doleful death-song, thereby furnishing a few moments' entertainment and forgetfulness, until the writer suddenly bethought himself that time was passing, while the world still remained unenlightened concerning "The Horse." A fresh penful of ink is taken, and the author "squares him-

self" at "The Horse." Meantime the clean sheet of paper begins to assume a soiled and crumpled appearance, flecked here and there with spots of variously shaded ink. The author gazes out of the windows. Anything now stirring—a passing cat, a dog, a boy—assumes an unwonted interest in his eyes. His fingers toying with the pen gradually accumulate upon themselves all the ink which should have been spread upon "The Horse." At last he is inspired to write thus: "The horse is a noble animal. My father once owned a horse. He ate hay, oats, and kicked. I rode him. My father sold him to a man because he thought he had the heavens."

The writer's name is now placed at the bottom of the essay, with such excess of care and precision that the joyous rebound consequent on the successful conclusion of the effort manifests itself by a triumphant flourish of the quill, with the immediate result of a huge ink-drop immediately over the signature, which the young *litterateur* vainly endeavors to remove by a cleansing process with the tip of his tongue, an effort that only widens the soiled area of paper.

Our village school before the advent of the master in the morning was a scene of riot and disorder. There was a sound of singing, screeching, and shouting; a galloping over desks and benches; the blackboard was covered with rude delineations in chalk, and mottoes relative to the teacher, abusive and treasonable in their character; his desk was frequently usurped by some mock representative of law and order, flourishing the ferule, which might ere another hour descend upon his own unlucky skull. In the midst of all this confusion, some watchful eye discerns the master coming. The alarm is given; the clamor subsides; the royal seat is quickly vacated; the expressions of ridicule, abuse and contempt upon the blackboard are wiped off; and when the man of little learning and great authority appears in the door-way with severe and suspicious visage, every pupil is subdued and silent.

The village school was ever in trouble with the nearest resident families; it was a badly governed province adjoining peaceful and prosperous empires. Balls were always flying over fences into private grounds or through windows; fences were scaled, pickets broken, and flower-beds trampled in search therefor. Favorite cats were stoned and never allowed to take a peaceful *siesta* on the roof; ugly curs were brought to school to facilitate this warfare; fruit was stolen and flowers plucked; the well which supplied the seminary with water was tampered with; boys' hats, stones, balls, old tin-ware, and objectionable articles of a more perishable nature found their way to the bottom; the weather-cock on the neighbor's barn was a favorite mark for pebbles; and the little wooden man with two wooden swords ever valiantly fighting the winds was shot to pieces; tender children just allowed their first rambles abroad were despoiled of candy, cakes, and even bread and

butter ; old ladies seated by their windows engaged in sewing were annoyed and puzzled by an unaccountable dazzle of light, a phenomenon finally explained by the detection of the busy boy at the opposite school-house window engaged in experimenting on the reflecting properties of the sun's rays with a bit of looking-glass.

In winter no passer-by was safe from stray snow-balls, and at all seasons the shouting, crying, howling, and screeching preceding and following school-hours never ceased.

Saturday was a half-holiday, the morning being devoted to oratorical exercises, or, in the youthful vernacular, to "speaking-pieces." Two "pieces" generally sufficed for the boy's educational lifetime. The most popular were Campbell's "On Linden when the sun was low," and Byron's "There was a sound of revelry by night." Provided with one or the other of these, the orator ascends the teacher's platform, his cow-hide boots on the way straying clumsily off to the right and left, and butting at every projection within a radius of two yards. The boots never remained stationary during the elocutionary efforts of their owner, but, endowed with individualities of their own seemed engaged in curiously prying about and getting a general view of the school-room, varied by occasional excursions up first one and then the other of the speaker's legs, apparently for the purpose of quieting some sudden development of cutaneous irritation. The orator's head duck's a bow as if impelled by some mechanical contrivance in the rear, and, while his body inclines in various directions, and his hands manifest an almost uncontrollable inclination to get into the forbidden pockets, he gabbles through his oft-spoken speech as though it were a race against time, at it's close again bringing into operation the rear mechanism for inclining the head. The boots then slowly and sullenly take him from the platform, clattering down the aisle in a manner as if bent on furnishing an impromptu round of applause for their wearer's performance.

We will dismiss our village school. The long, weary day is drawing to its close. The clock in the corner points to half-past three. Three-score pair of eyes glance anxiously at the time-piece; everybody from the master down is tired—it has been a troublesome day; more than the ordinary spirit of restlessness and mischief has taken hold of the pupils; John Thomson and Willian Riggs have just been thrashed, and sit sullenly meditating future revenge; a dozen or more have been feruled—they are to go home and show their red and blistered palms to sympathizing and ignorant mothers; everything has gone slowly, heavily, and contrarily; not a lesson from A to Algebra has been well learned.

Three minutes to four! The last recitation is over. Books are packing away. A slate tumbles and crashes. It is the twentieth slate

that has so tumbled and crashed to-day; the master's eye glares savagely at the offender. A marble drops from a desk and rolls leisurely along the floor; the disturber is bidden to bring it to the man in authority; he does so, and receives vigorous castigation. This is the last of that day's confiscations. Count the prizes on the teacher's desk: one ball, two broken bladed jack-knives, one whistle, two tops, three tangles of string, one watch-spring, one teetotum, one box of paints, a bit of mirror, a broken tumbler, an old pistol, a powder-horn, a pair of spectacles, a whip, a stock of chewing-gum, a pipe, sundry bullets, a tea-cup, a flint and steel; and a knitting-kneedle.

One minute to four! The silence of joyous expectation now prevades the school. The master arises. He has something to say. He is going to make a new rule: "Any boy after this date caught throwing stones, and particularly throwing stones at Mrs. Smith's cat, will receive severe punishment." For Mrs. Smith, angry and flushed, came to-day straight to the school-house, and added to the already numberless perplexities of the government, by complaining in presence of all assembled, that some one of the scholars had inflicted missiles on her favorite cat to such an extent that poor Tip now sits gloomily by her fireside, with one jaw swelled double the size of the other—an injury for which Mrs. Smith in her indignation holds the master responsible. The boy actually guilty of this offense plunges at this moment into his geography lesson for the morrow with ten-fold interest and absorption, and tries to look as if he had ever been the especial friend and benefactor of cats.

"Samuel Smith, Thomas Hicks, and John Corey will remain after school." So speaks the pedant. These three look up as if astonished at the order, though well they knew it was coming.

Four o'clock! "School is dismissed." A moment ago and the street about that little low school-house on the corner was silent. The next it is full. The building disgorges its struggling, squirming, hooting, yelling contents. The savages are on the war-path. The street is full, and Mrs. Smith's cat, as he hears the war-whoops of his natural enemies, feels not secure even at the fireside, but scuds off to the remotest and darkest garret-corner.

Five minutes later, and from the interior of our village school-house is heard the slashing, whistling sound of a rapidly oscillating cowhide, accompanied by the melancholy wails, gradually rising and terminating in vigorous howls, of Samuel Smith, junior, who is now receiving the reward of his share in the unprovoked assault on Mrs. Smith's cat—while John Cory and Thomas Hicks, sitting at their desks, gaze apprehensively and dejectedly on their writhing and struggling companion in guilt, having thereby the tableau presented of their own swift-hastening punishment. Under the windows outside linger

a few of their companions—not actuated so much by sympathy as by a morbid curiosity to hear the shrieks of the condemned, A certain small boy who tells nearly all the tales has betrayed these three worthies to the master, and will be fearfully “licked” therefor at the first convenient season.—*Overland Monthly.*

AN ONLY CHILD.

To a little girl who is an only child, and educated at home, this season of the year is more one of sadness than of mirth. She has no experience of any of the usual joys of Christmastide. Home for the holidays has for her no meaning. There is no one for whom to prepare an unexpected birthday treat. No elder sister delights her with a new set of doll's clothes. There is no younger one to be surprised with a secretly worked present. No big brother invaded the nursery to have a game of romps, or teaches her to bear a good teasing and a little chaff without losing her temper. There is no sick baby to whom to give her favorite toy, and to watch with a smile of honest delight while he breaks it to pieces, pleased that anything should amuse the little invalid. Only children are sometimes treated rather unjustly, and simply classed as odious specimens of distorted childhood. Very often they deserve this condemnation; but see a little lonely girl in the country. With nature she has a subtle sympathy and companionship. The trees have to her living voices, and she has a particular and personal friendship for each rosebush. The present of a bunch of sweet flowers in the winter will affect her to tears, and there is a deep tender joy in her eyes as she picks the first snowdrop or discovers the hitherto unperceived little golden ball of aconite amongst the snow. If imaginative, she peoples the woods with the fairies of whom she is so fond of reading, and almost persuades herself that little elves flutter their wings among the grass, or hide from the sun under the toadstools. The birds are not afraid of her, and seem to know she takes a material interest in their nestlings. When lying in the sun upon a bed of wood-anemones and blue hyacinths, with a bunch of primroses in her hand, perhaps she feels as much joy as if she had a dozen playfellows. More of her affection will be bestowed upon birds and beasts than if she had brothers and sisters upon whom to expend it; and she may often be found confiding her secrets to some ill-conditioned cur to whom she has taken an inexplicable and violent fancy. Good advice will be mingled freely with caresses, and we have heard exhortations upon the strait gate and narrow way delivered to a very unpromising-looking cat, well-known to the cook for its thieving propensities. Her mother will take her to visit amongst the poor. She will early learn that there are such things

as sorrow, poverty, sickness, and death. She will hear various subjects talked of openly in cottages which are not generally mentioned in society, and will know about many things not usually spoken of before the dangerous age of curiosity has been reached. She will probably be quite an experienced little sick-nurse, a capital teacher in the Sunday-school, and be able to delight the old women at the almshouses by singing to them their favorite hymns. She will have made dozens of flannel petticoats, and know about all the little girls in the village who want places.

The town child is a being of quite another order. She hears and remembers passages of conversation which would not attract the attention of a child engaged in play. In her loneliness she broods over opinions on religion and sociology which she has heard expressed by her father's friends while sitting on his knee at the study fire. Though she may not take part in political discussions as our little Transatlantic cousins do, still questions of the day have a fatal interest for the nineteenth-century town child. She knows a good deal about "Woman's Rights," and perhaps aspires some day to be a member of Parliament. If permitted, she will read the newspapers with avidity, pick out with discrimination the best murders and the most exciting cases of wife-beating, and will revel in the last breach of promise of marriage. She knows all about the Claimant, whom she has seen at Mme. Tus-saud's, and is much interested in the destinies of the Prince Imperial. If she is asked to commit a poem to memory, and is given a choice, it will almost certainly be a passionate love-song, or else something most lugubrious, such as "The Last Man," or "There is a reaper whose name is Death." We have heard a little town girl of seven repeat the whole of "Maud," evidently learnt only for her own pleasure. If it is a question of hymns, one of the first selected is sure to be "There is a land of pure delight." The unknown has always a strong interest for such a solitary child as this. She often puzzles over the problems connected with a future state, and the workings of her mind, could they be watched, would astonish older people. On the whole, however, she generally prefers fairy tales to every other kind of literature. The descriptions of games she has never played, the accounts of nursery-quarrels and sweet reconciliations of which she knows nothing, the tales of little troubles with school-fellows which she scarcely understands, do not much interest her. "Queechy," with its single heroine, is more interesting than Miss Yonge's "Daisy Chain," and she prefers the account of a boy lost on a desert island to the story of his troubles amongst brothers at home. At a children's party she is entirely out of her element. Knowing none of the usual games, she is put aside and voted stupid. Being sensitive, she may soon be found sitting amongst the grown-up people, her natural friends, not because she is what is called

old-fashioned, but because she is unacquainted with childish pastimes, and does not know how to join in them. She cannot say, "Onery, twoery, dickery, dock ;" but see her at home entertaining visitors when mamma is absent, and there is no trace of the embarrassed child of the evening party. She makes little polite speeches about mamma's regrets, inquires for the invalids, pours out afternoon tea, and talks of the weather like a young lady of many seasons. She is also an adept at carrying messages, and is a useful aid in the house. Sometimes, with cook's assistance, she can arrange about dinner, and is quick to see any little negligence in the housemaid's work, or the laying of the dinner-table. She criticises the cookery, to the extreme horror of her mother's guests, accustomed to better-behaved young people. They go away lamenting her bringing-up, and prophesy all manner of evil results.

Such a child speaks of love and marriage with the coolness of a philosopher, and does not hesitate to cross-examine her married friends upon the reasons they had for the choices they have made. She will imitate Dr. Wolf by unblushingly asking some shy couple who are engaged in a little mild but unmeaning flirtation when they are going to be married. If not quite pleased with papa—perhaps he has lately been punishing her—she has been known to represent to her mother that there are many people she meets whom she considers much more worthy of the honour of being her parent than the person who at present stands to her in that relation. When her mother, not unwilling to turn the conversation, suggests that, as she seems to have studied the subject of marriage so early and with so much attention, it is to be hoped that her husband will be the perfection of young manhood, the little maiden probably announces her intention to marry some one who will let her do what she likes, and who has plenty of carriages and horses. If her father is a doctor, she will express a disbelief in medicine ; if he is a parson, she will dislike going to church ; if he is an author, she protests nothing will induce her to marry a "littery" man ; if he is an archæologist, she will, as in a case we recently saw, even refuse to visit an aquarium, misreading the name and suspecting a trap—"She has enough of antiquarians at home." Of sick people she is rather impatient, expecting every one to be ready to attend to her when she wants attention, and hints rather unfeelingly that invalids ought either to get well or to die and have done with it. When she is away from home—a rare occurrence—her letters are eagerly looked for. They truly reflect, though doubtful in spelling, the mood in which they were written. She asks for all sorts of things with happy confidence that they will be sent her if possible, and details her small adventures knowing that they will be interesting to those at home. Her letters to acquaintances are as straightforward as those to mamma. She does not scruple to answer an invitation by simply writing, "Dear Mrs. Jones,

I would rather not go to your party to-day." When she is taken to the theatre, her criticisms, conveyed in a penetrating and too audible stage-whisper, are frequently embarrassing. She vehemently objects to Miss Helen Faucit's Rosalind, and thinks that man Shakespeare did not know how to call his plays, for it was impossible for him to know whether she would like this one or not. Lord Dundreary has no charms for her. She cannot understand why so many people go to see a silly man. After weeping showers of tears over the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," she insists on leaving as soon as she finds she has been imposed upon, and that the children upon whose untimely fate she has spent both her own and her mother's pocket-handkerchiefs appear bowing and smiling from under the leaves with which the phantom robins have covered them. If she lives in the city this nineteenth-century child is most probably broad in her religious views. She can quite understand Eve eating the forbidden fruit, for she has considerable experience in such small disobediences; but as to that little trunk called the Ark, of which there is a picture in her "Bible History," having contained all those animals, she simply won't believe it. Had they and the Noah family been packed in layers and squeezed very tight, as they are in her ark, it might have been possible; but then all their legs and Noah's arms would have been broken. Her private devotions are sometimes scenes of untimely mirth. She will say "Birds in their little nests agree" instead of the "Evening Hymn," and has been known to threaten to omit the Lord's Prayer altogether unless allowed to practice the new accomplishment of turning head over heels between each petition. Accustomed to see people exercise self-control, she is, though generally talkative, really reticent of her true feelings, and will often bear pain with the fortitude of a hero. With all her faults one cannot help admiring her intolerance of shams and her impatience of little commonplace speeches which she does not believe to be true. She is a fatal enemy to pretence of any kind, being as much without fear as without discretion. If she grows up she will have many things to suffer. Accustomed to be first, she will sometimes find herself last. The world will not look at her through her mother's eyes, and often will she be made to lament even with tears that she was an only child.—*London Saturday Review*.

THE LOVE AND CULTURE OF FLOWERS.

Nothing is so pleasant and encouraging as success, and no success quite so satisfying as success in the culture of flowers. It is a pleasure with no compensating pain—one which purifies while it pleases. We

gaze upon the beautiful plants and brilliant flowers with a delicious commingling of admiration and love. They are the offspring of our forethought, taste and care—a new, mysterious and glorious creation. They grow—truly, but very like the stars and the rainbow. A few short weeks ago the brown earthy beds were bare and lifeless; now they are peopled with the fairest and frailest of earth's children. We have created all this grace; moulded the earth, the sunshine and the rain into forms of matchless beauty, and crystallized the dew-drops into gems of loveliness. There is no greater pleasure than this in all the earth, save that sweetest and noblest of pleasures, the fruit of good deeds.

To love flowers, however, because of their sweetness and beauty and companionship, and as the wonderful work of a Father's loving hand, is what we mean when we speak of the love of flowers. Many cultivate flowers from a desire to excell their neighbors, or as an evidence of their refinement and culture, who know nothing of the absorbing love that causes a man almost involuntarily to raise the hat and bow the head in the presence of so much heaven-lent loveliness. This love of flowers is confined to no age or station; we see it in the prince and peasant; it is shown by the aged father tottering near the grave, who seems to almost adore the fragrant flower in his button-hole, and by the little ones, who, with childish glee, search the meadows for the Dandelions of early spring. The love of flowers, we fancy, is the most pure and absorbing with the young. The innocent and pure can love the pure flowers, we think, with an earnestness and devotion unknown to some of us that are older. A beautiful sight greeted us not long since, which we will endeavor to portray. A plant stood on the sill of the window, which attracted more than ordinary admiration from a little girl whose parents were probably the owners of both house and plant. Pleasure was expressed in every feature; and when we saw the gentle kiss imprinted on each flower and opening bud, we came nearer breaking that commandment which forbids coveting than we ever did before—and we didn't want the plant either.

This is the genuine love of flowers that we wish to see spread all over our land. We want to see flowers in the mansion, the cottage and the garret; in the school-rooms, the hospitals and the churches. Above all, we wish the young to cultivate flowers. This is why we write in a simple way of flowers, and of simple flowers, and leave fine writing about rare and costly things to others. These lying preachers, through voiceless lips, are exerting an influence for good that few realize, and nowhere greater than in our new-born land, America.—*Vick's Floral Guide.*

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY H. L. BARTLETT, M. D.

As we ascend the stream of time towards man's original source, we find him allied to the beasts of the field, living in rocky caves and dens of the earth, and subsisting on roots and herbs, and the flesh of such animals as his limited skill enabled him to secure. Without knowledge, and almost without the means of defense, man was, at first, not only at the mercy of wild beasts, but constantly in fear of aggressive attacks from hostile and more numerous tribes of fellow-men; and hence we learn that the earliest peoples of whom we have any record, practiced such athletic exercises as were calculated to make them self-reliant and secure in times of peace, and formidable in war.

The Chinese claim to have practiced a kind of "Movement Cure" of disease for more than three thousand years before the Christian era, and although we cannot vouch for the exact age of this system of medical gymnastics, still it is unquestionably very ancient. It was called Cong-Fou, and was practiced under the supervision of the priests. Their theory of disease was, that "humid air" was the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and to heat the body and exorcise the vapory demon, they caused the patient to go through all sorts of bodily evolutions in every possible position.

In ancient India the inferior Brahmins practiced a similar system, though they taught a somewhat different theory. They believed that respiration had the same influence upon the tissues of the body that fire possesses over the metals, viz.: the power of melting them, and converting them into vapor, hence they not only endeavored to heat the body by violent exercise, but strove to assist the internal fires by deep and forced inspiration.

The ancient Britons, also, under the direction of the Druids, were in the habit of practicing certain gyrations and dances in the expectation of driving away evil spirits and diseases, and had from time immemorial cultivated the warlike accomplishments of shooting the bow, swinging the sling, and throwing the spear. Even before their discovery by the Romans, all classes of men were obliged to perfect themselves, in times of peace, in all the then known means of warfare, and so great were their skill and bravery, that they extorted admiration and respect even from imperial Cæsar!

Athletic exercises of a warlike character were also practiced by the Hebrews, Persians, Egyptians and Assyrians. In fact, so generally was this the case among the ancients, that Galen declared that "all men were born with a propensity for music and gymnastics."

This is true not only of the nations of antiquity, but is especially true of the negro tribes of Africa and the Indians of North America, who, we are told by travelers, are in the habit of manipulating and castigating, or flagellating the sick for the cure of nervous diseases.

It was not, however, until the golden age of Greece that athletic sports and games became a subject of national culture. The first historic mention we have of them is given in Homer's immortal story of the Trojan War. When the contending armies were about joining in battle on the ensanguined plains of Ilium—

"The beauteous Paris came
 In form a god! The panther's speckled hide
 Flowed o'er his armor, with an easy pride;
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
 His sword beside negligently hung;
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dared the bravest of the Grecian race."

So, after the obsequies of Patroclus, Achilles instituted the funereal games, in which the Grecian youths joined in chariot races, wrestling, and hurling the javelin.

Pamelinus says. "The Grecian youths displayed the skill in war they had acquired in the gymnasium." This, however, could only be said of the Greeks posterior to the Homeric age, for in the earlier periods of her history her warlike sons depended on personal prowess and the experience they obtained in actual combat. Later in her history the Spartans systematised gymnastic exercises and erected gymnasia, and from here they soon spread all over Greece. In fact, in her palmy days, there was no city or considerable town which had not its gymnasium. These buildings were constructed at the public expense, and were celebrated for their magnificence. They were made of the purest Pentelic marble, adorned by the most ornate and stately architecture, decorated by the productions of the most gifted sculptors and painters, and graced with masses of flowers, flowing fountains, ornamented walks and sylvan retreats. In fine, they were so adorned and embellished as to be an embodiment of beauty—an attribute ever worshipped by the Greek, whether displayed in nature or in art. As they were built at the public expense, so was the attendance of the youth upon their instruction compulsory. The Greek education commenced at the age of seven years, and consisted of music, grammar (which included poetry, rhetoric, and oratory), and gymnastic exercises, these last occupying more time and receiving more attention from the students than the study of music and grammar combined.

The gymnasium was under the general supervision of what was called the gymnasiarch, and the exercises were of a three-fold character, viz.: military, medical, and athletic, each department being under the personal care of teachers appointed for this work, assisted by numerous menials.

The medical department was under the direction of trained physicians, and was designed more particularly for the sick and infirm, though they also gave directions in regard to the care of the athletes. As, however the Greeks were eminently a military people, the exercises of the gymnasium partook largely of a military character. Hence the instituting of Olympic, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games.

During their continuance there was a general suspension of hostilities throughout Greece. In them patrician and plebeian alike joined in combat, only excepting the illegitimate and ignoble. Even the women were expected to take part in them, and in some of the States a woman could not be married until she had proved her prowess in a public exhibition of her skill! In fact, the Spartans taught that it was right and proper for female slaves to stay at home and ply the distaff, and perform menial labor; but Spartan mothers must be made of sterner stuff. Consequently, the girls received nearly the same attention as the boys.

The gymnasia were generally built just without the city, and those at Capua and Rascuna were particularly resorted to by the athletes, as the air of those cities was considered more salubrious and stimulating. The exercises of the gymnasium were almost wholly performed in the open air. We have said that the Greek education consisted of music and grammar, combined with physical exercises. Indeed, their motto was: "Mens sana corpore sano."—"A sound mind in a sound body." Within the spacious amphitheatres of the gymnasia the solemn funeral rites of the dead were performed; here philosophers and sages met to discuss important questions, and to instruct their pupils; here poets came to recite their epics, and here the divine arts of music and oratory were cultivated and exhibited as they never have been since in the history of the human race; here came gaily decked matrons and beautiful maidens to behold the athletes, and cheer the victors with their presence and glad acclamations!

Among the principal institutions of this kind were the Lyceum, where Aristotle taught his scholars while walking, hence called the Peripatetics; the Academia, made illustrious by the philosophy of Plato, and the Cynosarges, or School of the Cynics.

The object of the Greek education was three-fold, viz.: to develop personal beauty and strength, to foster a love of knowledge as known in that day, and above all, to cultivate in the youth a love and respect for their country, and a worship of honor and renown.

Though the victors in the sacred games were only crowned with olive or laurel, still to celebrate their fame, the most gifted poets invoked the Muses, and the most august personages vied with each other to do them reverence. They were received in the forum by the highest magnates, and allowed to sit in the senate chamber beside the grave senators. They were also exempt from taxation, and their names given to the year. No wonder that a people educated in such a school should have exhibited those qualities of courage and personal daring which have ever made this nation so famous in the history of the world! No wonder that the Persian officer exclaimed to his commander: "Heavens! against what men are you leading us? Insensible to interest, they combat only for glory!"

Among the ancients the Greeks stood unrivalled in deeds of arms, and among the moderns no poetry equals in sweetness and pathos that once sung by the "Hellenic Bard," while the ravishing beauty of their Venus, and the fine proportions of their Hercules are still unequalled specimens of high art.

Thus it would seem that it holds true with nations as with individuals, that the highest mental achievements are attainable only by those nations or individuals who have the most perfect physical development.

When the cohorts of Greece had succumbed to the legions of Rome, the gymnasium was transplanted into Italy, and as the latter were a gayer and more luxurious people than the former, their public institutions were made to conform to their national character.

With the Greeks the bath was only an accessory to the gymnasium, while with the Roman it was made to contribute to his enjoyment and pleasure; and so the gymnasium became a *Therma*. These were erected in every principal city of the empire, both at home and abroad. They were on a grander scale and more magnificent than even the gymnasium.

If the marble were no purer, or the architect more noble, still they were of larger proportions and more lavishly adorned. Within the great hall were the statues of

Hercules, Hygeia, and Esculapius, the gods to whom they were dedicated. Adorning the frescoed walls were the productions of their most celebrated painters, and the floors were tessellated with the most beautiful and costly mosaics, while gems of art, trophies of conquest, and curious relics, met the gaze at every turn.

Here the gay Romans congregated to witness the gladiatorial shows, to enjoy the baths, to listen to their orators, poets, and musicians, and to refresh themselves in the public restaurants.

The luxurious Roman wooed the Graces rather than the Muses, and cultivated those arts which ministered to a sensuous though elegant taste, more than to great intellectual endowments.

The national characteristics of the two nations just cited, evidenced the influence and results of two distinct systems of education.

The Greeks worshipped beauty, and were, according to all accounts, physically the most perfect race that has ever lived; while the Roman education tended to foster a love of martial renown, and a stoical indifference to privation and pain. The gymnasium was the home of poets and philosophers. The Therma the school of gladiators and warriors. Such was the influence of physical culture on these two great nations of antiquity. With the disappearance of these two nations, the gymnasia and Therma also disappeared as physical educators, at least so far as nations were concerned, but after the lapse of centuries, when the chivalric age had succeeded the classic, there were developed other physical causes as potent to form national character as those already enumerated.

In this age the love of physical beauty had given place to the worship of the spiritual Madonna, and the joust and tournament took the place of the classic games.

The holy wars and knightly entertainments developed an amount of strength and endurance hardly to be believed in our effeminate age. The coat of mail, the helmet and battle-axe of the ancient Templar would bear a modern gymnast to the earth. These causes were not only powerful means of physical culture, but they also educated the people, and taught them the power of associated thought and effort.

They filled the mind with a love of romance and adventure, which in after years culminated in such glorious results, in the discovery and peopling of a new world.

This brings us to what may properly be called the scientific period of the gymnasium, a period in the world's history when the general diffusion of books through the discovery of the printing press, made the possession of knowledge the heritage of the people. A period when the discovery of means of modern warfare no longer required the display of so great physical powers, in order to perpetuate national supremacy, but on the contrary when a nation's glory depended more on its advancement in the arts and sciences, and the general diffusion of knowledge—an epoch in the world's history when *brain* took the place of *muscle*! In fact the tendency now was to ignore the wants of the body, in the eager race for knowledge, and there was eminent danger of filling the civilized world with a race of dyspeptics. Fortunately human anatomy and physiology had kept pace with other departments of science, and through the instrumentality of the medical faculty, ever conservative of public health, and the influence of public educators, the wants of the physical man were not neglected.

Conspicuous among the names of those who did much to renew interest in this subject, was Peter Henry Ling, born at Smaland, Sweden, November 15, 1766. Ling seems to have been an adventurer in his younger days, serving in the Swedish navy, and subsequently traveling quite extensively over Germany, France and England, becoming familiar with those languages. He also made himself acquainted with the literature of the gymnasium as practiced by the ancients, and studied anatomy and physiology, so far as they related to the movements of the human body. He at once saw that the great defect in the ancient system was, that it simply gave strength to the already strong, and that without regard to physiological law. He, therefore, conceived the idea of exercising the sick or infirm with passive motion, or motion produced by a second person, and invented a large number of appliances for this purpose. This was a great advance, and though at first he met with many rebuffs, still he succeeded by his enthusiasm and perseverance in persuading the Swedish government to adopt his plan in the State Military Schools, and in 1814 the Central Academy of Gymnastics was instituted at Stockholm.

The results of this system were so satisfactory that they were also adopted in a modified form by the governments of Prussia and Germany, France and England, and national military schools for gymnastic exercises were established by those respective governments, at Berlin in 1847, at Vincennes in 1852, and at Aldhurst in 1861. Beside these government institutions, there are in Europe alone more than thirty so-called "movement cures," where Ling's system is practiced. He taught that every change of attitude of the body altered the relative positions of the internal organs, and consequently influenced more or less their functions; that every movement of the body was an expression of an *idea* of the mind, and that everything which developed the body or any part thereof, necessarily developed the brain, and per contra. In fine, he tried as far as was possible, with the light he had, to regulate gymnastic exercises according to scientific principles, and gave many valuable rules for the proper care of the sick.

While Ling was at work in Sweden, other influences were operating in other countries calculated to develop physical strength.

In England, especially, renewed interest had been excited in what were called the "manly sports," viz.: boxing, wrestling, cricket, and boat races, and these were not only encouraged and patronized by the lower classes of society, but by the faculties of the great universities, and by the nobility, and so general has the belief in the Greek axiom become among the educators, both in this country and in Europe, that the students of the universities and colleges are encouraged to join in all manly sports, and the results of these contests are heralded all over the land, and excite an interest second only to that produced by the victors of the ancient games. I think we may say without exaggeration, that the results of recent contests have excited more comment, and the names of the champions are more familiar to the popular ears than are the names or deeds of the greatest generals or philosophers of the age!

I do not consider this a matter of regret, for it demonstrates the fact that the public, at least, have recognized the validity of the statement, that great mental achievements, as a rule, go hand in hand with a good physical development. This truth has been abundantly proved in the past history of nations as well as of individuals.

In the early history of the Greeks, they educated their sons almost exclusively for military purposes, but in the later periods of Grecian dominion their arms were

effeminated by luxury and vice. The same may be said of the Romans. While Rome's glory was in the ascendant, her sons willingly submitted to all sorts of privations and hardships, but when her irresistible legions had no further kingdoms to conquer, they listlessly beheld the gladiatorial shows and their own decadence.

Carthage and Spain are no exception to this rule, and the late war between France and Germany demonstrated the difference between a nation full of mental vigor and physical strength, and one puffed up with egotism, and the foundation of whose national life had been sapped by immorality and vice; and England to-day, is an example of a nation in a transition stage between past greatness and future effeminacy and decay.

We are too young a nation to draw a conclusion from; and yet, even here we see the effects of physical causes upon our national character. So long as our vast prairies need cultivating, and our trackless forests need clearing—so long as our mines want working, and our vast commercial interests demand developing, there is no fear of our national decadence; but the time will come in the future, when we, too, as a nation, shall feel the stagnation in our national life caused by wealth and vice.

Dr. Beddoe declares in his paper on the stature and bulk of man in the British Isles, "That those nations have shown the most intellectual strength who have exhibited the most physical stamina;" and he further says: "Those nations which have attained the highest physical development have also been the most exalted morally." This is equally true of individuals. Dr. Morgan, than whom no man has had better opportunities for observation, says: "It is a curious fact that the victors of the Oxford and Cambridge boat races also bore off the highest academic honors, and those same men succeeded best in after life." This is also the almost universal testimony of those qualified to speak in this country.

The importance of this remark will be better appreciated when we remember that physical qualities are much more likely to be transmitted to posterity than mental or intellectual ones; hence it is that those most conspicuous in commercial, civil or military life, are men more indebted to their progenitors for a sound and robust constitution than for illustrious pedigree. Knowledge we must *acquire*, but a sound or feeble constitution we *inherit* from our parents.—*Sanitarian*.

HAS FREEMASONRY A SOUL?

In order to prepare the answer for this question, we must first find the definition of "soul," as understood by the leading lexicographers of the world. Webster says, soul means—"the spiritual, rational, and immortal part in man; that part of man which enables him to think, and which renders him a subject of moral government;—sometimes, in distinction from the higher nature or spirit of man, the so-called animal soul, that is, the seat of life, the sensitive affections and phantasy, exclusive of the voluntary and rational powers;—sometimes, in distinction from the mind, the moral and emotional part of man's nature, the seat of feeling, in distinction from intellect;—sometimes, the intellect only; the understanding; the seat of knowledge, as distinguished from *feeling*."

Here we have the definition of soul, very full and complete, at least sufficiently so for the illustration of our subject. "Masonry is known as a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols," and therefore must possess the faculty of admitting a soul even if it does not have one by inherent nature; in fact, rob Freemasonry of a soul or sentient power, and it possesses nothing, beyond an ordinary association of men to accomplish something by aggregated force.

Freemasonry is not a force in its physical sense, and was never intended to be. A man may be clothed by nature with sufficient muscle and weight to crush a smaller and weaker man, and yet be devoid of any of the higher characteristics of thorough manhood. We have seen an ignorant and brutal mob of a hundred men cowed and driven off by half a dozen of brave spirits imbued with a high moral and intellectual stamina. So it is with societies, they may possess numbers and even wealth, and be officered even by men of intellect, and yet be devoid of a soul in the true sense of that word. Mercenary motives lie at the foundation of nearly every society of the world, especially so of the modern times.

Prefatory of our reply to the question at the head of this article, we quote part of the language of the petition which every candidate must sign before being accepted, viz.:

"That unbiased by friends and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, he hereby freely and voluntarily offers himself a candidate for the Mysteries of Masonry. That he is prompted to make this application from a favorable opinion entertained of the Fraternity, a desire for knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to his fellow creatures."

If such a candidate tells the truth before God and man, he becomes at once a student of philosophy, a searcher for light, and co-worker with his fellow-men in the grand field of common humanity.

He proposes to dedicate his life sacredly to the holy cause of unselfish charity and a development of truth and knowledge. It is therefore illegal to initiate an idiot, a fool, or a libertine, as well as some others that might be mentioned; and it is to be regretted that the rapid increase of lodges has forced some of them to admit into the Fraternity, for the sake of finances, men, who, to judge from their physiognomy and conversation, have not sense enough to get out of a shower of rain, much less to grasp the grand ideal of the Institution.

It is to be regretted, also, that God, in His wisdom, at some time thought proper to create the progenitors of a race of very respectable looking people, who could make money, but possess no souls beyond the almighty dollar or personal interest.

One class is as bad as the other, and both of them are perjurers before Heaven when they sign the foregoing petition, and afterwards as-

sume the solemn duties imposed by the degrees of Freemasonry. Such men are worse than ciphers in the catalogue of the Craft; they are of more injury within, than outside of the lodge.

A man who cannot forget his previous base ideas; curtail his prejudices; keep his passions under proper restraint; improve his mind; trust in his God; love his fellow men; dispense charity without ostentation; forgive his enemies; be tolerant in judgment of others; just in his dealings; merciful to the oppressed; intelligent in his duties as a citizen; kind to his family, and true to himself, has no business to apply at the door of a Masonic lodge.

Men of this character are not the only ones, unfortunately, who apply, simply because they find upon our rolls too many men, well known in the community, who do not possess even a small proportion of these necessary qualifications. They see men in our ranks who were never known to have a soul by any act of their own, and wonder how they got into the Fraternity. However, it is not a wonder to the observing Craftsman who appreciates the fact that too many new lodges are created out of men who have no higher idea of the soul of Freemasonry than they have of the soul of a horse, whose only value consists in the amount of work that can be got out of him by keeping him alive.

Many simply pay up their dues in order that they may be benefited while living, and buried when dead.

We do not pretend to deny that assistance and co-operation are legitimate *results* of every benevolent institution; yet we deny that Freemasonry proper is, or was ever intended to be, simply a "benevolent society;" it is a perfect science of morality, and a school for soul culture. Its chief tendency is to develop the nobler impulses of the heart and brain, and to encourage a faithful life in a faithful brotherhood.

Man, left to himself, is but a miserable animal; he feels a soul within him seeking for its kindred soul; each one it finds adds one by one towards enlarging the field of its operations and enjoyments, until in the grand aggregate he finds the life of association a necessity of his nature.

He naturally goes farther and assists in the formation of a society based upon the ideal of a perfect life, such as we have alluded to, and this gave rise and origin to the grand philosophy of Freemasonry, as set forth in its "Old Charges" and "Ancient Rules and Regulations." The simple and pure lessons taught in these old charges, seem to have been sadly forgotten by the Craft of to-day. It is a common thing to *only* refer to them for some usage or authority, and never but once did we ever know personally of their being referred to by a Worshipful Master in the discharge of his duty in office, on account of the soul which gave them birth. Let us for a few moments pause and see wherein that soul manifests itself:

"A Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral *law*; and, if he rightly understand the ART, he will never be a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine."

"That they be *good men and true*, or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished, whereby Masonry becomes the *centre of union* and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance."

"A Mason is a peaceable subject to the civil powers wherever he resides or works."

"All preferment among Masons is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only."

"All Masons shall work honestly on working days, that they may live creditably."

"The Craftsmen are to avoid all ill language, and to call each other by no disobliging name, but Brother or Fellow, and to behave themselves courteously within and without the lodge."

"None shall discover envy at the prosperity of a brother, nor *supplant him*."

"No private piques or other quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge, far less any quarrels about religion or nations or State policy."

Thus we might continue to quote for pages, were it necessary, but we have referred to enough to show that Masons should act like gentlemen and preserve that proper relationship of brotherhood founded upon harmony. The grand lessons of morality, truth and justice, taught in all the degrees, as well as the inculcation of the spirit of intellectual improvement in the Fellow Craft's Charge, and the noble idea of charity at the very threshold of Apprenticeship, and the true meaning of temperance should be sufficient to awaken aspirations in every breast, and teach us that Masonry should have, if it has not, a soul.

Has it one? Look within yourselves, brethren, and answer the question. Are you indifferent to your covenants and relationship to the Craft? Are you indifferent to self-improvement in your moral character? Are you cold-blooded and cold-hearted in your sympathies and works? Are you senseless of the elevating philosophy of a pure and true life? Are you deaf to the cry of distress, and ignorant of the lessons taught in the course of your degrees? Did you become a Mason in name from mercenary motives? If you say, "YES," then a Masonic Lodge under the control of such men has no soul in it, for none of the soul of Masonry is in yourselves.

If, on the other hand, you can answer, "NO," and feel that you told the truth when you signed your petition, and that you have endeavored to live up to that truth, then Masonry *has* a soul, and it will be proven by its works. STUDY, READ, AND REFLECT.—*St. Louis Freemason*.

FREEMASONRY is an Order whose leading star is philanthropy, and whose principles inculcate an unceasing devotion to the cause of virtue and morality.—*LaFayette*.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED ?

He left a load of anthracite
 In front of a poor woman's door,
 When the deep snow, frozen and white,
 Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor,
 That was his deed ;
 He did it well :—
 “ What was his creed ? ”
 I cannot tell.

Blessed “ in his basket and in his store, ”
 In sitting down and rising up ;
 When more he got, he gave the more,
 Withholding not the crust and cup ;
 He took the lead
 In each good task.—
 “ What was his creed ? ”
 I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
 Soft, white and silent in its fall ;
 Not like the noisy winds that blow
 From shivering trees the leaves ; a pall
 For flowers and weed,
 Drooping below :—
 “ What was his creed ? ”
 The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
 For hungry people, young and old,
 And hope inspired, kind words he said
 To those he sheltered from the cold.
 For we must feed
 As well as pray :—
 “ What was his creed ? ”
 I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust ;
 His faith in words he never writ :
 He loved to share his cut and crust
 With all mankind who needed it.
 In time of need
 A friend was he.—
 “ What was his creed ? ”
 He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
 Worked well with hand and head ;
 And what he gave in charity
 Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

Let us take heed—
 For life is brief—
 "What was his creed?"
 "What his belief?"

—Anon.

THE SOCIAL ELEMENT IN MASONRY.

ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

There are in every man two sentiments, or rather forces of action, which modern philosophy has called the *egoistic* and the *altruistic*. The former, is that by which man concentrates himself within himself. The latter, that by which he diffuses himself out of his own narrow sphere into that of his fellow-men. The egotist does everything for his own good and for that alone. The altruist thinks of others and works for others. Egoism, is selfishness—altruism is philanthropy. All the instincts of the egoist are directed to his own preservation, and the advancement of his own interests. Those of the altruist are employed in promoting the well being of his friends, his neighbors, his acquaintances.

The egoistic sentiment is like the vegetable instinct which impels the tree to seek, by the extension of its roots, food from the adjacent soil, that it may add to its own growth. It exists alone and unmodified in all the lower races of animals. The oyster is, in this sense, an egotist, for it has but one instinct, that of growth—of its own increase. It predominates in the higher races of brutes, as the horse, the dog, the elephant, where it is ennobled by a purer altruistic sentiment that leads the animal sometimes to act for itself, and sometimes for the good of other animals. A man, as he advances by culture and refinement into a higher sphere, the altruistic sentiment predominates over the egoistic. It is this which distinguishes the higher from the lower life. "Every individual, man or beast," says the philosopher Comte, "which, loving nothing outside of itself, lives solely for itself, finds itself to be by that alone, habitually condemned to a miserable alternative of ignoble torpor and unregulated agitation."

Let us make an application of these speculations to Freemasonry. For this purpose, the question suggests itself—whether Masonry, as an association or brotherhood, be egoistic or altruistic in its fundamental organization. The solution of this question involves the necessity of investigating the principles on which this association has been founded.

The social sentiment is inherent in man. It arises from his consciousness of weakness. Man is a gregarious animal, because he knows that he cannot obtain the true object of his existence in a state of solitude. He seeks, therefore the society and co-operation of his fellows, that he may successfully pursue the design which he seeks to accomplish. This principle is the ground-work and motive of all associations, whether they be of a public or of a private character. It is for this, that individuals unite in families—families in communities—and communities in States or nations. It is for this, that men having the same aim in view, or being engaged in the same pursuit, combine together, that the weakness of each may find assistance and increased power in the collected energy of the whole.

But this social element may be developed in two ways. It may be exercised for one's own benefit, and for that alone. Then it is egoistic. Or it may be cultivated for the benefit of others, and then it is altruistic. For instance, a householder will subscribe to an insurance company. Now here the social element is employed in securing to many an immunity which no individual of the company could secure for himself. Each member subscribes, not that he may save his neighbor from loss by fire, but that he may save himself. Such an association is eminently useful, but its foundation is in egoism.

There are many associations, both open and secret, that are founded on this principle of mutual insurance, although they are apt, improperly, to assume the title of benevolent societies. A stranger, or outsider, is induced to enter into one of these organizations, because he is promised friendly attendance and pecuniary relief when sick, and the expenses of burial when he dies. For this insurance of his health, he pays a stipulated sum, and properly enough, that sum must have been regularly paid to secure the right of relief. Doubtless there are many benevolent persons who engage in enterprises of this kind from purely philanthropic motives, as their own wealth makes the stipulated relief a matter of no importance to them. But, looking fairly at the character of such an organization, it cannot be denied that it is founded on a principle of selfishness—a desire to secure a benefit to one's self—and that it is altogether egoistic.

But Freemasonry, as an association, presents itself in an entirely different aspect. Whatever of self advancement it proposes, it is as a science, that it offers the benefit of knowledge to the individual. And this knowledge can be cultivated in the closet as well as in the lodge. But Masons have united together for the purpose of propagating the great principles of morality and brotherly love, by means of the symbolic system of teaching which distinguishes it. The design of the association, is not to benefit each member exclusively, but to benefit, to improve, to elevate mankind. There is no previous stipulation with

the initiate that he is to receive, under certain conditions, a pecuniary relief. There is no mutual bargain that for so much paid, so much shall be given—no premium and no policy—no contract of indemnity between the insurer and insured. The candidate enters the portals of Masonry “uninfluenced by mercenary motives,” and he goes into the association with a desire only to enlarge the sphere of human brotherhood. There is no egoism in the social element as it is developed in the organization of the Masonic association. It is made for other, not for itself. It is philanthropic—intended for the brotherhood of man, not the close communion of its members. It is abnegation, not selfishness. It is altruistic, not egoistic.

And in this, it differs from, and is far above, almost all other human organizations; certainly all other secret societies. Now it is not intended by this, to disparage the character of other associations or to unduly elevate Freemasonry. Not all organizations for the specific purpose of mutual relief and assistance, are necessarily selfish or mercenary. The combination of men for the purpose of concentrating and developing their power, is a commendable exhibition of political sagacity. Men have a right to foster such combinations, provided, that the object to be obtained is not in itself unlawful. All that is intended is to show that the basis on which such combinations for mutual succor is established, is essentially different from that on which the Masonic brotherhood is founded.

It has been usual with some to undervalue the Masonic character of Washington, because he has not been supposed to have taken a very active part in the labors of the Institution. However this may be, it is evident that he thoroughly comprehended and appreciated the true spirit and aim of the society, when he said, in his reply to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, that “the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.” He does not assert that the object was to secure the well-being of its members. That would make it egoistic. But it is to promote the happiness of the whole race of those who are without its fold, as well as of those who are within it. You may read the books of all who have written on this subject from Anderson to the present day, and you will find no one who has more truly defined the character of Freemasonry as an unselfish, disinterested and altruistic association, than the immortal Washington. And Freemasons cannot be deemed extravagantly pretentious, when they claim that the same definition, as an essential one, cannot be applied to any other merely human organization.

EVERY person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself.—*Gibbon.*

HOW TO DO GOOD.

Brother, the old moralist, Franklin, used to tell his grand-children, after he had passed the age of seventy, that nothing had ever so much influenced his mind for good, or made so lasting an impression upon it, as a little book, read when a boy, entitled "How to do Good." In fact, he attributes to the impressions made upon his mind by that publication, much of the large, stated, and protracted benefactions of which it is known Franklin through all his life was the author.

Nothing can be truer than that plain and earnest advice upon a theme like this is likely to be productive of good results, and we the more readily set about the preparation of our little essay on the subject, stimulated by the remembrance of Franklin's and kindred cases.

How to do good as Masons is in reality our text. To encourage an effort on the part of every reader, we append Preston's not too enthusiastic sketch of the effects of Masonry in the hands and hearts of the virtuous and the feeling. "Masonry," he avers, "strengthens the mind against the storms of life, paves the way to peace, and promotes domestic happiness. It ameliorates the temper and improves the understanding. It is company in solitude, and gives vivacity, variety, and energy to social conversation. In youth it governs the passions and employs usefully our most active faculties; and in age, when sickness, imbecility, and disease have benumbed the corporal frame, and rendered the union of soul and body almost intolerable, it yields a fund of comfort and satisfaction."

We never read this extract without a glow of feeling and a desire ourselves to do good to a society that offers so much of good to us, and we have quoted it in the hope that the same impression may be made upon the minds of our readers, and have thus prepared the following suggestions, "How to do Good :"

1. Go always to your lodge when circumstances permit, and let your accustomed seat be so rarely found vacant that when, from necessity, it becomes so, the brethren naturally inquire, "Is Brother A. sick?" Do you ask how the attendance on a lodge is doing good? We answer, it is placing one's self in the way of good, and the opportunity will not fail to turn up.

2. Carry some little fact to the lodge, some new thought or incident, and at a proper moment read it aloud. It excites no comment, but look on the faces of the hearers. There is aroused intelligence. That fact is laid away to be handled again. That fact will be told in the family at home and among the neighbors. The fact may make four good men Masons. It may make six Masons better Masons. It may excite five men who never read anything on Masonic themes to seek for books and papers. Nay, it may lead the lodge to ask for similar

facts and information at every meeting. All these we have known to result from the fruitful influence of a single well-directed thought cast at random into the lodge.

3. Check the hasty word and oath on the brother's lips, as soon as you can do it privately. To do it publicly would produce evil rather than good. Kindly asking the man of passion to give you his private ear, say to him in a few words, lovingly expressed, that "you have a charge to keep," and cannot and dare not neglect it. Then give your message, asking no reply, and leave the results to God. Wonderful, wonderful are the oft-time effects of this covenanted method of doing good.

4. Point out the errors, but always one at a time, and in no dictatorial manner, which exist in your lodge. What if your views are smartly opposed and laid aside? it only proves that you struck home, and at the next meeting, perhaps, your very opponents will be with you. "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*" The truth will always win in a lodge, and for the simple reason that the whole system of Masonry is organized truth. We have been in a lodge before now so rickety and near its dissolution that the brethren of which it was composed were flying about orbitless, and in dire confusion. We have thrown, as it were, headlong into that lodge some central truth, somehow omitted heretofore in the building, and lo! the lost truths ranged themselves naturally and promptly around it, and by the intelligent appropriation of the Master, who had only needed a little Masonic light to make him everything that is useful and honorable, that lodge became, what every lodge was intended to be, a burning and a shining light. So much for pointing out an error. Do it at every meeting as for the sake of doing good.—
Review.

SENSIBLE REMARKS ON MASONIC ANTIQUITY.

Grand Master Osborne, of Nebraska, in his address to the fraternity of that jurisdiction, says, clearly and pointedly :

"Could we survey the whole field of Masonic literature, could we carefully examine the writings of men like Moreau and Story, and Clavel, and BeBonneville, and Nicolai, and Dr. Anderson, and Rebold, and Lenoir, and Findel, and Krause, and Boberich, and Heldmann, together with the works of our great American writers upon Masonic history, we would still be forced to acknowledge our inability to solve the problem of the date of the origin of Freemasonry; or might, perhaps, place it among the mysteries of antiquity. But going one step further, I apprehend that it is a matter of but little practical importance to the speculative or philosophic Mason of to-day, whether Freemasonry in its present form had its origin at one period of the world's history or at another; whether, as some writers have foolishly

asserted, that Masonry extended back to the Paradise of Eden ; whether the Archangel Michael was the Master of the first Lodge held after the death of Abel ; whether it originated on the plains of Shinar, at the construction of the tower of Babel ; whether it had its origin in the Dionysian, Essenian, or Pythagorean philosophical schools of antiquity ; whether in the Egyptian or Hebrew mysteries ; whether it passed by Moses from the Egyptian mysteries to the Jewish nation, and thence to the Greeks and Romans ; whether the cradle of the craft may be found in the building of the Temple of Solomon, at about 1,000 years before the Christian era ; or whether it may be found in the College of Builders, established three hundred years later by Numa Pompilius—can make no less glorious the principles which underlie the great superstructure of speculative Masonry, or in any degree change the duties and obligation which the Mason of to-day owes to his God, his neighbor and himself."

We are glad to find one Grand Master, at least, who can look at the principles of Freemasonry and appreciate them, without being engulfed in the whirlpool which has been created, in many cases, by the mere peddlers of Masonic trash, and the manufacturers of Masonic degrees.

PLAIN TALK.—A well-known and highly distinguished Mason, in a private letter to us, wrote as follows :

The thought has struck me that the Craft need a good deal of plain talk. They are increasing so rapidly that obligations are, in the same ratio, weakened. The Masonic press must necessarily become the leaders and spokesmen of the fraternity, and urge them on more to *duty*, and less to the display of the *name* of Freemasonry.

The Church has, unfortunately, become jealous of the Institution, and *charges* the lack of church attendance more on us than on the growing tendency of the age to ignore old stereotyped dogmas and lectures. The age is progressive, and the people demand more *work* of the Church than they do of more *preaching*, and we must be awake to the same fault on our part, lest our Institution, also, fails *for want of a distinctive feature* in its grand mission."

The distinctive feature of Masonry is to discern and promote truth and right ; to uphold good and eradicate evil. Unfortunately, this object, in these days of her prosperity, is lost sight of by many of her craftsmen, and they are actuated by motives which will not bear the glow of the "hieroglyphic bright." It is evident, as our correspondent says, there is need of plain talk, and Grand Officers and the Masonic press are the ones to lead off in it.—*Voice of Masonry*.

LENITY has almost always wisdom and justice on its side.—*Hosea Ballou*.

EFFECT OF LODGE RESTORATION ON CHAPTER MEMBERSHIP.

PORTLAND, ME., March 15, 1875.

BRO. EDITORS:—I am glad to see the article in the *March Voice*, upon the "Effect of Lodge Restoration of Chapter Membership," though my own views are somewhat misapprehended.

In the decision referred to, I gave what I understood to be the law, and expressed my own dissent from its correctness; and then proceeded to give my own views, which are no part of the decision.

I hold that restoration by the Lodge *ought not* to restore him in the chapter; but if it does, it ought to restore him to membership; also, in the chapter. To the first proposition Comp. Mackey does not assent; to the last one he does; he claims, as I do, that if the first one is correct, the last one must be. And yet I think the "*settled*" law, so far as the action of the Grand Bodies is concerned, affirms the first proposition and denies the second.

Such has been the decision upon this point, by every Grand Body that has acted upon it, so far as I can ascertain, with a single exception, which I will notice hereafter. And I was not aware of that exception when I made the decision. I then supposed all the decisions were uniform upon that point. The Grand Chapter of New York (more than once) and the Grand Chapter of Ohio have so decided, besides others. An active member of the Northern Supreme Council was expelled by his lodge and afterwards restored. It was decided by the Supreme Council, upon full deliberation, that upon the decisions in similar cases, in other bodies, the brother was restored to his grade, *but not to membership in the Supreme Council*. In this case, however, there had been no action of the Supreme Council upon the expulsion, but the brother, of his own accord, claimed no rights during the time he stood expelled. The able committee on jurisprudence, in the General Grand Chapter, reported, sustaining the decision as announced, thus concurring in my views; and the General Grand Chapter adopted the report without a dissent. If the practice in any of the Grand Chapters there represented had been otherwise, than as stated in the decision, it could not have been confirmed unchallenged.

The exception to which I have referred, is a decision by the Grand Commandery of Ohio. In 1870, that body decided that "a Knight, who has been expelled by his Lodge, is not restored to membership in his commandery by restoration to membership in his Lodge. He can only be restored on regular petition and unanimous ballot." At the time, I understood this decision to assume that the restoration restored him to his rank, but affirmed that it did not restore him to membership.

In 1874, however, (See Proc., pp. 14, 70) the Grand Commandery decided that restoration by the Lodge restores *neither to rank or membership* in the commandery. The Grand Encampment decided, in 1868, that an expulsion by the lodge or chapter of a knight, "necessarily degrades him from the Order of Knighthood;" and the Ohio decision was based, in part, upon that decision.

This exception, it seems, is not in favor of the rule sustained by Bro. Mackey: and I know of no decision of any Grand Body sustaining his rule; as these decisions "settle" the law, when I found them uniform, I concluded the law was settled, though against my own views of correctness. If Bro. Mackey knows of any decision sustaining his views, it has escaped me.

Now, one word as to the main question. In cases of expulsion of a companion by his lodge, the general, if not universal, practice is to have the allegation that he has thus been expelled by his lodge, judicially determined by the chapter and entered of record. Otherwise, he may deny that he has been legally expelled, and claim the right to sit in his chapter, and thus drive out every member of it, or compel them to sit with an expelled Mason, as there is no authority for excluding from the chapter any member in good standing; and an allegation, denied by him, that he has been expelled by his lodge, does not deprive him of his good standing in the chapter. It is also the practice to enter of record, that, having been expelled by the lodge, he is thereby expelled from all the rights and benefits of Royal Arch Masonry. I hold that, by these proceedings, his rights as a Royal Arch Mason are wholly *lost*, and are not "in abeyance," merely. When this is done, it seems to me that he should not again be a "Royal Arch Mason in good standing"—if this phrase pleases you better than mine—without action by the chapter. Otherwise the chapter cannot protect itself. A Mason is expelled from his lodge for a gross offense; he is thereby expelled from the chapter; it cannot try him itself, because he is already expelled; and moreover a trial would involve the right and power of acquittal, in spite of the action of the lodge; he is restored by his lodge, it may be, against the unanimous opinion of the members of the chapter; he cannot then be tried by his chapter for an offense for which he has already been expelled, and the result is, he is a Royal Arch Mason in good standing, with no power in the chapter to decide otherwise. There are cases, also, in which one would be willing to restore to the lodge, when a further probation is desirable before restoring to other grades.

Restoration is an exercise of the *pardon*ing power; and, it seems to me, each grade should exercise *that power for itself alone*. A reversal of an unjust or illegal sentence is not an act of *grace*, but of *justice*, and the brother thus affected should at once stand, in all respects, as if he had never been convicted. But restoration, in consequence of re-

penitance and good behavior, is an act of *grace*, which should affect only the body granting it, and not the body equally interested, but opposed to granting it.

Yours fraternally,

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.

ELECTION OF PRINCE OF WALES GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

The London *Freemason* of March 6th, instant, gives us the following interesting particulars concerning the Quarterly Communication of the United Grand Lodge of England, held at Freemasons' Hall, London, March 3d instant:

There were several hundreds of Brethren present, who were probably under the impression that the Prince of Wales would preside. The Brethren began to arrive at an early hour, and long before seven o'clock, all sitting room was occupied. By the time the Grand Lodge was opened more than half the Brethren present were standing, and remained so during the conduct of Grand Lodge business.

The Grand Master's chair was occupied by Brother Hugh D. Sandeman, District Grand Master of Bengal, the G. S. W. chair was occupied Lord Henry Thynne, M. P., G. S. W., and the G. J. W. chair by Brother F. Pattison. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Provincial Grand Master of Staffordshire, acted as Deputy Grand Master, and the Earl of Limerick, Provincial Grand Master of Bristol, as Past Grand Master. To the right of the Earl of Limerick were Col. Burdett, Provincial Grand Master of Middlesex, Brother Thomas F. Halsey, M. P., Provincial Grand Master of Herts, the Rev. James Simpson, D. C. L., Grand Chaplain, and other eminent Craftsmen.

Bro. Standish Grove Grady, in rising to propose the election of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Grand Master for the ensuing year, said:

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER—I having the honor of nominating His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the last quarterly communication as the Most Worshipful Grand Master of our Order for the ensuing year, it becomes my duty now to ask you to confirm that nomination by your election of His Royal Highness this evening to that office. I do indeed esteem it the highest honor, that I have been selected to discharge this duty, and I cannot attribute it to any personal merits of my own, but rather to the circumstances that, not many years ago, I had the good fortune to be called upon to present to their Royal Highness the first words of welcome when the illustrious Princess, with whom the Most Worshihful Grand Master has so happily united his fortunes, first graced the shores of her adopted country; and

still more recently to his Royal brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and his illustrious bride, the Grand Duchess, when he introduced her to the loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects. And I again feel it an honor to discharge my present duty, and to ask this Grand Lodge, so numerous and influentially attended, to confer on His Royal Highness the highest honor that the Craft can bestow on any of its members. I need not remind you of the position of our ancient Order; I need not remind you that when a recent event rendered vacant the occupancy of our throne, how the voice of the Craft throughout Her Majesty's dominions fell as one on His Royal Highness as the most fit to occupy the throne and preside over our ancient institution. I need not remind you of the manner in which His Royal Highness, when waited upon by the deputation of the Grand Lodge, which requested his acceptance of that office, how graciously, how handsomely, and with all truly Masonic feeling, he acceded to the wish and complied with their request. I need not remind you of the report which has reached us all, of the able and distinguished manner in which he performed one of our most interesting ceremonies on the recent occasion of the initiation of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught. The way he presided over the anniversary festival of our charitable institutions will convince you that we have in His Royal Highness a ruler who will add brilliancy to the Order, and raise it to a position of prosperity to which it has not hitherto attained in this country. I need not remind you that the Most Worshipful Grand Master has still another claim upon our loyalty, and our allegiance as Masons. He is descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, many of whose members have been conspicuous at once for their attachment to the Order. I am speaking in hearing of many Brethren who knew His Royal Highness' grandfather, the Duke of Kent, who was also a Freemason, and his grand-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who was Grand Master of England at the time of the union of the two Grand Lodges; and we know the services he rendered to the Order at that time. Brethren, I shall not detain you further, but shall simply propose "His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales be elected M. W. G. M. of Freemasons of England for the ensuing twelve months." (Cheers.)

Bro. Grey, Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge, of which His Royal Highness is W. M., said, in seconding the motion: "After what has fallen from our Brother Grady, I feel that further words would be superfluous; I beg, therefore, to second the election of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." (Applause.)

The motion was put to vote when it was unanimously carried, amidst the repeated cheering of the whole assembled body.

Sir Albert Woods (Order of the Garter), Grand Director of Ceremonies, then proclaimed the Prince of Wales by his full titles duly elected Grand Master for the year.

Bro. John Harvey, Grand Secretary, then announced that: "His Royal Highness has fixed the ceremony of his installation to take place at the Grand Festival, on Wednesday, the 28th of April, at the Royal Albert Hall."

TOO MUCH MASONRY.

From the address of M. W. Louis Cohn, Grand Master, to the Grand Lodge of Utah, November 10th, 1874.

I am sensible of the fact that in treading upon this path I am liable to find myself in a dangerous conflict of fierce antagonism; but the address of a Grand Master, like everything else in Masonry, should be for a good purpose, and not for the sake of relieving himself of a strain of pent up oratorical eloquence.

I deem it to be part of my duty as Grand Master to point out to you such defects in our Craft as have come to my notice during my term of office, so that you may, in your wisdom, devise the remedy; and I should indeed be wanting in my duties as Grand Master were I to shrink from the task for fear that in doing so I may find a number of brethren who may be pleased to differ with me.

During my frequent visits to Lodges, I have been not a little chagrined in observing how very thinly they were attended except on very rare occasions. I have time and again visited Lodges that have one hundred members, but there has scarcely been enough present to fill the different offices.

The meagre attendance has usually a very depressing effect upon candidates, for two reasons: Unless all the officers are present, the work is done in a very bungling manner, and fails to make the desired impression upon the candidate. For example, let the regular Senior Deacon of a Lodge be absent, and his place be filled by a brother not in practice of the work; no matter how well posted he may be, he will hesitate and "fish" for words during the work, until the whole harmony is destroyed. This, together with the fine array of empty benches which meet the candidate's gaze, will in nine cases out of ten, keep him away from Lodge meetings altogether, or else he will be told that "this is a mere nothing, and that he must seek among the higher degrees for the *wonders of Masonry*."

Yes! I have investigated this matter very carefully, in order to find a reason why the Blue Lodges are so much neglected, and the only answer I can find is we have *too much Masonry*. The old members, it seems, would rather visit the other Masonic organizations—if they visit at all—and the young Mason has scarcely passed the threshold of the sanctum sanctorum, when he already petitions the chapter, then the

commandery, and next the Scottish Rite Lodges, for their thirty-two degrees—all of them very excellent, I have not the least doubt. The morbid desire of the young Mason for more mystery, and not for “more light,” leads him ever onward, until the multitude of degrees, G. and P. W., lead him to think that Masonry only consists of these Lodge ceremonies, and nothing else; and it causes him to lose sight of the noble and simple teachings of the first three degrees, and the true aim of Masonry is thereby lost to him. Standing on his lofty pinnacle, the young Knight Templar, of two or three months’ standing, considers himself a *very high* Mason indeed, and the Blue Lodge is totally ignored, or looked upon as something only fit for the *lower* ranks of the Order. Secretaries are apt to find such brethren cross and crabby when they endeavor to collect dues.

Belonging to so many organizations, the payment of dues becomes burthensome to them, and, if possible, they contrive to get their dimit from the Blue Lodge, and I have good reasons for believing that some of the brethren belonging to the higher organizations are not contributing members in the Blue Lodge.

I remember when we had no chapter, commandery or Scottish Rite bodies in this city, the Lodges were always well attended, the members well posted in the rituals, and the officers, proud of their positions in the Lodge, vied with each other in the accuracy of the work. I am constrained to say that such is not the case now. Masons occupying the highest offices in the chapter and commandery, can scarcely assist in the conferring of a degree in the Blue Lodge, when called upon. All this I attribute to *too much Masonry*, and in the dim future I can see greater danger springing from this than from all the assailants against Freemasonry.

My brethren of the “higher degrees,” I mean no disparagement to you or to your degrees. I have the greatest reverence for your excellent teachings. We are all brothers, belonging to one of the greatest families under the sun, and I shall ever rejoice in your prosperity. But as Grand Master of Utah, I caution you not to sap your own foundation. Your material should be selected from the matured, ripe members of the Order, and not from among those who are scarcely familiar with their first A B C lessons. You destroy their Masonic usefulness by permitting them to join you too quickly. Bear in mind that Blue Lodge Masonry is the root of all; weaken it, and the Masonic structure will become top-heavy and crumble to pieces. I conjure you to attend to the Blue Lodges of which you are members, and take an active part in their work, and do not leave the whole of it to the Master, Secretary, and one or two other members.

SHE FOUND FRIENDS.

BELFAST, MAINE, March 7, 1875.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There arrived in this city last week, on the train, an intelligent, sweet-faced little girl of ten years, the history of whose long journey from the far West is exceedingly interesting. She is an orphan; her father, a Mr. Rice, formerly of this county, living in

Farmington, Minn., had lost his family, one by one, save this little girl, and then died himself. The little one desired to reach her relatives in this vicinity. She performed the long journey of more than fourteen hundred miles alone and without money, having for guidance and protection only a small slip of paper which bore the statement, under the seal of a Masonic Lodge, that she was the daughter of a deceased brother Master Mason, who wished to reach friends in the East, and committing her to the care of all. It was better to her than gold. It raised up friends for her and opened the hearts of all. Ladies cared for her tenderly, and bearded men, who had braved many a danger, felt their eyes moisten and their hearts go out in sympathy, as they listened to the story of this little waif, committed to their care and protection. She had a free passage, meals at the stations, and the best berth in the sleeping cars. The Knights of old, who bore the Red Cross on the plains of Palestine, kept not more faithfully their vows than did these modern Templars the obligation to befriend and protect the orphan of a brother Master Mason. And so she passed from car to car, towards the rising sun, her paper finding her friends everywhere. At last she reached this city, where she was taken to the house of the gentlemanly conductor; her friends were sent for, and she was taken to her future home in Searsport. That little slip of paper will long be cherished by her as the chief among treasures.— *Voice of Masonry.*

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
FLINT, MICH., April 30th, A. L. 5875.

Question. A Lodge voted to give a certain sum of money to a charitable organization not connected with Masonry, to dispose of in its discretion. Had the Lodge the right to do so?

Answer. The question asked touches the right of a Lodge to donate its funds to general charities. It involves many considerations, and the answer can only be properly understood by noting the difference between the rights and duties of a Lodge in this particular, and the rights and duties of the individual Mason. The individual Mason is taught to be charitable towards all mankind, and to give in charity to such an extent as his ability will permit, and for such objects as shall

commend themselves to his judgment as worthy. A Lodge, however, is circumstanced so differently that it cannot act upon this principle to the same extent as the individual Brother. It is an organization composed of a number of members, and organized for a specific purpose. Its membership is made up of Brethren holding different views in regard to who is most needy among the destitute, and what particular charity is most commendable. This being so its financial sustenance is necessarily limited to a narrow compass. The funds held by it are set apart as sacred to certain purposes, and its charities must, from the very nature of the case, be confined to such particular objects as the great body of organized Masons agree upon. By common usage the charities of a Lodge, as such, are limited to the relief of worthy distressed Brothers, their widows and orphans. Beyond this it should not go, but should leave all other general charities to the humane consideration of the individual Mason. A disposition of the funds of a Lodge in aid of general charities, other than those above mentioned, would, in my opinion, not only lead to much discord among the Brethren, but would also divert them from the purposes for which they are solemnly pledged. It is therefore held that a Lodge, as such, should confine its charitable bequests to the relief of worthy distressed Brothers, their widows and orphans.

Question. Our Lodge has a By-Law declaring that no Brother shall be eligible to the office of W. M. who has held the office for two years in succession. Is it valid?

Answer. No. The only limitation to eligibility to that office is that the Brother must have been elected and installed as Warden of a chartered Lodge.

This having been fixed by the Grand Lodge, impliedly prohibits any further limitation by a chartered Lodge.

GEO. H. DURAND,
Grand Master.

THE March number of the *New England Freemason* comes to us adorned with an elegantly engraved steel plate portrait of its able editor M. W. Bro. Sereno D. Nickerson. We are also glad to note signs of prosperity in this excellent exponent of the Craft in New England.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not law.]

MASONIC BURIAL.

EDITOR FREEMASON:—Cases have recently occurred, within the jurisdiction of our Lodge, which raise among us two or three questions relative to Masonic Burial—involving the *right* of the individual Mason, and the *duty* of the Lodge.

1. Is a Mason entitled, of *right*, to a Masonic Burial?

2. If it be a *right* or a privilege, who are entitled to it—that is, are any so entitled, except members of a Lodge in good standing? Please answer in FREEMASON. TYRE.

Answer. We had supposed that the frequent decisions, by our Grand Masters and the Grand Lodge, on these much mooted questions, had settled all possible doubts about them in the minds of Michigan Brethren, and had rendered any further discussion of them quite unnecessary.

On the question of *right*, our own opinions are well expressed in a recent report, from the Committee on Jurisprudence, to the Grand Lodge of Tennessee. The committee says: “Strictly speaking, no Mason is entitled to it as a matter of right, growing out of his relation to the fraternity. It is a matter of courtesy—a free-will offering to the memory of a deceased worthy brother, whose loss we deplore, whose life we are not ashamed of, and whose virtues we commend to the world.

“The old charges and regulations make no reference to Masonic burials, and there is no ancient law on the subject binding upon Masons of the present day, so that the whole subject is within the control of the Grand Lodge, with one ancient example and modern usage for its guide.

“Funeral rites, in honor of distinguished persons and those whose virtues have commended them to the esteem and affection of the living, have been practiced in all ages and in all

civilized countries, differing in forms according to the rank of the individual and the prevailing customs of those offering the tribute. It is the verdict of the living upon the character and merits of the dead.

“In conformity to this usage, as well as to the legend of our order, distinguished Masons, and those of great skill and merit, were doubtless interred with Masonic ceremonies at a very early period in the history of the order, but such honors were not common until modern times, and have never been indiscriminately bestowed, except in the United States.

“In Continental Europe it is still practiced in conformity with the symbol of our ancient legend, and only in honor of prominent officers and distinguished persons. In Germany it is rarely observed. The practice has been more general in England, and in countries in which England planted Masonry. In England no Mason can be interred with Masonic honors unless it be at his own special request, and then only by dispensation from the Grand Master or Provincial Grand Master.”

It is beyond question that Masonic funerals are not of great antiquity, neither is the custom universal or co extensive with the Craft; but in this country we practically concede the *privilege* of Masonic burial to every Master Mason in good standing.

There are three general prerequisites to Masonic Burial; viz.: The deceased Brother must have been, 1st, a Master Mason, for reasons which every Master Mason understands; and, 2d, in good standing, because none others can claim *privileges*, although they may have some Masonic rights; and, 3d, he, or his near relatives, must have asked the favor, because we never thrust our services on those who do not desire them.

1. The first prerequisite needs no discussion; and to it there is no exception.

2. Of the second it may be well to say, that a member of a Lodge, whose standing is technically good, (*i. e.*, he is not under charges,) may not have *such* standing as will entitle him to the privilege of Burial. For instance: he may have been quite recently guilty of some immoral act—may have been killed in a disreputable row, or in an attempt to commit crime

—may have been engaged in a long course of crime or dishonesty which has just been brought to light—in such, and in other similar circumstances, the deceased, although “clear of the Books,” would not receive Masonic Burial from his Brethren. From this it is apparent, that our Lodges, by their very practice, exclude the idea that Masonic Burial is the *right* of a Master Mason who may be technically in good standing, but hold it to be a *privilege*, which the Lodge, in the exercise of a charitable but sound discretion, will confer only on the worthy.

But are any besides members of a Lodge entitled to the privilege? Most certainly, if they are in that good standing which the Lodge makes a prerequisite in its own members. Are the good men and Masons, who are members of a feeble Lodge, and who, because of feebleness, surrender their charter, to be denied the satisfaction of a Burial by their Brethren, because, forsooth, they are no longer members of a Lodge? Or, the charter of a Lodge may be revoked—some of its late members having been good and some bad—are the “good men and true” who soon afterwards die, to be denied Masonic rites, because they have not had time or opportunity to affiliate elsewhere? Or, a recently demitted Brother changes his residence, or is a traveller, or a “sojourner” seeking a residence, shall we treat him as a Masonic outcast, and a pariah in his sickness and death? All right feeling and right thinking Masons will unite in one universal no to these questions.

- But, (it is often asked), are *unaffiliated* Masons entitled to Masonic Burial? We have already seen that *some* are, but whether *others* are, is a question that each W. M. and Lodge must decide according to circumstances and a *sound Masonic discretion*.

Again it is asked, is a member of a Lodge, against whom there are no charges, but who is a habitual drunkard. &c., &c., entitled to Burial by the Craft? A decision, rendered by G. M. Webber, last year, and approved by Grand Lodge, declares that, if the Lodge, during the drunken Brother's lifetime, had not properly and masonically dealt with him for his fault, “the Lodge is guilty of a wrong to that Brother and to the fraternity, which should close its mouth against complaints after death.” Without expressing any opinion as to the duty

of a Lodge in such a case, we commend this question to the consideration of all conscientious and thoughtful Masons. But we have this much to say on this head—that if a Lodge will bury a drunken Brother because he is rich, or because he holds, or has held high office, or is highly connected, and then refuses to bury another, morally no worse, because he is poor and without influential friends, that Lodge, in our opinion, neither “meets upon the Level,” nor “parts on the square.”

But again it is asked: Can we bury a suicide? The custom, (and not long since either,) was to answer no, unqualifiedly, to this question. But a decision by G. M. Chamberlain, and approved by our Grand Lodge, has somewhat changed the current of Masonic feeling and opinion on this point. The medical and legal status of the suicide, it is true, has been gradually undergoing a change for years. Once held to be a *criminal*, the poor suicide was punished by his fellow sinners *after death!* they declared a forfeiture of all his goods and chattles; they denied him christian burial with his kindred; and having driven a stake through his body, buried it by the roadside. The suicide is now, however, held to be, in most cases, a poor unfortunate who is entitled to our charitable sympathies.

Bro. Chamberlain decided, “that a Lodge may bury a Brother who is a suicide, and, as Master of a Lodge, I should do so without hesitation, if the suicide resulted from insanity not produced by immoral conduct.” This is a safe, as well as a humane rule; but it will be again observed, that the decision, of each case, is left to a *sound discretion*. It must be so; there can be no absolute rule on any such question, without doing injustice in many cases.

Is a Mason, who is under charges in his own Lodge, but not yet tried, entitled to Burial? To this the only safe answer is, that the Lodge and W. M. must, in each case, exercise their best judgment according to the circumstances.

Are suspended or expelled Masons, under any circumstances, entitled to the privilege? Strange as it may seem, this question is often asked—especially with reference to the suspended. The only answer is, no.

3. There is one exception, and only one that we know of,

to the third general prerequisite stated—the request of the Brother or of his near friends for Masonic Burial. The exception is made in favor of the “sojourner,” known to be in good standing, who died suddenly, having made no request, and with no friends near to do it for him. It is the universal custom, we believe, in the United States, to give all such, whether affiliated or unaffiliated, a Masonic Burial.

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - **Editor.**

ALL numbers of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON now due, will be speedily issued. Our health and strength are so far restored that we feel justified in promising that, by the middle of August, the magazine shall be fully up to time.

DANCING AT LODGE FESTIVALS.

“The Masons of Dubuque are now engaged in an exciting controversy, the point in dispute being whether or not dancing should be allowed at Masonic festivals and other entertainments of that nature, in which the Order occasionally indulges. Grand Master Chapman holds to the negative, and deprived two prominent officers, Taylor and Guilbert, of their jewels of office for insubordination, but after a few days restored them again. His action in the matter is strongly condemned by all the leading Masons, and an appeal has been taken to the Grand Lodge, which meets in June next. The Masons of Dubuque propose to find out what rights they have in this matter.”

Dancing, like theology, is one of the things about which Masons will disagree, and is also one of those matters in which, as we think, a spirit of true toleration and masonic charity should govern. Dancing is a social amusement wholly innocent in itself and much practiced by good people and

in good society. All attempts, therefore, to banish it to the "limbo of immoralities;" will necessarily fail.

Individually, we would not object to dancing in a Lodge room; but so long as *one* respected Brother, who is a member of our Lodge, is conscientiously opposed to it we should yield to his views. But if, at a Masonic Festival, *held outside the Lodge room*, any wish to dance, we should say let them dance. Because a Brother's conscience forbids his participation in the "giddy maze," it should not follow that he can masonically control his Brother who finds pleasure in a custom which his conscience does not rebuke. In the Lodge room each Brother has some rights which all are *bound* to respect, and some other rights which all *ought* to respect. But the tastes of Masons, outside the Lodge room, cannot be restricted by such rules. Freedom of action, in all such matters, must be conceded by Mason to Mason.

[For the FREEMASON.]

POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

Brother, have you ever forgotten the solemn lesson you were taught by the Master, termed the *five points of fellowship*? It is hoped you have not. They are vital to our institution, and indeed no brother deserves to be hailed as such, who disregards these distinguishing principles of our order.

First. Is a Brother in distress? Has sickness come to him or his, and does he need your care? Has misfortune of any kind overtaken him, and in his perplexity does he need the aid which you can so easily impart? If so, are you prompt in your ministry of aid and comfort to him in his time of need. Are you *swift of foot* to be there among the first to say kind words, and perform noble deeds? Or are you an indolent laggard, always behind the time, and drawn to duty as an ox goeth to the slaughter? The true Mason is always eager to exercise charity and kindness toward the distressed.

Second. Are you a devout Mason? And in your progress to Almighty God do you fervently and sincerely remember your Brother's welfare? Are you unselfish, remembering that you are under obligation to others, and should seek their interest as well as your own? Or have you grown selfish and cold, caring not for others, if only fortune may come to you? If you would have the favor of Heaven, learn the charity of Heaven, and wish others those blessings which your soul craves upon yourself.

Third. When a Brother needs a friend on whom he can rely, in whose heart his secrets will repose in safety, and his dearest interests be held as sacred as in his own, when he has come to you to find such a friend, have you always been faithful? Has the seal of secrecy ever been upon your lips? Has strict fidelity guarded the trust solemnly and sacredly given to your honor? Or have you been unguarded, and required the aid of others to perform what most solemnly devolved upon you? How faithful is your heart to keep deposited within it the dearest interests of your friend and Brother?

Fourth. Is your *hand open* to the supply of a worthy needy Brother? Or are you so close-fisted as to give nothing, or next to nothing? Masonry loves the cheerful giver; are you one? Or when you give, is it with the grudging meanness which takes all the virtue out of the act? How is it, my Brother? On the reply you return depends the worthiness of your profession as a member of the Craft.

Fifth. Do you admonish with kindness, and show an erring Brother his faults to his face, while you refrain from reviling him *behind his back*? When others reproach him, do you defend him from the bitter attacks of his enemies? When they are misguided, and err in their judgments, do you put them right, and thus stand by your Brother at the time when he most needs a friend to speak in his behalf? Or do you acquiesce by studied silence, or damn by faint praise? In a word, do you remember, and practice, the lessons of the five points of fellowship?

W. J. C.

[For the FREEMASON.]

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

Whether Masonry has any relation to Religion or not, depends entirely upon the sense in which we use the word religion. If we mean by religion the opinions which men hold of God, man, heaven, hell, and everything which serves to build up sects and denominations, then we say Masonry does not profess to interfere with these, but leaves every member free to follow the dictates of his own conscience. It asks only the most simple declaration of faith, one in which all men are agreed, except stupid atheists, and irreligious libertines. Masonry knows absolutely nothing of sectarianism. On its chequered floor meet ministers of all churches, and the member of no church who recognizes the existence of God, and the binding nature of the Moral Law. And here too may be found the Jewish Rabbi and the Pope of Rome, provided they seek an entrance into our ancient and honorable order, and are willing to take upon themselves the duties and obligations imposed upon all members. And here upon the masonic pavement they all must meet upon the level if they meet at all, bound together by the

sacred ties of friendship and brotherly love. No distinctions are here known, save those of real merit ; no distinctions, save the honor paid to pure virtue.

But there is another sense in which we use the word religion. It is the practical sense. So it was used by St. James, and is found in that great Light of Masonry which lies open in every Lodge, and should be prayfully studied by every Craftman who would be a bright and honored Mason. St. James says : " Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this : To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1 : 27. If to visit dependent orphans and lone widows in time of affliction from pure and noble motives, to minister to their wants, be religion in a true sense, then is our institution a religious one. Of course I now use the word in its practical sense. I am glad that this good Bible use of the word is not laid aside, and I am glad also that Masonry is far, very far, from ignoring the *true religion*, in which all agree, and which passes as genuine among all sects, and no sect ; as well in heaven as on earth. This religion Masonry holds to be binding upon all its members. But I greatly fear that this true, practical, charitable religion is too little lived among us. But whether practical or not, it is taught as plainly, and enforced as emphatically, by the spirit of our Order, as it is by the Holy Bible itself.

On this subject the Grand Lodge of England holds the following language : " A Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to obey the Moral Law, and if he rightly understand the act, he will never be a stupid atheist or an irreligious libertine. He, of all men, should best understand that God seeth not as man seeth ; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart. A Mason is, therefore, particularly bound never to act against the dictates of his conscience. Let a man's religion, or mode of worship, be what it may, he is not excluded from the Order, provided he believe in the glorious Architect of heaven and earth, and practice the sacred duties of morality. Masons unite with the virtuous of every persuasion, in the firm and pleasing bond of fraternal love ; they are taught to view the errors of mankind with compassion, and to strive, by the purity of their own conduct, to demonstrate the superior excellence of the faith they may possess. Thus Masonry is the centre of union between good men and true, and the happy means of conciliating friendship amongst those who must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance." Thus does it bring into active exercise a charity warm and kind—the spirit of a true, practical religion.

W. J. C.

MICHIGAN, III.—The session for 1873 commenced December 31, 1872, and the proceedings are readily mistaken for those of 1872 ; those of 1874 are not to be printed till 1875.

Editorial Notes and Selections.

A HEART MOVING SCENE.

One of the grandest spectacles we ever witnessed was put upon the stage of the Masonic Temple, Louisville, during the session of the Grand Lodge of Masons. The hour of adjournment arrived, and Grand Master Jones announced that the body would adjourn without signs, as he had reason to believe eaves-droppers were behind the scenes. He urged the members to remain, and all retained their seats. The gavel sounded, the bell tinkled, the curtain uprose, and before the astonished Grand Lodge, sixty orphans stood, wards of Masonic charity. The effect was electric. The very sight of these fatherless ones moved strong men to tears, and many eyes unused to tears rendered a tribute to this silent appeal. A welcome song was sung, the sentiment of which touched every heart, and tears fell down manly cheeks like rain. There were other exercises—speeches, dialogues, songs, etc., all of them adapted to the occasion, and each in succession intensifying feeling until the pent-up hearts could obtain no longer, and sobs were audible all through the vast hall. When the exercises concluded there was a spontaneous call, loud and prolonged, from six hundred brethren in the auditorium to send the girls down for a collection. It was taken, and the treasury of the "Home" was handsomely reinforced. All opposition to this institution was disarmed, and every one turned away resolved to do something to build up and render permanent an institution whose first fruits were so rich.—*Kentucky Freemason.*

THE SECRET OF MASONRY.

In a town in the West of England, and at an inn where several people were sitting round the fire in a large kitchen, through which there was a passage to the other apartments, among the company was a woman and a tailor.

In this inn there was a Masonic Lodge held, and it being Lodge night, the Craft, as they arrived, passed through on their way to the Lodge; this introduced observations on the principles of Masonry, and the signs by which Masons could be known to each other.

The woman said there was not so much mystery as people imagined, for she herself could show any person the Masonic *sign*. "What," said the tailor, "that of a Free and Accepted Mason?" "Yes," she replied, "and I will hold you a half-crown bowl of punch, to be confirm-

ed by any of the members whom you may select, as the judges of the truth of what I say."

"Why," said he, "a woman was never admitted; then how is it possible that you could procure it?" "No matter about that," returned the woman, "I will pay the forfeit if I do not prove the fact."

The company present urged the tailor to accept the challenge, to which he consented, and several members of the fraternity were called to act as judges in the matter.

When all the preliminaries had been arranged, the woman took the tailor by the arm and led him outside of the tavern, to a post, from which there was swinging an old fashioned *sign*; and, pointing up to this *sign*, inquired whose *sign* it was; the tailor replied that "everybody knew it belonged to the landlord, Mr. Rober." "And is not he a member of this order, and a Freemason?" she inquired. The judges replied that "Bro. Rober was a Freemason, and a member of the Lodge." "You hear what these gentlemen say," returned the woman, "consequently I have shown you the *sign* of a Freemason." So loud was the laugh that followed the explanation of the joke played upon the tailor, that he became quite moody, and it was with much difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to taste the punch, purchased at his expense. After having been so badly sold, and by a woman, he carefully avoided all conversation about the Lodge.—*Ex.*

BEN ADHEM.

(The son of Adam.)

The following poem by Leigh Hunt is worth more than a thousand sermons :

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold;
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold.
 And to the presence in the room he said :
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered : "The names of all who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said. "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

ELECTION OF PRINCE OF WALES GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.

The London *Freemason* of March, 6th inst., gives the following interesting particulars concerning the Quarterly Communication of the United Grand Lodge of England, held at Freemasons' Hall, London, on March 3d :

There were several hundreds of Brethren present, who were probably under the impression that the Prince of Wales would preside. The Brethren began to arrive at an early hour, and long before seven o'clock, all sitting room was occupied. By the time the Grand Lodge was opened more than half the Brethren present were standing, and remained so during the conduct of the Grand Lodge business.

Bro. Standish Grove Grady, in rising to propose the election of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Grand Master for the ensuing year, said :

Most Worshipful Grand Master—I having had the honor of nominating His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the last Quarterly Communication as the Most Worshipful Grand Master of our Order for the ensuing year, it becomes my duty now to ask you to confirm that nomination by your election of His Royal Highness this evening to that office. I do indeed esteem it the highest honor, that I have been selected to discharge this duty, and I cannot attribute it to any personal merits of my own, but rather to the circumstances that, not many years ago, I had the good fortune to be called upon to present to their Royal Highnesses the first words of welcome when the illustrious Princess, with whom the Most Worshipful Grand Master has so happily united his fortunes, first graced the shores of her adopted country ; and still more recently to his Royal brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and his illustrious bride, the Grand Duchess, when he introduced her to the loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects. And I again feel it an honor to discharge my present duty, and to ask this Grand Lodge, so numerous and influentially attendend, to confer on His Royal Highness the highest honor that the Craft can bestow on any of its members. I need not remind you of the position of our ancient Order ; I need not remind you that when a recent event rendered vacant the occupancy of our throne, how the voice of the Craft throughout Her Majesty's dominions fell as one on His Royal Highness as the most fit to occupy the throne and preside over our ancient institution. I need not remind you of the manner in which His Royal Highness, when waited upon by the deputation of the Grand Lodge, which requested his acceptance of that office, how graciously, how handsomely, and with all truly Masonic feeling, he acceded to the wish and complied with their request.

I need not remind you of the report which has reached us all, of the able and distinguished manner in which he performed one of our most interesting ceremonies on the recent occasion of the initiation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. The way he presided over the anniversary festival of our charitable institutions will convince you that we have in His Royal Highness a ruler who will add brilliancy to the Order, and raise it to a position of prosperity to which it has not hitherto attained in this country. I need not remind you that the Most Worshipful Grand Master has still another claim upon our loyalty and our allegiance as Masons. He is descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, many of whose members have been conspicuous at once for their attachment to the Order. I am speaking in hearing of many Brethren who knew His Royal Highness' grandfather, the Duke of Kent, who was also a Freemason, and his grand-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who was Grand Master of England at the time of the union of the two Grand Lodges; and we know the services he rendered to the Order at that time. Brethren, I shall not detain you further, but shall simply propose "That his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales be elected M. W. G. M. of Freemasons of England for the ensuing twelve months." (Cheers.)

Bro. Grey, Master of the Prince of Wales Lodge, of which His Royal Highness is W. M., said, in seconding the motion: "After what has fallen from our Brother Grady, I feel that further words would be superfluous; I beg, therefore, to second the election of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." (Applause.)

The motion was put to vote, when it was unanimously carried, amidst the repeated cheering of the whole assembled body.

Sir Albert Woods, Grand Director of Ceremonies, then proclaimed the Prince of Wales by his full titles duly elected Grand Master for the year.

Bro. John Hervey, Grand Secretary, then announced that: "His Royal Highness has fixed the ceremony of his installation to take place at the Grand Festival, on Wednesday, the 28th of April, at the Royal Albert Hall."

THE *Hebrew Leader* is in many respects, an interesting paper and a valuable exchange. We note, with pleasure, recent improvements in its masonic department. In proposing to be "first among its equals," it manifests a laudable ambition and a commendable purpose. If it realizes its hopes and promises, we do not doubt that "the frost-browed society" will freeze to it.

But, in journals as in nature, the law of true growth demands an observance of certain essential conditions. Which of us, "by *taking thought*, can add one cubit to his stature?" Money, enterprise, econo-

my, talent, either alone or all together, cannot make a powerful Masonic Journal. But all these are essential; and when fused in the true masonic spirit of Charity and Brotherly Love they will surely succeed. If, in all these, the *Leader* leads, we shall rejoice in the success which will crown its efforts and to which it will be justly entitled.

MASONRY, THE PROTECTOR OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—Permit me to say that, in the dark days, when civil liberty and religious truth were both endangered by tyranny and superstition, the Lodges of Masonry were the receptacles and protection of both. Tyrants have dreaded Masonry, because Masons are the patrons of freedom. Superstition has denounced Masonry, because Masonry is the friend and protector of truth.—*Lord Dalhousie, Grand Master of Scotland.*

THE FORTY-SEVENTH PROBLEM OF EUCLID has often proved a stumbling-block to Masters and Lecturers, but we think no one ever made more of "a mess of it" than a zealous, but rather illiterate, Master in Western New York, who once informed an astonished neophyte that "The 47th problem of U-clyde was the invention of our ancient friend and Brother, the great Pith-a-go-re-as, and on its discovery he is said to have sacrificed a he-cat-a-comb."—*N. E. Freemason.*

The world's a lodge : through every land
 Our banners are unfurled—
 Linked as a chain we form a band
 To bind and bless the world.

THERE is nothing in the nature of man that justifies any other outlook than that broad open sky called immortality. Did you ever take your pencil and estimate how many human beings a single star or planet might support? If you will do so, you will find that there is one of our planets that would support upon its bosom all the inhabitants that ever lived upon the earth in its historic six thousand years. With a population only as dense as that of France, our largest planet would furnish homes for all beings that ever lived on our small but beautiful star. But what is one planet to the millions of worlds that deck the sky? Earth is the humblest of stars. Oh, man! God's universe has as much room for his children all living, as for his children all dead; as much room for their life and love and joy as for their dust. "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him."

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

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WIFELY DEVOTION.

AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASE OF LADY FRANKLIN AND COMMONPLACE AMERICAN FAMILIES.

A week or two ago Lady Franklin (being, as it was supposed, nigh unto death) sent to the women of this country the peculiar womanly and pathetic message that they should pray for her. There is at least a chance that the bones of her husband may in a year or two be brought back to England, and the faithful soul, it seems, would hold death off yet a little while, that she may receive them. Every woman, of course, was touched by this request; the coarsest journals in copying it commented on it with grave respect. The white-haired old woman, who in the eyes of the whole world still shows her faithful devotion to the husband who left her in the flush of her youth and beauty, to return no more to her, has been, for this generation, one of the most pathetic figures in modern history. The facts of her story have been exceptionally picturesque and dramatic. There was the brave explorer gone down into eternal cold and silence—into the chambers where the snow and ice are born, that uninhabited country of awful night, and more awful splendors of light, whose mysteries are but little less terrible to the living world than those of Hades; and there was the poor wife, powerful only in her devotion, going from one country to another, asking help to find and bring him back from death. When the appeal of the woman was answered, and twenty expeditions one after another at a cost of over \$6,000,000, were sent out by shrewd practical governments upon this Quixotic errand, the heart of the world was touched. Nothing in the old crusades was more chivalric than this response to a wife's appeal; these money-making mercenary days need more than

the old poet, a great thought now and then to refresh them, and, as we told ourselves, we had it here. This woman's conjugal love was of the grand old heroic model; it took us back to the days of Lucretia. We even felt a little surprise that the story should have missed its way and happened in our own age, among bepaniered and fashionable women, and petty interminable scandal gossip, and suits in divorce courts.

But, after all, it is not worth our while to consider whether the eternal ice and snow and the great national expeditions may not have served as a pedestal to lift this especial woman's loyalty into notice; and whether under the befrilled and fashionable and commonplace lives of women who live next door or jostle us in the horse-cars, there may not be found love and faith of just as large and pure proportions? Love and marriage are the rule among us, and love and marriage are not, in spite of appearances, matters of gush and foul jealousy and fouler passion, to be pawed and gloated over by the public. The majority of American wives have no opportunity to prove the depth of their loyalty; in countless lives it never finds louder expression than daily service, cooking, sewing, the rearing of children, trivial helps, modesties, forbearance, tendernesses, offered hourly for a life long, but to which no thought or notice is given by her who gives or by him who takes.

There are of course, you tell yourself, unfortunate exceptions to this calm, unjostled state of married life. There is, for instance, Waugh's wife, whose pew is next yours in church. (Waugh is never in it; he takes Sunday to bring up his foreign correspondence.) You knew him when he was a light-hearted young fellow on the farm near Oldtown, caring for nothing but "Annie and the boy," and how to make life wholesomer and cheerfuller for them. He is a gaunt, spectacled old man now, hair and eyes and skin of a like washed-out, bloodless color; Waugh & Son are among the solidest importers on White street. The old man is down at the office hours before his clerks, and at night he receives men on business. A generation ago his wife fell out of her place to him and became a piece of furniture in his house. He does not know what to do with his money, it gathers and heaps itself about him so fast; his thoughts and affections and soul went down into it long ago. Nobody but his wife could hope to find in this mummy the hearty, affectionate lad whom she loved and married. But she does hope it. It is that old "Charley" whom she clings to and watches for, and who, she believes, will come back to her at last from this chase of greed in which he has lost health and youth and character—everything but one woman's love.

There is too, that pretty faded little Mrs. Hicks, who sits opposite to you at the boarding-house table, and has no eyes nor thought for anything but that very pug-nosed, disagreeable school-boy at her side.

Young Ned is the image of his father, and that is why she worships him. Everybody knows where old Ned is, and she knows it, though she tells us every day that he "is in Europe for the firm." She used to creep down the street at night last winter and stand opposite a certain house on Thirty-fourth street to see him come out with a woman (lovelier than she was in her freshest prime), and drive off with her to opera and ball, and she would stretch out her arms after him and pray to God to bring him back to her, and believed too, that He would do it.

Or—to go down to what you choose to call the lower classes, where life is, of course, you think, bared of all romance and delicacy of sentiment—there is your washerwoman of whom you remember vaguely to have heard she had a drunken husband. You met the woman one day, too, and observed what a patient face she had, and that she was too thin and bent to undertake such heavy work. But that told you nothing of the commonplace story of a comfortable, pleasant home to which her husband brought her, or of how they lost it and came to live in the cellar of a tenement house near by. *She* remembers it every day; she remembers the handsome, sturdy young carpenter who used to come whistling home, and all the love and care which he gave her then. There is not a loving word of that old time forgotten. How else could she pass over the years of misery and cruelty which she and her children have borne from the bloated, stupid wretch who lies there, and not hate and loathe him for them? She does not hate him. She is tenderer, more gentle with him than she was in those first days. She works for him like any slave; brings him out of the gin-shop, trusts in him, believes in him still, thinks that he will come back to her again, as he once was.

Surely there are solitudes into which men go down more terrible than any Polar sea, and women who stand on the banks as faithful as she who sent out costly ships to bring back her beloved again. Surely, too, it is time that we Americans understood that this virtue and sanctity of married life is not a matter for rare dramatic exhibition, but the solid foundation of our strength and hope as a people. Let us have no more gush or tampering with it by so-called friendship. It is a plant best let alone, to find its own healthy growth, or, to change the figure, it is the salt just now of our social life—which needs salt. And if it lose its savor, that life is henceforth fit for nothing but to be trampled under foot of men.—*New York Tribune.*

OUR SECOND-FLOOR LODGER.

When John and I first began housekeeping, we were doubtful whether to live in apartments or to take a house and let them. We

finally decided upon the latter ; for as John remarked, lodging keepers were such pilferers that one never knew when one's expenses ended ; like a lawyer's bill, there were so many items.

We began to fancy we had chosen ill, however, when the little embossed card hung for three weeks in the little sitting-room window without getting one application, save from an old lady in the neighborhood, who, I am certain, came only out of curiosity.

But at the end of that period an elderly gentleman, in delicate health, called to look at them with his niece, and decided to rent three rooms at once.

I was very glad, for they appeared to be quiet people, and meeting John with a hearty kiss that evening I told him we were in luck at last.

"I am pleased to hear it, my girl," answered John. "Only take my advice ; don't be on more friendly terms with them than need be. Keep to your place. All persons have their little fads and peculiarities, and when these become antagonistic one house cannot hold both parties. The warmest friendship with lodgers generally turns to the bitterest dislike. Mrs. Jones, presuming upon Mrs. Brown's good nature, borrows her electro teapot. She makes a dent in the lid and thus strikes the first nail into the coffin of their friendship."

I stopped John's mouth with a muffin—a failing of his—but promised to do as he recommended.

That, however, was not so easy. Mr. Fortesque's niece—Miss Kathleen Milbrooke—was such a quiet, sweet, amiable girl, and seemed so alone, that I was irresistibly drawn to her ; and, when we met, always had a little conversation, which, I felt sure, gave her considerable pleasure.

Indeed, her life was terribly monotonous. No one visited them, and Mr. Fortesque, a confirmed invalid and a hard, austere man, was irritable from disposition as well as delicate health, and, I fear, led his poor niece so wearying an existence that, I imagine, when she could get away for a chat with me she found a wonderful relief.

Well, they had been with us nearly a fortnight, when, late one evening, a gentleman called to see the room we had on the second floor back, and which he had heard of at the stationer's. He was very good looking, tall, with a pale face and heavy dark beard and moustache.

It's very foolish, I know, but I have always been mistrustful of dark beards and moustaches. Dear John's face is as smooth as an egg. But the stranger spoke openly and fairly enough ; gave me references to his last landlady and to the firm where he was employed, while, to clinch the matter, he put down the first two weeks' rent in advance, as he wished to come in that night.

I felt I ought not to have let to him, but I was yet nervous in the

part of landlady, and hadn't the courage to refuse. And when, in about an hour, he returned, carrying his own portmanteau, and I, having lighted him to his room, came back to my own room, I could not help speculating a little tremulously upon what John, who had been detained in the city, would think.

John thought I had done a very foolish thing, and so terrified me out of my wits by saying our second-floor lodger was no doubt a burglar, who, when we were in bed, would break open all the cupboards, and drawers with the skeleton keys and "Jemmy" (yes, that was what John called it), which he had concealed in his portmanteau, that I couldn't get a wink of sleep through the night.

I found everything secure, however, the next morning, and our second-floor lodger quietly waiting for his breakfast. He took it at half-past seven, leaving home at eight, and seldom returning until nearly the same hour in the evening, when he rarely went out again, doing this so regular that John began to leave off jesting and terrifying me about "my burglar," and once, happening to meet him on the doorstep, he asked Mr. Airlie in to have a cigar and a glass of ale.

Our lodger accepted the invitation, and sat and talked for over an hour, during which he saw John was trying to learn something about him; but ineffectually.

"My dear," I said, smiling, when we were alone. "I suspect you know now about as much about our burglar as I do."

"Near about the same," he answered. "He's as close as the two shells of a walnut. But I know this—"

"That he is exceedingly good looking," I broke in.

"Good looking! Bah! That is all you women think of."

"Exactly, or perhaps I shouldn't have married you, John."

That made him laugh, and, getting up, he gave me a kiss for my compliment.

"No," he went on, resuming his seat. "What I meant to say was that he has something on his mind. Though he can't be more than twenty-seven at the most, he hasn't a bit of spirit, and talks with all the air of a preoccupied man, who is ever brooding over some trouble. Perhaps," said John, extending his slippered feet to the fire, "he has robbed, or is about to rob his employers."

"John!" I cried, "you horrid monster! How can you say such dreadful things? It's only out of spite, because 'my burglar' has turned out the very pattern of lodgers"

I stopped, checked by a single tap at the door. It was Miss Kathleen Milbrooke. Her uncle was asleep, and she had made an excuse to come down for a chat, I know, poor child; so, as she was a favorite of John's, I asked her in.

When she again went up stairs, after a pause, John said:

"I say, Meg, suppose Mr. Airlie and that young girl should fall in love?"

"Nonsense, John! Mr. Fortescue would never hear of it."

"Why not?"

"Because I am certain, from what I have caught here and there, that he is much richer than he lets be seen. So it is scarcely likely he would permit his niece, who is his heiress, to marry a man who has probably robbed his employers."

"You have me there, Meg; so we had better have supper."

What subject is more prolific of ideas to a woman than marriage? John had put a thought into my head, which, though small as a pin's head at first, soon grew to large dimensions. Whenever I saw Mr. Airlie I thought of Miss Milbrooke, and whenever I saw her I thought of him, until, in my mind, at least, they were united. And I began to hope that what John had "supposed" might be possible, for the more I saw of the two, the more I liked them. They appeared more in need of happiness, I reflected. One might bring it to the other.

But how could it ever be brought about? Love at first sight is possible. But love at no sight at all is assuredly not; and owing to his early departure and late return, Mr. Airlie and Miss Milbrooke never met upon the stairs.

"Ask them both down to tea," suggested John, as we sat in our cozy parlor, I at work and he doing some writing.

"Mr. Fortescue would not let her come," I said.

"Ask Airlie alone, then, and make an excuse to get her down afterward. At any rate it will be a relief to him, seated moping up in that little room every evening, with not a friend with whom to exchange a word."

"That might do," I pondered, pressing the tip of my needle thoughtfully to my lips; then I gave such a start that I pricked myself, as I exclaimed: "Good gracious! John, what is that?"

"How can I tell, Meg?" he answered, rising quickly. "It is Mr. Fortescue's voice."

"He is quarrelling," I exclaimed in alarm, as I hurried after John to the door.

The words which made me start were:

"You unmitigated scoundrel!"

Opening the door John was about to hasten out; but, abruptly drawing back, motioned me to silence. Then, mute as mice, we listened. Remember, we were lodging-house keepers.

"As Heaven is my witness," replied the clear, firm tones of Mr. Airlie, "I never dreamed you were under this roof; or, as I stand here, I would never have placed a foot in it."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"You must, seeing that I could gain nothing by such proximity to you."

"Nothing!—nothing! You sneaking hound! Do you think I am blind?" cried the old man; and we heard the stick with which he walked strike sharply on the floor. "Not gain Kathleen, I suppose? How do I know you would not persuade her to wed you on the sly and thus rob me of my money? How do I know that you have not done so? You are both capable of the trick."

"Beware, sir?" ejaculated our lodger, his voice all of a quiver. "Call me what you please—all terms are alike to me, coming from such a father's lips—but, by Heaven! you shall not malign that pure, noble girl, who has sacrificed herself to you. When you drove me—your son—from your doors, I offered to share my home with her, but she sacrificed love to gratitude; and, because you had brought her up, poor orphan! from her cradle, bowed her gentle head to your cruel will, and remained under your tyrannical rule. You have used hard words to me, sir, and hard words to her whose memory is dearer to me than life; but I have managed to keep my hands off you. But take care! there are bounds to every man's forbearance. Do not speak ill of Kathleen."

"Dare you threaten me?" shrieked the old man. "True son of a shameless mother."

"Oh! Heaven, have a care!" and the sound of Mr. Airlie's voice showed the stupendous self-control he was exerting. "You drove my mother from your roof as you drove me."

"Your mother left it of her own accord; she ran away, the ——"

The word he uttered shall not be written. It was followed by a loud, fierce cry, and a sound which told Mr. Airlie had flown at the speaker. There was the noise of a struggle, the gasping cries of the old man, blended with his niece's screams for assistance.

"Help! help!" she shrieked. "Oh, Richard—Richard, let go. Reflect! He is your father; he is old—he is ill! You will kill him!"

We had rushed up stairs, but before we reached the landing those pleading words of his cousin had calmed the just ire of the man, and his passion was again subdued.

We found Mr. Fortescue leaning against the drawing-room door, panting for breath, and half supported by Kathleen Milbrooke, whose tearful eyes were turned with compassion upon Mr. Airlie, who stood apart, his arms folded, his head drooped upon his chest.

"Would you kill me?" gasped the old man as we arrived.

"No," was the answer, "I would have you live that heaven may soften your heart by a slower approach of death, so that you may on your knees beg my dear mother's forgiveness for the ill you have done her in word and deed. She may pardon you; as yet I cannot."

At this Mr. Fortescue's fury once more broke forth; but his niece

making John an imploring sign, they managed to bear him back into the room, swearing terribly against his son, and vowing that he would disinherit his niece if she ever exchanged words with him again.

She did, however, for when the old man lay exhausted and insensible from his fury she left us in charge and slipped out to her cousin. When she returned tears were in her eyes, and I caught these words through the closing door :

“ My own darling, you are too good for me to blame though I am the sufferer. Know I will ever love and watch over you until my death.”

I expected after this that Mr. Airlie would leave, and he did that night. He told me his father was very rich, but almost a madman from a selfish, jealous temper; that he had so cruelly treated his wife that she had been compelled to leave him, when he had cast the most shameful accusations upon her, even after her death, which accusations repeated to his son, had driven him away also.

His father, Mr. Airlie added, possessed a large estate in Devonshire, and why he lived in apartments he did not know, unless it was an idea of hiding Miss Millbrooke's whereabouts from him, her cousin, as he was aware of the strong affection existing between them.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Airlie, and I could not help promising him that he should be well informed of all that took place respecting Kathleen. This, however, I was not able long to do, for the next morning Mr. Fortescue gave me notice of his intention to leave directly he could arise from the bed upon which his unnatural passion had thrown him.

But that night the climax came.

It was about two in the morning, when I was awakened by a terrible smell of fire.

Arousing John, we went into the passage to find it full of smoke.

“ Merciful heavens !” I cried, “ the house is on fire !”

It was so.

We thought of our lodgers, and strove to ascend to them, but were driven back by volumes of dark smoke rushing down, through which the red glare of flame was visible.

The fire was in Mr. Fortescue's rooms.

“ Oh, poor Miss Kathleen !” I shrieked. “ Help ! help !”

I threw the street door open, and filled the place with cries for assistance.

I was soon joined in the appeal by Mr. Fortescue and his niece from an upper window. They had evidently tried the stairs and found it impossible to descend.

John had just run off to the engine-station, when, from the opposite direction, I perceived a man coming toward me.

I recognized him at once.

"Oh! Mr. Airlie, thank heaven it is you!" I ejaculated.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" he asked.

"I began to tell him, but the form of Kathleen Milbrooke at the window related it quicker than words.

In a second her cousin had darted into the burning house.

I followed, but already he had vanished up the stairs.

One, two minutes, and, blackened, burnt, he was back with Kathleen Milbrooke.

"Oh, dear Richard!" she cried, "My uncle."

"Do not fear; I will save him, if possible, darling," he answered, again disappearing amid the smoke.

Three, four, five minutes it seemed now before he descended, with the old man wrapped in a coverlet, and clinging wildly around his son's neck.

We bore him into the open air, for he seemed half suffocated and paralyzed with terror. Airlie rested him on his knee; but Mr. Fortescue would not unclasp his arms from him.

His eyes were closed.

The crowd gathered. I bade them keep back. The fire-engine rattled up, but I could not leave that group.

Abruptly Mr. Fortescue looked up, and his eyes rested upon the blackened features of Mr. Airlie.

He started violently, then exclaimed:

"Richard! was it you, then, who saved me?"

"I was so fortunate," he answered quietly.

"You are in no danger now, sir."

There was a pause. The old man never removed his gaze.

Then I saw a great change come over his features.

"Richard," he said in a low voice, "can you forgive?"

"Yes, father; but rather ask it of her," and he pointed upward.

"I do—I have, when in yonder awful room. Mary, pardon!" he murmured, lifting his eyes. Afterward he added, anxiously: "My will—my will! It is there—*burnt!* Thank Heaven for that."

He made an effort to turn toward the burning house, and in the effort fell back on his son's shoulder, dead.

* * * * *

I have no more to say. The will being burnt, of course Richard Fortescue *alias* Airlie, succeeded to his father's property and also married his cousin Miss Milbrooke.

They now reside in Devonshire and when we pay a visit there—which we do frequently—we are always sure of a hearty welcome from the family of our second floor lodger.

THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

Sunk as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought
 My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.
 To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
 "The dead."

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou fear?
 Nought but sweet buds and flowers are blooming here.
 Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?
 "From tombs."

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,
 However varied be the way they wend.
 Listen! the dead leaves speak: ay, hear thou must—
 "To dust."

Where are the careless hearts that on the earth
 Trembled in pain, or beat so high in mirth?
 Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred smouldered?
 "Mouldered."

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?
 Who e'en to heaven's heights wild wishes form.
 What croak the ravens on yon moss-grown wall?
 "Buried all."

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold sleep lying,
 To whom Love swore a memory undying?
 What wail you cypress-trees?—oh, hear'st thou not?
 "Forgot."

To see where these ones passed, did no eye crave?
 May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
 The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by one:
 "None, none."

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing,
 Fettered in dreams, my saddened heart is lying,
 The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—
 "'Tis past."

—Chambers' Journal.

THE DWARFED CALL BOY.

"Will you please have this part dead-perfect at rehearsal to-morrow, miss?" The speaker was the call boy of the only theatre in one of the Western towns.

The girl to whom he handed the part was tall and slight in *physi-*

que. Her features were pale as marble, but transcendently lovely—one might almost risk the expression, lovely as an angel's.

The deep-telling eyes scanned the MS. of the part, and a look of dismay lit their depths.

"Mercy!" she murmured; "it is impossible. Rehearsal is called at ten sharp. Mother lies in a raging fever, which threatens her brain, and here are twenty lengths at least. It is a hard life!" And a weary sigh followed, as the young girl took up her small satchel and drew her threadbare shawl around her fragile figure. "Good-night, Denny," she said, in return to the salutation of the old door-keeper as she quitted the theatre.

"Be careful, dear," he replied; "he's there again," and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder with a warning gesture.

A shade crossed her features, and her mouth worked determinedly as her eyes flashed, and a slight flush tinged her white cheeks. The warning evidently disturbed her. Young as she was, hers had been the fate of so many on the stage! She had an admirer whom she scorned; but having no brother, she was unprotected save by that mother who now lay at the point of death.

The night was cold, and Bessie Darling (her stage name), the real one being withheld, was scantily clad. As she reached the street she looked up at the stars, which glittered in the sky like polished steel. She shivered and hastened on. The slight snow upon the pavement creaked crisply beneath her tread. At the corner a young man intercepted her and raised his hat.

"Good evening," he said, removing his cigar; "may I not have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

She made no reply, but strove to pass him.

"Don't be foolish," he said, offering his arm: "you know that I will not harm you."

"Your aid is unneeded," she replied, "and your company is unpleasant. Let me pass. My mother is very ill—perchance dying at this very moment."

"All the more reason that you should have help," he returned. "Allow me to offer any service in my power." He drew a roll of greenbacks from his pocket and held them toward her.

"I do not require your money. I would not accept it to save my mother's life, much as I love her. Let me pass or I shall call for aid."

He sneered. "It is late," he said; "the streets are deserted; you are alone, and none will hear your appeal."

"Oh, yes, they will!" It was the call-boy of the theatre who spoke.

The young man turned to the new-comer. He was a singular personage—dwarfed in stature, with a head much too large for the diminutive body.

"Whom have I the honor to address?" inquired the young blood, scornfully.

"That is neither here nor there," was the reply. "But if Miss Darling will allow me, I will see that she is no longer detained by unpleasant meddlers."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the other; "a Quasimodo to protect his Esmeralda."

The dwarf bit his lips and turned pale as death. "Look out that you do not meet the fate of the recreant priest."

"We are not in Paris," retorted the blood, "and there are no towers of Notre Dame at hand."

"Will Miss Darling accept my escort home? I will protect her from this sneaking bully!"

The young man, pallid with rage, returned: "I'll thrash you within an inch of your life for this insolence, you crooked-back cur! Take that!" He launched a heavy blow at the manikin's head, but the little fellow darted nimbly aside.

"I am no match for you at fisticuffs," he hissed; "but I have not played the Sprite for nothing."

The next instant he sprang forward, and planting his head full in the stomach of his antagonist, hurled him over the embankment where they stood. The blood was unable to save himself. Down, down, he fell, and striking headforemost on the ice of the river, lay insensible.

"My God! you have killed him," whispered Bessie.

"Not much loss, miss. But the devil aids such as he. He is worth a score of dead men yet. But let us hasten, or he may recover, and he would make it as hot as Hades for me."

Half an hour later Bessie sat watching her delirious mother. As she removed and replaced the icy cloths upon the bursting forehead, she ever and anon applied herself to learning the part that she must be perfect in on the morrow. Not a wink of sleep was hers that night, and when she appeared at rehearsal the red eyes and feverish cheeks told of that studious vigil by her mother's bed.

You priest-clad citizens, take this thought to heart, and rail against the actress if you will! There was one greater than you who said of old: "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

That night Bessie Darling took the town by storm.

The play was ended.

The curtain rang down on a heart that little reckoned the floral offerings or the loud applause that called her before the green screen; for as she returned to the prompter's box, news reached Bessie that her mother was dead.

The reaction was terrible. The poor girl was stricken down herself, and when the mother was buried by the kindly members of the company, the daughter was nearly a fit subject to occupy the same resting place.

Time passed, and slowly the young girl recovered. Each day during the interval the invalid found a fresh bouquet upon the table by her bed. At first she refused to look at them, thinking that they were but new importunities from him whom she so utterly detested. But this was not the case, as she shortly found. The timely lesson to the young libertine had proved favorable to her and useful to him. He never troubled Bessie again. Therefore the flowers were not from him.

"Who could it be?" she asked the nurse; but she professed ignorance, and stated that the bouquets were left on the doorstep early every morning.

Finally Bessie was able to attend to duty once more. What pleasure it was to meet the kindly greetings of her friends, as she appeared at the first rehearsal! Each member of the company strove to outdo the other in little attentions. One brought her a seat near the wings; another drew her shawl closer around her shoulders, fearing that she would catch cold. Poor Jacken, the dwarfed call-boy, insisted on bringing her a little warm port-wine (his panacea for every trouble). The manager greeted her and told her that her fortune was assured; he was about to produce a new sensational drama in which she was cast as the heroine. In fact, her cup of joy seemed full to the brim. (No relation that to Jacken's panacea, for that had been disposed of with many thanks, at which the poor fellow's face turned red to the tops of his ponderous ears.)

The day for rehearsal of the new play arrived. In the last scene a telling effect was to be produced, where the heroine was thrown from a precipice by the villain of the piece. In falling she lodges in a pine-tree, which saves her life, while he, losing his balance, topples from the cliff and is slain.

"I'll try that tree myself first, Miss Bessie," suggested the call-boy, "to see that it is secure. Mr. Jones, will you go through the business with me?"

"Certainly; although I don't think that you make a charming substitute for the heroine," laughed the heavy man.

So up scaffolding they went. The struggle ensued. The orchestra gave the chord, and, with a heavy lunge, the dwarf fell in the abyss.

A shriek ensued from the ladies, and the strong men sickened. The villain paused in horror, for the tree had broken, and poor Jacken fell through the trap with a harsh thud.

Friends hastened to his aid, and he was borne to the stage, stunned

and bleeding. The doctor of the theatre, who was present, shook his head.

"His spine is broken," he said; "human aid cannot save him."

"Oh, don't say so!" moaned Bessie, who was wiping the blood from a deep wound in the poor boy's head.

The closed eyes opened and a happy light lit their vision.

"It's all over, Miss Bessie," he murmured, "and I don't know but what I am glad of it."

"Poor boy—poor boy," she said, smoothing back his curling hair.

"Mother used to do that, and her touch was no gentler than yours. Oh, I am so glad!"

Bessie's tears rained down on the upturned face.

"Don't cry," he said; "it's better as it is. You never could have loved me as I have loved you, and I am not more shapeless now than I should have been had I lived. Would you kiss me once—once for the flowers I left you when I feared that you, too, must die?"

Bessie pressed a kiss on the lips of the dying boy, and with that last benison the wondering spirit sought its God.

THE SUCCESS OF HUMBUGS.

A certain school of moralists is given to preaching upon the connection between right and might. No work, they declare, whether in the sphere of thought or of practice, will stand unless it is thoroughly honest. Time will always sift the wheat from the tares; and every true thought and genuine deed will have its value when the more showy performances of charlatans have disappeared from the face of the world. That this doctrine is in some sense true, as it is undoubtedly consoling, need not be disputed; but it must be admitted that it is occasionally very difficult to reduce it to practice. The preachers, in fact, of whom we are speaking fall into great apparent inconsistencies. The doctrine that right is might, as regarded from one side, glides with unpleasant facility into the apparently identical doctrine that might is right. If everything which is good must succeed, then success becomes a sufficient test of merit; and on such principles we are tempted to fall into the vulgar and debasing worship of success for its own sake. The reply would probably be that we must distinguish between temporary and permanent success. Napoleon founded his empire upon injustice, and therefore it fell to pieces; Frederick had a regard for the everlasting truths, and therefore his dynasty has flourished and increased. Assuming this to be true, it must be admitted that we have a pretty wide field for controversy. Some people, for example, would invert the supposed relation between Frederick and Napoleon, and appeal to

the next century for the reversal of the verdict given by this. Obviously the test requires a good many qualifications before it can be applied with any confidence. The teachers who apply it most unhesitatingly are able, whenever it is convenient, to adopt the very opposite conclusion. The world, according to them, is for the most part in the hands of the fools and knaves who between them form the vast majority of the species. A hero appears every now and then who shows a deeper insight into realities ; but he is succeeded by mere windbags and charlatans who speedily forget his teaching. A Cromwell is followed by a Charles II. ; and if he laid sound foundations, it must be at least admitted that they have been lost under a vast superstructure of rubbish. Democracy has been succeeding in the highest degree for some time past, and is apparently not unlikely to advance to further triumphs. Yet democracy involves a denial of the eternal truths expressed in the doctrine of hero-worship. Our only consolation must be in the maxim that right is might interpreted after the opposite fashion, and thus rendered equivalent to the statement that true principles must get the upper hand after an indefinitely prolonged period of chaos and the reign of folly. So that, after all, the assertion seems to come to little more than this — that the success of things which we approve shows that our approbation was reasonable, whilst the success of things which we disapprove cannot last indefinitely.

This is a comfortable opinion, but it obviously is of little use as a controversial weapon, for it is equally reconcilable with any view of the facts. A more prosaic mode of stating the proposition would seem to be that the truth of an opinion or the solidity of a piece of work gives it a certain advantage in the struggle for existence. Truth tends to prevail because it has generally one point more in the game than its adversary ; but even that statement is not quite accurate. The philosophers who try to represent the history of thought as the embodiment of a certain logical evolution may be correct in the long run, but their view requires to be modified in application to shorter periods. The process by which the human mind advances is not a gradual discovery of new facts and new laws, so that every stage of opinion is a mere expansion of the preceding stage. Rather it is a process of making every possible blunder, and discovering by slow experience that it won't work. No opinion is so absurd as not to have been held by some philosopher ; for the simple reason that philosophizing means trying in succession every possible conformation of opinions. Those which turn out to be fruitless are gradually cast aside ; though the old errors are constantly reappearing under a slightly different dress. At most, therefore, we improve by a constant series of rough approximations, each of which involves a considerable error ; though the error involved may tend to become gradually less. Nor can it be said

that the erroneous part of an opinion is always that which causes its failure. Some persons maintain that the success of false religions is proportional to the amount of truth contained in them. Mohammedanism flourished, not because Mohammed was, as our ancestors called him, a clever impostor, but because he announced some great truths the effect of which was impeded by the admixture of gross error. But it must be added that the error was probably necessary to make the truth palatable. A worshipper of Mumbo-Jumbo cannot understand a pure religion until he has been educated into a capacity for new ideas, or until the truths have been adulterated by combination with the cruder ideas which can find admission to his brain. Doctrines that come pure from the lips of their first teachers take up, into a kind of chemical combination, the crude superstitions which are popular amongst their hearers, and, were it not for that power, they would be incapable of diffusing themselves.

If this is the case with the progress of the race in general, why should we expect to find it otherwise with regard to the individual? A man may possibly be too good for this world, as it is certainly very easy to be too bad. Here and there, though the phenomenon is not so common as is sometimes suggested, we may find a thinker who has really been far in advance of his age, and who has been entirely overlooked in consequence. He has taught a philosophy which may be intelligible in the distant future, but which is entirely above the capacities of the existing race. When we disinter such a man from the decaying rubbish of his contemporaries, we say naturally that he was the salt of the earth, and that his keener perceptions of the truth, filtered through the grosser intellects of his disciples, were the force which kept thought from extinction. It may be so in some cases; but it is possible to take a very different view. What is the use, we may fairly ask, of a man who was so wise that nobody could understand him in his life, and who is only studied by a remote posterity who honor him for anticipating these ideas? He influenced nobody when he was alive; and though we may admire him now that he has been dead for a century or two, we admire him as a singular phenomenon rather than submit to his power as a spiritual force. The stupid people, whom we forget because they were on a level with their generation, easily did the work; and a man, however great, whose greatness is not recognized by his contemporaries, really produces but a very small influence upon the later generation which has first found out his merits. In "The Last of the Barons," Lord Lytton described a perfectly impossible person who discovered the steam-engine during the Wars of the Roses. If he had been an historical character, he would obviously have been a wasted force. The smallest practical invention which would have worked at the time of discovery would have been of infi-

nately greater use than an anticipation of later inventions. We might admire the man who anticipated Watt, but his discovery would be superfluous for us, as it was thrown away at his time. What is true of a mechanical invention is true to some extent of an idea. If it falls upon ground not yet prepared for its reception, it might as well have never been sown.

In this sense, then, we might possibly say that some admixture of even humbug may be useful to convert the solid metal of truth into currency. When a writer enjoys a contemporary reputation altogether out of proportion to his solid merits, the righteous and the jealous delight in comparing him to the green bay-tree, and wrap themselves in the belief that he is working for the present whilst they are laboring for posterity. Assuming their hypothesis to be true, is it so clear that they have the advantage? The poems of Ossian, one may perhaps say, were a humbug. They were destitute of any solid merit, whatever their historical origin, and nobody finds it possible at the present day even to read the bombast which sent our grandfathers into fits of enthusiasm. Other contemporary poetry, such as Gray's, for example, was not duly appreciated when it was written, and is only now rising to its just level. Would not every right-feeling man rather be a Gray than a MacPherson? To answer fairly, we must look for a moment at the opposite side of the account. Ossian's poetry undoubtedly produced a great effect at the time of its publication. It was one of the forces which helped to upset the old canons of taste; it excited not only the fools, but such great men as Goethe; and, if it is now dead, it helped to stimulate some of the most living works of imagination of the time. Gray, on the contrary, comparatively neglected, is known by heart to all modern pretenders to literary taste. He cannot be said to have originated a school, or much to have affected subsequent developments of thought. If he is regarded as a classic in his way, he is, like other classics, valued in the study, but rarely serves as a model for later work. Why should not the man who gave an impulse but died after it was given, be valued as much as the man who gave none, but who retains that kind of suspended vitality which is all that can belong to any but the very greatest a century or so after their death? Why should it be better to have a thousand readers of whom nine hundred are not born till a later period than a thousand contemporary readers? The same principle might of course be applied to statesmanship or to success in practical life. A great minister may be a charlatan; he may have had no eye for the deeper issues of the time, and may have worked with an eye for his own success, but blind-folded as regards the future. Still his power of appealing to the instincts of his contemporaries gave him a real force, which the philosophical historian must take into account though he may condemn the men who wielded it. The

virtuous person who persisted in trying to cut blocks with razors may have been thrown away in consequence of his virtues. Burke's writings have made him a teacher for future generations; but if his writings had been lost, or if we regard him simply as a statesman, we may be inclined to think that he made less impression upon the actual events of the time than many men whom it would be in some sense profane to mention in the same sentence. And, in like manner, though we may respect the lawyer who is too high-principled to get briefs, the doctor who can't get patients because he can't flatter, or the merchant who never makes a fortune because he despises speculation, we may frankly admit that they might have done more work, and even more good work, if they had been a little more on a level with the modes of thought of their time.

Nor indeed is the conclusion really immoral. Undoubtedly it might be pressed into the service of the persons who agree with the Yankee who believed "in humbug generally," because it was a thing which he perceived "to have a solid valley." But, in truth, it is merely one corollary from the very obvious and salutary truth that in this world happiness and success are not strictly proportioned to virtue. It would be a bad thing, we all know, if the devil had all the good music; and it would be equally undesirable that he should have all the fools or even all the knaves on his side. The majority would be too overpowering. Luckily there are, if not knaves, at least humbugs on all sides; and though they do not mean it, good may even in this sense come out of evil. The world would be much simpler if the goats and sheep could be kept in two separate herds. As matters are, it is a comfort to reflect that the goats may be pressed into a service to which in the abstract they have an aversion. If it is safe to assume that the world improves on the whole, we may believe that truth will gradually work itself free of error, and the solid work supplant the shams. But it is a complicated and slow process; and there is no test of universal application which will enable us to say, in regard to any given works, this is entirely sound and enduring, and that hopelessly rotten and temporary. —*Saturday Review*.

THE use of aniline colors for tinting candies, syrups, and the like, is condemned by the *Laboratory* on account of their liability to contain arsenic. In twenty-five samples of aniline red or fuchsine, lately analysed by Dr. Springmuhl, only one was found wholly free from this poison, some of the samples containing as much as $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of arsenic. Cases of poisoning by these colors, as thus used, are numerous and well authenticated, and should warn consumers against brightly-colored syrups and confectionery.

APOPLEXY.

BY J. R. BLACK, M. D.

If there is any one disease that the diligent brain-worker, a little past middle life, has reason to fear, it is apoplexy. Although statistical evidence is wanting, the experience of the physician confirms the popular belief that more of our distinguished men are carried off by this disease, or by one of its sequels, paralysis, than by any other cause. The influences which tend to produce such a result, and the best means of avoiding them, are the objects we propose briefly to discuss.

A middle-aged physician said one day to the writer: "As I was walking down the street after dinner I felt a shock in the back of my head, as if some one had struck me; I have not felt well since. I fear I shall die, just as all my ancestors have, of paralysis. What shall I do?" The answer was, "Diminish the tension on the blood-vessels, and there need be no fear of tearing them in a weak place." Now, this expresses in plain terms the exact cause of apoplexy in the great majority of instances; and it is one, too, which every one has it in his power to prevent. A blood-vessel of the brain, from causes which will presently be mentioned, has lost some of its elastic strength; food is abundant, digestion is good; blood is made in abundance, but little is worked off by exercise; the tension on every artery and vein is at a maximum rate; the even, circuitous flow is temporarily impeded at some point, throwing a dangerous pressure on another; the vessel which has lost its elastic strength gives way, blood is poured out, a clot is formed, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces complete unconsciousness. This is the apopleptic stroke. It will be perceived that there are two leading conditions upon which the production of the stroke depends: a lessened strength in the vessel, and an increased tension on it.

There are no vessels carrying blood to and from the various organs of the body which so frequently rupture as those in the brain. The causes that produce this result are the fatty degeneracy of the middle arterial coat of the cerebral vessels, whereby their elastic strength is much impaired, the great irregularity of blood distribution to the contents of the cranium, and the little support which the pulpy substance of the brain gives to the weakened vessels imbedded in it.

The forms of degeneracy that are found in the arteries of the brain are the fatty and the calcareous. The microscope has made some startling revelations on this fatty decay. The strong, elastic fibres, that should make up the substance of the middle arterial coat, are, in places

here and there, no longer to be seen, their place being occupied by fatty globules, which have very little resisting power to a disturbing force.

The chief causes which produce this structural change are the habitual use of ardent spirits and tobacco. Every one is aware that the leading effects of these agents on the body are such as show that the functions of the nervous system are more affected than any other; and the physician also knows that, when symptoms of disorder arise from their use, they are such as denote that the nervous system is almost alone implicated. Delirium tremens, sleeplessness, tremulous hands, and nervous headaches, are some of the characteristic effects of the habitual use of stimulants and narcotics.

Ardent spirits also tend to produce an over-fullness of the cerebral vessels, and to affect the functions of the brain in a manner which strangely blends stupidity, brightness, and exhilaration. Effects so unnatural, and so frequently ending in disease, influence injuriously the nutrition of the nervous centres. And to interfere with the nutrition of any part of the body is simply to impair the life and power of its structure. The evidences of this impairment may not be felt immediately. In fact, the evidences of impairment by any bad habit are seldom apparent during the prime of youthful vigor. But the mischief is going on nevertheless, and the organ upon which the weight of infringement falls will be the one that will first manifest signs of disease, and through which death will make its conquest over the body.

Besides this weakening of the vessels upon which the strong impulse of blood from the heart falls at the rate of sixty times a minute, and the very little external support such defective vessels receive from the soft and pulpy brain, there is another source of danger by a break, in the extraordinary ebbs and tides of blood to which the contents of the cranium are subject. During sleep the brain is almost bloodless; its substance seems to shrink into a lifeless mass; but the moment that wakefulness occurs it swells out, gets red, its arteries and veins becoming distended with a great tide of blood. No other part of the body is subject to such droughts and floods in its blood circulation. This inequality is yet further increased by severe mind-labor. The ardent student is well aware that deep thought heats the head and cools the feet. The brain is then receiving more than an ordinary supply of blood and the feet less.

The first apoplectic stroke, as a rule, is not a severe one. Sometimes the condition of the cerebral circulation is simply that of active congestion; but more commonly a little blood escapes by a tiny vent, the shock to the system slows and enfeebles the action of the heart, the distension of the ruptured vessel is thus lessened, the escape of blood ceases, and Nature, by means of a slight inflammation, heals the part torn, and in due time removes the blood-clot by absorption.

The process by which a weakened blood-vessel is ruptured by internal distention may be illustrated by observing the effect of attempting to force through an old water-hose attached to a fire-engine a large and rapid stream of water. The weakness of the hose is first shown by the escape of tiny jets of water; but by-and-by a larger vent occurs, allowing the water to escape in a flood. Just so it is with the progressive weakening with the blood-vessels in the brain—the escape of blood is at first small; then, under a greater tension than ordinary, a larger rent is made allowing the blood to escape in hopeless profusion. It was probably these well-known features of apoplectic strokes that led the great Napoleon's medical adviser to make his celebrated reply in reference to this disease, of which the Emperor stood in great dread; "Sire, the first attack is a warning, the second a summons, the third a summons to execution."

Those who have a family tendency to apoplexy and are desirous to escape it, will, of course, avoid all the causes above referred to, especially those which tend to destroy the elasticity and strength of the blood-channels in the brain, or, in other words, to weaken the structure and life of those parts. But suppose, as is too often the case, that the very sort of life has been led and the very habits indulged in which are most likely to produce a weakness and fragility in the coats of the vessels of the brain. What is to be done? *Clearly to diminish and keep the tension on these vessels by the blood at a low rate all the time.* As remarked at the commencement of this article, this is fully in our power by cutting off the supplies. A prudent fire-engineer, when his water-hose are old and weak, would not try to force as much water as he could into them. No; to prevent a rupture he would work them at a low pressure. But men seldom think of carrying out the same simple mechanical principle when there is reason to believe that the vessels of the brain are getting weak and brittle. They eat and drink just as much as they feel inclined to, and sometimes a little more. With a good digestion, nearly all they consume is converted into blood, to the yet further distention of vessels already over-distended. This high-pressure style of living produces high-pressure results. Its effects were painfully illustrated by the death of Charles Dickens. The brain-work he performed was immense; he lived generously, taking his wine as he did his meat, with a liberal hand. He disregarded the signs of structural decay, forcing his reluctant brain to do what it had once done with spontaneous ease, until all at once, under a greater tension than ordinary, a weak vessel gave way, flooding the brain with blood.

Medical writers on this disease all refer to the fact that a stroke of apoplexy quite frequently occurs just after eating a full meal. The experience of physicians also is that violent attacks of vertigo often attend a deranged or inactive condition of the liver. To explain in de-

tail the causes of an unusual pressure of blood on the brain from certain states of the digestive organs would be somewhat tedious. Suffice it to say that it is produced by what may be termed a back-water action of an obstruction to the circulation of the blood, whereby distention occurs in one of the most distensible of the internal organs of the body, the brain. We have already stated that the distribution of blood, to the brain is the most irregular in the body; that its blood-vessels are subject to be weakened by improper habits, and that the pulpy cerebral substance gives very little if any support to a weak vessel in it, so that all the conditions favorable to a rupture by a little more distention than ordinary very frequently coexist.

A not uncommon condition of the arteries of the brain, especially at its base, in those far advanced in years, is the displacement in places of the middle coat by lime-particles, which, of course, renders them easily torn. So far as known this condition is incurable, as well as unpreventable. It is one of the changes of structure incident to very old age. The only measure that can be relied upon to prevent a rupture under such conditions is to be cautious about distending them with blood. This is, in fact, the great fundamental principle of prevention when the vessels of the brain are weak from any cause.

To effect this, certain regulations in eating and drinking are far better preventatives than any medicine, or even occasional bleedings. The latter method is particularly unsafe. After bleeding from the arm new blood is often made more rapidly than under other circumstances, and so may become, before a person is well aware of it, very abundant, with a dangerous pressure on the weak vessels. The subject of such a practice is very apt to rely on the abstraction of blood for safety, and take no care otherwise of himself. Besides, he has no accurate means of knowing when the pressure of the blood is becoming dangerously great. The periodical bleeding from piles is a very different matter. They often act as a safety-valve to the high pressure from within, and regulate themselves on mechanical principles. Full-blooded persons, past middle life, and with a predisposition to apoplexy, should never try to remove such a safety-valve.

As soon as old age puts a decided check on the amount of daily exercise, it is time to put a decided check on the amount of food daily consumed. If the supply of new matter is greater than the waste of the old, an accumulation of surplus blood must be the result. The principle is an important one, yet it is little known and less practised. Men well past middle life, who do not exercise half as much as in their younger years, often eat as freely of highly-nutritious food as they ever did. Such a course is very dangerous. The tension, on the vascular system must not be increased, but diminished, if the risk of an apoplectic stroke would be avoided.

The kind of food best adapted to keep down superfluous blood is the vegetable. Animal food makes blood with dangerous rapidity, nearly all its substance dissolving for this purpose in the stomach. Laboring-men, however, may eat of animal food in moderation, as the exercise of their muscles wastes their substance largely, requiring a good deal of blood to make up for the wear.

The amount of vegetable food should not be so great as in middle life. The true rule is, not to eat to entire satiety. Even those of younger years and sedentary habits will feel lighter and better in every way by leaving the table a little hungry.

All strong liquors are unsuited to those with an apoplectic tendency. One of their prominent effects, as we have seen, is to cause a degeneration in the coating of the blood-vessels, and another is to move more blood than ordinary upon the brain.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

FROM July 25, 1775 when Benjamin Franklin was appointed Postmaster-General, until 1799, only letters and newspapers were conveyed by the United States mails. In the latter year it was provided that pamphlets and magazines also might be transported *when convenient*; and not till 1845 was mailable matter strictly defined as including letters, newspapers, and periodicals. The regulations for 1852 admitted bound books not weighing over thirty-two ounces. The act of 1861 admitted maps, engravings, seeds, and cuttings, not weighing over eight ounces, and books not over four pounds. In 1863 a number of miscellaneous articles were declared mailable, and in 1872 it was enacted that this miscellaneous matter should embrace all articles within the prescribed weight (four pounds) which were not liable to injure the mail-bag or the person of any post-office employe. Down to 1852 the post-office was self-sustaining; since that time there has always been an annual deficit, with the exception of the year 1865.

EXTERMINATION OF THE THISTLE.—The Berlin correspondent of *Land and Water* publishes a piece of information that will be welcome to many a farmer. "Who ever knew," says he, "of two plants being so inimical to one another as one to kill the other by a mere touch? This, however, seems to be the case when rape grows near the thistle. If a field is infested by thistles, give it a turn of rapeseed, and this plant will altogether starve, suffocate, and chill the thistle out of existence. A trial was being made with different varieties of rapeseed in square plots, when it was found that the whole ground was full of thistles, and nobody believed in the rape having a fair run. But it had, and as it grew the thistle vanished, faded, turned gray, and dried up as soon as the rape-leaves began to touch it. Other trials were then made in flower-pots and garden-beds, and the thistle always had to give in, and was altogether annihilated, whether old and fully developed, or young and tender."

UNDER THE GREAT ELM.

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S
TAKING COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 3D JULY, 1775.

I. 1.

Words pass as wind, but where great deeds were done,
A power abides transfused from sire to son :
The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers, " Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
Whose soul no siren baseness could unsphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."'
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learned, just,
And one memorial pile that dares to last ;
But Memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past,
O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed
These hundred years its monumental shade.

2.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?
We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk remains,
Built with costly juice of hearts and brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that be
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II. 1.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget the names
They should eternalize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or shames.
This unsubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we stand
On dust ennobled by heroic feet
Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,

And mighty still such burthen to upbear,
 Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely were :
 Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,
 Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
 Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
 No more a pallid image and a dream,
 But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

2.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint
 To raise those buried days from tombs of print :
 "Here stood he," softly we repeat,
 And lo, the statue shrined and still
 In that gray minster-front we call the Past,
 Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
 Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.
 It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,
 Its features human with familiar light,
 A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
 Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-blight.

3.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught
 Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom
 Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom
 Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
 Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
 So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
 In history's fragmentary tale
 Bright clews of continuity,
 Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
 And feel ourselves a link in that entail
 That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

III. 1.

Beneath our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Which redly foamed round him but could not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm ;—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long ; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

2.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
 In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,

Of every shape that was not uniform,
 Dotted with regimentals here and there ;
 An army all of captains, used to pray
 And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
 Skilled to debate their orders, not obey :
 Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
 In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
 Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
 But largely liberal to its private moods ;
 Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
 Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
 Nor much fastidious as to how and when :
 Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
 A thought-staid army or a lasting State :
 Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
 But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
 Upon the bridle, patient to command,
 Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
 And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
 Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
 And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
 The years between furl off: I seem to see
 The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
 Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
 And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
 That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
 O, man of silent mood,
 A stranger among strangers then.
 How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
 Familiar as the day in all the homes of men !
 The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
 Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
 The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

IV. 1.

How many subtlest influences unite,
 With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
 Invisible as air and soft as light,
 To body forth that image of the brain
 We call our Country, visionary shape,
 Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,
 Whose charm can none define,
 Nor any, though he flee it, can escape !
 All particolored threads the Weaver Time
 Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,
 All memories, all forbodings, hopes and fears,
 Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
 A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,
 The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
 Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,
 Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,

Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
 Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,
 A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,
 A life to give ours permanence, when we
 Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
 And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

2.

You, who hold dear this self-conceived ideal,
 Whose faith and works alone can make it real,
 Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
 Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine
 And feeds them at the core with manhood more divine:
 When all have done their utmost, surely he
 Hath given the best who gives a character
 Erect and constant, which nor any shock
 Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
 Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
 From its deep bases in the living rock
 Of ancient manhood's sweet security:
 And this he gave, serenely far from pride
 As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,
 Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

3.

No bond of men so strong as common pride
 In names sublimed by deeds that have not died;
 These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
 That give a constant heart in great designs;
 These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
 As make heroic men: thus surely he
 Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
 'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
 The self-restraint that makes and keeps a people free.

V. 1.

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
 Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

2.

What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
 That soul serene, impenetrably just,
 Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
 That soul so softly radiant and so white

The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature ?
 And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an impure source ?
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
 The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
 And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
 Passionless, say you ? What is passion for
 But to sublime our natures and control,
 To front heroic toils with late return,
 Or none, or such as shames the conqueror ?
 That fire was fed with substance of the soul
 And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
 Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
 Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
 With breath of popular applause or blame,
 Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
 Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

3.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison !
 High-poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born ;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content ;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed ;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood ;
 Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—Washington.

4.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,
 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
 On the long curve of patient days and nights,
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
 Of orb'd completeness ; and this balanced soul,
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet it, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
 This energetic passion of repose.

5.

A nature too decorous and severe,
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
 For ardent girls and boys
 Who find no genius in a mind so clear
 That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
 Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
 They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
 The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
 And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
 His broad-built brain, to self so little kind
 That no tumultuary blood could blind,
 Formed to control men, not amaze,
 Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
 It was a world of statelier movement then
 Than this we fret in, he a denizen
 Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

VI. 1.

The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive,
 Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
 The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days.
 For this we honor him, that he could know
 How sweet the service and how free
 Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
 And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

2.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
 From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
 Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
 His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

VII. 1.

Never to see a nation born
 Hath been given to mortal man,
 Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
 Gazed silent when the great Virginian
 Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
 Shot union through the incoherent clash
 Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
 Around a single will's unpliant stem,
 And making purpose of emotion rash.

Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
 Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
 Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
 The common faith that made us what we are.

2.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,
 Till then provincial, to Americans ;
 Here was the doom fixed : here is marked the date
 When this New World awoke to man's estate,
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind :
 Nor thoughtless was the choice ; no love or hate
 Could from its polse move that deliberate mind,
 Weighing between too early and too late
 Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate :
 His was the impartial vision of the great
 Who see not as they wish, but as they find.
 He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
 The incomputable perils of success ;
 The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind ;
 The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets blind ;
 The waste of war, the ignominy of peace ;
 On either hand a sullen rear of woes,
 Whose garnered lightnings none could guess,
 Piling its thunderheads and muttering " Cease !"
 Yet drew not back his hand, but gravely chose
 The seeming-desperate task whence our new nation rose.

3.

A noble choice and of immortal seed !
 Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
 Or easy were as in a boy's romance ;
 The man's whole life precludes the single deed
 That shall decide if his inheritance
 Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
 Our race's sap and sustenance,
 Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed.
 Choice seems a thing indifferent ; thus or so,
 What matters it ? The Fates with mocking face
 Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
 Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.
 Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
 And but two ways are offered to our will,—
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of human race.
 He chose, as men choose,—where most danger showed,
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
 Of petty cares, that gail great hearts the most,
 But kept right on the strenuous uphill road,
 Strong to the end, above complaint or boast,
 His soul was still in its unstormed abode.
 Virginia gave us this imperial man

VIII.

Cast in the mighty mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran ;
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman :
 What shall we give her back but love and praise
 As in the dear old unestranged days
 Before the inevitable wrong began ?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then :
 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us agen
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing
 With influence to outlast the present whim
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours :
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrowned manhood forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
 The deep-set courage and undaunted will,
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won ;
 If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,—
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen !

James Russell Lowell.

PLANTS AS DOCTORS.—In addition to the pleasure that may be derived from floriculture, the sanitary value of flowers and plants is a feature of the subject so important as to call for special mention. It was known many years ago that ozone is one of the forms in which oxygen exists in the air, and that it possesses extraordinary powers as an oxidant, disinfectant and deodorizer. Now, one of the most important of late discoveries in chemistry is that made by Professor Mantogazza, of Pavia, in effect that ozone is generated in immense quantities by all plants and flowers possessing green leaves and aromatic odors.

Hyacinths, mignonette, heliotrope, lemon, mint, lavender, narcissus, cherry-laurel, and the like, all throw off ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays; and so powerful is this great atmospheric purifier, that it is the belief of chemists that whole districts can be redeemed from the deadly malaria which infests them, by simply covering them with aromatic vegetation. The bearing of this upon flower culture in our large cities is also very important. Experiments have proved that the air of cities contains less ozone than that of the surrounding country, and the thickly inhabited parts of cities less than the more sparsely built, or than the parks and open squares. Plants and flowers and green trees can alone restore the balance; so that every little flower-pot is not merely a thing of beauty, while it lasts, but has a direct and beneficial influence upon the health of the neighborhood in which it is found.—*Appleton's Journal*.

HOW MIGRATION CHANGES MAN.—We are indebted to Rev. I. T. Beman for a copy of an address delivered by him on the "Moulding Influences of Migration upon the Human Family," particularly as exhibited in certain Yankee settlements in Southern New Jersey. The author points out the physical differences existing between these Jerseymen and New Englanders, as follows: "The complexion of the Yankee is blond, that of the Jerseyman dark. The Jerseyman's face is more reposeful than the Yankee's, less variable in expression, and presents a heavier physiognomy. His hair is more abundant, darker, and coarser. The Yankee has smaller jaws, more slender neck, rounder chest and limbs, more arching instep, etc. As regards mental traits, the Jerseyman is slow of thought, the Yankee quick, inventive. Yet these two populations are sprung from one original stock; circumstances have made them unlike. And the results will be produced again in the descendants of the Vineland immigrants." "Within three generations," says the author, "the essentially *Yankee* character of Vine-landers will disappear, and many peculiarities of our New Jersey neighbors, somewhat remodeled, will be grafted upon our descendants."—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE ELEVATION OF THE GREAT LAKES.

Every railroad or canal has been located only after one or two lines of leveling have been run between its terminal points, and a mere glance at a railroad map of the United States will show what an immense collection of data exists for the determination of the altitude of any point on any railroad.

Incidental to this object, results of great interest have been obtain-

ed, a few of which will be mentioned. The material for the work was necessarily of the most varied character, and of many degrees of accuracy, from the first trial-lines of reconnaissance-surveys to the final re-leveling of a finished railroad or canal. Great care was necessary in selecting from the reports of chief engineers and elsewhere the right figures, and in giving proper weights to these when selected. The chief difficulty, however, was in joining the ends of various lines, each referring to separate points.

The author personally visited many of these terminal points, and had new determinations made when necessary. That he has succeeded may be seen from his results for the altitude of Denver, derived from the lines of the Kansas Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads. This altitude is 5,198.97 feet by the Kansas Pacific Railroad surveys, and 5,194.20 feet by the Union Pacific Railroad surveys, a difference of less than *five feet* in lines nearly 2,000 miles long, which were run at different times, by many different engineers.

In the eastern part of the United States there are many opportunities to check such results in places situated on two or more roads, and the examination of a few such checks will serve to give an idea of the agreement to be expected. At Harrisburg, for example, we have two lines of level, one brought by the Coast Survey and the Pennsylvania Railroad from Raritan Bay (175 miles), and the other from Baltimore by the Northern Central Railroad. The first gives 319.91 feet, the second 319.75. This agreement is rather closer than could be expected, and, although the author does not mention it in this connection, it is subject to an uncertainty in the determination of mean tide at Baltimore.

The height of Chicago city above mean tide, as determined by the surveys of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its connections (900 miles), is 585.41 feet; from the surveys of the New York Central Railroad and connections 587.57, and this agreement is perhaps a fair type of what we may expect from surveys conducted with care over long-established railway lines.

We will adduce one more example, determining the elevation of the mean surface of Lake Erie: the independent results are 573.08, 572.04, 572.67, 570.75, 571.67.

MASONIC INCAPABLES.

A few words with reference to making Masonry all that it is capable of being made to ourselves and to others. He has studied Masonry to but little purpose who does not know that its teachings are not only wholesome and beautiful, but such as every man should follow in order that he may attain to his highest good and usefulness. No better code

of morals, no higher and more perfect standard of true manhood can anywhere be found than Masonry presents; and that it has been, and is to-day, a great power for good, no one that is at all familiar with its history and present workings will deny; but it is also true that this power is but imperfectly developed and applied, and hence it comes that Masonry falls far short of accomplishing for ourselves and the world all that it is capable of doing. How may this defect be remedied? It were folly to attempt a full answer to this question here; but we would invite attention to a few points.

And, first, look well to your material. It is not my purpose under this head to enlarge upon the importance of rejecting the vicious and the vile, for, whatever may be the practice, all are willing to concede—that “none should be admitted to our ranks who are not moral and upright before God, and of good repute before the world;” and that great good would result from a more thorough application of this principle, no one will question; but what we wish to say is, that not all good men, so-called, should be permitted to enter our lodges. There are many persons in society of whom nothing bad can be said, and yet nothing particularly good. They are simply harmless—what we sometimes term “good fellows;” but their goodness is almost wholly negative in its characteristics; they never interfere with the rights and comforts of others, neither are they active in sustaining those rights. Such men may, in one sense, be harmless, and yet, in any society, they are usually loads to carry, dead weights that hinder the progress of the ship. We have too many of this kind among us already, and we should see well to it that their number is not increased. Men! Men that are positive! Men of action! Men of backbone! are what Masonry needs to-day more than anything else. It is not enough that those who participate in our mysteries are such as will refrain from the commission of outrageous crimes, or from trampling in their indecency, the most common rules of morality under foot; but they should be alive, earnest, and active in their co-operation in every good word and work. Committees of investigation can do no better work for the fraternity than by presenting us with more *men*, and fewer “good fellows,” so-called.

Again, Masonry is highly symbolic in its teachings. “He, then, who is fit to enter our lodge should be a lover of symbolism; but many men, very good in other respects, are utterly deficient at this point. Such should never be permitted to enter a Masonic Lodge; for that which to us is so beautiful is to them insipid and meaningless; and if they come among us; ten chances to one if they do not turn away in disgust, and either relapse into indifference, or eventually be found among our most active and bitter opposers. We might as well expect to organize a successful choir out of persons who

have neither taste nor voice for music, as to build up a successful lodge out of those who are incapable of appreciating symbolic teaching."—*M. W. Charles Griswold, G. M. of Minn.*

A MASON'S GRAVE.

On turning the corner of a walk, just as I had emerged from the foliage of a magnificent weeping willow, whose branches, drooping downwards, swept the grass silently in the gentle breeze of evening, I came upon a grave, before which I stood for some moments in wondering admiration, it was so different from anything else I had seen, or indeed expected to see, in the cemetery, that I was thoroughly surprised. A space somewhat larger than usual was inclosed by a neat but substantial iron palisade, within which, in front, rose two pillars of beautiful proportions and masterly workmanship. That on the left was of the Doric order, its base being ornamented by a level in relief, its capital surmounted by a frieze adorned with triglyphs and metops, and supporting an entablature on which was placed the terrestrial globe. The right hand pillar was of the Ionic order, finished with the same attention to detail, its base ornamented with the square and compass; on its summit rested the celestial globe. The floor of the enclosure was a beautifully tessellated pavement in colors, in the center, and in front of the headstone, was a perfect ashlar, with a lewis. The chastely canopied headstone stood on an elevation of three steps. On the first were the words, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." On the second, "Behold, I will set a plumb line." On the third, "We have found." On the plinth of the stone, an anchor in relief. Above the words, "Be ye also ready." The edges of the stone were worked in the form of a cable. In the center, under the canopy, and over the inscription, an open book, in which was written, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." On the book rested a ladder with three rounds, behind which, as a back ground, was a sprig of the acacia tree, and immediately above the ladder was an irradiated eye. The inscription ran, "Sacred to the memory of Henry Tucker, who departed this life," &c. The pavement was dotted over with pots of lovely flowers, whose fragrance seemed to spread silently and lovingly around. As I stood taking in the details of the picture, I thought, "One of the good, old craft lies here. Surely the history of all this tender care and loving memory must be an interesting one." I determined to make enquiry on the first opportunity offering. I here briefly sketch the report:

Captain Stafford and Captain Tucker were "sworn friends and brothers" through many years of adventure. The former was owner

and the latter was master of a vessel trading from this port (Wellington, N. Z.), principally to Newcastle, N. S. W. At length death severed the connection. All that Masonic affection could prompt was done by Captain Stafford in paying the last sad offices of respect. The cabin of the vessel which they had both so often occupied was draped in mourning; the deceased laid out, coffined, and canopied, with his Masonic clothing and insignia on its lid. On arrival in port, the Masonic friends of both captains laid the deceased in his last resting-place, and the tomb I had seen was erected by Captain Stafford to the memory of his friend and brother. The materials (like portions of a building dear to Masons' memory,) were brought over the sea from Newcastle, N. S. W., the stone being a beautiful dark freestone. Each part was marked and numbered, and the masons who worked the stones came with them, and fitted them in their places at a cost of about £1,500. Captain Stafford, in paying this beautiful tribute to the memory of a brother, has shown to the world how Masons love each other.—*Gleanings by* * * 49 * *. [As the figures are partly obliterated by the action of the salt water, we simply give the figures 49.]—*London Mas. Mag.*

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

The relation of Masonry to Religion is, I am well aware, a well worn theme, and a very delicate one to handle, but it cannot be denied by any intelligent Craftsman that a certain amount of religious principle is an essential element of our institution. Certain great duties are inculcated in the lecture and work of every degree. If prayer hallows every undertaking, there must be a devout recognition of the presence and power of that *Supreme Being* to whom all prayer is to be addressed. Nor is the form *in itself* sufficient; there must be the *substance* and the *reality* if we would be conscientious and intelligent members of a craft whose principles, teachings and ritual are derived from the Holy Bible as the Great Light of Masonry, and from that alone. *Masonry* co-operates with religion in regulating the tempers, restraining the passions, sweetening the dispositions and harmonizing the discordant interests of men; breathes a spirit of universal love and benevolence; adds one thread more to the silken cord of evangelical charity which binds man to man; and seeks to entwine the cardinal virtues and the Christian graces in the web of the affections and the drapery of the conduct. It inspires its members with the most exalted ideas of God, admonishing them never to mention His name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator.

Believing then that as good Masons we should endeavor to live in obedience to the *two great commandments*, let us acknowledge *God* in

all our ways, and begin, continue and end all our thoughts, words and works to the glory of His holy name. Then shall we fulfill the mission of Masonry by *loving each other*; for love to God is the source from which springs *real* love to man, the fountain from which constantly flow the streams of charity and benevolence, of kind words and tender sympathies that encourage and refresh the weary traveler on his journey through life, oft-times under the scorching rays of adversity and trial.—*M. W. William A. Pembroke.*

INSPECT THE WORK.

Before proceeding to the labors before us, it would not be unprofitable for us, my brethren, if we would linger a moment longer, and make self examination as to our Masonic advancement. What evils have we, as individual Masons, amended? What vices have we shunned? What positive good have we accomplished during the year about to close? To assist us in the performance of the duty here suggested, we might, with great propriety, inquire each one of himself, have I, as a Mason, discharged my duty to God, my neighbor, and myself, as I was solemnly charged when I crossed the threshold of Masonry? Have I been particularly careful in my outward demeanor to avoid censure and reproach? Have I endeavored by my walk and conduct to enforce obedience to our tenets by precept as well as example? These are pertinent inquiries, and relate wholly to Masonic duty. If we can give affirmative responses to all these, then we have been true and consistent, and have acted agreeably to our professions; if, on the contrary, our responses are in the negative, then we have been false to our vows, and betrayed our trust.

Masonry requires no service or sacrifice at our hands but such as will inure to our own benefit and permanent good. It is a free and voluntary act on our part that we become her votaries; and after thoroughly acquainting ourselves with her principles, teachings, as well as requirements, is it not right and just that we should insist that those teachings and requirements shall be respected and faithfully observed by those who profess to worship at her shrine?

A law half observed, is not observed at all; for, if we can violate a part without incurring punishment or even censure, we can disregard the whole law with impunity. Offenses against our laws or declared principles, even in trifling matters, should be corrected promptly; for, if we quietly overlook or fail to admonish a brother when he oversteps the bounds, it not only gives him license to repeat the offense, but incites others, through his example, to the commission of similar, if not greater offenses, and demonstrates before the world that our professions are mere shams, and that we daily live in open violation of those prin-

ciples for which we claim to cherish such strong attachment, and profess so much devotion.

It then becomes us, my brethren, as good and true Masons, to act well our part in life, and discharge faithfully the duties and responsibilities which we have voluntarily assumed. Let no act of ours ever tarnish the fair name of Masonry. Let our united efforts go forth to eradicate all existing evils; to correct all abuses; to build up, beautify, and adorn our Masonic temple—then we can enjoy the happy reflections consequent upon a well spent life, and blessings full fraught shall be repaid us, not with stinted hand, but full in Scripture measure—

“Pressed down, shaken together, running over.”

“Work, then, from day to day, nor pause for praise or blame,
Care not for what men may say, duty is still the same.”

—*M. W. Thomas McF. Paton, G. M. Oregon.*

LABOR.

We have rarely seen a more sparkling gem than the following from an oration by Bro. Geo. S. Smith, of Nebraska :

That was a grand and sublime sentiment uttered by immortal genius, when he said, “There is no excellence without labor.” Labor, mental, moral, and physical, has been the great demand of every age. It has transformed the bending forest into a blooming field, has made our bounding prairies wave with abundant harvest, has chained the two oceans with the iron rail, linked continent to continent with the magic telegraph, has converted the wild and turbulent waves into the tame and useful agency of man’s greatest commercial interest; it has sown the barren hills of vice and corruption with the golden seeds of knowledge and truth. It was the great reward of labor that inspired the soul of our first Grand Master when he erected the sublime temple of which Masonry is a type, and laid strong and deep those glowing principles and sacred truths that have been borne along to the craft through the great corridors of time by unerring tradition. It was the earnest, arduous, and effective labors of an Anderson, Tilden, Oliver, and many others too numerous to mention, that brought Masonry through the storm-clouds of war, through the political revolutions, and social convulsions, through the lowering and unfriendly elements of prejudice and passion, and planted her banner in triumph upon the summit of national honor, social respectability and moral grandeur; and to-day her noble ensign, bearing the unmistakable evidences of moral conflict, may be seen streaming from the lofty watch tower of every nation, kingdom and principality upon earth.

Then, my brethren, we should not forget that this grand and glorious heritage, this noble sage of antiquity, that has wended its way to us from former centuries, has come through the chilling winds of adversity, has breasted the wild and raging sea of opposition, has broken down the embattlements of political hatred and social animosity, and to-day commands the respect of both Church and State. And this could only have been accomplished by the untiring efforts of hearts and hands cemented together by brotherly love, relief and truth, virtue and morality, and all those refining

and enobling principles that underlie the great structure of the mystic temple. Then how many and great the duties, how high the responsibility, resting upon each and every Mason.

“ No crooked path, no devious step
 Leads to that hallowed shrine,
 Where Wisdom, from her jeweled breast,
 Dispenses light divine ;
 But if we come with upright step,
 And upright purpose too,
 And stand erect upon the Square,
 As honest men and true,
 We'll find amid the glory
 Of that Orient sublime
 The Truth, whose holy light shall die
 But with the death of time.”

POWER OF KINDNESS.

“ Tom, here !” said a father to his boy, speaking in a gruff tone, which parents are too often wont.

The lad was at play. He looked toward his father, but did not leave his companions.

“ Do you hear me, sir ?” spoke the father, more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

“ Why do you creep along at a snail's pace ?” said the father, angrily. “ Come quickly, I want you ; when I speak I like to be obeyed instantly. Here, take this note to Mr. Jones, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go.”

The boy took the note ; there was a cloud upon his brow. He moved onward, but at a slow pace.

“ You, Tom ! is that doing as I ordered ? Is that going quickly ?” called the father, when he saw the boy creeping away. “ If you are not back in half an hour I will punish you.”

But the words had little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of the parent ; he experienced a sense of injustice, a consciousness that wrong had been done him. By nature he was like his father, proud and stubborn ; and these qualities of his mind were aroused, and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

“ I never saw such a boy,” said the father, speaking to us who had observed the occurrence. “ My words scarcely made an impression on him.”

“ Kind words often prove more powerful,” we said.

The father looked surprised.

“ Kind words,” we continued, “ are like the gentle rain and the refreshing dews ; but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. The first develop and strengthen good affections, while the other sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all they touch. Try

him with kind words, they will prove a hundred fold more powerful."

The parent seemed hurt by the reproof, it left him thoughtful. An hour passed away ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; but our words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them.

At first the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance, and reported the result of his errand, having staid far beyond his time, he looked for punishment, and was prepared to receive it with an angry defiance.

To his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of angry reproof and punishment, said, kindly—"Very well, my son, you can go out to play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind, nor aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions, he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. While he thus sat he heard his name called.

"Thomas, my son," said his father, kindly.

The boy sprang to his feet, and was soon beside his parent. "Did you call, father?"

"I did, Thomas. Take this package to Mr. Long, for me."

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner; he looked pleased at the thought of doing his father a service. And reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it he bounded away with a light step.

"There is power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing after Tommy's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, Tommy came back with a cheerful, happy face, and said: "Can I do anything else for you, father?"

Yes, there is a power in kindness. The tempest of passion can only subdue, constrain, and break; but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew, and the sunshine.—*Ex.*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM ?

"Under our Constitution an Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft is dropped from the rolls at the end of two years, and only then for convenience sake, as after that time he retains all the rights he ever had. I think this altogether wrong. Any man that will hang to Freemasonry by his eyelids for more than a year without seeking advancement, is not worthy of it, and ought to be effectually dropped from the rolls. It is very humiliating to a lodge to have men in their midst who have taken one or two degrees years ago, and who have never tried to advance; and to know that they can when they please come forward

and say, now I'll take another degree if you please, and not be able to say to them, wait a little while and we will consider the matter; and while I would protect the rights of Entered Apprentices and Fellow Crafts to the fullest extent, I still think that Master Masons have some rights that ought to be protected. I therefore recommend that the Constitution be so amended that any Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft who shall fail to apply for advancement for the space of one year be dropped from the rolls, and that it shall require the unanimous vote of the lodge to reinstate him."—*M. W. Horatio S. Mason, G. M. of Nevada.*

A SONG FOR THE CRAFT.

BY S. N. EVANS.

Tune: "*The Brave Old Oak.*"

A song for the craft, the good old craft,
 Which has weather'd the storm so long,
 Which has won renown from the cowl and crown,
 And a lay from the child of song.
 Its emblems stand on every land,
 Where the foot of man has been;
 And every clime in the march of time,
 Hath its signs and symbols seen.

Chorus—Then sing to the craft, the proud old craft,
 Which has weather'd the storm so long;
 And still may it be the boast of the free,
 And the theme of a deathless song.

In the days of old, when the wise and bold,
 Had honour and power alone,
 'T was a greater pride o'er a lodge to preside
 Than to sit on a monarch's throne.
 The sceptre proud to the gavel bowed,
 And the courtier bent his knee;
 And humbly sought to be placed and taught,
 At the foot of the Mason free.

Chorus—Then sing, etc.

It attained its prime in the olden time,
 When Solomon's temple rose;
 But it shows to-day no sign of decay,
 And no lack of its vigor knows.
 In future days, shall its beacon blaze,
 Through the gloom of darkling night;
 And serve to guide, o'er the troubled tide
 The brother who knows its light.

Chorus—Then sing, etc.

A SERIOUS TALK.

WM. ROUNSEVILLE.

Bro. A.—Good evening, Bro. Leming.

Bro. L.—Good evening, Bro. Aikin.

A.—I have called to have a serious talk with you.

L.—I am always glad to see you. What is the particular subject upon which you wish to have a serious talk?

A.—I hear you have joined the Masons.

L.—Yes, I have become a Mason.

A.—I wonder at it.

L.—Why so, pray?

A.—Because there is no Saviour in Masonry. It ignores Jesus. It overlooks the Saviour's atoning blood: It neglects the cross.

L.—By all which you mean that Masonry is irreligious, or at least anti-Christian.

A.—I mean that it rejects Christ and all the doctrines connected with his mission into the world to save sinners.

L.—Are you not too fast? Masonry holds to the great practical doctrines which Christ said formed the substance of the best part of the Law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might, and strength, and thy neighbor as thy self."

A.—That is Old Testament doctrine. It may hold to that, but your society rejects Christ.

L.—I believe the love of God and of our neighbor is one of the cardinal principles of the Gospel system, and these are also taught by Masonry; so, in so far as they are concerned, Masonry agrees with the Christian system.

A.—But it does not "teach Christ and him crucified," and I shall oppose any society which does not.

L.—Allowing all you say, Bro. Aikin, that Masonry does not recognize the Saviour, I think that you will acknowledge that there are some good things in it, after all, and if so, that it may be worthy of support.

A.—Never! I have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness. My pastor says—

L.—Never mind what your pastor says. Think for yourself. Decide for yourself. But, by the way, I understand that our horse-thief detective association, so recently organized, this afternoon arrested the thieves who stole neighbor Powell's fine matched team. Did you hear of it?

A.—No, I did not, but rejoice to hear it now. I have confidence in that association, that it will yet do great good.

L.—You are a member, I believe?

A.—Yes, I deemed it a duty I owed this community to further its objects as much as possible.

L.—I have no doubt you did right. I have about determined to join it myself.

A.—I am glad to hear it from you, and hope you will carry your determination into execution. Here is a copy of the by-laws under which we have organized. They are very brief, but I think they cover the whole ground, and are all that are necessary.

Bro. Leming took a copy of the laws and examined them for a short time, and then said :

There seems to me to be something wanting.

A.—What it can be I can't imagine.

L.—It does not even mention the Saviour, and entirely ignores the Christian system—in fact, does not say a word about it.

A.—I am astonished at your language. It borders on blasphemy.

L.—Not at all. I am perfectly in earnest, and speak with deference to the Saviour of men and his mission, and was only applying your argument against Masonry to your own society, and that you perceive its applicability is evident.

A.—But this is a different case.

L.—Very little. Both are societies for the prevention and punishment of wrong—both are composed of men of dissimilar views on other subjects, but agreeing on the object for which they were organized. Now, I presume some of the best detectives you have in your association would hardly be considered as ornaments of the church.

A.—That is certainly so.

L.—Still they are doing a good work as detectives. They have arrested, and probably will prosecute two of the most notorious criminals known in this vicinity, who, I fear, had none but pious men been in pursuit, would now have been at liberty.

A.—They are good men for the place.

L.—Yes, they are. Now, if your by-laws had required of these men an acknowledgment of the Christian system as their religious experience, they would have been debarred from being the "good men in the place" for which you admit they are fitted.

A.—It would seem so, surely.

L.—Having arrived at a correct conclusion, suppose we change the subject. Were you at the temperance meeting last night?

A.—I was, and must say that I was greatly encouraged. I begin to think our new organization will be a decided success. When neighbor Jones came forward and took the pledge, I felt like shouting. He is a good fellow, naturally, and his habits were getting rather loose. I have great hopes of him now.

A.—And so have I. He is doubtless sincere.

A.—That society will yet do a vast amount of good. If neighbor Jones is only saved from intemperance, that will richly repay us for our labor.

L.—Yes, that is one thing gained. But there is a little difficulty with our pledge which we shall have to remedy, no doubt.

A.—What is that? I thought it covered the entire ground.

L.—Why, I am surprised—astonished. You should have been the first to discover the blunder.

A.—What in the world can it be. We have not left out the wine clause?

L.—Worse than that.

A.—The pledge against beer was not forgotten?

L.—Still worse than that!

A.—We did not forget the cider clause?

L.—We did much worse than that!

A.—Do tell me what the matter is with the pledge?

L.—It does not name Christ, nor recognize his form of religion in the remotest possible manner.

A.—Why, it was not intended it should. Do you not remember that it was said, the evening we adopted it, that we must have a good pledge and a liberal one, so that all well-disposed people could sign it? Of course you do. Why, neighbor Jones would not have signed it had we put in anything in favor of Christianity.

L.—Then you believe it was good policy to leave out of the pledge a recognition of the Christian system, that such a neighbor as Jones may become a member.

A.—It seems to be necessary, where a society is formed out of all sorts and forms of religious faith, that its laws should not dictate what faith should be professed by its members.

L.—Exactly.

A.—And in a society which is got up for a purpose, we must look for people as members who agree will us so far as that purpose is concerned.

L.—True. If we cannot agree in all points, let us work together for the good of mankind according to those principles on which we can agree.

A.—That is the right doctrine, Brother Leming.

L.—Yes, Brother Aikin, that is the right doctrine. Masonry is not established as a Christian society; but, to use your own language, it is a moral association which all well-disposed people are invited to join, whatever their country or creed. Should we incorporate with it faith in Christ, it would be a Christian society, shutting out some of the bad "detectives" of many that exist, even as it would if adopted in your

horse-thief association ; as it would shut out neighbor Jones from the temperance pledge.

A.—I see how it works.

L.—As in these societies, so in Masonry. Many come in who are not Christians, but who are patient workers in a good cause. Neither of these societies work against Christianity—neither does Masonry.

A.—It is plain that you speak truly and sensibly.

L.—Thank you, Brother, for the compliment, I hope you have passed a pleasant evening, and that our "serious talk" has not been unprofitable.

A.—The evening has been spent agreeably, and, I hope, to profit and advantage. Good-by, my Brother.

L.—Good night. Think of what has been said, and imitate the Bereans of old who sought to find out the truth.—*Voice of Masonry.*

THE BIBLE SYMBOL OF OLD AGE.

Thousands, doubtless, have read or heard that beautiful passage of Scripture—the first seven verses of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes—without having reflected upon its *extraordinary* beauty, in describing the experiences of a man suffering from the approach of old age.

Very few, indeed, will read it without increased interest, from the explanations of its symbology, given below. We have all along insisted upon the Bible being a book of symbol language, and would commend this passage to the brethren of the Mystic Tie as being evidence, incontrovertible, of our theory. The body of man is here described as a house ; and we first reprint the passage, and then give the keys to the symbols used :

"In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves." The keepers of the house are the shoulders, arms, and hands. "Shall tremble"—the means of averting danger, because of old age, shall become paralytic.

"And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened."

The teeth that grind the food are the *grinders* here alluded to, as the mill-stones grind the corn, shall become loose and fall out. *Those that look out of the windows* are the eyes ; they shall lose their faculty of sight, as, in old age, man becomes near-sighted. Obscurity of vision usually accompanies old age.

"And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low." The *doors* are the lips ; the *streets* are the mouth, because it is the way by which the food passes into the stomach, and the *sound of grinding* is the noise of the mouth

in eating. The teeth being decayed and gone, the old man no longer chews, but noiselessly mumbles his food, and closes his mouth in order to prevent the particles of food from dropping out. The rising up at the *sound of the bird*, is the great wakefulness of the aged. It is well known that the cock crows repeatedly during the night, and no one, except he be very old, would be disturbed by so ordinary an event. By the *daughters of music* is meant the ears. The voice becomes feeble, also the ears become obtuse; and from being pleased with the sound of music—even the music of the human voice—they gradually lose all interest in it, and are *brought low*.

“Also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way; and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.” *They shall be afraid of that which is high*. Those heights, referring to all undertaking which are difficult of accomplishment, which, in the days of their youth, they had not cared for, the aged now look upon with hesitation and fear. They are filled with imaginary fears—being devoid of sight, hearing, and strength—their nerves are wrung by every little excitement.

The turning of the hair to the silver of age is beautifully symbolized by *the almond-tree shall flourish*. The blossoms of the almond are of snowy hue, and when the tree is in its most flourishing condition, is when it is covered with white flowers.

To the imbecility of old age, the smallest thing, even a *grasshopper*, becomes a burden; and with the decay of the human frame *the desire of man faileth*.

The going of man to his *long home* is the grave, which is the last resting-place of his body; and, as was the custom in the Oriental countries, *the mourners go about the streets*. Here, in these latter days, the streets are still thronged with *mourners*; for, as fashion has ordained it, we cannot go upon the streets without encountering men and women, even children, too, clad in the sombre color which indicates the departure for the *long home* of mortality, of some loved one.

“Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern.”

There are two or three interpretations for the first part of this verse. The brain is, by some, considered the *silver cord*, and also the string of the tongue, as we often hear speech spoken of as *silver*. The most appropriate explanation, however, for the object here spoken, is the *spinal marrow*, as it is of silver whiteness, and the loosing of it occasions total cessation of all nervous sensibility.

The *brain* is symbolized by the *golden bowl*, from its yellow color;

the *pitcher broken at the fountain* is the *vena cava*, or great vein which carries the blood to the right auricle of the heart; consequently it is the *pitcher*, by which the life-fluid is conveyed, and the breaking of which is symbolized.

The *aorta* is the great artery by means of which the blood is carried from the heart, or fountain, and distributed throughout the body, as the *wheel at a cistern* is the means by which water is conveyed from the pool.

The latter portion of this passage displays, in a singularly beautiful and touching manner, the final disposition of all that is mortal of a human being—"into the earth from whence it came," and the "ascension of the spirit to God who gave it."

This beautiful passage, the Masonic significance of which we have given, is only one of the many striking evidences that the Bible is capable of a much plainer and simpler interpretation than that usually given to it; and, that if diligently studied, it will be found to be so simple, still so grandly beautiful, that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

This passage occurs in one of the degrees, and is used by Masons to teach the mortality of the body, the immortality of the soul and the resurrection from the dead.—*The Square*.

THE TRUE TEACHINGS OF FREEMASONRY IN RESPECT TO THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

In treating on this subject, confessedly somewhat difficult *per se*, we do not wish to appear either too egotistical or too dogmatical. We are most anxious to avoid any appearance of laying down too austere or ascetic a rule of the subject, and we do not presume to deny the right of others to hold a different view from ourselves on this wide and important question. For we should not forget, that we all may fairly take somewhat different grounds on a point which is after all more or less personal. And as we do not all see things in the same light, in respect of many other questions and even persons, we cannot be expected to hold an uniform opinion on this "vexata questio." We said last week, that there was a Masonic heresy on the subject, and as that necessarily pre-supposed a true teaching, we presume to submit our explanation of it, in the present issue of our journal. And so in all deference and submission we propose now to do so, premising once more, that we have no wish, and no intention "to lay down the law" to any who do honestly differ from us. We think that Freemasonry teaches us this distinctly, that refreshment is to be subordinate to work, and instruction. We should not be content to make

all our arrangements centre on the refreshment hour, nor to consider that the most important of our duties in Masonry is the K. and F. Degree.

There are some good brethren of ours, who, as we know, only drop in just in time for the Junior Warden's call. They take no part in the work of the lodge; they take no interest in instruction; they do not care for lectures; they do not profess to read Masonic literature, but, as boon companions, they are A 1. Our worthy brethren, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, look upon Freemasonry merely as a pleasant reunion, as a social club, alike agreeable and hilarious. They have no patience, as they say, with those who render Freemasonry too dry an affair, and for them Freemasonry has, and Freemasonry always will have but one attraction, the banquet and the convivial gathering. Now though we do not object to the festive assembly or friendly reunion, though we freely admit, that to many a hard-worked brother, the social aspect of Freemasonry has a great and abiding charm, yet we should ever bear in mind that all these things are only pleasant accessories to Freemasonry, and are not Freemasonry. The great objection to the purely social view is its expense and its interference unavoidably with the claims of charity and benevolence. With those who advocate the purely social and "prandial" theory of Freemasonry, there is too often a very small amount of the "bread" of Masonic benevolence, and an almost untellable quantity of "sack." Now do not let us be misunderstood. We accept entirely the Masonic adage, that "refreshment follows work," and we shall be sorry to see the day when, by an overstrained theory of Masonic abnegation, brethren should be stinted or deprived of the allowable and proper relaxation, sanctioned by the rules of our lodges and our order.

Many a firm friendship has been cemented round the Masonic table, and many pleasant hours of innocent gaiety and improving companionship have been spent by us all in the "interieur" of our lodges, and in a pleasant circle of friendship and good will. So that while we adhere firmly to the true teaching of Freemasonry—"subordinate refreshment and sociability to work and instruction, avoid late hours and irregular habits; let not Freemasonry be blamed for your want of self-control;" we shall not give up the "liberty of refreshment," in obedience to any fanaticism of the hour; but we shall use it, and not abuse it. We shall all regard this subject from our own point of view, and on none is the right of private judgment so unlimited, for no one can presume to lay down a rule which is suitable or applicable to all, and of all things we should seek to keep out of Freemasonry, anything like a pandering to hurtful and illogical fanaticism, any allowance of dictation by a noisy minority to a careless and apathetic majority. If, in the words we have uttered, in the arguments we have employed, we

have induced any brother to think the matter over, our end will be gained, as we do not write for any purpose of Pharisaic profession, or pedantic pomposity, but with a heartfelt desire to assist, and to inform, to help, and if possible to edify our numerous and friendly readers.—*London Freemason.*

LITTLE DAILY DUTIES.

M. W. Asa Battin, Grand Master of Ohio, thus eloquently urges upon the brethren attention to daily duties :

“ Could I reach the ear of every Mason in the State, I would endeavor to impress upon him the importance of discharging with promptness and fidelity the most minute duties which devolve upon him. Their importance may not be realized at the moment; they may seem trivial at the time; they are, nevertheless, designs upon the great trestle-board of our lives, and our work should be such as will pass the test of the overseer’s square. We can not always be engaged in great things. Our lives are largely made up of small acts. Each succeeding day brings with it its cares and duties; and happy will we be if we defer not until some future period that which ought to be performed before the sun passes beneath the horizon. Nor should we hesitate, or seek to avoid our duties, because they seem trivial and unimportant. They are *our* duties, and *we* must perform them; and we must qualify ourselves for their proper discharge. Naaman was loth to bathe in the waters of Jordan seven times, when commanded by the prophet Elisha, to heal his leprosy. He became enraged against the prophet of Israel because he had not laid his hand upon his flesh, and said, ‘Be thou healed.’ In his wrath he exclaimed, ‘Are not Abna and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be healed?’ But it was ordained that he must bathe in the waters of Jordan, or remain a leper. And his servants said unto him, ‘if the prophet had commanded thee to do some *great* thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he saith unto thee, wash and be clean?’ There is a tendency in the human mind to neglect the daily cares and duties, and to wait supinely for some *great* event. And we are disposed to criticise the designs upon our daily trestle-boards, and urge that the designs can be omitted or improved, that the waters of Damascus are superior to those of Jordan; and, refusing to discharge the duties of the hour because of their seeming unimportance, go down to our graves lepers still, because the prophet has never commanded us to do some *great* thing. When great events arise in the history of mankind, the men who embrace them are those who have, by constant labor in the perfection and execution of the minutest details, qualified themselves for just such events. I would

not discard a laudable ambition. Far from it. But the history of the world has proved that true greatness consists in discharging to-day the duties of to-day, leaving the results in the hands of the Grand Master of the Universe, who doeth all things well. Let us, then, each and all, perfect ourselves in the discharge of our daily Masonic duties, however unimportant they may seem, that when our lives shall terminate, our record shall be written, 'He labored faithfully in the task assigned him and performed his duties honestly and well; his work met the approbation of the Grand Overseer, and the world was better because of his life.' Let us not sit by in idleness, waiting for some *great* event which never comes to the indolent and slothful, but let the record of our lives show that in the minutest details we have discharged our duty to the craft. Thus will prosperity attend our time-honored order, and the fierce waves of adversity break over it in vain."

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,

FLINT, MICH., May 1st, A. L. 5875.

Question. Can a Lodge grant a *diploma* to a dimitted Brother?

Answer. No. The certificate of dimit can be made to serve the same purpose, and shows his actual Masonic standing.

Question. A Brother in good standing applies for a dimit, and is refused; is he liable to pay dues?

Answer. Yes. The Lodge has a right to refuse a dimit, and so long as the Brother remains a member of the Lodge he is liable to pay dues.

GEO. H. DURAND,

Grand Master.

BRO. GEO. FRANK GOULEY'S St. Louis *Freemason*, appears again upon our table. We are delighted to learn that its threatened discontinuance has been averted, by the earnest and active interest taken in furthering its circulation by the Grand Officers of all of the Masonic bodies of Missouri—which has resulted in considerable additions to its subscription list. We wish it continued and permanent success.

Masonic Law and Usage.

BY THE EDITOR.

[The personal or official opinions of the Grand Secretary are not *law*.]

THE RIGHT OF ADVANCEMENT.

ED. FREEMASON :—Our Lodge refuses, because one Brother objects, to advance an Entered Apprentice. Is it right or lawful to do this, without charges and trial ?

FAIR PLAY.

Answer. Yes. The reasons are numerous. The candidate may lack the required mental, moral, or physical qualification ; and this lack, whatever it be, may not have been discovered in time to prevent initiation. The failure to discover the deficiency may be, and it often is, not the fault of the Lodge, but of the Committee of Investigation ; or the Committee may be honestly mistaken in the performance of its functions ; or it may have been deceived by the candidate's failure to tell of himself the whole truth ; or the candidate may never display the required proficiency on examination. Either of these is good ground for refusing advancement ; but on these grounds how can charges be preferred and a trial had ? It is true, if the candidate impose on the committee by direct and absolute *falsehood* ; or if, after being initiated, he be guilty of unma-sonic conduct, he may, under our law, be tried and condemned, and his advancement may thus be arrested. But suppose, (and we know of cases in point,) that a year or more, *before* the candidate petitioned for initiation, he was guilty of gross immoral, even criminal conduct and he being a comparative stranger, the facts were not known to the Lodge, or, possibly, to the world ; is it to be supposed that the Lodge can try an E. A., for an offense committed years *before* the Lodge had Ma-sonic jurisdiction of him or any knowledge of his conduct ? But if such facts should become known to the Lodge or to *one member of it*, would it be proper to permit the candidate to advance, merely because it may be impossible or inexpedient to try and convict him of an offense ? Clearly not.

“But,” said our correspondent to us in conversation, “there was but *one* Brother who objected to the advancement, and he filed objections in writing. Is it not our duty to require him to state his reasons, and to prefer charges?” Not at all.

When a Brother “objects” by a black-ball, no one thinks of requiring charges, because no one knows, or should know, who should prefer them. But when a Brother, in words, spoken or written, says “I object,” why should the Lodge surround him and clamor—“what for—what for?” The objecting Brother may never say, (we hope he never will in disrespect to his Brethren), but we will say for him, “It is none of your business.” He has a *right*, under his Masonic obligation, to object, in any manner he pleases, by ballot or by words, to the introduction of a bad or an offensive man into his Lodge; and further, he has a *right* to be respected and protected in the exercise of his objection and in his refusal to give reasons, or to prefer charges.

Suppose again, (and the supposition is based on a fact.) the sister of the objecting Brother had been seduced, by the candidate, some months before he was initiated—and that this fact was made known to her brother *after* the seducer and candidate was made an E. A., but was known to no one else in the Lodge—shall we, in such a case, require our outraged Brother to be silent and make no objection to the advancement of the candidate, because he is unwilling, by making charges, to proclaim the defilement of his sister? The question needs no answer.

The objecting Brother, we repeat, is at liberty to give, or to refuse to give, as he thinks best, the grounds of his objection to the advancement of either an E. A., or F. C., and to exercise his Masonic liberty in preferring or in refusing to prefer charges against the objectionable candidate. His obligation binds him to exclude the unworthy, but does not bind him to state why he does it; and it is the duty of all other Masons to respect his right in this respect. But his obligation also binds him to do this from no unworthy or unmasonic motive; and if it should ever be discovered that he has been actuated by a bad motive in the matter, he is thereby shown to be

guilty of unmasonic conduct, and may be disciplined for the offence.

BRO. PRATT:—Our Lodge ordered the Junior Warden to to prefer charges, of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, against a member. When, at our next Regular, the charges were read to the Lodge, the Brother implicated happened to be present. After the reading, he pleaded guilty and promised to do better. Was this a legal arraignment? Was his language a legal pleading to the charges? Had the Lodge, at this time, the right to declare guilt and inflict the penalty?

The Lodge ordered the charges withdrawn, was this proper?

JUNIOR WARDEN.

Answer. After charges have been read to the Lodge, it is the province of the W. M., or of the Lodge, to *entertain* the charges, (i. e., to say whether the charges shall or shall not be entertained,) and to order a trial at some future time specified. It then becomes the duty of the Secretary, under the direction of the W. M., to summon the accused to appear and answer *at the trial*. If he *then* plead “guilty,” the charges are sustained by formal confession; but if he plead “not guilty” they must be proved. If the charges be sustained by confession or by proof, the Lodge then pronounces its formal verdict of “guilty,” and proceeds at once to inflict the penalty. When a Brother has been found *guilty* of a Masonic offense, Grand Lodge has decided that, it is the *duty* of the Lodge to declare *some penalty*—in other words, the Lodge cannot declare guilt and then refuse to punish.

In the case presented, the Brother was in the Lodge when the charges were first read, and, before they were formally entertained or a trial ordered by the Lodge, he admitted his fault and promised amendment. No trial having been ordered, and no summons having been issued, the offending Brother was not, at this time, legally arraigned, at the bar of the Lodge, for unmasonic conduct, and his confession of guilt was not a technical pleading of “guilty.” The Lodge, at this time, could *not*, according to the technical forms of law, declare his guilt or affix the penalty.

The order of the Lodge, to withdraw the charges, was, un-

der the circumstances, not only in accordance with our Penal Code, but, as it seems to us, in strict accordance also with that higher Code of Masonic Charity that "suffereth long and is kind."

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

SUITABLE PROFICIENCY.

The Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft, having made "suitable proficiency" in his "preceding degree," is raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. Technically and in form he may, indeed, be "raised"—the degree may be "conferred"—but does he *become*, in truth, a Master Mason? What is the "proficiency" which makes the E. A. or the F. C. a "suitable" candidate for the mysteries, an intelligent recipient of the sublime truths, and a living exemplar of the sublimer duties of the Master Mason?

The responsibility for so "entering" and "passing" the candidate, that he may intelligently and worthily wear the badges, and faithfully perform the functions of a Master Mason, rests, primarily, on the Lodge; and, only secondarily, on the candidate.

The first duty of the Lodge, to the Masonic student of our mysteries, is to be sure that he possesses those mental, moral and physical qualities required by landmarks, and that will enable him to see, appreciate and apply the truths to be taught. Do we properly observe the Landmark requirement, relative to mental endowments, when we are satisfied to be sure that neither nonage, dotage, insanity or idiocy impairs or cripples the mental power? Are there not many degrees of mental dullness—many defects, so to speak, of mental vision—which so obscure or distort the intellectual perception of Masonic light that the candidate is incapable of any proper understanding of the truth to be taught? And if the Lodge fail to discov-

er such defects—or, when discovered, if it fail to make them an insuperable bar to initiation or advancement, does it do its duty to the Craft, to itself, or to the candidate ?

And so too of the candidate's moral qualifications ; is that "report," which comes of *no knowledge* of a man's character or conduct, whether good or bad, equivalent to, or a proper substitute for that "*good* report" which springs only from character and conduct *known to be good*, and which, like the "good fruit" of the parable, betokens the "good tree" ? We cannot read the "heart," in which one "is first made a Mason," only as we know its effect on the life ; and if we know *nothing* of the life, *good or bad*, how do we know that the candidate has a heart in which he is, or ever can be, "prepared" to be made a Mason ? How do we know, if we know nothing of his life, that the candidate, however intelligently he may hear and see our Masonic teachings, will ever be able to give them that appreciative and loving reception which alone can make them the plumb, level and square of his life ? Alas ! How often our Lodges find, when it is too late to prevent mischief, that the "*good* report" of the candidate is only the absence of that *bad* report for which his subsequent and better known life gives abundant occasion ? Then, indeed, we realize, (*but do we remember ?*) that there is much—very much—in Masonry that cannot be learned by the head alone, or by the heart alone, but can be understood and learned only by a head inspired and governed by a *good heart*. The mental measurement is comparatively easy ; but the heart measurement, (Masonically more important than all else,) is impossible to us, except as we "judge the tree by its fruits ;" do we, then, do our duty to ourselves and the Craft—(not to speak of the candidate)—when we show ourselves so ready, without any knowledge of the life, to approve the quality of the heart, in which are all the springs and sources of that unknown life ? Or, as Masons, do we do our duty when we declare material to be good that we have *never tried* ?

Omitting all discussion of the physical qualifications of the candidate—we wish, in all seriousness, to ask Lodges and Brethren how they satisfy their Masonic consciences when, by their ballot, they declare, as they often do, that the E. A. or F.

C., of whose capacity to learn Masonry they know almost nothing, has made "suitable proficiency" and is ready to be "passed" or "raised?" He may, like a parrot or a child, have repeated a few words, but is this "suitable proficiency?" Let us not forget, that, up to the Master Mason's degree, we, and not the candidate, are responsible if suitable proficiency be not made—that if material be admitted, of which a Mason cannot be made, there cannot, in such a case, be *any* suitable proficiency—and if the material be good and we have failed to make a "suitable" impression on the mind and conscience—or if by levity, awkwardness, or blunders, we have marred the "suitable" effect of the work, then, and in either case, "suitable proficiency" has not been made by the candidate, and we do a damage to a Mason and to Masonry when we declare it is "suitable," and advance him to the next degree.

But we will suppose the Masonic neophyte has now reached the third degree—he is now said to be "raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason"—from this point, the responsibility for his "suitable proficiency" rests partly on his Brethren, but mainly on himself. A multitude of considerations arise just here, too many to be mentioned, but each one of us can profitably ask himself, have I made "suitable proficiency" in the knowledge and use of the tools of a Mason? The gauge, the gavel, the level, the plumb and the square are tools, all of which are important and in the use of which every Mason may and should make "suitable proficiency," from day to day, and from year to year. But after the use of all these has been properly learned, have we made "suitable proficiency" in the use of the trowel—that other and more noble implement whose purposes all Masons understand—have we made suitable proficiency in the arts and sciences, in the law and the literature of Masonry, and in that right-hand work of which the left should be ignorant? Have we made "suitable proficiency" in our studies of the letter G, and in the lessons of the hour-glass, so that we are able to calmly contemplate the uses of the mattock and the spade, and rejoice in the teachings of the acacia and the Lion's Paw? Have we made such diligent use of our time and opportunities that we find it a pleasure to remember all our efforts to make that "suitable proficiency" which will truly prepare us for still further advancement.

Editorial Notes and Selections.

IN A DILEMMA.—Our English brethren are in a fix. The Prince of Wales, heir to the Throne of England, has been elected Grand Master of Masons, and is about to be installed. The occasion is one of great importance, and the exhibition will be a most gorgeous and magnificent one,—such as the Masons of England have never witnessed before.

Of course John Bull and all his family wish to be present, and we don't blame them. But the "Royal Albert Hall," in London, in which the ceremonies are to take place, is only capable of accommodating eight or ten thousand persons, who are to be admitted by ticket, while more than twenty thousand have already made application for admission.

The final arrangement, we believe, is, that but one ticket shall be issued to a Lodge, and the Lodges are holding meetings to select the member who shall represent them on the important occasion. There are over a thousand Lodges subordinate to that Grand Lodge, and one delegate from each, together with the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, Provincial Grand Lodges, and Representatives of Foreign Grand Lodges, will pack the Hall to repletion.

It has been near half a century since a member of the Royal family filled the Orient of that Grand Lodge; it is no wonder, therefore, that English enthusiasm is at its height. The Church of Rome has not only enticed away the late Grand Master, but thrown down the gage of battle, and excommunicated all who belong to the Royal Craft. The heir to the Throne has taken it up, and the maledictions of the Pope fall on him as upon the humblest member. To some extent it is an issue between the civil authorities of England and the religious authorities of Rome. Every Protestant and every Freemason will take position with the Prince of Wales—the Grand Master of England.—*Masonic Review.*

WE ARE BROTHERS ALL.—What a cheerful little home this world would prove to us if we could only agree, and, whether residents of cottage or palace, would acknowledge the fraternal relationship we bear to each other. There is no reason why we should quarrel; seeing that concord produces so much real happiness, 'tis surely the best way when we meet, to meet as *Brothers all*. My coat may be coarse, and your's fine; you may drink wine, and I water; but both of us can show a true, unspotted heart, and we are *Brothers all*. You would despise the rough and unfaithful one; having truth on your side, you would stand firm as a rock; so would I—and thus we are *Brothers all*.

You would scorn to do falsely by man or woman; I always hold to

the right, and do as well as I know how ; and thus in our joys and our affections, and everything else that is good, we are *Brothers all*.

Your mother loved you as only a mother can love ; my mother did for me what none but a mother can do ; there is but one of us at last, whether high or low, for we are *Brothers all*.

Old age, frail and trembling, will soon come over us both ; death will creep along after him, and summon us both away ; then into the same graveyard we shall both be borne. Come, neighbors, your hands here—WE ARE BROTHERS ALL.—*Hebrew Leader, New York.*

A nameless man amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart ;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O, germ ! O, fount ! O, word of love !
 O, thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last !

MASONRY commences the work of elevating and improving man just where it ought to be commenced, in his social nature, where he is most susceptible. Perhaps no chord of his heart is more easily touched and moved than that which is connected with his social sympathies. To make him feel that he is not alone, that he does not stand removed from his fellows in gloomy isolation, with his "hand against every man and every man's hand against him ;" but to assure him that, amid the struggles and trials of life, eyes of affection look upon him, and generous hearts sympathize with him, and helping hands are outstretched to aid him ; *this* is where Masonry begins her work. Here she lays her corner-stone, and calling on God to help her, she proceeds to build on this foundation, and with entire confidence of ultimate success.—*J. W. Simons.*

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF MASONRY.—Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley, Grand Secretary of Missouri, sensibly says : " We are pleased to see that the Grand Lecturer of California (like our own) does not confine himself simply to a mere parrot-like recital of the ritual. Lodges need as much to be taught how to do a great many things, beside that they need to learn how to govern and be governed—how to prepare their rooms and keep them in good working order, and how the members should behave themselves when in session. The reasons, the

whys and wherefores of the ritual should be explained, and every Freemason should be taught that when he enters a Lodge room and comes into the sublime principles of our Institution, he stands in the presence of God. When this lesson is once learned, we shall see no more levity and nonsense in the conferring of degrees. Dignity, respectability, and education should be indispensable qualifications in every officer of a Lodge."

"At all times, and in every country, secret associations have existed, whose members have aimed at mutually strengthening each other in their belief of the soul's spirituality. The mysteries of Eleusis among the Pagans, the sect of Essenes among the Hebrews, were founded upon this doctrine, which they did not choose to profane by exposing it to the ridicule of the vulgar. It is nearly thirty years since there was an assembly of Freemasons, presided over by the Duke of Brunswick, at Wilhelmsbad. This assembly had for its object the reform of Freemasons in Germany; and it appears that the opinions of the Mystics in general, and those of St. Martin in particular, had much influence over this society. Political institutions, social relations, and often those of our own family, comprehend only the exterior of life. It is, then, natural that, at all times, men should have sought some intimate manner of knowing and understanding each other; and also those whose characters have any depth, believe they are adepts, and endeavor to distinguish themselves, by some signs, from the rest of mankind. Secret associations degenerate with time, but their principle is almost always an enthusiastic feeling, restrained by society."—*Madame De Stael*.

ONE day last week a lady called at our sanctum, presented some manuscript for publication, and interviewed us generally. She exhibited numerous jewels and decorations, and letters from notorious Masons, including a jewel of the "Order of the Eastern Star"—otherwise called Female Masonry. Waxing warm towards us, she took us tenderly by the hand, and although she did not know us Masonically from Adam, she gave us what she said was the "grip" of the "Order of the Eastern Star." "Isn't it a nice grip?" she asked us. May be it was, may be it wasn't. If our wife had been standing by, she would have said it wasn't. Well, at length we were ungripped, and soon after the Eastern Star set on our horizon, and we are now peacefully in the dark concerning the rest of its secrets. So mote it be.—*Hebrew Leader*.

MAILING CERTIFIED DIPLOMAS, ETC.—Some brethren, in order to save a few cents postage, send through the mail as printed matter in open wrappers, their certified diplomas, certificates, etc., of the most important character, and then, because they get lost in the mail, or are

stolen and traveled on around the country by some impostor, they make an awful row about it, yet they have nobody to blame but themselves, and they have no right to injure the Craft at large by being so economical.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

BRO. ANTHONY SAYRE, the first Grand Master of Masons of England, in 1717, was a simple stone-mason, and he was the last mechanic or-artisan that ever held the first position in the Grand Lodge of England. Only Princes Royal or noble men are now deemed worthy of that honor by our English Brethren.

GIFT CONCERT.—We have received a circular advertising a Grand Gift Concert in aid of the Masonic Relief Association of Norfolk, Va., “a half million scheme,” and giving the names of many distinguished Masons, as its endorsers. We think it must be a humbug, as we cannot believe that the craft in that State allow the name of the fraternity to be used to further lotteries.

THE REV. MR. KOERNER, of the Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, has been dismissed from his pastorate for refusing the communion to a member because he was a Mason.

CRUSHING OUT FREEMASONRY.—We give place to the following from the *Voice of Masonry*, May number. It has the true and emphatic ring, and we endorse it heartily :

“MacMahon, it is said, has instructed the Governor of the French colony in New South Wales, to crush out Freemasonry, and, accordingly, several merchants have been arrested and sent to France, as ‘suspects’ of being either Freemasons or communistic friends of Rochefort.

“He can gain no benefit or credit by efforts to crush Freemasonry. It is not a political institution and need not be feared by any Government. Whenever and wherever a ruler becomes jealous of it and declares war against it, there is the certainty that his motives will not bear righteous inspection. Knowing himself in some respect in the wrong, he seeks to hide his fault by casting suspicion on others. Time always exposes the objects of such men and pays them for their injustice. Unfortunately, it does not compensate the *injured persons* for the persecutions they suffer in behalf of their cherished institution. This is the lamentable part of attempts to crush Freemasonry. Otherwise it has nothing to fear from, nor can it be injured by any of its enemies.

“As well might they expect the winds and waves to obey them as to succeed in eradicating Freemasonry, for it is truth, and truth cannot be destroyed. Will MacMahon take notice of this fact and give up his hopeless task of crushing this ancient, honorable and imperishable Institution ?”

Tidings from the Craft.

RECEPTION OF DE MOLAI COMMANDERY BY EMINENT COMMANDER RANDALL.

No member of the order of Knights Templar in the State of Michigan has done more for it, has been more generous with it, than the Hon. L. H. Randall, Eminent Commander of De Molai Commandery, of this city, and Right Eminent Grand Commander of the order in Michigan. It will be remembered that but a short time ago he presented De Molai with a libation set, one of the most elegant silver services ever seen in our city. He has constantly given practical demonstrations of his regard for the Order, of which he is so deservedly the head in this city and the State, and to his efforts more than to any other member is due the prominent standing, the high standard of knightly discipline and excellence of De Molai Commandery as compared with other Commanderies of the State.

Last night he again manifested his regard for his fraters by giving them a reception at his residence on Jefferson Avenue. About seventy-five Sir Knights, headed by the Knights Templar Band, marched from the Asylum on Lyon street to Canal street, thence to Bronson street, where they wheeled about and paraded at once through Canal, Monroe and Fulton streets and Jefferson Avenue to his house. Arriving there their host greeted them most hospitably in a pleasant little speech, during which he referred to a most generous act of Mr. Amos Rathbone's, the giving of \$20, a little testimonial, to the Knights Templar Band, referring to him as a man whose arms ached with a desire to extend benefactions to his fellow-men. Then the entire company, numbering nearly 100 men entered the house where Mrs. Randall, assisted by several of her lady friends served a most appetizing refectation. After an hour or two of social, as well as gastronomic enjoyment, the Sir Knights formed in line and marched back to their Asylum. Their excellence in drill, their precision in the most difficult evolutions delighted all who saw them.

Appreciating his unvarying and unceasing kindness toward De Molai Commandery, its members have tendered their services as escort for Right Eminent Grand Commander Randall, June 1, when he goes to Kalamazoo to attend the Annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Michigan; the tender is but an expression of their appreciation of what he has done for De Molai and the Order.—*Grand Rapids Eagle.*

RE-PRESENTATION OF A WATCH PRESENTED BY GEN. WASHINGTON TO LAFAYETTE.

In conformity with the resolution by the American Congress, on the 22d of June last, Mr. Washburne, the United States Minister, on the 9th ult., at Paris, handed to M. Oscar de Lafayette, deputy in the National Assembly from the Seine et Marno, and grandson of the Marquis de Lafayette, the watch Washington presented to the latter as a souvenir of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis. The watch was stolen from the Marquis de Lafayette while he was traveling in the United States in 1825, but was recovered in later years. The presentation ceremonies took place at the hotel of the American Embassy, in the presence of the entire Lafayette and other families, the attaches of the United States legation, and many distinguished Americans.

Mr. Washburne, in addressing M. de Lafayette, spoke in the French language. He narrated the circumstances of the theft of the watch, and the passage by Congress of the resolution for its restoration to the descendants of the Marquis de Lafayette, and said: "I am fulfilling a sweet duty. The inscription on the watch recalls to my mind a great deed, which can never be effaced from the history of the United States—the deed which terminated the American revolution, and assured the independence of the United States. I am here as the interpreter of the sentiments of the government and people of the United States toward you and the other descendants of the Marquis de Lafayette. Let us form earnest wishes for the happiness and prosperity of all bearing your venerated name; and with those wishes let us associate France, who was allied with the United States, who is our traditional friend, and whose glory is so dear to us."

M. de Lafayette, in reply to Mr. Washburne, solemnly acknowledged his thanks for the relic presented to him by the United States Congress. He also thanked Mr. Washburn for the kind words he had uttered, and added that the Lafayette family were filled with profound gratitude for the sympathetic remembrances which have been preserved for their ally by the Americans after so many years. He requested Mr. Washburne to express to the American people and to their Congress and Government the thanks of the Lafayette family, and their homage and admiration for their second country.

BEFORE we shall meet our readers again the Installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master, will have taken place, amid the loyal enthusiasm of our order. Everything points to a most successful and rejoicing assembly, such as has never been seen before.

Prince Leopold has received his third degree, and the Duke of Con-

naught will have received it before our readers will peruse these lines, so that the Prince of Wales will be, like George Prince of Wales, surrounded by his royal brothers, and we shall be reminded of goodly meetings in times long gone and past.—*London Free Mason.*

GENERAL ELLWOOD E. THORNE, Grand Master of Masons in New York, has issued a decree, announcing that the new Masonic Temple at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, is nearly completed, and will be formally dedicated on June 2d, 1875. He also requests the various lodges in the jurisdiction to appropriate money to raise a handsome dedication fund, so that Masons from all parts of the globe may be invited to assist in the ceremonies and be hospitably entertained. It is understood that a feature of the ceremonies will be a parade of the members of the order in full regalia.

A FREEMASON FOR SEVENTY YEARS.—Bro. James Swallow, who died on the 10th of March, at Nashua, N. H., in his ninetieth year, had been a Mason nearly seventy years, having joined the St. Paul Lodge of Masons, Groton, November, 1806. At the age of twenty-one he had accumulated the sum of \$200, which he had put at interest, and had been drawing interest, and compound interest from that day to the time of his death, a period of nearly seventy years, thus carrying out an ideal transaction, and accumulating a large fortune.

SAVE the records of your lodge; a hundred years hence they will be invaluable. This is demonstrated by the eagerness of the archæologist in searching "old records" for vindication of present theories of the Craft.

THE District Grand Lodge of Japan, according to the *Yokohama Gazette*, held a session on December 30, 1874, in the Masonic Hall, Tokyo, and was well attended.

THE *London Freemason's Chronicle* says that King Alfonso will persecute the Freemasons in Spain and break up the lodges.

IN MEMORIAM.

Astor Lodge, No. 603, mourns the death of W. Bro. George L. Trask. W. Bro. Farley, in making the announcement of the sad event, took advantage of the occasion to refer to the uncertainty of human life, and to urge upon all a preparation for the great change that awaits us. A committee of five was then appointed to give expression to the sentiment of the lodge, and there was a suitable report and resolutions,

which were adopted. We sympathize with the brethren of No. 603 in the loss of one who was a bright exemplar of the tenets of our institution, and, who, take him for all in all, was such a man as we seldom meet.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

OBITUARY.

At the Regular Conclave of Niles Commandery No. 12, at Niles, May 14th, 1875, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It pleased Almighty God to remove out of this world our beloved Companion Sir Knight Ethan A. Brown, on the 28th day of April 1875, while at Lansing, in the faithful discharge of his duties as a Member of the House of Representatives ;

Resolved, That while, in common with his fellow-citizens, we deplore the untimely death which terminated his honorable career of public usefulness, and lament with his family and friends over the desolation of the social and domestic circles of which he was the centre, yet we cannot help feeling that the thick darkness of this dispensation hangs most heavily over the altars of Masonry, where he has so long and so devotedly ministered. Here in this Asylum we can speak his praises without restraint, and recount his virtues without hesitation ; for in him was found that rare combination of patience and perseverance, courage, and constancy, fidelity and humility with that unwearied zeal and unsullied honor which should ever distinguish a Knight Templar.

Resolved, That we have heard with emotions of the most affectionate gratitude, of the kindness and hospitality extended to our sick and suffering Sir Knight while he was living, and of the watchful care bestowed upon his lifeless remains, by the Sir Knights of Lansing Commandery No. 25, and hereby tender to them our heartfelt acknowledgement of their knightly courtesies.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the record, and a copy of them transmitted to Lansing Commandery No. 25, and to the bereaved widow, with suitable expressions of condolence.

At a regular Communication of Jenison Lodge No. 322, of F. & A. M., held at Jenisonville, Thursday evening, April 16th, 1875, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst, our worthy and well-beloved Brother, Dr. Sheridan C. Smith ; and

WHEREAS, He has endeared himself to us by his gentlemanly deportment, and the earnestness with which he entered into all our plans to promote the welfare of the fraternity, of which he was an exemplary member, it is befitting and proper, that we should place on record our appreciation of his services, and our esteem for him as a man and a Brother ; therefore

Resolved, That while we mourn the departure of our Brother to " that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," our emotions of sorrow are softened by the consciousness that our loss is his great gain.

Resolved, That we tender to his sorrowing and stricken wife and parents in the great affliction they have sustained by the death of a loving husband, and affectionate son, our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Lodge, and a certified copy of the same be transmitted to the wife of our deceased Brother as a further proof of our regard.

Resolved, That this Lodge tender to Grand River Lodge No. 34, our thanks for their kindly services in assisting us in burying our deceased Brother.

H. W. DAVIS, }
 LOREN DAY, } Committee.
 LEWIS PECK, }

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. VI.—JUNE, A. L. 5875.—NO. XII.

WHO WAS THE FIRST FAUST ?

The colossal German myth of the sixteenth century is well remembered, both in its primal prose form and in the great poem of Goethe, because of its central truth, the *conflict* of humanity therein represented. It is this eternal conflict which vitalizes and perpetuates the myth and the poem, and I may say the kindred myths found in many literatures of the globe both in ancient and in modern time.

In 1587, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, appeared in printed form the first Faust-myth, and so early as that, there was a clear and full expression of the dissatisfactions of humanity rebelling against the natural limitations of human existence. The discontent which pervades all human life in every age is represented in Faust, but not on the plane of the humility which accepts of the inevitable as being the best for each and all ; the *Unzufriedenheit* of the German Faust-myth is the basis of an ideal ambition, which, through alliance with supernatural powers of evil, would tear down the walls of natural limitation, and grasp knowledge, honors, and enjoyment, far beyond those degrees embraced by human experience. In the keen conflict Faust experienced between the ideal and the actual, the emphasis is chiefly laid on *knowledge*—knowledge all-comprehending, before whose potency all mysteries of Nature in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth, should flee away. It was a struggle for knowledge on the plane of a god, a sally for the conquest of omniscience, a rebellious impatience with the ignorance that remains in the human mind *after all* the sciences have been diligently and thoroughly learned. Mephistopheles, not an emperor like Satan, but a cunning devil of subordinate rank—really an incarnate sneer—offers Faust this supernatural knowledge on certain con-

ditions. The thing sought is deemed the greatest good; the method of seeking it stood confessedly evil from the fact that diabolical agency only could secure for him that possession. The word Faust in the German tongue signifies *fiat*, the symbol of combat, and that emblem is a true token of the central meaning of the myth and poem, provided we are careful to remember that the combat is not confined to the physical plane, but is an invisible fight between the strivings of the higher nature and the limitations and humiliations of the actual existence of man. It contains the problem to which every individual and generation of the race is born, the real riddle of the sphinx who devours those who do not answer it aright, the problem which is always waiting to be solved, and which few seem to solve wisely and well.

The Teutonic race had nothing greater in its early literature than the Faust-myth; and that it belonged to a stratum in the mental geology of Europe, is clear from the fact that about the same time similar weird legends appeared in other nations, that of Don Juan in Spain, that of Twardowsky in Poland, that of Merlin in England, and of Robert le Diable in Normandy.

Though the logic of such myths is in all ages substantially the same, the ascending scale seems to control their formation till the summit is reached in the German Faust, in whom the age of occult science, or of miracles of magic, forever expired. Faust is the last of his race. The problem is always new and fresh; he and his solution belong to the world's mythical souvenirs.

The Greeks, the most creatively æsthetic and gifted nation the world ever saw, doubtless had different ways for putting forward the subject of this conflict. Among the fables, that Pythonous seems to hold the preference in this line of thought. His prayer to the goddess Aurora to be made immortal here on earth, came from the same Faustian abyss of discontent and rebelling ambition in human nature as did the later legends. Pythonous had the attractions of personal beauty by which he had evoked the love of Aurora. Love in her could but grant the unreasonable prayer of exemption from death, which forced on Pythonous a new antagonism, wholly unknown to his natural experience, namely, the conflict between the infirmities which age brought upon him and his inability to get rid of his body. In praying for immortality, he had forgotten to pray for perpetual youth. So age came with increasing infirmities, and yet no release could be found in death, that gate being forever closed against him. This conflict eclipsed that which is common to all men in all times. Pythonous, life growing more tiresome, presents a new prayer to Aurora. He now prays for death. The goddess informs him that it is contrary to the law of celestial life that gods should recall the gifts they bestow. He now sees that he cannot undo his past folly and regain the condition he enjoyed.

But, in his sadness, Aurora sent the only possible relief by transmuting him into a *cicada*,* and permitting him as grasshopper to sing in the grass the song common to that race. Pythonous was the Greek Faust in a somewhat simpler form.

But has it occurred to us that the oldest, and I will say the grandest, Faust representation the world has read of is met with in the Garden of Eden, and that in the personal life of a woman? Such is the fact, and the same problem of which I have spoken is there present in all its magnitude, and in touching simplicity, in the story of Eve, the first woman, and the first Faust. Read the story under that view.

It is immaterial to this survey whether we agree with Origen in regarding the story of the fall as an instructive allegory, or look upon it as a literal history of what occurred at the beginning of the primitive pair. The lesson is the same, though on a larger scale, if we admit with Swedenborg that Adam, like Israel, is a collective name, for the human race at that time. Under this latter view, Eve, representing the womanly half of mankind, reminds us of a period when the passion for *knowledge* became intense and all-commanding in the feminine part of the world, woman being the first aspirant for the supernatural fullness of intelligence, a wisdom on the plane of the "gods," making its possessor the peer † of the Deity.

In the story of the primal Eden, the subtle serpent plays the part of prime persuader in securing an introduction to the source of knowledge. The reputation of this animal for wisdom among Oriental nations may account for this. Among the Hebrews, so late as the day of Christ, the symbolization of wisdom by the serpent stood confessed in the proverb, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

But following the common belief that the serpent is only a metaphorical naming of the devil, the universal tempter, I will ask: What *motive* does he present to the woman in persuading her to violate the divine restriction? Does he promise her a future palace? or large stores of luxurious wealth? or elegant wardrobe? None of these things. Such motives had not prevailed. What was it? The serpent offered the same that Mephistopheles did, namely, a Godlike compass of *knowledge*. The cup was offered to the lips of a *mental* thirst. The quick thoughts of woman soon said, in substance: "Knowledge is beautiful and nutritious, and, if I may endow my mind with the highest attributes of wisdom, the wisdom denied to mortal hitherto, I will run the risk of the consequences of disobeying God by going counter to his one restriction, and I will venture all upon the one object of being able to see and to know with the eyes of a god." It was, indeed, a grand mo-

* Grasshopper.

† Genesis iii : 22.

tive, but, in method, a rebellion against the natural limitation. The antagonism of life was thereby freshly opened, and the endless warfare between the ideal and the actual begun. Her sorrows and man's sorrows became augmented. Though the earth should yield the nutritious herb, and bread to the sweating toiler, yet the eyes of humanity opened anew to the manifold antagonism which Nature everywhere presented. The wide world now became their garden, and necessity their teacher.

If woman relatively represents wisdom, her earlier surrender to the temptation would imply that the primary appeals of temptation are to this element of being; and that, through the false leadings of love, the intellect also is drawn into the false way. So long as the reigning love is unsexed, the Eden remains unspoiled. As fruit may be gathered too early for health, so there is knowledge, good in itself, which may be prematurely acquired. The devil's method of knowledge does not end happily, but always ends in the loss of the Eden and in worse conditions. In the story, God's method of getting to the fruit of the tree of knowledge is not disclosed. Obeying awhile longer would have won it and prevented so much unhappiness. The first Faust, then, is found in the primitive garden, and the Bible furnishes the highest solution of the conflict between good and evil, and gives the spirit and method of harmonizing the elements of human nature in a good life, in which humility and aspiration are duly united.—*Rev. E. G. Holland, in Appleton's Journal.*

PATCHED-UP HUMANITY.

It is quite appalling how callous we have grown to the tendency of the fair sex to amplify Nature by artificial means. We no longer look upon Sophronia's mass of back-hair with suspicious dread. The most gallant of men, the weakest dupe of feminine arts, is not deceived by it; nor does he suppose that it indicates any real deficiency in the natural supply. He recognizes and sanctions it, not as a snare, but as a graceful concession to fashion; and the women themselves do not seek concealment.

I have watched fair girls—girls with sunshiny tresses waved across their brows, enter the store of a *perruquier* on Broadway without a blush—without a moment's care for observers—and I have seen them boldly comparing the shade of their cast-off, lack-lustre braids with new ones, which they have purchased under the very eyes of prying men.

The propriety of thus amending Nature whenever fashion demands, seems to be generally conceded, not only in the matter of hair, but also in many other things, and I am much too discreet a person to find

fault with that which meets the approval of so many. I will go even so far as to say that it may be partly a good tendency, in the interest of candor and against deceit, for while the custom is extant it is surely better to be honest about it. If Mrs. B— has the misfortune to be sallow, and finds her complexion improved by the use of anthosmimos, at two dollars a bottle, we should be glad that the prejudices of her neighbor do not compel the poor lady to be hypocritical over it; and the understanding that Fanny's profusion of hair is not wholly her own will spare dear Edgar many a heart-pang after marriage.

But there is also a tendency to substitute as well as to amplify Nature. Formerly, a cripple was a cripple, and hobbled through the world an object of pity to sympathetic elders, and derision to wicked youngsters. An unfortunate with one eye had no means of hiding his defect, and the loss of the arms made a person helpless. Even when artificial legs were first introduced, they were so imperfect that no one was deceived by them. They had movable, clattering ankle-joints, which betrayed their wearer at every step, and his entrance into a parlor was mistaken for the complaint of a broken-down chair, or the squeak of a rat. When he moved in the street, people turned round, expecting to see a wheelbarrow in want of grease approaching, and when—awful moment!—he cast himself on his knees before his adored one, his impassioned utterances were accompanied with rattling noises, which suggested the unrest of a fallen spirit in torment. Naughty little boys whistled the tune of the "Cork Leg" in his presence, and his whole life was made miserable by the rude queries of persons who wanted to know all about his misfortune.

Such improvements have been made in late years, however, that, in all but senses of touch, an artificial leg performs the most important duties of a natural one, allowing the wearer to walk, run, or sit with ease, and to endure an astonishing degree of fatigue in an upright position. It is noiseless, and only an expert can detect it.

The foot wears a real boot, which can be removed at pleasure; the knee and ankle joints work without a creak, and the whole mechanism is, as one maker eloquently says, "at once a beauty and a joy forever." The form is perfection, the instep really arched, and the ankle trim. The calf swells with exquisite gradations, and recedes toward a well-shaped knee. The surface is smooth and glossy as satin, and delicately tinged with a color between a soft pink and a luscious creaminess, as unlike the abnormal and offensive redness of a ballet-girl's fleshings as the blush-rose is unlike a flaunting dahlia.

A wooden leg, pure and simple, is a perpetual reminder of the wearer's bereft condition. It can never be mistaken for any thing more than the shallow mechanism it is. But the modern artificial leg is a complete illusion, and the wearer himself may easily forget its un-

reality. Coming home in the evening from a day of toil, and throwing himself into an arm-chair for a consoling smoke, he can take off his boots and put on his slippers in the most natural manner possible. His stockings—prosaic necessity—need changing once a week, and I have heard of men who gratified their inordinate vanity by clothing their rubber feet in the softest of silks. Then, if he be of a utilitarian turn, with little care for trappings and seemings he can discard the limb altogether when he is seated, and put it into a corner like an umbrella or a walking-stick. Or, if he has the native habit of sitting with his heels elevated above his body, he can continue to enjoy the delusive pleasure by resting his artificial leg on the window-sill while he sits upon the lounge in a more comfortable posture. A thousand advantages suggest themselves, and therein we find an example of the excellent law of compensation which atones for so many of our grievances.

But, when we glance through the neck of the leg, so to speak, our feelings suffer a revulsion. We see that all the external beauty and tenderness, all the lustre and refinement of tint, only serve to hide a combination of ugly iron bolts, rods, and screws, which give the thing its movements.

The outer case or shell is made of wood, wrought by a carpenter's chisel, and when we rap it with our knuckles it gives forth a hollow, sepulchral sound. The delicate texture of the surface is the result of a coating of some kind of fine enameled leather, which makes the wood more durable and handsome, and prevents it from splitting or cracking. So the artificial-leg æsthetic is dismissed from our minds, and we have only to consider the practical leg as a thing of mechanical ingenuity and utility.

Resting on a soft pad, the natural limb fits into the socket of the artificial, and the latter is held in its place by a strong elastic brace worn over the shoulders. The knee-joint is formed by a broad convex surface of the thigh-piece working in a corresponding concavity in the leg-piece, and these articulating surfaces, as the manufacturer calls them, are held in position by a horizontal steel tube.

But we shall only involve the reader and ourselves in attempting to elucidate dry technicalities, and hence we shall leap to a more interesting part of the subject. We have seen what the artificial leg is ornamentally, and we have hinted at its possibilities, but we have given you no idea of how varied and extensive these possibilities are. We know a gentleman with a passion for pedestrianism, an excellent skater, who moves on two artificial legs, and yet this is nothing.

In a pamphlet before us there are several pages filled with the experiences of crippled men whose infirmities have been relieved, not by the all-potent grace of winking Madonnas, nor by the talismanic touch of sainted hands, but by the dexterity of artisans in human-repair shops.

A brevet major of United States Volunteers, who was cut in two during the war, writes, "I walk six miles every day without a cane or other assistance." Another martyr of gunpowder declares, "I am employed in a locomotive-works, and with the aid of an artificial leg I am able to support a large family." Think of supporting a large family on an artificial leg, and dandling a baby on an artificial knee! And what a sermon and example it is to those who complain that they cannot afford to marry with even the two natural limbs at their service! This is not all, however. "Being fond of sport, I have frequently started from home early in the morning and have not returned until night, spending the whole day in hunting-exploits, and accomplishing altogether about fifteen miles distance." This same hero is a member of a fire department, and is often in active service. If you saw him in the street you could not discover his imperfection, for, beyond a slight limp, his gait is steady and easy.

Still another writes, "With my artificial leg I have visited the Highlands and all the noteworthy scenery of Ireland, Wales, England, Germany, France, and Switzerland, and have ever found it all I desired while on horseback, on foot, or at rest."

A fourth states that he is a farmer, and that he has built a stone-fence while wearing an artificial leg, mowed and cradled, spread and pitched hay, and made himself generally useful.

But the modern artificial arm is yet more wonderful. It is beautifully moulded, and terminates in an aristocratic hand, which may be gloved or ungloved at pleasure. The fingers open and close, picking up or putting down ordinary articles, and enabling the wearer to write distinctly as possible, all the uses of the natural limb, as is proved by the statement of a remarkable man, who, with two artificial arms, operates a Morse telegraph, and has charge of a railway station and a post office.

Sergeant Thomas Plunkett, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment, had his arms shot off in the war, but he writes to the inventor that with the substitutes, "I can feed myself, take off my cap and put it on, pick up a leaf from the ground, and drive a horse. I never practiced writing much, always having some one to do it for me, but I could if I tried—and a great many other things, too numerous to mention."

We imagine that the wearers of these artificial limbs grow attached to them, as to a meerschaum pipe, and it occurs to us that there must be a large amount of satisfaction in taking one's leg off and rubbing it up and down in a fondling way. Some connoisseurs—for there are connoisseurs even in this—have collections of legs—week-day legs, Sunday legs, dancing legs, and riding legs, each expressly made for a distinct purpose. But this is vanity, and leadeth only unto vexation of spirit.

Concluding, we will speak of one other thing in the human-repair

shops—the artificial eye, which has been brought to such a state of perfection by a French oculist of iatter days that it effectually disguises the greatest defect. Formerly it never fitted well in the socket; but now it exactly imitates the natural eye, and for fifty or a hundred dollars you can obtain a melting blue orb, a wistful gray, or a fiery black.—*Ap-pleton's Journal.*

MINNESOTA FOR HEALTH.—A lady came from Detroit, Mich., and her great pride was in being an invalid. She lost no opportunity in saying that she came to Minnesota to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into a conversation with any person she came in contact with, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry, so common to visitors, "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy visaged young man at the dinner table of the Metropolitan a few days since, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here, probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs, in fact my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle, nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great Heavens?" exclaimed the astonished auditor, "and you lived?"

"I did, miss, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since; hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the lady, "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir?"

"Indeed I did madame; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest prostration."

"How sad! Pray, what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest possible, consisting only of milk, that being the only food my system would bear. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving properties of Minnesota air, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very rest-

less. My improvement dated from my arrival. My limbs soon became strong, my sight and voice came to me slowly, and a full set of teeth, regular and firm, appeared."

"Remarkable—miraculous! Sure!y, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh?"

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota. Good day."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

RULES FOR THE CARE OF THE EYES.

"When writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc., always take care that—

"1. The room is comfortably cool, and the feet warm;

"2. There is nothing tight about the neck;

"3. There is plenty of light without dazzling the eyes;

"4. The sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon;

"5. The light does not come from in front; it is best when it comes over the left shoulder;

"6. The head is not very much bent over the work;

"7. The page is nearly perpendicular to the line of sight; that is, that the eye is nearly opposite the middle of the page, for an object held slanting is not seen so clearly.

"That the page, or other object, is not less than fifteen inches from the eye.

"Near-sightedness is apt to increase rapidly when a person wears, in reading, the glasses intended to enable him to see distant objects.

"In any case, when the eyes have any defect, avoid fine needle-work, drawing of fine maps, and all such work, except for very short tasks, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning.

"Never study or write before breakfast by candle light.

"Do not lie down when reading.

"If your eyes are aching from fire light, from looking at the snow, from over-work, or other causes, a pair of colored glasses may be advised, to be used for a while. Light blue or grayish blue is the best shade, but these glasses are likely to be abused, and usually, are not to be worn except under medical advice. Almost all those persons who continue to wear colored glasses, having perhaps first received advice to wear them from medical men, would be better without them. Traveling vendors of spectacles are not to be trusted; their wares are apt to be recommended as ignorantly and indiscriminately as in the times of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

"If you have to hold the pages of *Harper's Magazine* nearer than fifteen inches in order to read it easily, it is probable that you are quite

near sighted. If you have to hold it two or three feet away before you see easily, you are probably far-sighted. In either case, it is very desirable to consult a physician before getting a pair of glasses, for a *miafit* may permanently injure your eyes.

“ Never play tricks with your eyes, as squinting or rolling them.

“ The eyes are often troublesome when the stomach is out of order.

“ Avoid reading or sewing by twilight or when debilitated by recent illness, especially fever.

“ Every seamstress out to have a cutting-out table, to place her work on such a plane with reference to the line of vision as to make it possible to exercise a close scrutiny without bending the head or the figure much forward.

“ Usually, except for aged persons or chronic invalids, the winter temperature in work-rooms ought not to exceed 60° or 65°. To sit with impunity in a room at a lower temperature, some added clothing will be necessary. The feet of a student or seamstress should be kept comfortably warm while tasks are being done. Slippers are bad. In winter the temperature of the lower part of the room is apt to be 10° or 15° lower than that of the upper.

“ It is indispensable in all forms of labor requiring the exercise of vision of minute objects, that the worker should rise from his task now and then, take a few deep inspirations with closed mouth, stretch the frame out into the most erect posture, throw the arms backward and forward, and if possible, step to a window or into the open air, if only for a moment. Two desks or tables in a room are valuable for a student; one to stand at, the other to sit at.”—*Sanitarian*.

A HUMOROUS but earnest writer on domestic architecture says:—
 “The world is gone wofully astray. We are growing wicked and vain, and sick and useless, all because homes and housekeepers are on a false basis. I can see no way out of the wilderness till some saintly woman who knows the suffering and the need of humanity, shall gird herself, not to distribute tracts, or sell public books, or organize Dorcas Societies, or send the gospel to far-away heathen, but to place domestic architecture, and domestic service and duty, in the sight of all men as the essential foundation of a social structure. . . . To organize perfectly a business in this branch of my-profession, I should first engage a persuasive minister of the gospel to instruct all persons, about to build, in the moralities of home-life. After a course of this fundamental teaching, I would employ a medical man, wise and eloquent, who should not only prove that cleanliness is next to godliness, but he should make his pupils realize the worth of fresh air, of sunlight, of pure water and rational warmth. No man is fit to build a house until he knows something of these things. After the physician, a chemist

should follow to explain the nature and causes of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, the miasmata that rises from certain soils, and the consequence of unventilated sewerage, closing his course of family instruction by a lecture, with experiments, on the sublime art of cooking. Finally, a professor from some industrial college should describe the nature and proper use of the materials employed in building, calling especial attention to the fact that green lumber will surely shrink in drying. After such a preparation, the strictly architectural service might be undertaken with a reasonable hope of a triumphant conclusion."

LIVING AND DEAD.

Crape on my neighbor's door,
 Windows barred from the light ;
 And I know it is hushed for evermore,
 The voice that I heard last night—
 Heard as I sat apart,
 With my own grief at my heart.

For the night was far, far spent,
 The dreary dawn was near,
 And no one of the steps that came and went
 Was the step I waited to hear ;
 Waiting, heart-sick, in vain,
 I could hear that voice of pain—

Inarticulate cries
 And a long-drawn, wailing moan,
 That brought the sudden tears to my eyes
 For my neighbor all unknown—
 The tears that would not flow
 For my own unuttered woe.

Only a wall, ah me !
 Between two souls distressed—
 Two souls in their hour of agony,
 And whose was the bitterest ?
 God only knows. For mine,
 It was dumb and made no sign.

Crape on my neighbor's door
 Tells the end of his pain ;
 But, as for mine, as it was before,
 So it will be again.
 The saddest tears we shed
 Are not, alas ! for the dead.

THE AGE OF GOOD.

I had a vision of mankind to be ;
 I saw no grated windows, heard no roar
 From iron mouths of war on land or sea ;
 Ambition broke the sway of Peace no more.
 Out of the chaos of ill-will had come
 Cosmos, the Age of Good, Millennium !

The lowly hero had of praise his meed,
 And loving-kindness joined roof to roof ;
 The poor were few, and to their daily need
 Abundance ministered. Men bore reproof—
 On crags of self-denial sought to cull
 Rare flowers to deck their doors hospitable.

The very bells rang out the Golden Rule,
 For the hearts were loath to give their fellows pain.
 The man was chosen chief, who, brave and cool,
 Was king in act and thought. Real power is plain,
 Despising pomp and show. He seemed to be
 The least in all that true democracy.

O Thou, incarnate Sower of the seed !
 Pluck out the narrowness, the greed for pelf ;
 Pluck out all tares ; the time let come, and speed,
 When each will love his neighbor as himself.
 The hopes of man, our dreams of higher good,
 Are based on Thee ; we are Thy Brotherhood.

—Henry Abbey.

SQUABBLING.

Is it a vice, a disease, a mere bad habit, or what? At first sight it is a most puzzling trick of poor humanity ; and apparently an incurable one. Who ever knew two or more persons to squabble for a time, and then to leave off for good? The very essence of squabbling is that it is incessant, or at any rate intermittent. Then, nothing else is so full of delusions—not even love. To a non-squabbler, one who squabbles is like

“ Him that would stem a stream with sand,
 Or fetter flame with silken band,”

or attempt something equally futile. Some of the features of squabbling are almost refreshing in their extreme strangeness. Take aside any individual squabbler ; withdraw him out of ear-shot of the one or more of his fellow creatures whom he is in the habit of exercising the cunning

of his trade with, and then twit him sharply on the subject. We will imagine a few of his retorts, leaving out the remarks which call them forth, as too obvious for specification :

"I a squabbler? Heaven! are you crazy? Why, I'm the most peaceable creature on earth! It is absurd for you to preach to *me*; go and talk to *them*! Why can't they leave me alone, I should like to know? I never attack any one; what you heard me say was simply in self-defense!"

Still there is a *raison d'etre* in all things. No doubt if people realized the futility of their ostensible ends in squabbling, they would give up the practice then and there; but is it quite certain that would be a safe course to pursue? Is it not owing to the reckless destruction of spiders that we are inflicted so insupportably by flies? "Always hesitate to pull down," says somebody, "unless you are ready with something better to build up." On reflection we find there are too many of our acquaintance of undoubted brains who indulge in squabbling, for there not to be some sort of reason or advantage in the pursuit. Surely so venerable and wide-spread an institution must have "something in it," notwithstanding that squabbling has its unpleasant side, even as medicine, surgery, and the gallows, have theirs. Of course all serious quarrels, wherein important interests constitute the bone of contention, must here be left quite out of the question. There is something in the very sound of the word which proclaims it petty. "Squabbling!" The poor, mean, little dissyllable seems to say: "I am a mongrel begot by ridicule and born of contempt. Not those who practice what I describe ever stood sponsors at my christening. Though whole hours are devoted to me in kitchen, bedroom, and parlor, I am always banished from the latter the moment any company arrives; and if from long habit I so far forget myself as to thrust my nose in before visitors, they invariably rise and depart in all haste, leaving their hosts a prey to shame and vexation—who nevertheless instantly take me again to their embraces; and, strange to say, while condemning me in the bitterest language—often cursing me with terrible oaths—and laying on each other the blame of having called me in, they yet remain completely devoted to me both then and ever after."

Persons who are sane on all other subjects talk the wildest folly upon this. We have said very few squabblers admit that they squabble at all, and those who do admit it claim that they squabble purely for the reformation or improvement of the squabblee. A mother is constantly nagging away at a daughter—unmarried, of course—of say six and twenty winters. The latter looks worn and blighted. It is wonderful that after all those years mamma should not have found out that the system is a failure, and either changed it or tried the effect of no system at all, since such a course might improve matters, and could

hardly make them worse. It is—"Matilda! I'm sick of telling you! Day after day, year after year, it's always the same thing! Why will you sweep the wall with your dress?"

Or, "'Tilda, you have left every thing in disgraceful confusion on the writing-table; and how often am I to remind you not to stoop your shoulders?"

Of course this is mere nagging, but the moment 'Tilda retorts there is a squabble. Everybody pities poor 'Tilda, but, though she may deserve compassion, it must not be supposed she is blameless. Very few mothers are incurable naggers, and it takes two to squabble; so that if mademoiselle did not meet the maternal progs and digs with "Mamma, you are always at me! do try to leave me alone!" or, "I don't want to be improved; if you want to get rid of me don't bother all the color out of my cheeks, and all the flesh off my bones; and then perhaps I shall get married!" she would probably soon cure her parent of her failing, and find soft, motherly smiles succeeding to what a witty author has called "an eye like ma's to threaten and command."

We have all known people joined by the closest family ties who apparently spend their days in constant warfare, and yet, when parted, almost live on each other's letters; and if death has called one of such away, we have seen the survivor left far more inconsolable than many who have lived in a perpetual interchange of what may be called Count Fosco's sugar-plums. Then comes endless self-reproach, not only for harshness shown to the deceased, but for so much time worse than wasted which might have been made enjoyable by an harmonious intercourse now forever out of reach. There is something almost too tragic for the present occasion in the sublime words of George Eliot, yet we cannot resist quoting them as a precious warning to all squabblers:

"When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."

It is at such times that *the desire to reform others, and a praise-worthy wish not to be trodden upon*—those two cloaks of self-deception under which squabblers are never tired of showing themselves—turn out to be only miserable masquerades which have all along been transparent to every eye but their own, and in fact no disguises at all.

What, then, is the real cause—good, bad, or indifferent—of this seemingly despicable and dreary habit? To adopt a familiar rule, nothing can lead us more truly to discover causes than an examination of the conditions of existence. For example, malignant fevers are most common where overcrowding, want of ventilation, and want of cleanliness, prevail; whence, it is a received opinion that these things *produce* fevers; so if we ask where squabbling most flourishes, the answer will be in dull, isolated, vulgar, uneducated, or idle homes. Whoever heard of people who live in a whirl of refined society squabbling?

Now, why is this? Nature abhors a stagnation almost as much as she does a vacuum; and we believe she urges certain forlorn people to squabble, under various self-deceiving prettexts, with the real object of circulating their blood. Much in the same way does she perform the useful task of developing a baby's lungs by prompting it to roar for the moon; and these delusions are necessary, because, of course, neither babies nor their elders would adopt such troublesome methods as brawling and squalling merely for the good of their health "if they knew it." Here, we suspect, lies the key to the whole mystery, and what conversation does for those who can converse, squabbling accomplishes for such as cannot; and this reminds us of the case of a young gentleman who for several weeks had made himself very agreeable to a certain young lady, though not in the way of flirtation; and, as we have said our little say about squabbling, we will conclude this paper with the circumstance which brought their intimacy to a premature close. Well, they saw so much of each other that in time the young lady imprudently took to diverting herself by picking the young gentleman to pieces, or, in other words, by telling him to his face all the good and bad she thought of him. After thus bantering on to a considerable extent, but with perfect impunity, she at last one day ventured to say:

"I think you generally talk well but you would show to far greater advantage if you sifted the grain from the chaff. Why *do* you talk so much?"

"Oh," he replied, with great sincerity, "I've no choice in the matter. I'm ordered to talk four hours a day by my doctor."

Need we add that the young lady was furious, still more with herself than with "her young man?"—*Charles Allerton.*

AIR AND LIGHT.

Nothing should be more perfect than the comforts and the scrupulous cleanliness of an American dwelling. With just pride the housewife regards her tasty oil cloth, fine carpets, and elegant furniture. Everything is in its right place; everything is neat and clean. No dust, no speck, no stain can be discovered. The parlors are spacious and well arranged is the furniture; nicely matched the tints of walls and carpets. The temperature of the house is equable and delightful, even in severe winter weather. But so anxious is the good lady to preserve the pristine splendor of furniture and carpets, that she excludes sunlight and air—thick curtains, shades and blinds are used to prevent the fading out of the gay colors.

This extreme precaution, this anxious watchfulness for the protection of inanimate objects, is radically wrong, of positive injury to health. The tremendous strides which have been made in all branch-

es of science during the last few years embrace many facts, gleaned from the fields of nature, which have been applied for the benefit of mankind. We all know that respiration is the first condition of animal life; that the blood needs a constant supply of fresh air to keep its vitality and to enable it to perform its proper functions. Oxygen is that part of the atmospheric air which supports respiration, and fortunately this gas is the most abundant of all known elements. It forms nine-tenths of water, nearly one-fourth of atmospheric air, one-half of silica, chalk, alumina, etc. It enters largely into the constitutions of all the important rocks and minerals, and into all vegetable and animal tissues. During the vital process of respiration this gas forms a combination with the carbon contained in the venous blood, and the two form the carbonic acid gas which we inhale or throw out as unfit to support animal life. Now, the very first principle—the very foundation of health—is the law “that the air which we take in should be pure”—entirely free from any taint. Impure air and water are the most active and powerful agents for the generation and propagation of zymotic disease.

Air that has been respired contains, besides the carbonic acid gas, a quantity of organic matter which remains suspended in the atmosphere of a close room. When such air is introduced into the system again, it will poison the blood and cause disease. The injury which the human system suffers by the malaria of a swampy region is trifling when compared with the effects produced by the inhalation of this subtle poison. The proportion of organic matter in the confined air of a room bears a direct proportion to its per centage of carbonic acid gas. The well-known tragedy of the black hole in Calcutta, where only 12 persons out of 146 survived after twelve hours' imprisonment in a room eighteen by fourteen feet, unfortunately repeats itself daily on a smaller scale in our fine mansions as well as in our tenement houses. Air seems to be considered an enemy to be afraid of and excluded by means of double sash, double doors, weather strips, and various other contrivances. In fact, we barricade ourselves completely to prevent the entrance of the element which is more needful to us than our daily bread to invigorate us and give us health and strength.

It is stated on excellent authority that 44 per cent. of the death-rate in our cities is due to the neglect of ventilation and other well recognized sanitary laws.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LEE.—Lee respected all forms that religious feeling could take. During the latter days of the dismal struggle around Petersburg, a Jewish soldier petitioned the general for leave to go to Richmond to keep the Passover. The man's captain had written on the margin of the petition a sharp note, unfavorable to its prayer.

Lee, indeed, did not grant the required leave, but he stated the grounds of his refusal in a few courteous lines, showing that the military situation was too critical for him to accede to a desire in itself legitimate and praiseworthy. To the captain's note he added these words: "We should always be charitable towards those whose religion differs from ours, and, as far as we can, aid every one to fulfil the duties imposed upon him by his belief."--*The Life and Campaign of General Lee.*

HABITS.

That lady who discovered that her lap-dog had hysterics whenever she had them, and therefore determined not to have hysterics, gave decided testimony to the singular tyranny of what we call *habits*.

She disliked to see her little brute favorite go through what seemed to be a parody of, but which really was a sympathy with, her own tears and laughter. It was with her a nervous disease, which had become a habit, a paralysis of the will very difficult to overcome; but, shocked and ashamed to see her little dog imitate her, she conquered an affection of years' standing.

It may become a habit to have a headache, or a fit, or a faint, or a nose-bleed. A change of air or circumstances has often broken up that most disagreeable "periodicity of sensation," a fit of neuralgia, which, when it becomes chronic, is almost impossible to break up. Thus the body no less than the mind forms habits for itself, and becomes a sort of a bully to the spirit, shaking a fist as it were in the face of that noble side of us which should direct and take the control. We have all of us felt this tyranny of the body, and have been sometimes angered, sometimes amused by it.

But if habits are sometimes enemies, they are more often friends. The saying that "maxims are nuggets of wisdom" may be fitly paralleled by saying that habits are nuggets of comfort. The human race has one tremendous lesson set for it to learn, and that is, how to bear suffering. We have so much experience of this kind that we hail anything that can help us; and habits help us enormously. How shall the mother bear the loss or disgrace of her son? the man the loss of his fortune or reputation? the whole race the loss of health, hope deferred, unnecessary and undeserved misfortune, disgrace and pain? How can we go out with a knife in our hearts, and look cheerful, be gay, industrious, useful? And yet that is what we have to do. We must consume our own smoke; we must not let the world see or feel our misery, which would be neither brave nor honest, for every one else has a sorrow of his own, or at least we may premise that there is no heart but knoweth its own bitterness.

Now, in a great sorrow the consolation of religion and philosophy come first, and keep the heart from breaking and the brain from becoming distraught; but then come days and hours of constant heart-ache, which finally wear out the powers of endurance. What shall the poor sufferer do then?

She falls back on her habits; they come peremptorily to warn her against the dangerous luxury of solitude. Three times a day she must join her family at her meals, a kindly and most beneficent habit. The self-restraint needed, the desire to make others bear their grief patiently—all, all are helpful. I know no moment so touching as that in which a family gathers around the familiar board when one has been removed, each trying to disguise from the other how terrible is that empty place! There is nothing more pathetic, again, than the thought of those lonely sufferers who have no family circle to call them out of themselves at such a moment. Hawthorne speaks of the grief which his mother suffered in the death of her husband. "She never would eat in company after that," he says; "her solitary meals were taken without even my society." How much this morbid melancholia reverberated in her gifted son! and no picture he has painted of a sorrowful heart eating itself out in gloom is equal to this true story of his own mother.

The habit of reading at a certain hour some particular author is a very good one to those who are lonely, depressed, and who are obliged to get rid of themselves. The Bible, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and a regular hour for lighter reading, carried some cultivated women, who were shut up through all the horrors of the civil war at the South, bravely. They had of course to meet the other trials of hunger and deprivation that all the Southern women suffered more or less, but they clung to their hours and their reading as a duty, and they emerged brighter in body and soul. "I shall never forget," said one of these ladies, "when and where we read Portia's conversation with Nerissa, about her lovers. We had heard shooting all the morning; we did not know when or where the soldiers would strike us; we had but little to eat, *that* might be taken from us; but we sat around Alice with our sewing, while she read the utterances of that sparkling and courageous woman. No sooner had she finished the scene than we heard a horse's hoofs.

"A Union officer and his staff rode up our avenue; we went, three trembling women, to the door to meet them; our dresses were neat but ragged; we were pale and suffering.

"We greeted the officer, as he did us, respectfully; he was one of General Sherman's men. He asked us politely for a drink of water, and if we would allow one of his young aides, who was ill, to stay and recruit under our roof. Of course we said yes, we did not love the

Northerners, but we were touched by the sick boy's face. The officer in charge rode away in an hour, but not before he had promised us food, protection, and entire immunity from the horrors of war. The next day Alice read on, and when she came to Portia's speech—

‘ The quality of mercy is not strained,
It falleth like the gentle dew from heaven ’—

we all burst into tears at the appropriateness of the quotation.”

• It is a good habit to have some exacting employment when the mind is in danger of feeding on itself. Set yourself a deliberate task to learn so much German, write so much “copy,” learn so much history or solve such a problem of mathematics every day. To those minds who do not tend toward literary pursuits, there are the accomplishments; and for women, fancy needle-work, which since the days of Penelope has been woman's consolation; but it must be done conscientiously to do good, hours and amounts must be rigorously adhered to, and the hardest worker is the happiest woman. A gentleman in New York who had lost a son under very aggravating circumstances, and who had no family ties, and unfortunately few habits, happened to go into the gas house to pay his bill. He was struck with the weary look of the clerk who receipted it, and abruptly asked him “How long since you have had a holiday?” “Three years, sir,” said the overworked man.

The next day the fellow clerks were astonished to see a new clerk in the next desk. This sorrow-stricken man had put on the tired clerk's harness, and wore it for three months. At the end of that time two regenerated and happier men again changed places; the clerk with a bloom on his cheek and joy in his heart; the sorrow-stricken father immensely improved by the forced duty of the last three months, and the pleasure of a good action.

I have spoken of the value of habit to those who have no necessity of work, because to those who have a necessity of work consolation comes through that very bondage. Thus, men who have exacting and unyielding occupation have far less suffering from morbid sorrow than women, and those women who have to work hard for a subsistence suffer less than those whose lives are superior to such necessity. The power of habit in thus taking a person out of himself is very strongly proved by this well-known fact.

The common lot of women is to bear in silence and in hope deferred the varying fortunes of the men—husband brother, father or son—on whom they happen to depend; to take with equanimity the sudden reverses which await them in this country; nay, worse, to see such a near friend go down into drunkenness or into dishonesty, and have no power to stop him. Such is the story of Tantalus, the sword of Damocles, and the carrying water in a sieve, a thousand times repeated—and

yet more than half the women in the world are suffering that particular form of torture all the time.

What shall help them? First of course, the angel of consolation; secondly, the handmaiden *Habit*. Women in such positions fall into habits, very monotonous ones—their duty first, then their little pleasures, their cup of tea, or their evening church, their little gossip with some neighbor—those habits help them to bear their sorrow. They do not know, until perhaps their poor little possessions are taken away, what a pleasure it has been to go in and loop back the curtains of the best four-posted bed, or some other innocent pastime or habit. One poor gentleman who fell into ban krupcy, and had to give up his watch suffered immeasurable when he came to the hour of winding it, and finally borrowed one of a friend at winding time.

“Let me come in on melting days,” said the retiring tallow-chandler.

The powerful story in Dicken’s “Tale of Two Cities” of the doctor at his shoemaking is a picturesque account of the tyranny of habit.

Every physician to the insane would have some such story to tell. Habits possess us after a while, and may become our masters; but they are less apt to injure than to console—even the habit of smoking, sometimes called one of the bad habits. I believe that it has done far more good than hurt, in giving a weary man a moment of consolation, when, but for that, he would have fretted and fumed himself into a fever. The clever author of “The Narcotics we indulge in” thinks immensely well of these drugs and roots and herbs and berries—tobacco, tea, coffee, and the like—which poor human nature yearns for to repair its waste. We all know the power of a bad habit—opium, hasheesh, drinking and the like; so it is very important to us to give our good habits a certain hold on us, that they may drive out the bad.

Those people who have no habits suffer terribly under affliction if compelled to stay in one place. There are natural born nomads—Arabs by nature, who hate to keep quiet. They want to fold their tents and away. They never can care for the dinner hour, have no particular place at the table, are not tied to hours or seasons, have absolutely no choice between hot and cold bath, cannot for the life of them make Tuesday resemble Monday. Change is the order of their nature, and when an affliction comes they are particularly miserable. For, in the case of a death, public opinion is inexorable—especially must a woman not be seen out of her house, nor view nature other than through a black veil. If she does she is considered heartless, and as treating the memory of the departed with disrespect. A lady who was very fond of music lost her only little son, and was as heart-broken as a mother could be at this greatest of calamities. Her friends and her husband finally begged of her to go to the opera or to a concert—somewhere

where she could hear some music. She went to the opera and found great comfort and help from it. Music is ever a consolation; but she was espied by a Mrs. Grundy, even though her black dress and sad face should have surrounded her as a shield, and was called heartless and frivolous. The whole world conspires to make the period of mourning exactly the most unhealthful and most dangerous to the morbid mind.

A very sagacious physician in Boston took another view of this subject. He had a terrible case of grief on his hands—a lady who had lost a grown up daughter. She would not be comforted. He found that she had been fond of playing whist, and he made it a professional order that she should play every evening. Sunday afternoons became to her a dreadful period of time to get rid of, and he finally ordered the family, if they would save her reason, to sit down and play whist with her every Sunday afternoon. So the queer spectacle obtained of a Puritan family, very religious, Sabbath-keeping, playing cards regularly on that day. There was very little amusement in it, of course, but the regular sequence of the game, its monotonous laws, and its curious combinations, took her mind from its sorrow, and she was saved.

Another medicine for those who cannot find refuge, in their habits is foreign travel. This is the greatest of consolations. Of course it is very expensive, and beyond the reach of most sufferers; but those of moderate means should try by sacrifices to place it within the reach of the afflicted. Europe with its endless objects of interest, its Italy and its Switzerland, its records of the human race, their sufferings, triumphs, mistakes and successes, is such an enormous book to read that, in studying it, we lose sight of our own suffering, and wonder that we can think of any particular heart-ache when there are so many in the world.

Sailors, in spite of their wandering life are great creatures of habit. Their circumscribed sphere when on shipboard undoubtedly causes this necessity of a "periodicity of sensation"—I borrow the phrase from George Eliot, and there is not a better in the English language—and soldiers share the love of habit with sailors. "She's always a-washing greens," says George, in "Bleak House," admiringly of a soldier's wife whom he has followed from India, all round wherever the English drum beats, to the familiar shores of home.

Young children and young animals must become creatures of habit; if they are healthy, they must and will continue those habits if formed early enough.

It is very fortunate for the human being, man or woman, if he or she has formed a habit of visiting the sick when—

"Skies are clear and hearts are light;"

for, when the darkness of sorrow and disappointment comes, this benef-

cent employment may save the heart from breaking, and the mind from insanity.

A lady who lost her husband and child within a few dreadful weeks became a voluntary Sister of Charity, and worked from morning till night as long as her strength would allow, and she conquered her dreadful grief as she would have fought a tiger; but she had acquired by much nursing a certain hardness of the nerves, and a certain indifference to the disagreeabilities of her splendid profession, which another woman might not acquire. I have known a kind-hearted woman faint at the first sight of a dying child in Bellevue Hospital, and find out that she must help on the outside. Of course these constitutional differences must be respected, but it is every woman's duty to be to the full extent of her powers a good nurse. Nature intended her to form that habit; and, if she does it, when she is well, and happy, and strong, she will find that, when life grows perfectly black around her, a ray of light will break through and bless her as she stands by the bedside of some helpless and forlorn sufferer.

I might speak of the value of habit to the rich, the happy, the favored of fortune—if, indeed, they needed it—but one can scarcely say that such people need any help to be happy; they ought not to. The "sweet habit of living" should be enough for them; but even to such a life there comes the danger of *ennui*, and no weapons are so potent against this giant of lath and plaster as habits. Literary habits, a habit of investigation into Nature's secrets, a passion for butterflies, or flowers, or shells, carry an unemployed mind pleasantly over its somewhat monotonous journey in a carriage which is all springs. Even these fortunate beings are apt to receive a tremendous jolt sometimes, and then the habit of looking for the butterfly or the shell may be the only pleasure left. Roscoe, the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici, is said to have hailed his pecuniary misfortunes. "Now," said he, "I shall have time to read up about the obscure Italian cities."

His habit of research alone remained to the once opulent banker, and in the dignified and charming pursuit of his beloved Italian literature Roscoe consoled himself for the loss of fortune.

That "sweet habit of living" is said to be the reason why old people are proverbially more unwilling to die than young people. Those whose gifts and graces entitle them to live, those who are useful and necessary to the world, are always ready and willing to die, so the clergymen and physicians say; but the toothless pauper, the old man past all comfort, the half-blind octogenarian, these are the people who cling to life. It is habit, stronger than joy, stronger than the love of comfort, stronger than anything that attaches them to life. One would suppose the aged, the unfortunate, the sorrowful, would be the suppliants at the gates of death. But no! when Azrael goes to

open the portal of his gloomy region he finds the young, the beautiful and the brave, pushing toward him with ecstasy on their faces, while unwillingly behind them lag the old, the halt, and the blind, to whom he has brought a blessed deliverance.—*M. E. W. S. in Appleton's Journal.*

ARTISTIC HOMES.

"I wish you a great deal of prosperity with a little more taste."

BISHOP, *Gil Blas.*

A satisfactory change has, within the last few years, come over public opinion respecting all things pertaining to decorative art. It is devoutly to be wished that the new ideas may be propagated, and that the step in the right direction which has been taken may prove to be but one leading to many others equally commendable. To cease to live in ugly rooms, walk on ugly carpets, look at ugly wall papers, and have our dinners served on ugly plates and dishes, would be (although we may not feel convinced of it at the first moment, because there is truth in the saying of a heathen writer, "The gods gave us a *fearful* power when they gave us the power of being accustomed to things") a very great blessing though a negative one. But to have beauty—positive beauty—in the place of all this ugliness would be a boon indeed. And there are signs, many and hopeful, of the approach of a time in which possibly—nay, probably—this boon will be ours. To this end Sir Charles Eastlake sighs for the "elevation of the standard of taste in our art-schools." The feeling of the general public by this means might be influenced, the national eye might be educated; and thus the capacity for enjoyment, of a kind practically endless and wholly harmless, might be awakened and strengthened in the popular mind. But Ruskin gives us a very discouraging view of taste when he says it is "the instant preferring of one material object to another without any obvious reason, except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection to do so." Now, if the decisions of taste rest on "no obvious reason," they are matters very hard to bring to book. What "human nature in its perfection" is, it would be a question for taste to decide, so that reference to human nature in its perfection would by no means settle any disputed taste question. Such an appeal would be but the first step towards endless "traveling in a circle." The faculty of taste, and the artistic temperament generally, seem to be peculiarly unreasoning; they feel and do not think. This it is that seems to make what Mr. Gladstone calls "the art-life of this nation" so far off, so all but unattainable. We are told that national art is not a thing that can be framed, glazed, and hung on our walls; that it should be the animat-

ing spirit of the forge and the workshop, no less than that of the *studio*. Now, to this end, must there not first exist a widely-diffused capacity for perceiving beauty, or, in other words, a national taste? Men can be taught to think rightly by weight of argument; but how teach men to *feel* right? how modify their instinctive perceptions? In the attempt to solve this problem many and formidable difficulties will present themselves.

In "Modern Painters," Ruskin tells us that "the temper by which right taste is formed is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it, lest it should be pearls, even although it looks like husks. It is a good ground, soft, penetrable, and retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it. It is an honest and a good heart, that shows no too-ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and try all things, and yet so trustful of itself that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And the pleasure which it has in things which it finds true and good is so great that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion or diseases of vanity; it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies; its visions and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply." And how long, we may ask, will it take to conform the national temper to this pattern? It was, until lately, a received opinion—and one, doubtless, to which many will cling, crying out, "If ignorance be bliss, 'twere folly to be wise!"—that any well-educated lady in the absence of all special training, must be an oracle in all question of taste. Refinement of mind, or even of manners, was taken to be a sure guarantee of faultless taste. Much has been done of late toward dispelling this illusion, and decorative art in its relation to our homes is now looked upon as a fit subject for study, and a field for a new profession.

But if taste cannot, unless with the greatest difficulty, be imparted by teaching, if there be no royal road to the acquisition of "the faculty by which beauty is discerned," there are certain fundamental laws which rule the art of decoration; and some of these laws it may be well to bear in mind at present, when we have begun as Mr. Gladstone says, "to imbibe the conception that, after all, there is no reason why attempts should not be made to associate beauty with usefulness," but when "the manner of our attempts is too frequently open to the severest criticism. The so-called beauty is administered in portentous doses of ornamentation, sometimes running to actual deformity." Chief among these laws are two:

I. That whatever is made should, above all things, fulfill the pur-

pose for which it is destined. Thus, a chair shall be verily a thing to be sat upon ; stout and sturdy ; restful in use, and not very difficult to move from place to place ; constructed in such a way as to suggest the use to which it is to be applied ; fulfilling the " ends of its being " with a straightforward simplicity. Ten years ago, the Windsor, or kitchen chair, was the only one which, if tried by this standard, would not have been found wanting. The chair which is indeed a chair was certainly not then to be found in the drawing-room, for it is neither the unmeaning lump of padding on castors called an easy chair, nor is it the cane seat on attenuated gilt legs which tilts over with an awkward person. If obliged to introduce a chair into his picture, an artist would certainly have taken the Windsor chair in preference to any specimen of fashionable upholstery ; and it is note-worthy that the only " interiors " we have which make at all good subjects for pictures are those which are humble and homely—our kitchens for instance, and the rooms in farm-houses. It is also instructive to remark that our old furniture remains unpicturesque while it becomes shabby ; thus it is evident that antique furniture owes its beauty to something besides its age.

II. That the nature of the material of which the object is composed should be well considered, and suitably treated ; or, to use the words of Eastlake, who applies these two laws especially to ornamentation, though they rule construction as well : " Every article of manufacture, which is capable of decorative treatment should indicate by its general design the purpose to which it will be applied, and should never be allowed to convey a false notion of that purpose. Experience has shown what particular shapes and special modes of decoration are best suited to certain materials. Therefore, the character, situation, and extent of ornament should depend on the nature of the material employed as well as on the use of the article itself. On the acceptance of these two leading principles—now universally recognized in the field of decorative art—must always depend the merit of good design." If this passage, taken from " Hints on Household Taste," should seem true and obvious, its so seeming must be considered a good sign of the artistic feeling, natural or acquired, of the reader ; for it is not very long since these simple laws appeared to those made acquainted with them then for the first time charged with novel and striking wisdom, and by their careful application a flood of light was thrown upon a great number of perplexed taste questions relating to homes and much that they contain.

In accordance with the second of these rules, we may say that it is right to carve wood, but " cut glass " is objected to on æsthetic grounds. " Experience " is in favor of the one, and against the other. To consider only the second : Glass should be dealt with in its molten state ;

it is, on the face of it, a want of good sense to allow it to harden to the consistency of crystal before giving it shape. Without being extremely sanguine, we may venture to hope that the degree of good taste sufficient to determine the mind in its preference of a Venetian glass jug over a cut glass decanter is not uncommon amongst us even at the present moment. This question of the right treatment of glass is just one of those cases which show that a clear common sense, combined with a little special knowledge—say, of the properties of the material dealt with—go a long way towards supplying the place of right taste in decorative art, where that faculty, as an instinct, is wanting. Those who look at things from the very practical point of view suggested by common sense are apt to fall into the way of considering utility and beauty as one and the same. So long as there is question only of such things as pertain to the rooms we live in, no serious error would perhaps ensue. Much that Ruskin has written on architecture might be cited as lending a certain amount of confidence to the notion that utility—and that of a practical, work-a-day kind, not the Benthamite idea of art utility, which is realized when æsthetic aspirations are ministered to and gratified—is not only generally coincident with beauty, but identical with it. To strengthen their position, our utilitarians may point to Aristotle, who quotes with approval the ancients, who “pronounced the beautiful to be the good.” The “good” and the *useful* would be identical in all things pertaining to decorative art. But the *natural* view is the one which Ruskin takes. He recognizes beauty as an attribute wholly distinct from all else, and so sensitive is he to it that it is a matter of no small astonishment that, in common with his pre-Raphaelites, he “prefers truth to beauty.”

A rule which is but a carrying out of the spirit of those already mentioned prohibits the use of imitations and *shams* of all sorts. Eastlake says he cannot reject silver-gilt articles, marble-veneering, and some other things, on “moral” grounds. Certainly, silver gilding is commonly taken for what it is worth, therefore it can scarcely be called a deceit. However, there is a standard of taste so severe as to condemn that to which the one-time President of the Royal Academy lends a certain countenance. But what shall be said of a style of woodwork which pretends to soundness of construction, and yet is fitted with what may be termed a mask—a simulated structure and mouldings to match, all glued on to a foundation of wood! or of ornaments (?), probably brought from the steam saw-mills in Norway, and nailed on to wood-panelling in what were meant to be “artistic” rooms in this country? These things are perhaps less obviously bad than the false jewelry and plate, the false lace, “blind” windows, and hosts of textile, and other “imitations” of the vulgar crowd; but they are Dead Sea fruit after all. In the words of Viollett-le Duc: “Esperons un re-

tour vers ces idées saines, et qu'en fait de mobilier comme en toute chose, on en viendra à comprendre que le goût consiste à paraître ce que l'on est, et non ce que l'on voudrait être." Machine made ornament is denounced under the last-named rule, when it has the dishonesty to affect to be what it is not—hand-made. But, even if pretending to be nothing more than it is, it is always repulsive to the artistic eye. In ornament we seek two things: beauty of design and beauty of execution. The latter affords more pleasure than the former. It is Ruskin's endeavor, in treating of art, to bring everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Eastlake speaks of the work of hands, as "to the end of all time more interesting than the result of mechanical precision." This manner of looking for the worker, and the worker's effort and ingenuity in his work, so grows on one that after awhile any other way of viewing ornament becomes impossible; an artist will take up a specimen of some rude kind of pottery, and with childlike delight trace the potter at his work in the rough thumb marks and deep-scratched lines, wherewith he has heightened the effect of the simple design—a delight not to be found in the uninteresting smoothness of Sevres china. And so it is with color in porcelain. The uniformity of tint produced by repeated washings of color, is not half so interesting as the somewhat uncertain and halting coloring given by the brush, of which every stroke can be traced, and each stroke "tells" though they may not "tell" equally.

"Never hide the construction" is the emphatic charge of our teachers in art matters. Be it a cupboard or a cathedral you are making, let us, above all, see *how* it is made! If the design be sensible and judicious, there is, from that very fact, a pleasure in looking at it; but, even if there be some lack of wisdom in the design, there will be, at any rate, an agreeable candor about the traceable expression of the idea—the plan. To see, for example, in any piece of furniture, how certain means lead to a certain end, makes the object interesting at once. It then becomes a display of skill, an example, great or small—of structural science. To conceal the construction would make it correspondingly insipid and meaningless. The want of meaning is utter purposelessness, and is the besetting sin of that nineteenth-century-type furniture, which is now, let us hope, fast fading out of existence—a type worshipped under the designation of the "pretty;" otherwise, the meretricious; for what word but meretricious describes our "pretty" things—most of them unmitigated shams, and the rest no worse (or better) than "namby-pamby"?

Decorative art is said to be "degraded" when it passes into a direct imitation of natural objects. It would, perhaps, be better to say that pictorial art is "degraded" when applied to purposes of decoration. In any case, pictures used instead of mere decoration are *out of place*,

and are, *ipso facto*, condemned. The famous dictum of Lord Palmerston, that "dirt is matter in the wrong place," may be translated into art talk as, "Ugliness is beauty in the wrong place;" so vital a quality is fitness, or appropriateness, to all that is connected with design. It will be readily granted that, to cut up one's dinner on a picture, into the painting of which the artist had thrown all his heart and mind, would be desecration. An artist who paints on china lately refused to execute a costly order because he would not "waste his own soul" on dessert plates. All honor to him for so refusing! As with pictures so with sculpture. We do not want, for our decorations, directly imitative carving. Good decorative art treats itself conventionally, but much of our wood-carving offends by an over fidelity to natural forms. Those persons whose bent is distinctively artistic, and whose judgment is not disciplined and toned down to a proper severity, are more prone than others to elaborate ornament, and to deal with decorative much as they would deal with pictorial art. Amongst professional decorators at the present time, the points of difference regard chiefly the kind and quantity of ornament, and the more or less strict adherence to the law against shams.

Besides the large harvest of innocent joy which we shall reap when all the nascent reforms in decoration shall be carried out—when every article of daily use shall delight us by combining in itself "beauty with purpose"—there is another advantage which we may hope to gain, namely the valuable moral teaching of the honest, artistic objects which will meet our eyes at every turn. Can small and ugly faults of character flourish when surrounded by material beauty, or deceit, in the face of a style of design of which the chief characteristic is a straightforward simplicity? If there be "sermons in stones," may there not also be a certain eloquence in chairs and tables?—*Temple Bar*.

WEIGHTED BLACK SILKS.

Ladies are sometimes surprised by the rapidity with which an apparently heavy silk will go to pieces. In some cases an explanation can be found in the fact that the material is "weighted." Weighting according to Persoz, began with the modest aim of making up the loss occasioned by ungumming, but it is now carried so far as sometimes to increase the weight of the silk as much as three times, the bulk also being increased proportionately. The weight is added by treatment with salts of iron and astringents, salts of tin and cyanide, and the result is an entire change in the chemical and physical properties of the silk. Much of what is sold as silk is in fact an agglomeration of foreign matters, without cohesion, and held together by a small quantity

of silk, which, however, has suffered materially in strength and elasticity. Instead of being, as in the natural state, one of the most permanent organic bodies and sparingly combustible, it burns like tinder. When burning it hardly gives off the odor characteristic of animal matter, but it leaves an ash amounting to 8 per cent. or more and rich in iron. The materials employed in this alteration are sometimes of such a nature as to absorb gases with evolution of heat, and "spontaneous combustion" is said to have taken place from this cause.—*Galaxy*.

INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[From the London Times of April 29th.]

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was installed as Grand Master of English Freemasons yesterday, at the Royal Albert Hall, with great magnificence. There has never been such a gathering of the Masonic brotherhood as that of yesterday—a gathering unequalled alike in the numbers and the social *status* of those who took part in it, and the magnitude of the arena in which it was held. The doors of the Hall were opened at 1 o'clock for the admission of those Brethren who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets; and long before that hour the approaches were crowded by a continuous stream of vehicles. The skill with which the entrances to the different parts of the Hall have been designed can never be more signally illustrated than by the fact that, in the short space of an hour and a half, some 10,000 Freemasons entered the building, assumed the clothing distinctive of their several degrees and rank, and proceeded to the seats allotted to them, without a single instance of confusion or disturbance having occurred. The interior of the Hall had been specially prepared for the occasion, and the central path up the arena, leading from the entrance to the throne, which was placed in front of the organ, was covered by a carpet of harmonious color and Masonic design, the gift of a Brother of the Craft. On the south and east of the arena were chairs for the two chief officers of the Grand Lodge; and the central space was divided into four blocks, leaving clear pathways between them. By half-past two all the Brethren who were not officially engaged in the work of the day had taken their places, wearing Masonic clothing, which, besides their aprons, consisted in most cases of a broad collar of light blue silk, while some, who were entitled to wear collars of crimson, were arranged so as to border the pathways, and to form a "thin red line" in front of the blue.* In the amphitheatre, the tiers of boxes, and the balcony,

* Our American readers should understand, that, in England, the Chapter degrees are conferred in the *Lodge*; and the "thin red line" spoken of consisted of Royal Arch Masons wearing the red collar of Chapter Masonry, as we call it.—Ed.

the light blue collars were everywhere predominant, relieved always by the background of crimson furnished by the hangings and decorations, and sometimes by the scarlet uniform of some member of a military Lodge, or by the purple clothing of some advanced Brother of the Craft. To the right and left of the organ, space was reserved for the Grand Officers and for distinguished visitors, among whom Prince Christian of Sweden and deputations from various foreign Lodges were conspicuous. Shortly after half-past two, the Pro-Grand Master, the Earl of Carnarvon, was ushered into the Hall by a procession, which, as he took his seat on the throne, filed right and left to occupy reserved places, and to complete the spectacle. The Pro-Grand Master then performed the ceremonies necessary to convert the assemblage into a meeting of the Grand Lodge, and, the Minute of the Prince's election as Grand Master having been read and confirmed, Garter King-at-Arms formed and headed a procession which went to meet his Royal Highness. The Duke of Connaught had already seated himself near the Pro-Grand Master, and had been warmly received; but when the Prince entered the Hall, the vast assemblage rose as one man, and, regardless for the moment alike of Masonic order and of the ceremonies of the Craft, greeted him with such applause as even his experience at public assemblages could seldom have heard equalled. The Prince was conducted up the arena to a chair on the left of the Pro-Grand Master, and, before seating himself, he bowed repeatedly in response to the plaudits of the Brethren. He then went through the forms prescribed by the Masonic ritual, and was duly inducted into his throne, the enthusiasm of the assembled Freemasons once again outstripping the proper order of the ceremonial, and finding vent in cheers with which the building rang again.

Garter King-at-Arms, who holds also the high Masonic office of Grand Director of Ceremonies, then proclaimed his Royal Highness in due form, and called upon the Brethren to salute him in Masonic fashion. This being done, the Earl of Carnarvon rose from the seat to which he had retired, and, according to ancient custom, addressed the new Grand Master on the duties of his office. He said:—

“Your Royal Highness, Most Worshipful Grand Master,—It has been from time immemorial the custom, when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair, to remind him of the duties that he then undertook; though it is unnecessary that I should remind your Royal Highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of the whole of those duties. That our time-honored custom should not entirely disappear, it will be my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion. Your Royal Highness knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect even in the eyes of the outer world. It is, first, of great antiquity—an antiquity extending into the sphere of immemorial tradition; secondly, it is known and practised in every country, in every clime, by every race of civilized man; and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and

charitable institutions. [Hear.] Let me say, further, that, while it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men who formerly, through the dim periods of the Middle Ages, carved its records upon the public buildings, upon tracery of the mediæval windows, or the ornamentation of palaces. Now it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw one further distinction, and that is an important one. In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue, with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. Now the Craft here has allied itself with social order and the great institutions of the country, and, above all, with monarchy, the crowning institution of all. [Cheers.] Your Royal Highness is not the first by many of your illustrious family who have sat in that chair. It is, no doubt, by the lustre of your great name and position you will reflect honor on the Craft to-day; but it is also something to be at the head of such a body as is represented here. [Cheers.] I may truly say that never, in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eye rests at this moment; and there is further an inner view to be taken; that, so far as my eyes can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, and gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have solemnly taken obligations of worth and morality—men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. [Cheers.] I am expressing but very feebly the feelings and aspirations of this great assemblage, when I say that I trust the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day. [Loud cheers.]”

The Prince, who was again greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, replied in the following terms:—

“Brethren, I am deeply grateful to the Most Worshipful the Pro-Grand Master for the excessively kind words he has just spoken to you, and for the cordial reception which you have given to me. It has been your unanimous wish that I should occupy this chair as your Grand Master, and you have this day installed me. It is difficult for me to find words adequate to express my deep thanks for the honor which has already been bestowed upon me—an honor which has, as history bears testimony, been bestowed upon several members of my family, my predecessors; and, Brethren, it will always be my most ardent and sincere wish to walk in the footsteps of good men who have preceded me, and, with God's help, to fulfil the duties of the position which I have been called upon to occupy to-day. The Pro-Grand Master has told you, Brethren, and I feel convinced, that such an assemblage as this has never been known; and when I look round me on this vast and spacious hall, and see those who have come from the north and south, from the east and the west, it is, I trust, an omen which will prove on this auspicious occasion an omen of good. The various duties which I have to perform will frequently, I am afraid, not permit me to attend so much to the duties of the Craft as I should desire; but you may be assured that when I have the time I shall do the utmost to maintain this high position, and do my duty by the Craft and by you on every possible occasion. Brethren, it would be useless for me to recapitulate everything which has been told you by the Pro-Grand Master relative to Freemasonry. Every Englishman knows that the two great watchwords of the Craft are Loyalty and Charity. These are their watchwords; and as long

as Freemasons do not, as Freemasons, mix themselves up in politics, so long I am sure this high and noble Order will flourish, and will maintain the integrity of our great empire. [Cheers.] I thank you once more, Brethren, for your cordial reception of me to-day, and I thank you for having come such immense distances to welcome me on this occasion. I assure you I shall never forget to-day—never.”

The Prince resumed his seat amid loud cheers, which were long continued.

His Royal Highness spoke with a perfect elocution which rendered every syllable audible to the whole of the vast assemblage; but when, in conclusion, he uttered a manifest impromptu in saying that the reception which had been accorded to him, and the spectacle which he witnessed, were things which to the last day of his life he “should never forget—never!” there was just so much tremor of his voice as seemed to show that even the trained self-possession of royalty was somewhat shaken, as indeed it well might be, by the magnitude and the splendor of the spectacle.

At the conclusion of the Prince's address, the march from “Eli” was performed upon the organ, and then, a telegraphic address of congratulation from the Grand Lodge at Genoa having previously been read, deputations from the Grand Lodges of Scotland, Ireland, Sweden, and Denmark were successively introduced. The Grand Master next appointed the Earl of Carnarvon to be Pro-Grand Master, Lord Skelmersdale to be Deputy Grand Master, and the Marquis of Hamilton and the Lord Mayor of London, to be Senior and Junior Grand Wardens, respectively. The nomination of the Lord Mayor appeared to give especial pleasure to the Brethren, and his Lordship, as he took his official seat, was greeted by loud and prolonged applause. The other Grand Officers were then appointed, and at five o'clock the Lodge was formally closed. The Prince was conducted to his retiring-room by a procession of the principal Brethren, and the assembly dispersed. It was not the least noteworthy feature of the whole that the character of the great meeting and the habitual discipline of a Lodge had combined to produce perfect order, so that from first to last there was no hitch in the proceedings, no trace of insubordination, no hesitation, even for a moment, in obeying the directions of the appointed Stewards. The 10,000 Brethren took their places and left them without a single hindrance; and in the salutes and responses of the Masonic ceremonial they kept time with a precision which was marvellous, and with a grandeur of effect which no words could adequately describe. To this result the admirable arrangements of Garter King-at-Arms and of his chief assistant, Mr. Fenn, no doubt largely contributed; but at least equal credit must be assigned to the Brethren themselves.

The *Illustrated London News* furnishes the following additional particulars, which are of interest:—

The scene in the Royal Albert Hall was very striking. The hall presents to view a circular area surrounded by several tiers of boxes and galleries, one above another, all commanding a view of the platform in front of the grand organ. This platform, usually occupied by the choir at the concerts, was now transformed into a dais, on which "the throne" was placed, the space around being large enough for 400 or 500 Provincial Grand Masters, Past Grand Officers, and visitors of distinction to be seated amphitheatrically behind it. The throne was the same in which his Majesty King George IV. was installed Grand Master, when he was Prince of Wales. It was cushioned, and covered with rich purple velvet, and the floor was laid with a magnificent Oriental carpet, a century old, which had been lent for the occasion by Brother John Lewis, of Watling-street and Halifax, a member of the Westminster and Keystone Lodge. The edge of the dais was hidden by a bank of choice exotics and flowering plants. Behind the throne the banner of the Grand Lodge of England, and some other flags, were placed so as to screen the organist's seat from view. On the right side of the throne was the chair of the Pro-Grand Master, and on the left that for the Deputy Grand Master. State chairs were also set for the principal Grand Officers, namely, the Chaplains, the Registrar, the Chairman of the Board of General Purposes, and others. In front of the throne a wide aisle was formed right across the area to the Royal entrance. This was laid with a rich carpet of velvet pile, woven expressly for the occasion at Brother Lewis' Halifax manufactory. It was 7 feet 6 inches wide, and 165 feet long. The ground was blue, enriched alternately with the arms of the Grand Lodge and the Prince of Wales feathers. The border followed the pattern and colors of the Royal Arch sash, relieved with the Grand Lodge symbols—wheat-ears, the vine, and the laurel. The effect was excellent. The Wardens' chairs were placed in their usual positions. The seats for the brethren were arranged in blocks, and in such a manner that no room was wasted. The floral decorations were supplied by Mr. Wills, of the Royal Exotic Nursery, Onslow Crescent, South Kensington. The arrangements for securing privacy were admirable. All the work of preparation was completed by ten in the forenoon; the workpeople were dismissed, and the hall and its approaches handed over to the sole custody of the Freemasons. The brethren who acted as stewards were placed at the entrances, which were numerous, and for each of which a certain number of tickets had been issued. One o'clock was the time fixed at which the doors were to be opened, but long before that time large numbers of brethren had arrived. They were admitted in batches, twenty or thirty at a time, in order to avoid the possibility of any intruder effecting an entrance. On reaching the corridors, the brethren robed, and were then passed by their respective doors into the interior.

As the hall gradually filled, the scene became more and more picturesque. Every brother wore a light-blue silk collar. In box, in gallery, on the floor, in the uppermost tier, blue was the predominant color, relieved by white gloves and by the purple and gold aprons of provincial grand rank. When the hall was quite filled, and at many points during the subsequent proceedings, which cannot be more particularly described, the effect was very remarkable.

The Banquet took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was attended by about 400 Brethren of the highest Masonic and social rank. The speeches of the most interest were those of the Duke of Connaught and the new Grand Master. The former responded to a sentiment in honor of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family. The toast was received with the warmest cheers, and Miss Edith Wynne sang, "Our gentle-hearted future Queen."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught (who was greeted with loud and long-continued applause) said :

"Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren,—In the name of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family, I beg to thank you most sincerely for the very kind way in which you have received this toast. I am sure that you are all aware—in fact, the Pio-Grand Master, who I am sorry is not here to-night, told you—how great an interest the Royal Family has always taken in Freemasonry. [Cheers.] I hope that those of the Royal Family who are following their ancestors, including the Most Worshipful Grand Master and myself—[prolonged cheering]—I hope that we shall prove ourselves no less worthy members of the Craft than the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Kent. [Cheers.] I am sure that, as the Most Worshipful Grand Master said this afternoon, the fact that the great mottoes of the Craft are 'loyalty' and 'charity' is alone sufficient to make the Royal family take the deepest interest in a Craft with such good mottoes as those. [Cheers.]

"Brethren, before sitting down, I may say that a great honor has been conferred upon me, and that is no less than that of proposing to you the health of our Most Worshipful Grand Master. [Reiterated applause.] I only wish, brethren, that this task had fallen to one who is more worthy to propose it, as you all know I am the Junior* Master Mason of England; and, being in a very humble position, I am naturally careful, and, what is more, nervous, in speaking before you all [cheers] on a toast of such great importance as this is. [Hear.] Another reason, which I am sure will suggest itself to you, is, that I am doubly related on this occasion to our Most Worshipful Grand Master. [Cheers and laughter.] It will not do for brothers to be flattering each other; but I am sure from the way in which the mere mention of our Most Worshipful Grand Master's health was received, that you all respect and admire him in his new and important office. [Applause.] I can assure, you, brethren, that there is no one—I will challenge every member of the Craft on this point—who has taken a deeper interest in Freemasonry than his Royal Highness the Most Wor-

* The Duke of Connaught, Prince Albert's youngest brother, was made a Master mason only the night previous. The work, it is said, was done by Prince Albert himself.

shipful Grand Master. [Loud Cheers.] I am sure you will find in him one who will uphold the honor and the integrity of this most noble and most ancient Craft. [Applause.] Brethren, I propose to you, 'The health of the Most Worshipful the Grand Master.'

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm, the cheering being again and again renewed.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales replied :

"Brethren—I beg to return my most sincere and my most grateful thanks to the Junior Master Mason of England [laughter] for the kind way in which he has proposed my health, and to you, brethren, for the cordial manner in which you have received it. This is the first time, brethren, that I have had the honor of presiding at the grand festival. I can assure you that I am very grateful for your kind reception of me this evening, and I sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of meeting together on these festive occasions many, many long years to come. I shall never forget, brethren, the ceremony of to-day [hear, hear] and the reception which you gave me. I only hope that you may never regret the choice you have made of your Grand Master. Brethren, I assure you on all occasions I shall do my utmost to do my duty in the position in which you have so kindly placed me. [Hear, hear.]

[The editorial comments of the *London Times* (given below) on the installation ceremonies are marked by a singular mixture of respect for Masons and disrespect for Masonry. It practically says that Masons are good men—but Masoury is foolish. The character of English Masons extorts its admiration; but their ceremonies are, in its eyes, puerile if not ridiculous. Thus it is, that ignorance, even in the ablest, prompts to ridicule whatever is not understood. To the blind, color is a fable—to the infidel, prayer is folly.—ED.]

The installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of the Freemasons was an impressive, and in some respects an instructive ceremonial. Theoretically, no one knows who Freemasons are or what are their ceremonies and principles; but in practice we all know that they are very fair representatives of Englishmen in general, and that their only peculiarity is to discharge certain praiseworthy duties of humanity in a more picturesque and expensive manner than is thought necessary by other people. We would not for a moment disparage the value of the "craft." There is a singular passion in human nature for anything in the form of order, association, and discipline. Nothing of this sort can be too much for him, and in his enjoyment of the society of his fellows and of their common ceremonies he is quite unconscious of the appearance he may present to the eyes of critical outsiders. Grown-up men, however grave, are still as happy as children in enacting some imaginary play, and in one form or another they insist on having it. Even Bishops find it necessary occasionally to revert to those innocent instincts of infancy, and the Pan-Anglican Synod which has just been announced for 1877 may be considered as a kind of ecclesiastical Grand Lodge. The Freemasons, however are by far the most successful in gratifying this innate passion; for it is difficult to say whether, in this country at least, the picturesqueness or the innocence of the Fraternity predominates. These are the two qualities to be mainly desired in any gratification of the natural impulse of which we are speaking, and they were exhibited in perfection in the ceremonial we report this mornng. To the uninitiated, there is something amusing in the extraor-

dinary number of "Grand" Officers who seemed to have been concerned in the affair. Few people, probably, were aware that there were so many magnificent dignitaries scattered obscurely about the country. The Prince of Wales is a great personage, but even his dignity seems scarcely equal to the demands of such a mass of attendant grandeur. But, no doubt, such titles have their significance within the Brotherhood, and no exception whatever can be taken to the aprons, collars, and other bits of finery with which the imaginary hierarchy displays its magnificence. Blue and crimson ribands worn in due order by concentric circles of human beings, even when they are men and not women, have a pretty effect, and the Freemasons appear to carry the art of disciplined ceremonial to great perfection. Whatever can be done by ornamented male nature in the way of processions and salutes was no doubt accomplished yesterday with even greater success than by Roman Catholics or Ritualists. Ten thousand Englishmen wore their Masonic clothing and performed their Masonic mysteries with unprecedented effect. It was a perfectly innocent enjoyment and it is pleasant to see that so many men can thus find genuine enjoyment in becoming very young again.

But all this display seems to be the dress in which some of the best impulses of good-fellowship and charity are clothed, and, as the new Grand Master yesterday said so long as the "great and ancient Order" confine themselves to those objects, they will flourish. "Loyalty and Charity" are their watchwords, and so long as these characteristics are maintained they will be as useful as well as an agreeable Brotherhood. The significance of the Prince's reception yesterday must be measured, not by what might appear its intrinsic importance, but by the circumstances which it illustrates and interprets. It is always welcome, even though needless, to elicit a display of the cordial and genial character of English loyalty, and of the heartiness with which the generous disposition of the Prince of Wales is appreciated by the mass of his future subjects. His welcome yesterday was evidently animated by a strong feeling of personal regard, and if anything were needed to confirm this sentiment, it would be the gracefulness with which he intimated his acknowledgment of it. The Freemasons must excuse our passing amusement at their odd ceremonies; but such an association fosters, no doubt, that spirit of independent thought and action which sustains the free judgment of individuals, and even the Heir Apparent may be reasonably satisfied when he is welcomed with far more than official applause among the chosen representatives of the largest association of English gentlemen. But, as Lord Carnarvon intimated in his address to the new Grand Master, his reception at this moment has a still more special significance, The "Craft" appear not unreasonably sensible of the reflection which, however unwillingly, was thrown upon them by the retirement of the Grand Master whom the Prince of Wales succeeds. Lord Ripon had received no ordinary honor in being elected to a post which the Prince of Wales is willing to occupy, and, on a sudden, at the dictate of another and a hostile society, he threw up his office. The "Craft" appear to be perfectly tolerant of variations of Creed in their members; but Lord Ripon's resignation reminded them in the most pointed manner that they are treated by Roman Catholic Churches as an irreligious, seditious, and even anti-Christian organization. The other day, the Grand Orient Lodge, of Italy, from which a message of congratulation was yesterday read, opened a Masonic "Temple," in Rome. It was a great event in the annals of the Brotherhood, and was proportionately horrifying to the ecclesiastical authorities who had hitherto excluded Freemasons with far more jealousy than brigands and Red Be-

publicans. There have perhaps been some excuses in foreign countries for this extravagant jealousy of anything which seemed like a secret Society; but Lord Ripon informed the "Craft" that the same unreasoning and illiberal jealousy was maintained even in England. The reception of yesterday was in great measure a national demonstration against this unjustifiable prejudice. The Prince of Wales in accepting the office of Grand Master has proclaimed to all the world that Freemasonry, at least in England, is a perfectly innocuous, loyal, and virtuous Association; and the "Craft," in welcoming him, have similarly proclaimed their possession of these qualities.

It is strange that the lesson of such demonstrations should be so obstinately overlooked, not merely by the Roman Catholic Church, but even by some foreign Governments and Legislatures. Of all the enterprises on which legislative and administrative time can be wasted, the most useless, except in exceptional emergencies, is that of attacking secret associations. The only way to counterbalance them is to open to men in the ordinary institutions of the country the means of obtaining all the political objects they can reasonably desire, and all minor associations will then become, like the Freemasons in England, mere organizations for the cultivation of mutual good-feeling and charity. It is quite possible that under the repression of past tyrannical Freemasonry was really used on the Continent as a means of revolutionary agitation. Men were in want of some organized means of mutual action, and the first secret society at hand was employed for their purposes. In this country there has been no occasion for any such agency, and the result is seen in the ceremony of yesterday. The society against which the Pope fulminates all the terrors of this world and the next, for its supposed hostility to everything loyal and sacred, meets in innocuous splendor in a great Music Hall, welcomes with enthusiasm the Heir to the Throne, and makes solemn protestation of its loyal, religious, and charitable principles. Does not such an example say more for tolerance than for excommunication?

THE PROBLEM OF MAN'S MISSION.

It would indeed be strange if Freemasonry did not keep pace with the progress of intellectual development, with the improvement of the age in the useful arts, in mental and practical philosophy, and the working out and elucidation of the great problem, *the mission of man*. Freemasonry has to do with man—man the highest creature of the Supreme mind, man individually, and man in the aggregate, and through the exemplification and influence of its principles and precepts, leads the way in promoting the advancement and elevation of the race. Like the silent operations of nature which though unseen clothe the field with verdure, cause the blossoms to unfold and the fruit to ripen, or through the creations of animalculæ scarcely perceptible, of which islands are formed, so, Freemasonry unobtrusively and in quiet, through the influence of the practical virtues of its disciples, has been the means of propagating an enlightened philosophy by which man has learned to subdue and govern his passions, and award to others that which he claims for himself. That civilization owes much to the hu-

manizing principles of Freemasonry, cannot be questioned, indeed it would be difficult to assign a cause of greater or equal potency in harmonizing man, who, with diverse interests, dissimilar dispositions, and peculiarities arising from the different organic structure of each, which in an uncultivated state, or where the influence of Masonry has not reached, is exhibited in the antagonism of man to his fellow-man. But wherever Freemasonry manifests itself, and wherever the civilized man goes to plant his standard, for the purpose of making the soil subservient to his purposes, there Freemasonry goes also, and through the influence of its teachings, impels him to walk erect in the majesty of his manhood, as being destined for the highest purposes.

In working out the problem of his mission, the Freemason who walks onward toward the goal of perfection, is never *off* but is continually advancing *from* lower to higher, always travelling out of the sphere in which he is, onward and upward to a better, the point within the circle of his aim. Thus the true Freemason always keeps pace with the progressive developments of man; but those who are contented with the mere ceremonial of Freemasonry, who have not the disposition to pass out of the outer court, or to acquire the knowledge necessary to understand the symbolism of the architecture of the interior of the temple, have no conception of man's mission, nor do they participate in working out, or elucidating the great problem, man's present and future being. Alas! The outer courts are crowded, full, and there the vast majority of initiates remain, often preventing good and true men from entering, while within the sanctum sanctorum there is much empty space.—*Canadian Masonic News*.

VALEDICTORY.

To the Subscribers of the late (St. Louis) "Freemason."

As all our late readers are aware, in our February number we informed them that unless the subscription list was largely increased, we would be compelled to discontinue the publication of *The Freemason*. So many letters came in urging us to continue, and nearly all promising to work for a renewal of their clubs, that we were induced to proceed with the work, but no sooner had we determined on that course than the grasshopper panic broke out, and continued to increase throughout the State, and again were all the energies of the friends of the *Freemason* paralyzed to such an extent that we were forced to close the publication with the end of the first half of Vol. IX., and made arrangements with the publishers and proprietors of the *Voice of Masonry* to furnish the unexpired subscription list of our paper, with the *Voice*, and to continue to reach those readers, as well as all subscribers, through the medium of this excellent magazine, with which we shall

be connected as a contributor for the coming seven months, at least, life and health permitting.

To the many earnest and unselfish friends of our late journal, who adhered to its fortunes till the last, we desire to return our heartfelt thanks and sincere appreciation. To those who fell by the way on account of poverty, we extend a deep sympathy, and to those who squander as much in dissipation in one day as would pay for a masonic journal a year, yet "cannot afford to subscribe," we leave to their own *guilty consciences* to enjoy the torments incident to all who must feel that they are unworthy of the name and intellectual dignity of Freemasonry.

Of the eight years and six months' history of the *Freemason*, it must speak for itself. It was once the largest in size, and perhaps the largest in circulation, of any masonic monthly in the world; but because it was successful, every State thought it ought to have a journal of its own, hence two were started in Tennessee, one in Iowa, one in California, one in Mississippi, one in Texas, one in Michigan, one in Ohio, and one in Indiana; here were nine journals started in the West and South subsequent to our first issue, January, 1867, not including about a half dozen more in North Carolina, Georgia, etc., which only lived a few months; yet all of them long enough to undermine and scatter the support necessary for one live journal. All of them are dead but two, and we should not be surprised at any time to hear, as soon as the *Voice* is known to be successful, that some one having an editorial bump, will start a "State organ," to just blow long enough to disgust Masonic subscribers at the dying cadence of the last note of that kind of masonic journalism. We have had all of that kind of journalism which we ever expect to need for present or future happiness. *The Freemason* has lived and died, and its remains have been carefully taken care of by its now sole owner and possessor, the *Voice of Masonry*, for which we bespeak and hope the generous and whole-souled masonic support of all our patrons and friends. It deserves success, not only on account of the liberality of its publishers, but the ability of its editors, Bros. Brown and Mackey.

To our brother masonic editors still living, we send our congratulations, and wish them all continued success and prosperity, and thank them for their uniform kindness and encouragement, and hope that the fraternity of sentiment created by that peculiar relationship may never die out nor grow less so long as we shall exist on earth. To all brother masonic publishers with whom we have enjoyed the pleasure of exchanges, we ask for a continuance of our name on their lists, as we shall continue theirs on our list of published proceedings of Grand Bodies. They will be remembered in due time.

To the general welfare of the Craft and the perpetuity of our be-

loved institutions, we bear the same devoted interest as ever, and shall continue to the best of our humble means and ability with the same zeal.

We have published in our late journal over twelve million quarto pages of reading matter, and as we believe they did no harm, we hope they did some good, and that the seed thus sown may produce fruit in years to come. For all short comings and errors we ask a generous pardon, as we grant the same to others. To one and all, "old and new," we say, that the enemies of our Institution are marching with a blind fanaticism against it, and can only be checked by enlightenment and general information, and as the secular press cannot be expected to defend us a separate and distinct society, we must defend ourselves, and if we are left behind at last for want of a spirited and persistent support of masonic journals of intelligence, the Craft will have none to blame but themselves. As editor and publisher of *The Freemason* we bid you a life-long "farewell!"

GEO. FRANK GOULEY.

St. Louis, June 11th, 1875.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW YORK MASONIC TEMPLE.

The great Masonic event of the month of June, is the dedication of the new Masonic Temple of New York, on Wednesday, June 2d. Never before in America or elsewhere have so many Craftsmen assembled on an occasion of this kind. Upwards of twenty-five thousand Brethren were in the procession, which was over five miles in length. The Knights Templar alone occupied three-quarters of an hour in passing a given point. The following graphic description of the event we take from the *New York Herald*:

Wednesday was indeed a gala day in New York, and seldom has the city worn such a holiday look in these the early days of leafy June, as it presented during the time the great Masonic pageant moved over its pavements. The sun shone brightly yet not too hotly, on the moving masses of the Brothers of the Mystic Tie, and the spectacle presented was one only to be seen once in a life time. Twenty-six thousand stalwart, intelligent and upright men were formed in solid column and marched steadily forward over the route laid down for the procession and as they moved, thousands upon thousands of interested spectators lined the side-walks and viewed the scene. There was ample color and variety given to the column by the banners, the music and the regalia. The handsome uniforms of the Knights Templar, their flashing sword blades, glittering decorations and waving plumes filled the eye and gratified the inherent love of the beautiful that is implanted in every human breast. But it was not the brilliance of the Knights alone that gave interest to the occasion, for in the solid masses of blue Lodge Ma-

sons, in their simple linen aprons, was manifested the strength and importance of the Order.

No event has occurred in Masonic history, either in this or in the Old World, around which will gather more pleasant memories than those which attach to the great procession that on Wednesday marched through the streets of New York. The members of the Fraternity who assembled represented an idea that is social, protective and charitable. There was not a man who wore a badge but was sworn to obey a law that made him the guardian of his Brother's welfare and the protector of his widow and orphan. There was not a man present who by oath was not bound to oppose evil with good, error with truth, wrong with right, and to battle with vice in every shape. It was a vast Fraternity knowing no sect or section, and guided only by principle, the corner stone of which is Charity. The march was made admirably. The arrangements of the Grand Marshal and his assistants were in every way successful, and, altogether, the occasion is one that may well be long remembered. Few spectators who looked upon the display could fail to observe not merely the dignity and decorum that marked the entire proceedings, the solidity and strength of the several organizations and the moral power which they represented; but they must also have remarked that many of the distinguished men of the country were present, and that old age, intellect and experience were largely represented from the beginning to the end of the line.

It is a theme of general comment that there never has been an occasion of this character in the city of New York when more decorum was exhibited and more universal admiration expressed. The Masonic Fraternity may well feel glad that the day has been blessed both by Heaven, and by the congratulations of their fellow citizens.

The scene was especially attractive to the ladies, for they turned out at an exceptionally early hour in immense numbers, and were, manifestly, much pleased by what they saw. Many were wives or sisters of Masons in the line, and greeted their friends or relatives as they passed. The housetops were gay with fluttering bunting, and every window and doorstep along the route was filled with its quota of beauty. Hotels were decorated, store windows were dressed in Masonic colors and emblems, and private residences were in gala dress in honor of the occasion. The day was devoted to the work of dedicating a temple whose revenues go to the support of the widow and the orphan, and the charitable feature of Masonry was dwelt upon by those who witnessed the procession.

Long before nine o'clock, the hour appointed for the moving of the column, the immediate vicinity of Nineteenth street and Fifth avenue was thronged by a sight-seeing multitude. Mounted Masons dashed up and down the avenue, delivering and receiving orders, Templars in

regalia hurried to and fro, and bands of music were to be heard on every side. The stoops, balconies, and windows of the houses in the neighborhood were at an early hour occupied, and the impatience of the throng seemed to be subdued by the occasional passing of a Lodge, a band, or an equestrian Mason. At an early hour the different divisions took up their positions in the streets on either side of Fifth avenue, from Ninth to Nineteenth street. The preparatory programme, as published, was fully carried out, but notwithstanding the perfect order that prevailed the head of the column did not move until twenty-two minutes past nine. At nine o'clock the mounted police fell into line, and as the music of the Fifth Regiment Band broke on the air they started off. The appearance of the men and horses was very fine and showed careful training.

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The head of the column reached Washington square at half-past nine and passed in review before the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. The Grand Lodge headed by M. W. Grand Master Thorne, arrived at the stand, erected on the northern part of the fountain circle, about half an hour before the procession began to move. The stand was gayly decorated with American flags, and the only Masonic emblem visible was the handsome banner of the Grand Lodge, which the members had brought with them.

The scene at this point was very impressive. From the Grand Stand, up Fifth avenue, so far as the eye could reach the thoroughfare, was seen a moving mass of white feathers, interspersed with gay banners and the glitter of steel, as the Knights Templar marched forward in serried ranks or in the form of a cross or triangle.

The Knight Templar from Canada attracted general notice. He is called Sir Thomas Hodges, and is a member of Kingston Commandery, Ontario. He was dressed in a white surcoat, with Maltese cross in the centre; long white mantle; scarlet cap, a portion of which hung down behind, with a passion cross in front; a long white mantle, with Maltese cross on the left arm; black sash and black sword and scabbard.

In the regular order the divisions passed in review. It is estimated that each division contained 1,000 men. There being twenty-six divisions, the number of men who took part in the parade is estimated at over 26,000.

* * * * *

The head of the pageant swung gracefully from the crosstown thoroughfare into the avenue of all American avenues. Every window in Delmonico's was occupied, and never before did the wealth of blooming shrubs and plants on that well-known corner seem so fresh or so fragrant. Now up Fifth avenue the solid column pressed. Bright, cheery young faces upon the steps, gayly dressed ladies at the windows. At one point the whole front of the house is a waving mass of hand-

kerchiefs, because a well-known countenance is recognized in one of the lines; at another, two solitary friends in a great closed house wave good cheer to a friend. The ladies are lovers of mystery, and the greater, the more enduring, the more sacred the secret, the more sincerely do they revere and worship it. It would be nonsense, after the exhibition of yesterday to say that the American ladies do not venerate the ancient rites of the Masonic Order. Throughout the march from Fourteenth street to Twenty-second street, the ladies were all attention and evinced almost a devotion for the Craft.

It is only a step from Madison avenue along Thirty-fourth street to Fifth avenue, and it is soon passed over. The immensity of the pageant grew upon the spectator with each moment. It is safe to say that there have been few such impressive parades in this country. And there were many distinguished men who formed a part of that procession. Here a prominent man of letters walked by the side of a comrade unknown to the world; there a man worth millions formed part of a phalanx, with the small, though thrifty tradesman. The bells in the church towers chimed one o'clock, and the vanguard of the 4,000 Templars had only reached the end of their long march. There seemed no end to the column. A gayly dressed band passed down the avenue, and a brighter body of men followed to the music of "The Letter Song," from "Perichole." This air was melody to many dwellers along that route, and the waving of handkerchiefs attested the popularity of the selection.

It is a long, long story. For over an hour after one o'clock they continued to pass the Worth monument. How anxiously everybody waited for the Twenty-sixth division! As the end approached there came with the human tide a murmur, growing and swelling into a shout as the last division came, "Here comes Gilmore's Band!" The sacred Bible on which President Washington took his oath of office was the object of great curiosity and earnest pride.

The ceremonies of dedication were the same here as elsewhere, and need not be detailed in this connection. The following was the address of the Grand Master, M. W. Elwood Eagle Thorne:

BRETHREN: We have assembled at this time and in this place to crown the labor of more than a quarter of a century by solemnly dedicating and setting apart this building for the purposes of the great Fraternity of which we are all proud to be constituent members, and while we may justly feel elated that in this, the great commercial metropolis of the country, there is at least a temple builded with the best care and appliances of human skill, garnished and adorned in a manner fitting the power and wealth of 100,000 Craftsmen of this jurisdiction, yet that, after all, is the least important part of the work. These solid walls, built to stand unshaken before generations yet unborn, the proud dome overlooking the marts where commerce and manufacture give sustenance to millions, may lend additional lustre to the eye and an honest swelling of the heart of the Craftsmen who look upon them and feel that

this is the work of their hands, the splendid result of their labor, devotion and sacrifice. The earnest and gratefully received congratulations from every part of the world may excuse our joy on this festal day. But more than all this is our reflection that with the close of this day's labor we have reached the second step in that undertaking, conceived in fear and amid doubt and perplexity, that there should be erected in the city of New York, a hall, the revenues of which are to be a perpetual and an unalienable endowment to the largest system of benevolence ever undertaken by the Craft. This hall, therefore is not so much for the convenience of our working—in the ordinary acceptation of the word—as it is for the benefit of the aged and needy Brethren, the destitute widows and orphans of our household. I would, therefore, dear Brethren, while we pause for the solemn services of this occasion, that we here and now gather fresh zeal, more earnest devotion, more unchangeable resolve, to go on with the appointed labor. I would that in your prayers you solicit from the Great Architect not only the continuance of the blessings He has thus far and so abundantly showered upon the works of your hands, but that He will give light and courage and tireless energy to persevere unto the end. I would that you may all understand and appreciate how great, how noble, how elevating the design drawn upon our trestle-board by the founders of this enterprise, and that it may be given to each of you to give a portion at least of his Masonic life to the completion of the task still before us, looking not here for our rewards, but remembering that our Father who seeth in secret will reward us openly, remembering that when we have received the summons which bids us lay down the working tools of our profession and pass to the life beyond, the gratitude and prayers of the little ones will adorn our memory as with gems of untold value. I now invoke your assistance in the ceremonies of dedication."

The dedicatory oration was delivered by M. W. John L. Lewis, Past Grand Master of New York, and it was an effort well worthy of the occasion and the man.

The lot upon which the new Temple is built, is at the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, a splendid location. It measures 92 feet by 141 feet. The cost of the ground was \$340,000. The building, which has cost upwards of a million dollars, has many distinguishing features of its own, entitling it to be considered as one of the grandest edifices of its kind, rivaling even the famous Masonic Temple of Philadelphia. The following are some of its salient points, which we take from the *Keystone*:

Its distinguished architect is Bro. Napoleon Le Brun, formerly of Philadelphia, who now has a monument to his genius which will never die, as Bro. P. M. James H. Windrim has, in our world-wonder, the present Masonic Temple of Philadelphia. The New York Temple is five stories in height, including the Mansard pavilion. Its general exterior style of architecture is of pure French Renaissance, graduated, in each story, in sub-orders, viz: Tuscan, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite—all in massive granite. Its height from the street to the cornice is 94 feet. The Mansard rises 30 feet higher, while the dome reaches an altitude of 165 feet. The main entrance is on Twenty-third street,

through a Tuscan portico, flanked by two bronze pillars 14 feet in height. These are modeled after the Solomonic columns of the Bible, and give a unique and fitting finish to the portal.

The Grand Lodge Room is 85 by 92 feet in area, and 28 feet high. It is rented for other than Masonic purposes—for Church services and lectures. The Grand Lodge Library is 40 feet by 21 feet. The Temple contains seven Lodge Rooms, viz: Tuscan Room, 27 by 62 feet; the Roman Doric Room, 62 by 30 feet; the Ionic Room, 63 by 56 feet; the Livingston Room, 47 by 21 feet; the Composite Room, Corinthian Room, and the Clinton Room. The Egyptian Room is devoted to Chapter Masonry, and is in size 62 by 30 feet. The entire fifth floor or Mansard pavilion, is occupied by the Knights Templar and members of the A. and A. Rite. The Asylum is 78 by 41 feet, and 21 feet high, and is designed after the French Gothic style of the fourteenth century. The Council Chamber is 35 by 21 feet, and of Saracenic architecture.—The Banquet Hall is of the early Norman style, and is 55 by 27 feet in size. There is also an armory, containing hundreds of closets to contain the Knight's equipments. Two elevators conduct to the top of the Temple—one a passenger elevator, and the other for miscellaneous purposes. The entire Mason work was done under the direction of Brother John T. Conover, and every part of the edifice was designed by the eminent architect, Brother Napoleon Le Brun. Brother James M. Austin, M. D., the present esteemed Grand Secretary, is the only living member of the original Board of Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund. The Fraternity of New York will erect the Masonic Asylum for worthy indigent Master Masons, their Widows and Orphans, as soon as the revenue from the Temple shall warrant the undertaking.

A description of the two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz, which flank the portico at the main entrance, may fitly close this interesting account:

The two magnificent bronze pillars were placed in position on the 20th of May at the Twenty-third street entrance of the new Masonic Temple, on Sixth avenue, New York. The new pillars which have been manufactured at the factory of Mitchell, Vance, & Co., Twenty-fourth street and Tenth avenue, stand fourteen feet high, exclusive of the ashlar of polished Scotch granite, which are about three and a half feet. They weigh over 3,000 pounds each and are cast of superior bronze alloy—eighty-eight parts of copper, ten of tin, and two of other metals. The pillars which stand in front of the Doric granite columns at the entrance, are of the Egyptian style of architecture. The plinth, which is thirty-two inches square, is surmounted by a cushion from which springs the shaft, twenty seven inches at its greatest diameter. The lower portion of the shaft is beautifully ornamented with lotus flowers, semi-incised. The upper portion, which is reeded, supports

try. Books such as this one will operate in like manner. Thus the Church of Rome will appear to have acted with less than its usual astuteness. Since the Prince of Wales joined the order he has shown a great liking for it, and may be said to be an enthusiastic Mason. Most of those who are in authority around him think it their duty to join the order. The Rev. Canon Duckworth, who succeeded the late Chas. Kingsley as canon of Westminster, and who is to go to India as private chaplain to the Prince, was initiated into Freemasonry a few weeks ago at the Lodge of Antiquity. Canon Duckworth thought it as well to qualify himself for accompanying the Prince should he visit some of the lodges in India. I may add that the Lodge of Antiquity is one of the oldest in the world and one of the most select of English lodges. By common understanding the number of members is limited to thirty. Prince Leopold was recently, at his own special request, admitted among their number. Sir Christopher Wren was for many years Master of that lodge, and he presented to it several articles which are now very curious and interesting relics.

SHOULD WE SHIELD THE CRIMINAL?

Under the head of Masonic Jurisprudence, in the annual address of the Most Excellent Grand High Priest, A. I. Sawyer, published in the March number of the FREEMASON, are found the statement and questions: "A Companion is charged with the seduction of a young lady, under the promise of marriage, and is to be tried in the courts. The young lady is not the wife, sister, mother, or daughter of a Master Mason.

"Question 1st. To what extent does the O. B. of a R. A. M. require the espousal of the cause of the accused on the part of his Companions?"

"Question 2d. How far are R. A. Ms, bound by their O. B. to attempt to influence the decisions of the courts?"

Intelligent, high-toned Masons will wonder greatly that such questions should be asked by members who have advanced so far as to be exalted to the degree of the Royal Arch. Stupid enemies of the Craft have often charged against the institution, that it is made up of knaves and criminals, who are either committing crime, or shielding those who are known to be criminals. This charge has been repelled a thousand times, but now comes up a R. A. M. with a case of crime of the most outrageous character against the laws of God and the State, and coolly asks, "To what extent does the O. B. of a R. A. M. require the espousal of the cause of the accused?"

Well does the M. E. Grand High Priest answer, "*If guilty, none whatever.*" * * "I hold that such a depraved and immoral liber-

tine forfeits all just claims to the protection of the Craft." And we add, that it is the duty of every good Mason, under such circumstances, to make speedy investigation, and satisfy himself as to the truth of the charge; and if said charge be well founded against a member, then, instead of shielding him in deeds of darkness and sin, duty requires denunciation of the foul crime, and an immediate trial by the Lodge and Chapter, and relentless expulsion. Let every Brother and Companion stand for the right; and remember one of the *first lessons* taught in Masonry, by the *sword pointing at the naked heart*, is that *justice will sooner or later overtake the guilty*—and that ours is a system founded upon the eternal principles of justice. The betrayers of innocence in a Masonic Lodge, *shielded by Companions of the Holy Royal Arch!* And Masons in a court of justice, *endeavoring to shield libertines from the penalties of the law!* NEVER! Rather let Masons of all ranks unite in *denouncing* and *exposing* such graceless *libertines*, till they shall flee from our ranks forever. Then shall we not have "too much Masonry," for it will be of a character to be approved by the Grand Overseer above, as also by the good and true of earth.

LEGEND OF THIRD DEGREE.—The legend, as it is called, of the Master Mason, is one of the most touching and beautiful in the great drama of life. Founded, as it is, upon the mysteries and ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians, it has come down to us as the very embodiment and substance of Masonry. It is an impressive exemplification of the birth, the life, the duties, the death and resurrection of man. It stamps upon the intelligent Mason the sublime doctrine of the immortality of the soul; and it was a wise provision of all Grand Lodges that that degree should never be mutilated, that it should never be given in part only, but should be completed at every undertaking. To omit this legend is to omit the degree itself, for its omission the Grand Lodge will accept no ordinary excuse, not even the ignorance of the Master, who may not have the talent or industry to learn it. The legend is the grand landmark, the unfailling beacon of Masonic centuries. It is never changed; it will admit of no removal, for it is a rallying point of the universal brotherhood. It conveys volumes of thought and furnishes food for the reflective mind down to the grave, and as a simple drama stands unequalled beside any of the productions of genius. No Mason ever participated in and forgot it; he felt its moral upon his soul as though it were the touch of a Divinity, and when properly understood, it inspires a solemnity second only to the scene of death. Let no inventive and tinkering genius, therefore, ever tamper with this beautiful legend; it wants nothing added to it, and will allow nothing taken from it."—*G. F. Gouley.*

Official.

GRAND LODGE F. & A. M., MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
FLINT, MICH., June 15th, A. L. 5875.

Question. Does a loss of sight in one eye, the other being sound, disqualify a person from receiving the degrees in Masonry?

Answer. I think the weight of authority upon this point is that such a defect does not amount to a physical disqualification. I shall therefore hold that the loss of an eye, the other being sound, does not render the petitioner physically disqualified.

Question. The by-laws of a Lodge provide that members who are six months in arrears for dues, shall not be entitled to vote or to hold office in the Lodge. Is such a provision valid?

Answer. No. It conflicts with sections 2 and 3 of Article 5 G. L. R., and is void.

Question. A Lodge having conferred the E. A. degree requests another Lodge to complete the work—how shall the Lodge which is requested to complete the work proceed?

Answer. Upon filing with the Lodge the recommendation and consent required by Sec. 4, Article 13, G. L. R., the applicant should petition to have the degrees conferred. Article 14 of the Regulations prescribes what this petition shall be, to whom it shall be referred, and the duty of the committee in the premises as well as the length of time it must lay over, (being at least one lunar month), before its final consideration—after this time, and after the committee have made their report, a ballot may be had as in other cases.

This course must be pursued in all cases except where the candidate for advancement received the preceding degree in the same Lodge to which he applies for advancement, in which case the formal application for advancement need not be referred to a committee, except it be demanded by a member of the Lodge. [See Sec. 6, Art. 15, of the Regulations.]

GEO. H. DURAND, *Grand Master.*

Editorial Department.

FOSTER PRATT, M. D., - - - Editor.

VALEDICTORY.

This number, of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, completes its sixth volume; and with it, the editorial relations of the undersigned to the magazine, also terminate. We cannot but regret the sundering of our journalistic relations established with readers, with publishers, and with contemporaries—relations that have been cemented by two years' of editorial intercourse and labor, and that have been, with all and in all respects, pleasant, and of which we shall ever cherish pleasant recollections.

But our recent "eye trouble," caused mainly by excessive labor, has seriously interfered with our work in this, as in other fields; and with returning health, we are glad to relinquish a portion of our self-imposed duties. That our health should have so seriously delayed the publication of recent numbers of the magazine we regret; and take the opportunity to say, that its Publishers are not in any degree responsible for that delay, nor justly chargeable with any blame because of it.

What the magazine has been in the past its readers understand; what it is to be in the future, time will reveal; but we cannot withhold the remark, that the character and value of every such enterprise depend very largely upon the support given it by those for whose benefit or gratification it is established. We cannot but feel a deep interest in the future character and permanent welfare of a journal on which we have labored so long, and bespeak for it, from the Masons of Michigan, a moral and material support which will maintain its character and standing as a true exponent and advocate of our Masonic interests, and which, too, will adequately compensate for the labor expended on it. A well supported Journal of

Masonry becomes, almost of necessity, a well conducted and useful Masonic organ in any Grand Jurisdiction. Its usefulness is beyond question. Each epoch in Masonry, as in other institutions, brings its particular necessities and duties; and the great present necessity of Masonry, as it seems to us, is a more intelligent understanding and appreciation, by the body of the Craft, of its principles and purposes. Our Lodge duties are nothing unless they *teach* something; our ritual is nothing, however perfectly learned, unless comprehended in its symbolical and philosophical meaning; and we, as Masons, are nothing, unless we know and do our duties as Masons. In the cultivation of this intelligent and thorough appreciation of Masonry and Masonic duty, the Masonic journal is an efficient agent; and it is because we so regard it that we have labored for two years, as we could, to make it useful; and it is for this, that we now, in retiring from its editorial management, commend it and all those who direct its career to your kind consideration and hearty support.

For the fraternal kindness extended to us by our journalistic contemporaries, by readers and publishers, we tender our sincere thanks, and bid them an editor's farewell.

FOSTER PRATT.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

With this number closes the Sixth Volume of **THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON**. The next number will soon follow, dated *November, 1875*, from which month, instead of July, the new volume will date.

The reasons prompting the Publishers to make this change are, chiefly: 1st. That July is *harvest time* and, outside of our large towns, everybody is busy; no one has time to think of reading matter; and the Lodges as a rule do not meet; 2d. In the towns, July is a season of recreation and travel; and Lodges either do not meet or are thinly attended; and 3rd. For all these and other reasons, July has proved to be an unfavorable time to begin a volume; to obtain voluntary renewal of subscriptions; or to canvass the Lodges in the interest of the Magazine.

The Publishers also propose a change in the character of its reading matter, viz: a return to the original plan of occupying its pages with nothing but purely Masonic reading. The literary selections were introduced in January, 1874; they were admitted to the Magazine at the urgent request of readers in all parts of the State; when the change was made, it was deemed an experiment and its continuance was promised only for the remaining half of Volume Five, but it has been persevered in till now. When, in November, 1873, we announced this change, we said: "If it shall prove to be unremunerative, it will be *discontinued*; but if an *increased* circulation shall justify our *increased* expense it will be made a permanent feature." We have done better than we promised; it has *not* proved *renumerative*, and we have continued it it eighteen months instead of six, as promised.

With the present number, also, Dr. Pratt retires from the editor's chair, a position which he has ably filled for the last two years. His recent and protracted illness has been greatly deplored by the Fraternity throughout the Jurisdiction, and by none more than by the Publishers of this Journal. But sickness and death are the common lot, and no true Masor will uncharitably blame the Publishers for the unavoidable delay in issuing the recent numbers of the magazine.

Our facilities for publication are now second to none in the West, and arrangements have been made which secure to the Magazine the services of Bro. W. J. Chaplin, its former senior Publisher and Editor, who will, in future, have its entire business and editorial management, and will devote himself exclusively to its interests.

The literary department being left out, the size of the Magazine will be reduced to 32 pages per number of purely Masonic matter, or 384 pages per volume; and the *price will also be reduced* to \$1.25 for single subscriptions, and to the exceedingly low rate of \$1.00 for clubs of *ten* or more. The *Freemasons' Monthly*, published in Boston as the successor of the old *New England Freemason*, is of the same size (32 pp.) and is furnished at \$2.50 per annum. Our journal will therefore be, (of its size.) the CHEAPEST MASONIC JOURNAL

IN THE UNITED STATES; and will be within the reach of all who take any interest in Masonic affairs. At a cost of only *eight cents* a month, who can afford to be without it?

In the future, the Magazine will be sent only to those *who pay in advance*. The credit system has been a great detriment to this journal, and will be entirely abandoned. When the time expires for which payment has been made, *it will stop*.

To those who have paid in advance on the former basis, we wish to say: that, for the unexpired term of their subscriptions, they will receive all the numbers they are entitled to, not only, but will be *credited* with the *excess* of the *old* subscription price over the *new*; and will receive, for *that excess*, as many numbers, *in addition*, as under the new price, each will be entitled to.

We propose to deal not only fairly, but liberally with all: we make the price of the Magazine low—very low, and shall make it more than worth the money asked for it, by keeping it a *racy, earnest, and practical Journal of Freemasonry and of its literature*. In doing this we confidently appeal to you for your co-operation and support. *Shall we have it?*

Send in your names singly or in clubs and *promptly*, that we may know at the beginning of the new volume in November, how many copies will be needed to supply your demands.

Respectfully and fraternally,

THE PUBLISHERS.

Editorial Notes and Selections.

THOUGH our editorial relations, with this Magazine, cease with this number, we hope to be able to contribute occasionally to its pages. For the present, however, the same cause that compels us to relinquish our editorial labors will prevent our writing any more than is required by official duties and relations.

THE DEDICATION of the N. Y. Masonic Temple is an event of interest to the Craft which we duly honor by copying, elsewhere, an account of the grand procession and imposing ceremonies of the occasion.

This event has a special interest in Michigan, because it gave to

Detroit Commandery another opportunity of demonstrating its superiority in *drill* over all other Commanderies in the United States—a fact which reflects great credit on Detroit Sir Knights, and on Templar Masonry in Michigan as well.

THE INSTALLATION of a new Grand Master, of the Grand Lodge of England—the oldest, the largest, and the most influential Grand Masonic Body in the world—is always an event of great and general Masonic interest. This is due partly to the position which this Grand Lodge holds in the Masonic World, and partly to the fact that until removed by death, the person, on whom this office has once been conferred, is seldom changed. In these respects, the installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master has no more significance or importance than that of any proper man. But time and circumstance give it now a special interest to all Masons and a special influence for good to Masonry everywhere.

The late Grand Master—the Marquis of Ripon—having espoused the Catholic faith, straightway abandoned Masonry. He “stood not on the *order* of his going, but went *at once* ;” he did not wait till his official year had closed and then respectfully *decline* a re-election ; but, in the middle of his term, took the unusual step of *resigning*, peremptorily and without reasons, his high office. This unexplained step fell like a thunder-clap upon the Masons of England ; and until explained by the Jesuitical howl of triumph, that promptly followed, its precise significance and effect were not fully understood.

Our English Brethren wisely and justly, as we think, recognized the right of the Marquis of Ripon to adopt what religious faith he pleased, by promptly accepting his resignation ; but with a prompt wisdom that deserves admiration, they, by one masterly move, gave “check mate” to the mischievous designs of their jesuitical adversaries ; they filled the vacancy by electing one whose rank and standing would effectively squelch all inferences or arguments which the unprecedented retirement of the Marquis of Ripon might furnish to the detriment of Masonry. In brief—the fact, that the Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne of England, who for years has been a Mason, is now the Grand Master of its Grand Lodge, is proof, conclusive and unanswerable, that Masonry in England, is dangerous neither to Church nor State, and is feared by none but those who would *enslave the conscience*.

It is this that gives especial significance and importance to the installation of the Prince of Wales and explains why we give so much space, in this number, to the account of his installation ceremonies.

THE TRANSACTIONS of our Grand Lodge, are at last completed and have been sent to all Lodges and Brethren entitled, by the law of

Grand Lodge, to receive them. The delay in their publication, occasioned by the disease of our eyes, we greatly regret, but, for a number of reasons, we could not avoid it.

The law of Congress, passed last winter, by which postage on printed matter was made *double the former rates*, makes it a matter of economy to send the packages of Transactions by *express*. By so doing the expense to Grand Lodge is lessened, and the packages will be delivered to the Lodges in better order and with greater certainty than by mail. If any difficulty occur, in their proper delivery, it will be in the case of those Lodges that have failed to report the names of their officers elected last June. The printed list of Lodge Officers and P. O. Addresses, sent out some time since, will show what Lodges were delinquent in this duty.

THIS MAGAZINE, during our editorial administration, has been sent to the Grand Secretaries of all American Grand Lodges. Now that we cease to be editor, we hope our contemporary exchanges, that we have contracted the habit of reading, may be sent to us, in our official capacity as Grand Secretary. All such favors will be highly appreciated and shall be duly acknowledged.

THE ST. LOUIS FREEMASON, whose revival from a state of "suspended animation," was announced in the May issue of this Magazine, has since then been transferred, with all its influence and interests, to the *Voice of Masonry* published in Chicago. Bro. Gouley's editorial valedictory may be found in this number on page 742.

While we greatly regret the disappearance, from the ranks of Masonic Journalism, of this able and fearless advocate of pure and true Masonry, we are glad to know that the "voice" of Bro. Gouley will continue to be heard in *The Voice of Masonry*. We wish our Chicago contemporary an appreciative and paying audience to *all its voices*; not merely because we wish it success, but because we believe that its voices will harmoniously combine to teach that there is more—much more—to be obtained from Masonry than its so-called degrees. When this important fact is thoroughly appreciated by the body of the Craft, theoretical and ethical Masonry will be higher and purer; practical Masonry will be less selfish and more beneficent; and Masonic literature will shine with a clearer and stronger light that, like "mercy," will "bless both him that gives and him that takes."

THE *Masonic Jewel*, (Memphis, Tenn.,) of April 15th, says: "The Philadelphia Masons claim to have built the first Masonic Hall in America. It was erected in 1754—a three-story brick—built by subscription. Benjamin Franklin, Thos. Cadwalader, and other prominent Masons of the Quaker City were subscribers. "We reckon" Phil-

adelphia Masons are entitled to the claim. They are also entitled to the claim of having built the finest and most expensive Temple in the world, save one—King Solomon's."

—A brother's love exceeds
All the world's loves in its unworldliness.
My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made.—*Browning.*

A GAVEL, SQUARE, AND COMPASSES A CENTURY OLD.—St. John's Lodge, Providence, R. I., (as we learn from the *Freemason's Repository* of April 15th, inst.,) boasts the possession of a Gavel which has been in continuous use in that Lodge for over a century. The Lodge referred to was established in 1757, and celebrated its 117th anniversary on December 27, 1874. This Gavel, together with the Square and Compasses now in use, were presented to the Lodge by Bro. Lewis De Blois during the first year of its existence. The Gavel is of *lignum vitæ* plain and solid, with no attempt at ornament. The Square is of rosewood, and the Compasses of silver, all bearing the inscription, "The gift of Lewis De Blois, 1757." All are in good condition. The first Bible owned and used by the Lodge is now in its possession. It was printed in London in 1752. It is needless to state that these relics of former days are highly prized by the members of the Lodge.

Tidings from the Craft.

SILVER WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD ANGEL.

Last evening, the 18th inst., the friends and relatives, and they were many, gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Angel, to celebrate and make merry over the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding day.

About one hundred friends and neighbors joined in the festivities, and the fun commenced to bubble at about half-past eight o'clock. Congratulations were plenty and spiced with variety, and after all had their say, Hon. John W. Champlin addressed the bride and bridegroom as follows:

MR. AND MRS. ANGEL:—Several of your fellow citizens and friends, having learned that this was to be your silver wedding day, have prepared a substantial token of their esteem and friendship for you, and have requested me, in their behalf, to present the same to you. They desire me to express to you their feelings of friendship and regard which has prompted them to make this gift. They earnestly hope

that you may long live to enjoy each other's society ; that you may receive your full share of the good things of this world ; that you may be exempt as far as possible from the afflictions incident to human life ; that your journey may be unbroken until long after your silver wedding shall have ripened into a golden one ; and, finally, after the toils and troubles of this life are over, may you become Angels not only in name, but angels indeed. I am also requested by the employes of the American Express Company, under your immediate supervision, to present to you in their behalf, this silver pitcher and goblets ; and hereafter whenever you slake your thirst from this memento, may you hold in grateful remembrance those donors who have, by this beautiful gift, testified their high appreciation of you, and manifested their desire to add to your happiness upon this occasion.

To which Mr. Angell replied :

In behalf of my wife and myself, although with feeble words, I will express my gratification at the evidences of regard with which my friends and associates have signalized this happy recurrence of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage.

I am more especially impressed with the beautiful and valuable present which my brethren of the "mystic tie" and others have tendered to us on this occasion. I have found pleasure and instruction in the work of the Brotherhood. I know its real worth and extensive beneficence ; and its progress through many years, from the first local inauguration of Masonry in the then village of Grand Rapids, in a small room on Canal street, to its present splendid development into the several orders which contain so much of the intelligence and virtue of our community, has been watched by me with feelings of pride and joy.

In addition to the pledges of favor and of aid which the common connexions of life secure, I feel, in all the contingencies of misfortune and death, an additional assurance in the Fifth solemnly pledged under the Arch and guaranteed by the Sword—drawn only for the succor of the widow and the orphan.

And now, following your recognition of this era in our lives, which I might reasonably expect from those joined with me by a Knightly Oath running through all time—if Knightly Truth and Knightly Honor are maintained—comes, to my surprise, the offering from those young men connected with me only by the necessities of a business which associates us to-day and may dis sever us to-morrow. If I can in any way aid them whilst we co-operate—if I can, by word or deed, secure to them prosperity and happiness, whenever and wherever they go, I shall regard *that* as my greatest duty. Otherwise I would be censurably indifferent to this manifestation of their regard, which I so imperfectly deserve at their hands. God bless *them*, and all of you ! And my all my Brethren of the Lodges, the expressmen and my friends at large, live and prosper, and in due time and on appropriate occasions receive tokens of regard and affection like those now filling *our* hearts with joy.

The presents were a magnificent silver set of ten pieces, from the jewelry store of E. B. Dikeman—the gift of the Masonic fraternity and other friends.

A silver water pitcher and two goblets, from the employes of the American Express Company in the city.

A silver cream cup and sugar bowl from Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hawkins.

A silver pickle dish from Mrs. E. Putnam and Mrs. E. Putnam and Mrs. S. P. Bennett.

On the server accompanying the tea set was engraved the following: "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Angell, by their friends, on the 25th anniversary of their wedding day, July 18, 1875."

On the water pitcher: "Presented by the employes of the A. M. Ex. at the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Angell, June 1875."

On the other articles the initial "A" in Old English. The engraving was done in a superb manner, and in a style that we have never seen excelled.

The intrinsic value of the presents is not far from \$200, but in our opinion Mr. and Mrs. A. will value them at \$2,000,000. Especially will they prize the gift of the employes in the Express office of which Mr. A. is the head in this city. This was not a gift merely in name, but donated by a class of men who have a better chance of knowing and appreciating the sterling business qualities of their employer, and is an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by them, and adds another link—if one is necessary—in their golden chain of friendship.

The bridal bouquet was a beauty, and the present of Mr. John Suttle, of the Fulton street greenhouse.

Refreshments followed the presentation and speeches, and after a cheerful hour passed in social chat, the company dispersed, convinced that one night with the Angells was worth remembering and telling.—*Grand Rapids Eagle, June 19.*

OUR STRONG FOUNDATIONS.

These periodical outbursts of bigotry will not harm Freemasonry—they rather serve to place it in a more favorable light. Quaintly has the dreamer of Bedford, in his immortal allegory, portrayed the prototypes of these traducers in the persons of Ill-will and Prejudice, who are represented as casting dirt at a man clothed in a white garment. Bunyan says: "Those that threw dirt at him are such as hate his well-doing; but as you see, the dirt will not stick upon his clothes—so it shall be with him that liveth innocently in the world."

It is not without significance that when the most virulent attacks are made on the craft it flourishes to a proportionate extent. When the Marquis of Ripon threw down the standard, and deserted to the enemy, Albert Edward Prince of Wales, boldly stepped forward and raised it; and when the noble old man, who for two generations ruled the craft in Ireland so well, died true to his colours, another noble brother, the Duke of Abercorn accepted the high office of Grand Master. Thus we have in the one country the heir to the throne, and in the other the viceroy, the chiefs of the order, proving that to civil society at least there is nothing inimical in Freemasonry.

While it is pleasant to have the name of illustrious men associated

with the craft, it must not be forgotten they can add no fresh lustre to it; and were all its titled members to withdraw, Freemasonry would suffer no more than any of the sciences would lose by the death of their ablest exponents. The humblest individual who worthily performs the round of his Masonic duties, exerts an influence in his own circle relatively as great as the most exalted personage in the realm; and by his conduct in an opposite direction may lead the outer world to infer that the charges made against Freemasonry have some foundation.

Freemasonry has been misunderstood and therefore misrepresented. It inculcates a spirit of toleration—a universal brotherhood. It endeavors to leave society better than it found it. It has mitigated the horrors of war, and endeavored to obviate its necessity. Its high aim has been to seek the Truth and to disseminate Light, and to assist in fulfilling the dream of one who

“ * * * Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

—*London Masonic Magazine.*

COMP. AND REV. B. F. DOUGHTY, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, has changed his residence, from Holland, in Ottawa Co., to Sturgis, in St. Joseph Co.; and all personal and official correspondence with him should be addressed to the latter place.

WE ARE officially requested by the Secretary of Elgin Lodge, No. 117, Illinois, to caution the Craft in Michigan against a traveling *imposter*, who, under the name of Geo. Murray, claims to be a member of that Lodge.

WE also call attention to *another imposter* who, having assumed the name of James B. Vigis, and claiming to be a member of Pontiac Lodge, No. 21, is traveling from Lodge to Lodge soliciting charity. He called on *us*; but when we informed him that we would telegraph to Pontiac and ascertain his Masonic standing

“He folded his tent, like an Arab,
And silently stole away.”





UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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