

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 64.—Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1878.

PRICE 6d.

## Monthly Masonic Summary.

WE have little to report or note at home, except the actual progress of English Masonry. We shall soon have 1,800 Lodges on the English Roll, a very wonderful fact, when we remember the early beginnings as well as the later struggles of our Order in England. The consecration of three Lodges and a Chapter within a few days of each other is both a sign of the times and a point to be observed in the contemporary annals of English Freemasonry.

Abroad, the news, so far from being reassuring, is about as bad and as unwelcome as it can well be. The French Grand Orient, apparently aping certain assemblies of sinister souvenirs and unsavoury associations, seems to be going on from bad to worse, to be out-Heroding Herod in the ineptitude of its deliverances, and the violence of its proceedings.

Having disavowed formally and openly as before Cosmopolitan Masonry a belief in and acknowledgment of T. G. A. O. T. U., it now has declared war against every jurisdiction which has disapproved of its insane and revolutionary proceedings, by taking powers to issue warrants for French Lodges in such Masonic territorial limits in which the proceedings of their High Mightinesses of the Grand Orient are not hailed with civic ardour and "accolades fraternelles." We only want a few genuine "petroleuses" of the "Maconnerie d'Adoption" to make the "screaming farce" complete. It has ordered its ritual to be altered in accordance with its "suppressio Veri" and its "suggestio falsi," and postpones until a more convenient season the erasure of those dreadful words, "A la gloire du Grand Architecte de l'Univers," which Positivists and Atheists deem an insult to Masonic toleration, to deified humanity and the goddess of Reason.

In vain are the remonstrances of their wisest and ablest and most prudent brethren; a self-willed majority has spoken, and adopting with almost Jesuitic subtlety a leaf out of the book of its ancient allies, the Grand Orient of France declares, "*L'Orient locuta est causa finita est.*"

Mournful predicament for French Freemasonry; hopeless as regards its present mission and utility, disheartening in respect of its future "outcome" in the Masonic cosmopolitan world!

According to French proceedings in America and elsewhere, whether under the banner of the Grand Orient or the A. & A. S. Rite, agreeably to the most recent decision of the former body, there is nothing to prevent any Masonic jurisdiction from chartering Lodges in France, and obtaining permission of the authorities to meet (which they will gladly give), when they are made aware of our distinct principles of hatred of turbulent societies and communistic revolution, and our loyal obedience to the civil power. A question has arisen between the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Quebec which has some little importance in itself. In our opinion both Lodges are partially wrong, and partially right. Quebec is wrong in denying the rights of the individual Lodges; Scotland is wrong in too hastily avowing a claim of prior occupation. It is said that the American Grand Lodges are with the Grand Lodge of Quebec; but then we must remember that, owing to the necessities of the case, there is a good deal often of ready-made Masonic law in the great Republic, which will not stand the test of calmer history or precedent, and that, as the witty Judge of Texas once said, it is very often in things Masonic as in things civil, with our good friends, "justice modified by circumstances."

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 CHARTER OF SCOON AND PERTH LODGE, A.D. 1658.
 

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 WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.
 

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ANY who read and study the literature of the Craft, or who are familiar with the "Cosmopolitan Calendar," will be aware that there are many Lodges in Scotland, which date far beyond the last century.

Several of these have very curious records and ancient manuscripts, and some have been printed in works of the character of the History of the Lodge of Edinburgh, by Grand Secretary Lyon.

More than a score of these Lodges had an existence long before the institution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the "Scoon and Perth" Lodge, though dating from 1658, had evidently been in working order many years anterior to the date of its charter. We presume it joined the Grand Lodge of Scotland in the year 1742, according to the endorsement on the Contract by the Grand Clerk, Bro. Alison; its number, however, is *Three* on the Roll, or fourth in rank, "Mother Kilwinning" being at the head as No. 0.

We append a copy of the Charter for the information of the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, and consider it as most valuable and curious, the transcript having been made from the original and certified accordingly in the Laws of the Lodge (Perth 1866):—

## CHARTER.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.—To all and sundrie persones whome thir prittis doe belong. Witt ye ws the persones under-subscrivers, maisters, ffrriemen and fellow crafts, measones resident within the burgh off Perth, That whair fforsameikle as We and our predecessores have and haid, ffrom the Temple of temples building on this earth, (ane vniforme communitie, and wnone throughout the whole world,) ffrom which temple proceeded one in Kilwinning, in this our nation of Scotland, And from that of Kilwinning many moe within this Kingdome, Off which ther proceeded the Abbacie and Lodge of Scoon, built by men of Art and Architectorie, Wher they placed that Lodge as the second Lodge within this nation, which is now past memorie of many generations, And wes wpheld be the Kings of Scotland for the tyme, both at Scoon and the decayed citie of Bertha when it stood, and now at Perth, heid brugh of the shirefdome therof to this verie day, which is now ffour hundreth thriescoir and fyve yeires since, or therby. And during that ilk space the said masteres, friemen, and fellow crafts, inhabitants within the said brugh of Perth, wer allwayes able within themselves to mayntayne ther first liberties, and are yet willing to doe the same, As the masters, friemen, or fellow crafts did formerlie, (whose names we know not.) But to our record and knowledge of our predecessoris ther cam one from the North countrie, named Johnne Mylne, aue measone, a man weill experted in his calling, Who entered himself both friemen and burges of this brugh, Who, in proces of tyme, (by reasone off his skill and airt,) wes preferred to be the Kings Ma<sup>tie</sup>s Mr. Measone, and Master of the said Lodge at Scoon, And his sone, Johnne Milne, being (etter his fathers deceis) preferred to the said office, and Mr. off the said Lodge in the reigne off his Majestie King James the Sixt of blesed memorie, Who, by the said second Johnne Mylne, was (be the King's own desire) entered ffricman, measone, and fellow craft. And during all his lyfetye he

mantayned the same as ane member of the Lodge of Scoon : So that this Lodge is the most famous Lodge (iff weell ordored) within this Kingdome. Off the which name of Mylne ther hath continowed severall generaciones Mris. Measones to his Maties the Kings of Scotland, and Mris. off the said Lodge of Scoon, till the yeir One thousand six hundreth and fiftie sevin yeires, at qch tyme the last Mr. Mylne being Mr. off the Lodge off Scoon deceased, And left behind him ane compleit Lodge of measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, wh such off ther number as Wardens and others, to oversie them : And ordained that one of the said number should choyse one of themselves to succieid as Master in his place. The names of whose persones ffollowes ; To Witt, Thomas Craich, measones and Warden, then James Chrystie, James Wilsone, Andrew Norie, John Wast, James Roch, and Johne Young, all measones, friemen, and fellow crafts, Who efter ther true and Lawfull Deliberatione, Understanding that the said Lodge could not stand without ane Master. THEREFOR, they all in ane voice vnanimouslie, ffor keipeing of unioin and ainity among themselves, Did Nomynat and mak choyce of the said James Roch to be master of the said Lodge during all the dayes of his lyftyme : And the said Andrew Norie to be Warden theroff also during his lyftyme, or as the said Masters and fellow crafts findis it convenient. And We, the saidis Masters, Warden, and bodie of the said Lodge off Scoon, resident within the brugh of Perth, Doe bind and obleis ws, and our successoris, to stand and abyd to the whole acts maid be our predecessoris. And confirme the samene, Wheroff the tenor of a part of them ar to ffollow : To Witt, that no frieman, not residing within this brugh, tak upon him to contradict any true thing that the ffrieman, resident within the brugh, speakis, acts, or does, nor goe to no other Lodge, nor mak ane Lodge among themselves, Seeing this Lodge is the prim<sup>e</sup>. within the shyre. And if any friemen or ffellow craft tak himselff to any other Lodge, He shall not be holdin to return hither again to this Lodge, till he first pay the triple off that which he payed, either to our Lodge or to the Lodge wher he wes last : And to be put cleane from the company of the Lodge he was last in, And to suffer the Law of our Lodge at our pleasure. Lykas, we doe confirme the said James Roch Mr. off the said Lodge, And Andrew Norie, Warden foird, with the consent of us all ffor themselves and ther successoris foird, to put the foird act to executione (with our consent) agst the transgressoris. As also the acts following ; To Witt That no master within the brugh or without shall tak another friemans work till he first give it over, and be payit for what is done. Secondlie, that no Master goe betwixt another Master to seik work ffrom any persone with whome the first Mr. is aggrieing, till once he quyt the bargane. Thirdlie, That no frieman tak another friemans prenteis or journeyman to work with him, either belonging to this Lodge or any other, except they have ane frie dischaarge from ther Master, nor resave any entered or wntered, except for twentie dayes space onlie. And if they be dischaarged of ther Master, they are to have ther vott in the Lodge and Law thereof, iff they serve heirafter,—ffourthly, That all ffellow crafts that are past in this Lodge pay to the Master Warden and ffellow crafts off the samene, The sowme off Sixteine Pund scottis money, besyd the gloves and dewes therof, with Thrie Pund scottis at ther first incoming to the Lodge efter they are past. And yt everie entered prenteis shall pay Tuentie merkis money, with ffourtie shilling, at ther first incoming to the Lodge, besyd the dewes therof. And yt non shall be holdin to be cau<sup>d</sup>. for others, but if they doe not jmediatelie pay the sowmes afoird, they are to have a cautioner, not belonging to the sd Lodge, for the dew and lawfull payment therof. ffyfthlie, that no entered prenteis shall leave his Master or Masters to tak any work or task work aboue ffourtie shilling scottis, nor tak a prenteis. And if they doe in the contrair, they are to be dabared from the libertie of the said Lodge as ane fellow craft in all tyme to come. And Lastlie, Wee, and all of ws off ane mynd, consent, and assent, Doe bind and obleidge ws, and our successoris, to mantayne and wphold the haill liberties and previledges of the said Lodge of Scoon as ane ancient frie Lodge, ffor entering and passing within ourselves, as the bodie therof, residing within the brugh of Perth as sd is : And that soe long as the Sun ryseth in the East and setteth in the west, as we wold wish the blessing of God to attend ws in all our Wayes and actiones. IN TESTIMONY wherof we have submit it the

samene with our hands, Att Perth, the twenti fourt day of December, Jajrjc and fliftie eight yeires. (1658.)

J. ROCH, *Mr. Measone.*

ANDRO NORIE, *Warden.*

JAMES CHRYSTIE.  
JOHN STRACHANE.  
LAWRENCE CHAPMAN.  
ANDROW CHRISTIE.  
MATTHOW HAY.  
HENIE MATESON.  
ANDRW STEWART.  
THOMAS CRAIGDELLIE.  
JOHNE MILL.  
JOHN WATSON.  
A. DONALDSON.  
D. BROUNE.  
JAMES WHYTFE.  
WAL. THOMSON.  
DAVID COCHIREN.  
JOHN CONDIE.  
EDWARD KICKING.  
ANDREW BUCHAN.  
AN. BALANQUALL.  
JO. FFFFE.

WILL. GRAILAME.  
JOHN NEWTON.  
C. RATTRAY.  
ALEX. RITCHIE.  
JA. MASSONE.  
A. RITCHIE.  
ALEXANDER CHRYSTIE.  
ANDROW NORIE.  
JOHNE HAGGARTT.  
JAMES IRVINE.  
MATHEW LIRIE.  
THOMAS ROCH.  
JOHN ROBERTSONE.  
ROBERT STRACHANE.  
JAMES ROCH, yo<sup>r</sup>.  
JAMES ALEXANDER.  
JAMES GOU.  
MATTHEW BARLAND.  
M. L. DOBLE.

## THE SO-CALLED LOCKE MS.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

I HAVE been looking into this subject very carefully lately for several reasons, and I think it well to lay before the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* the conclusions at which I have arrived, so far. Up to the present hour not the slightest reliable evidence is forthcoming of the reality of the alleged MS. Its first appearance, masonically, is in the *Pocket Companion* of 1754, evidently taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1753, where it appeared for the first time in print. It is stated in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, indeed, that "the following treatise is said to have been printed at Frankfort, in Germany, in 1748," but Kloss utterly repudiates any such assertion; and if the case only stood here, I think we should have to agree in this, that so far no evidence has accrued of any such publication at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Since 1754, the alleged MS. has been reproduced in all our Masonic histories and works, and in 1861, Bro. Dr. Oliver declared for its genuineness and authenticity in words we will consider later. Most of our earlier Masonic writers content themselves with reprinting the work, without saying anything about it, while they seem to rest a good deal on the supposed verification of Leland and Mr. Locke.

So, reviewing their evidence, though unchronologically, let us first take Mr. Locke's evidence for it. His "covering letter," to use a technical term, and on which so much turns necessarily, is dated May 6th, 1696, but first was made known in September, 1754, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Is his letter genuine? Because if it be, it no doubt is most important evidence. Now of this letter nothing so far is known, except that it is

asserted to have first appeared in German in 1748, and to have been translated really or professedly for the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1754. It is not to be found in his published correspondence. If this supposed letter of Mr. Locke did first appear in a German translation, that one fact, to my mind, would settle the question. It is no doubt perfectly true that, according to his correspondence with Mr. Molyneux, Mr. Locke was in London in 1696, and then it was, according to Oliver (too fond of jumping to conclusions, on the "post hoc propter hoc" principle), that Mr. Locke was initiated into Freemasonry. But such a view has much to contend with. Anderson, writing in 1723, knew nothing about it, and it would obviously have been so important for the Freemasons to claim brotherhood with Mr. Locke when Anderson wrote in 1723, that Mr. Locke's initiation, if it had taken place in 1696, could not have been ignored or forgotten in 1723. It is impossible, as I see it, to believe that Anderson would not have mentioned, in 1723, the admission of such a person into the Fraternity as Mr. Locke in 1696, if such an event had really taken place, or was even a tradition of the Order. It could not, as I before remarked, be overlooked, or have passed out of remembrance. Anderson mentions, as we shall remember, the initiation of King William III., though of this no proof is now forthcoming, but is entirely silent about Mr. Locke, and knows nothing clearly of this MS.

The so-called "Locke MS." first appears in the "Constitutions" of 1759, taken from the *Pocket Companion* of 1754, but does not appear in *Smith's Companion* of 1736, nor "Anderson's Constitution" of 1738, nor the printer's edition of 1746; and when we come to consider Mr. Locke's letter carefully, the critical student will be struck by one or two remarkable facts.

This letter, written, it is said, in 1696, first appears in 1748, in a German translation. In this letter, which I need not transcribe, for it is well known to all Masonic students, Mr. Locke is made to say that through the kindness of Mr. C——ns (Collins) he has procured a copy of a MS. in the Bodleian. This MS. (which Mr. Locke had not seen) "appears" to be 160 years old, he asserts; but "in itself," he adds, "a copy of one yet more ancient by about 100 years, for the original is said to have been the handwriting of King Henry VI." Perhaps in no single sentence, that I am aware of, is a writer made to commit more offences against the canons of genuine criticism than in this. He pronounces a MS. he has not seen, first to be in existence, then to be a copy of another and 160 years old, and that other, which he has not seen either, to be the handwriting of King Henry VI., only saving himself with an *ut dicitur*. No wonder, then, that our Masonic writers have gone astray, misled by the venerable name and the bad example (critically), if quasi authority, of Mr. Locke.

Of the alleged MS. nothing is known in the *Bodleian Library*. It has been carefully searched for both by Dr. Bandinel and Mr. Halliwell, and others in vain. If it could be supposed to exist, it might be found probably among the Tanner MSS., where Molash's Register was also discovered, by Mr. Hackman, some years ago, though I fear this is even a forlorn hope. No known MS. copy of it exists, except among the additional MSS., British Museum, in the handwriting of Essex, the architect, late in the last century, and which is a copy, in all human probability, of the printed pamphlets containing the letter of Mr. Locke and the so-called MS., of which copies are extant. Of course, if Mr. Essex transcribed his MS. copy from a common MS. original, which for the present has eluded research, the whole aspect of the controversy will be changed.

Some support for the reality of the MS. has been given in the alleged authority of Leland, than which, *per se*, none can be higher; but when this is looked into it also crumbles away into unreality. It has been often said, and the assertion is repeated in all our Masonic Cyclopædias, that it is mentioned in "Hearne's Life of Leland." This statement is to be found even in "Kenning's Cyclopædia," though its editor had previously found out the inaccuracy, but in the hurry of compilation had overlooked his own references! The mistake has arisen by confounding "Leland's Itinerary," edited by Hearne, with a book which has no existence really. *There is no such work as "Hearne's Life of Leland."* The "Itinerary" of Leland, in nine volumes, was edited by Thomas

Hearne from Leland's MSS., the first volume appearing in 1710, and the ninth in 1712. Hearne also published "Johannis Lelandi, etc., Collectanea," in 1715, but no "Life of Leland." In 1762, Mr. Huddesford, keeper of the Ashmolean Library, edited vol. i. (at any rate) of "The Lives of those Eminent Antiquaries, John Leland, Thomas Hearne, and Anthony A. Wood."

At p. 67, vol. i., of the "Life of Leland," Huddesford uses these words: "It also appears that an ancient MS. of Leland has long remained in the Bodleian Library, unnoticed in any account of our author yet published. The tract is entitled 'Certayne Questyons wyth awnsweres to the same, concernynge the Mystery of Masourye.' The original is said to be the handwriting of King Henry VI., and copied by Leland by order of His Highness (King Henry VIII.) If the authenticity of this ancient monument of literature remains unquestioned, it demands particular notice in the present publication, on account of the singularity of the subject, and no less from due regard to the Royal writer, and our author, his transcriber indefatigable in every part of literature. It will also be admitted, acknowledgment is due to the learned Mr. Locke, who, amidst the closest studies and the most strict attention to human understanding, could unbend his mind in search of this ancient treatise, which he first brought from obscurity in the year 1696. This appears by his letter to a noble lord, which, with the treatise itself, will be here printed entire, together with the explanatory notes of that great and eminent philosopher." Accordingly, at page 96 of the Appendix, No. VII., vol. i., the so-called MS., taken, however, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September, 1753, as is pointed out in a footnote, appears in full, with the glossary, and Mr Locke's letter.

There is something so very peculiar in the proceedings of the editor of "Leland's Life" in 1762, that I must say a few words here with respect to them. In the first place, I cannot blame any of our Masonic scribes, misled by such an apparent confirmation of a fact; yet when one comes actually to consider Huddesford's statements, and the evidence of the Appendix, how little of verification there is in both! Though Huddesford was keeper of the Ashmolean Library in the Bodleian, he does not seek to verify even the existence of the MS., but contents himself with "it also appears," that is, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1754. He surely ought not to have put in here such a statement, that an ancient MS. of Leland has long remained in the Bodleian without enquiry or collation. Either he knew the fact to be so, as he stated it, or he did not; but in either case, his carelessness as an editor is to my mind utterly inexcusable. Nothing would have been easier than for him to verify an alleged MS. of Leland, being an officer in the very collection in which it was said to exist. Still, if he did not do so, either the MS. did exist, and he knew it, but did not think well for some reason to be more explicit about it, or he knew nothing at all about it, and, by an inexcusable neglect of his editorial duty, took no pains to ascertain the truth, and simply copied others, by his quasi recognition of a professed MS. of Leland. If John Locke's letter were authentic, which Huddesford assumed by his words, a copy of this MS. would remain among Mr. Locke's papers, or at Wiltou House, and the original MS. probably in the hands of this Mr. Collins, whoever he was, or in the Bodleian. I have thus given all the historical facts relative to this so-called Locke MS. which are now producible.

I should not have written so much about the so-called Locke MS., but that Oliver, on certainly most uncritical grounds, asserted its genuineness and authenticity in 1861, and Bro. Fort, a most able and conscientious writer, in our last great Masonic work, leans to its reality, and accepts it as a veritable document. What it really is, and how far it can be sustained by internal evidence, I leave for a second paper.

I do not think, for one, that such enquiries as these, however minute in detail, and perhaps tedious in treatment, are useless, or uninteresting, inasmuch as we are all greatly concerned in the historical truth of our Masonic Annals, and I am always wishful, for one, to repudiate for our order worthless evidences and manipulated documents, the *fraus piæ*; or the literary forgery.

Since I wrote the above I have had a communication with the authorities of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. By their courtesy I am enabled to say distinctly that the MS. is *not* among the Tanner MSS., nor is anything known of it in the Bodleian, nor is anything known either of the Mr. C——ns (Collins) mentioned in Mr. Locke's alleged letter. Unless we could suppose that Mr. C——ns has some other name, or calling, or the MS. is in one of the college libraries, the whole affair assumes the appearance (as may truly be feared) of deliberate imposture. If Mr. Collins was a book-collector or dealer in MSS., he had nothing to do with the Bodleian Library.

Evidentially, in my opinion, we must give up this so-called MS., and it is hardly worth while dealing with the internal evidence, as that, in my opinion, is even weaker than the external. So here I leave the matter to-day, regretting that anyone can ever suppose Freemasonry is aided by the "pious fraud," or the prepared document, the fictitious "charter," or the unveritable letter, and utterly disavowing, as a Masonic student, those literary forgeries which are a scandal to their authors, as they are a lasting stigma on Freemasonry.

I may perhaps be told that Bro. Dr. Oliver pronounced in its favour; but then, as I before remarked, I fear that in this more critical age we must give up the good Doctor's deliverance which is based on no evidence. It is simply the *ipse dixit* of an enthusiastical but too careless writer. At least, the "wish" with him was "father to the thought," and he did not use his verifying acumen, nor his "critical spectacles." Why Bro. Fort adheres to the document I know not; but it is quite clear to me that the evidence since Oliver's time has accumulated against it rather than for it. And so in all humility and earnestness I say to-day, "Cedit Quæstio!"

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### AN OPENING ODE.

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In our Great Grand Master's presence  
 We, His servants, now appear,  
 In the spirit of a fealty  
 That ignoreth slavish fear!

Love, and Love alone, constrains us,  
 To accept him as our King:  
 May His grace for ever keep us  
 'Neath the shelter of His wing!

Then we'll have a heart to praise Him,  
 E'en when tempted *here* below;  
 But far better still up *yonder*  
 Where temptations never go!

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MASONRY AND CHRISTIANITY.

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BY BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY, ORILLIA, ONTARIO.

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WE are perfectly aware that in discussing Masonry and Christianity we are stepping upon delicate ground, as many excellent brethren hold very peculiar views in regard to this subject. Our theory is that Masonry and Christianity go hand in hand, as twin sisters of one fond parent, along the sweet paths of honour, virtue, and truth, and we defy anyone to discover in Masonry aught that is opposed to the benign teachings of the Gentle Nazarene. On the other hand, because we do not invoke the name of the Crucified One in our prayers in the Lodge Room, we are told that we ignore the Son of God. Such a statement is founded upon a false basis. *Masonry is not Religion, but simply the handmaid of Religion.* Her portals are thrown open to the followers of every creed and sect, so long as they, before entering, profess their belief in One Great God, a Common Father, and a faith in the immortality of the soul. On this grand basis the whole superstructure of our spiritual temple is erected. We interfere not with the religion of any one of our members. The Red Man of the American forests, the Mohammedan, the followers of the priests of Buddha, the Deist, the Hebrew, the Christian,—all of these are equally welcome in our Lodge Rooms, because they have a common faith in the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of man, and when they meet *there*, they kneel around one altar, and with solemn accents from contrite hearts unite in prayer to Him whom they all worship as their Heavenly Father. We scoff at no man's creed, we ignore no man's faith, and interfere with no man's belief. All are welcome to their own peculiar doctrines and creeds, so long as there is that great, grand, and glorious central point around which we can all rally, and towards which we all look with awe, wonder, admiration, and love.

No! the teachings of Masonry, as explained by a symbolism only understood by the initiated, are peculiarly in accordance with the doctrines and dogmas exemplified by the Christian religion, which are also frequently illustrated in the Old and New Testaments by a series of emblems and symbols. Masonry does not pretend to give man the means of salvation; her mission is simply to teach him his duty to the Author of his being, to point out to him the great debt that he owes Him for all the comforts with which he is surrounded, to make him comprehend by impressive lessons that it should be his crowning glory to lead a pure, spotless, blameless life, in order in some measure to show he possesses some grain of gratitude to Him who holds his life in the hollow of His hand. Masonry, then, should be looked upon as the handmaid of Christianity. The former teaches man his duty on earth towards God and his fellow-man; the latter points out the means of salvation. The object of the first is to make man honourable, pure, and good, a perfect stone for that spiritual temple, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and the latter, to teach him that when once perfect, pure, and holy, he must not rely upon himself alone, but, in addition, place more confidence, trust, and hope for eternal salvation in those means that God has pointed out to him through His inspired word.

The very teachings of Masonry are all founded upon Christian doctrines. Purity of life is constantly pointed out, and a simple faith is daily taught. A Freemason, true to his principles, must necessarily be a good man; and if he belongs to the Christian religion, the lessons explained to him in the Craft will aid him in his efforts to exemplify by his daily life the beautiful doctrines of the Divine teachings of the Gentle Nazarene. Freemasonry and Christianity, then, are in harmony. The former is based upon the latter, and they should ever hand in hand continue to do good, exercising charity in hiding the faults of others, helping those in poverty and distress, supporting the widow and orphan in the hour of their affliction, confronting vice in the hells of immorality, sin, and sensuality, and pointing heavenwards to the wounded and dying. Freemasonry and Christianity are not antagonistic but harmonious in all their teachings, and in all their works, and so may they ever continue to be.

## A SONG FOR SUMMER.

SUMMER, the merry-eyed maiden,  
Summer, the bountiful queen,  
Comes to us laughing, gift-laden,  
Clad in a mantle of green.  
Welcome her, clasp her and hold her,  
Our beautiful golden-haired pride,  
Ere Time, her false father, hath sold her  
To winter, a heart-broken bride.  
Drink from her lips love and laughter!  
Call her your own while you may,  
Nor care for the sorrowful After,  
Which follows the bliss of a day.  
For Summer and Sunshine are fleeting,  
And maidenly beauty must fade;  
And hearts will soon break that are beating,  
And low in the silence be laid;  
And footfall of feet blessing bringing  
Will echo a moment, then die;  
And hands that are clasping and clinging,  
At rest on the bosom will lie.  
The snowy pure bosom sigh-shaken,  
Deep sighs which escape with the soul,  
When love has been lavished and slaken,  
And billows of sorrow, which roll  
O'er the heads of the weaker who battle,  
Have gathered their prey to the deep,  
With the sound of the choking death-rattle  
Which heralds the hush of a sleep.

Summer, the syren hath bound me  
With sunbeams which dart from her eyes—  
She stole from the silence and found me  
Wearied of life and its lies,  
And threw to me holiest ties.

Oh love! that I lost in the gloaming,  
The season of darkness and dearth,  
But found, as I followed the roaming  
Of Summer o'er bountiful earth,  
That budded and bloomed at her birth.

I will live for the sake of life's gladness,  
And sunshine that scatters our tears;  
And hope shall be stronger than sadness,  
And faith be more mighty than fears,  
As Summer sheds light on the years.

LEONARD LLOYD.

## FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

*Fraternally inscribed to Bro. W. Fowler, 33°, P. M. of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 273.*  
 BY F. G. TISDALL, 33°.

BROTHER—faithful, tried and trusted—  
 I will answer you with speed ;  
 And on foot will go to serve you—  
 Call me when my aid you need.  
 Heedless of fatigue and danger,  
 I will cast off selfish sloth,  
 For to me thou art no stranger,  
 Mystic ties have bound us both.

When I kneel in adoration  
 To the Master in command  
 Of this wondrous vast creation,  
 And the system He has planned,  
 Then I'll think of thee, my brother,  
 And each selfish thought subdue ;  
 Every vain desire I'll smother,  
 Pleading at the Throne for you,

I will keep thy secrets hidden  
 Deep within my faithful breast,  
 Sacredly as you have bidden  
 When to me you them confessed ;  
 All the secrets you've imparted  
 None in outer world shall know,  
 For the noble and true-hearted  
 All are faithful to their vow.

And when tongues of idle slander  
 Shall a brother's name assail,  
 Then I'll prove a staunch defender,  
 And make idle rumour quail.  
 Your good name to me is dearer  
 Than the sordid wealth of gold,  
 Or the treasures of the miser,  
 Which his greedy eyes behold.

I will quickly give thee warning  
 When a foe is lurking near ;  
 All our fellowship adorning  
 By a whisper in thine ear.  
 While I grasp thy hand thus firmly,  
 By that strong grip you shall know  
 I thy brother am, and warmly  
 Pledged to thee by faithful vow.

*New York Despatch.*

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 BEATRICE.
 

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

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## CHAPTER III.

IT was at a very pleasant croquet party, to be followed by the British five o'clock tea, (for even that bad practice had reached Cayley, and flourished there in perfection), at I first began to form one of that little friendly coterie to which I have alluded, and learned, moreover, to take an interest in the *tableau vivant* before my eyes. Croquet may be the pleasantest just as it may be the stupidest of games. Given congenial people, and fair sides, it is an innocent and amusing employment for an "off day"; but too much of croquet is, in my opinion, a great bore. I have known games of croquet, moreover, where the whole affair degenerated into an unmitigated nuisance, where the players, stupid and uninteresting at all times, seemed to become doubly stupid and uninteresting amid the *fracas* and *tours de force*, and changes and chances of croquet.

And here I wish to propound a question quite worthy of "all the talents" of the British Association. Why is it that good-looking young women are better to get on with at croquet than plain young women? And though I hardly expect a reply to so abstruse a query, I think it well to call attention to it, though I may have to leave it in that doubt and mystery which properly enshroud it. On that long-remembered afternoon we had very pleasant sides, and very cheery "mates," and very great amusement. To use a young lady's word, it was very "jolly." Young Morley, British soldier as he was, was as active as a cat, and as skilful a manœuvrer as he should probably be, while Twamley, whose "Geist" never deserted him, kept us all very cheerful and merry. Brummer joined in the game heartily, (though he knew nothing about it), and a young Oxonian, son of the Vicar of Molesey, astonished us by the proficiency which he had learned at Magdalen, proving, as Twamley remarked, that he had taken his degree at any rate "*Literis Croquetioribus*." The young ladies were Beatrice, and Miss Morley, the Oxonian's pretty sister, Miss Merewether, and Brummer's gay and *espeigle* niece Fraülein Lisette.

The older folks looked on, and being myself, or I imagined myself, something, as the French say, of a philosopher, *en retraite* (though with both my eyes open), I consented to act as umpire, being partial, if not impartial, to both sides in the contest. And even to-day, after several years, I seem to recall that pleasant scene. The level lawn, the purling brook, the murmuring trees, the fragrant flowers, all rise up before my jaded memory as a very merry vision of the past, as I rack my old brain to put into moving words this "outcome" of sentiment, of matter-of-fact, of romance, or reality, or what you will, for the kindly readers of the *Masonic Magazine*.

Alas, as the mind leaves the present of action and care, and travels away to a past of gracious souvenirs, that gay gathering seems to be reproduced in all its living meaning and being before me now, in this dusty room, amid my well-known books, though, alas, those smiling faces are now old and careworn, those soft voices are some of them prematurely hushed, those graceful forms (some of them) are still in the grave. What a sad and yet tender friend is Retrospect to us, and how like as if, with a magician's wand, it summons up before us for a little space the airy shadows of the past, only, however, to convince us, ere long, that they are the veriest if the pleasantest of shadows, as they fade from our wistful gaze and melt into the "circumambient air." But what magnificent words are these, and where in the name of all that is mentionable and unmentionable am I getting to?

Still that game of croquet progressed, as games of croquet do progress on a

summer's day; and more energetic "dames" or more assiduous "cavaliers" never did encounter each other, as Twamley says, *vi et armis!* Amid the little nothings of that game of croquet—amid councils of war, prudent manœuvres, and energetic action—it was quite clear to me that Master Walter Morley and Miss Beatrice Mortimer were getting on very well together, indeed, better than one or two of those present seemed to like.

We had been joined, in the meantime, by Mr. Miller and his pretty daughter Agnes, and Molesey of Molesey had looked in, though, as he said, he did not care for croquet, and did not drink tea, and objected on principle to "muffin worries."

Brummer, who was as wideawake a German as the great Teutonia, (auspice Bismarkii), has ever sent to our hospitable shores, remarked in his German-English, "Dat de skermceesh had been very varn, and dat Miss Beatrice had been vell supported by dat gallant officere."

Twamley, who was irrepressible, hummed, "None but the brave deserve the fair;" and said that one of the distinguishing characteristics of the British officer of the day was his attention to the fair sex at croquet and any other pastime. "Indeed," he added, "I know of a dreadful story of a young lady visiting the camp at Shorncliffe, and suffering ever after from a dreadful heart complaint, brought on by a gallant Lieutenant of the Royal Sappers and Miners."

Morley requested Twamley to shut up.

Molesey said something about "rubbish;" and old Mr. Miller took snuff.

I watched Beatrice during this merry chaff, and saw a gentle blush stealing over the cheek of that fair maiden, who was, however, very cool and collected, and, as Twamley said to me, "All serene."

Brummer declared that it was now time to go to tea, and that Mrs. Mortimer was looking out for us, adding, looking slyly at Miss Beatrice, and sagaciously at us, "You know, my dear Miss Beatrice, that croquet, though a very charming is a very fatiguing and often trying game for young ladies. You really have got quite a bloom from the exercise, and you do look oh! so very well."

Poor old Brummer! I think I hear his cheery voice now. But Beatrice, as the saying is, stood fire well, and I admired then, as I have often admired since, her *aplomb* and imperturbability. Indeed, during my life I have learnt to wonder at and applaud the calmness of ladies under similar provocation in like situations.

Commend me to a young woman, especially one of our own time, for steadiness of purpose and firmness of nerve. I have beheld a line of the Guards give a sharp rolling fire; I have seen the Household Cavalry charge across Hyde Park; I have admired the R. H. A. as they came up at a hand gallop, and unlimbered; I have even looked on with beating heart at the advance of the "thin red line;" but, to use Molesey of Molesey's familiar if unclassic idiom, "By George! if a girl's courage and self-possession don't beat them all!" You can't put her out of countenance; you are unable to make her forget the "situation," She knows as much as you do, and very often a good deal more.

She will keep her own secret until she chooses to avow it, and in vain are hints, or chaff, or innuendo, or queries. Our fair young friend will not proclaim what she really thinks of you or me, of this preux chevalier or that, until she thinks the proper time has come,—until she chooses to make up her own mind. And who can blame her? Who can venture to say that she is wrong? Does not the matter concern her, after all, more than anyone else? Is not the *dénouement* all in all to her? Let us learn to be more just to women. We are after all, high-minded and impeccable lords of the creation as we are, most unjust often in our treatment of women.

By this time the conversation had become general, and the tea universal, and the company "mixed," and friends were severed; and though all seemed to be in the "swim," and even on the "flush," yet such are the undercurrents of society that many were not in the right place, or, as Violet Chiltorn has it, were rather on the "wrong side of the post." Old Miller had got hold of Beatrice, who was assenting most civilly to all the good-natured Scotchman's remarks, while young Morley—like all young men, wise in their generation—was paying attention to Mrs. Mortimer.

Brummer and Twamley, and that merry girl Agnes Miller, and that good-looking young woman Kate Merewether, and Molesey, and myself, and young Merewether, had made up a right pleasant group, which then was really able to laugh, though some of us, God knows, have become anxious and out of spirits since those genial days of old. Happy privilege of mortals, to be able to laugh! and if I do not say, like Præd, "laugh and grow fat," I yet envy all who still can really laugh, and laugh heartily, and laugh in good earnest. I trust that I have not said too much in this chapter. I am somewhat like the elderly maiden lady who would look to the third volume always, to see how the story ended, before she read the first or the second. If the end was as she thought it should be, she read the book through; but if it all went across, if true love did not run smooth, if virtue was not rewarded, she cried and would read no more. That good old maiden lady is not, however, the only person, as I well know, who has looked to the end of a story to see how it would all "turn out." Do any of my readers remember a charming story of that admirable writer Miss Yonge, "The Chaplet of Pearls, or the White and Black Ribeaumont." I do confess me, in my interest, to have basely looked on to the end to ascertain the fate of hero and heroine, and then calmly finished one of the best stories which our age has witnessed.

I cannot help it, then, if my readers think that already they can discern the "golden thread" of this little tale. I can only ask them to be patient and read to the end; though perhaps, alas, they may be tempted to say that the "Finis" does not "coronat opus."

I am sorry to add that both Brummer and Twamley made many jokes that afternoon about those little attentions which croquet produces, and which, as some one has put it, are "accessories before and after the fact to agreeable flirtation."

Brummer declared, for instance, that he thought the placing the feet on the croquet balls was only for the purpose of "displaying neat ankles and open lacework," while Twamley asserted that croquet matches led to more hymeneal arrangements than any other institution he was aware of, and that he knew as a fact that "croquet" was invented by a young lady who "croquetted" her young man at the first throw off.

Perhaps these light words may seem somewhat insipid to our high-spiced tastes to-day, when our young men talk the language of the racing stable, and even our young ladies have a patois of their own; when crimes and "heathen Chinee" seem to be the order of the day; when our young men think it a bore to laugh; and when conversation has become vapid to a degree almost incredible! We could laugh at most things in those days, frivolous and slight as they were, silly people that we were too.

I often wish that to-day our young people laughed at our innocent jests, and were not *au fait* of much of which they ought to know nothing. How much better it would be for us all if our young ladies, dear girls, as they are, never forgot that they were ladies; if our boys (yes, my dear boys, I say it, *ad hominem*, remember) never forgot that they were gentlemen! Let them leave stable chaff for stable boys, and thieves' lingo for thieves, and try and speak once more the pure old Anglo-Saxon "undefiled."

The Puritan may denounce laughter as a sin of the flesh, the tongue, or the mind. I care not a jot. I prefer to be a laughing not a crying philosopher, and I am quite sure of this, and Dr. Baily, who is a great authority, says so too, that laughter is good for man and beast.

A dear old friend used to like to declare that it not only exercised the muscles, but warmed up the cockles of the heart.

Some of the greatest hypocrites I ever knew were men of sour countenances and snarling utterances, who never laughed at anything, and who really could not apparently understand, and certainly did not relish a joke.

(To be continued.)

## ART-JOTTINGS IN ART-STUDIOS.\*

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

## SCULPTURE.—III.

"Sermons in stones."

WHEN speaking in our last number of the decoration of wall-surfaces—technically "in the flat,"—we briefly noticed that in certain cases effects were produced by touching the "incised" lines with colour. The instances we then touched upon were those of no later or more cultivated branches of art than the ancient Hieroglyphs, but, like most other inventions, although rude at first in themselves, they ultimately formed the basis of several beautiful species of ornamentation; of such, the first to come under notice is

## TARSIA-WORK,

which consists of devices wrought "in the flat" in "incised" lines, the incisions being afterwards filled in with cement.

In the Florentine Chapel of S. Miniatio is an extremely early specimen of this kind of decoration; but although it is most effective, still the full result of which the art is capable is not attained to, inasmuch as the cement used is of one uniform black tint. We have said that this work is not wanting in effectiveness, for the result is telling just as is a line-engraving; but precisely as in a simple engraving warmth is wanting, so with the Florentine Tarsia-Work, the eye notes the absence of completeness that colour gives.

If we pass now to a more recent example—the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor—we shall find some Tarsia-Work in which this want is completely supplied, for Baron Triqueti, the artist, has so thoroughly mastered this branch of art, that he has made it almost equal in beauty, warmth, and finish, to the most highly-coloured pictures. This result has been obtained by the substitution of variously-coloured cements for the simple black of the earlier work.

In passing from Tarsia-Work we can only briefly sum up the excellencies of the latest developments of the art by saying that, viewed generally, its beauties are nearly, if not quite, equal to those of "fresco-painting;" whilst examined in detail, it possesses the minute finish of work in "enamel."

By an easy transition we now pass on to

## MOSAIC,

which is another and more developed adaptation of "incision." We say adaptation, although it would be perhaps more correct to say that it is "incision" pushed to such a limit as to be almost a reversal of the before-described Tarsia-Work; for, wherever in the latter process the outline is "incised," and the consequent engraved outline filled in with colour, in the former the entire body of the work is treated in that way, the result being, of course, a work of much greater intensity so far as colouring is concerned.

Mosaic, then, is the art of producing a well-nigh imperishable picture by means of cutting out the requisite design bodily in the marble or stone foundation, and then filling in the incisions with a hard substance of various colours and shades. This filling

\* In the September number two or three typographical mistakes remained uncorrected, the proofs not having reached the writer of the article.—[E.D.]

in may be either portions of substances naturally produced, such as shell or stone, or it may consist of glass specially prepared for the purpose: in either case it is subdivided into extremely minute pieces called "smalts," of which, before the entire picture is set, small square portions of it are put together first and are called "tesserae." Of modern instances of this beautiful art we might mention a superb specimen produced by Russian artists at the Russian Imperial Glass Factory, and exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1872: this work has probably never been surpassed. In England, Minton, of Stoke-on-Trent, and Maw, of Broseley, make some extremely beautiful specimens of Mosaic work; their tiles have reached such a high pitch of perfection that they need no longer be confined to the floor, but can be used most effectively either alone or in combination to enrich wall and cornice decoration. When all is said and done, however, Italy seems the most congenial home of the art, it having been reintroduced there about 1250 (A.D.) by Andrea Tafi, who had learned it of some Greek artists who were occupied in decorating St. Mark's at Venice. There it has been brought to a most perfect state of finish, works of extreme minuteness being successfully executed in it by Italian artists. The manufacture of the little opaque "smalts" for making up the cubes or "tesserae" is a very important one, belonging to the Papal Government, and being carried on in the Vatican, where it is said that no less than 25,000 shades of colour are produced.

There is in Italy another school of Mosaic Work—the Florentine. In this, the "smalts"—unlike the glass productions of the Roman School—are entirely formed from pieces of stone and shell. The scope of its works is necessarily more limited, being almost entirely confined to floral and arabesque designs.

If we enquire into the original home of the art, we meet with no little difficulty: we find, however, that under the Byzantine Empire it was extensively used as a wall decoration in the churches. Amongst the Romans, again, it was much practised, being held in especial esteem for ornamental pavements, specimens of which are almost sure to be found whenever modern research unearths the remains of the long buried Roman villa.

One of the best of our modern Encyclopædias declares of this art, "that its origin and the derivation of its name are alike unknown." Not so, however, Bros. Woodford and Mackey, in their Cyclopædia and Lexicon respectively of Freemasonry, to which system the words "Mosaic" and "Tesselated" are the reverse of strange. Bro. Woodford says that "Mosaic" is derived from the "musivum opus" of the Romans, which, he remarks, was doubtless Mosaic or tessellated work, "opus concinne tessellatum varicque picturatum;" this view is much strengthened when we see that Dr. Hyde Clarke gives (in English) "musaic" as the alternative form of "mosaic." This "musivum," Bro. Woodford considers, is further derived from the Greek "mouseion," because of the decoration of the "mouseion" (museum)—a place consecrated to the muses and set apart for study or learned conversation. "Lithrostoton," the Greek equivalent for the Roman "musivum opus," was a Mosaic or tessellated pavement, and Mackey refers to "the Pavement" (Hebrew "Gabbatha"). Mackey (in a footnote) says that "The term 'Mosaic' is supposed to have been derived from the fact that Moses thus constructed the floor of the Tabernacle." We should suppose that Bro. Woodford would *a fortiori* oppose this notion, inasmuch as he says that "there was certainly none in the first Temple, and it is not clear that there was any in the second—though there may have been when Herod restored it and re-beautified it."

Our own idea upon this point would be that if any such "pavement" existed in the Tabernacle, where everything was portable, it must have been merely the representation of Mosaic in some easily-rolled-up stuff akin to that in frequent use in our Lodges at the present day.

With the "Mosaic Pavement" is often connected the "Tesselated Border,"—we think wrongly, for we regard the latter title as a misnomer, or, at least, likely to mislead. It is true that it may be named "Tesselated," from its presenting an appearance of inlaying, but we contend that this "indentation" does not really represent inlaid or "Mosaic" work, but, instead, the indents which would be caused by a fringe of lengths

varying at regular intervals; for we consider, as we have before shown,\* and as has been referred to by Brother Woodford in his *Cyclopædia*,† that this indented fringe represents the “fringes of the *tabili*” upon which the working scroll was in all probability laid; in this way only can we account for the four tassels at the corners. The fringes of a garment might reasonably be—nay, actually were, by the Mosaic injunction—gathered up into tassels at the corners; but certainly tassels could have no possible connection with a Mosaic pavement.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Mosaic pavement, its symbolical use and beauty is undeniable, teaching us, as it does, of the inexplicable admixture of good and evil fortune in the lot of every man amongst us, be he high or low, rich or poor; for there is none, whatever may be his rank and station, whatever the accident of his birth and education, but must find his onward way chequered with frequent varying phases of happiness and woe. As, then, our feet press the squares of alternate white and black, let us be ever mindful that to-day’s sun, risen in glorious prosperity and joy, may yet set in the darkest adversity and sorrow; but yet again, that just as, if black succeeds white, white must succeed black, so pain and misery must have some respite even in this life. Thus, from the Mosaic pavement may we learn caution in prosperity and solace in adversity, and, guided by its lessons, treading life’s pathway aright, may arrive at last upon the golden floor of that bright place where sorrow shall be no more.

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### LEND A HELPING HAND.

LIFT a little! Lift a little!  
 Neighbours, lend a helping hand  
 To that heavy-laden brother,  
 Who for weakness scarce can stand,  
 What to thee with thy strong muscle,  
 Seems a light and easy load,  
 Is to him a ponderous burden,  
 Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! Lift a little!  
 Effort gives one added strength;  
 That which staggers him at rising,  
 Thou canst hold at arm’s full length.  
 Not his fault that he is feeble,  
 Not thy praise that thou art strong;  
 It is God makes lives to differ,  
 Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little! Lift a little!  
 Many they that need thy aid;  
 Many lying on the road-side,  
 ’Neath misfortune’s dreary shade.  
 Pass not by, like Priest and Levite,  
 Heedless of thy fellow man,  
 But with heart and arms extended,  
 Be the Good Samaritan.

*Selected.*

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\* *Masonic Magazine*, vol. iii., p. 169—“The Badge of Innocence.”

† “*Kenning’s Cyclopædia*,” ed. by Bro. Woodford, p. 65—in *roc*, “Tesselated Border.”

## AUTUMN LEAFLETS.

**D**OTTINGS among the quiet and sombre shadows that flit between the "all things bright and beautiful" of summer, and the cold, dreary wastes of winter—shadows that come and go in solemn warning of that deeper shade fast darkening round us all. And yet some autumn pictures, in their golden store of wealth in lesson and precept, surpass the more highly tinted ones of summer. There is something grand, serious, stirring in the decay now going on around us—knowing as we do that the All-wise Architect of our universe will once more clothe the earth with renewed glory in the spring-time—that the sere and yellow leaves, which lie in heaps on all sides, are not lost, but that each will bear its part in the attainment of a bright and joyous resurrection in the future. So like our own lives here! Youth's buds, manhood's blossoms should bring age's fruit, that, when our own tree dies, its leaves, withered and fallen round the trunk, under our Father's hand may bloom again in heaven nevermore to fade. Yet how many can say that the germs implanted in our natures have received that nourishment and care needful to produce one single flower? O then! how few whose fruit has ripened to perfection! Each year that has passed has shown the same great lesson written plainly on the whole face of nature—the same truth peeping forth from every fallen leaf dying every day—the same precept in the bare and naked branches showing weird and ghostlike against the dull and leaden sky. Leaves fallen and falling still, and even as we gaze on them we send one little thought back to

"The spring-time of their age,"

when bright and beautiful they decked the earth with gladness, and *now*, their course run, their mission ended—the dead shadows of a long ago—they beckon us to follow.

It may be that such truths shine out with brighter force to one who in

"The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,"

has passed the summer months upon the bosom of the great deep, where day succeeds to day, and, save in a greater ruffling now and again of the placid mirror o'er which he floats, there is nothing changeable in the eternal waste of

"Water, water, everywhere."

Human nature knows not the value of that it enjoys till its loss has taught its estimate aright.

"The sea, the sea, the bounding sea."

What poet has not sung its praise, what writer has not woven its silvery ripples amongst his fairest flowers, what painter has not pined to catch its gorgeous ever-changing beauties, what earth-born heart but yearns at times and seasons for the sublime, the immeasurable "waste of waters?"

Hands innumerable are stretched out longingly towards the substance, but they alone who grasp it find it but a shadow. Who but they can realize the vivid picture given by the "Ancient Mariner,"—

"Day after day, day after day  
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion,  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean?"

With nothing but sky and sea on every side, the monotony becomes so tedious that



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AN IMPROMPTU.

*On presenting a pair of slippers to a Masonic M.D.*

To make a case in every way complete  
For covering an active pair of feet,  
And worthy the recipients, much of thought  
And lively pleasure to the task was brought.

First as to colour: what shall be the hue?  
Why fix on one Masonic, Royal Blue,  
Blended with azure stolen from the sky?  
In varied tints a pattern we will try.

What better than when eyes should meet the feet,  
A kindly gleam should there responsive greet,  
Something averse to trouble, toil, and care?—  
We'll choose a compass resting on a square,

That grand Masonic emblem, and the guide  
By which one's every action should be tried,  
With this engraven on feet, hands, and heart,  
We can with cheerfulness act out our part.

Then for the basis, making footsteps sure,  
And that this case may never need a cure,  
We'll use a leather, seasoned well and tried,  
That all the wear and tear may be defied.

Lined well and snugly, easy for the tread,  
And soft and cosy, like a downy bed;  
Add to the warmth and also to the brightness  
With binding of brown fur of airy lightness.

And thus the case is finished; 'tis the token  
Of much deep gratitude which can't be spoken.  
If but it prove to be a useful friend,  
The maker will have deemed it's gained its end.

*Bristol.*

ETOLLE

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LORELEI.

HEINRICH HEINE.

ICH weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten  
Dass ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein,  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
In abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzt  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei  
Das hat eine wundersame  
Gewalt'ge melodei.

Der schiffer im kleinem schiffe,  
Ergreift es mit weldem Weh,  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh!

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,  
Und das hat mit ihrem singen  
Die Lorelei gethan.

#### LORELEY.

I know not what it importeth  
That I so greatly grieve;  
A legend out of the ancient times  
My mind it will not leave.

The air is cool, and it darkens  
Where the Rhine does softly flow,  
And the tops of the mountains glitter  
In evening's rose-red glow!

A beauteous maiden's sitting  
Up there—she's wondrous fair,  
Her golden jewels are shining  
As she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,  
And sings at her toil a strain,  
Which in marvellous magic melody  
Echoes back from those hills again.

The boatman in his little boat  
Lists to it with wildest woe:  
He looks only at the height above,  
Not on the rocks below.

The waves will engulf both boatman and boat  
At last, I do not doubt:  
And this is the fate the Loreley,  
With her song, has brought about.

## MILDRED: AN AUTUMN ROMANCE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "The Path of Life: An Allegory;"  
"Amabel Vaughan;" "Notes on the United Order of the Temple and Hospital,"  
etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER II.

## ABBAY BUILDINGS.—MILDRED'S STORY.

JUST facing the western entrance of the church stand the Abbey Buildings on one side, within their own pretty grounds, and nearer the Abbey gateway the pleasant Elizabethan vicarage, ivy covered, and with many gables; on the other side, at right angles, the High-street; at the farther corner of the great quadrangle, of which the Abbey walls form two sides, and the church the centre, stand the almshouses and national schools, and further on some gentlemen's houses abutting on the road. At No. 1, Abbey Buildings, lived the Misses Bethune, two old ladies, of antique manners and primitive notions, with their orphan niece and ward—Mildred Bethune. Mildred's father had been an artist and a genius, blessed with a generous nature, coupled with ignorance of the world and its ways; and totally unfitted to cope with the wickedness that is therein. He had married early in life a Miss Copley, a lady of independent income (some £300 a year), and which had been wisely settled on herself and her offspring.

George Bethune was a man of old family, poor, proud, and clever. Miss Copley had met him rather more than halfway, or he would certainly never have married her, for he scorned to be thought a fortune-hunter, and three hundred a year was a little fortune in St. Benet's thirty years ago. At first they had, after their marriage, removed to London, where great things were expected, and George hoped to make himself a name.

He had done well at the Royal Academy as a student, had won the silver medal for "Still Life," and had got a commission to paint the portrait of the son of the then Lord Mayor. But somehow things did not prosper with him. He had an artist's idea of beauty, elegance, and refinement, and was always building castles in the air. When he sold a picture for £25, he would go and spend £50 on the strength of it.

This could not last long, and the end of it was, he failed, left London with his wife and only child Mildred, and came back to live at St. Benet's on his wife's little fortune—of which he put by £50 a year to pay off some preliminary debts, and which he was too honourable to disavow, though his bankruptcy had set him free from them. Mrs. Bethune died, and soon after her husband, who had mourned her loss sincerely; and Mildred was left to the care of his two maiden sisters, nieces of the late Vicar of St. Benet's.

Mr. Bethune during the last ten or fifteen years of his life had given up ambition, and settled down as a drawing master, teaching the upper ten of the St. Benet's world, and occasionally going over to give lessons at Peterborough and Ely. Thus it had come to pass that Mildred and Marmaduke first met; for the General, finding his youngest son had a strong *penchant* for drawing, engaged Mr. Bethune to teach him; and as it was sometimes inconvenient when the house was full of guests, or at election times, to have Mr. Bethune there, Marmaduke, then seventeen, and preparing for Sandhurst, used to go over to the Great Whyte where the artist lived, and get his lesson with Mildred,

who was an apt pupil, and whom the father delighted to teach with Marmaduke. He was a simple, good soul, and thought no harm of leaving the young people together, never dreaming that the boy of seventeen would wake up some day and find himself a man, with a warm heart and affectionate nature, infirm of purpose, and yet meaning to do well; or that the girl was even now almost a woman, and a beautiful one too, with a guileless nature, and an untouched heart. Untouched, but for how long?

The widower never thought of a possible attachment between these two, or he would have kept them wide as the poles asunder; for the General he knew was a proud man, and had high notions for his son. The General, being himself a parvenu, as he very well knew, was anxious for his youngest son to marry into a good family. The eldest son John had committed himself by marrying the daughter of the woman who kept his chambers; but the poor soul had died in giving birth to her still-born, and John vowed he would never marry again. So his only hope was Marmaduke. The poor artist's daughter marry his son! The General would have foamed at the mouth at the very idea. And the poor artist himself—well, he was a proud man, too, poor and proud; and the name of Bethune was as good, aye better than Mathew, a long, long way, and he would scorn to let the rich man think he wanted his son for his own loved daughter. But, as I said before, he did not think of possibilities; why should he? A mother would have done so, no doubt, but fathers rarely do. So when the young man left Sandhurst and got his commission in the Guards, he came down to St. Benet's to see his old friends, amongst whom he numbered the artist and his daughter. And the former never dreamed that they could ever be more than friends, these two young people, and never saw the danger of the sort of friendship which had so evidently sprung up between them. And then another year went by, and George Bethune, the poor artist whom all loved, died, and Mildred went to live with her aunts. But no word had been spoken of love, though the gossips of St. Benet's, you may be sure, had often noticed the young officer when home on furlough calling at the house in the Great Whyte—oftener than mere friendship for Mr. Bethune seemed to warrant—and then when the artist died and Marmaduke came down for a day or two from Colchester, where his regiment was stationed, and sought out Mildred at her new home in the Abbey Buildings to tell her that he sympathised with and pitied her in her great loss, the gossips talked, wondered, and said there must be something in it.

July and the fair. The agricultural show for the county was to be held this year at St. Benet's, and the General's youngest son had just come of age. Great was the excitement in the old town in the Fens, and universal the desire of everybody to make the meeting a success.

The Abbey grounds were to be opened to the public; a great marquee close to the house was erected where the dinner was to be held, and at which the General was to preside. The field adjoining the Abbey stables was to be the show ground, where the horses were to be tried and the cattle and poultry were to be exhibited, and the day was to be observed as a general holiday. It was whispered that the opportunity would then be taken of introducing Mr. Mathew to the public as the future M.P.—but some of the old *quidnuncs* thought that it would be wiser to let it alone.

"The young fellow hasn't sown his wild oats yet," said Dr. May, the old practitioner; "he's young, too young, to think of such things."

"Right you are, sir," answered his querist, Mr. Grice, the leading butcher, "right you are; want's bottom, sir; want's ballast—that's what I say."

Grice was a great politician, and had a nice little freehold property, and took part in the penny readings, and was altogether an important man; at least he thought so.

The fair comes off on the 5th July, so does the show, which is most successful. The farmers from the Fens forty miles round come in to the meeting, and bring their wives and pretty daughters.

Every one is there, and the dinner is attended by some three or four hundred, the ladies sitting down with the rest and "illuminating the proceedings by their presence," as a young and gushing reporter in the *Peterborough Advertiser* says. The General is pompously loquacious, and presides with his usual dignity. He is supported by the

other county member, and a number of magnates from the neighbouring towns, including the mayors of one or two adjacent boroughs.

Marmaduke has just come as the notabilities take their seats at the cross table, and is followed suspiciously by Mildred, who demurely slips into her place beside some friends at the end of the tent, looking very pretty and rather flushed and happy.

The speeches have been spoken—the songs have been sung—Marmaduke's name has been introduced, and the young officer has made his bow to the audience, and proposed the toast of "The Ladies." He is quite eloquent on the subject, and perhaps is inspired by the face and form of a beautiful girl who has just risen to speak to some one at the far end of the tent, and in doing so gives one beaming look towards the speaker, which he no doubt interprets rightly—at all events, he looks well content as he sits down amidst thunders of applause.

"Very well done for a first attempt, General," says old Lord Kenarlon. "Very well done indeed; we shall make a speaker of him some day. The ladies appear to appreciate him, especially that pretty girl who has just sat down."

"Thank you, my lord, for your complimentary remarks," responded the General. "Marmaduke is no fool, but he's not yet up to the mark. I wish he were a little less wild. I am always fearing he will commit himself."

"Indeed," replied the old peer; "indeed, your son, sir, seems a very estimable young fellow. By the way, General," continued he, putting his gold eye-glass up to his eye, "who is that young lady I pointed out just now?"

"Where?"

"Why, the tall fair girl with auburn hair at the far end of the fourth table from here, sitting next that middle-aged lady I saw you speak to as you entered?"

Lord Kenarlon was an old bachelor and an old beau, and, if report spoke true, had been a sad rake in the times of the Regency; but he was only great at Quarter Sessions now, a most respectable member of the Upper House, who promised to die in the odour of sanctity. But still he admired the ladies—and thought they still admired him.

"Fair girl, auburn hair, hum; your lordship must mean Miss Bethune, one of our St. Benet's young ladies."

"And pray, who is Miss Bethune?"

"Oh, she was a drawing-master's daughter here; your lordship seems curious about her," the General added with the slightest possible attempt at a sneer.

"Monstrous fine girl, General: seldom seen a finer girl: appears to know your son."

"Know my son?"

"Well, yes, I should say so; saw him nodding to her just now. By the way, I should beware of that young lady's fine eyes if I were you, General, if you don't want your son to be caught."

"Your lordship is very kind to advise me," replied the General coldly; "but I hardly think your hint is needed. My son has sufficient sense not to commit himself with a drawing-master's daughter."

"Oh, has he?" drily responded the old lord.

He knew human nature well, all its faults and foibles; none better. Love affairs, intrigues, assignations, he had had scores of them in his day. The General, in his high starched collar, looked like Mr. Dombey—very proud, consequential, and self-satisfied. The old nobleman by his side was more after the pattern of Cousin Fenix, only more sensible and worldly wise. Which knew the world best—which saw the farthest?

The speeches were done, the dinner was over, and the guests were departing as the sun was setting in the west. Under the beeches, away from the house, are two people walking a little apart from the crowd which is wending its way out of the Abbey gates homewards.

"I congratulate you on your speech to-night," the lady is saying, in a soft silvery musical voice; "a very pretty speech. I am sure we were all grateful for your flattering notice."

"Who inspired me, think you?" the young man asks.

"Me! Oh, I don't know," the maiden answers, with coquettish archness.

"Yourself."

"Oh, nonsense."

"True, on my honour."

"Have you any?"

"What do you mean, Mildred."

"Nothing—I was only jesting—but you know they say a sailor leaves a wife in every port, and I suppose it's the same with you soldiers."

The young man winces and reddens as she speaks; the lady unheedingly continues,

"But, after all, I am ungrateful; you have always been a firm friend to me."

"A friend, Mildred—nothing more?"

"What more would you have?"

"Oh! why can you ask me? Do you not know that I—I love you?"

"Hullo, young man, I was looking for you."

The conversation is suddenly broken in upon by the General, who, in search of his son, and having had his suspicions aroused by Lord Kenarlon, is now walking hastily towards the young couple who are strolling up the avenue, little heeding the angry look he gives as he strides up with military tread to where they are.

"Hullo, young man," he repeats, bowing stiffly and raising his hat in a sort of half-military salute to Miss Bethune, as she moved off gracefully and with some dignity towards the Abbey gateway after the retreating crowd.

"Pardon me, father," the young man answers with a certain grave courtesy, "I must see Miss Bethune to the gate. I will be with you in a moment."

I fear the General muttered something very like an oath between his teeth as he saw the retreating figures walk leisurely towards the gate.

"Kenarlon was right, I expect, after all. Confound the young fool."

The General was much given to speak of noble personages behind their backs in the most familiar way. Before their faces—as in the case of Lord Kenarlon, whom he scarcely knew—he went rather to the other extreme.

"And now, sir, perhaps you will explain what all this means?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, this love-making in my park—under my very eyes—with Bethune, the drawing-master's daughter."

"I don't quite gather what you mean. I was merely walking with Miss Bethune, who is a lady, as I suppose you will admit," the young man says rather warmly, but as if he were trying to keep cool.

"Lady! I daresay she is, boy, worth twopence a year."

"Excuse me, father, but I don't intend to discuss the young lady or her means even with you."

"Well, sir, I put aside your disrespectful mode of address to me; but, as your father, I demand to know whether you were proposing to that young lady when I came up, for it looked uncommonly like it?"

"No, I was not, sir."

"Then, may I ask, were you making a fool of the girl with your coxcomb ways, and your love-making propensities? I've heard of you before, let me tell you, and I don't intend to be a party to your breaking girls' hearts."

"Well," Marmaduke replies, "if it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I was not making a fool of Miss Bethune, but I certainly told her, or was about to tell her when you came up, what is the simple truth."

"And pray what is that?"

"That I love her."

"The deuce, you do!"

"Yes, father, I do. I love her with my whole heart, and have done so for long."

"Oh, you have. Then I suppose" (the General was very irate and sarcastic) "you intend to make a fool of yourself and marry her."

"You suppose wrong. For two reasons—in the first place, I have not got the young lady's consent; in the second place, I *could not* marry her if I would."

The General looks astonished.

"Your explanation, I demand it, as your father."

"I have none to give."

"Oh, you have not. Very well, sir. We may as well understand each other at once. I do not pretend to unravel your mysteries; but let me tell you once for all, if you marry without my consent, either this girl or anyone else, I'll disinherit you; I will not run the risk of two sons disgracing the family."

And with that the General turned on his heel and entered the house.

The young man, after pacing the avenue for an hour or so in the light of the lovely summer noon, sought his room, retired to rest, and after vainly trying to sleep, got up, lit the wax taper on his mantel-piece, and wrote a long letter, which he carefully sealed and put in the pocket of his dress coat, which he had hastily thrown off, intending to post it himself the next morning. As he again lay down and composed himself to sleep, he murmured to himself, "Poor Mildred, will she forgive me?"

(To be continued.)

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## A VISIT TO ASHOVER CHURCHYARD.

Ye hasten to the grave; what seek ye there,  
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes  
Of the idle brain?

THIS interesting paper originally appeared in a Yorkshire paper of some considerable circulation, the *Hull Packet and East Anglican Times*, specially contributed, and we reprint it here, not only for its undoubted merits, and the amusement and edification of our readers, but for the purpose of suggesting to numerous kind correspondents the feasibility of making similar visits on their own account, and sending us like reports. We promise them a corner in the *Masonic Magazine*.

There is an old churchyard at Ashover, half buried amidst the Derbyshire hills, that contains many a quaintly carved stone and suggestive epitaph. It is the very ideal of an old churchyard. The venerable parish church, stately, weather-beaten, and with no mean pretensions to architecture, raises its solemn head in the centre; around and within its shadow and the shadows of many trees are the rude graves. Time has done its best to destroy the pristine beauty of the ground; it has battered the stones about, and obliterated many a choice epigram and rural landmark, while the long, lank grass, which no sacrilegious hand has dared to disturb, threatens some day to swallow the remainder. Clean laid gravel paths lead from the gates to the church, and beyond is the village, peaceful, contented, and happy; at least, so it looks to-day in the brilliant sunshine.

Epitaphs, as a rule, are very unsatisfactory. They are too often only half-told tales. Sometimes it is a dreary lamentation, a vainglorious panegyric or pretty picture, with the inevitable moral filtering through. Perhaps Ashover is no better than its neighbours. It would be more satisfactory if it were possible to read between the lines, and know what manner of men these were who trod the earth these ages back, and catch beneath all this sycophancy—these fulsome epigrams—a glimpse of the actual creature as he lived, and so step by step lay bare the social and profane history of the age. The cynic may justly claim a shrewd doubt that were these bones to rise from the ground and survey the glowing elegies sympathising friends have placed there, they would have some difficulty in recognising themselves; yea, further, insist to know who are the authors of these vile productions, who drag these rigid corpses from their graves, prop them against their icy headstones, and make their leaden lantern jaws to speak.

In our case we will be content to let the epitaphs speak for themselves. Here is one—mark its grim earnestness, despite the grotesque construction and obscure metaphor:—

O, reader, if thou canst read,  
Look down upon this stone;  
Do all we can, Death is a man  
That never spareth none."

The intensity of the last line is obvious.

A little further on, and we come to one which is very satisfactory:—

"She lived respected, and died lamented,  
She was—but words are wanting to say what—  
Think what a wife should be; she was that."

There is a depth of shrewdness in leaving the lady's many virtues to the imagination.

The next is not lacking in serious suggestiveness:—

"Dear reader, 'tis a serious thing to die,  
Thou soon must find it so as well as I;  
If for our words we bliss or woe receive,  
Dear reader, 'tis a serious thing to live."

There are many, of course, which teem with portentous warnings, illustrative of the uncertainty of life, and are chiefly interesting by reason of their quaint spelling and original phraseology:—

"By sudden death I was called away,  
Death did not give me time to say,  
'The Lord have mercy on my soul,'  
So absolute is his controule.  
Reflect when thou my grave doth see:  
The next that's made may be for thee."

Again:—

"A virtuous wife, in prime of life,  
In a moment called away,  
We trust her soul rest with  
The just, her body sleep in clay."

And:—

"Passenger stop and read a line,  
I lost my life in Gregory Mine;  
So be diligent in prayer while time you have,  
For there is no repentance in the grave."

And further:—

"In perfect health he left his home,  
Not knowing that his time was come;  
O, reader dear, boast not of might,  
Was well at morn and dead at night."

This last is very unsteady on its legs.

Others take a more cheerful view of circumstances. Their tone of resignation is sometimes admirable, although occasionally a touch of levity is thrown in. For example:—

"I'm now at rest and free from all the cares  
Of this tumultuous world and its affairs;  
I now shall sin no more, no more shall weep,  
For now I do enjoy a quiet sleep."

And:—

"Farewell, dear wife, and children nine,  
I lost my life at Milltown Mine,  
Do not for me lament,  
Your loss is great, but be content."

And further:—

"God in my youth has cut me down,  
And called my breath away,  
So I must lie beneath the ground  
Until the Judgment Day."

Then there are those again who, having nothing particular to say of themselves, and who do not desire to be conspicuous by their silence, mildly apostrophize the tomb as :—

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful friend,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
Awhile to slumber in the dust.”

We now turn with pleasure to those of a more invigorating nature, and with more of a pronounced originality to recommend them. Here is a pretty thought prettily expressed :—

“This lovely bud, so young and fair,  
Called hence by early doom,  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise would bloom.”

There is also a pretty poetical idea in the following, although its estimate of life must be considered rather unhealthy :—

“Death like an overflowing stream  
Sweeps us away. Our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.”

Surely originality cannot be claimed for the next :—

“Afflictions sore long time I bore,  
Physicians was in vain,  
Till God did please for Death to seize  
And ease me of my pain.”

And it is doubtful whether the same remark may not apply here also. There is considerable power and stateliness in the measure to make it attractive :—

“Death, steady tyrant, deaf to every cry,  
Marks out his journey, and bids the javlin fly ;  
O could our tears dissolve the bands of death,  
Whole floods should trickle till our latest breath ;  
Could sighs reanimate the lifeless clay,  
In gales of sighs our souls should waft away.”

He was a very sensible man who wrote this :—

“No verse of praise write on my tomb,  
Since there's a judgment yet to come ;  
Leave all to God, who justly knows,  
And more than we deserve bestows.”

The gem of the collection is the following. It requires no word-painting—in its shrewd suggestiveness it is inimitable :—

“This tablet  
is here placed  
in remembrance of  
John Milnes,  
a man of business and in all cases  
an advocate for a plan.  
He was born and lived at the Butts  
where he died a Bachelor,  
June 28th, 1838,  
aged 78.

N.B.—’Twas said he was an honest man.”

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

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

### CHAPTER XI.

IT was a beautiful evening, and Nellie, enchanted by the scene, had wandered forward, and while the men were listening to Peter's adventure with Josh Snozzles' ghost, she was peering down into the sparkling waters, as they danced about the bows of the vessel. She wondered what made the phosphorous sparkle so in every drop of the spray, and would cast her large inquiring eyes from the mountains, valleys, and shining lights which were reflected in the water to the drifts of snowy clouds and the twinkling stars above in the deep blue sky. While she was thus meditating in joy on the beauty of the surroundings, she was startled by a deep voice near her saying,—

"Nellie Powers."

She looked up and beheld the third mate standing near her, with a wicked smile playing about his features.

"Nellie Powers, I don't suppose you know me?" he said.

"I know you to be Mr. Radshaw, the third mate; further than that I don't know you, and I don't know as I want to either," said Nellie, somewhat displeased at being interrupted and frightened as she had been.

"Perhaps you will know me, then, whether you want to or not, my proud beauty. Perhaps you never heard the names of Charles and John Graham spoken by your father," replied the mate, looking down into her eyes, with a fierce demoniacal gaze, as though he intended his eyes should pierce her through and through.

"Charles Graham! the man who was my father's only enemy—the man who was the cause of my brother's death, and John Graham, his wicked son, who followed my father's fortunes, and, with all the hatred and sinfulness of his iniquitous parent, burned our beautiful home, and drove my father away from the land of his birth—have I heard of them? I have, sir, but I cherish no ill will towards them, for the Lord says, 'I will repay,' and dreadful will be their punishment when they are called to account for the evils they have done their fellow-men, and——"

"Hold on, Miss Rattlebrain, and be less personal in your remarks; perhaps I know more of them than you do. My name is John Graham. You speak of your father being wronged: do you know that your father fired the shot that deprived mine of his life? Do you suppose that any wrongs your father may have suffered can pay that debt he owes me? Do you suppose that he has received one-half of what he deserves for depriving a *once fast friend* of his life, and that that life can be atoned for by the burning of one or two homesteads, or the loss of a small part of a stolen fortune? I will answer that question myself by saying that it cannot, and that I have sworn to follow him to the utmost ends of the earth, until it is atoned for by his own life, or he is forced to disgorge a portion of his ill-gotten wealth. By accident I learned, while preparing for a long search for him, that he had fled to the Sandwich Islands, and that you were his daughter, and were on your way to meet him. It's for that reason that you find me aboard this vessel. I'm on my way to meet him too, and when I do meet him he won't be so particular about a few paltry dollars, or a house or two, and, my pert little damsel, I trust you'll be there to see," and he reached out his hand as if to chuckle her under the chin, while his eyes twinkled in a sinful manner.

"Don't you touch me, sir!" exclaimed Nellie. "How dare you insult me in this way, you wicked, bad man! I shall inform the captain of the character of the man he calls his third officer aboard this——"

"Tush there, not so loud, if you please, you'll disturb everybody aboard the vessel;

and if you do, you know, I might find it convenient to just touch you gently and over you go, food for the fishes. So don't you mention this little interview to any living soul aboard, for the consequences of such an act will be that you'll find yourself soon thereafter in something that will feel very much like water. Now I want to say this much to you. I will open negotiations with you, towards settling this little unpleasantness, without any unnecessary ruffling of the old man's shirt bosom, and I propose we do it in this way. I have taken quite a liking to you, and you will to me when you know me better, and when the captain puts in to Juan Fernandez to repair his foretopmast, as he now talks of doing, you and I will steal ashore and remain hid until the brig sails. There we can enjoy ourselves for the rest of our lives among the shady wilds and cosy nooks of that delightful island. What do you say to this, my love? Just think, a small thatched cottage in a woodland grove, surrounded by tropical flowers and within hearing of the sea waves as they sing along the shore, and, most of all, with a mind at ease concerning your father's welfare. Will you do it?"

"Mr. Radshaw, Graham, or whatever your name is, stand aside and allow me to pass, or I shall call to Tom, who is coming this way, to protect me from whatever evil you are intent upon. Don't you insult me again aboard this vessel, or I shall inform your superior officers, and when I see my father I shall inform him of your designs, and he will see that the authorities are put on your track; so I advise you to be more careful of your words in the future." Nellie's eyes flashed fire as she looked scornfully up to the strapping, burly man, and as she turned her back on her persecutor and went aft to the cabin she was the personification of real dignity. When she reached the cabin her strength gave way from the excitement she had undergone, and she sank down on her stateroom floor in a swoon.

When she came to, she wondered if she had not better inform Harry or the captain of her adventure, and several times she was on the point of going to speak to them about it, when the threat of the mate came into her mind, and she resolved to wait and see if he offered her any further insult, and for the present to hold her peace.

John Radshaw, who had been quarrelling with the captain, and was consequently in a bad humour, had prematurely sprung his trap, and now he went below finding fault with himself and muttering something between his closed teeth. Two or three nights after the scene related above a brisk wind sprang up from the eastward, and drove the brig along at a lively rate. Tom, who had been standing amidships, leaning over the rail, all of a sudden felt himself raised and pitched into the sea. The third mate gave the alarm by crying,—

"Man overboard! Man overboard! All hands on deck! Look alive!"

The vessel was soon in commotion, as vessels always are in such cases, and when it was learned that it was Tom who was overboard every man exerted himself to the utmost, and soon the vessel was hove to.

"Stand by to lower away the yawl!" shouted the captain, and before many minutes the boat was speeding over the waves towards the spot where the man at the wheel said he saw Tom floating as the vessel went by. Tom was a stout experienced swimmer, a real water-dog; as soon as he felt the waters closing over him, he struck out manfully for a few minutes, and then seeing the vessel fading from his sight, he turned over on his back and awaited his fate. How long he had been in this position he did not know, but it seemed ages, when he heard a shout, and turning saw a lantern gleaming over the water quite a distance from him. He answered the shout with one that united all his efforts, and the strength of a pair of powerful lungs, and was rewarded by an answering shout from over the water. He saw the light drawing near him, and then, exhausted by his exertions, he again turned on his back, and almost lost his consciousness.

When he came to himself a few minutes later he beheld the boat just going by a few feet from him: he again called out, and was soon hauled aboard dripping from the sea, and very weak from his long exposure in the water.

A hard pull of fifteen minutes, and they reached the vessel, which was again put off on its course before the wind. Tom was taken into the forecabin by his delighted

shipmates, where dry clothes were soon exchanged for his wet ones. Every one of his shipmates showed their joy at his rescue in one way or another, often in their efforts to help retarding the end they sought to obtain.

"Tom, old boy," said Peter, "give us your flipper. I am right glad to see you. Never was more happy in my life. Just take a drop of this and it will warm you up," and Peter handed him a glass of grog which the captain had passed down into the forecastle. "You puts me in mind of the time Jack Breazee was hauled out of the barrel of whale oil, only you ain't so slippery or half so scared."

"How did it happen you, Tom?" asked Sam Watson. "One would think your present company wasn't good enough for you, or that you had been partaking of the ardent, to be floppin' overboard like a fish. What was the matter? Wasn't our company good enough for a man of your learnin'? Ah, you was a strange fish, Tom, to be leavin' your college chums, and takin' to such a life as this. But how well none of them chums came with you to keep the dry togs on you. O give 'em up, Tommy; take to your true love, and don't be cuttin' up any more of your capers. How did you come overboard anyway?"

"I don't see how it was myself," said Tom, who had now begun to feel much better under the generous treatment of his shipmates. "The more I tries to think how it happened, the more I gets mixed up. The first thought I had after I got into the water was that I was aboard a fore an' after, and that her main boom guy had chucked me overboard. Thin I thought that couldn't be, for, says I, the 'Sparkler' is a square rigger, and therefore didn't have any main boom guy down amidships. Thin I thought, even if she had she could not reach me with it, and I was more confused thin iver. I thought of lots of ways, shipmates, but as I was leavin' pretty far over the rail, I think it was the lurch she gave that threw me over. It felt moighty like as though I was pushed, but that couldn't be, for there was no one near me, so I lays it to the 'Sparkler,' and a moighty bad girl she was to trate her old admirer in that way, and he a college bred man that knows the difference between politeness and bad manners."

As none of the men had seen Tom fall over, they could not account for it in any other way than that it was one of the freaks of the "Sparkler." Often when the sea was comparatively calm she would be taken with a violent fit of rolling, which warned the men to keep away from the rail. Many were the incidents called forth by Tom's adventure, and some of the yarns spun were perfectly marvellous, especially the one told by Sam Watson. Sam's yarns were always amusing to the men. When he had one to spin he would always lay his pipe down on the floor, stand up, clear his throat, say "hem" once or twice (but this could not be depended upon, he had been known to vary from one to six times) get all ready, and then off he went like a sky rocket, making the most extravagant gestures with his hands, which he accompanied by corresponding motions of his body. He had been known to relate yarns concerning a trip he claimed to have made around the North Pole, and would get into lengthy arguments with any one rash enough to dispute that remarkable voyage. On the evening in question, Sam, to the astonishment of his messmates, related his yarn sitting down, and even kept his pipe in his hand. As the story was told under such extraordinary circumstances, they listened with more than their usual attention.

"You see," began Sam, "this incident wot happened to me, happened on the Mississippi River. I was runnin' a barge on the river then, and one night along towards midnight, after I had been two weeks on the trip, I became disgusted with the mosquitos, which were eatin' me up, so I went ashore and clum up a big tree so as to get a little rest. It had been rainin' hard for a few days past, and while I was sleepin' in the tree a freshet come down and washed the banks. The tree I was in grew on a point of land that projected out into the water, and when I woke up in the mornin' it was just gettin' ready to topple over. The land had already gone, and the tree was not long in goin'. When that tree went over I most lost my hold on it, but finally came right side up on top of the branches, and in this way I floated down the river. After three or four days I got pretty hungry now, you may reckon, and thought

it was a god-send when I seed a deer wot had got caught in the rapids a swimmin' out towards the tree. I clum down to about where I thought he would strike it, and before he knowed wot was up I had him by the horns. I wasn't long in gettin' his venison cut and hung on the branches of the tree. Then I took some of his fat, a few dry leaves and dry limbs, made a fire in the crotch of the tree, and put the venison on to cook. By this time I had got down to a low part of the country, which was flooded with water, and any quantity of animals, what had got washed out of house and home, were floatin' in the water. I was now ready for a long voyage, and was just gettin' ready for a good meal, when I saw a bear comin' towards the tree. As he came from the opposite side, I could not hinder him if I would. When he got fairly aboard he commenced lookin' about to see what he could see. Perhaps he was a little hungry; at any rate, as soon as he smelt that venison cookin' he made lively tracks over those branches to where I was. Now you bet your plumduff I was in a ticklish position. I was on a limb of a tree in the middle of the Mississippi River, with nothing but a sheath knife in my belt and with a big hungry black bear makin' tracks for my venison, which would place him in a dangerous proximity to myself. Sometimes he was on the high branches in full view, and sometimes he was down on the low ones out of sight. By and by he sighted me a little nor'-west, an' about two points off his starboard bow. He hove to for a minute, and took a look at me, then becomin' satisfied that I was the craft within hailin' distance, he opened a broadside of growls, as much as to say, 'Lay to and haul down your colours, or I'll sink you.' Now, shipmates, I couldn't get away, and I had no idea of partin' with my meat, for I didn't know when I'd get any more. The bear seemed to be of about the same opinion, an' he came tumbling along so fast that he almost shook me and the meat off the tree together. I made up my mind that by rights that meat was mine, and I meant to keep it, but I couldn't just tell how. I wasn't long in makin' up my mind that two of us couldn't flourish on that craft, so I broke off a long limb and began poundin' him with it. He didn't seem to mind that much, but came along as sanctimonious as a deacon, and looked at me as much as to say, 'Wait till I get my chance, and I'll pay you off.' I seed I wasn't goin' to get rid of him in that way, so when he got alongside I took a handful of the fine coals and dust from the fire and threw it in his eyes. This seemed to fix him for a minute, for he stopped, and, liftin' his front paws, began rubbin' his eyes. Says I, 'now's your time, Watson,' and I gave the limb a shake, and down He tumbled among the branches. Before he got ready to come up again I had fastened my sheath knife with my belt to the long stick, and every time he came up I stuck it into him, and made him drop back howlin' with rage. By keepin' this up for a little while I drew enough of his blood to make him weak. Each time he was longer in gettin' up, but he stuck to it like a pirate, until I gave him a finisher under the chin which made him keel over on his beam's end. Now when I was settled and provisioned for the rest of my cruise, what should come along but a steamer, a towin' my flat-boat. They took me aboard, but I was disgusted with those latitudes, and went down to New Orleans with the steamer, expectin' when I got there to sell the boat and go to sea. I shipped and went to sea, but I didn't sell the boat; 'cause why? I went to look for it where I left it snug and sure, when I found that somebody, who wanted it more than I did, had took it and cleared."

"Perhaps it was the man you borrowed it of," suggested Peter.

"It was not, 'cause I paid a round hundred dollars for it, what I gct trappin' on the border line of British America, along of Rollickin' Tim Doolan."

"Eight bells there, for'ard," shouted the mate, interrupting the story tellers. The men exchanged places with the new watch and went below.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEW.

## A START IN AUTHOR-LIFE\*

“Poeta nascitur non fit”

is not a saying of yesterday, it has been written a good many times, and passed the mouths of many other than its author.

It may be true, and it may not; but in either case, or indeed if it be partly right and partly wrong, or sometimes true and sometimes false, it will still do capitally as the starting-point of the few remarks we have to make on “A Start in Author-Life.”

“Everybody must have a beginning” is as “old as the hills,” and just as certain as that the hills, old and established though they be, had once a beginning too.

As with them, then, so with our fledgeling author; he must have a start, and it matters not one atom whether “the poet” shall have been “born” such or gradually “become” so, for when he will essay to make his powers known he must have a start.

Than this start there is nothing more difficult to the aspirant for literary fame. To be told that there are plenty of openings to the man, however young, whose name is made, is precisely like the answer given to a schoolfellow of ours who desired to bathe, by a timid father: “You shall not go into the water till you can swim!” But all this is very hard upon young writers, for how, in this case, are they ever to make a start at all?

One might say, “How about the reputations that have been made in the world of literature? I suppose that all these men have made a start?” Yes—we reply—but what a heart-breaking affair it has been! How many a weary hour’s labour thrown away when the MS. of the juvenile author has, over and over again, been consigned to that literary tomb the waste-paper basket! How many a young man of promise has been disheartened and disgusted and turned back from the race altogether!

Next it strikes us that young authors would do well if they would be content with somewhat less ambitious aspirations at first. Icarus would not have met with the sorry fate he did if he had tried a shorter distance; and so if the young poet’s waxen pinions are to be melted at all by the fierce sun-rays of popular criticism, it is better for him that he should fall on his feet on solid ground, whence he may, if he will, make a fresh start, than that he should descend breathlessly from his giddy height into the cold waters of scornful oblivion which engulf him at once and for ever.

Why, then, should there not be some literary nursery, some publication in which tryers could make their first attempts?—when lo, as we ask the question, the postman answers it in the most practical manner by putting into our hands *The Poet’s Magazine*.

We need, after thus introducing it, say no more of it than that the execution of its object is as excellent as the conception of it is unique. Of its matter we may, however, say a few words.

The September number, then, of *The Poet’s Magazine*, with which we have been favoured, is, as we are glad to see, the commencement of the *fifth* volume; this alone speaks well for the public appreciation, and therefore success, of the venture.

Of the matter of which the Magazine consists, we notice that there is a most judicious blending of prose and poetry, of the sober and the humorous, the former, at times, reaching even the height of religious fervour; when we add that all is pervaded

\* *The Poet’s Magazine* for September, Edited by Leonard Lloyd. London, E. W. Allen, Stationers’ Hall Court and 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

by refinement of feeling, it becomes at once apparent that this monthly forms, apart from any other *raison d'être*, a capital family magazine of varied reading.

A second instalment of what bids fair to be a very interesting story by the Editor (Mr. Leonard Lloyd) occupies the place of first *pièce de résistance* at the literary banquet. Being, as we have said, interesting, we need hardly say further that "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have," is the "old, old, story"—Love.

Another Novel, in prose, of course, "Silas Dorne," by George B. Burgin, is boldly and effectively written; we must, however, be pardoned for saying that, although doubtless "virtue will be triumphant" in the long run, there is a touching upon delicate ground that we think better left alone.

The only other prose contributions are some remarkably pungently written reviews.

Of the longer poems we must speak of Percy Russell's "King Alfred" in terms of almost unmeasured praise. The subject is good, so too is its manner of treatment, whilst the versification is pleasantly regular and melodious. Here is a really beautiful stanza containing the commencement of Athelstan's reproachful warning to Alfred:—

"Oh King! was it to feast away the time  
That holy hands anointed thee with oil,  
Shall youth's mad thirst for pleasure sanction crime,  
Shall warriors slumber while marauders spoil—  
The crown of Egbert turn into a toy,  
And all thy care be—only to enjoy?"

The foundation of England's naval greatness is admirably told:—

"An opalescent sky smiled on that shore  
The unborn Norman was to make renowned,  
As gaily the King's fleet with sail and oar  
Put out to sea; oh! many a heart did bound  
With fearful hope, thus going forth to seek  
The dread encounter of a Viking's beak.

Not with the grandeur of the Greek trireme,  
Nor the wild beauty of the frigate swift,  
Came England's war-barks—bulky in the beam,—  
Like shapeless rafts upon the waves they drift;  
While the coarse rigging of their rude equipment  
A building's scaffold rather than a ship meant.

They were but floating platforms—somewhat small—  
The moving section of a battle-field;  
And as for tactics—there were none at all!  
Since those would conquer who could longest wield  
The axe, most dread of weapons—but a test  
Of valour true, surpassing all the rest!

The King stood on the leading bark and cried,  
Gladdened with an exhilarating joy,  
Imparted by the motion of the tide,  
"When we these spoilers four hear its destroy  
I'll pass a law to make each man a Thane  
Who builds one ship and passes thrice the main."

A passing thought—how little men could tell  
What was the issue that from this should burst  
A thousand years have not expanded well;  
Or that the spirit in those moments nursed  
Should grow in glory till a quenchless star  
It rose victorious over Trafalgar.

Three days passed by, and then, at set of sun  
The first of Admirals that England knew  
Her earliest naval triumph proudly won,  
And chased the Vikings, where we now may view  
That mighty sea-wall that so well defies  
Atlantic waves that seem to scale the skies.'

Our space is limited, but we must give one extract from "The Path of Gold," by Thos. W. Lee Smith. How forcibly he describes our country's curse:—

"Then made my mystic guide my footsteps pass  
 Through many a shameless broad, or secret way,  
 Where horrid trade is plied by night and day;  
 Through gandy temples bright with gold and glass,  
     The lowest deeps  
 To which the wondrous human form can fall,  
 Where frantic passions madly fight and brawl,  
 Where poisoned streams, that wash the soul away,  
 Leave but distortions of the primal day,  
     And where the wretched victim sleeps  
 His soul in draughts from which at length 'tis death to stay."

To particularise all the excellent contributions to this number of the *Magazine* is not now possible: suffice it to say that all are good, and with this commendation we must leave the matter in our readers' hands. We ought, perhaps, to mention that the more religious aspect of poetry is represented by "Salvator Mundi" (E. Cyd), and that there are some excellent *Vers de Société*, entitled "Breakfast-Time."

We cannot better conclude than by reiterating that an author's trial-ground was wanted, and that Mr. Leonard Lloyd has exactly supplied that want in the issue of *The Poet's Magazine*.

W. T.

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### SONNET.

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#### *On the "Vicissitudes of Love."*

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LOVE'S early morn, how bright, with no dark cloud,  
 Or frown of care, to obscure with one sad streak  
 Its roseate skies; as if no storm could break,  
 Or later glooms the smiling heav'ns enshroud.  
 Ere wed, how each glad wooer speaks aloud  
 Of love; the nymph he woos, how can she speak,  
 Save with her eyes, or else with her flush'd cheek?  
 Thus only her meek, modest thoughts avowed.  
 Soon afterwards, how pleasing the reverse,  
 When once the hymeneal ring's put on;  
 'Tis hers, then far more loudly to rehearse  
 And speak her mind—and his to hear alone;  
 And silently t' endure some words, I fear,  
 He often does not greatly wish to hear.

BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

## NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL.

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

CASLON'S Circular informs us that "type metal is a composition of lead, tin, antimony, and copper, all of which metals are necessary to give the required ductility, hardness, and toughness. No other composition has ever been found which so well answered all the purposes for type making." The fifth number contains a nice little account of Type Founding, illustrated by woodcuts, and also of Registered Adjusting Furniture, which article will be a useful improvement in the art of printing,—one of the noblest manual labours any human being can be engaged in. The names of Baskerville and Caslon are inseparably connected with the history of letterpress printing in England; but the former, at his death in 1775, left no issue, though his name is imperishable. Not so with the house of Caslon, which, though the celebrated William, the first English type-founder, died in 1766, still maintains a foremost position in the ranks of the type-founders of Europe.

The ignorant prejudice well meaning but badly educated people entertain against making the hidden mysteries of nature and science our study is well shown in the following short extract from *Homes of the Hamlet*, from the pen of my literary friend, Charlotte Phillips:—

"Good Superintendent Whykes! I used to like him for the zeal he displayed on behalf of these little ones; and yet it certainly was not always a zeal according to knowledge: for well I recollect that G— had been for some time trying to teach the children the distances of some of the planets from our earth; and, in order to impress the matter more fully upon their minds, had drawn out the distances upon the black board. Our schoolroom was used for the Sunday School, and we invariably found on a Monday morning that the figures were effaced from the board.

"Who is it that always rubs out this lesson, which I take so much pains to copy for you, boys?" said G—, one morning.

"Please, Sir," said a little, sharp, black-eyed boy, about ten years old, 'it is Mr. Whykes.'

"And do you know why he does that? Is not the board always hung up in its place on a Saturday out of the way?"

"Yes, Sir; but Master Whykes asked what that meant that was written there, and I told him about the stars, and their distances from us, and he said it was very presumptuous and wicked of you to teach us what God never meant we should know: it was like trying to bring down heaven to earth; and that we should be contented with what God had told us in the Bible, without prying into His secrets."

Mr. William Andrews has published in a separate form the short but pithy paper contributed by him some time ago to the *Argonaut*, on Beverley Sanctuary, with illustrations of the Frid Stools yet remaining at Beverley Minster and at Hexham, the only two, I believe, now existing in England. The privilege of sanctuary dates back to the earliest records of history, and seems to have prevailed both among Jews and Gentiles. By the Mosaic Law it was ordained, 3369 years ago, that for manslaughter the criminal should have "a place whither he shall flee," but the murderer, who came "presumptuously upon his neighbour to slay him, with guile," was to be dragged even from the altar to his doom (Exodus xxi. 13, 14). And at a distance of nearly

twenty centuries, one can look back into Judea, and see the usurper, Adonijah, on hearing how his half-brother, Solomon, had been anointed king, by command of their common father, David, fleeing to lay "hold on the horns of the altar" at Gibeon, and we can almost fancy that we, too, hear the new king exclaiming when the tidings are brought to him: "If he will show himself a worthy man, there shall not a hair of him fall to the earth: but if wickedness shall be found in him, he shall die." And we can easily imagine we see Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, the year following, savagely slaughtering Joab, by his cousin Solomon's command, even after he had "fled unto the tabernacle of the Lord, and caught hold on the horns of the altar," vainly hoping to there find sanctuary. But, though blood is said to be thicker than water, the common ties of kith and kin did not avail in the least to save the two offenders from the fatal penalties of their treason. Indeed the heathen nations seem to have held the privilege of sanctuary more sacred than the Jews; though no man could ever count on safety anywhere who had offended his monarch and the priesthood as well.

Macaulay has well remarked, that "in times when life and when female honour were exposed to daily risk from tyrants and marauders, it was better that the precinct of a shrine should be regarded with an irrational awe than that there should be no refuge inaccessible to cruelty and licentiousness."

Our Saxon forefathers duly regulated the privilege of sanctuary by law, and therein protected the offender for thirty days, at the expiration of which he was safely handed over to his relations; thus giving him some time in which to arrange for those money mulets which were then, as now, too frequently the unequal punishment of crimes. It was in their days that the custom arose at Beverley which Mr. Andrews has ably but not exhaustively chronicled in a few pages.

In the able *History and Antiquities of the Town and Minster of Beverley*, from the prolific pen of our late Reverend Brother, George Oliver, we are told:—"It was reserved for Athelstane, the benefactor of the town of Beverley, to unite the whole kingdom under one head, by the annihilation of the Danish sovereignty;" and how, "in the first year of his reign, he gave a charter of liberties to the church and town of Beverley, which placed it at the head of the East Riding of Yorkshire;" and, after particularizing a few of those, he adds: "The right of sanctuary was now first vested in the Church of St. John, by the pious munificence of Athelstan, and a Fridstol, or chair of peace, was placed in a conspicuous situation near the altar, as an emblem of protection to the refugee. The limits of the sanctuary, called Leuga, were comprehended within the circumference of a circle, of which the church was the centre, and whose radius was about a mile. It was defined by four crosses, one of which still [1829] remains in a dilapidated state. These crosses were placed on the four principal roads leading to the town. One was called Molescroft Cross, and stood near Leekonfield Park; another towards North Burton; a third towards Kinwalgraves; and the last to the south of Beverley, on the road which led to the ferry across the Humber." The penalties for arresting any malefactor within the crosses were very severe,—*two hundredth*, each hundredth containing eight pounds; which was doubled to four hundredth within the town; increased to six hundredth if within the walls of the churchyard; which was doubled to twelve hundredth if within the church; and again increased to eighteen hundredth, besides penance for sacrilege, if within the doors of the choir; "but if he presumed to take him out of the stone chair near the altar, called Fridstol, or from among the holy relics behind the altar, the offence was not redeemable with any sum, but was then become *sine emendatione, boteles*, and nothing but the utmost severity of the offended Church," says Pegge, "was to be expected, by a dreadful excommunication, besides what the secular power would impose for the presumptuous misdemeanor."

When our ancient operative brethren at Beverley had completed "the north porch, and the west front, with its majestic towers and battlements, and, perhaps, some of the windows in the choir and east end," as Bro. Oliver expresses it, Richard II. confirmed, among other liberties and privileges, "its sacred right of sanctuary; which, within a very few years, afforded its protection to Sir John Holland, knight, half-brother

to the king." The account, as given by Bro. Oliver, is very interesting, and might have been appropriately quoted by Mr Andrews; for the sanctuary of Beverley proved much more potent to Holland than that of Gibeon did to Joash. There are also some passages in Bro. Oliver's rival historian, Poulson, worthy of quotation. But Mr. Andrews probably was pinched for space. The abstract he gives of the Beverley Sanctuary Register at pages 11 and 12 is very interesting. The history of sanctuary in England, down to its final abolition seven years after the death of Shakspeare, is yet to be written.

Alexander Wilson and John James Audubon, the great American naturalists, are names that will ever be dear to all who really wish to make the hidden mysteries of nature and science their especial study; and yet Wilson was a Scotsman, who would not have left his native land if he could have made a bare existence by his apprenticed trade of handloom weaving, his adopted vocation of pedlar, or (what ought, perhaps, as poor Walter Ord once remarked to me, to be above all pecuniary recompense) the higher position of a poet, which his "Paek," his "Watty and Meg," and many other of his poems, proved him to be not entirely unfitted for. Far below the eagle flight of our inspired Brother, Robert Burns, was that of Alexander Wilson; yet a man may be a good portrait painter without being a Walter William Aulless; and the Paisley poet deserved a better fate than being literally "starved out," and compelled to seek across the broad Atlantic that bread—even simple oatmeal porridge would have sufficed—which his native land denied. But niggard Scotland, which erects monuments without number to her gifted children, generally puts them well through the discipline of poverty whilst alive. Audubon, on the other hand, was a Frenchman, born in Paris, about thirty years and nine months after Wilson's birth in the Seedhills of Paisley, and enjoyed that careful parental training which to poor Wilson was denied; besides, Wilson had bravely acted as a pioneer before him, though it is said that on the Scotsman calling upon the Frenchman when soliciting subscribers for his famous book on natural history, Audubon only gave him the cold shoulder. I see the *Henderson Reporter*, one of the old Kentucky papers, gives the following interesting particulars of the latter naturalist's life there threescore years ago, which I am anxious to place on permanent record for the instruction and improvement of Craftsmen who really make the liberal arts and sciences their study:—

"As near as we can learn, Mr. Audubon moved to the Red Banks, or Henderson, about the year 1810 or 1812. He married Miss Louisa Bakewell, of Louisville, who bore him two sons. Mrs. Audubon and the two sons accompanied Mr. Audubon to his new home, and they all lived here until about the year 1822 or 1823. He was a Frenchman, and, possessed of all the energy, fire, and *vim* so characteristic of the French people, he soon embarked in business. His first enterprise was to open a grocery and dry goods store in a little one-story log house which stood upon the corner of Main and First Streets. He lived with his family in a little one-story brick building, just in the rear of where the Odd-fellows' building now stands. Just where the Post Office is now located was a pond, in which he used to catch one or more turtles every day, which he used in making into his favourite dish, turtle soup. Shortly after this he operated a very large corn and flour mill at the foot of Second Street. This mill was of very large capacity for those days; in fact, it would be regarded as of very respectable size these times. In this mill, upon the smooth surface of timbers, were to be found the most life-like paintings of birds, fowls, and animals of every description which inhabited this country at that time. Mr. William T. Barret has now, it is said, the first painting Audubon ever made of the woodpecker. The bird is represented as sitting upon the limb of an old tree and listening to the familiar call of its partner. So perfect is the picture that persons have frequently mistaken it for a genuine stuffed bird.

"While Mr. Audubon was engaged in the milling business it was his custom to bathe in the Ohio. This he continued until he became the most noted of all the swimmers who indulged in that delightful pastime. It is said of him that when the first steam-boat landed at the town, some of her machinery had become disarranged, and the boat had to remain here for several hours making necessary repairs. As might be expected upon so extraordinary an occasion as this, the people turned out *en masse* to see something new under the sun—the steam-boat. A number of country visitors imagined the thing had life in it. Mr. Audubon and other citizens were among the visitors, and during the time they were on board concluded they would indulge in their favourite amusement—swimming. They undressed and began to dive from the side of the vessel. Several members of the swimming party made successful dives from the inside of the vessel next to the bank, coming up on the outside. This was regarded as wonderful. Mr. Audubon walked to the bow of the boat, sprang

into the river, and after some time had elapsed made his appearance below the stern, having gone clear under from one end to the other. This feat was regarded by all who witnessed it as a most remarkable and daring undertaking, and he was awarded the greatest praise for this unequalled performance. It is said he did this several times during the time the boat lay at the bank. Mrs. Audubon was also a great swimmer. Mr. H. E. Rouse told us that he had frequently seen her go into the river at the foot of First Street and swim to the Indiana shore. She dressed in a regular swimming costume, and was regarded by all who knew her as the next best to her husband, if not his equal.

"During Mr. Audubon's life in Henderson he pursued the study of ornithology, frequently going to the woods and remaining there for two or three months at a visit. Upon one occasion he followed a hawk, peculiar to this country, and, so anxious was he to become the possessor of the bird, he pursued it for two or three days, finally succeeding in killing it. He was never known to stop for streams of any kind; he would swim rivers or creeks in pursuit of any game or bird he might be in search of. At one time he watched a flicker, or what is commonly known as a yellow-hammer, until he saw it go in a hole near the top of an old tree. He immediately climbed the tree, and, running his hand into the hole to get the bird, caught hold of a large black snake. Pulling it out of the hole, and seeing what it was, he immediately let go, and he and the snake both fell to the ground. Mr. Audubon used to tell this story, with a good deal of humour, to the many who often wondered at the risk he would take in the pursuit of this great study.

"After living in Henderson until about the year 1822 or 1823, he became, from some cause, jealous of his wife, who is represented as having been a very beautiful woman. They got along badly, and she finally concluded to go to her former home, Louisville, to which place she was driven overland in the carriage of Benjamin Talbott, by his coloured driver. Mr. Audubon became embarrassed in his business matters, and concluded to move from Henderson to a new locality, which he did some time afterward. We have in this community several gentlemen who knew Mr. Audubon well, and who can tell a great deal of his history while living here."

Mr. Egglestone has published, in a neat form, the able work on Bishop Butler at Stanhope which I announced in a previous Note, and which I hope to glance at more fully in a future number of the *Masonic Magazine*, as the book is full of interest.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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## THE MODERN ORDER OF "KNIGHTS TEMPLAR" IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

BY COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE, 33°, A. AND A. S. R., GREAT PRIOR OF  
CANADA.

THE great interest evinced of late years by the Masonic Body of the United States and Canada in the Order of Knights Templar induces me to enter into some particulars relative to its origin and modern practices, explicitly pointing out my own long-formed impressions, and to correct, if possible, errors which many Masonic writers have fallen into whilst explaining the significance of its ceremonies, but who, evidently ignorant of the true history and character of the Order, have, by misrepresentations, caused it to be vilified by those unacquainted with its objects and origin.

The Order holds the most conspicuous place in the history of the Crusades, where they fought in Palestine to vindicate and further the Christian religion, and regain possession from the Saracens of the holy places of our Faith. Although from their original poverty called "Poor Fellow Soldiers of Christ," they, in course of time, amassed great wealth, and became possessed of extensive estates in Europe, having Preceptory Houses scattered all over Christendom, owing allegiance to but one Supreme Head, and becoming so powerful as to excite the fears of the Popes as an ecclesiastical,

and of Kings as a semi-military body. At length Philip, King of France, at the commencement of the 14th century, coveting their possessions, and fearing their influence, persuaded the then Pope, Clement V., to join with him in suppressing the Order, and seizing their estates, most of which Philip subsequently appropriated to his own use.

The proceedings taken against the Templars for their suppression are matters of history. The Order was annihilated, and everywhere deprived of their estates, and the members reduced to poverty. A great number were received into the Order of St. John (afterwards called Knights of Malta) on the same footing as they stood in their own Order, strong evidence that the guilt of the Templars was not substantiated. The greater part of them, however, were dispersed over all parts of the world, driven here and there by persecution and distress, and gradually, as the members died off, or merged into other Orders, the name of Templars fell into oblivion, or was only remembered with pity for their unmerited fate. Some of them are supposed to have found refuge and sustenance amongst the ancient Society of Freemasons, who then, as now, were ever ready to aid distress, without regard to country or religion. Such is the record of the rise and fall of this once famous Order, and the popular legend and belief of the connection that exists between them and Freemasonry.

Much diversity of opinion has been expressed, and many conflicting statements advanced in the discussions entered into, as to the origin of the modern Order, which originally formed no part of Freemasonry, but, as now constituted, is undoubtedly one of the Masonic degrees, fully recognized at the Union of the English Craft in 1813 as a distinct body, governed by its own laws and constitutions, attached to Craft Lodges and Royal Arch Chapters, having nothing mystical in its ceremonial, its members being strictly confined to Freemasons professing and practising the Christian religion.

The precise date when, and by whom, it was first introduced and adopted by the English Craft has not been clearly ascertained, there being no trace, or a very faint one, of its existence in connection with Freemasonry in England prior to the middle of the last century, about the period when "Lawrence Dermott" reorganized the York Rite, working out, it is said, the English Royal Arch from a previous system, as the completion of the original second part of the Master's degree. It is not impossible that he may also have introduced from France the Templar system, where it formed part of the higher Masonic degrees, as practised in Europe, claiming to be the successors of and a continuation of the ancient Chivalry of the Crusades; but like many other matters connected with Freemasonry, this connection has been asserted, taught, believed, and handed down from one generation to another without any very critical examination, for notwithstanding the strong arguments and circumstantial evidence employed, it has never been satisfactorily shown how the connection was brought about, and, unfortunately, there are no records to show, or direct proof, that the present Modern or Masonic Templars are the lineal and actual descendants of the early chivalric body. Masonic authorities have, therefore, now generally arrived at the conclusion that modern Templary is an adaptation of the doctrines of the mediæval Order, introduced into the Masonic Body after the establishment of the present symbolic system. It is well to recollect that, up to the Union of the Grand Lodges in 1813, English or St. John's Masonry was virtually Christian, as not until that date did it avowedly become *universal*, tolerating the Christian chivalric degrees.

Some Templars, no doubt, might have learnt the doctrines on which Masonry as now existing was founded, but it would seem more practical that Freemasons on the Continent of Europe, who wished to introduce some novelty into the pure and simple Craft system, revived, and attached the Templar Order to it, because it was not known what the Templars had practised in secret, and no one could tell how much or how little of the charges against them were true, but all could see that there was a mystery and interest about that great and famous body; the very circumstance of the name "Knights of the Temple of Solomon" may also have led the Masonic body to claim a direct connection.

The origin of all Masonic degrees is enveloped and shrouded in mystery; the

fraternity being always adverse to publicity, handing down their peculiar secrets "viva voce" to future generations, with the same caution that the philosophers of old displayed in perpetuating their symbols and mysteries. The Templars also, like the Jesuits, never communicated their secrets to strangers, and some even were concealed from the greater part of their own members. It is therefore not reasonable to believe that the Order of the Templars ceased to exist after its political suppression. It is probable that small organizations of it were kept up in many places, and the hope cherished that it would some day be possible to revive it. A great and extensive organization could not utterly have lost all cohesion and died without a struggle; but it is equally unreasonable to believe that the fragments here and there entered into any association of working men, such as that of "The Builders" or "Freemasons" then were, who could not have been expected to devote themselves to the restoration of the Templar Order, in direct opposition to the ban of the Church; even personal safety would not have been secured, and there is no proof that the Knights ever joined the German building sodalities; besides, if it had been seriously intended publicly to restore the Order, there would have been no difficulty in doing so after the Reformation—therefore no valid reason exists why they should have concealed their organization under the mask of Freemasonry. At the same time, it is quite possible that remnants of the Order, to perpetuate the memory of their glory and wrongs, may have assumed some of the higher degrees and formed bodies consisting of themselves alone. The A. & A. S. Rite would appear to throw some light on the matter, and I think I may adduce without any infringement of the esoteric history of the degrees some allusion to this connection.

One of these degrees, in which the numbers *eight* and *one* are indicated by the position of the hands as a mode of recognition, would seem to refer to the eight knights who founded the Order of the Temple, and the ninth who entered with them afterwards; then again the nine elus may also represent these founders, and the Knights of the "East and West" may mean the Order of the Temple created in the East, and afterwards having Preceptories in Europe. The word Kadosh (holy) indicates a Templar, "Haikal Kadosh" meant "holy house of the Temple." In fact, we have the degrees 15, 16, and 17, entitled in succession, Knights of the East, or Sword—creation, and first period of the Templar Order in Palestine—Prince of Jerusalem—(Knights of the Haikal Kadosh of Jerusalem). The rebuilding of the Temple may have been meant for the re-establishment hoped for of the Templar Order; other examples might be quoted intelligible to the initiated alone, and in the highest degrees of the Rite will be found corroborative evidence implying a common origin with Templary.

That these degrees bear affinity to the Templar system is evident, being formerly in England always given under the sanction of the Templar warrant, and the Templar Order was considered the guardian of these high degrees, until of late years, when they were resigned to the A. & A. S. Rite of 33°; but the original connection with Freemasonry, as an inherent part of it, is a mystery, and likely still to remain so, for the Templar Order has not in its ceremonies any resemblance, even the most remote, to Craft Masonry, and besides is intensely *Trinitarian*. The probability is that the connection was first entertained and brought about by individual Knights joining the fraternity of Masons, and it is more than probable that this was particularly the case at the Reformation, when the religious houses and fraternities of the middle ages, some of whom had preserved the ceremonies of the ancient Templars, were broken up and the members dispersed, for it is difficult to believe that men of probity in the Masonic society of the last century deliberately *invented* the Templar degree, introducing it as the true Order long secretly attached to Freemasonry, unless they had some grounds to believe that actual Knights of the Temple had formerly entered it for the purpose of preserving their old Order from utter extinction.

Taking this view, I am still impressed with the belief that our modern or Masonic Templary has a right to be considered the descendant of the Chivalric Order, and in consequence I have from time to time in my addresses to the Great Priory of Canada endeavoured to point out inconsistencies and inaccuracies in its forms and practices; but I fear my object and meaning have in many instances been greatly misunderstood,

attributing a desire on my part to advocate a total separation from Freemasonry, to admit of its assuming a more exclusive character, in accordance with its presumed chivalric origin and constitution. This is entirely a mistake, for to sever the connection to which it owes its present existence would take away its claim to be considered as legally perpetuating the old Order of the Crusades. The attempt was made some years back by the Scottish branch, but utterly failed, and they were obliged to resume the Masonic qualification. My whole object has been to endeavour to point out the anomalies of the present system, and, if possible, prevent the further perpetuation of errors palpable to the historic student. Even supposing that the modern or Masonic Templar Order is but an imitation of the old Knightly fraternity, still, as it professes to be chivalric, there surely can be no question that it should be historically correct and as nearly as possible follow the original in preference to mere fancy ceremonial inventions.

A re-organization of the Order in England, changing the names and title to that of the original nomenclature of the ancient Templars, with a careful revision of the statutes, took place in 1873, the object being to unite and place all the different sections in the British dominions under the Grand Mastership of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, adopting a common code of laws and ceremonies, dividing the Order into Nationalities, or Great Priories, each being governed by a Great Prior, these Great Priories making their own laws; the affairs of the whole Order being managed and regulated by a body termed the "Convent General," composed of the Great Priories sitting in common, presided over by the Grand Master, who has also a Council especially constituted under statutes, so that he may be advised by a body in which all the nationalities are equally represented. This scheme of organization, following the practice of the early Order, originated with the learned and zealous (then Grand Chancellor) Sir Patriek Colquhoun, Q.C., LL.D., formerly Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, ably supported in skilfully carrying it into effect by the highly esteemed and well-known Masonic authority, the Hon. Judge Fitz-Henry Townshend, LL.D., of the High Court of Admiralty, Dublin, Gr. Com. Sup. Gr. Council 33° for Ireland, etc., based on the original and existing principle that the Order, having a chivalric origin, was not in itself Masonic, but had a Masonic basis and qualification, requiring that its members could only be taken from the Masonic Fraternity. The intention was also to form a cosmopolitan chivalric body, regulated by the customs and usages of the present century, having but one Grand Master, as of old, under whom different nationalities, divided into Langues or Tongues, could assemble without any interference with their individual political allegiance.

It was confidently hoped and looked forward to, that this admirable organization, clearing away much of the unsatisfactory and incorrect practices of the modern system, would raise the Order to a more conspicuous and independent sphere of usefulness, uniting the different branches into one powerful and influential Christian confraternity; but this desirable result does not seem likely to be attained, and the time and labour bestowed by the erudite framers of the system are thus thrown away.

A majority of the English nationality being dissatisfied with the federation, and ignoring the articles of convention, are endeavouring to set it aside and resume their former anomalous position, without reference to the wishes or opinions of the sister Great Priories, or to the advantages held out by a uniform system, and have also objected to adopt one of the most important changes contemplated, viz., the revival of the ritual in use. For this end a Ritual Commission had been appointed who, after some years' careful consideration of the subject, submitted their Report to Convent General in October, 1876 (published in the proceedings of the Great Priory of Canada of last year), which commends itself, being a full exposition of the views taken by the Commissioners. The ritual recommended by them appears to me all that can be desired, and should be adopted intact; even if it is in parts objectionable, or imperfect, it would be unwise for the Order to have one ritual for England and Ireland and another for Canada. It has also the strong recommendation of assimilating with the Scottish ceremony, many years in use, and (although Scotland has not joined the Union) it would ensure uniformity in all the branches under British rule.

The necessity for a revision of the ceremony of a reception may not have been

generally entertained; it arose from the changes that have taken place from time to time since the introduction of the Order into English Freemasonry, and we find by reference to Masonic records that it was first conferred as an *honorary* degree, given either before or after the Royal Arch, evidently with a very short ceremony, mention being made of the recipient receiving other degrees at the same meeting.

Unfortunately, the Masonic teachers and writers of the last century fell into very grave mistakes as to the practices and history of the old Knightly fraternities, possibly arising from there being at the time no popular historic knowledge of these Orders disseminated, leading them to *invent* as their fancy dictated what they supposed were the correct usages, without much regard to historic accuracy. Their idea would seem to have been that the Order of Knights Templar and Knights of Malta were synonymous. No doubt this blunder caused the degree of Malta to be mixed up with that of the Templars, which there is every reason to think was never contemplated when Templary was first attached to the Craft; but as the Union, whether by design or accident, has been so long established, it is not now desirable nor advisable to dissolve it, the history and doctrines of the Orders being so much alike and the object of both being to attain the same end.

In the early Eneampments, as these combined bodies were called, the ceremonies were not of a very uniform character, and considerable differences existed, some referring more to the Hospitallers of St. John, wearing the *black* habit or costume of that Order, whilst others followed the French "Order du Temple," representing the Templars of the Crusades, using the *white* Mantle, the *true badge*, thus giving rise to the discrepancies that have been found to exist in different jurisdictions. The degrees of the "Rose Croix" and "Kadosh," now of the A. & A. S. Rite, as also that known as "Kt. Templar Priest," formed part of the system, to which was added a short ceremony for the Degree of Malta, this latter being merely intended as a brief historical record, to show that the Kts. of St. John, having established themselves in the Island of Malta, assumed that name, the Masonic Malta Degree being a mere allusion to, but having no inept pretensions to a connection with the "Sovereign Order of Malta." Great care appears to have been taken by the Commission to ascertain the ancient ceremonies of the Templars, evidently from researches into the most authentic documents extant on the subject, and in preparing a simple and impressive ritual, going back to first principles and keeping it as nearly as possible to what it was in the olden time, before Masonic innovations had crept in which had no place in the early Order. This explanation, it is to be hoped, will prove satisfactory to those interested in the subject whose time and class of reading may not have led them to a knowledge of its true history, but who wish without trouble to be correctly informed. No arguments or explanation will, however, have any weight where there is a determination not to be convinced, and an obstinacy of purpose to attain a selfish end. A dislike of change is a characteristic of most of us, and we are naturally in favour of what has been sanctioned by long use, clinging to old associations; but the antiquity to be desired and retained is that which carries us back to the beginning; the working of any new system being most irksome, it is wise to make all radical changes gradually, respecting the prejudices of those who are opposed to extreme measures.

There cannot be a doubt that in modern Templary many customs have been introduced by those ignorant of its history who, taking vulgar error and fiction for fact, have perpetuated absurdities as genuine evidence, which it is now difficult to eradicate, although shown to be historically incorrect.

In former times there were two separate classes of Knighthood: the earliest (now extinct) originated with the Crusades, being independent military fraternities, or bodies of soldier Monks, which the modern Templars represent. The second class, or titular Knighthood, established long afterwards by Royal authority, still survives, and is a distinction of high honour, resting in the hands of Sovereigns, granted for distinguished services to the State, to which the title "Sir" or "Chevalier" prefixed to the Christian name is *alone* applicable.

Masonry has no power nor *ever* had of conferring Knighthood; the only authority

for so doing is a self-constituted one, in imitation of the early practices of Chivalry, long since fallen into desuetude, which authorized one Knight to create another by giving the Accolade or dubbing any worthy aspirant. It is therefore looked upon as a ridiculous, although harmless, assumption, to address modern Templars by the title "Sir" added to their names, and has been long discontinued in the British Dominions, unless with the addition of the word "Knight" *between* it and the name; even this is considered too much in the style of romance to recommend its adoption on *all* occasions, and the term "Grade," when speaking of the divisions or degrees of the Order, is also certainly a very inapplicable innovation.

The ancient Templars were known as the "Brotherhood of the Temple," and the common mode of address to individual members that of "Brother" or "Frater." This latter (Fra.) as a prefix, does not mean a professed Monk, but simply his brotherhood in the Chivalric Order. Officially, the members were styled "The Knight," "Knight-Preceptor," "The Sieur of —," etc., adding their names and the designations by which they were commonly known.

Much has been said about the landmarks of the Order. The word itself in this sense appears a misnomer, as it is Craft, not *chivalric bodies*, that, properly speaking, have "Landmarks."

Templary being in the strictest sense Christian, it may be said the whole doctrines of the Christian faith are its landmarks. But to particularize: None can become Templars who do not profess a belief in the Holy and undivided Trinity. This is of a universal and general application, imperative and indispensable, and provided for in the rules of the Order. It may thus be considered the principal landmark, handed down from the mediæval chivalric fraternities. Another is, that the *Masonic* candidate should be a R. Arch Mason; this degree, being the completion of the Craft, in which a firm belief and trust in the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is peculiarly inculcated, very properly precedes the Templar Christian belief in the Holy Trinity as an addition to that general recognition of the Deity, which is absolutely necessary and common to the whole Masonic fraternity, not from any supposed connection between the R. Arch and Templar ceremony. Rituals, Signs, Passwords, etc., can hardly be called landmarks, because they differ in some degree in every jurisdiction, even in the Craft, and as they were introduced by Masonic ritualistic compilers are liable to change as circumstances render it necessary.

With respect to the amalgamation of the Templar Order with Freemasonry, all the evidence that can be collected tends to show that in the middle, if not in the early part, of the last century, the Kt. Templar degree was in possession of the Masonic body, and was practised as an appendage to a higher degree than the Royal Arch, but that the old Knightly fraternities were in *no wise* Masonic.

It appears to have been the custom in the last century to work degrees that were not controlled by any governing Grand Body, under sanction of a Craft Warrant, that is, in the Lodge room of a regularly warranted Craft Lodge, and this would seem to be a very proper custom, the presence of the warrant giving a certain degree of legitimacy to those working in the higher degrees. No doubt this was the case with the "Kilwinning High Knight Templar Lodge of Ireland," who obtained their warrant in 1779, from the Mother Kilwinning *Craft* Lodge of Scotland. The Irish daughter evidently considered that the warrant gave authority to practise the higher degrees, as almost immediately after receiving it the Templar and other high degrees were communicated. The *name* of this Lodge would also imply that the Templar degree was previously known in Ireland, and that the petitioners for the warrant belonged to it, as it cannot for a moment be conceived that they deliberately falsified the powers granted them, the more especially as the warrant itself was open to inspection. In my opinion, a great mistake is made in looking at this old Kilwinning Warrant from the point of view of this present day, and in not considering the very different relations that all Masonic matters bore to each other a century ago. Then it was apparently held that the only correct lawful Masonic authority was the Craft Warrant, and that *that* warrant covered every known degree of Masonry,

The impetus given of late years to the Templar Order in the United States, and the popularity it has acquired there, is to be attributed to the attractive form it has assumed, by the adoption of a quasi military uniform, Knight errant excursions and picnics, stirring orations, parading with bands of music, and intricate formations in imitation of military evolutions, all of which are both enjoyable and harmless recreations, and very pleasing spectacles, but certainly are neither Masonic nor chivalric, and do not convey a very accurate idea of the Great Order of the Temple, or what it is intended to represent, viz., the stern, mail-clad warrior monks of the crusades, surrounded by their men-at-arms and numerous retinue of retainers, the Knights distinguished by their flowing white mantles adorned with the blood-red Cross of Martyrdom, the rest in sombre habits of russet brown.

In thus alluding to the customs of the United States Templars, I must not be misunderstood as wishing to interfere with their system or draw invidious comparisons, but merely to point out the *totally* different views entertained of the Order by the two jurisdictions, and to explain what these are to members of the Order in Canada who, attracted by the magnificence of the displays they have witnessed, have expressed a wish to imitate them.

In our Templar costume we follow that of the Ancient Knights, which is intended to symbolize the principles of the Order, but never meant to be paraded before the eyes of the public. Such exhibitions are not the custom of the country, all public Masonic displays being looked upon as most objectionable, and a Templar procession with us would appear as ridiculous to the common observer as if the Knights of the "Garter" and the "Bath" in their state robes or gentlemen in court dress were to parade the streets for the admiration of the multitude. Show and parade are sometimes necessary, but in matters connected with Freemasonry the less so the better; like Christianity, it is more appreciated in its unobtrusive character than by public demonstrations, and the unnecessary expense incurred better applied in promoting the object and aim of all Masonic systems.

I have taken considerable pains to ascertain from the highest Masonic authorities in the United States the origin of the Templar Order there, and find that mention is made of it as an honorary degree, practised in a Royal Arch Chapter at Boston, so far back as 1769, where it was given by members of Craft Lodges attached to British regiments quartered there at the time, who were in possession of the degree and visited the Chapter; but the earliest *distinct* body or Encampment of Templars was *not* formed until the middle of the decade of the last century, in Pennsylvania, it is said, by Irish Craft Masons; but no one seems to know by what authority or where they first obtained the degree; it died out after a short existence—then it started in New England, and a ritual wholly made there, which is of itself sufficient proof that the persons who set it on foot never had the correct degree at all; if they had it they would have retained the ritual by which they received it, without which they could have no connection with the degree elsewhere. The New York Grand Encampment was chartered by the "Cerneau" spurious Grand Consistory. United States Templary is, therefore, essentially a modern American degree, framed to suit their Masonic system, and, according to their own idea of the supposed forms and practices of the Ancient Knights as Masons, with but little attention paid to the usages of the old Orders of Chivalry which we are endeavouring to follow; therefore, how can the Templar Order in the two systems be considered as *one*, when the rituals and customs in no respect resemble each other? The *O.B.* are unlike—ours is a Trinitarian Order, whilst the other is decidedly *not*, and might be wholly Unitarian, and be just as much Templary as it is now; without Trinitarianism there is *no* Templary, and it is necessarily so distinctive a characteristic of the Order that it is difficult to understand how any system without it can be entitled to style itself Templary. This, then, is where the great difference exists between the two systems, and the difficulty in the way of forming a "treaty of alliance" so desirable and so strongly advocated. I would still join in doing much to bring about a union of the English speaking Templars, but let it be done in moderation, fairness, and charity to all. The recent assumption of superiority by the Grand

Encampment, U. S., over the Great Priories of the British Dominions does not seem the most advisable move to conduce to this end. The analogy drawn between the "Grand Encampment" and "Convent General" is not strictly applicable. The federal alliance of the Great Priories, like that of nations for mutual support and convenience, cannot interfere with the *complete* independence of each. The "Grand Encampment" is the nationality of the U. S. Templars, as the Great Priories are to their own nations; and the U. S. Grand Commanderies similar to the Provincial Priories. Perhaps, in a purely *technical* sense, the "Grand Encampment" and "Convent General" are to some extent nearly alike, but this arises from the incongruous position into which Templary has drifted; in reality *no* nationality should possess any body higher than a Great Priory, or any officer superior to a Great Prior; there should be *only one* Grand Master, chosen by the Knights of *all* nationalities, who should preside over the whole Templar Order. There *never* was, and there cannot be, *two* Grand Masters of the *same* Order of Chivalry; it might be well if the Grand Encampment abated somewhat of its pretensions to superiority over the Great Priories. Convent General, composed of these Great Priories, cannot enter into foreign relations without their mutual consent.

Having thus endeavoured to give a general idea of Templary, I would say to all those whose prejudices cause them to vilify and throw obloquy on the memory of the Ancient Knights, and who believe that their persecution and downfall was merited, that to judge of the true spirit of the Order we must not look upon those instances where the rude and licentious habits of the time mixed up a portion of evil with its genuine character, but turn our eyes to the splendid examples of noble acts performed by that famous soldiery, whose chivalrous feelings, raised to a pitch of enthusiasm, inspired them to such deeds of courage and devotion in defence of the Christian faith and its followers that they were looked upon with wonder and admiration by the whole world, and whose subsequent fate was as undeserved as it was terrible. The accusations against them were as preposterous and ridiculous as they were false and malicious, only fitted for the gross ignorance and superstition of the age, and meant as a cloak to conceal the real designs of their persecutors, actuated by an intensity of jealous hatred and cupidity at the haughty pride, ambition, and enormous wealth of the Knights, which had corrupted the pure principles on which the Order was originally founded.

The Papal Bull was published in May, 1312, and the Order, which had fought and bled in the cause of the Cross for two centuries, extinguished by the Pope, although he avowed that the proof had failed so as to carry definite judgment.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to add a short list of such historical works, relating to the Order, as are easily attainable, the perusal of which will assist in dispelling the erroneous impressions disseminated by many of the Masonic magazines and monitors, purposing to give its true history and usages:—

"Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," Article *Templars*, published in Library of Entertaining Knowledge, 1837.

"Addison's Knights Templars," English edition, 1842, in preference to the later one of 1853, or to the American edition by Macoy, in which Addison's text has been in many places altered to suit the American Masonic system, and therefore calculated to mislead the Historic Templar Student.

"Anthony O'Neal Hayes' History of the Knights Templars, from their rise in the Third Crusade," as also his "Persecution of the Knights Templars." Edinburgh, 1865.

"Burns' Sketch of the History of the Knights Templar." Edinburgh, 1837.

"Sketch of the Knights Templar and St. John, with notes on the Masonic Templars," by Richd. Woof, F. S. A., Worcester, London, 1865.

"Porter's History of the Knights of Malta." 1858.

These works will be found sufficient to give an accurate idea of the Orders of the Temple and Hospitallers of St. John, or Knights of Malta.

*Laprairie, Prov. of Quebec, Canada, 20th May, 1878.*

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN  
SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

(Continued from page 96.)

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

THE doctrine of salvation was, however, plainly developed in the Spurious Freemasonry of India, China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and all other heathen nations. The Saka, or younger Buddha of the East furnishes a striking instance of it, and the Cumorica Chanda relates that after three thousand and one hundred years of the Cali Yug shall be expired, then Saka, the divine child, *born of a pure virgin and the son of a Taeshaka or carpenter*, will appear to redeem the world from misery." And in China, Confucius, according to the best authorities, gave his disciples the benefit of a distinct prophecy of the Messiah, when he told them "to look to the West for the HOLY ONE that was to appear upon earth." Again, at the conclusion of the ceremony of initiation in Persia, the candidates were taught as a profound secret that at some future time a great Deliverer would appear in the West, who should be the son of a pure virgin. This Deliverer or Mediator was identified with Mithras, and had the name of the Middle or Second God, and was regarded as an emanation of the power of Ormista, and sometimes esteemed to be co-eternal with him.\* Being reputed to be born from a rock, Dr. Doig takes occasion to observe that as "a rock is the symbol of strength and stability, so the dominion of Mithras shall be firm as a rock, and stable as the everlasting hills." This was evidently a doctrine embodied from ancient tradition, for the Messiah was esteemed by the Jews as the Rock of their Salvation.† And St. Paul says plainly, *that rock was Christ,‡ whose kingdom is everlasting,§ and without end.¶*

The Egyptian Orus was reputed to be the first production of the power of Osiris, and destined to destroy the works of Gyphon, or the evil principle, and reign for ever as a Mediator.¶ Hales, in his chronology,\*\* thinks that "Hesiod, under the fable of the formation of the fair Pandora, who, with her box of evils, deceived Epimetheus, when nothing was left but Hope, seems to have allegorized the history of the creation of Eve, with the Fall, and the hope of redemption through the seed of the woman, which was, in fact, the *γεννησιον υιον* of Plato.

The Romans had a similar tradition, notwithstanding which Horace expressed an indifferent opinion of those who should reveal the secrets of the Spurious Freemasonry,—

"———vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum  
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem  
Sit trabibus, fragilemque necum  
Solvat phaselum."

Virgil had the boldness to reveal these secrets, and his translation of the Sibylline prophecies relative to the advent of the Messiah affords a presumptive proof that it was one of the ineffable doctrines preserved in these remarkable institutions, and they clearly foretold that a great conqueror should rise up in Judea about the time when Christ actually appeared, who should banish crime and govern the earth in peace. Tacitus, speaking of the wars of Vespasian and the Jews, says, "A firm persuasion had

\* Cudw. Intell. Syst. p. 288. † 2 Sam. xxii. 47; Ps. xcvi. 1, et passim.

‡ 1 Cor. x. 4.

§ Jer. x. 10, Dan. passim.

¶ Luke i. 33.

¶ Jambl. de Myst. Egypt.

\*\* Vol. i. p. 244.

prevailed amongst a great many that it was contained in the ancient sacred writings of the Romans that about this time there should arise in Judea a being called ORIEUS, who should obtain the empire of the world.\* Suetonius † and Josephus ‡ both repeat the same prophecy.

In a word, the traditions of all nations foretell the coming of a hero who is to descend from heaven and bring back Astrea to the earth. The Persians call him Mithras; the Egyptians, Orus; the Tyrians, Adonis; the Greeks, Apollo, and sometimes Jupiter, the Conductor and Saviour. They differ in description, but all agree in the same truths, although many of them, and particularly Pythagoras, who was familiar with the mysteries of every country, were afraid to reveal it openly. The last enlightened philosopher taught it to his initiated disciples as an ineffable secret; but it was under the most fearful penalties. By his followers it was conveyed to Socrates; and Plato, who introduced it into his dialogues, put it into the mouth of Alcibiades. These are the words: "When will the time come, and who is he that will instruct us in the nature and worship of God? How anxiously do I desire to see that man!"

We learn from subsequent revelations that T.G.A.O.T.U. was acknowledged in the Greater Mysteries under the name of LOGOS or WORD, who, as it was then asserted, at some future propitious period would appear amongst mankind incarnate, to enlighten their understanding and deliver them from the dominion of error. Plato seems to have entertained considerable doubts about the doctrine of human redemption, because, as he candidly acknowledged, it was beyond his comprehension; although he implicitly believed in the future advent of a Mediator, called by Philo the Divine Word, and a Supercelestial Star; and impatiently waited for His appearance, in the assured hope that by Him the true interpretation of these mysteries would be clearly revealed.

It is a curious fact that while explaining the characters of the three divine personages who appeared to Abraham, the above writer says: "The Father of all things is *in the Middle*, and is denominated in Scripture HE THAT IS. On each side are the powers nearest to him, one of which is called the Creature, and the other the Governing Power. He therefore who is in the Middle, being attended by these powers, represents the visual intellect, and is sometimes ONE and sometimes THREE."

This Middle God, in the religious system of every nation, was represented to be born of a virgin, § and engaged in a constant warfare with the evil principle. In all cases he was considered as the god of combats, and it is an extraordinary coincidence that King David, who was an acknowledged type of Christ, has been denominated "the god of spiritual combats." In the MSS. of the 13th century, he is frequently represented as standing before a red angel bearing a drawn sword, as a symbol of divine love animating him to destroy the works of the devil; red being the emblem of love. Even the Chinese books hieroglyphically speak of the sufferings and conflicts of Kium-Tse, just as the Persians do of the combats of Mithras; the Egyptians of the murder of Osiris; the Tyrians of the death of Adonis; and the Greeks of the labours and painful exploits of a son of Jupiter who came down upon earth to exterminate monsters. We can therefore be at no loss to conclude that the source of all their allegories was an ancient tradition, common to all nations, that the Middle God was to expiate and put an end to crime by His own sufferings. ||

It is evident, therefore, that a knowledge of these important facts in the history of our redemption had been embodied in the Spurious Freemasonry, where the Messiah, in the execution of His holy office, would be subjected to a contest with Satan, whose head he was destined to bruise, ¶ and did actually bruise, by the destruction of serpent-worship, and the conversion of the Dracontian temples into Christian churches. During His ministry on earth He baffled the tempter in the wilderness; cast out evil spirits

\* Tacit. Hist. l. v. c. 13.

† Vesp. c. 4.

‡ De Bel. l. vii. c. 38.

§ Perseus was sometimes feigned to have had no father, but to have been born of a virgin (*Just. Mart. dial. cum Tryphl.*, p. 297). Precisely the same fable is told of the Chinese Fehi, and of the Indian Buddha (*Mart. Hist. Sin.* l. i. c. 21; *Rabram. de nat. Christi*, c. 3).

|| See Ramsay, Cyrus, p. 339.

¶ Gen. iii. 15.

from possessed individuals; silenced the heathen oracles;\* put all enemies under His feet, by His descent into hell and redemption thence. And it was for this very purpose that the Son of God was manifested: that He might destroy the works of the devil. The doctrine was also preserved in the ceremonies of the Spurious Freemasonry; for the candidate, who represented Osiris, was made to descend into Tartarus, to witness the torments of the damned. But he was soon delivered thence, and being conducted to the sacred plains, he heard the sound of sacred music, and saw the souls of the just in the enjoyment of those rewards which are the result of piety and virtue.

A reference to the great sacrifice by which these benefits were secured to man was also found in the observances of these remarkable institutions, which were used for conferring a ceremonial regeneration, and the symbol was the colour of the rose, or blood. And it is an extraordinary coincidence that the same relation should exist between this colour and baptism, in Christianity. The Scriptures speak of the rose-tree as the symbol of the regenerated, and dew (*ros*) as that of regeneration. The red and white, which are sometimes united in the rose, are types of the love and wisdom of God, and by appropriating them to himself the candidate becomes regenerated and competent to partake of the benefits which are derived from initiation.

As amongst the Jews an unequivocal type of the Atonement, wrought out by the crucifixion of Christ, had been provided in the projected sacrifice of Isaac by his father; so, in all other nations, evident vestiges of the same fact may be accurately traced in the bloody sacrifices which were used to avert the anger and propitiate the favour of avenging deities, and to prevent the idea from being lost, there was a bloody baptism in the Mysteries, which resembled the ceremony instituted by Moses in the wilderness,† and was typical of the blood of Christ. It was called *Taurobolium*, and was confidently believed to convey a perfect regeneration to the soul. Mr. Maurice imagines that these regeneratory sacrifices showed the deep and unanimous conviction of the pagan world that man had fallen from the high condition of his original purity; whence he compares them to Christian baptism, and thinks they symbolize the necessity of a radical conversion of the heart.

It is quite clear that the simple act of shedding blood, unaccompanied by any typical reference, could never have been believed capable of procuring the favour or acceptance of God, and therefore a faith in their efficacy could only have been derived from a tradition of the divine command given to Adam, and practised by the first martyr, that animal sacrifices should be used to preserve in the minds of men a knowledge of the vicarious offering which was to atone for human transgression.

This primitive command was perpetuated throughout the heathen world in the abstruse theories of the hierophant, and also by immemorial practice. It was used by Ham, the first post-diluvian idolater, and every colony of his posterity considered the omission to be worse than sacrilege. The same may be said of all the other descendants of Noah who contracted the same defilements. However their opinions respecting the name of the deity or the nature of divine worship might vary, still purification by blood was esteemed the most acceptable service, and was always used on occasions of peculiar solemnity. And it was universally believed that the perfection of human nature would be restored, and general security accomplished, by some great human sacrifice, the use and design of which, says South,‡ "Was to appease the deity by paying down a life for sin, and that by the substitution of a man or beast to die and pay down his life instead of the sinner. For there was a tacit acknowledgment that the wages of sin was death, and that without shedding of blood there could be no remission."

(To be continued.)

\* Some say, however, that the oracles did not entirely cease at that period, but remained in repute and were consulted, though perhaps not so frequently, nor with entire confidence, down to the fourth century of Christianity. On this subject the reader may profitably consult Tertul. Apol. Chrys. ad Gent. Grot. de verit. iv. 10; Arch. Attic. vii. 2; Warb. Julian, p. 36.

† Exod. xxiv. 8.

‡ Sermons, vol. iii. ser. 9.