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LIST OF LODGES (CONSTITUTIONS), 1756.

BY BRO. R. F. GOULD.

THE "official" lists of the last century—viz., those published under the direct sanction of Grand Lodge—comprise the lists printed with the Constitutions of 1723, 1738, and 1756, and the engraved series of 1723-79.

The 1723 list (Constitutions) has been several times reprinted. That for 1738 appeared in the April number of this Magazine (p. 433), and the list for 1756 is subjoined.

On the 27th April, 1754, a committee was appointed to revise the then current Book of Constitutions (Ed, 1738), of which Bro. George Payne (P.G.M.) was appointed a member. This distinguished brother, however, attended Grand Lodge for the last time in the November of the same year, and was probably prevented by increasing infirmities from taking any active part in the proceedings of the Committee. The new Book of Constitutions was eventually brought out by Entick in 1756.

The following list may be usefully compared with that published in the earlier Constitution Book of 1738 (*ante*, p. 433), also with the engraved list of 1756.*

Numbers are *not* shown with this list in the Constitution Book for 1756, and those prefixed below to the "Signs of the Houses" represent the numbers borne by the Lodges respectively in the numerations (engraved series) of 1740-55 and 1756-69.

A List of Regular Lodges, according to their Seniority and Constitution: by order of the Grand Master.†

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
1	1.	Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard	Constitution Immemorial.
2	2.	Horn, Westminster	Constitution Immemorial.
4	3.	George, Grafton Street, St. Ann's	17 Jan., 1721
5	4.	Braund's Head, New Bond Street	19 Jan., 1721
6	5.	Tower, Tower Street, Seven Dials	28 Jan., 1721
8	8.	Crown, Leadenhall Street	May, 1722
9	7.	King's Arms, New Bond Street	25 Nov., 1722
10	6.	Fish and Bell, Charles Street, Soho Square	27 Feb., 1722
11	9.	Dundee Arms, Wapping New Stairs	1722
12	10.	Grapes, Chatham	28 March, 1723
13	11.	Turk's Head, Wandsworth	30 March, 1723

* The positions and descriptions of Lodges, at *each* of the re-numberings—1740, 1756, 1770, 1781, and 1792—are shown in the Appendix to the "Four Old Lodges" (Spencer and Co., London). Brethren interested in this branch of Masonic research will there find a key to the identification of all *Regular* eighteenth century Lodges, including those comprised in the lists for 1730, 1734, 1763, and 1777, contributed to this Magazine by Bros. Hughan and Woodford in Feb., 1874, Nov., 1878, Christmas, 1878, and Dec., 1878, respectively.

† Constitutions, 1756, p. 335.

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
14	12.	Anchor, Rosemary Lane	1 April, 1723
18	13.	Mourning Bush, Aldersgate	1723
20	14.	Anchor and Baptist's Head, Chancery Lane	4 Aug., 1723
21	15.	Royal Magazine at Greenwich	11 Sep., 1723
22	16.	Bell, Noble Street	18 Sep., 1723
23	17.	Greyhound, Garlick Hill	1723
24	18.	Blue Lion and Ball, Gray's Inn Passage, Red Lion Square	24 Dec., 1723
27	19.	Angel, Norwich	1724
28	20.	Dolphin, Chichester	17 July 1724
31	21.	Three Tuns, Portsmouth	1724
34	22.	Castle, Lombard Street	22 Jan., 1724
35	23.	Pope's Head, Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill	Feb., 1724
36	24.	Sun, Ludgate Street	April, 1725
38	25.	King's Arms, Lodge at the Gerrard Street, Soho ...	25 May, 1725
43	26.	St. Alban, St. Alban Street...	31 Jan., 1727
44	27.	French Arms, Madrid	1727
49	28.	Baptist's Head, Old Bailey	1728
50	29.	Horseshoe, Cannon Street in the Mint, Southwark ...	1728
51	30.	Gibraltar, Gibraltar	Nov., 1728
53	31.	Lynn, Lynn Regis	1 Oct., 1729
54	32.	George, St. Mary Axe	Jan., 1729
55	33.	Horn, Fleet Street	24 Jan., 1729
56	34.	Peacock, King Street, St. James's Square...	25 March, 1730
61	36.	Red Lion, Barbican	22 May, 1730
62	37.	Bowling Green, Putney	17 July, 1730
63	38.	Saracen's Head, Lincoln	7 Sep., 1730
65	39.	Pewter Platter at Norton Folgate...	26 Jan., 1730
66	40.	East India Arms, Bengall	1730
67	41.	Fox, Castle Street, Southwark	1730
68	42.	Windmill, Rosemary Lane	1730
69	43.	Angel, Macclesfield, Cheshire	1731
72	44.	Three Tuns, Smithfield	17 Dec., 1731
73	45.	Half Moon, Cheapside	23 Dec., 1731
74	46.	Salutation and Cat, Newgate Street	11 Jan., 1731
75	47.	King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark	2 Feb., 1731
76	48.	King's Arms, Leigh, in Lancashire	22 Feb., 1731
78	49.	A la Ville de Tonerre, Paris	3 April, 1732
81	50.	Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho	25 May, 1732
82	51.	Dog Tavern, St. James's Market	21 June, 1732
84	52.	Carlisle Cathedral, Shoreditch	12 July, 1732
91	53.	London Bridge, Punch House, London Bridge	8 Sep., 1732
92	54.	Virgin's Inn, Derby	14 Sep., 1732
93	55.	Bolton	9 Nov., 1732
97	56.	Three Swans, Salisbury	27 Dec., 1732
99	57.	City of Norwich, Spittlefields	17 Feb., 1732
100	58.	Queen's Head, Chelsea	3 Mar., 1732
101	59.	Bear, Bath	18 May, 1733
102	60.	Cross Keys, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden	23 May, 1733
103	61.	Red Lion, Bury, Lancashire	26 July, 1733
104	62.	Talbot, Stourbridge, Worcestershire	1 Aug., 1733
105	63.	Sun, St. Paul's Churchyard	27 Dec., 1733
109	64.	Swan, Birmingham	1733
110	65.	Royal Exchange, Boston, New England...	1733
111	66.	Valenciennes, French Flanders	1733

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.	
113	67.	Masons' Arms, Plymouth		1734
98	68.	Sampson and Lion, E. Smithfield, late the Ship at the Hermitage	17 Feb.	1734
114	69.	King's Head, near the Watch House, High Holborn ...	11 June,	1735
115	70.	Steward's Lodge, Southampton Street, Covent Garden...		
116	71.	Hague in Holland		1735
117	72.	Fencers, New Castle-on-Tyne	24 June,	1735
118	73.	The Castle, at Aubigny, in France	12 Aug.,	1735
123	74.	Fountain, High Street, Bristol	12 Nov.,	1735
124	75.	Savannah, in the Provinces of Georgia		1735
126	76.	Angel, Colchester		1735
127	77.	Fountain, Gateshead, Bishopric, Durham	8 March,	1735
129	79.	Rising Sun, Fashion Street, Spittelfield...	11 June,	1736
131	80.	King's Head, Norwich		1736
132	81.	George, Tythe-barn Street, Liverpool	25 June,	1736
133	82.	Cock and Lion, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill	16 Aug.,	1736
134	83.	Rose, Edgebaston-Street, Birmingham	20 Sep.,	1736
135	84.	Bell, Friday Street	2 Dec.,	1736
136	85.	George, Ironmonger Lane	21 Dec.,	1736
137	86.	Fountain, Bartholemew Lane, late the Buffaloe's Head	31 Dec.,	1736
138	87.	Blue Posts, Southampton Buildings, Holborn	24 Jan.,	1736
139	88.	Crown, West Smithfield	14 Feb.,	1736
144	89.	Three Tuns, Spittlefields...	18 April,	1737
147	90.	Chapman's Coffee House, Sackville Street	24 Aug.,	1737
148	91.	Sugar Loaf, Fleet Street...	21 Sep.,	1737
149	92.	Sun, Milk Street, Honey Lane Market	8 Dec.,	1737
150	93.	Angel, Shipton Mallet, Somerset...	12 Dec.,	1737
154	94.	Parham Lodge, Parham, Antigua	31 Jan.,	1737
157	95.	Swan, Gloucester...	28 March,	1738
158	96.	Black Dog, Shoreditch	3 May,	1738
162	97.	Black Bull, Halifax, Yorkshire	12 July,	1738
164	98.	The Great Lodge, at St. John's, Antigua	22 Nov.,	1738
165	99.	Fox, near the Square, Manchester		1738
166	100.	Black Lion, Nottingham Court, Seven Dials	27 Jan.,	1738
167	101.	Coach and Horses, NorthgateStreet, Chester	1 Feb.,	1738
169	103.	Red Lion, Hornechurch, Essex	13 March,	1738
170	104.	Baker's Lodge, St. Mary's Street, St John's, Antigua ...	14 March,	1738
182	105.	Kingston, in Jamaica	14 April,	1739
172	106.	King William's Head, Portsmouth Common, Southampton,	24 April,	1739
174	107.	Scotch Arms and Bunch of Grapes, The Mother Lodge, at St Christopher's, held at Basseterre...	21 June,	1739
176	108.	Crown and Ball, Playhouse-yard, Black Fryers ...	29 Aug.,	1739
177	109.	King's Arms, Wellclose Square	8 Oct.,	1739
178	110.	King's Arms and One Tun, Hyde Park Corner	25 Oct.,	1739
179	111.	White Bear, Aldersgate Street	7 Dec.,	1739
180	112.	King's Head, in the Poultry	10 Jan.,	1739
187	113.	Private Room, Lausanne, in the Canton of Berne, Swit.	2 Feb.,	1739
181	114.	Three Lions, Banbury, Oxfordshire	31 March,	1740
183	115.	Ship, James's Street, Covent Garden	26 June,	1740
184	116.	Bush Tavern, Corn Street, Bristol	10 July,	1470
185	117.	The Third Lodge, Calcutta, East Indian...		1740
186	118.	St. Michael's Lodge, in Barbadoes		1740
	119.	Absalon, at Hamburgh	23 Oct.,	1740
188	120.	The George, Whitehaven, Cumberland	19 March,	1740
189	121.	Ship and Castle, High Street, Haverford West, South Wales.., ...	14 April,	1741

Nos. 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
190	122.	King's Arms, Wellclose Square	13 April, 1742
	123.	Old Road, St. Christopher's	17 June, 1742
192	124.	Union, Francfort, Germany	17 June, 1742
191	125.	Three Horse Shoes, Leominster, Hereford	11 Oct. 1742
193	126.	Port Royal Lodge, Jamaica	1742
194	127.	Angel, Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, North Wales ...	17 Sep., 1743
196	128.	St. George, Emperor's Court, Hamburgh	24 Sep., 1742
195	129.	Bull, High Street, Bristol	20 March, 1743
197	130.	New Lodge, Copenhagen, Denmark	25 Oct., 1745
208	131.	St. Jago De la Vega, in Jamaica	29 April, 1746
198	132.	Bear, Norwich	9 May, 1747
268	133.	A New Lodge, at St. Eustatius, Dutch Islands ... West Indies	6 June, 1747
203	134.	Mitre, Plymouth	15 June, 1748
200	135.	Bishop's Head, Plymouth...	1 May, 1748
199	136.	Maid's Head, Norwich	5 Jan., 1748
201	137.	Bear, Cambridge	31 March, 1749
202	138.	Lodge of Orange, at Rotterdam	5 May, 1749
204	139.	St. Martin's Lodge, at Copenhagen, Denmark	9 Oct,, 1749
205	140.	Three Tuns, St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich	9 Jan., 1749
213	141.	Number I., at Minorca	9 Feb., 1750
214	142.	Number II., at Minorca	23 May, 1750
215	143.	Number III., at Minorca...	24 June, 1750
206	144.	St. Christopher's, at Sandy Point...	20 July, 1750
207	145.	Unicorn, Norwich	12 Feb., 1751
209	146.	King's Arms, Falmouth	20 May, 1751
210	147.	Angel, Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk	6 June, 1751
211	148.	King's Head, West Street, Gravesend	8 June, 1751
212	149.	St. Andrew's Cross, the Sea Captain's Lodge, near the... Hermitage	29 Aug., 1751
216	150.	Number IV., at Minorca	26 Nov., 1751
217	151.	King's Arms, at Helstone, Cornwall	14 April, 1752
260	152.	St. John's Lodge, at Bridge Town, in the Island of... Barbadoes	23 April, 1752
218	153.	Ship, Leadenhall Street, late the Bell, at Aldgate ...	13 July, 1752
219	154.	Rainbow, Coffee-house, Cornhill	21 Aug. 1752
220	155.	Masons' Arms, at Truro, in Cornwall	22 Sept. 1752
221	156.	At Chardenagore, the chief French Settlement in ... Bengal, East India	
222	157.	Madras, in East India	
223	158.	At the Hague, in Holland	
261	159.	St Peter's Lodge, Barbadoes	16 Dec., 1752
224	160.	Blackmoor's Head, Nottingham	7 Jan., 1753
225	161.	Lion and Goat, Grosvenor Street	24 Feb., 1753
226	162.	Burton's Coffee House, Crane Court, Peter's Hill, near Doctors' Commons	5 March, 1753
227	163.	Angel, Piccadilly	
228	164.	Lilly Tavern, in Guernsey	10 May, 1753
229	165.	Exchange Tavern, Bristol	22 Aug., 1753
230	166.	Queen's Head, Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields	23 Oct., 1753
240	167.	Three Crowns, Carmarthen, South Wales	24 Oct,, 1753
231	168.	King's Head, Balsover Street, Cavendish Square ...	5 Nov., 1753
232	169.	Castle and Lion, White-lion Lane, Norwich	10 Nov., 1753
233	170.	Evangelists' Lodge, Antigua	10 Nov., 1753
		At Amsterdam	30 Nov., 1753

Nos: 1740-55	Nos. 1756-69.	Signs of the Houses.	Dates of Constitution.
235	172.	Rose and Crown, at Prescot, in Lancashire	20 Dec., 1753
236	173.	Royal Exchange, Borough of Norfolk, Virginia ...	22 Dec. 1753
262	174.	St. Paul's Lodge, Speight's Town, Barbadoes	31 Jan., 1754
237	175.	King's Arms, Mansel Street, Goodman's Fields	9 Feb., 1754
253	176.	Redruth, in Cornwall	14 Feb., 1754
241	177.	Bear, Lemon Street, Goodman's Fields	18 Feb., 1754
238	178.	Mitre, Union Street, Westminster	2 March, 1754
239	179.	Chequers, All Saints, Norwich	4 March, 1754
242	180.	Swan, Ramsgate	8 March, 1754
243	181.	Parrot, Cow Lane, Leeds	28 March, 1754
244	182.	Robin Hood, Butcher Row, St. Clements	29 March, 1754
246	183.	Crown, Without Cripplegate	5 April, 1754
245	184.	Star, Aldersgate Street	13 April, 1754
247	185.	Swan, at Westminster Bridge, ...	13 May, 1754
249	186.	Lord Craven's Arms, near Carnaby Market	24 June, 1754
250	187.	Pelican, Leicester...	21 Aug., 1754
266	188.	Red house, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, South Wales ...	Aug., 1754
267	189.	Bear, Cow Bridge, Glamorganshire	Sept., 1754
269	190.	Number II., at St. Eustatius, Dutch Island, West Indies	1754
251	191.	Queen's Head, Lowestoff, in Suffolk	29 Oct., 1754
252	192.	Chequers, Charing Cross	2 Nov., 1754
254	193.	Crown, Corner of Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials	14 Dec., 1754
256	194.	Coffee House, St. Ann's Square, Manchester	4 Feb., 1755
255	195.	Number 8, the King's own Regiment of Foot	15 Feb., 1755
257	196.	Noah's Ark, Moore Street	2 March, 1755
258	197.	Jack of Newbury, Chiswell Street	5 April, 1755
259	198.	White Hart, St. James's Street	5 May, 1755
271	199.	Ship and Castle, Penzance, in Cornwall...	14 June, 1755
263	200.	Admiral Vernon's Head, North Audley Street, Grosvenor Square	17 June, 1755
264	201.	St. Augustine's Parish, City of Norwich	17 June, 1755
265	202.	The Lodge of Charity, at Amsterdam	24 June, 1755
	203.	Raven, Cow Lane, Chester	24 June, 1755
270	204.	Lion, Beccles, in Suffolk	14 July, 1755
	205.	Swan Tavern, in York Town, Virginia	1 Aug., 1755
	206.	The Flower in Hand, Parish of St. Mary's, Norwich ...	16 Sep., 1755
	207.	Sunderland near Sea, County of Durham	7 Oct., 1755
	208.	The Grand Lodge Frederick, at Hanover	25 Nov, 1755
	209.	Feathers, Bridge Street, Chester	2 Dec., 1755
	210.	White Hart, and Prince of Wales's Arms, Upper end of Cranborne Alley, Leicester Fields	20 Jan., 175[illegible]
	211.	A Lodge in Captain Bell's Troop, in the Right Hon. Lord Ancram's Regiment of Dragoons	7 Feb., 17[illegible]6
	212.	The Sun, and 13 Cantons, Great Poultney Street, Golden Square	26 Feb., 1756

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 444.)

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4784 *bbb.* Brussels: Planche Tracée de la Ceremonie de l'Inauguration. 8vo, Armand, 1798.

4784 *bbb.* 2 Port-Briene, O. de: Extrait du Procès-Verbal de l'Installation. 8vo, Port-Briene, 1799 (?).

4784 *bbb.* 3 Liege, de: A la Gloire du G. A. de l'Un. Tableau des F. F. 12mo, 1808.

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4784 *bbb.* 9 Brussels: Couplets Offerts a la R. —. de l'Espérance, etc. 8vo, 1829.

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4783 *bb.* Carlile, R.; Manual of Freemasonry. 8vo, London (1860).
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4783 *bb.* Preston, Wm.: Illustrations of Masonry. 10th edition, 1801.
4783 *bb.* Cross, R. W. J. L.: The True Masonic Chart. 4th edition, 8vo, New Haven, 1826.
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4783 *bb.* Duncan, M. C.: D.'s Masonic Ritual and Monitor. 8vo, New York.
4783 *bb.* (?) ~~Fremough~~, J.: The Institutes of Freemasonry. 8vo, Liverpool, 1788.
4783 *bb.* Mackey, A. G.: Cryptic Masonry: A Manual, etc. 8vo, New York, 1867.
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A CHANT OF SPRING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES AUTHOR OF "AMABEL VAUGHAN," ETC.

(Written for the "Masonic Magazine.")

'Tis clear, and cold, and beautiful, a breezy, brave March day,
As I saunter in the meadows, and watch the lambs at play;
Ah! here in dear old England now, where all around is peace,—
Thank God that he has in our land, at least, made wars to cease!

In shady copse the daffodil flaunts high its graceful head,
The crocus and the snowdrop, too, peep out from mossy bed;
And the green banks ivy-covered show wealth of golden gorse,
And mimic cascades ripple o'er the little watercourse.

The husbandman is ploughing in the fields not far away,
Solemn rooks, going cawing by, will follow him to-day;
And screaming sea-gulls, sailing o'er, rejoice that winter's gone,
Whilst meadow-lark, upsoaring high, carols his own bright song.

The cuckoo-pint is putting forth its beauteous green leaf;
The brilliant starréd celandine suggests to tiny thief,—
'Tis sweet to cull the wild flowers, the pallid primrose too,
And modest drooping violet, heaven's cerulean hue.

The air is honey-scented, for the wind has died away,
And sunbeams strong strike on the gorse and charm the bees that way;
A solitary butterfly, tempted from winter's home,
Flutters in the sunlight now, for it thinks the summer's come.

The meek-eyed daisy and the speedwell, o'er the fields besprent,
Look gratefully towards heaven, as if they were content
To bask for ever in the sun, and smile the livelong day,
Whilst happy children gambol near, and peacefully do play.

Poised high in air, and steadfastly, the kestrel-hawk is seen,
Looking with piercing glance adown, for the shrew-mouse, I ween,
Ready to dart with lightning speed upon his puny prey,
Hedge-sparrow, or wood-pigeon with its suit of silver grey.

And terror-struck, the fragile creatures seek the wooded brake,
Now hiding from their feathered foe, as with great fear they quake;
And thoughtfully I wander home, as wondering I am
When the fierce lion prophesied will lie down with the lamb.

Fowey, Cornwall, March, 1879.

INSANITY AND FREEMASONRY.

BY H. SUTHERLAND.

DID it ever strike the reader what an extraordinary thing it is that the secrets of Freemasonry have never been revealed?

Still more remarkable is the fact that when the mind, temporarily, as in drunkenness, or permanently, as in insanity, is diseased, even then the unfortunate patient will refuse to divulge those mysteries he has promised to preserve inviolate.

The writer has on more than one occasion seen an attempt made to extort the signs, tokens, and words of our order by the uninitiated from one under the influence of drink. He has seen such a one, so to speak, pull himself together, and say, "No, I may tell you anything you like to ask, but I cannot tell you *that*." He has seen such an attempt act like a charm upon the person questioned, and produce a temporary state of complete sobriety, certainly, succeeded subsequently by a return to an inebriated condition. But in all stages of the malady, the result, as regards extortion of Masonic secrets, was the same. Either an obstinate, sullen refusal to reveal what was demanded, or a relapse later on into complete silence.

This is a disagreeable subject to touch upon. In such cases the mental aberration, temporary as it may be, is produced by the fault of the sufferer. In cases of insanity the condition of things is often totally different. There, the patient frequently succumbs to the over-strain of mental work, to misfortunes resulting from pecuniary difficulties, to hereditary influences, slowly though surely working their fatal design, and to causes too numerous to mention, all beyond the control of the individual, but nevertheless producing as dire results as if he had purposely planned his life to his own destruction.

The writer was once in charge of a large hospital for lunatics. A man, aged about sixty, was admitted, in a state of what is technically called Dementia. That is to say, his mind, for the time being, was a complete blank; he was, as the attendants say "lost." He was dressed, undressed, fed, and cared for by others. This state of things continued for some weeks. The physician constantly made a practice of shaking hands with the man every morning, as he went his rounds, and attempted, if possible, to rekindle any spark of intellect that might still be latent in the old man's brain. At last one morning, to the surprise of the medical attendant, the patient gave him a decided Masonic grip, which he cautiously returned. For the first time for two months the man spoke; "I'm so glad to have found a brother," he said; "I thought you were a Mason by the way you shook hands with me." The grip was then repeated by the patient more openly. The physician advised caution about this, and the patient himself suggested that the left hand should always be placed over the right, as the grip was given, "to prevent the attendants seeing," as he said. Next day, this first return to speech led to a discussion of degrees. The old man was a Master-Mason, and although at that time he could only remember the grip of an entered apprentice, yet before he left the asylum he went very fairly through the secrets of the three degrees in a private room with the writer.

Insanity resulting from a man's own fault is generally incurable, and even fatal. Especially so, if the fault discovered has extended over a series of years. Happily, this was not the case with our lunatic Master-Mason. Although old and infirm, he had succumbed only to domestic anxieties, and had always led a steady and industrious life. Six months after his admission he returned to his family, and although he never again could do the work he did before the attack, yet he was enabled, even then, to contribute something by his own exertions towards their maintenance.

A second curious case was once presented to the writer by another Masonic physician. The patient had been a contributor for many years to a popular illustrated newspaper. He had been sent abroad to foreign parts to sketch the manners and

customs of those whom the current events of the day had brought into notice. To an accurate estimation of national character he could add those delicate touches in his drawings which revealed a cultivated mind and a grotesque fancy, producing results which were perfectly bewitching. Excessive mental and bodily fatigue brought this man to a pauper asylum. Ambitious in his youth, he had always endeavoured to rise in whatever he undertook. Possibly with *bad judgment*, he expended a large proportion of his slender income in taking Masonic degrees. The secrets of these he never forgot, except for a short time, when he was suffering from what is known as acute delirious mania. He soon realised his position in the asylum. He sent for his sketch-books and drawing materials, and immediately began to design an illustrated record of his own life. Mixed up with good and artistic drawing were the expressions of the delusions under which he suffered. In one place he represented himself entering into Masonry, this picture being crowded with policemen, electricians with their batteries, fumes of noxious vapours, teeming with witches and hobgoblins, good and evil spirits, and other incongruous objects. In another, he was under fire in a ship at sea, the shells and cannon balls which fell thickly around him having demons of unknown form sitting astride of them. Again, he was dreaming of his fatherland in a tent. Some tawny Indians were creeping stealthily up to rob or attack him in his sleep. The leader was represented as starting back, when he beheld a Masonic emblem suspended over the door of the tent. His book was full of interesting sketches, which he would explain at length when in a good-natured mood.

Another case, somewhat different, was that of a man who, not being a Mason, pretended to know all the secrets of this and, indeed, of every other order. This individual was suffering from what is called General Paralysis of the insane, a disease in which a prominent symptom is that delusions of pride are developed.

He told the writer that he was in training for the championship of the Thames, that he had a horse which was certain to win the next Derby, and that he had a peculiar strength of his own, which enabled him to perform any feat, however difficult, although he had never attempted to do it before. Amongst other delusions, he professed to know the secrets of every Masonic degree, and to be able to impart them to others. He then proceeded to initiate his physician and some of his attendants. The signs were varied and difficult of execution, but unfortunately were different for each candidate for admission.

We all declared ourselves much satisfied with the knowledge which had been imparted to us, and left him in the best humour possible.

This very individual soon altered, however, in character. He became morose, secreting a stone in a stocking, with the intention of knocking the physician on the head with it. He also refused food, a symptom not common amongst genuine Masons, and concealed his victuals under the stair-carpets. Such a disease is ordinarily fatal within a few years, and such patients are liable to succumb easily to a slight accident. This man fell as his disease advanced. Erysipelas set in where the limb had been bruised, and he died shortly afterwards, still full of his old delusions.

At Charenton Asylum, in Paris, the writer made the acquaintance of a colonel, also a Mason, suffering from Paralysis of the insane. He could utter but one word, as he was in the last stage of the disease. His delusion, the only one left from the wreck of his intelligence, was that he, a colonel, had been made a general. When spoken to, he could only answer "*Générale, Générale,*" and this single word he repeated till the end.

To return to our first case, where the old man was stirred from a condition of complete mental apathy into a state of intellectual excitement by discovering his physician was a Mason. Far be it from us to say that this man would not have recovered if he had not met with a Masonic medical attendant. But we may fairly say that the accident by which this discovery was made accelerated the cure in this case. The man might have gone on for months without finding anything in common between himself and those around him, and who knows but what the disease might have taken a wrong turning, and not found the right path again?

The moral of the story is, that there is a still higher Freemasonry than that dependent upon our grips, our signs, and our emblems, although that is in itself good and useful when not abused and carried too far. There is a Freemasonry between man and man, a Fremasonry of sympathy, which will do more towards curing many such cases of mental weakness than all the drugs in the British Pharmacopœa. And in passing through life, let us not forget the story of the Mason who was cured by sympathy. Let us not draw too stringent a line of demarcation between ourselves and our less fortunate brethren. Let us remember that although we are not all Masons, still, we are all brothers, and take to heart those beautiful and expressive lines:—

"Something God hath to say to thee,
Worth hearing from the lips of all."

SPEECHES.

BY GARTER.

IN the spring time of the session begins the flow of speeches. "Some speak, for the voice of Heaven seems calling on them, some for advancement or lucre's sake, and some speak in frolic!" but how very few there are who, having something to say, make a really good, lasting, and effective speech! Many people begin by thinking that to make a speech is about as easy a thing to do as to recite their alphabet, and end by finding it one of the most troublesome and difficult performances. If brevity be the soul of wit, then he who makes a short speech, as the Prince of Wales once observed, ought to be a witty speech-maker; and that is no doubt true, if his brevity proceeds from knowledge of his subject, and familiarity in dealing with it. Thus, supposing a man possessed of extensive and varied knowledge and length and breadth of observation be called upon to make a speech, his very knowledge will circumscribe him, and make him sparing of his words, and bring out only those points that are best for the majority. One-half of the speech-makers may be said to be employed in retailing grievances, and the other half in redressing them and temporising them. That which is written remains to the eye, but that which is spoken often penetrates and touches all our inward feelings, therefore eloquence sometimes exercises a greater power by reason of the quickness with which it at once appeals to our understanding or imagination. It has been observed that great speeches spring out of great abuses, and it may be on that account that many young orators begin their career by abusing everything right and left, irrespective of its merits. Generous people invariably praise everything that is at all commendable. It is disagreeable to be continually complaining and mooting reforms, and it is pleasanter to read and to hear that which is agreeable to the circumstances; but as a surgeon has occasionally to use cutting instruments to preserve life, so it is fortunate there exist some whose predilection, it would seem to be, consists in scenting out and bringing forward grievances and abuses. There are, however, a certain class of speakers exceedingly obnoxious in their way: the more so, that they surround themselves with a certain mock modesty, and begin or interlard their speeches in this wise, "For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, I only speak right on;" and they *do* go right on, managing, however, to say a number of extremely rude and disagreeable observations.

Speeches that are of public importance should contain these ingredients: sound knowledge and good principles, views applicable and feasible, and the object or reform desired stated as clearly and as tersely as possible. As a general rule, denunciations and expressions of indignation are out of order. Vituperation seldom makes any real impression upon people who are ready to make any desired effort, and generally only gains the passing applause of agitators who delight in denouncing anything and everything, and forget all about it the next moment.

There are various kinds of speeches of course. There are after-dinner speeches, speeches for charitable dinners, and so on, *ad infinitum*. After-dinner speeches are generally allowable, to be made as pleasurable to one's feelings as possible, providing they do not savour too much of anything approaching toadyism. Nothing is in such bad taste or more quickly and ridiculously despised than to pay a man a compliment exceeding on the face of it all bounds of probability. We can, however, generally speaking, after a dinner that we have gone to with the sincerity of being mutually pleased with each other, think and speak of each other at our best, and, if we are called upon, to speak it, to say it, and the pleasant recollections may possibly occur again and again to our minds, even when our body is not being supplied with such pleasant food. Speeches for charitable dinners form an important feature, and require much delicacy in treatment and expression. It is certainly a more comfortable and pleasurable way of giving subscriptions over a dinner that may perhaps give us the momentary feeling of being kin one with another; but the publicity that attends such a dinner sometimes ruffles the feathers of those whom it is intended to serve. It may be somewhat difficult for a donor to steer clear of the patronising expressions that wound and offend when speaking of an institution he helps. Many indeed would not contribute at all if they had not the pleasure of making it a subject of conversation afterwards. Still, when a mill turns out bread, all should be grist that comes to it. There are men, however, who preside at such dinners with grace, delicacy, and feeling, and it argues a want of self-respect to be too much discomposed or to take offence at hearing the benefits of the institution described. Success is in some cases a mere matter of chance. People occasionally grow rich through no very great merit of their own. Chance has placed them in some particular berth or calling, and they have passively gone up with the stream; but if a few have found the stream carrying them where they knew not, and have tried to resist it, and swim themselves, and been swamped thereby, why, let us man the life-boat and row them back into smoother waters, and give them the opportunity, if possible, of making a fresh sail and steering towards that which may be to them as a haven firm as a rock, and not a sand shore.

As regards speeches for weddings, we have never had the occasion, happily or unhappily, to be the blissful, happy, incoherent bridegroom. We have had, however, to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and then, although we still remained a batchelor, came bravely and gallantly forward as the champion of *more* than one maiden that was elegant, graceful, and beautiful.

TURF SMOKED.

A MASONIC SKETCH.

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGOYNE, NO. 902.—P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

"I NEVER go east of Temple Bar," as the song says. Perhaps, however, in strictness I ought to qualify the assertion by a quotation from the refrain of another popular lyric, and explain that I mean "hardly ever"; but when I do, I invariably drop in at Louey's.

Not at Dolly's, nor Betty's, nor Jenny's, nor Susan's, nor Polly's. In fact, no pet diminutive in feminine gender, possessive case, will represent Louey's at all. Louey's is, on the contrary, essentially masculine. If it had occurred to the late Lord Macaulay

to appropriate to himself the illustrious honour of describing this ancient hostelry, he would have at the outset anticipated all equivocal misapprehension by writing the name Lewis's—does not the great historiographer invariably allude to Ludovicus Magnus as Lewis?—and thereby have dismally failed in conveying the popular and archaic phrase by which the establishment is known. It is Louey's—Louis'—the "Anchor" Tavern, in the City of London—at least that is the sign it is registered by in the records of the licensing Aldermen, and how it has come to be popularly known by a feminine term will be readily conjectured by the perusers of the ensuing sketch.

Yes, this is whither I resort when occasionally I "go east of Temple Bar" to commission my broker to buy or to sell for me—say a quarter of a million Turks, by which I mean two hundred and fifty thousand pounds' worth of Ottoman scrip, and by no means intend to convey that I am tempting my worthy factor to traffic in Mussulmans' bodies. Whenever I have a few "cool thou" to spare, and resort where "merchants most do congregate" for the purpose of investing those superfluous sovereigns, I find no difficulty in resisting the temptations offered by the "chumps" of Dolly, and the "loins" at Bet's, and the fat "points"—very different things from blue points, let me tell you—at Joe's, and the "kidneys and mashed" at Polly's—I experience no effort in resisting these carnal attractions, I say, because I desire to resort to a quiet haven where I may cogitate over my speculations in company with a glass of hot brown brandy and water, a long clay pipe, and a dozen other old fogies similarly endowed; and so I resort to Louey's.

And where is Louey's? you impatiently ask me. Well, as to its sign, the "Anchor," you know, there are at least a dozen *estaminets* bearing that title within the well defined circle of which Gog and Magog constitute the centre, and so I don't think that a reference to the Post Office London, or any other Directory, would materially assist you. No, you must ask some of your city friends to direct you, or, better still, perhaps they may offer to convoy you personally, to the hospitable establishment thereby known. I can only tell you that the ancient institution flourishes somewhere between the Blackfriars station of the District Railway and that notorious mart where, as my Lord Chesterfield euphuistically puts it, "they sell the very best of fish, and use the very worst of language."

If unfortunately you have no city acquaintance, have I not given you a direction explicit enough? You know Billingsgate, of course? You don't know Baynard's Castle? Do you know the *Times* office at Whitefriars? You do? Well and good. Set your back against the peristyle, under the clock of that renowned edifice, and look straight before you, and you shall see a huge pile of buildings many, many, stories high, generally ornamented by a rotund white sack or two swinging in mid air from a crane apparently as far removed from earth as that which for centuries crowned the roof of Cologne Cathedral—look well at those horizontal rows of casements, and you contemplate the R. W. Bro. Alderman Hadley's granaries, and you shall behold, too, the *locus in quo*—the site of the palace where Gloucester, aspiring Richard, was pointed out by wily Buckingham to the—by no means wily—Lord Mayor—

"Look, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen,"

in his Grace's palace, built on the site of the castle, "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror," near the Crookback's royal mamma's Dower House, the appanage of Cicely, Duchess of York, Baynard Castle, on the city shore of the Thames."

Well, if you want to go to Louey's you must start from the east side of the aforementioned granary, and steadily persevere in the direction of the last-mentioned point of the compass through Thames Street, until you come to an—no, to *the* "Anchor"—if ever you do come to it, for you will probably have to dodge a laden van, which will squeeze you between an iron street post and the wall, in a space of about nine inches broad, on the one hand, or duck and run to avoid being ignominiously overwhelmed by some swaying mass descending from a crane apparently direct upon your head, on the

other. And the fun of it all is, that if ever you do reach Louey's—that is to say, the immediate locality of Louey's—you won't know that you are there. It is a case of through the wood, and round the wood, and never touching the wood. For Louey's isn't there; it is other-where. To the street this ancient tavern gives no indication of its presence. It is up a court—very much up a court; and when you have got up the court you find that Louey's is—amphibious. Sailors are said in the ballad to stand in an uncomfortable attitude described as "one foot on sea and one on shore;" but Louey's hasn't even a foot on shore—it may have a toe—a finger—it feebly essays to cling to the bank by means of its almost wholly deserted public bar—wherein, however, only vinous or spirituous compounds are purveyed, for, like the "Garland," * the "Anchor" has never descended to supplying malt liquor—but the main corporeality of Louey's is like the braggadocio buccaneer in Eliza Cook's ballad, "afloat"—its heart beats on the mighty waters of Thames. In other and less lofty words, Louey's main business is transacted in a "parlour" poised upon piles deeply driven into the muddy bed of the river.

And now that, thanks to my lucid cartography, you have found Louey's, "sit ye down," order a steaming rummer of "something hot," light your pipe, and perpend, for I have at length arrived at the appropriate moment for narrating to you the abstract and brief chronicle of the history of that renowned hostelry.

When that "bold hussy," as honest Nell Gwynne called her, she of the beetle brows, and the swarthy complexion, and the large globular eyes, and the curly black "fringe" hiding the low forehead, she who, very much *décolletée*, stares insolently at you from Lely's canvas in Hampton Court Gallery—Louise de Querouailles, or Madame Carewell, as the public, with their usual fine sense of irony, would persist in calling her—afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth—came over to England in 1670, in attendance on decapitated Charles's daughter, the ill-fated Henrietta Maria, Duchess of Orleans, the Frenchwoman brought in her train two boys, destined to play contrasting parts in history—one a conspicuous and notorious character; the other to assume the *rôle* of an insignificant and obscure founder of a very ordinary commercial establishment. The first bore the Christian name of Claude, to which was added a surname derived from the fertile dell whence he had his birth, in the sunny land of the Pays d'Oc—Du Val. Of the second only the name Louis has been preserved. The one kicked off his Parisian *pantoufles* to a grinning English mob from under the three-legged wooden mare at Tyburn. The other died in his bed—a naturalised subject of the British Crown—constructively—as the lawyers say—girt with the white apron of a tapster, the founder, first licensee, and landlord of the "Anchor" Tavern, in the Ward of What's-its-name Within, in the city of London.

How the original Louis, or Lewis, according to Lord Macaulay, first came to cast this "Anchor" I have never been able to ascertain, nor is it of any great importance. The discarded or retiring servants of the nobility and gentry of this realm have not infrequently invested their savings in a "pub," and although Louey's fellow-servant's avocations conferred upon him the privilege of dancing a coranto with Lady Arabella Sydney on Hounslow Heath by moonlight, and endowed him with the choicest of flowers, and bedewed him with tears from the loveliest of eyes while quaffing his last draught "at the Crown in St. Giles's," I fancy the honest vintner's euthanasia was quite as dignified, if not altogether as sensational, as dashing Claude's apotheosis.

I see now, "in my mind's eye, Horatio," oldLouey's portrait, Kit Cat size, by—well say Thornhill—over the mantel in the pile-supported parlour. His portly paunch is scarcely covered by the smallest of kid-skin aprons. His fat hand bears the tiniest of gavels, and his manly chest is adorned with the narrowest of blue ribbon collars. Pendant therefrom, however, is the mystic jewel which tells us to this day that Bro. Louis was emeritus in our beloved craft. The canvas is called in contemporary records Bro. Louey's "effigies," and is so entered in the minute book of the Lodge Antediluvian, No. 0, where the illustrious Boniface appears as a member, under the style and title of

* See "Under the Garland," *Ante, p.* 448, "Freemason's Magazine" for April.

Bro. Lewis Lewis, conveying an idea that the licensed victualling compatriot of the Ladies' Highwayman was a Welshman.*

I believe the correct phrase for the promenade of a pier is "deck." I think this term must be applied to the flooring of Louey's saloon. I have said that it is supported on piles, but I have not told you yet that it is bow-windowed. From that wonderful southern bay, ah! what sights are to be seen! Straight as a plummet line can drop beneath you is the deep brown green water of old Father Thames—sometimes the old gentleman rather carelessly obtrudes his mud upon your view, and doesn't decently cover his bed with his ordinary aqueous counterpane. Then the more than half-naked waterside *gamins* pose picturesquely, with the brown old slush for an effective background to their "*smooth white marbly limbs*," and, catching your eye, invoke you "to chuck out a copper" and "see me go 'ead over ears and pick it out o' the mud with my teeth, guv'nor." If, impervious to this adjuration, you lift your eyes and look to the right, you shall see rising over Rennie's picturesque arches, well outlined against the eastern sky, the old grey

> "——towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

and the vertical shaft of the "column pointing to the skies," so rudely denounced by Pope, and the graceful spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, the flying buttresses, ornamenting the Thames in London so impressively, resembling the aerial supporters of the sister edifice adorning the Tyne at Newcastle. You shall catch a glimpse beneath Rennie's semicircles of the masts of the shipping in the pool, of the black hulls and funnels of the outward bound steamers, of the smacks at Billingsgate, of the yards and cordage of the fruit clippers lying opposite at Horselydown. Look to your right—as the showman says—and—but there the great black dome of Paul's almost fills up the field of view, and you had better look straight before you, and you will see across the river what were once Paris Garden and Cupar's Garden, and where in Elizabethan days they baited the bear, and sturdy broad-muzzled dogs pinned the bull, and where from the roofs of some half a dozen octagon-shaped edifices the flags used to fly denoting that within some ingenious device of the witty Mr. Shakespeare, or the learned Master Ben Jonson, or the shrewd "maker" Dekker was at that time—say about four in the afternoon—giving delight to some few hundreds of Her Majesty's lieges. Better still—look at home—that is to say, taking Louey's as your temporary home—and you shall see—what shall you see? Why, you shall behold your vista barred with right lines and angles—you shall be conscious of a general pervading sense of the abiding presence of the accompaniments of men "who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters." You shall see—you shall feel— Well, words fail me. Look out at the Royal Academy Exhibition this month for one of Mr. Tissot's interiors. Never mind the sweetly pretty nautical—I was going to say naughty—girls, but I won't—maidens with whom it is his wont to people his delightful old maritime tavern parlours; but regard the lines and sashes of his bay windows, the "cross hatching" of the spars and tackle and wharves and quays seen through them, the fresh clear crisp Canaletto effect of the waterscape as only Mr. Tissot can convey it, in—say—such a picture as the "Captain's Daughter," or the "Ball on Shipboard," which charmed us all years ago on the walls of the Academy—and then—then you will realise the appearance of Louey's parlour upon the piles.

And this salt flavour pertaining to Louey's is wholly inexplicable, for seafaring men do not as a rule thereunto resort. From outward garb or deportment I cannot form an idea of the social status of the greater number of its customers. They are respectably

* A fair critic looking over my shoulder as I write, murmurs, "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief," and suggests that some association of depredatory ideas may have suggested the collocation; but I confess I can't follow the reasoning. Had Louey's compatriot and fellow-servant escaped the triple tree and taken to tavern keeping, there might have been something in the corollary, though even then it would not have been very sound, for his name, you see, was Claude, not Louis.

clad—they are as a rule—there are, it is true, exceptions to Louey's rules, some of which I will presently point out—elderly—they seem to have nothing in the world to do but to sit there for many hours at a time imbibing brown brandy and water, and silently smoking very long and very white "churchwarden" clay pipes. Occasionally a silvery-headed taciturn waiter is seen approaching a couple of fogies, carrying in his arms, tenderly as if it were an infant, a very dusty, dirty-looking bottle. He deposits this precious charge horizontally on the table and retires, to reappear with a couple of squab-glasses, polishing them with a snowy white cloth as he glides along. I have been initiated solemnly into Freemasonry, as you know, but I am not quite sure that that ceremony, grave as it is, is more impressive than the one with which that cobwebby bottle is opened. There is a pause between the "glug" which is heard when the cork is—horizontally—drawn and the "guggle-guggle" sound accompanying the transfer of the liquor to the drinking vessels. This interval is utilised by a solemn examination of the withdrawn stopper. First the grey-headed servitor scans it closely as held on the point of the corkscrew. Then he smells it's stained disc. Then he solemnly shakes his venerable white nut, the while the two greybeards seriously waggle theirs in sympathy. Then he holds the bung to each of those "grave and reverend seignors," and, as if neither had expected such a great compliment, there is much parade in producing, and wiping, and adjusting their respective tortoiseshell-rimmed "folders," and then the corky examination ocularly and olfactorily is close and keen—but, silent—a silence only broken by a peculiar percussive sound and the brief exclamation, "Ah!" from each of the two boon companions as "their spirits rush together at the"—well—*smacking* "of the lips!"

There is something peculiarly irritating to me in this silent soaking—this antithesis to the fun and life of the widows' change-house, where the immortal Tam and Soutter Johnnie noisily became "owre a' th' ills of life victorious." I like good eating and drinking—what brother of the square and compasses does not?—but I confess that I am repelled by men who ostentatiously exult, if only by gestures and incoherent sounds, over the *crû* of their potations or the savour of their viands. It seems to me that, both being of the best quality, their excellence should *cela va sans dire*, or at least their peculiarities be expatiated upon humbly, gratefully, and, above all, without "fuss." Fancy those two ancient fellows smacking, and winking, and clucking, and sipping, and smelling for—say—half an hour—together—not exchanging a word—and their contemporary, the venerable servitor, with his white pate knowingly screwed on one side—magpie wise—bending over the two old bald sconces, and beaming in quite a paternal manner!

Now, if these venerable worthies would only tipple in the unobtrusive manner in which it is *de rigueur* to smoke at Louey's, I should not have felt bound to animadvert upon their manner of partaking their potations. No! If ever smoking is elevated to the dignity of a fine art its professors must graduate in this pile-supported parlour. No "Divan" or club smoking-room or hotel lounge, with all its luxury, enjoyed with consummate *insouciance*, can display the dignity with which nicotine is consumed in the snowy white bowls, and its vapour drawn through the graceful sealing-wax tipped tubes at Louey's. It is enjoyed in silence, and deliberately, as I have said, and therein might afford a lesson to so-called smokers, mere puffers, or, as professors of the art, "duffers—who masticate Henry Clays at eighteen pennies each weed, crunch the amber of two-guinea meershaum billiards, and create an atmosphere of rank choking, gullet-gripping fog every time they essay to consume by fire the divine herb. Depend upon it these were the impostors who inspired King James's counterblast. Be certain he never saw Raleigh smoke, or that famous denunciation would have remained unwritten. Silence is golden, especially when you "drink tobacco," as the old writers have it.

But at Louey's this dignified taciturnity is not induced by the consumption of the weed in its pulverised state. On the contrary, snuff-takers cackle and tattle and sniff, and are generally as obtrusively noisy as Dame Partlet in the farmyard when the avatar of an egg gives prospect of increasing the poultry population.

I have already alluded to the portrait of Brother Louis, or Lewis, in his habit as

he lived and worked, over the mantel-board of this ancient apartment. Well, that shelf is graced by a trophy which, so an inscription on its lid informs us, was presented for the use of the frequenters of that parlour in the year 1774, the year the notorious John Wilkes was Mayor of the great city. It is a monstrous edifice, constructed of oak, oval in shape and rimmed with silver. It is more of a coffer than a snuff-box. The whole of the face presented to the customers is covered with a silver plate bearing a rather incongruous inscription, informing us that this snuff-box was carved from a portion of the bowsprit of His Majesty's gun brig "Boxer" (16 guns), was presented to the present and future patrons of the "Anchor" "smoke-room" by John Broad, for fifteen years churchwarden of this parish, in commemoration of the glorious stand made for the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the press by that illustrious patriot, the Right Honourable John Wilkes, Lord Mayor of London, and the glorious victory gained by the above-named vessel over the enemies of Britain in her capture of the French corvette, the "Hercule" (20 guns), in the year 1753." Beneath appear sundry indentations, very much worn, of a wavy flourishing character, in which the water, and the firmament, and the clouds of gunpowder smoke, appear rather mixed, but are cut at reasonable intervals with the angular yards and masts and hulls and guns of the opposing vessels; the singularly well-marked cross-hatching of the Union Jack, and the *fleurs de luce* on the white field of the flag, already beginning to droop, at the peak of the corvette—both banners, preposterously out of proportion to the entire design—serve sufficiently to identify the nationality of the respective combatants. To prevent, however, any possible ambiguity, the graver's "dry point" has been still further utilised to scratch the following legend, which appears below the bellicose design:—

"Lieutenant and Commander Sturdy, in the 'Boxer' gun brig (16), with a crew of seventy-eight, eighteen of whom were mere boys, on the 17th July, 1753, about two in the afternoon, attacks and, in less than half an hour, obliges to strike, the French corvette 'Hercule' (20), with a crew of one hundred and thirty, commanded by Captain Hector de Bombasard, on the service of the squadron La Manche."

And tradition says that that eminent citizen, wax-chandler, and churchwarden of the parish of St. Simeon, in the Swineyard, John Broad, the donor of the casket, made the capital with which he laid the foundation of the princely fortune he afterwards amassed in the City of London, as the "nipcheese," or, officially speaking, purser, of the gallant "Boxer," that renowned gun brig in the service of His Britannic Majesty which covered itself with glory, and made happy the survivors of its inadequate crew with prize money, on that memorable occasion.

The Freemasons' Lodge formerly held at Louey's has long since ceased to exist; but the brethren of the mystic tie are still not infrequently to be met there; and this remark brings me at once and quite naturally to the very heart and core of my subject.

You have already divined from my exordium, in the delicate repudiation of any such common practice as resorting east of Temple Bar, that I am an individual peculiarly aristocratic in my tastes and habits. So abhorrent is anything oriental from me, that I fear I have not taken the interest I ought to have done in certain recent political events—topics that have engrossed the attention of the world for the past three years—from dread of incurring the imputation which would have been an indelible blot upon my escutcheon of gentility—that I had formed opinions upon an "*Eastern* Question." Still, for all that, I am afraid I must plead guilty to having visited Louey's at all hours—that is to say, at all working hours—of the twenty-four. Sometimes at ten in the morning—for we aristocrats, who occasionally buy a "cool" million or two "for the account"— we gigantic operators, have to be up early at times, if we want to pick up "a good thing." I have also once or twice dropped in for an exultant goblet after "the house"—I don't mean the public-house, but the Stock Exchange—has closed for the day—for a rejoicing tumbler when I have "landed heavily" on "Wheal Emma," or for a consolatory cup when I have come down a Cornish cropper and felt inclined to bewail my lost specie in the pathetic threnody of Woe Emma! I have smoked the clay calumet of cogitation there at noontide. I have assisted at deep

councils there with Kentish farmers, who in the intervals of cloud-blowing, furtively pick pinches of grain from their trousers pockets, and still more furtively masticate them, after market hours, after leaving Mark Lane, say at two in the afternoon. I have been at other times, at all times; but I have *never* been there at any time but HE was there!

HE is my subject. Let me not digress—let me tackle HIM at once; and yet alas! the temptation of my position!

At this moment I stand like Garrick in Hogarth's picture, where Tragedy pulls him one way and Comedy the other—like Hercules between Virtue and Vice, in the "goody-goody" story. Here am I obliged immediately to describe HIM—having to bend my most earnest attention on HIM, and yet I am almost irresistibly impelled to stray away from the grand theme, and write an essay upon pigtails.

I have known in my time some very eminent and aristocratic pigtails adorning the necks of different classes of society. There was that tall military gentleman who until the other day was *the* most conspicuous figure in the reading room of the British Museum, and was no less a person than Charles Albany Stuart, a direct descendant—was he not said to have been the grandson or great grandson—of the unhappy Charles Edward. Well, he wore a very handsomely-tied pigtail. I have spoken with a buttoned-up General, six feet four high, who claimed to be the representative through the elder male branch of "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and asserted that he was the rightful sovereign of these realms—although he magnanimously abstained from taking any overt steps to assert his pretensions—a man with about fifteen Christian names, in which Tudor, Stuart, Athelstane, and Plantagenet conspicuously figured—a warrior who found his recreation in stirring up revolutions in South American republics, and then fighting in those pronunciamientos, or whatever they called them—he apparently wasn't very particular on which side he drew his sword—the Government or the Opposition—so long as he did draw it. Well, he wore gold spurs and a pigtail. I knew a highly respectable *queue*, the proud possessor of which was a gaunt, haggard French *emigré*. He had been a marquis in his own country, and he sold boot-laces standing by the kerb in Ratcliff Highway.

HE—see how adroitly I get back to my subject—HE wore a pigtail—moreover, he wore hair powder. Likewise he sported a frill to his shirt—not one of your modern little edgings, nestling in your bosom as if ashamed of the finikin compromise—but an assertive, demonstrative frill, sticking out profusely at right angles with the waistcoat and ostentatiously calling attention to its snowy get up by displaying a large diamond brooch glittering in its midst. HE wore a cravat too, a many-folded enswathment of spotless white. I never saw him—you see I have now sufficiently identified my hero and so may leave off emphasising him in capitals—I never saw him at any time of the day out of a dress coat—a regular claw hammer—I never saw him in any other place than seated on one particular *fauteuil* in one special corner of Louey's. He didn't even change his place according to the seasons, like "glorious John" is traditionally reported to have done. Dryden, we are told, had his own elbow chair at Will's, which was placed in a special corner by the fireside in winter, and removed to a particular bay window in summer. Like the poet, however, he always attracted talkers and listeners—more of the latter than the former, it always struck me, as we know to have been the case at the coffee house—to his throne. This spot was an oasis in the silence of Louey's smoking room sea—one of the exceptions to which I have before alluded. I never beheld him apart from a huge goblet of hot brown brandy and water—like the shilling's worth with which Mr. Squeers treated himself every time he descended to stretch his legs on that memorable Yorkshire journey—the rummer of the old coaching days. I never saw him without a huge cigar in his mouth, or airily poised between his fat fingers, clad in a suit of plate mail of preciously gemmed rings, as if to display the Golconda of stones to the utmost advantage. And be it remarked, the cigar was another conspicuous exception to the "rule of the room," clearly denoting its consumer a privileged customer. He was, as I have said, always there. Who was he? What was he?

He was elderly. He was corpulent. He was apparently wealthy. He was

invariably clad in black. He, as I have indicated, wore more rings on his fat fingers than any man I ever saw. He was a Freemason. Of what Lodge? I know not, but I do know that he was a Past Master of the craft. He talked so loudly and talked so much that one would have thought it impossible to fail to detect his avocation. He wasn't connected with the establishment. That information I obtained by bribing one of the elderly waiters; but that was the sum total of the intelligence I could extract. My mentor not only did not, could not, or would not communicate his profession, but professed that he didn't even know his name. "He has sat there every day and all day long for more than forty year. He has a power of money, and *the* RE-GAY-LIARS he smokes—— Well—there!"

Once he—not the uncommunicative waiter, but HE—displayed in my hearing such consummate acquaintance with the "price current" of the day in the matter of saltpetre, Bengal chutnee, Bologna sausage, Calcutta curry, and Westphalian hams, that I at once set him down for a drysalter; but, the next time I saw him, his fingers were deep in a piece of dirty whitey-brown paper, containing say a sterling million's worth of glittering crystals, with half a dozen very black and curly polls, and a dozen beady, greedy eyes, and six highly developed beards clustering around him—all the heads together in a centre as they stooped over him, the seedily clad limbs and bodies radiating. They reminded one of certain of the passengers on board the good ship "Iberia" in Thackeray's capital description of the White Squall, where they'd

> "——a hundred Jews to larboard,
> Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,
> Jews black, and brown, and grey;"

and also resembling those unsavoury Hebrews,

> "Each man moaned and jabbered in
> His filthy Jewish gaberdine"—

and then I set him down for a diamond merchant. Happening once to mention some transactions in Pernambucos in which I was temporarily interested, he let off a whole Stock Exchange calendar of information, illustrated by a perfect menagerie of bulls, and bears, and stags, and ducks, lame and otherwise, and then I changed my mind, and made sure he was a stockjobber; but I soon afterwards had reason to think, from what he let fall, that he was a heavy speculator in hops. On one occasion he displayed such a number of gold watches and chains from different receptacles about his person that I began to feel perhaps it would be as well to fight shy of him, and had suspicions that he might be a dealer in stolen goods. I know he was a Conservative, for he denounced briar root pipes as revolutionary, and induced the then proprietor of Louey's to refuse them permission to be enjoyed in the apartment. I suspect that he was more than a Conservative—I would say a Tory, only Mr. Gladstone has recently familiarised us with the employment of that title as a term of reproach, and I don't like to be rude. I remember that he vehemently protested against the supply at the establishment of pale brandy. This was about the year '48, the Revolution year, and he predicted, from the abandonment of brown brandy as a beverage, the imminent overthrow of the monarchy, and the speedy downfall of the Church of England. He protested in vain though,—the straw-coloured innovation *was* provided, although I am bound to admit that it never, in the estimation of the regular customers who "used" the "Anchor" (and Louey's, be it remembered, encouraged a parlour trade, although transacted in an apartment with a bar crossing one end of it, as the "Garland," on the contrary, rigidly restricted itself to bar practice), superseded the brown Nantz to which he of course stuck till the last. Till the last! Ah! the end of my tale approaches. I rather think he was killed by Appolinaris and Bellthal waters. Almost the last discourse I heard from him was an account of a more or less logical association in his mind of the introduction of those liquors with the outrages of the Commune. He had a "seizure" when they were first provided at Louey's. He lingered on—in protest as it were. He mildly shook his venerable head as rash youth qualified their potations from the fizzing bottles on the

counter. One day his accustomed place knew him no more. The Windsor chair was vacant. It should have been draped in black—many wistful eyes looked towards it. Hushed conversation went on around the wooden bar about its late occupant; and in that conversation I found revelation. The spell of secresy had been broken by that great magician Death.

"Don't know who he was, sir? No, sir!!! Why, that was Mr. Chicer, sir, Mr. Solomon Chicer—the GREAT BETTING MAN. See his death and a memoir of him in all the papers this morning, sir. He made a fortune in that chair, he did, sir, and I'm told he's left it all to a black chap in Bombay, sir, who married his only daughter, as died young. No, sir—he never see a race in his life, and I doubt if ever he saw a race-'oss; but at A BOOK, sir—well, there, he could make a book if ever a man could. 'Thousands he's ruined?' Yes—perhaps—but he was a honourable gent, he was. Fair AND square. Paid up like a man, sir, wotever the event. But he's gone. Ah! there's many wuss than he left behind! I was told last night, sir, that Piecrust is scratched for the City and Suburban. *D'ye think there's any truth in it?*"

And this was my hero's occupation—utilising that "noble animal" the horse as a punter uses a roulette box. That little book he was always scribbling in was then a betting book. *O tempora! O mores!!* Do you remember the contempt with which Iago speaks of his rival for the lieutenant's commission,—

> "Who never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knew
> More than a spinster?"

Here was, or rather here had been, Michael Cassio's fellow in the world of field sport. But—oh supreme test—the avocation had been profitable—the beard had paid for the shaving. However, with the memoir that I read in the *Times* my interest in Mr. Chicer ceased. I go to Louey's sometimes still, as I have said, but they have moved away the deceased's chair. They have a very young and glib drawer there now who wears a sealskin waistcoat and diamond *solitaires*, and ridicules the memory of the departed. He alludes to him flippantly as "old Turfy," and with reference to the years he had sat on that throne, the money he had amassed, the means by which he had made it—the skill with which his secret had been preserved—at least so far as I was enlightened—but of course to thousands of the frequenters of the house during say half of the two score years with which Mr. Chicer was credited as a constant—oh how constant—customer it could have been no secret at all,—and the event that led to its ultimate public disclosure—this "puny whipster" raises a witless laugh by sneering allusions to the old gentleman having been at last, like Irish bacon is said to be, "Turf Smoked!"

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY SAVARICUS.

(*Concluded from page* 447).

3RD SPIRIT:—

I greet ye, sisters twain; the world is fair,
In peace the mountains sleep, and forests grow,
The rills and streams to rivers send their share,
And all united to the sea then flow.
The seas and oceans lave the pebbly shore,
Or lashed to tempests sweep the rockbound coast,
The mighty waves may freely rage and roar,
The strand is firm, and keepeth to its post.

In lands unknown in every zone on earth
Majestic scenes of beauty greet the eye:
There undisturbed by man all things have birth,
And calm content those solitudes supply.
Look not for peace where men do congregate:
If two together dwell, discord will come;
A rivalship begun engenders hate,
And life is hard 'till one or both succumb.

Oh tell me, sister Spirits, if ye can,
If man is blest by earth, or earth by man?

1ST SPIRIT:—
Created earth for Paradise was meant;
How fair the scenes, how grand the firmanent!
Sublime the Will that wrought the wond'rous whole,
Stupendous Work! what Majesty of Soul!

2ND SPIRIT:—
The pristine state on earth was beautiful,
And pure, and bright; its joys I may not tell,
For Spirits know what's right and dutiful,
And wept for man when first he sinned and fell.

1ST SPIRIT:—
And all was good until the evil came,
That perfect bliss replaced by sin and shame;
Oh, what a blight terrestial joys then had!—
For Eden's loss all living men are sad.

3RD SPIRIT:—
Remember man's redeeming points are great;
His pow'r well used will raise his fallen state;
The noble Martyrs, burning at the stake,
Unflinching stood for faith and conscience sake.

1ST SPIRIT:—
The worldly Heroes prove that men are brave,
And follow duty's path e'en to the grave;
Their deeds of fame, for ages handed down,
Are worthy records of their great renown.

2ND SPIRIT:—
The Civil Teachers working hard through life,
In peaceful paths where ignorance is rife,
To gain and give what others sadly want,
Are men of mind who draw from Nature's font.

3RD SPIRIT:—
And there are those—Divines,—whose lives are pure,
Who, strong in faith and truth, the world abjure;
The merit of their work excels in this—
They would conduct the souls of men to bliss.

1ST SPIRIT:—
Good men among those of the Healing Art
But live to bless and nobly play their part;
The sick, the maimed, the blind, their constant care,
Where suff'ring is, be sure you'll find them there.

2ND SPIRIT:—
Humane the work by hospitals now done,
Where life by skill is saved, and payment none—
Endowed by those compassionate and kind—
'Tis there the ailing poor relief can find.

3RD SPIRIT:—

Benevolence is like the boundless sea,
Its fountain head spontaneous and free—
'Tis heaven-born, and only sent to bless
Afflicted ones, and those in dire distress.

1ST SPIRIT:—

The land is full of woe, without such aid
Despairing men, of dearth and death afraid,
Would clamour wildly, raging to and fro,
And help demand from friend or ruthless foe.

2ND SPIRIT:—

When trouble comes it mostly is self-made:
The human race too much by passion's swayed;—
Behold the patient toiler everywhere,
How sweet contentment soothes his worldly care.

3RD SPIRIT:—

'Tis progress pushed beyond all wonted bounds,
Or knowledge sought for to uncertain sounds,
That brings confusion spreading year by year,
Beclouding minds that never were too clear.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Some cunning men may flourish by display,
And often lead the simpler ones astray,
Till discontent sits hard upon the brow
And idle stand the men, machine, and plough.

2ND SPIRIT:—

The man or men who organize a "strike,"
By *power of talk*, are doing what they like:
Their hearts are harden'd, turned to stone, or lead,—
Whilst others starve they *must* be paid and fed.

3RD SPIRIT:—

The man who's master called cannot gainsay,
Oppression's hand is strengthen'd by ill pay;
This artizan and peasant keenly feel,
And turn at last against the iron heel.

1ST SPIRIT:—

Conciliation should from masters come,
And men be paid a just, a weekly sum,
Consistent with their calling, money for time,—
A half-fed man, is on the verge of crime!

2ND SPIRIT:—

Those high in life, who live at ease, full fed,
And reap the harvest labour hath well sped,
Should think the workman "worthy of his hire,"
And pay enough to lift him from the mire.

3RD SPIRIT:—

The miser hoarding gold, withholding food,
And pinching nature hard to please his greed,
Displays a spirit, in his wretched mood,
Akin to those who for low wages plead.

1ST SPIRIT:—

A selfish love of wages curses man;
To showy wealth attain, no deed, no plan
Of deepest dye is left undone by some:
The life they live is mere delirium.

2ND SPIRIT :—

Men murder, rob, and foully men betray,
And throw the precious gifts of life away;
'Tis money—Mammon, lust, and stupid pride,
That bringeth man to end with suicide.

3RD SPIRIT :—

The better station giv'n by God to man,
The greater trust, and yet we see a ban
By mortals placed on honest working men,
And labour turned to hardship now and then.

1ST SPIRIT :—

Respect is due from class to class, and more,
A solemn duty's laid at every door;
All men are equal, taken man for man,—
The social grade is but a worldly plan.

2ND SPIRIT :—

The millions toiling for each other's good
Are helping all to gather daily food;
Their work essential, purpos'd as a whole,
The round of life to fill, the mind control.

3RD SPIRIT :—

All things designed by the Almighty's Hand,
Have one harmonious whole, sublimely plann'd;
Mysterious the Source, the Power Divine,
That maketh Seasons change and stars to shine.

1ST SPIRIT :—

We see His Goodness reigning everywhere,
And float with happy spirits through the air;
With rapture passing on from sphere to sphere,
We sweetest sounds of heav'nly music hear.

2ND SPIRIT :—

The seraphs singing to their golden lyres
Are only heard by souls redeemed from sin;
The song they sing each spirit form inspires
With holy joy, as they the praise join in.

3RD SPIRIT :—

Transcendent are the realms of Bliss and Light,
The Plains Celestial, fill'd with glory bright;
Empyrean the vast expanse and range,
With scenes serene and grand, that never change.

1ST SPIRIT :—

Abiding joy the Angel-host e'er feel,
And ever blest before Jehovah kneel;
'Midst dazzling glory they His Form behold
In Majesty upon the throne of gold.

* * * * *

The spirit voices ceased, I felt alone;
My thoughts were ling'ring o'er the golden throne,
And how at first man, formed of humble clay,
In God's own image, saw the light of day.
With sinking heart methought of Adam's fall,
The Serpent's guile, the sinfulness of all,
Of man's estate, how carelessly he lives,
Receiving all, from God, but little gives.
And nature's laws he too will disregard,
Abuse her bounties much, and think it hard

That he should suffer pain, and grief, and woe,
And get diseased, or soon decrepit grow.
The mass of those with worldly treasure blest,
Too selfish prove, and make of life a jest,
Forgetting sacred things, and Christian ways,
To fashion's folly court and sound its praise.
False pleasures lure, and flatt'ry's lying tongue,
Oft leads astray, deceives, and ruins the young;
Whilst fitful idlers waste the light of day,
And flash by night, like moths that would be gay.
Man must be changed, or evil never cease,
His mind made pure before he dwells in peace:
And that the sons of men might this attain
The Son of God on Calvary was slain.
Divine the Love and great the Sacrifice,
To free the world from Sin and Avarice;
Yet men were hard, the Saviour they denied,
In vain for them that Christ was crucified.
As darkness spreads and hides the face of day,
So Satan's power o'er men leads them astray;
And yet, in God's own time, all will be right;
The promised King of kings will make earth bright;
His Second Coming will have potent sway,
And sweep the Powers of Darkness clean away.

Oh! joyous time for happy souls then blest,
To dwell on earth beatified at rest,
No evil passions raging, men content,
With minds quite pure, and good, and innocent;
The world then viewed by eyes of Faith and Love,
A prototype will be of Heaven above,
"Jerusalem the Golden" men shall see,
And joy eternal reign, and all agree;
The human race, that's now diversified,
One Brotherhood will be in Christ who died;
One Faith, one Hope, one Language ruling all,
And earthly joys the bliss of heaven forestall.
* * * *
Oh! Let "Thy Kingdom come," we daily pray,
That sorrow from the earth may pass away.

THE MASONIC CHARITIES.

A Report to Lodge Hope and Charity, 377, of a Visit to the Girls' and Boys' Schools, to the Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows, and to the Festival of the latter, as Steward, by Bro. George Taylor, P.M., Treasurer and J. 377; Prov. G. Purst., Worcestershire.

WE have been much struck with this pamphlet, and, thinking that too wide circulation cannot be given to it, we are glad to call the attention of our brethren to it, advising them to buy it for themselves.

Bro. Taylor gives us both the history, and the work, and the needs of our great metropolitan charities, and so we will proceed to supply our readers with extracts, from his own telling words.

First, The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution,—such is its beginning, rise, and progress, as described by Bro. Taylor:—

"At a Quarterly Communication held on the 2nd March, 1842 (during the Grand Mastership of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex), the Grand Lodge of England founded this institution, and voted the sum of £400 a year towards its object —the granting annuities to aged or distressed Freemasons.

"On the 19th May of the succeeding year (1843) the first election took place, and 15 brethren were chosen for annuities, varying according to age, from 10 to £30 annually.

"In 1845 her Majesty the Queen gave £50 to its funds.

"In 1847 the Supreme Grand Chapter voted £100 per annum as its contribution, and in June of the same year the first festival in aid of the funds was presided over by the then Grand Master the Earl of Zetland, and produced a sum of £819 16s.

"In 1872 H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, M.W.G.M., accepted the position of Patron of the Institution, and in the following year presided at its Anniversary Festival.

"As the Institution steadily progressed it enlarged its sphere of usefulness by establishing, in 1849, a fund for the widows of Freemasons. To this the Grand Lodge voted an annual grant of £100, and Grand Chapter £35 per annum. In the same year an amalgamation of this institution was effected with the asylum for Aged Freemasons at Croydon, and as the nucleus of a sustentation fund to keep the buildings in repair, etc., Grand Lodge contributed the sum of £500, which has been brought up by supplemental contributions to a fund of £1,000.

"In 1860 the First *Annual* Festival took place, before which time they had only been held triennially.

"Grand Lodge now gives annually—male fund, £500; widows' fund, £300. Grand Chapter now gives annually—male fund, £100; widows' fund, £50; in all £950.

"In 1867 the earlier system of classifying annuitants according to age was abolished, and all were made equal, *so that the payment to a brother is now £40 per annum, and to the widow of a Freemason £32 per annum.*

"At one time the receipts used to be invested, but of late the Committee, desirous to effect the largest amount of good, whilst being well assured of the permanency of the Institution, feel that subscriptions are intended to alleviate present wants (not to be laid by for future claims), and therefore invest no portion of income but such as accrue by testamentary bequests.

"Since the formation of the Institution 487 brethren and 260 widows have been elected annuitants. At the last election 145 brethren were in receipt of £5,800; 135 widows, £4,320; and thirteen widows at half their deceased husband's annuities, £260; or a total of £10,380 for the year. To that sum must be added the necessary expenses of management, making the total expenditure over £12,000 annually, and of this large sum, £1,361 is all that is derived from invested funds."

Bro. Taylor thus describes effectively the asylum at Croydon:—

"Ten minutes' walk from Croydon Station brought me to the building, where I was most cordially received, and every attention was paid me by Bro. Norris, the custodian, who is himself ninety years of age, and his daughter.

"They have, however, little to do besides a general supervision of the place, as each inmate, or pair of inmates are entirely independent, as though living in a house by themselves. The apartments of the custodian are in the centre of the building, where is also a fine board-room used by the committee, which meets on stated occasions.

"The building is divided into sections, containing four suites of rooms—two rooms, each eleven feet by twelve feet on the right-hand side of the passage, the same on the left, and a repeat on the story above. For the united use of these four sets there is a kitchen, and out-houses at the back.

"The whole is a long, low, uniform building, pleasantly situated, with large lawn in front, and vegetable garden in the rear, with plots for the occupants.

"Before I reached there I was under the impression that all this particular charity was centred here, and all the annuitants residents. But I found the annuity is separately paid, and each individual or couple, as it may be, support themselves, or it would otherwise require an immense building. I found there was accommodation here for about forty, the remaining 250 living with their friends, dispersed all over the country, and having their annuities remitted to them quarterly. These I found were only too anxious, as a rule, to become inmates of the building so soon as ever there was a vacancy, the residents having several advantages—such as rent free, garden, coals gratis, and medical advice free from an honorary doctor, who, I found, was greatly loved by the old people for his attention, hardly a mantel-shelf being without a photograph of Dr. Strong.

"You must understand that where there is a married couple it is only the husband who receives the £40; and if there is a widow, with her two rooms she receives her £32.

"I visited and conversed with several couples, also two or three widows, some of whom had lost their husbands since becoming inmates. Several brethren were there who had lost their wives in the Institution.

"I was pleased with the state in which I found every inmate. Each room originally contains table and chairs, and the bedroom bed and bedstead; but in all were some additions of household goods saved from the wreck of former times, and imparting an air of comfort and grace to all.

"The whole place, interior as well as exterior, bore that aspect of quiet and repose fully suggestive of its object, and I was perfectly satisfied our donations to the aged Freemasons' and Widows' Home were devoted to a noble purpose and with happy results.

"In conversation on matters concerning the Institution, and a gossip about past events in the lives of some of the old folk, two hours quickly passed.

"There was no mistake, brethren, in the genuine gratitude one and all expressed for their known and unknown benefactors supporting the charity, and I came away feeling that should adversity and misfortune overtake us in old age, here was an asylum befitting the declining years of anyone.

> "Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
> Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
> Here grow no grudges, here are no storms,
> No noise, but sweet content the end, and peace."

Nothing, we think, can be more satisfactory as a description, or as a fact.

And now let us see what Bro. Taylor says of the Girls' School:—

"This Institution was established 1788 at the suggestion of Bro. Ruspini, Surgeon Dentist to H.M. King George the Fourth, for a limited number of girls, whether orphans or otherwise. The project received the warmest support of the most influential members of the craft, and since the time when, by their united efforts, the charity was established, 1,162 girls have been maintained, clothed, and educated within its walls, and those who had no home or friends have been provided with suitable situations or professions, and no single case has been known where, in after years, they have disgraced themselves.

"A school-house was erected in 1793 in St. George's Fields. On the expiration of the lease in 1851 it was found a large expense would be incurred to adapt the building to requirements, besides its having become a crowded neighbourhood. Accordingly about three acres of freehold land were purchased at Battersea possessing all the desired recommendations. Upon this ground a building was erected, which has been extended from time to time as needs arose and the numbers seeking admission increased.

"The additions of the Royal Alexandra Wing and the new laundry are just complete at a heavy outlay.

"The establishment consists of a matron, her assistant, a head governess, five assistants, five junior teachers, a gardener and his wife, under-gardener, and eleven female servants; non-resident medical officer (Dr. Howell), drawing mistress, and teacher of cookery.

"This Institution has but a permanent income of £1,200, and relies upon the voluntary contributions of the craft to the amount of about £10,000 annually.

"Brethren, I had heard a good deal about our Charities, but I was not prepared for the admirable Institution so eminently suited and adapted to every requirement of those 200 girls I saw within its walls.

"The amiability and kindly attention which marked our reception on the part of the Matron, Miss Jarwood (herself a former pupil of the Institution), her assistant Miss Sheppard, and the Head Governess, Miss Davis, in whom the school has a treasure of ability, made a most favourable impression, and fully prepared me to hear it endorsed by several of the children with whom I conversed, who, one and all, expressed satisfaction and content. It scarcely needed this assurance when you saw them, for all looked bright, and healthy, and happy.

"They were out for a walk when we reached the school, and so we had first an opportunity of examining the interior of the building, and admirably designed it is, the first schoolroom, that of the new Alexandra wing, being the best room for the purpose I was ever in—very lofty and airy (so, indeed, are all the rooms), and fitted up with every modern improvement and requisite for its use.

"There is a large play-room, smaller schoolrooms, a quantity of class-rooms and dining-halls opening out of a long and handsome corridor which runs through the building.

"The bedrooms looked the perfection of cleanliness and neatness, with plenty of light and air, and were most pleasant to look upon with their long rows of white beds, one for each child, and a teachers' room attached. These dormitories are of various sizes, some having only eight beds, some sixteen, eighteen, thirty-two, and the largest thirty-seven beds. Adjoining are the lavatories, with towels neatly folded, and long rows of brush and comb bags. Next there are the wardrobes, where each girl has a numbered drawer containing her best clothes. All having alike one set of clothes for best and another for week day, and every garment bearing her number. The dresses are of dark blue rep, white straw hats trimmed with blue to match; long cloth jackets for winter, and tippets for summer. So here there is an advantage lacked by most girls of having no inordinate love of dress fostered, too often developing into vice.

"Everything looked orderly and neat, the whole interior so tastefully decorated that their very surroundings could not fail to exercise upon those girls a refining and elevating influence for future life.

"I was now conducted to the Infirmary, a detached building, a counterpart on a small scale of the larger building, where any who are sick are at once removed to the care of experienced nurses, an honorary doctor (Dr. Howell) attending serious cases. I found only three inmates, and those merely with colds, comfortably ensconced before the fire. As one instance of many how every requirement is studied, there is a covered balcony open to a S.W. aspect reached from the bedrooms of the Infirmary, as a promenade for convalescents, so that exercise may be taken with ease and without fear of contagion.

"From here I was led to the Laundry, another detached building fitted with every modern requirement for its use. Here work is going on the week through by five maids, and these are assisted on certain days by relays of the elder girls, the same as they do in cooking. In the latter art the teaching is supplemented by periodical visits of a teacher from the School of Cookery, London, for you must know that all the girls are employed by turns in all the domestic duties of the house, so that whilst cultivating the purely educational branches (upon which I shall presently have a few words to say), they do not lose sight of those humbler, but equally useful qualifications so necessary to fit them for their several stations in life.

"Just as we had completed a survey of the place the girls trooped in. They vary

from eight to sixteen years of age. Admitted as early as eight (eleven is the limit), and they leave at sixteen.

"They very quickly settled down to their usual routine of duties—the larger portion in the schoolrooms, some in separate class-rooms for particular subjects, some to music. This music-room is divided into many compartments formed of wood and glass, with a piano in each, so that a number may practise at one time. Others were in the sewing-room, where they make and mend all their clothes under the direction of a sewing-mistress. And the whole generally qualifying themselves as future ornaments to society, and blessings to mankind.

"The education given is of a superior nature; but there is a wise provision which I am assured is put into practice—that there shall be no anxiety to make a display of exceptional talent shown by individual girls, but a careful solid teaching throughout, rather than develop the ability of a few to the injury of the less talented.

"As a test, however, of the standard of instruction in nearly every instance for some years, honours, with prizes or certificates of having passed with credit, have been accorded all the girls who have been entered as candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations. One pupil, after completing her term in the school, stayed as Teacher and Assistant Governess, and is now Head Governess in a similar school. Some are Governesses in noblemen's families, and others in similar situations. Several are now articled pupils in private schools. Two are assistant mistresses in large Middle Class Schools, and one is Mistress of an Infant Board School; several others are Assistant Mistresses in Government Schools, and many are doing well in houses of business. Such illustrations bear testimony to the admirable education and training they receive.

"On leaving I parted from my Rev. Brother, who was obliged to return home, and armed with a card of introduction from Bro. Binckes, the Secretary of the Boys' School, I booked in the afternoon of the same day at King's Cross Station to Wood Green, whence a quarter of an hour's walk brought me to the Boys' School, a similar building in many respects to that of the Girls'."

The Boys' School is thus sketched also by Bro. Taylor:—

"It was established 1798, and commenced by clothing and educating six sons of deceased or indigent Freemasons. In 1856 the land at Wood Green was bought, and a building for maintaining them too was soon inaugurated, and twenty-five boys admitted. In 1862 growing demands for admission and increased aid caused an entirely new building to be erected on that site, distinguished not only for its architecture and striking appearance, but for internal accommodation; and in 1865 it was opened for the reception of eighty pupils. But to meet other increasing demands additions and alterations have, from time to time, been made, and 1,394 boys have since its establishment shared its blessings and privileges, 211 being at present the number of its inmates. The cost of a recent extension with furniture and fixtures has been nearly £4,000, and defrayed out of the ordinary revenue. This Institution, unlike the others, has but a small sum invested, and hence its permanent income is not more than £300 per annum.

"During the last year this Institution also suffered a serious loss by the failure of Messrs. Willis, Percival, and Co., its bankers. Bro. S. Tomkins, a partner, was neither Treasurer nor Trustee of the Boys' School, as he was to Grand Lodge and other Masonic bodies, which losses have recently been made good out of his private estate. A letter from Bro. Binckes, the Boys' Secretary, published only on Saturday, Feb. 28th, definitely states that owing to the Boys' Institution being held to have no *locus standi* on the estate of Bro. Tomkins, it sustains the full loss of £894, and he urges an exceptional claim for sympathy and support in their hour of need.

"The Boys are admitted at eight years of age, and leave, as do the Girls, at sixteen. Dr. Morris, the Head Master, kindly conducted me through the whole Building—the Playground, Gymnasium, Garden, Laundry, and Infirmary, all of which I found modelled and arranged very much after the manner of the Girls' School, only with a less number of large rooms and more class-rooms. All the Boys were at lessons, and I looked in

upon them all, questioning several who came from different parts of England, and was perfectly satisfied with their replies.

"Here there is one Head Master, six Assistant Masters, a Matron, her Assistant, and twenty Household Servants; and non-resident—the medical officer Dr. Hall, Drawing Master, Musical Instructor, Band Master, and Drill Instructor.

"In giving a description of the building and conveniences of the Girls' School, I have anticipated that of the Boys', and so I need not dilate upon all I saw here. I was particular here, as in the Girls' School, in obtaining all the information I could of their after-life, and I was most pleased to hear the accounts of how invariably they succeeded in gaining satisfactory positions in life. The education they receive (which is equal to that of the very best middle-class schools in the kingdom) embraces Music, German, French, Latin, Mathematics (including Trigonometry and Mechanics), Drawing, Science (Magnetism and Electricity), Chemistry, and Drill, and may be illustrated by one or two of the facts given me.

"Of the twenty-four boys who entered for the 1877 Cambridge Examination, twenty-three passed—nineteen with honours, two gaining high distinction in Latin. In 1876 twenty-four passed out of twenty-six candidates; eleven honours. The result of 1878 will not be seen till the 10th March. In June last, C. D. Green passed the London University Matriculation Examination (1st class). He is now a student at St. Thomas's Hospital. In 1876 100 certificates were obtained from the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and one lad named Parker, in a competitive examination for naval cadets to be trained on board the *Marlborough* at Portsmouth as Engineers in the Royal Navy, easily passed, being ninth out of 1,080 candidates, and on the nine coming up for further examination, was placed second. He had no special preparation beyond the ordinary work of the first class. Many of the late inmates hold excellent appointments in banks and public offices. Several have entered the legal profession, and one or two the Church, but unfortunately no record is kept of their after life.

"Among the sixty-eight Candidates for Election in April (of whom sixteen only can be elected), there is a Worcestershire boy, the son of the late Bro. Benjamin Brookes, P.P.G.W. At Worcester, where I attended the other day to plead the cause of these Charities before "280," I heard there is another deserving case likely to be brought before the Worcestershire brethren for their votes, where a wife and five children have just been bereaved of their stay. And we have just had brought under our notice as a Lodge the claims of a local case, in the person of Ernest Bloomer Granger, a son of Bro. Granger, who has been removed to what we may term a living death, having lost his reason. Should the cause of this boy be taken up by "377," we shall need the earnest endeavour and willing aid of all the brethren to carry his candidature to a successful issue. His relations promise to supplement such effort by contributing liberally to the object.

"I must say that were it not for depriving some orphan of that space he otherwise might obtain, I should certainly purchase a presentation for one of my own boys, so impressed am I with what I saw."

We quite agree with Bro. Taylor when he says:—

"From that personal and close scrutiny, brethren, I can safely say that our Charities are such as a nation may be proud of, and well may they cause every Mason's heart to swell with pride—living monuments to the principles we profess.

"Here are those principles practically applied in all their reality and vitality. Here, on three Institutions alone (such as I have endeavoured, though faintly and hurriedly, to describe), does Masonic charity expend upwards of £40,000 annually, providing a sufficient answer in itself to rabid assailants, petulant objectors, and ignorant calumniators of our noble order.

"Brethren, we may safely leave the value of Freemasonry 'to be tested by its many deeds of munificent and unostentatious charity. It is great only to the sensible man, the sincere, and the generous, who is conscious of the infirmities of man, and who feels the obligation of healing them.'"

We cannot do better than conclude with Bro. Taylor's admirable "Epilogue":—

"First let me look around before I speak—
Not that the cause I advocate is weak,
Or wants much eloquence to give it power;
Few words suffice in this auspicious hour:
Masons, I know, are always of one mind
When called upon to be humane and kind—
You to whose goodness they their comforts owe,
Who clothe, protect, and learning all bestow;
'Gainst vice and sloth protect their early age,
And thus prepare them for life's checker'd stage.
Behold these Girls and Boys who on your Bounty live!
Behold them, trusting to the aid you give;
See how their looks bespeak their grateful mind,
I say to all, indulge affections kind;
Foster these rising plants, their wants relieve,
Bestow your succour and their thanks receive.
This task your Lib'ral minds will not disdain,
To help the Orphan, ease the Widow's pain;
To guide the tender thought, instruction give,
And teach the children virtuously to live.
This pious task is worthy of your zeal,
Worthy of those who generously feel.
Freemasonry! thrice noble, it designed;
Freemasonry! the bond of human kind.
To me Freemasons must be ever dear;
They soothe distress and wipe away the tear,
Bid joy arise where desolation stood,
Our secret is the art of doing good.
Thus do we all the heartfelt pleasure prove,
That springs from Virtue, Charity, and Love."

We commend this seasonable and eloquent pamphlet to the notice of all our readers, and hope that it "will bring forth fruit abundantly" in the sympathy and truer charity of the craft.

BEATRICE.

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

CHAPTER IX.

WE were in the midst of agreeable meetings and pleasant gatherings at Cayley, when, all of a sudden, a something unseen indeed, and almost indescribable, seemed to pervade our aggregational atmosphere, and to portend a sudden storm.

Brummer was the first who called my attention to a remarkable, as he termed it, "changement des decorations." I had, indeed, noticed for some time past Mr. Miller's marked attentions to Beatrice, but had laughed at them, as did all the various members of our wonted social circle, not excepting the fair maiden herself.

Brummer, in his emphatic manner, after a huge pinch of snuff, said to me one day,—

"Do you see, my friend Tomlinson, what is going on? Poor young Morley is to be sacrificed to the 'rupees' of Mr. Miller, and the golden interests of Mrs. Mortimer. Himmel, it is too bad—too bad!"

"Do not believe it," was my reply to him, as he looked at me with his archly satirical face. "If Mrs. Mortimer were so foolish as to sacrifice such a girl as Beatrice really is, in all her grace and trueheartedness, to the claims of 'ochre,' or the stern slavery, as the Irishman said, of that 'savage baste Pluto,' she would deserve—well, she would deserve the condemnation of the sentimental, and the avenging Nemesis of sad after-consequences. Such a marriage would be a folly, a crime, and a scandal."

"Very well, dear boy," replied the facetious Teuton; "but you will see it will be as I have said. De women, since the time of Eve downwards, never refuse the pressing offers of wealth, position, and the like. Lord, vat is more common than to see youth, and good looks, and undeniable merit all put on one side for wealth, rank, and an estate in the country? In Germany we are more sentimental, and, as far as I know, not the less happy."

"Oh, come," I answered, "after all, as the Frenchman has it, 'Les femmes sont toujours les mêmes partout,' go where you will—east or west, north or south; and if we have mercenary marriages in England, depend upon it you are not ignorant of them, old boy, in Germany. And what do you say of the 'mariage de convenance,' of the 'mariage de famille,' in France, for instance? Too often all is settled between the elders before the young people are even consulted. Does such an arrangement, do you think, promote or give the chance of marriages of affection, happy domiciles? No, no, my friend; on the whole, we do very well in Old England; and just now our young ladies are 'looking out' for themselves more then they did, as in truth it concerns them most of all; a fact which some people like to forget. 'Similia similibus'—'Like for like,' said the old Latin adage; and it is still true of matrimony, besides many other little matters here."

'Oh, vell," was Brummer's placid response, "to say the truth, I look on matrimony in life as something like a lottery. You may if you like take an average chance, and draw a winning number; but the most of us must learn to get on contentedly without prizes; and, as the man once said to me at Epsom in the days of 'Aunt Sally,' 'Walk in my little dear, you pays your money, and you takes your choice.' There is always 'compensation' somewhere for us all in this life, in the good Providence of God; and vether we marry, or vether we do not, vether we have families or remain in harmonious blessedness, it is all pretty much the same in the long run; and 'apres tout,' whatever life does, death, as one of your poets says, 'makes the odds all even.' I do not, myself, care much vether people are married or not. I have seen marriages, begun with all happiness, turn out badly enough, God knows. I have seen incongruous marriages, hasty marriages, and even what the world calls imprudent marriages end very well for the happiness of the principal actors in the little genteel comedy. Do not let us, then, take fanatical views of the question. There is no certainty of absolute happiness here for anyone, any lot. A married life may be happy enough, a single life may be as comfortable; a married life may be unblessed, and a single life may be miserable. We can never forecast the future, or reckon even on to-morrow. The best is to be philosophical, and not to praise or blame any one state too much,—not to expect wonders, not to look for perfection; for, as far as I know of this world, it is a very humdrum world, taken at the best, and its 'dramatis personæ' are very commonplace, and often very second-rate actors indeed."

This was a very long and rather dull speech for my witty old friend; but as he took an enormous quantity of snuff, after he had said what I record, I think there must be "something in it," and so preserve it for the improvement of admiring posterity and for the edification of my patient readers.

"On the whole," summing up the arguments, I said, "you wish to take things easily, and look on all things comfortably and unexcitedly. Just now we are all living in a state of fuss and worry; we hardly know what to say, what to do, or where to go! According to you, all things are good, and all things are for the best here, and whether we are married or single, rich or poor, high or low, learned or ignorant, we are always, like Japhet, to 'take it coolly,' and never allow anyone to drive us from our position, 'put us out,' or interfere with our general satisfaction, or private tranquillity

Yes, upon the whole, I agree with you," old fellow; "things are very much on a level here, and all end pretty equal for us all. There are some amusing lines by an American writer, David J. Foster, which will point out the indifference and unconcern of us all, as a rule, and practically the ending of most earthly difficulties. They are called 'Mrs. O'Flaherty's Last Words.' The serious teacher might wish they had been more serious; the minister of religion might consider them very sad and foolish at such a time; the devout mind might hear them with a sigh of regret; but, as they are not meant to convey a moral or professed spiritual teaching, and as they are a happy exemplification of, alas! it may be said, a not uncommon state of mind amongst us, I give them here:—

"'Hear me last wurruds. Faith, there's O'Shaughnessy,
The wurrukl's thafe, owes me ninepence halfpenny;
And there's Phil Coyne, with his desaving thricks,
Owes me five shillings; and there's Pathrick Nee,
By that same token, owes me two and six:
The craythe—don't forget to hold him fast.'

"Commentary of bystanders:—

"'*The auld woman is sinsible to the last.*'

"'Give me a dhrop? Arrah, where was I thin?
And *I* owe Micky O'Nail wan pound tin;
And Phelim McCarthy two pounds, and foive:
Three pounds to Jimmy Hoar; and Mrs. Flynn
Wan pound, seven shillin's, twopence halfpenny. No!
'Tis twopence and three farthin's, by your laves.'

"Chorus of bystanders:—

"'*Howly St. Pathrick, hear now how she raves!*'"

And now after this practical disquisition, Brummer, on a most 'delicate point,'" I said to him slowly, "what's in the wind's eye? What is the dirty weather you seem to be on the look out for? Speak out; we are on the square!"

"Have you not noticed," he replied, very slowly, "that Mrs. Mortimer's manner is very much changed to young Morley? Have you not heard sundry rumours affecting that young gentleman's habits and position; his 'manière de vivre,' his way of going on?"

"Well," I said to him, "I have, now you ask me the question; but I have treated them as idle 'canards.' And who is interested in setting such slanders afoot in our little society—for slanders they certainly are? To give out that Morley drinks is, in my opinion, a simple lie; to tell Mrs. Mortimer that he is overwhelmed with debt is equally untrue; and then those ugly statements, so persistently circulated, (though Beatrice has not yet heard of them), all accompanied with praises of Mr. Miller, who has evidently designs on Beatrice! It seems, too, what I did not know before, that Beatrice has expectations from a distant relation's curious will, on the death of that relation's old maiden daughter—now eighty—and which I only heard of the other day."

"Quite true," said Brummer, "quite true; and I could tell you a good deal more; but here comes Twamley, and with his "geist" and good nature we will hold a friendly 'conseil de guerre.'"

When Twamley joined us, I saw by his serious if merry face that something was really up.

"Have you heard," were his first words, "what is going on? There is a worthy and mysterious gent, now resident at the 'Baldfaced Stag,' who rejoices in the classical and silvery name of Kirschenwasser, and who, it is veritably believed, is setting about these stories, to the detriment of Morley, and the benefit, of whom do you think—— my dear friends," said Twamley pathetically, "but that aged rascal—old Miller? That venerable party," continued Twamley, "weary of loneliness and whiskey-toddy, and even cheroots, and the merry songs, and artless charms of his pleasant daughter, is looking out for no less a person than poor Beatrice to preside at his table, to nurse

him in his gout, to scold his servants, and to amuse his guests. And so I hear, from a friend of mine at Guy's, that he has made a sort of arrangement with a M. and Mme. Grogwitz, and that that fascinating female and Mr. Kirschenwasser are now in Cayley; and we have already the result of their combined operations, in these "taradiddles," which have penetrated, some time or other, into all our homes. It is evidently going against poor Morley."

All this time Brummer seemed very much moved, and at last he burst out,—

"I know Grogwitz, and when I say know him, I need say no more. But, my friend, we will circumvent him; and as for the female and Mr. Kirschenwasser, they are old friends of mine, and after a private little interview with me and another 'little man in black,' whom I will summon to my side, they will not stay long in Cayley."

While we were listening with rapt amazement and pleasure combined to Brummer's eloquent assurances, who should walk up but Morley and Mr. Lacey, evidently much "put about."

Morley was the first to speak. "I am very glad to meet you old fellows," he began, "I want to talk over a little matter with you all. There is some wickedness going on in Cayley which may seriously affect my future happiness. Mrs. Mortimer gives me the cold shoulder when I meet her, and is not at home when I call. Some of my friends look askance at me. That old rogue Miller gives me one finger; the doctor looks doubtful, and is, I fear, an ally of Miller's; and altogether, as things are, I want a little good advice. Happily Beatrice believes nothing, listens to nothing, and I may tell you, in confidence, she and I have made up our minds to face the world together, come what may."

I then told Morley, in whom I took a good deal of interest, what Twamley had heard, who confirmed it, which made Morley look at Lacey, and say to him, "Why, that's exactly what your servant 'Patey' has heard." I may as well tell my readers that both Captain Lacey and his servant (a soldier servant) belonged to one of the most distinguished regiments in Her Majesty's service, but which, most slanderously, for certain alleged foraging propensities, has been too hastily termed "robbers."

"Now," said Brummer, "I have a proposition to make. You've heard of 'Clincher.'" [We had, for some reason or other, all of us heard of Clincher.] "And so I will send for Clincher, for we want all the aid we can get; and then invoking, too, the help of the 'little gentleman in black' I have already mentioned, we will make Monsieur et Madam bid farewell to Cayley witout, as Brummer so emphatically said it, de loss of a single moment."

When he was excited, he always went back, almost unconsciously, to his broken English!

So the famous Clincher was sent for by telegram, and at a subsequent council of war, around Brummer's hospitable board, when we all admired Fraulein Lisette, and tasted excellent "Schnaps," and "Kirschenwasser," and even appreciated "Bochsbeutel," "Patey" was also sent for.

When Patey heard what was up, his expression of delight at the chance of a "scrimmage" filled us all with pleasure, and I laugh even to-day as I recall Patey's words.

"Gintlemen," he said, "I drink all yure good halthes. If we cannot get the better of that spalpane with such a haythenish name, together with that insidious faymale, then all I can say is, we all of us desarve to be sent to heavy marching drill for six calendar months."

As Patey evidently had some unfavourable reminiscences of that military pastime, we thought it better, for many reasons, to drop the discussion; but having warned Patey to "keep a good look out" on Mr. Kirschenwasser, and, above all, to keep out of a row, to which Patey rather gloomily assented, we dismissed him with great importance in his mien and gait.

"Ah!" said Lacey, "if Mr. Kirschenwasser will take my advice, he will keep out of Patey's clutches. He is one of the most disagreeable fellows at close quarters I know of. If he gets hold of him he will give him what he calls the Kerry Hug.' Mr. Kirschenwasser will decline it, I feel sure, if offered to him again, on any terms, or for any consideration."

As we walked home that evening, I said in moralizing mood, "How queer is life, is it not, my friends? In the midst of its sunny smiles, and blue skies, and soft voices, and engaging looks, the ground seems to open beneath your feet, and you discover that all your fairy castle in the air is gone, and that in its stead you have to deal with perfidiousness, cruelty, slander, baseness, treachery of every kind, which ruin your prospects, injure your health, alienate your friends, and render you unhappy, and sorrowing often even to the end."

And as all my hearers then, perhaps in a spirit of pure complaisance, assented to my words, I hope that my kindly readers will not find fault with them. On the contrary, I trust they will deem them alike true philosophy and contemplative wisdom worthy of note and admiration. For, let us all bear in mind, who read this story, that I do not seek to render my tale a mere vehicle of excitement, a medium of sensationalism, a statement of unnatural aspirations, or of fantastical fancies; but I wish both its reality and its moral to sink deep into the minds of all who read it. To fill the pages of this or any other magazines with the "padding" simply of crude notions or impossible characters seems to me to be a sad waste of time and intellect. But, like good old Johnson, to seek to improve others, to witness for truth, to uphold virtue, honour, and right, to vindicate fidelity, and to expose treachery, appears to me to be an employment worthy of all the talents wherewith a good and benign Providence has blessed any one of his creatures, and dependents, and servants, and children, here below.

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

LIEUTENANT GONVILLE BROMHEAD, who so valiantly commanded the small band of brave men at the engagement at Rorke's Drift on the 23rd January, is the youngest son of the late Sir Edmund de Gonville Bromhead, Bart., of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire. Born at Versailles, August 1845, he was educated with a view to his entering the army.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* for 22nd February contains the following:—

"Those who have been struck by the gallantry displayed by the small band of eighty men under Lieutenants Bromhead, 24th, and Chard, R.E., who kept the enemy at bay for a whole night after the massacre at Rorke's Drift, will, perhaps, be interested in reading the following account of the principal actor, written by one who knows him well, and who, as Adjutant of a regiment, must necessarily be aware what the qualifications are which go to make a good regimental officer:—"I feel sure that all those who have the pleasure of knowing Gonville Bromhead must feel delighted at his success—a success so nobly deserved. I was with him for some time at an Army tutor's at Croydon, some twelve years ago, and it is interesting to look back upon him as he appeared to us at that time. About five feet ten inches in height, so well built that he did not look as tall, he seemed to me to be quite the beau-ideal of an English officer. It was our custom of an evening, as soon as 'study' was over, to indulge in bouts of wrestling, boxing, and single-stick in the gymnasium outside, and Bromhead was so expert in all of these that he invariably beat every one opposed to him. With all this he was so kind and genial that the youngsters among us could chaff him and play tricks upon him with impunity, and without fear of retaliation. Quiet and most unassuming in his demeanour, he nevertheless often showed by friendliness to those who happened to be unpopular, by kindness to new comers, and in a thousand other ways, the thorough worth and goodness that were in him. It is to be hoped that the lonely fight out at Rorke's Drift may only prove to have been the means of bringing him to the front in order that by his future services he may prove still more useful to his country."

That he continued to merit these encomiums is testified by a paragraph we copy from a letter from his late commander, inserted in *The Gazette* of same date:—

"It is no small satisfaction to know that the massacre of my old comrades has been in some degree revenged by the more than gallant defence of young Bromhead, and his little band of eighty men. All honour is due to the way they held their own against such odds. I was much gratified by a letter that

appeared in a daily paper of the 18th instant respecting the old corps. "A Major-General," whoever he may be, shows an intimate knowledge of the character of its officers, and I take this opportunity of corroborating his remarks upon the pluck and steadiness of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, as on Tuesday last I did officially at the War Office.—I am, etc.,

THOMAS ROSS, Major-General,
Late Commandant 2nd Battalion 24th Regiment.

Lieutenant Bromhead entered the Army in 1867, serving with his regiment in India until 1872, when the 2nd-24th returned to England. In January, 1878, he left with the regiment for the Cape, and after the campaign in Caffraria proceeded to Natal.

The War Office has already recognised the courage displayed by this gallant young officer; he not only having obtained his company, but received the brevet rank of Major.

Doubtless this will be followed by far higher reward from the hands of the Queen, who never fails to substantially appreciate true bravery and worth.

Had it not been for the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift, there is but little doubt that the Colony would have been placed in terrible jeopardy, and the massacre ensuing on possession of Natal by the Zulus would have been nothing less than a repetition of the horrors of Lucknow and Cawnpore.

J. A. C.

FAINT HEART.

SHE stood before him, tall and fair,
And gracious, on that summer's day,
With June's first roses in her hair,
And on her cheek the bloom of May.
But rosy cheek, and dimpled chin,
And raven lashes drooping low,
Conceal the answer he would win,
It might be yes; would it be No?

Ah! if 'twere No—his throbbing heart
Stood fairly still with sudden pain;
And if 'twere Yes, the world so wide,
His deep content could scarce contain.
So wondrous fair! how could she stoop
To favour such a one as he?
Ah! sweet suspense that still leaves hope,
Ah! pain of sad uncertainty.

He held the hand so white and small,
And moved to press it with his lips,
But changed his mind, and let it fall,
With chillest touch of finger-tips.
And took the seat she offered him
Upon the sofa by her side,
Nor made the space between them less,
Which seemed so narrow, yet so wide.

Then gazing on the perfect face,
The dimpled mouth, the serious eyes,
And drinking in with eager ears,
The music of her low replies;

He let the bright hours drift away,
Nor told the secret of his heart,
But when the shadows lengthened lay,
Rose, all reluctant, to depart.

And stammered forth, with blushing cheek,
And eager, timorous request,
That she, for old acquaintance sake,
Would grant the rosebud from her breast.
She gave it him, with downcast eyes,
And watched him leave her with a sigh,
"So good," she said; "so true, so wise;
Ah me, if he were not so shy!"

JOY OF MY LIFE.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
They said, and they laughed, forsooth,
At the foolish and fond delusion,
The dream of a love-sick youth;
The sweetest of summer idyls,
When all the world was in tune,
Declared but a fevered frenzy,
From which I'd recover soon.

And all through the summer season,
With moonlight, flowers, and song,
We threaded our lives together,
And wove our affection strong.
Simple and plain her dresses,
But worn with exceeding grace,
And all that had won my fancy
Shone out of her lovely face.

The soul may carelessly wander,
Untouched by the hand of mate,
Free of the binding fetter,
Until it has met its fate;
Then shall its soaring pinions
Be clipped by the touch of Love,
And the heart of the mighty eagle
Be one with the cooing dove.

'Twas only an idle fancy,
That might linger the season through;
Only a young man's folly,
They said—but they spoke not true;
For time is the test of honour,
Though youth is fickle and gay,
And the sweetheart I won that summer
Is the joy of my life to-day.

WHY WE HAVE ANTI-MASONIC CONVENTIONS IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

HATRED of religious liberty is the root of all anti-masonry. The priest who proclaims from the pulpit that there is neither honesty, morality, nor goodness outside of the pale of his church, naturally hates Masons for affirming that there are good and true men among all denominations. For these reasons, the Pope issued an anti-masonic bull in 1738, and for the same reasons *true blue* orthodox ministers of other denominations have likewise assailed Freemasonry.

The late Dr. Oliver, though he was a defender of Freemasonry, yet, having had a hankering for Christianizing the ritual, availed himself of clamours raised in India by some clergymen against Masonry, and by Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and a few others in England, upon the same subject. And our Masonic Doctor predicted a general crusade against Masonry, if the G. L. of England did not restore saint patronage, and Christian prayers in the Lodge ceremonies. Now, if saint patronage and Christian prayers could have disarmed the Philpotts's from hostility to Freemasonry, then we would never have had any anti-masons in America; for here we have Christian prayers in Lodges, we have patron saints, the St. John's days are observed religiously as Masonic festivals, and a majority of our Masons are even ready now to swear that the St. John's were *bona fide* Masons, and were even Masonic Grand Masters; but yet American Catholic priests, as well as some Protestant clergy, have never ceased to denounce the Masonic brotherhood.

I must, however, here admit that our Masons have to blame their own folly for a great deal of the Masonic unpopularity which we have here. American Masons have a mania for public processions. On the 24th of June, the Baptist's day, the Knight Templars, with their cocked hats, crosses, banners, etc., preceded by an important-looking individual dressed in priestly garments, with a mitre on his head about a foot high, with a cross dangling from his neck about a foot long, march through our streets, followed by the G.L., or Lodge. The Tyler is equipped with a tray (similar to those worn by hot cross-bun vendors on Good Friday), on which lies a Bible, etc. This display of saint worship, priests, mitres, crosses, Bible, etc., convinces the *unorthodox* that the boasted "Masonic universality" is a mere Jesuitical trick; while, on the other hand, the number of avowed disbelievers in the Bible, together with Jews, who may be seen marching even in the ranks of the Templars, lead an *orthodox* to the conclusion that all that Masonic *Christian* display in the procession is a mere sham. Thus the American craving for public displays, together with the Masonic inconsistencies exhibited in those displays, helps to bring Masonry into contempt among orthodox as well as unorthodox.

When the Morgan anti-masonic excitement broke out in 1826, the orthodox churches naturally took up the anti-masonic hue and cry. The Whig party, who, like the old English Tories, used to court the Church, took anti-masonry up as a party measure. W. H. Seward took the lead in New York, and John Quincy Adams did the same in Massachusetts. These two States were followed by all the other Northern States. Masonry was denounced daily in churches, in public meetings, and by the religious, and Whig papers. The result was, pious parents compelled their sons to leave the Lodge, pious girls drove away their Masonic lovers, and the Masonic clergy, with a few honourable exceptions, not only left the Lodge, but became the most bitter revilers of Masonry. In one or two States Masonry was dissolved, and in others the institution was greatly reduced, both in Lodges and individuals.

Among the causes that helped to check the then anti-masonic conflagration was the curious fact that Massachusetts and South Carolina (the respective leaders of the Northern and Southern factions) were bound to oppose each other in party measures. Thus, Massachusetts was *Whig*, and South Carolina was *Democratic*. Massachusetts

was opposed to the war with England in 1812, and South Carolina was for it. When Massachusetts was for free trade, South Carolina was for protection; and when Massachusetts became converted to protection, South Carolina became a free trade State. Indeed, it is not improbable that South Carolina would long since have abolished slavery if Massachusetts had defended the slave institution. Now, as Massachusetts made anti-masonry a party measure, South Carolina treated anti-masonry with contempt. The result was, that when our Northern Whigs found that the Northern Masons went over to the Democratic party, and that the few Southern Whigs would have nothing to do with anti-masonry—in short, when they became satisfied that anti-masonry could not cross "Mason and Dixon line," the Whigs withdrew from anti-masonry, and then the anti-masonic fire began to fade and die out even in the Church; Masons once more began to breathe, they once more ventured to wear Masonic pins in their shirt fronts; the late Bro. C. W. Moore, of Boston, even sued an anti-mason for a libel, and won the suit; the anti-masonic party was virtually broken up; but anti-masonic hatred still lingered for some years. It was not, I believe, before 1840 that a Masonic initiation took place in Boston, and it was not before 1843 that Masons ventured to turn out here in a public procession.

The Masonic unpopularity induced some Masons to import Oddfellowship from England. The new importation was remodelled; degrees were added (*Masonic fashion*). As Masons have Encampments for hatching Masonic chivalry, so have Oddfellows Encampments for hatching chivalry. The two chivalries look so much alike that I myself mistook the Oddfellow chivalry for Masonic chivalry. The Masonic K.T.'s pretend that they will use their swords in fighting against infidels, but whom the Oddfellow K.T.'s mean to fight I never could learn. But any how, Oddfellows are not quite as foolish as Masons, for the former have only seven degrees *all in all*, while it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how many degrees Masons have; but thus much I can say, upon the authority of a Canadian writer, that in Canada West Masons work no less than *two hundred and sixty degrees*.

While South Carolina checked the spread of anti-masonry. Oddfellowship aided Masonry in recovering its popularity. Oddfellows made no especial religious display in their public processions, hence they excited less prejudice among the pious and impious, and hence those who were biassed against Masonry did not scruple to join the Oddfellows; girls who discarded Masonic lovers could see no reason why they should decline Oddfellow lovers; and when once Oddfellows acquired a taste for mysteries, they were tempted to pry also into Masonic mysteries. Thus anti-masonic prejudices began to decline, and Masonic popularity was finally revived. But nevertheless, anti-masonic bomb-shells continued to be fired here and there from the true blue orthodox pulpits (Catholic as well as Protestant), and even Messrs. Moody and Sankey denounced Freemasons as an ungodly set of infidels.

The present anti-masonic agitation is mainly due to political ambition. Most every American would like to be President of the United States. Nor is this surprising, Lincoln was once a rail-splitter, Johnson was a tailor, Grant was a tanner, yet they were Presidents of the United States; and we now read in our daily papers how Gen. Grant is honoured by crowned heads, and how he is lionized by the people everywhere, hence the aspiration for that office among Americans is intense. Now, in Illinois, or in Ohio, there lives a Calvinist, Rev. Mr. J. Blanchard, who also wants to be President. But in order to become President he would first have to be nominated by a political party in a public convention, and, knowing that the existing political parties would not nominate him, like other President-mongers of his kidney, Mr. Blanchard had to get up a new party. Each party must, however, have a *country-saving hobby* of its own, and as our Reverend lacked ingenuity to invent a *new hobby*, and as he depends upon true blue orthodoxies for his success, so he, therefore, thought that the old anti-masonic hobby would be sufficient for them as a country-saving hobby. Party leaders as a rule are by no means sure of getting the Presidency: this, however, does not prevent them from trying for it, for sometimes two or more would-be Presidents unite or sell out on the eve of election, which may, any how, be the means of securing them some office.

For these reasons mushroom parties now and then appear. Thus we had a native American party, Temperance and anti-Temperance parties, any number of Citizen parties; we have now an anti-Chinese party in California, a party to Christianize the Constitution of the United States, and others too numerous to mention. Our Mr. Blanchard is throwing out sweet words to the Temperance party, and is probably about to unite with the Christianizing party, or with the anti-Chinese party, or some other canting party. The fact, however, is undeniable, that the leaders of all these religious crusading parties care more for their own love of notoriety and personal ambition than they do for religion; but they use religion merely as a motive power to propel the machinery of their ambitious schemes. And now for Mr. Blanchard's theological logic.

According to the Gospels of Mark and Luke, Jesus not only associated with sinners, but he even defended Himself for so doing. Paul, however, wrote to the Corinthians, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousnes?" etc. It seems to me that a Christian ought to follow the teachings of Jesus in preference to those of Paul. It is possible that Paul may not have seen the Gospels of Mark and Luke when he wrote to the Corinthians. It may be we do not correctly understand Paul's meaning. It seems very presumptuous for any one man to say to another, "I am holier than thou."

Our Mr. Blanchard, however, while ignoring entirely Christ's precepts and example, presumes to lay down the law that Paul meant that no believer should join the Freemasons. Paul's text comprises the whole stock in trade of Mr. Blanchard's religious and political capital: from that text he constantly preaches, with that text he expects to convert all the true orthodoxies into anti-masonic voters, and with that inscribed on his banner he expects to march into Washington a full-fledged President of the United States of America.

Within three months Mr. Blanchard presided over a convention in Worcester, Massachusetts. An eye-witness described to me the performance of initiation into Masonry at that convention. I subsequently received some Worcester papers with accounts of three days' meetings. These I gave to our Boston Masonic librarian, who informed me that Mr. Ranyne, the performer or initiator at Blanchard's convention, was successively a Roman Catholic priest, a Congregational minister and a Universalist preacher, that he was expelled from each of those churches for misconduct, and that he was imprisoned for swindling of some kind, since which time he yoked himself with Mr. Blanchard, to his anti-masonic team. If Ranyne is a Mason, as he claims to be, he must be a perjurer; if he is not a Mason, then he is a humbug; but be he one or the other, he is certainly a pretty specimen of righteousness for St. Blanchard to be yoked with.

T. F. Salisbury is another satellite of Mr. Blanchard. Somebody used to put into my letter-box every month Salisbury's *Star of Freedom;* whether Mr. Salisbury is more knave than fool, or *vice versa*, I cannot tell. The *Star of Freedom* is an insult to common sense, and a disgrace to Christianity. I herewith inclose one of the *Stars;* it is not so ridiculous as some of the series (which I have given away), but it is ridiculous enough, and I herewith inclose it that English Masons may have an opportunity of seeing and judging for themselves about the characteristics of our American anti-masons.

The question now comes: Is there any chance for the American religious crusaders ever to come into power. To which I answer: Among a rural western population, a would be religious persecutor might perhaps succeed in being elected to the office of select man of a village; but I doubt very much whether in any town of the United States Mr. Blanchard could ride upon his anti-masonic hobby into an Aldermanic chair. Americans know full well that if a fanatical combination got into power, Chinese, Jews, and all other kinds of unorthodoxies would, one by one, or altogether, be driven out of the country, and then would follow a "thirty years' war" between the Protestant and Roman Catholic orthodoxies; this would be inevitable, for history demonstrates that *there is no logical midway halting-point between unrestricted religious liberty and a Spanish Inquisition.* This fact no one can dispute; there is no fear, therefore, of the

"*hell-hounds of religious persecution*" ever getting loose in the United States. Fools and knaves may, however, still continue to conspire and plot here or there (even inside of our own Masonry), either to revive old religious hatred or to perpetuate existing prejudices; but nevertheless, with our own inspired Masonic poet the friends of justice and humanity can now rationally exclaim,—

"For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

MASONIC NOTES AND ODDS.

BY BRO. WM. JAMES HUGHAN.

IT is interesting to come across any information about our Masonic ancestors, and therefore the following account of Dr. Desaguliers F.R.S., will be most welcome. We notice the statements when reading "The Huguenots," by Samuel Smiles, and consider them fuller than any we have yet seen as to that celebrated man and distinguished Freemason. We shall never know how much we are indebted to the two ministers, the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers and the Rev. Dr. James Anderson, but we shall not err in attributing to their fostering care and wise suggestions the main success of the revival of the Craft A.D. 1717. The first named was most active in the discharge of his official duties Masonically, both at home and abroad, and to him the Grand Lodge of Scotland owe their knowledge of what may be termed "modern Freemasonry," as Dr. Desaguliers visited that Grand Lodge in 1721, and doubtless to him was due the subsequent degrees practised in that country, according to the usage then in England.

He became an Asst. President or Grand Master *pro tem*, at special Grand Lodges, and few, if any, were of so much use in perfecting the modern Masonic system as he was. It is much to be regretted that none of his orations delivered to the Craft have been preserved. The following is the account of the learned Dr. already referred to:—

"Dr. Desaguliers was another refugee who achieved considerable distinction in England as a teacher of mechanical philosophy. His father, Jean des Aguliers, was pastor of a Protestant congregation at Aitré, near Rochelle, from which he fled about the period of the Revocation. His child, the future professor, is said to have been carried on board the ship by which he escaped concealed in a barrel. The pastor first took refuge in Guernsey, from whence he proceeded to England, took orders in the Established Church, and became minister of the French chapel in Swallow Street, London. This charge he subsequently resigned, and established a school at Islington, at which his son received his first education. From thence the young man proceeded to Oxford, matriculating at Christ Church, where he obtained the degree of B. A., and took deacons' orders. Being drawn to the study of natural philosophy, he shortly after began to deliver lectures at Oxford on hydrostatics and optics, to which he afterwards added mechanics. His fame as a lecturer having reached London, Desaguliers was pressingly invited thither; and he accordingly removed to the metropolis in 1713. His lectures were much admired, and he had so happy a knack of illustrating them by experiments that he was invited by the Royal Society to be their demonstrator. He was afterwards appointed curator of the Society, and in the course of his connection with it communicated a vast number of curious and valuable papers, which were printed in the transactions. The Duke of Chandos gave Desaguliers the church living of Edgeware; and the king (before whom he gave lectures at Hampton Court) presented him with a

benefice in Essex, besides appointing him Chaplain to the Prince of Wales. In 1734, Desaguliers published his "Course of experimental Philosophy" in two qu rto volumes—the best book of the kind that had until then appeared in England. a It would appear from this work that the doctor also designed and superintended the erection of steam-engines. Referring to an improvement he had made on Savery's engine, he says: "According to this improvement, I have caused seven of these fire-engines to be erected since the year 1717 or 1718. The first was for the late Czar, Peter the Great, for his garden at Petersburg, where it was set up. Dr. Desaguliers died in 1749, leaving behind him three sons, one of whom, the eldest, published a translation of the "Mathematical Elements of natural Philosophy," by Gravesende, who had been a pupil of his father; the second was a beneficed clergyman in Norfolk; and the third was a Colonel of Artillery and Lieutenant-General in the army, as well as equerry to George III."

A foot-note at page 231 of the same work is as follows:—"The statement is made in the 'House and Farm accounts of the Shuttleworths of Gawthorpe Hall,' Chatham's Society's Papers, 1856-8, respecting Dr. Desaguliers escape by being 'concealed in a barrel.'"

Another celebrated Mason during the last century, and early in the present, was H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, to whom, and his Royal Brother, the Duke of Sussex, the union of the two rival Grand Lodges is due in December, 1813. Any particulars therefore of either will be gladly read by the Craft, and so we submit the following from the memoirs of the good and Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D.:—

"There lived in Orkney a minister who had two sons; and to procure a church for one of them was the utmost he could do. The other thought of entering the army, but then he had not one friend in the world to procure him a commission. The case was desperate and it forced him to a desperate remedy. He formed the bold and original resolution of addressing himself to the Duke of Kent. He penned a letter to the Duke, which must, from the happy result of it, have been ably written. It was posted silently and secretly; and in a short time the postman brought a letter to him written by the Duke's Secretary, saying that he was commanded by the Duke to desire him immediately to come up to him.

"In doing so, he lost no time; and at last found himself in the room where the Duke's Secretary was sitting. He had sent in his card to the Duke; and when commanded to appear before him, he passed the Secretary, who said to him, 'If the Duke asks you what regiment you would prefer, say that you would prefer his own.'

"The Young Arcadian at last stood in the presence of Kent, who took him by the hand and received him in that kind, frank, protecting manner which he says he will never forget. The Duke then asked him in what regiment he would like to be. Like a canny Scotchman, he took care to profit by the hint of the Secretary; and in a few days received an appointment to the Duke's own."

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie in his journal observes as to this: "Peace, peace to the manes of Kent! an act like this of secret, private feeling, and honourable generosity, does more honour to his memory than though the names of a thousand victorious fields were inscribed upon his tomb."

The Rev. James Anderson, D. D., before alluded to, was a Presbyterian minister in London, and was the author mainly of the premier Book of Constitutions published in 1723. Of one section of the Presbyterians in Ireland we have lately been favoured with the following:—

"Towards the winter of 1797, Ireland was in a very disturbed state, many of the northern Presbyterians becoming 'United men,' as the society was called, which was most obnoxious to the English Government, who decided to suppress it with a stern and firm hand. A Highland Regiment was quartered in Omagh, and there being no police in those days the military was called upon to arrest offenders. A sergeant and party was sent to the house of a Mr. Archibald Buchanan, of Strathroy, to arrest his son George upon sworn information of his belonging to the treasonable society in question.

"The soldiers having entered the house, the old dame bade them welcome, and offered them some milk and bread, which was gladly accepted. When she was in the act of turning an oaten cake before the fire, the sergeant's eyes detected a 'square and compasses' on the 'bread iron,' and then asked for the 'gudeman.' The old lady replied that 'he was up late last night, and not over well to-day.' 'Where was he?' asked the sergeant. 'At the Mason's lodge, being the Master, and took too much punch." The sergeant went to the bedroom alone, and after a mutual recognition he told the father that he held a warrant for the arrest of his son as a 'United man'—that he had better get him out of the way at once. A suitable time being allowed, and after the soldiers had proved the strength of the 'native beverage,' the search commenced for the accused, which of course turned out a failure, and young Buchanan escaped detection through the kind treatment of the dear old mother, and the fraternal offices of the father and the sergeant!"

These particulars I obtained from my friend, Commander Chas. Scott. R.N. (P. M. 350, etc)., who belongs to No. 350, Omagh, of which lodge Bro. W. T. Buchanan is a member, who is a descendant of the family alluded to, and he has the family "bread iron" in his possession. I have the pleasure to belong also to this Lodge and so can vouch for the credibility of all concerned from personal knowledge or recommendation.

THE DYING MASON TO HIS BROTHER.

BY SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

I.

THE Night is thickening, brother, but the Day,
Is just beyond, the gray dawn is at hand,
And we must part, for here I may not stay,
Pilgrim, like our fathers, t' a better land.

The Night is chill, but I am not afraid,
For God, our God, enfolds me in his love;
His presence, in the pillar o' fire display'd,
Allures to realms of endless bliss above.

I hold thee, still, my brother, in my heart,
But I hear the triumphant palmer's call,
"Come on!" I must obey, and we must part;
Farewell! I turn my face unto the wall.

II.

We'll meet again, my brother, on the shore,
Where all is Light, and Night is never known;
Where Peace enwraps the soul, friends part no more,
And God all pleasures showers on His own.

Brief will be our sev'rance—a little while,
A very little, scarce by minutes told.
And we shall meet again, with happier smile,
'Mid transports ever new, and never cold.

But, brother, keep thou near thy faithful Guide;
When tried, He will uphold thee, He will bless,
And by His rod and staff with strength supplied,
Thou'lt safely pass through this dark wilderness.