

Items of Interest Respecting Queen Victoria.

Few people suspect what elaborate arrangements have to be made when Queen Victoria goes on a journey. To keep her secure from harm within her own residences, requires no little alertness, but when the Queen travels from London to Balmoral—a distance of about 500 miles, which takes nineteen hours to perform—hundreds of men, railway employees, policemen, and other officials have to be told off for special duty; and scores of trains carrying passengers or freight are delayed in their progress. The lines of rail on which the Czar journeys bristle with soldiers; and during the King of Spain's late voyage to Estramadura, one heard of whole regiments being mobilized to form cordons along the passage of the royal train. Even M. Grey, when he goes from Paris to his seat at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, is reminded of his greatness and its dangers by detachments of mounted gendarmes, and by sentries with fixed bayonets in every station. In England, there is nothing of all this; the Queen has no military guard or escort, and yet all the measures for her protection are admirably complete. A pilot engine precedes the royal train by twelve miles, and for half an hour before it passes all traffic on both tracks along its route is suspended. There is no resumption of the traffic at the different stations until a quarter of an hour after the Queen's own train has gone by them, and, during this time, danger signals are exhibited at all these stations. Moreover, every grade crossing has its gate locked and guarded; the switches have all been safely locked, and men are posted along the lines to see that by no chance any human being or animal strays on to them. In the royal train itself there are two "look out" men besides the ordinary guard. One of them stands on the engine and faces the rear of the train to watch for signals from any of the windows; the other is stationed in the guard's van, and keeps his eye on the track behind the train. An electric apparatus connects all the carriages with the engine and guard's van; and three telegraph operators travel in one of the compartments with appliances for repairing the wires on the road if, in the event of an accident, these wires should be found damaged. Finally, a Director of the North-western Company goes with the train, and is supposed to have charge of it—a necessary precaution, for if anything went wrong it would be desirable that an official should be on the spot with powers to issue orders to all railway servants in the name of the company. No capricious or unsocial feeling on the Queen's part dictates the arrangements made to secure full privacy during her travels. When she is in good health, it is necessary that she should travel in such a way that no intruders be made on the time which she devotes to business. There is not a lady in her dominions so constantly occupied

with public and private affairs to her satisfaction by never allowing yesterday's business to overlap to-day's. Every morning while Parliament sits, and twice a week at other times, she receives a report on the general state of affairs from the Prime Minister, who writes in the third person—"Mr. Gladstone presents his duty to your Majesty," etc.; and these reports are always answered. Despatch boxes are brought into the Queen's train at all the stopping stations while she travels, and she dictates letters to one of her ladies as the train hurries her along—the mimives being afterwards handed for registry and copying to the Private Secretary. Offices are forwarded to her, and she reads through the most important of them; she has also to affix her signature to a great many papers every day. Formerly she signed with her own hand, using a quill pen, but about five years ago she adopted a stamping machine with a fac-simile of her signature. The only documents which she now signs in writing are patents of creation of peers and knights of the different orders. The heaviest part of the Queen's correspondence, however, consists in sending letters to the members of her widely-scattered family in England and abroad. Most of the princes of Germany are in some way her cousins or nephews, and no marriage takes place between members of the Protestant houses without her being consulted as to the preliminaries. What is more, Queen Victoria is often appealed to as a peacemaker in princely quarrels, and the assistance which she gives to her Ministers in this way, as regards their foreign policy, is perhaps hardly realized. The Queen writes letters which her Ministers, having the fear of Parliament before their eyes, could not always dare to write. They must use circumlocutory forms, whereas the Queen can go straight to the point, and never fails to do when the occasion demands. That the small items of court life may not be lost sight of one can add that all the Queen's private letters are written on large-sized letter—not note—paper with a narrow black border and three little crowns—one Imperial and two Royal—embossed in white on the upper right corner. The envelopes are sealed in black wax with a coat of the Coburg arms engraved on the Cornelia of a ring which Prince Albert wore when a boy. In making notes from what she reads the Queen uses a small gold pencil case, which was also Prince Albert's, and which is attached to her watch chain; speaking of notes it may be observed that a very interesting collection of Mr

Black's novels will possibly find its way at some future date from the Queen's private library into the British Museum. The margins of all the volumes, and particularly the passages descriptive of Highland Scenery, have been profusely annotated by the Queen; and some of them have been illustrated by sketches on the fly leaves. Generally speaking the Queen is not a reader of novels. She reads the *Times* regularly, looks at the pictures in *Punch* and the illustrated papers; but the literature she prefers is furnished by books of historical or personal memoirs. Of this last kind she peruses every volume that appears. "Mozley's Reminiscences," "Bishop Wilberforce's Correspondence," "Lady Bloomfield's Memoirs," "Lord Ronald Gower's Recollections," have all passed through her hands during the last year.

Three Great Evils.

Three great evils that members of the Mystic Tie should strive to stamp out of our Fraternity are Obscenity, Blasphemy and Immorality. Young men apparently think that jokes and ribaldry are wit and humor. They cultivate a taste that vitiates the mind and demoralizes the nobler instincts of the soul. And the fault to a great extent, lies at our own door. We do not sufficiently present a solid phalanx against this custom, that apparently is gaining ground and becoming fashionable with a class of brethren who should never have been permitted to cross the portals of our lodge rooms. Wit and anecdotes unfit for the ears of decency and truth are not suitable for a follower of Hiram. How can such an one be in earnest in his search after the hidden mysteries of our science? Since our whole theory from the instant he is first "brought to light" till the moment he nominally passes through the valley of the shadow of death, is opposed to everything that tends to lower man's nature and degrade his mind. Masonry, as a sequence of morality that necessarily be opposed to the coarse badinage of the low tavern. What can the outside world think of our Fraternity when it hears our younger members and at times our older ones, reciting with glee and animation questionable anecdotes for the edification of minds kindred to their own?

Is there, in all the coarseness that we sometimes hear, one feature of wit, one spot of humor, one scintillation of poetry? Is it not all degrading? Is there any point in indulging in words which delight the ear of the street Arab? Is there aught in the whole of it that can force a smile from the lips of a true man? And think of it, brethren of the Mystic Tie! would you air your jokes, wit, badinage or anecdotes in the presence of your mothers, sisters and daughters? If such words would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of those near and dear to you, then you know you are wrong. What is unfit for the ears of those we respect, surely is unfit for the lips of the follower of the Martyr.

Indeed, it is a degrading sight to witness men who are possessed of intelligence and endowed with intellect, indulging in a species of conversation that lowers them in the eyes of their companions and debases them before their fellow men.

We lay it down as an axiom that no Mason can be true to his vows who indulges in blasphemy, and yet—we pause before we say it—we hear Masons indulging in the most thoughtless oaths, and with glib tongue, on every trivial occasion, call upon the name of their Creator to witness the truth of some ridiculous assertion. Is this Masonry? No, it is Masonic perjury. No man can serve God and the devil. No man can be an honest Mason and a wanton blasphemer. They are as antagonistic as light to darkness. What is Masonry but a philosophy, explanatory of the close connection of the finite mind of man to the infinite perception of the source of intelligence and vitality? Our whole science is founded on this philosophic theory that God is a vitalized, deified being, whose spirit vitalizes, electrifies, controls and permeates the whole essence of man, and that man being created in his image, should study the attributes of the Godhead with profound thought and the deepest awe, attention and reverence. The man that blasphemes the names of God can have no conception of the mercy and goodness of the Father of mankind; and he cannot be a true Mason.

Masonry from its Alpha to its Omega, teaches the candidate from its mysteries the purest principles of thought, which principles ever lead, sometimes by straight paths, sometimes by circuitous routes, to the contemplation of the Divine Essence of the Godhead. Our whole ritualism teems with allusions to the goodness, greatness and grandeur of the Creator, a being Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, a Father in whose mansion we hope to enjoy perfect peace.

Our symbolism, of what is it pregnant? Is there any one symbol the hidden meaning of which is not of the purest and holiest character?

Finally, for a moment, we will allude to immorality. Masonry, from time immemorial, has demanded that those who seek admission to her mysteries should be moral men, and although Freemasons do not profess much, they are expected to live up to moral law.

Not only in Ancient Craft Masonry are

we taught from our initiation upwards that Masonic morality is the handmaid of religion and the sister of honor and virtue, but we find it explained in every rite, order and branch of the craft. It is the great artery that vitalizes the whole system of the fraternity and electrifies it into life and action when oppressed by the church and persecuted by the state.

It is closely identified with the crystal flowing water of the religion of truth. It is a morality that holds in equal respect man's honor and woman's virtue; that would uphold the former and protect the latter at any and every cost, and that would, if the one were tarnished or the other sullied, throw the broad mantle of Masonic charity over one or both, to hide, save, nourish, cherish and protect the mistaken or fallen one from the gibes of the profane, the sneers of the hypocrite, and the scoff and jeer of the Pharisee.

Now, if Freemasonry truly teaches all these things, how can brethren be true to their vows who pollute their lips with obscenity, darken their intellects with blasphemy, and stain their souls with black immorality? Such men should be driven out of our fold as unclean things.

Brethren, for the sake of our glorious institution, if you respect your mothers and love those that are near and dear to you, and if you believe in the hallowed and blessed creed of the Fatherhood of God, shun those who indulge in any of all these great evils, and let them have neither party nor parcel in the Masonry of the nineteenth century.—Corner-stone.

What Masonry has Done.

BY CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, 33°.

In reviewing the many sides and qualities of this ancient Rite, we may often neglect to consider the noble, generous work for humanity that has been set in motion and carried to a brilliant success through the aid of this institution.

In the middle ages of Europe, when feudal despotism ruled every nation of that continent when in their unity State and Church proclaimed that their despotism should rule the thought, the belief, the actions of the minds of men, their pursuit of truth and knowledge, as well as enforce bodily subjection to the authority and rules of the political state; when society, dominated by its long obedience to authority, accepted this obligation as the will of God and strove to be little itself to a life without free thought or free will; then, when the fiercest fires glowed around the stake, when the axe glistened beside the block upon the scaffold, when the dungeon and the lock yawned below; and in the still more profound depths of creation the fires of hell were invoked in aid of this artillery of repression of the free spirit of human life, and the mission of the free human soul was in the midst of this overwhelming darkness and despair, where neither the earth nor the grave seemed to afford a remedy or relief from oppression, the Grand Architect of the Universe moved to the rescue.

In some scaled and tiled Masonic retreat, where the three great lights shed an astral glare, the powerful words of hope were heard for the first time, formulated as a whole, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. It was the new name written in the White Stone, and its sound fell on attentive ears that flanked prudent tongues. There it bloomed in the womb of the silent and guarded lodges, and there it grew. The Magi from the east came, but the Herods could not kill it in its infancy.

Let me leave metaphors, and ask you to reflect how scholars and philosophers, how generous and enlightened minds among the nobility, came to the humble lodge, or traveled through nations seeking for a door of entrance to the philosophical fraternity that had organized to struggle for humanity—and not for political or ecclesiastical power. On its human side the odds were great, one obscure society against the combined autocracy of Europe, but the God of truth was with the humble craft-men.

When this seed of humanity had become firm of root and of healthy growth, the powers of Europe learned that in secret places men were dreaming of an Arcadian age of golden liberty, and with jealous instincts began their efforts to destroy the rising thought. Anathemas and denunciations, outlawry and stake, axe, gibbet, jail and torture were piled with vigorous and relentless energy.

One hundred and fifty years ago, in no country of Europe—except Great Britain—was a Freemason's life or liberty safe for an hour; and even in Great Britain his lodge was a legal offense. Records in writing were rarely kept, because "Records" were death warrants to fraternity. Social life was crossed against our brethren; it was said they made "a war against altars and thrones"—men of letters were employed to vituperate us, as Balaam was hired by one government to curse another.

The little occult society, with God's thought in its heart, "liberty, equality and fraternity," fought straight forward; for every martyred brother fifty recruits took his place. It planned no political rebellions; it sought no carnival of blood, no saturnalia of licentiousness, no destruction of labor or sequestration of its honest fruits, no power for itself.

In the heart of man, "the temple of the Holy Ghost," it sought to establish these divine truths—it asked no other reward. The first glorious triumph of our principles was

here—the liberty and independence of these United States. A noble part did our predecessors bear in the struggle. Warren and Washington, Lafayette and Montgomery and Franklin are mere specimens of the thousands of worthy sons who, in the field and in council bore the spotless banners of our craft, cooperating with their fellow-citizens in the establishment of their first civil government of the world, founded on these eternal principles, and still pre-eminent for the conservative purity of its morals, its piety, its toleration, and the security gives to the rights of the individual.

In Europe, France soon followed in the social reorganization, and proclaimed the Republic. Though a little erratic there at first, Masonry soon recognized its true work was fraternal, and not with political machinery. On this, its earliest footing, priests, rulers and monarchs have sought its asylums, as Saul sought Samuel, seeking light, in the hope to prop their tottering thrones. The story is too long for this occasion, but I say that Masonry has carried on this war for humanity in the heart of society with unshrinking perseverance, little by little her influence has forced into the decaying institutions of despotic Europe concessions to humanity, to liberty, and to equality—all which she gratefully acknowledges, and presses for more! The divine right of the people to liberty, equality and fraternity, with absolute toleration of liberty of opinion and religion, broadly expresses the views it draws from its pious reverence for the Grand Architect of the Universe.

Look on what Masonry has accomplished within a century and a half. From being social outlaws, anathematized and persecuted in every country of Europe, now our Masons and their institutions are tolerated at law, though still persecuted by their powerful opponents. The feudal institutions, growing from the union of Church and State, are crumbling every where under the civilizing light of Freemasonry, and as the sunshine exceeds the night, the light and the force of civilization of liberty is dispersing the barbaric night of civil and religious oppression from which Europe is slowly emerging.

Young men, enjoying these Summer-flowers of that liberty Freemasonry has won for you, if the souls of the ancient craftsmen live in your breasts, you will see why our fires burn bright. Into your hands the control of Freemasonry will soon pass. Let me now adjure you to walk in the old ways and in the old faith, and to bequeath to your successors these institutions unshorn in strength, untarnished in fame, and redolent still with the heaven-born principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—*W. of Masonry.*

Queen Victoria's Gold Plate.

No living monarch, European or Asiatic, not even the Czar of All the Russias, can boast of such a service of plate as that owned by Queen Victoria to whose guests it is often exhibited on large tables at either end of the banquetting table in St. George's Hall—vases, plateaux, cups and candelabra, all wrought in precious metal, the net value of which is said to exceed two millions sterling. Conspicuous among the trophies are the mimic lyre bird and tiger's head, taken from Tippoo Saib eighty years ago, and presented to Her Majesty's grandfather King George III. The lyre-bird's body and tail are composed of solid gold, richly studded with brilliant emeralds and pearls. The Tiger's head once served Hyder Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-sized model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its tusks of rock crystal, and its tongue of pure gold. Like the lyre-bird, it fell into the hands of the British at the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippoo, its valorous owner, met his death.

A Girl Worth Looking After.

The great heiress of England at present is Miss Hamilton, whose mother, Lady Nisbett Hamilton, has just died. The large estates in Haddingtonshire and Lincolnshire, the annual income of which is estimated at \$620,000, have been for some years, owing to the lady's incapacity, under the management of the Scottish Courts, and an immense sum has accrued. Miss Hamilton's father, whose original name was Dundas, had the agreeable fortune to adopt no fewer than three additional family names—Christopher, Nisbett and finally Hamilton—each change bringing a large increase of fortune. Her mother, just deceased, had been first married to the Earl of Elgin, father of the Earl of Canadian memory, and of Sir Frederick Bruce, Minister at Washington, but was divorced from him.

Cremation Death to Undertakers.

Cremation would be death to the undertakers. "Cremate," said one in New York, "and half of my profits are gone. Cremate, and where is my percentage on a casket costing all the way from \$35 up to \$1,500? Where is my profit on flowers costing all the way from \$10, up to \$10,000? The floral display at Alex. T. Stewart's funeral cost \$1,500. Cremate, and what becomes of the six factories in this city, each employing from 25 to 150 men at coffin-making and making shrouds and other things pertaining to the grave? Cremate, and what becomes of a score of marble-cutters whose sole business it is to sculpture monuments for the cemeteries around New York?" Undoubtedly cremation would destroy a lucrative business that is destructive, not productive.