

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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## Monthly Masonic Summary.

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WITH this January MAGAZINE, Publisher and Editor beg to offer to all their readers their "hearty good wishes" for the "New Year." May it be a period of unmingled happiness and well-being to them and theirs.

With the opening of another year of Time, we cannot conceal from ourselves that Freemasonry has before it a period of much excitement and perhaps some trial. If in Great Britain and Canada and America we may feel satisfied that ours are peaceful progress and material prosperity, we cannot but be sensible that there is much in the intense increase of our Order sufficient to awaken anxiety, and to suggest caution.

It cannot do good to Freemasonry eventually, when we notice the evident desire of many to obtain admission into our fraternity, more because it is popular and prosperous than for any other really good or constraining motive! The somewhat indiscriminate admission now so much in "vogue," portends weakness to the Craft, and serious demands upon our charities.

And if abroad we look on Freemasonry, we see a spirit of disquiet affecting many foreign bodies, and new ideas and novel principles, taking the place of the wiser and more salutary legislation of the past.

We in England and Ireland and Scotland, as well as in America and Canada, in fact wherever Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry extends, cannot but deplore the rashness and the unwisdom of the recent proceedings of the French Grand Orient, which may and probably will lead to most regrettable results.

It is really almost pitiable to think that able men can be so blinded by their own subjective fancies as to suppose that we in England are blind to the real motive and end of this deplorable change! Some writers affirm that it is done for "Toleration;" others, that the Atheistical question has nothing to do with it, though they know perfectly well that such allegations are hollow and unreal.

If the Atheistical party were not touched by the old formula why agitate for its removal? But the truth is, just as the law for the reception of Bro. Littré the ritual had to be made "meet" for his reception, so it is well known in France that under the old declarations Masters and Candidates were equally tied down.

Had the acknowledgment to T.G.A.O.T.U. never been placed in the Constitutions we should never have raised a question, but, being there, it ought to have remained there, unless, indeed, a similar truth, as with us, could be asserted in an official statement bound up with the Book of Constitutions. We do not lay much stress on the place where the acknowledgment of the Most High is found, but if French Freemasonry is in accord with Cosmopolitan Freemasonry it ought to be somewhere. As it is, French Freemasonry, (in defiance of the old and consistent and continuous teaching, as may be proved from countless French writers, official and nonofficial from 1730 down-

wards), now declines to make belief in T.G.A.O.T.U. a needful pre-requisite for admission!

Most fatal blunder!

But here we stop to-day, hoping that our anticipations of troubles may not be realized, and that our vaticinations of evil may not be fulfilled.

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## THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCE OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

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BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

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(Continued from page 195.)

AT this point we cannot help remarking how very nearly all this resembles a passage in the book of Job,\* "O that thou wouldst *guard* me in Hades," εν Αδης με εφυλαξας. A similar expression occurs in the New Testament, Τοις εν φυλακῇ πνευμασι,† which is rendered in our version "the spirits in prison," evidently alluding to Hades, and probably to the torments of that place.‡ Again, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the expression *παρχων εν βασανοις* conveys a very strong idea of these torments. With the same reference, *βασανιζω, crucio, vevo, torqueo*, is used.§ Tartarus, amongst the Greeks, was the lowest place in Hades. The word *ταρταρώ*, as used in the Epistles,|| means in *Tartarum detraho*. Simpson says that the Greeks called Hell Tartarus, unto which the Apostle here hath reference. And as the Scripture borrows the term of Tartarus from the heathen, so it is thought by Tertullian and Gregory that the heathen took the idea of their Elysian fields from the Scripture Paradise.

After the appearance of the expected Deliverer, it was thus that the hierophant, trembling lest his influence should be superseded by a new religion, exhibited before the initiated aspirants the apostles and martyrs of Christianity tormented and howling in these dismal abodes, and many grievous persecutions were excited by the display. But at that period the mysteries were declining in public estimation, and their influence had sustained a sensible diminution. Lucian and others of their own poets had weakened their hold on the public mind, and after many ineffectual attempts to extinguish the religion of Christ, they themselves fell before the irresistible power of the Cross.

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### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE REFERENCE TO A DIVINE MEDIATOR.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,  
 Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.  
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,  
 Pacatumque reget patris virtutibus orbem.

VIRGIL.

That the primary forces, or antitype of the entire mythology of the Egyptians, is a triad of divinities, and that through all the immense extent of the system the same

\* Job xiv. 13.

† 1 Pet. iii. 19.

‡ Refer also to Rev. i. 18, and Job xxxviii. 17, for illustrations of the keepers or guardians of the souls in torment.

§ Matt. viii. 29, Mark v. 7, Rev. xi. 10, xiv. 10, xx. 10.

|| 2 Pet. ii. 4.

forces of triad is maintained, has led some eminent men to suppose that those who founded the Egyptian religion must have had some knowledge of the doctrine of the Trinity. Without giving a positive opinion on this subject, we may venture to say that it is, more probably, a *direct reference to the promise of a Redeemer*. Two uniform features of the system appear to raise this conjecture into certainty. The Son or Word of the Egyptian mythology is always the third person in the triad. And again, the second person is always a female. So in the primary triad we have *Amoce* the father, *Mout* the mother, and *Chous*, the infant son; the allusive character of the temple sculpture. The first person of the triad is very frequently represented with a countenance and figure of the Pharaoh who had erected it, and the second person with those of his queen; so also the birth of the young god is, in the same curious manner, identified with the birth of the founder, or his first-born son. The great hope and end therefore which the Egyptian religion held forth, was the birth of a god; this their expectation being evidently not metaphorical, but real, because they always identified it with actual occurrences.\*

These principles appear to have been embodied in the anaglyph before us, which was called by the Hermesians the **SECRET OF SECRETS**. Now the greatest secret of every system of Spurious Freemasonry that the world ever knew, was the divine unity, accompanied by the expectation of a Mediator who should commute for the sins of men by some bloody sacrifice. And it is pretty clear that the Scarabeus was a symbol of that mediator.

But we find that almost every emblem which the anaglyph contains, whether the circle, crescent, square, angle, or cross, referred to the heavenly bodies; and in the language of ancient prophesy, preserved also in the Hermesian Freemasonry, a Star was the emblem of that Mediator, although it was sometimes mistakenly applied to the sun or moon; and therefore in the hierophantic symbols, the sun, moon, and star were generally combined, that in any case the application might be correctly enunciated.

It will be interesting, therefore, to the Christian Mason to inquire what types or tokens of the Mediator through whom human redemption was to be effected, are embodied in the figure before us.

Considerable light may be thrown upon this inquiry by considering the astronomical character of the Spurious Freemasonry † arising probably from a tradition that the advent of the Deliverer was to be announced by a remarkable appearance in the skies in the form of a Blazing Star, or celestial fire. Thus Chalcidius the Platonist, in his commentary on *Timæus*, says, *Est quoque alia sanctior, &c.*: "There is another more holy and more venerable history, which relates the appearance of a new star, not to foretel diseases and death, but the sublime descent of an incarnate God, to show favours to the inhabitants of the earth. This star the wise men of Chaldea observing as they travelled in the night, they are said to have sought for the place where this god was born, and having found him in the shape of a newborn infant, they paid him such rites of worship, and such vows, as might be agreeable to such an august being."

According to Suetonius, such a tradition had always prevailed throughout the whole eastern part of the world; ‡ and the heathen nations possessed no certain vehicle for its preservation but their religious mysteries.

The everlasting covenant, Ἡ Διαθήκη αἰωνίος, corresponding with *Zōē aionios*, *eternal life*, made by our merciful Creator with the Great Father of the human race, was accompanied by the presence of God's *Shekinah* in the form of a permanent fire or Blazing Star, and there are reasons for believing that an opinion was prevalent amongst the true worshippers before the flood that in like manner a Blazing Star would

\* Smith's Sacred Annals, p. 562.

† Hales thinks that the Spurious Freemasonry was derived from the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. It was, however, practised long before the above feast was instituted, and was coeval with the Sabean superstition. The revival of this feast by St. John is rather important to the fraternity, as one of the reasons why he was constituted the patron of the Order.

‡ Suet. in vit. Vespas. c. iv. p. 280.

precede the advent of the Mediator promised to Adam; whence he is designated as the Star of Jacob by Balaam, a pagan hierophant, as well as by David and Malachi, who were inspired prophets of true God.\* Corresponding herewith was the Soros-Aster of the Magians, and the Mesouranco of Pythagoras.

(To be Continued.)

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1877 AND 1878.

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Time comes with its fleeting hours,  
 Time leaves us day by day;  
 The songs of its festive bowers  
 Are in the far away.  
 And as the great River onward flows  
 Through human love and hate,  
 We bid good-bye to Seventy-Seven,  
 And welcome Seventy-Eight.

In vain, old friend, you're grieving  
 For all that's past and gone,  
 Or that Life is full of trials,  
 And that you are left alone.  
 Poor mortals all, we have to bend  
 To the stern decrees of Fate,  
 And as we welcomed Seventy-Seven  
 We welcome Seventy-Eight.

As a speck in the dimmer distance,  
 Like a memory of long years,  
 We bethink us of soft hours sped  
 Midst gentle smiles or tears.  
 While as the moments swiftly pass  
 From us, in penury or state,  
 We note the end of Seventy-Seven—  
 The approach of Seventy-Eight.

Great mystery of Life and Time!  
 Weird tale of our human race!  
 In vain we seek to soothe thy spell  
 By the power of Heaven's own Grace!  
 For all we say, or all we do,  
 We cannot now abate  
 One jot of the burden of Seventy-Seven—  
 The crosses of Seventy-Eight.

Alas! for us, as now we pine,  
 Exiles, sojourning still,  
 Far from the Golden River  
 And the everlasting Hill!  
 Life's seasons flourish and decay,  
 We toil early, we rest late,  
 But onward, onward went Seventy-Seven,  
 As will also Seventy-Eight.

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\* Numb. xxiv. 17; Ps. lxxxiv. 11; Mal. iv. 2.

And if twelve months more departed  
 See us still lingering here,  
 Whether full of mournful memories,  
 Or bless'd by joys most dear :  
 Yet still the witness we all must bear  
 Will be, O dear old Mate !  
 As we said "Farewell to Seventy-Seven !"  
 We must say it to Seventy-Eight !

NEMO.

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ST. ANDREW'S ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, BOSTON (U.S.A.)

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WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

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THE Centennial of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston (U.S.A.), was celebrated at the Masonic Temple on September 29th, 1869, the Chapter having been consecrated on the 28th August, 1769.\* The invitations were profuse (and yet most discriminate) to a large number of distinguished Masons in the United States and British Provinces, and nothing seems to have been spared, as respects expense and enthusiasm to render the Assembly worthy of the event. In the handsome volume before us, commemorative of the grand proceedings, we notice several pages of correspondence from "invited guests," and all, whether able to be present or not, were evidently keenly alive to the importance of the Celebration, and were not lacking in warmest interest in the success of the Old Chapter. The Committee of Arrangements did their work well, as is generally the case in the United States, where the most scrupulous attention is paid to the most minute matters, so much so that such Committees not only *deserve*, but they really *command* success. The Orator for the day was the learned Brother William Sewall Gardner, of Boston, then M.W.G.M. of Massachusetts, and most ably did he acquit himself of the special duty thus laid upon him by willing hands and fraternal hearts. The oration was to our minds a masterly production, and makes public several curious and valuable particulars hitherto little known and sometimes quite lost sight of. Brother Gardner considers that "by the strong preponderance of evidence, it would seem that Ramsay invented the Royal Arch Degree, and *that* between 1728 and 1743, probably in the year 1740, in the interest of Charles Edward the Pretender, he brought over to England several new degrees, among which was one called the Royal Arch." *This may, or may not be*, but at all events, the majority of Masonic students favour the notion of such an origin. "As early as 1758, Lodge No. 3, at Philadelphia, worked as a Chapter, conferring the Royal Arch in communion with a military Chapter, working under a warrant, No. 351, granted by the Grand Lodge of *all* England." Bro. Gardner is in error as to the Grand Lodge of *all* England (held at York), as that Body never granted any Charters out of England. The reference must be to the "Grand Lodge according to the Old Constitutions" or "*Ancients*." Philadelphia had an "*Ancient*" Lodge warranted from A.D. 1759 : and so from that year the Royal Arch may fairly date in that city.

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\* This date is given in accordance with the declaration on the tickets for the Celebration ; but that is no evidence to prove it. The Chapter met before that date.

"In 1767 the degrees of Perfection of the Scottish Rite were conferred at Albany, New York, among which was the Royal Arch of that Rite, sometimes called the '*Ancient Royal Arch of Solomon*.'" In 1756, application was made to the Grand Lodge of Scotland by certain "*Ancient Masons*" in Boston for a Charter, and on the 13th November in that year, the petition was granted. Bro. Gardner says the number of the Warrant was 82. The Constitutions of the G. L. of Scotland states that it was 81, the number 82 being for "Blandford," Virginia. Probably the then G. Sec. reversed the numbers in error, and that such is probable, is evident from the fact that the Warrant for Virginia was issued on March 9th; whereas St. Andrew's Lodge was not chartered until November of the same year. These two Lodges were the first of their kind granted for any portion of America by the G. L. of Scotland. On May 30th, 1769, was issued a commission to the revered Joseph Warren as Grand Master under the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in response to a petition from the four Lodges, then in Boston, viz—"St. Andrew's," Lodge, No. 82, and "Duke of York Regiment," No. 108 (106 according to G. Lodge list), of the Scottish Grand Lodge; "Fourteenth Regiment of Foot," No. 58; "*Ancients of England*;" and "Twenty-ninth Regiment," No. 322, of Ireland. Boston was then occupied by British Troops, and hence the number and class of petitioners. Some of the members of St. Andrew's Lodge were Royal Arch Masons prior to 1762; but in Oct. of that year, a Committee, in a letter to the Grand Master of Scotland, declare that, "We should likewise be glad to know if a Charter could be granted to us for holding a Royal Arch Lodge, as a sufficient number of us have arrived to that sublime degree." To this letter no reply was vouchsafed, and no wonder, for that Grand Lodge has never recognized in any way, the degree of Royal Arch, from its Constitution in 1736 to the present time.

The first meeting of the Chapter, of which there is any account, is dated August 18th, 1769, when "At Lodge of Royal Arch Masons, held at Mason's Hall," it was "voted Bro. Saml. Sumner be made a Royal Arch Mason." Sumner was to be the Tyler, and so was "*made gratis*." At this and the following meeting of the 28th, of the same month and year, the Officers, as in the regular Lodge, are mentioned, but no word of those peculiar to the degree in question.

On the 28th Aug., 1769, "The petition of Bro. William Davis coming before the Lodge, begging to have and receive the parts belonging to a Royal Arch Mason, which being read, was received, and he unanimously voted in, and was accordingly made by receiving the four steps, that of Excellent, Super Excellent, Royal Arch, and Knight Templar." It is clear therefore that these meetings were not the first of their kind in connection with the chapter, and that in all probability they owed their origin to the Lodge held in the 14th Regiment, being No. 58 of the "*Ancients*." Bro. Gardner states that the reference to the Knight Templar "is believed to be the first record of conferring that degree in America." We not only think so, but so far as our research goes, it is the earliest of the kind relating to the degree that we know of in *any Country*. It was thus given as an Honorary Degree, under the wing of the Arch until Dec. 19th, 1794, after which no further notice is taken of the degree by the Chapter.

The other degrees were probably taken from the Irish Ritual, or, as some think, from the "*Ancients*" of England, then represented in Boston by their Lodge, No. 58, for the three first mentioned were worked beyond question in this Country at that time, and earlier. The "*Ancients*," however, included all under the title of Royal Arch Masonry, though practically the separate degrees were worked.

The Grand Master, General Warren, had the "several steps" conferred upon him *honoris causa*, on May, 14th, 1770. In June, 1775, "his earthly career was abruptly closed, and he fell on Bunker's Hill, one of the first martyrs to the cause of liberty which he had so zealously espoused."

The Royal Arch Lodge (or Chapter), in consequence of the state of public matters, ceased work about this time until 1789. There being no Warrant for the Chapter, it was agreed by the members of St. Andrew's Lodge, Nov. 11th 1790, "That the Royal Arch Lodge be indulged with the use of the Charter of St. Andrew's Lodge so long as the majority of the members of the Royal Arch Lodge are members of the St. Andrew's

Lodge." The members of the Chapter thereupon duly thanked the Craft Lodge for its "politeness," and having previously, and for many years afterwards, occupied the St. Andrew's Lodge Room, they evidently understood the *entente cordiale* of Masonry.

Until 1792, the names of the Officers were Royal Arch Master, Senior and Junior Wardens, &c., from that year the chief Officer was called the High Priest, and the two Wardens were changed into First and Second King, the Secretary being entitled the *Scribe*. The "cypher," often called the "Arch cypher" in America, was in use from about 1772, by the Companions at Newburyport, with whom the members as Boston held correspondence and conferences, a sample of the writing being presented by Bro. Gardner, who however apparently has failed to decipher it. We make the hieroglyphics to be (a) H.P. (*High Priest*), (b) F.K. (*First King*), (c) S.K. (*Second King*), (d) *Scribe* and I. L. we should have thought was I. R. (*Janitor*). We submit the foregoing with pleasure to our excellent Brother Gardner, especially as the explanation does (as he surmised it would) "give us exact information as to the ritual used" in relation to the Officers. It was customary "to confer all the steps in one evening," so that the ceremonies could not then have partaken of the elaborate character of the present degrees of Royal Arch and Knights Templars' Freemasonry.

No mention is made of "Passing the Chair" until 1797, and the Mark was not introduced into the series until 1792, when the order was "Passing the Chair, Super-Excellent, Mark and Royal Arch." In Feb. 18th, 1795, it was "voted that in future there shall only *two* be advanced to the Royal Arch step in the same evening." Bro. Thomas Smith Webb visited the Chapter; and from 1795, changes occur, evidently traceable to his presence. That well-known Companion presided, with Companion John Hammer of Albany, "and opened upon the Mark Master Masons' Degree after their manner, and communicated a lesson belonging to the degree to the brethren." This is the first instance of the word Companion in the records.

The next eve the Chapter met, and elected Officers for the Mark Lodge and R. A. Chapter; for the former the titles of Master, Second and Third Overseers being mentioned, and that of Chief Sojourner in the Chapter.

The Most Excellent Masters' degree. Bro. Gardner believes originated at Albany (Temple Chapter), and was communicated for the first time, apart from Chapter, in Oct., 1795. In November of the same year, a Grand Chapter was constituted in consequence of the action of St. Andrew's Chapter and others, and by virtue of that authority the H.P. of the Chapter was appointed chief of the Deputy Grand Chapter of Massachusetts.

The Grand Chapter of Massachusetts granted the Chapter a Charter on the 14th February, 1800.

The first mention made of the Mark Degree was Oct. 23rd, 1792, as follows: "balance due the Mark Masons' Lodge, £2 14s. 10d.; and on Nov. 28th, it was agreed "that the degree of Mark Master be connected with the other degrees."

The Mark Degree is a favourite in the United States, as in Great Britain, and from late last century has been a necessary pre-requisite in connection with the Royal Arch in most English speaking countries. We must, however, content ourselves now with stating that the oration was well received, *as it deserved*, and the remainder of the Day's Celebration partook of a festive character.

We cannot do better than conclude in the language of Bro. Gardner—language as true as it is beautiful—"Elegance of rhetoric, startling and impressive ceremonials brilliant and gaudy vestments, may have their ephemeral part in the drama, but the pure teaching of the doctrines of Masonry, which lead the thoughts of man through the wonders of nature and the intricacies of science up to the Grand Architect of the Universe, will alone live and flourish through trials, persecutions, and discords."

## THE ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "OLD, OLD STORY."

## CHAPTER VII.

"To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me."

—SHAKESPEARE (SONNETS).

VERY few of us all ever realize, it appears to me, how much depends often on the golden moments we so laboriously misuse, so deplorably waste in idle dreams which bring no return—in fantastic follies which end only in tears. Day by day, and hour by hour, as we move on amid the great crowd which throngs the Vanity Fair of Life, which buys at its marts, re-echoes its songs, and exults in its fascinations, we too often forget that Time—winged Time—carries away with it our hopes and fears, our cares and imaginings, the vows of the lover and the sighs of the forlorn, never again to return to us here. And youth also seldom is able, as the French say, to "envisager" either what concerns its present real happiness or its future safe abiding; for youth looks at everything alone in those colours, so gay and glittering, which unstable fancy or inexperienced anticipation present to its startled and enraptured gaze. Youth reckons little of the morrow, and too often forgets that for its prodigal use of the things which are it will one day have a reckoning to pay. Accordingly it takes all on credit and on trust, not necessarily wrong in themselves, but overlooks the possibility that its acceptances for the future may not be taken up, and that its over-due bills will not necessarily be renewed. Youth too often "does" a "little bill," which is too often "protested" when it comes to "maturity;" or, worse than this, its thin piece of paper is marked "no orders," "no assets," and the bank on which it has been drawn has dissolved partnership, or is "non est," or is in the Bankruptcy Court.

But, "revenons à nos moutons," after this moral and philosophical, and yet practical disquisition. Paesiello and Don Balthazar, finding the fates apparently propitious, and no impediment in the way, endeavoured to make "hay" while the "sun" shone upon them. There are those who take, as I hold, far too stern and lugubrious a view of life. They seem to think that laughter is all but wrong, geniality objectionable, and earthly society a deadly snare. With such I cannot agree; for such views I have, for one, not the slightest sympathy. Such is the teaching which has filled convents and nunneries, which would antagonise every emotion of humanity. I belong to that school which believes that in the good Providence of God "all things are lawful" for us here (even though some are "not expedient" on personal grounds) which are used with moderation and enjoyed with carefulness. So that I never can see why youth is to be blamed or scolded, or "ballyragged," (most forcible word!) because youth likes to say "carpe diem," and make the most of present happiness and actual enjoyment. There is a goodly "mean" in all things, and while, on the one hand, we should avoid that "jeremiading" school which condemns everything, often on no principle at all, we should seek to learn that higher and better philosophy on the other, which, looking upon the present and the passing, identifies its best hopes and truest happiness with what is alike unchanging and eternal. But I have but exchanged Scylla for Charybdis, and have fallen from a moral disquisition into a neat sermonette!

Eva and Anna were neither too self-absorbed (what a fine, modern phrase!) or too hard-hearted, and therefore with them our hero and his friend soon made way—in fact, they became fast friends! Stanelli and Bechuer were not uninterested or unobservant witnesses of all this pleasant little comedy, but felt that, despite some not unnatural anxiety for their own private affairs, their best chance was to trust to the loyalty of their fair and fascinating friends. What a pity it is that in the concerns of this world,



and, above all, in the negotiations of the heart, men will not more fully trust than they often do in the entire unselfishness and fidelity of the woman! To hear some men talk loudly to-day, especially the dissipated and the discreditable, you would be inclined to suppose that woman was the most naturally vicious, interested, and faithless of beings; whereas the truth is that it is often alone to the unbought and unshattered love of the woman that man owes here all that he can hope for of happiness, all that he can find of safety, all that he can experience of peace. L. E. L. very beautifully says—and we believe that her words are true, and well describe the real state of the case as regards the woman, always loving, evermore confiding, often cruelly forsaken, or basely betrayed—

“I lov'd him, too, as woman loves,  
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn;  
Life had no evil destiny  
That with him I could not have borne—  
Earth had not a spot so drear  
That I should not have thought a home  
In Paradise had he been near.”

I am not of those who “go in,” as they say, very strongly for so-called “women’s rights or wrongs,” but I always have felt, and I feel as I write to-day, that man’s treatment of woman is mostly very selfish, unmanly, and unfair. Had Stanelli and Bechner been commonplace mortals,—those “dull dogs” who fill our gatherings and bore us with their platitudes,—they would have either become jealous or sulky, disagreeable or depressed. Indeed, it is often most amusing to note how “exigent” and monopolising some distinguished hero becomes who has singled out his “bird,” who has thrown his handkerchief majestically at Mary or Julia, or Jane or Emily Ann. She, poor fluttering little pigeon! though she resents deeply such unflattering and unsought-for preference, hardly knows how to treat that “most dreadful young man.” But he, happily unconscious of her real feelings, wishes to announce to all that he has deigned to make his choice at last, frowns on every real or imaginary rival, makes himself especially disagreeable to his own adored Jemima, and becomes a nuisance to his friends and a laughing-stock to society. There is nothing for him left but to fill the ranks of the rejected, to join the angry host of the disappointed.

And so Bechner and Stanelli, wise in their generation, took things easily, and treated the matter “en philosophe.” Indeed they became constant companions and steady mates (“pals” is the modern word) of the gay Paesiello and the sententious Balthazar; for, as Stanelli used to say to Bechner, “caro amico,” there is no use in our letting those fair friends of ours know how much we fear our companions. If they are worth their salt, they will not give us up; and if they are not, why then need you and I care anything about them?” And Bechner used to reply, with that pleasant “insouciance” for which he was celebrated, “Sapperment, I quite agree with you. I don’t think that a woman is worth seeking who is captivated by the first gaudy butterfly she sees.”

But I am not going to blame Anna and Eva. They were two very nice-featured young women, very pleasant, very well educated, very high-principled, and, as Mr. Samuel Weller judiciously observes, there can be no possible harm “in a young man taking notice of a young woman as is undeniable good-looking and well-conducted.” And acting on this soundest of axioms, they made themselves very agreeable to our hero and his friend. Not that they forgot or ever deserted Stanelli and Bechner, but we all must admit that, clever as women are, they sometimes have difficult cards to play, when they have to keep different admirers all in good humour at the same time. I have often admired deeply the skill with which some fair fisherwoman has managed her bait, has fitted her fly, to catch some fine fish bounding along the turbid river of Life.

But in the meantime another little chapter of this short romance was opened. Madame Allegri, a stately dame, still had her “pretensions,” and before long it was quite plain that she liked Don Balthazar, and that Don Balthazar liked her. When this reality became apparent to the actors, one and all, of course the whole appearance of things was changed; for as Paesiello could not pay attention at the same time to Eva and Anna, it was inevitable that Bechner, finding the coast clear, redoubled his

zealous attentions. Madame Allegri had no doubt much to recommend her to so staid and dignified a personage as Don Balthazar. She was still not much beyond her "quarantaine," and Nature had endowed her with many gifts of form and mind; and when you add to these that she was courteous and complaisant, chatty and easy to get on with, knowing and matter-of-fact, (as some widows are,) in the highest degree, you may agree with the writer when he says that Don Balthazar, in looking after Madame Allegri, might have "gone further and fared worse." Not that that excellent woman showed any improper haste again to change her name or forget the husband of her youth. On the contrary, she was always most reserved and dignified, though most kindly and gentle.

Perhaps she was like the old Teuton who married (improper Teuton as he was!) six weeks after his first wife's interment, and who said, in reply to an expostulation, "Himmel, I loved my treasure so moch, that I do not like to be widout something that resembles er." Perhaps she might think that, as "gregariousness" is the acme of existence, and solitude its destruction, so the companionship of early affection had fitted her for the charms of home rather than the "loneliness of isolation;" or, again, she might take up the witty Frenchwoman's view, who declared that life was "too short not to demand the interchange of personal affection." For any or all of these reasons combined, Madame Allegri may have fancied that she was not wrong when she found so safe and so pleasant and so experienced a friend as Don Balthazar, if she determined to make another expedition into the often dangerous realm of matrimony. I don't blame her, the more so as she had always been the most devoted of wives and best of women; but I know there are many who think that "once a widow, always a widow," and that such a state of things is the best for society and for us all. However, Madame Allegri thought differently, and so, though she was, as I before observed, neither forward nor free-and-easy, (as some widows are said to be), she did not object to attentions which were clearly "empressés," and a pleasant companionship which was in itself most welcome to one who, many thought, was even more good-looking still than her charming and sunny daughters. Anna, who was both merry and arch, was highly amused with this posture of affairs. Whether such a course of events harmonised with her innermost thoughts who can say? for woman is often most strangely reticent, sometimes unwisely so, in all that concerns her real feelings or actual intentions. It may well be—and indeed I have reason to believe—that such was the case: that Anna found Don Balthazar very pleasant, but that he was a "leettle" too old for her in ideas, in habits, and in mode of life. Oh, happy privilege of youth! How often, amid the tinsel of worldly show, or the greatness of earthly wealth, would the old exchange all their possessions for a few years of reckless youth! How often in the battle of life we all have to fight—how often in the race of life we all have to run—are the old and wayworn vanquished in the distance by those who, exalting in the strength and daring of youth, care little for the experience of manhood or the impressiveness of age! And who can blame them? I, for one, cannot, and do not; and as I close this Seventh Chapter of my veracious story, if I do not and will not say, "Ah mihi præteritos si referet Jupiter annos," I will add that I often sigh, yet sigh amid the winter of old age, for the warmth of summer, the privileges of Youth!

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### THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE two first volumes of this most interesting and seasonable work were very striking in themselves, and demanded alike from all perusal and thought both attentive and severe; and this third volume comes before the public with no diminution either of the

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\* Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

most startling information, or of that able editorship which characterised alike Vol. I., by General Grey, and Vol. II., by Mr. Martin. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the third volume rivals, if it does not excel the two preceding ones, in its remarkable details and its masterly use of materials. We are struck, as all must be, with many memorable proofs—if proofs were needed—of the intense ability and clear-sightedness of her Majesty the Queen, which are vividly conspicuous in many of the pages of this fascinating work. The character of the lamented Prince Consort seems to stand out clearer than ever, thanks to Mr. Martin's manly independence of thought and touch, to the admiring gaze and juster judgment of us all alike. And now that calumny is silenced, and obloquy is forgotten in the regretful approval and grateful love of every loyal and cultivated Englishman, we can all see, (though perhaps too late), how that Prince Albert was indeed, in the good Providence of God, a wondrous gift to our own country, and a Statesman, a Ruler, a Man for "all time." As years roll by, and difficulties increase, we note exultingly how clear was his vision, how "richtig" his estimate of things, and how that he was equal to every emergency, forarmed for every duty. The nobility of his views, the greatness of his aims, are wonderfully apparent to us now, amid much of the "petitesse" and "bassesse" of our own little way of the world; and we learn to-day, with fond regret, not only how he laboriously strove ever for what was the *To αγαθον*, the *To καλον*, but how patriotically and self-sacrificingly he gave up the vigour of his manhood and the power of his "Geist" to her service whom he loved so truly, and to that country of which he had become the most devoted of her adopted chiefs and citizens.

It seems all but impossible to believe that popular prejudice or the virulence of an ignorant Press could ever have distorted or defamed that pure fair character, goodly and gracious in all its lineaments and "outcome." It must strike us all with almost mute astonishment, if not humiliation, to realize that all that unwearied devotion, all that ceaseless toil for the honour and prestige of England, could ever have been the subject of childish doubt or scandalous misrepresentation. Yet so it was, and we can only mourn to-day, as our admiration of the late Prince Consort is increased with each volume of his "Life Story," at such lamentable proofs—though, alas, we need none—of the blindness of party prejudice and of the fanaticism of intolerant ignorance.

Curiously enough, at the very time that France is deluged with attacks on Napoleon III., we are recalled happily in this third volume of the "Life of the Late Prince Consort" to dwell upon the truer portraiture of that remarkable man drawn by the skilful and effective pencil of the Queen herself. The incidents, no doubt, narrated in her affectionate and enthralling narrative, will bring mingled joy and sadness to the mind of the widowed Empress, but in no work that we have seen do we find so masterly a representation, and marked by such lifelike touches, of the great qualities of Napoleon III. France has yet to learn what she owes to his wise rule. When we lay down the book, and try to sum up what we are told so graphically of the Emperor, and so gracefully of the Empress, not only do we feel at once that no worthier tribute to their real merit has ever been offered; but so pleasant is the word-painting, so minute the drawing, and yet so carefully coloured, that we almost fancy we stand before one of those masterpieces of Meissonnier on which we have often looked spell-bound with wonder and delight.

It is pleasant to note how clear and careful are the Queen's words to Lord Raglan at a time of great trial and hardship in the Crimea:—

"The sad privations of the Army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness, are sources of the deepest anxiety and concern to the Queen and Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings, the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. The Queen trusts that Lord Raglan will be very strict in seeing that no unnecessary privations are incurred by any negligence of those whose duty it is to watch over their wants.

"The Queen heard that their coffee was given them green instead of roasted, and some other things of this kind which have distressed her, as she feels so anxious that they should be made as comfortable as circumstances can admit of. The Queen earnestly trusts that the large amount of warm clothing sent out has not only reached Balaclava,

but has been distributed, and that Lord Raglan has been successful in procuring the means of hutting for his men.

“Lord Raglan cannot think how much we suffer for the Army, and how painfully anxious we are to know that their privations are decreasing.”

In what more effective language can a Sovereign, intently anxious for her soldiers as for her people, address a Minister of War, then Lord Panmure?—

“The Queen is very anxious to bring before Lord Panmure the subject which she mentioned to him the other day—viz., hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers. These are absolutely necessary, and now is the moment to have them built, for no doubt there would be no difficulty in obtaining the money requisite for the purpose, so strong is the feeling now existing in the public mind for improvements of all kinds connected with the Army and the well-being and comfort of the soldier.

“Nothing can exceed the attention paid to these poor men in the barracks at Chatham, or rather Fort Pitt and Brompton, and they are in that respect very comfortable; but the buildings are bad, the wards more like prisons than hospitals, with the windows so high that no one can look out of them, and the most of the wards are small, with hardly space to walk between the beds. There is no dining-room or hall, so that the poor men must have their dinners in the same room in which they sleep, and in which some may be dying, or at any rate suffering, while others are at their meals.

“The proposition to have hulks prepared for their reception will do very well at first, but it would not, the Queen thinks, do for any length of time. A hulk is a very gloomy place, and these poor men require their spirits to be cheered as much as to have their physical sufferings attended to. The Queen is particularly anxious on this subject, which is, she may say, constantly in her thoughts, as, indeed, is everything connected with her beloved troops, who have fought so bravely and borne so heroically all their sufferings and privations.”

How very touching, too, is this kindly message of sympathy to a widowed woman, the sorrowing wife of Sir George Cathcart:—

“I can let none but myself express to you all my deep feelings of heartfelt sympathy on this sad occasion, when you have been deprived of a beloved husband, and I and the country of a most distinguished and excellent officer. I can attempt to offer no consolation to you in your present overwhelming affliction, for none but that derived from reliance on Him who never forsakes those who are in distress can be of any avail; but it may be soothing to you to know how highly I valued your lamented husband, how much confidence I placed in him, and how very deeply and truly I mourn his loss. Sir George died as he had lived, in the service of his Sovereign and his country, an example to all who follow him.”

If, amid childish prejudices and party hostility, we wished for a fair account of Napoleon III., where can we better find it than in these artless yet well-balanced words:—

“I have since talked frequently with Albert, who is naturally much calmer and particularly much less taken by people, much less under personal influence, than I am. He quite admits that it is extraordinary how very much one becomes attached to the Emperor when one lives with him quite at one’s ease and intimately, as we have done during the last ten days, for eight, ten, twelve, and to-day even fourteen hours a day. He is so quiet, so simple, *naif*, even so pleased to be informed about things he does not know” (of which, be it said in passing, according to the Prince, there were very many), “so gentle, so full of tact, dignity, and modesty, so full of respect and kind attention towards us, never saying a word or doing a thing which could put me out or embarrass me. I know few people whom I have felt involuntarily more inclined to confide in and speak unreservedly to. I should not fear saying anything to him. I felt—I do not know how to express it—safe with him.”

We shall all agree with the great good sense of the Queen, as shown fuller in her letter to Lord Aberdeen about the Day of Humiliation:—

“She is rather startled at seeing Lord Aberdeen’s answer to Lord Roden upon the subject of a Day of Humiliation, as he has never mentioned the subject to her, and

it is one on which she feels strongly. The only thing the Queen ever heard about it was from the Duke of Newcastle, who suggested *the possibility* of an *appropriate* prayer being introduced into the Litany, in which the Queen quite agreed; but he was strongly against a *Day of Humiliation*, in which the Queen also entirely agreed, as she thinks we have recourse to them far too often, and they thereby lose all effect. The Queen therefore hopes that this will be reconsidered carefully, and a prayer substituted for the *Day of Humiliation*.

"Were the services selected for these days of a different kind from what they are, the Queen would feel less strongly about it; but they always select chapters from the Old Testament and Psalms which are so totally inapplicable that all the effect such occasions ought to have is entirely done away with. Moreover, to say (as we probably should) that *the great sinfulness of the nation* has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness and ambition and want of honesty of *one man* and his servants which has done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy. Let there be a prayer expressive of our great thankfulness for the immense benefits we have enjoyed and for the immense prosperity of the country, and entreating God's help and protection in the coming struggle. In this the Queen would join heart and soul. If there is to be a day set apart, let it be for prayer in this sense."

Equally interesting is this little touch of personal regard and consideration manifested a few days after the above letter:—

"Though the Queen cannot send Lord Aberdeen *a card for a child's ball*, perhaps he may not disdain coming for a short while to see a number of happy little people, including some of his grandchildren, enjoying themselves."

Indeed her Majesty's personal regard for those of her able "servants," whose names are historic to Englishmen of all parties, is well evidenced by the two following letters, which will be eagerly read by all:—

"The good news of the landing in the Crimea will have given Lord Aberdeen sincere pleasure. The Queen must now urge very strongly upon Lord Aberdeen the necessity for his coming at once to Scotland. The siege of Sebastopol may be long, and it is when Sebastopol is once taken that the difficulties respecting what is to be done with it will arise, and then Lord Aberdeen's presence will be necessary in town. Besides, a week of our short three weeks' stay has already elapsed, and if Lord Aberdeen delays longer, the reason for being near to the Queen (which he would be at Haddo) would no longer exist. The Queen must therefore almost insist on his coming speedily north, where he will in a short time take in a stock of health which will carry him well through the next winter and Session. . . . Lord Aberdeen knows that his health is not his own alone, but that she and the country have as much interest in it as he and his own family have."

"The Queen has received Lord Clarendon's letter. It is with deep concern that we learn that the last sad scene is closed, and that Lord Clarendon has lost his beloved mother. Such a loss is one of those which can never be repaired. It is one of the links which is broken on earth, but at the same time one which, as it were, seems to connect us already with another and a better world.

"It must be a consolation in the midst of his grief for Lord Clarendon to think that the last days—indeed, the Queen believes weeks—of his dear mother's life were spent in happiness under his roof, surrounded by his children and cheered by the pride she must have felt in having a son who rendered such invaluable services to his country and his Sovereign."

Some of us may recall that most interesting and impressive spectacle, when the Queen distributed the Crimean medals to the officers and soldiers who had won their decorations at the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann. Her Majesty herself describes it in a letter to her uncle King Leopold:—

"Ernest will have told you what a beautiful and touching sight and ceremony (the first of the kind ever witnessed in England) the distribution of the medals was. From

the highest Prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hand of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of their Sovereign and their Queen. Noble fellows! I feel as if they were my own children. My heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest. They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them, for fear that they should not receive the identical one put into their hands by me. Several came by in a sadly mutilated state. None created more interest or is more gallant than young Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had at Inkermann one leg and the foot of the other carried away by a round shot, and continued commanding his battery till the battle was over, refusing to be carried away, only desiring his shattered limbs to be raised, in order to prevent too great hemorrhage! He was dragged by in a Bath chair, and when I gave him his medal I told him I should make him one of my aides-de-camp for his very gallant conduct, to which he replied, 'I am amply repaid for everything.' One must revere and love such soldiers as these!"

"The present volume concludes with the subscribing of the map of the limits of the new Russian frontier by the Plenipotentiaries at the Paris Conference; and that forms also the closing entry of the Prince's diary for the year—"The Protocol about the Russo-Turkish frontier is signed in Paris, and thus is the Bolgrad question solved, Thank God!" Mr. Martin mentions, in his opening dedication to her Majesty, that when he presented her with the second volume of his work, he had hoped that a third volume might complete it. We think his readers will approve his decision to deal in greater fulness of detail than he had intended with the interesting contents of these pages, nor can we doubt that he has left himself ample matter to furnish material for his concluding volume."

Such are the words of a reviewer of this interesting work, and having carefully read Vol. III. ourselves, we can heartily endorse his words. Indeed, the perusal of the book not only raises in all competent minds deep admiration for the character and unexampled labours of the Prince Consort, and a deep regret at his premature loss to England and the world, but also places the Queen herself in a very exalted position of power, ability, and pure patriotic rule. It is not too much to say that, studying these memorable pages, we feel strongly how wonderfully fitted by a good Providence our Queen herself is for that Constitutional rule she has so greatly adorned. We await the last volume with the deepest interest.

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### NOT KNOWING.

FROM "OLD JONATHAN."

I KNOW not what shall befall me,  
 God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
 And so each step in my onward path  
 He makes new scenes to rise,  
 And every joy He sends me comes  
 As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me  
 As I tread on another year,  
 But the past is still in God's keeping,  
 The future his mercy shall clear,  
 And what looks dark in the distance  
 May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future  
Has less bitter than I think,  
The Lord may sweeten the waters  
Before I stoop to drink ;  
Or if Marah must be Marah,  
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He was waiting  
For the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
Some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my lips shall only tremble  
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh ! restful, blissful ignorance !  
'Tis blessed not to know,  
It keeps me so still in those arms  
Which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest  
On the bosom that loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing,  
I would not if I might,  
I would rather walk in the dark with God  
Than walk alone in the light ;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith,  
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
That the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose ;  
So I send the coming tears back  
With a whispered word " He knows."

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## THE TRUE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

### A LODGE LECTURE.

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YOU will have seen, by the Monthly Summons, that I propose to deliver on the present occasion, under the auspices of your W. Master, a Lecture on the True History of Freemasonry in England. That is in itself, perhaps, a somewhat presumptuous heading, and as such it may have struck some now present, but I yet hope, at the conclusion of my lecture, you will agree with me that it is, after all, not far from what *I* had a right to use, or *you* have good reason to approve of.

There are few of us who have ever taken any interest in Freemasonry—a true and earnest interest—who have not desired, and do not desire, to know what can be known, historically and archæologically, concerning that really wonderful institution of which we are at the present day members. When, however, we turn our attention to the matter, as we sometimes do, we find, as I found, when I began my Masonic studies some years back, especially in our current Masonic Literature, the most conflicting views regarding the origin and

the history of Freemasonry altogether irreconcilable in themselves, and based for the most part on most slender and uncertain foundations.

Yet to trace the early history of any ancient and useful institution is in almost every case a matter of interest to the student, but how much more is it so to the Masonic student in the case of Freemasonry, whose early annals seem lost in the dimness of ages—about which so much has been written, and yet about which so little, after all, is really known?

As a French writer has well and tersely put it, even those who have written the most about it have for the most part known the least!

To suppose, for instance, as some writers apparently do, that the Society of Freemasons first sprang up in 1717, that such a mass of curious ceremonies bearing on their very front the most palpable marks of remote antiquity, was then for the first time concocted by a “few rusty companions,” or anyone else, is a tax on the credible and good-natured too much for ordinary mortals! Such a statement, if it proves anything, proves too much, and overproof is practically no proof at all.

There are some hostile writers who look on Freemasonry as nothing but a convivial system adapting certain forms and symbols for purposes of social entertainment or idle mystery—in fact, they make out Freemasonry to be nothing more or nothing less than the happy creation of some clever impostors, who have succeeded in deluding the world with the claims of a fictitious antiquity and the organisation of a benevolent benefit society, around which they have contrived to throw the pretence of secrecy, and with which they have connected meaningless initiations for their own purposes of profit or amusement! But such a theory as this taxes heavily the belief of the thoughtful, and would overthrow the most certain truth connected with the history of the world. For if there is one fact more clear or more indubitable than another, stereotyped, so to say, on the page of human history, it is this—that no society, however good its intentions, or praiseworthy its objects, if founded on imposture, if identified with falsehood, long confronts the criticism of contemporary or later judgment—long outlives the exposure which, sooner or later, ever follows in this world on deception on the one hand and incredulity on the other!

Now, Freemasonry has outlived not only the lapse of time, which levels and destroys all things here, and the passing away from this earthly scene of many other existing institutions, but it has surmounted the criticisms of open enemies and the statements of over-zealous and even of treacherous friends!

“Nations, and thrones, and reverend laws, have melted like a dream,”

but Freemasonry still endures—Freemasonry still prospers!

Not only, then, may we fairly claim for our Order something inherently excellent, and something inherently true, but we seem called upon to exercise a not unnatural curiosity in respect of its origin and its progress—the growth which has marked its early struggles, and the success which has attended its later efforts.

What, then, is the True History of Freemasonry, is the question which I shall humbly endeavour to answer this evening.

I think it right to say, that I do not propose, on the present occasion, however, to traverse that wide field both of inquiry and speculation which would connect Freemasonry closely and distinctly with Egyptian initiation or Eleusian mysteries, or with the Druids, or with any other ancient organisation. No doubt, from one point of view, Freemasonry must be connected with the history of secret initiation and personal probation characteristic of all the early mysteries. It may be perfectly true, moreover, that Freemasonry preserves something of the oral teaching of earlier mysteries, but whether Oriental or Druidical, yet, as it appears to me, it is unwise to forget that while we boast of our *inward* system, we have to give a reasonable account of our *outward* organisation, the channel through which the very secrets and mysteries of Freemasonry have been handed on to ourselves.

The purpose of my lecture is, then, simply to give to you, and to all Masonic students, a plain and straightforward account of a great institution—to trace, if possible,



the laws which have controlled its progress—and to submit to you the evidence by which I have myself arrived at the conclusion. It would be impossible, rather, in the short space necessarily allotted to such a lecture as this, to give you a minute account of all the probable and possible explanations of our Masonic origin which have suggested themselves to the minds of the inquiring, or the fancies of the imaginative. Time would altogether fail me, and your patience would be sorely taxed, were I in detail to go through the various theories to which the obscurity of our Masonic annals has given rise. I can only allude to a few, as I pass on. Neither do I propose to notice to-night the attacks made either on our system or our antiquity by profane writers, many of which are beneath notice, and contain their own refutation. But I venture to ask your attention to the somewhat dry and perhaps uninviting topic—the simple history of our Order, looked at as a matter of evidence and of authority. You will also observe, as I proceed, that I confine my answer almost entirely to the history and evidences of English Freemasonry, though giving a short account of the system generally; and I do it for this reason, that Freemasonry is most widely diffused, and its real principles best acknowledged and worked out, in my humble opinion, under our own English Grand Lodge, and the loved and Royal and venerated Chief of our Order. In other countries, unhappily, Freemasonry has been allied and alloyed with the mischievous combinations and injurious principles of secret political societies like the Carbonari and the Illuminati, and has suffered infinitely, if not irrecoverably, in consequence. In Great Britain, and America, and Canada, and Germany, it has pursued the even tenour of its way, free from all such hurtful associations, and enabled to advocate its own loyal and unchanging principles of order, toleration, and good will.

The True History of Freemasonry, then, is to be found, I sincerely believe, mainly in the writings of Anderson and William Preston, our earliest and best Masonic historians. As a speculative body, making allowance for all those modifications and all those supplemental statements which fresh evidence, to which they had not access, enables us to offer and to supply to-day, we find there the best sketch of our true history. For it is the distinguishing feature of the histories of Anderson and of Preston that they both carry up our speculative Order to an operative origin, and connect it with an operative brotherhood; and all who have read their works know well that this predominant feature gives its colouring to their whole account.

I do not mean to say that I am bound to defend or you to pin your faith on the somewhat exuberant argument with which Anderson especially explains the organisation and traces the course of Freemasonry through the Patriarchal Ages, for example; nor need we contend for one moment that all the traditional history which is preserved and expanded by Preston, and all the dates in our commonly accepted Masonic Chronology are so absolutely correct as to require no revision.

It is mainly this operative connection, this operative origin, to which some Masonic writers to-day, and latterly especially, seem seriously to object. It is for this reason, when the current of our modern Masonic literature seems to be setting in strongly against the older hypothesis, that I remind you, at the outset, of those earlier histories of Anderson and Preston—and which, as but histories, so distinctly advocate this first broad view of Masonic Origin and History. There are many Brethren who apparently dislike to claim as their Masonic forefathers those who actually wielded the heavy maul and personally used the 24-inch gauge! Hence for some time they have been seeking to find out for themselves either a knightly or what they consider a more interesting origin. Some writers, following the idea of an anonymous French author in 1774, wish to link Freemasonry on to the Crusaders, or Knightly Orders, especially the Templars, and find its origin there; while others, adopting the very words of a German Illuminé of the last century, would derive their origin from the Confraternity of the Rosy Cross. Now, all these theories, though very ingenious and very amusing, and however interesting in themselves, yet break down when you come to apply to them the sifting process of evidence and criticism. As regards the simple objection to our operative origin, which some seem to have, I confess I never could sympathise with such a feeling. All our symbols, all our teaching, all our ornaments, all our jewels, all the customs and techni-

calities of our Lodges, from first to last, point to one operative basis, and are derived from the actual working tools and customs of purely operative and mechanical masonry. And if, above all, this connection is actually proveable by evidence, and supplies the best historical account of our Order, we surely need not be so tenacious as to the mere respectability and mere sensational origin of our fraternity, which some would claim for our Order, as to reject a simple and natural account of cause and of effect, of origin and of progress. Rather, I think, we shall adopt the words of a non-Masonic writer, and say—

“ Their labours, Time to Death can never give,  
And in the sculptured stone their memories live.”

From the earliest times in the annals of civilised man, architecture was deemed almost a sacred art, and its professors treated with marked respect. They, on the other hand, seem also to have regarded it not only as a sacred, but as a secret science. I am, therefore, not at all disposed to quarrel with that traditional history of Freemasonry alluded to by Anderson and Preston, which makes Freemasons builders in a literal sense of those wonderful constructions

“ — erected by the world's primeval sires,  
The mighty relics of mysterious days.”

Among the Egyptians it was so, there can be little doubt, and from the Egyptians civilisation, and the arts of civilisation, spread gradually, as we know, into Palestine, and Greece, and Italy. Whether or no Egypt was the cradle of such secret associations, or merely the medium of their transmission, having originally received them from India, as some writers think, matters little for the purpose of this inquiry. Moses, we are expressly told, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and we may, I think, fairly believe that portion of our own annals which tells us that Moses handed on, among the laws, the secret lore of the Egyptian mysteries. Among the Greeks there were bodies of architects, who formed themselves into corporations and brotherhoods, with words and signs, and secret initiation and solemn ceremonies, and who admitted honorary members.

But it is with a later period of Jewish history that our traditions so closely connect themselves. There seems to be little reason to doubt that our own peculiar and unchanging tradition of a secret bond of union between the Jewish and Tyrian Masons, who together raised the glorious Temple of King Solomon, is in itself perfectly true. Bishop Heber has beautifully said—

“ Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,  
Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre ;  
Then tower'd the palace, then, in awful state,  
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.  
No workman steel—no ponderous axes rung—  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.”

(*To be Continued.*)

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## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

FORGIVE and forget—it is better  
To fling every feeling aside,  
Than allow the deep cankering fetter  
Of revenge in thy breast to abide.  
For thy steps through life's paths shall be lighter,  
When the load from thy bosom is cast ;  
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,  
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion,  
To give back an injustice again,  
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,  
For remembrance increases the pain.  
And why should we linger in sorrow,  
When its shadow is passing away ;  
Or seek to encounter to-morrow,  
The blast that o'erswept us to day ?

Oh, memory's varying river,  
And though it may placidly glide  
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver  
It foams when the storm meets its tide.  
Then stir not its current to madness,  
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret ;  
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,  
Ere the sunset, forgive and forget.

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## THE WORK OF NATURE IN THE MONTHS.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

### VII. JANUARY.

"This day Time winds th' exhausted chain,  
To run the twelvemonth's length again."

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR ! How glibly it rolls off the tongue of young and old, and yet how few ponder the full meaning of the words. A senseless parrot-cry one might almost regard it, especially if from dullness of weather or dullness of heart, induced not a little by the recently passed "Merry Christmas," one felt a trifle cynically disposed towards mankind in general, and one's own especial friends in particular. A parrot-cry may be, yet one with a meaning,—a cry, if springing only from habit, yet tending to show that it is the habit of mankind to pray their fellow's happiness. In any case it is a cheery cry, a sound that makes the dull heart leap at the thought of dark days passing away and brighter ones in store, even now beginning to dawn ! but *will* they be brighter ? Let us stay not to inquire, nor seek to peer behind the impenetrable curtain of the future, for—

"It was good, it was kind, in the Wise One above,  
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years ;  
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,  
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Did we know that the voices, now gentle and bland,  
Would forego the fond word and the whispering tone ;  
Did we know that the eager and warm pressing hand  
Would be joyfully forward in casting the stone.

Did we know the affection engrossing our soul  
Would end, as it oft does, in sadness and pain ;  
That the passionate breast would but hazard its rest,  
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain.

Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,  
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom,  
All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,  
And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb."

Failing, however, knowledge that would crush all heart out of us, the Great Architect of the Universe has planted in our firmament a star—bright, life-giving,—Hope!

"Auspicious hope! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore."

Hope! Heaven's good gift to fallen man, to cheer him on his own unknown way, must yet not supplant the lessons to be learned from retrospect—

"First, what did yesternight deliver?  
'Another year has gone for ever,'  
And what is this day's strong suggestion?  
'The passing moment's all we rest on.'  
Rest on!—for what? what do we here?  
Or why regard the passing year?"  
\* \* \* \* \*

The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
And many a message from the skies,  
That something in us never dies;  
That on this frail, uncertain state  
Hang matters of eternal weight;  
That future lives in world's unknown  
Must take its line from this alone;  
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,  
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.  
Since then . . . . .  
On this poor being all depends;  
Let us th' important Now employ,  
And live as those that never die."

And how better use this "Now," this birth-time of another year, than in calmly looking back over the past, polishing up and renewing good work done, and repairing the faults and errors of the bad; truly—

"Old Time has turned another page,  
Of Eternity and truth;  
He reads with a warning voice to age,  
And whispers a lesson to youth.  
A year has fled o'er heart and head  
Since last the yule log burnt;  
And we have a task, to closely ask  
What the bosom and brain have learnt?  
Oh, let us hope that our sands have run  
With wisdom's precious grains!  
Oh, may we find that our hands have done  
Some work of glorious pains!  
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year  
While the holly gleams above us;  
With a pardon for the foes who hate,  
And a prayer for those who love us."

If in this retrospect there should in the immediate past be recollections that cause us naught but sorrow and self-condemnation, let us use still further the blessed gift of—

"Memory, images and precious thoughts  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed"—

images and precious thoughts of our childhood's days—

—"perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;—  
God! may I never, never, lose that too.

But here comes the Snow—

“ A cheer for the snow—the drifting Snow ;  
Smoother and purer than Beauty’s brow ;  
The creature of thought scarce likes to tread  
On the delicate carpet so richly spread.”

Ay ! and here comes thicker, and ever thicker, those flakes of white, which soon, very soon, shall turn the raven locks into the hoary head,—which, God grant, may prove the “crown of glory”—very soon, we say, for quicker, ever quicker, do the years roll by along the stream of Time—

“ The more we live, more brief appear  
Our life’s succeeding stages ;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering, like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow’s shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker?

\* \* \* \* \*

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness ;  
And those of youth, a *seeming length*,  
Proportion’d to their sweetness.”

And so we shall ever find, in all things, Heaven’s compensating hand until old Horace’s words shall, for us, have proved true—

“ Years following years steal something every day ;  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.”

Happily for us, then, if Ovid’s warning note shall have proved less true—

“ Life steals away and our best hours are gone,  
Ere the true use, or worth of them, be known !”

Many and many an hour has so, alas ! been wasted, but

“let the dead past bury its dead,”

and let us make amends for the future.

If, then, that crown of snow can serve to shut out the dead years past, let us rejoice for it as we do for the snowy garb of this our New Year’s Day—

“ With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,  
And the hills are with glittering diadems crowned ;  
’Tis the fairest scene we can have below.  
Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow !”

What a beautiful provision of Nature it is, covering with a robe of purity the foulness and sorry spectacle of decay ; well then may we join the song of our own English Poetess—

“ I rejoice in it still, and love to see  
The ermine mantle on tower and tree ;  
’Tis the fairest scene we can have below.  
Hurrah ! then, hurrah ! for the drifting snow.”

It is but little yet, then; that we can see of Nature's face, at least of that of her silent kingdom, but the loss is partly atoned for by this very circumstance bringing us into closer contact with one or two of her more lively subjects. Hunger, it is said will tame a lion, even without the music which "soothes the savage beast;" at all events, it will tame the little bird, favoured of all especially at this season of the year, the Robin, which will perch day after day upon our window-sill and reward us for our bounty with his pretty song. What says Bampfylde?—

"When that the fields put on their gay attire,  
Thou silent, sitt'st near brake or river's brim,  
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim,  
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,  
And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,  
Thou charm'st as with thy soft and solemn hymn  
From battlement, or barn, or haystack trim;  
And now not seldom timest, as if for hire,  
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch  
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song."

We have said that the Redbreast will return day by day to the same spot,—but we have known them come back year after year about the same time; one in particular, in our younger days, used to perch every day through the winter on the top of a summer-house, and there sing for a considerable time. The Wren is another bird that whistles the whole winter long, frost excepted. During this month other feathered favourites delight our ears, amongst them the Thrush, Blackbird, Missel Thrush, Sparrow, Chaffinch, Hedge Sparrow, and Skylark: and anything more beautiful than the melody of this last-mentioned songster, as he mounts into the clear frosty air, hardly warmed by the bright morning sun, it is impossible to conceive; how it makes one's heart almost ache that so delightful a minstrel should be such a delicious morsel as to make us gross mortals, for this latter quality, forget the former, and compass his destruction. The Snowfleck, or Snow Bunting, is another visitor that teaches us how Nature adapts herself to circumstances; whilst the copse is dark with leaves and the uncovered field green, his plumage is mostly black and brown; but as soon as Her face, whitened with snow, would render him a conspicuous object, and therefore an easy prey to his enemies, he too changes the colour of his coat, and becomes white with the exception of his wings and tail. In the northern parts of the island the Ptarmigan changes colour in the same way, as too, by the by, does the Stoat, following the lead of his aristocratic cousin, the Ermine.

Several birds still go in flocks, notably Larks, Starlings and Woodpigeons, as well as Chaffinches; one curious feature about this flocking is that the different companies of birds are always of one sex. During this month the Nuthatch is first heard; the Greater Titmouse sings; Wagtails, both grey and white, re-appear; and Linnets congregate; whilst the Rooks resort to their nesting trees. Towards the end of the month, the Woodlark's notes are heard again; the Yellow Wagtail comes back; and Jackdaws begin to cluster round their old haunts in the ancient Church Towers; and in the early dusk a few Bats may again be seen.

Should we get a few sunny days, the Bees will come forth to welcome the approach of spring; Gnats will play about; Spiders will begin to spread abroad their webs; and those perpetual tormentors, the House Flies, will shake off their, to us quite as much as to them, blissful repose. Of the more beautiful insects—the Butterflies, we shall see none, save perhaps one or two Brimstones; but the Beetles, both land and water, will be bestirring themselves 'ere January has gone.

We usually can hardly find space enough to enumerate all our friends, the Flowers; but just now we can hardly find enough to make a posy; so what few there are are very precious to us as being truly "friends in need."—

" 'Tis dark and dreary winter time,  
The snow is on the ground;  
No roses trail, no woodbines climb,  
No poppies flaunt around."

The earth is hard, the trees are bare,  
 The frozen robin drops ;  
 The wind is whistling everywhere,  
 The crystal brooklet stops ;  
 But I have found a grassy mound,  
 A green and sheltered spot,  
 And there peeps up a primrose cup,  
 With blue 'Forget-me-not.'  
 Oh great to me the joy to see  
 The spring buds opening now ;  
 To find the leaves that May-day weaves,  
 On old December's brow.

They say the world does much to make  
 The heart a frosted thing,—  
 That selfish Age will kill and break  
 The garlands of our spring,—  
 That stark and cold we wail and sigh  
 When wintry snows begin ;  
 That all Hope's lovely blossoms die,  
 And chilling winds set in.  
 But let me pray, that come what may,  
 To desolate this breast,  
 Some wild flower's bloom will yet illumine,  
 And be its angel guest ;  
 For who would live when life could give  
 No feeling touched with youth,—  
 No May-day gleams to light with dreams,  
 December's freezing truth !"

How lovingly then do we welcome these harbingers of Spring ; all of us, at least, that can draw lessons of Hope and Thankfulness to the Giver of these good gifts ; and very grateful should we be that it has been given to us to read these lessons aright, for there are those of whom our Poet has said—

" A Primrose, by the river's brim,  
 A yellow Primrose was to him,  
 And nothing more !"

Which, by the way, reminds us to notice that the Primrose is not truly yellow but a very delicate green ; so, at least, say artists, and Edmund Spenser bears them out—

—" A crimson coronet  
 With daffodils and damask roses set ;  
 Bay-leaves betweene,  
 And Primroses greene  
 Embellish the sweet violet."

Our fuller attention must be given later to our '*Prima Rosa*,' when it is in fuller bloom, but it is most precious to us now that sometimes even thus early—

" The woodman in his pathway down the wood  
 Crushes with hasty feet full many a bud  
 Of early primrose ; yet if timely spied  
 Shelter'd some old half-rotten stump beside.  
 The sight will cheer his solitary hour,  
 And urge his feet, to strive and save the flower."

Of the Forget-me-not, which Eliza Cook mentions as quoted above, and of which, together with its traditional meaning, we have spoken at length in an earlier number, Agnes Strickland says that, when in exile, Henry of Lancaster gave it to the Duchesse of Bretagne, and made it the symbol of remembrance, placing it on his collar of S.S. with the initial letter of his watchword, "*Souveigne vous de moy*."

Our old friends, the Daisy, Groundsel, and the various kinds of Dead Nettle are as usual blooming for us, often despised because always at hand—"wrongfully," we maintain, for hear what John Ruskin says :—

“There is not one student, no, not one man, in a thousand, who can feel the beauty of a *system*, or even take it clearly into his head; but nearly all men can understand, and most will be interested in, the *facts* which bear on daily life. Botanists have discovered some wonderful connection between Nettles and Figs, which a cow boy, who will never see a ripe fig in his life need not be at all troubled about; but it will be interesting to him to know what affect Nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once in a spring time, to look at the beautiful circlet of Dead Nettle blossoms, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast.”

One beautiful flower we shall find on a kind of semi-shrub, we mean the Yellow Whin, or Gorse, or Furze. We look upon it as hardy, therefore, common, and consequently well-nigh beneath notice; not so the great Swedish Naturalist, who, when he saw our heaths covered with the plant that in his country was only to be found in the greenhouses, was filled with joy—

—“Linnæus  
Knelt before it on the sod,  
For its beauty thanking God.”

What a lesson to us not to despise the very commonest of our blessings, which may be to others inestimable treasures.

It is thus improperly that Goldsmith designates this plant, which lights up every bank with a golden glow of beauty, as—

—“the blossomed Furze, unprofitably gay.”

“Unprofitably” indeed; what say the birds, and bees, and butterflies?—and what the young cattle that delightedly browse on its green and tender shoots? Knapp remarks that in Wales, Devon and Cornwall, the plant assumes the form of large, dense green balls, every tender leaf of which is constantly cropped by sheep and rabbits. Its very roots are useful, binding together loose soil, for which purpose it is often grown on hill-sides. Several poets tell of its beauty, blooming still when rains and winds have shorn other plants of their flowers, and remaining—

“A token to the wintry earth that beauty liveth still.”

One well-known shrub there is which blossoms now, the Hazel. Who does not know the Catkins, so dear to the children’s hearts? their “pussy-cats” they call them; these are the male flowers of the plant. But if we would see beauty in a tiny form, let us search its branches for the female blossom, which we shall find in the shape of little buds surmounted by fringes of brilliant crimson threads.

Small, then, though our collection of flowers may be, it gives us hope of brighter days in store; Hope, that blessing of our Heavenly Father!—

“There is a star that cheers our way,  
Along this dreary world of woe,  
That tips with light the waves of life,  
However bitterly they flow.  
’Tis Hope! tis Hope! that blessed star  
Which peers through Misery’s darkest cloud;  
And only sets where Death has brought  
The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.”

To this, then, and that which lies beyond it, let us look; neglecting not the thrilling lessons of Nature’s yearly death, and as-often-recurring resurrection: thus taught, let us practise the teaching, then shall we surely find the words come true—

“If thou would’st reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear;  
So life a winter’s morn may prove  
To a bright endless year.”



## A CHAPTER ON OAKS.

BY BRO. R. M. BANCROFT

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Trees under these circumstances become exposed to the inconvenience of what are called star-shakes, or cracks in the body of the wood, radiating from the centre towards the circumference, with the greatest width towards the centre, whereas the star-shakes or cracks of young timber have their widest openings towards the circumferences. Mr. Burnell in a paper read before the Society of Arts, says, if the trees thus affected should be allowed to stand, the heartwood will, in the end, entirely decay, and the stem will become hollow, especially if a large branch should be broken off, and thus allow external moisture access to the inner wood through the ruptured fibres. It follows from these conditions, that wood intended to be used in the more important operations of building, should be obtained from trees which had not exceeded their age of growth; and it also appears that the season of the year when the trees are felled, has a distinct influence upon the durability of the wood. Theoretically, the best period for that operation would be the one immediately preceding the first movements of the sap in spring time; but as it is not possible, in practice, to command the amount of labour required for such purposes, it is customary to fell the timber of regularly worked forests during the whole of the season comprised between the moment vegetation ceases in the autumn, and the moment when it commences in the spring—in other words, it is customary to fell timber of the best description between the months of October and April, in our latitudes at least.

There are some other conditions in the growth of trees which give rise to the defects it may be desirable to notice here. Thus, in the very heart of sound, healthy-looking trees, it is by no means rare to meet with circular bands, which form separations, in fact, between the layers of wood, and which are supposed to be occasioned by the action of violent winds upon the stem of the tree at the period of the formation of the new layers. These cup-shakes, as they are called, are most frequently to be met near the roots of trees; and if they should be black and accompanied by star-shakes, they materially affect the strength of the timber, though they do not seem to have much influence on its durability. Sometimes the cup-shakes exhibit themselves externally by an abnormal increase of bulk of the stem a little above the root. In other trees, again, circular bands occur, in which the wood is of a softer and more spongy character than on the rest of the tree, and which even occasionally present a commencement of decay. This accident occurs in the very best timber, and, unfortunately, when it does so occur, the effect seems to make itself felt through the whole length of the tree—a circumstance by no means extraordinary if the generally received opinion as to the cause of the phenomenon be correct, viz., that it is produced by the action of sharp frost upon the rising sap in the newly-formed layers of wood.

Timber which possesses this character will infallibly decay in buildings, and it should therefore be carefully excluded; and great hesitation may also be admitted as to the use of timber which presents large bands of what are supposed to be indefinitely marked annual growth, because the existence of zones of wood so affected may be considered to indicate that the tree was not in a healthy state when they were formed, and that the wood then secreted lacked some of the elements required for its durability, upon being subsequently exposed to the ordinary causes of decay.

There are two kinds of this timber common in England and America. Oak of good quality is more durable than any other wood which attains the same size. Its colour is a well known light brown, which darkens with age. Oak is a most valuable wood for shipbuilding, carpentry, and works requiring great strength or exposed to the weather. It is also much used for carved ornaments, panelling of rooms, pulpits, stalls and standards for churches. It is likewise used in the construction of all kinds of buildings for

strength and stability. The new Midland Railway Company's booking offices, St. Pancras Station, in the Easton Road, is elaborately lined around the walls up to a height of eight or nine feet from the floor, and around the booking compartment a beautiful carved screen all in oak, hand polished, is placed to partition it off from the rest of the room.

English oak is one of the hardest of the species; it is considerably harder than the American, called white and red Canada oak. African oak (or African teak) is well adapted to the construction of merchant vessels.

For all building purposes wherein strength is required, whether to resist crushing loads, transverse strain or efforts of torsion, or wherein hardness and durability are sought for, oak is beyond all comparison the most valuable. If the alburnum be removed, the heart-wood will be found to resist almost every condition of moisture, or of alternations of wetness and dryness, provided always that the moist atmosphere be not allowed to stagnate around the wood. In joiners' work the *flower* of the picked oak planks, known by the technical name of *Wainscoat*, is highly prized, and its durability may well explain the marked preference of our builders for this invaluable material.

The oak trees converted for building purposes, are not usually of more than 100 or 130 years old, although for ship-building, where large scantling are required, trees of much greater age are used. It was formerly by no means rare to meet with oak trees ranging from 75 to 130 feet in height, and ten feet in diameter, but the great demand for this class of timber, tends to make such specimens very rare, and, at the present time, trees of English oak are seldom of more than two feet scantling.

The oak, when well grown, is the largest and most majestic of all British trees, viewed either as an object of gigantic and rugged beauty in our forests and woodlands, or, when felled, as timber of the utmost utility and endurance for public buildings, ships, etc.; it is second to no native tree. In our cathedrals and churches, in boss, finial, capital, and truss, we constantly see intricate groups of the leaves and acorns of this tree. The purposes to which this timber is put are innumerable, amongst which we may mention building cathedrals, churches, houses, etc.; its bark is used for tanning, and its fruit was formerly used as food by the ancient Britons. The fondness of hogs for the acorn is proverbial; and the woodpecker, too, is partial to the fruit of this tree, for we read:—The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated with rain, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of two trees; but true it is, that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles."

The bark of the oak is scarcely less valuable than the timber, as it affords more tannin principle and of better quality than any other tree of native growth, and, therefore, may be considered indispensable to the production of one of our most important staple commodities, and the exercise of one of the most ancient and valuable arts. The "British Sylva," published by W. Tegg, says:—"A good tree of fair and flourishing head, and due proportion of stem, yields about 5 cwt. of bark to each ton of timber; the smaller branches and the underwood of oak yield the most valuable bark, which often sells for twenty to thirty shillings per ton more than that of the trunk and larger limbs."

## DIETETICS.\*

A GREAT deal too much like Emetics to please our ear ; we are familiar with plain "food," the more ostentatious and generally less satisfactory "refreshment," the good old-fashioned homely English "victuals," or even the very vulgar "grub ;" but "Dietetics"—No ! that is too much for human endurance.

There is, however, another word joined to this obnoxious one, that may perhaps serve to somewhat modify the uneasy epigastric feelings produced by that dreadful word "D—," but we won't write it again, and so we take up the somewhat pretentious booklet now under our reader's notice.

As it is not probable that any future number of the book will tempt us to recur to it further, we had better say all that we find to say about it now, and so give it one thorough sifting. To begin, then, with the cover, which gives us high promise of the "Reformers'" work, unless the illustrations prove—like those outside the Penny Shows—decidedly the best part of the exhibition, and not only that, but the only place where the startling wonders promised are to be beheld at all. As with those on canvass, so we have a strange misgiving it will prove with these on paper. However, let us see what is promised us : It has been said that "he is a benefactor of the human race who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before ;" but what shall we say of this magician, the "Dietetic Reformer," who from a single stem, shows us such a growth of, not only the necessaries, but also the luxuries of a Vegetarian Diet. Incidentally we may as well say that we are staunch Vegetarians, for what can be better, ordinarily, than carrots with boiled beef, unless it be turnips with boiled mutton ? what, in a modest way, nicer than beans with our bacon, unless it be green peas with our ducklings ? Our Reformer, then, exhibits to us a stem which starts with bearing the most prolific peas (as we presume, although the pods present an appearance mid-way between those of the laburnum and mussel shells) ; a little above the ground spring out turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions in profusion ; a little higher are growing cucumbers, and various kinds of vegetable marrows, up to "TWO PENCE MONTHLY." Once above this sordid consideration the stem is in a new world, and, fondly turning round, "The Dietetic Reformer's" riband, gives birth to pears and apples, grapes and strawberries, such as delight our hearts as being quite as truly "Frugiverous" as we have already confessed to being "Vegetarian."

Now let us see what is the performance after all this promise ; no fairy bower, alas ! rises at the wave of the magician's wand, no bower of bliss for us—that is all outside ; all that is inside proves to be redolent of stale "saw"-dust and the jewel turns out to be but *paste*. The magician has circled his wand, or rather we have turned over the cover, and the magician himself, instead of "Reformer," seems in this downward transformation scene, to have become instead a "Deformer." Deformer, we say, for what else can we call him who utterly undoes all our preconceived notions of that to which we so lovingly cling for sustenance, and who substitutes for our juicy chop or tender steak, a very stage banquet of "Oatmeal," "Malt," and "Wheatmeal Biscuits." Oh ! to what a pass have we come, when, in our future food-guide, we find ourselves addressed, not by the Butcher and Baker of our former life, but by the CORNFACITOR AND SEEDSMAN." Alas ! Alas ! Surely—

"Bottom thou art translated!"

and nothing now remains but to lay in a stock of downy thistles.

Lamentations, however, over our happy past will avail us but little, and we had therefore better rejoice with our future compeers over their very flourishing balance-sheet,

\* "The Dietetic Reformer" for November. London : F. Pitman. Manchester : J. Heywood.

by which it appears that the amount for 1875, 1876, was no less a sum than £403 8s. 5d. ; it is perhaps rather a drawback that, of this very large amount for two years, the trifling sum of £330 1s. 2d. has been "previously announced." Whether this "previously" means during the previous twenty-eight years that the Vegetarian Society professes to have been in existence, we know not ; but we do know this, that we hope the Secretary of the Society is allowed, out of the income which has, at the end of thirty years' existence, reached such magnificent proportions, to largely subsidise those who write in the interests of Vegetarianism, or at least some of them that modesty forbids us to name.

A word now as to the "Object of the Vegetarian Society," which is "to induce *habits* of abstinence from the Flesh of Animals as Food." What particular garb is referred to here it is hard to say,—it may be the primitive "fig-leaf" dress of Paradise, but it can hardly be the skins of the said animals, as we presume, if their flesh be forbidden as food, we should want the hides, as well as the horns, hoofs and hair, for our internal consumption.

The "Reformer" next talks about the "Constitution" of the Society ; but we can pass that over, for after a short course of the above-mentioned "reformed diet," there could hardly be much of it left to discuss.

Being knocked-all-of-a-heap by the stupendous privileges "defined" to belong to the contributors towards the vast income which has previously overwhelmed us with astonishment we will now pass on to "OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY," which we confess, gives us no little trouble, as it seems to become plural two lines further on, and having so become plural, to be not only held at least twice a year, but that twice "both in the afternoon and evening."

The resolutions do not seem much more explicit :—

Number 1, calls upon all earnest patriots and politicians, and all holders and occupiers of land (these groups being, we presume, in direct antithesis !) to plant fruit trees in gardens, hedgerows, and, in fact, everywhere that they can stick one in ; especially in these times of *diseases of cattle*. Now, in the first place, are these wisacres aware that trees so put in would draw all nourishment from the ground for a distance round, and would therefore prevent the growth of anything else,—and thence that their principle thus laid down would give us fruit, and nothing but fruit ? In the second place, how can fruit produced along railway, road, canal, and river-banks, be properly guarded without abnormally raising the price ? and in the third, how in the world does cattle-disease affect our Vegetarian friends ? We cannot supply an answer to this query, unless it be that they fear that pumpkins may be affected by pleuro-pneumonia, and other fruits by foot and mouth disease.

Number 2 seems almost to claim for vegetables the sheltering ægis of the "Vivisection" Act ; in any case it somewhat modestly (!) claims that Vegetarianism is the one and only true champion of "Social purity," "Sobriety," and "Peace on Earth."

Number 4 seeks to "elevate" woman from the degradation of the "repulsive details" of the meat-filling of a pie, to the "sense of refinement," attendant upon enclosing in the "paste," the "healthful, cheerful, and attractive," apple.

Number 5 points out the gain in a monetary point of view to the community, on giving all orphans and other numerous objects of charity of no particular consequence, a luxurious diet of "skilly" and the like.

Number 6 maintains that "all upholders of morality, friends of missions, and earnestly religious everywhere," must use Vegetarianism as *the* promoter of "all abiding moral (!) and spiritual (!!) advancement.

After which little ebullition of self-glorification, this modest society passed votes of thanks to Chairman, ladies (how many gentlemen were present ?), choir, and *speakers*. Whatever ought to have done for the *hearers* ?

So closed their thirtieth anniversary, and we prognosticate that there will hardly be many more, for growing as it is in numbers, influence, and money, the Society must soon accomplish its ends, and then the world won't go round any more.

We next approach what should be the more purely literary portion of the Magazine,

and here we find a review of an American translation of a German treatise on "Fruit and Bread, a Scientific Diet." From this somewhat remarkable paper, we can gather no more distinct idea of the Reviewer's meaning, than we imagine he himself had when he wrote it. As far as we can judge, it seems simply intended to refute the logical outcome of the Vegetarian Society's own programme—eating the cucumber to the bitter end.

The German—Professor, we presume, for that covers everything—advocates, as far as we can make out, that the proper food of man is raw fruit and corn without any preparation, because Darwin has proved (!) that man has descended from the Ape, and this is the normal food of the Gorilla. The Reviewer falls foul of his German friend here, wishing to go no further than John Smith (whom we don't know, although we seem to have heard some such name before) who, recognizing that our digestive organs are similar to those of the Ape, drew the conclusion that they are therefore not normally constructed to digest flesh. We can only say of these belligerents—

"Strange what a difference there should be  
"Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee."

The Reviewer charges his German friend with atheism, because he does not explicitly disavow it. This is hardly fair; nor should we be more unfair if we were to accuse the Reviewer himself, together with all his fellow members of the Society, root and branch, of Infidelity, in that they distinctly ignore all Biblical teaching upon the subject of food. When, further, Soap is objected to, we can form a tolerably correct idea of the *personnel* of your Vegetarian—"pure," we can hardly say in the face of this objection, but—"simple," we can most heartily endorse.

Upon the "Annual Report," we need not dwell further than to say that a slight mistake into which we were led earlier by the list of contributions, is here corrected, for we find that the "previously announced" already referred to, meant, though it did not say, during the present financial year; it is not, however, of sufficient importance to lead us to modify our remarks. One point certainly strikes us as somewhat droll, and that is the idea of social "intercourse" in connexion with this "bond of brotherhood of constantly increasing depth and intensity." Just fancy the "social" feeling engendered by a "banquet" (*sic*) of, we suppose, a turnip and a flagon from the pump.

"The Correspondence" is slightly amusing here and there. One Vegetarian of sixty-five years old, attributes his (or her) 'till lately, fast decaying teeth to flesh-eating—We have heard of a tobacco-smoker dying at one hundred and two from the use of the weed. "T. H. E." need hardly impress upon us that he is an extreme—(What?) when he includes in his "*tabi*" both tea and coffee as hot and poisonous drugs.

Amongst "Local News" there is one startling discovery announced, claimed by the Great Horton Primitive Methodists, that the restlessness of Sunday-School Children is occasioned by the "feasting usually gone through on Sundays." May we ask if the anticipation of feasting acts in the same way as its realization? If not, how account for the restlessness observable in the morning quite as much as the afternoon." Oh! for the holy, quiet, and soothing calm of pumpkins and potatoes!

We must not close our notice without a word for the Poetry (!). There is a piece entitled, "Leave the poor Songsters alone." We, as a rule, find any of the precaution of the kind unnecessary; they generally leave us, and that rather hurriedly. One stanza of this beautiful poem will commend itself to those—

"Sweet maidens so gentle and kind,"

to whom it is addressed; it runs thus:—

"A plume in your hat never wear,  
Nor with feathers your bonnet disgrace,  
For beings so gentle and fair  
Should give no such custom a place."

We could enlarge further upon this tempting brochure, but we have been lured on to almost greater length than we intended, and we must therefore pause to say no more in conclusion than that—if the type should ever become a little larger and the margins wider; and if the illustrated cover should be brought into a little more accord with Nature; and if, too, the matter should be so changed as to contain at least a modicum of common sense, the “twopence” would still be extremely well worth the monthly number of the Magazine.”

W.T.

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## WINTER.

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BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

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THE Winter King to life hath sprung,  
 And donned his garments made of snow  
 With icicles his limbs are hung,  
 The frozen locks fall from his brow.

His breath hath frosted hedge and tree,  
 And frozen o'er the stream and lake;  
 Each hill and dale are fair to see,  
 Snow clad, they dainty pictures make.

His potent will all nature sways,  
 And yet a smile is on his face;  
 The sun subdued with ruddish rays,  
 Illumes the earth with cheerful grace.

The skaters now brisk pleasure take,  
 And skim fast o'er the glassy ice;  
 The boys with glee their slides to make,  
 And trip and fall all in a trice.

The merry laugh and joyous shout,  
 Invite us to the mirthful scene;  
 And joining in the noisy rout,  
 We soon put off our manly mien.

But Winter hath another phase,  
 That tells of hunger's dire distress;  
 The poor that roam from place to place,  
 Feel all its pangs and bitterness.

Well may the lordly squire, at home,  
 Indulge in mirth and revels gay;  
 If he but helps the poor that come,  
 Alms asking on a Winter's day.

And may his daughters—Graces all—  
 With hearts that glow with kindly fires,  
 At each poor cottage daily call,  
 To aid the aged dame's desires.

O Charity ! how blest thy name !  
The starving poor without thee die ;  
The earth is gladdened by thy fame,  
As deathless as Eternity.

'Tis well, the Winter King and Thou  
Dost come to mortals hand in hand ;  
The cheering comforts given, show  
The deepest gratitude demand.

The Winter Harbinger of spring,  
A season's rest for fertile lands—  
Refreshing wholesomeness doth bring,  
And Nature's fruitful heart expands.

*Sheerness-on-Sea.*

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## AMABEL VAUGHAN.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES,

*Author of "Tales, Poems, and Masonic Papers;" "Mildred, an Autumn Romance;" "My Lord the King;" "The path of Life, an Allegory;" "Another Fenian Outrage;" "Notes on the United Orders of the Temple and Hospital," &c., &c.*

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### CHAPTER II.

#### A VISIT AND ITS RESULTS.

THE Reverend Thomas Brig, M.A., was the incumbent of one of those newly formed and populous parishes which abound in the outskirts of London, his residence being in that highly respectable, but by no means aristocratic, neighbourhood already noticed.

Amabel Vaughan, or Mabel, as she was mostly called, was his niece, an orphan who was adopted by a rich uncle with a benevolent heart and large family, residing in one of the Northern Counties. He had brought her up from childhood, and, when I knew her, she was a credit to *his* training, and *her* family.

Perhaps Fitzgerald did slightly exaggerate when he talked of the universal homage paid to her, but she certainly did not lack admirers, and out of some half dozen avowed suitors, she very soon chose to distinguish her cousin and his friend.

But I am getting on too fast, and must dismount my Pegasus to look for the cab which in its name has immortalised him whom it is to be presumed was the inventor or originator of that delightful vehicle. However, "hansom is that handsome does" and so that's a bad pun, and not at all to the point, and Lord Dundreary is out of date.

"Well, here we are at last," cried Fitz, as he jumped out of the cab, "and by me sowl it's not the horse's fault that we were not tossed into smithereens before now, small blame to the infernal crater!"

"Now, Fitz, don't think you've got the brogue, because you haven't. But what a nice little place this is! What a pity there's no garden; your fair cousin would look just in her element tending the delicate plants, and busying herself here and there amongst the beds of flowers."

"Miss Vaughan at home, Jane?" Fitz asks, not heeding his friend.

"Yes, sir; please to walk in."

Thus invited, the two friends entered a well sized apartment that apparently served for breakfast room, dining room and library. The study, where Mr. Brig usually sat during the mornings when not engaged visiting his parishioners, or attending service on Saints' days, which, like a good churchman, he scrupulously kept, was a little room which opened out from this; but as neither have to do much with our story but only the present party, I shall not seek to describe them further.

And here Mabel was sitting.

I think she was embroidering some nameless article or other which might be of use, but did not appear like it—but she looked so charming as she sat there working, that a half involuntary sigh escaped from our susceptible friend Seaton, which roused the young lady from a reverie into which she had apparently fallen, and she rose and welcomed her cousin.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Seaton, to you, Mabel. Oh! by the bye, though, I think you have met before."

"Yes, I believe I have had that pleasure," Mabel answered pleasantly, with an arch look at Seaton.

"Was it not at Mrs. Somerset's?"

"I think it was," Mark replied, "and I remember I thought it seemed a rather absurd idea, having a party at this time of the year, and a dance, too, by the way, though, thanks to you, Miss Vaughan, I enjoyed it very much."

"Thank you for the intended compliment, but it was a very nice party. I suppose they had it so late on account of William Somerset going to India with his young bride almost immediately."

"Mabel, I've come to take you to the Crystal Palace to-day. Will you go?" Fitz asks, interrupting his cousin.

"Well, I don't mind if Miss Griss will go, but you had better ask her."

"Very well, where is she, I'll hunt the old lady up."

"Go then, and convert her as soon as possible; she will argue the point with you, so let us see, Mr. Barrister, if you can carry the day."

Miss Griss, be it understood, was an elderly lady, not old, for she was not much over fifty, who was of a curious and somewhat speculative cast of mind. She had taken up with Mesmerism, table turning, spirit rapping, homœopathy, our descent from the lost tribes of Israel, and other matters of an equally abstruse character; and now she had settled down into district visiting, with an occasional dip into her brother's treatises on theology and other kindred sciences, and at this moment she was in the parson's study reading Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and fancying that because she got bewildered that she was beginning to understand it all.

However, she was a thoroughly kind-hearted lady, and always made herself the slave of other people, so that it was not difficult to persuade her that a visit to the Crystal Palace that fine Midsummer's day would be highly beneficial to the health of herself and her fair niece. So Fitz went off to ask his aunt to go with them, whilst Mark stayed to talk with Mabel, and she soon wove her meshes round that too susceptible heart.

"Reginald," Mabel said as they entered the Palace;—"I want you to be specially attentive to Aunt Mary to day. We needn't part company, you know, but I like your friend, and shall cultivate him."

"All right, Mabel, but mind you don't play with edged tools, that's all."

"Confoundedly cool of her though," he muttered as he turned off to follow Miss Griss, who was wandering on looking at the savage Indians that decorate the neighbourhood of the entrance to the building, and wearing an abstracted air as if she were still thinking of "Paley's Evidences" which certainly did not exactly bear upon the things before her.

Mabel and Mark leisurely followed just within hail, but sufficiently far off not to be heard by their friends.

Mark, who was a well informed young fellow, soon found that he had a match in his



fair companion, who seemed to be quite at home in the names and history of the wonderful and beautiful things which surrounded them on every hand.

Then they wandered into those splendid courts which represent the architecture of Nineveh and Babylon, Egypt and the Alhambra.

When next Fitz met them—for the old lady had made up her mind to study some curious exotic plant in the tropical part of the Palace, and he had had to follow her, leaving his friend and his cousin to wander where they would—they were standing in the last named court looking into the beautiful richly painted cave-like room, with its magnificent arabesques and rich adornments, which is the architectural gem, as some think, of the whole Palace, and Mark was telling Mabel about the Moriscoes in Spain.

And then she looked up with those large, lustrous speaking eyes of hers and gave him the soft flattery of her rapt attention while he glowed upon the theme, and told her of all the glories of the Caliphate.

Neither forgot that visit to the Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace for many a long day, though both remembered it differently.

Mabel thought that Marcus Seaton, her cousin's friend, was a very nice young fellow, and it might be worth her while to win him, even though he were to be thrown aside afterwards like a broken toy. And he thought that Mabel was more beautiful and more fascinating, more graceful and clever than any girl he had met before.

And if he had any other thoughts they were these, which he blurted out *sotto voce* as he went home; "I wonder if Mabel cares a straw about me—I wonder if I should ever have a chance?"

A chance of what?

"Well, it's no use thinking about it, I suppose, so I had better go to bed and dream about her? Confound it all, I wish I had never gone to the Crystal Palace to-day!"

So said the Government clerk, as he turned into his chambers in Clarges Street, late that evening, after seeing his new friends home, and having left Fitz the lawyer to make up for lost time in besieging the fortress of Mabel's affections.

Three months had elapsed since our heroine had made a conquest of the rather romantic youth (he was five or six and twenty though, perhaps more, and some years older than Mabel) who figures chiefly in this little tale, and during that time he had found frequent opportunities of seeing the woman he loved better than all the world. Mabel had been on the Continent for a short time with some friends, and Mark wrote to her.

She answered his first letter rather tersely, and by no means affectionately, but he was always so chivalrous and gentlemanly in the way he expressed himself, so cordially solicitous for her welfare, so humble and diffident, and withal so true and leal to her, that she was flattered and pleased; and though it was very wrong to encourage him, because she knew she did not love him, and could never marry him—yet he seemed too good to lose altogether, as she knew she must lose him if she repelled his advances—so that she could not help encouraging the poor fellow, until at last he thought that surely his deep-rooted love was now at last required.

Thus stood matters on the 12th October, 186— and the two friends were still in London,

Mabel's visit was then at an end.

"Mark," said Fitz as he strolled into his friend's office in Somerset House just before four on the day in question:—

"Old Brig—my uncle, I mean—has been at me to-day, and wants to know if I have any influence to get a boy into Christ's Hospital. He thinks that because you and I were there, we must know a lot of the Governors and all that sort of thing. Now I don't know a soul. My Governor, I don't mean *the* Governor, who's hale and hearty, I'm thankful to say—but the generous patron who put me in—is now, alas, no more, but it struck me that perhaps your chief, or the secretary, or somebody or other here might be got at—and that you wouldn't mind trying to do what you can for my uncle. I think you will when I tell you that the boy he is interested in is the son of Dawson, whom you may remember as Monitor of our ward, when you and I first came up to London."

"What, the fellow you got the grant from the Benevolent Society for last year?"

"The same—he was a sort of cousin of my uncle.

"You know he became a Grecian, went to Oxford, having won an Exhibition from the School; married, I have understood, before he was in Orders, and indeed whilst he was at Oxford. I think she was a photographer's assistant, or something of that sort, thoroughly respectable, you know, but of somewhat lowly origin.

"And now the poor fellow's dead and left a large family totally unprovided for, as curates always do.

"Well I'm off—I thought I'd just look you up. 'Ta-ta, old fellow;" and off went Fitz, but speedily came back again, saying:—

"Forgot to tell you Mabel goes to-morrow, and my uncle said he should be glad to see us both in there to-night to tea."

"Thanks," said Mark, foolishly flushing with pleasure like a raw boy;—"I'll come, with pleasure."

"And as to the presentation," he added, "I know our chief is connected with some very big bugs—and, as I am rather a favourite with him, I'll see what I can do. No doubt some of his people can do the job."

So saying, the two friends shook hands cordially, and Fitz, saying he had some engagement Citywards, bid his friend adieu, and Mark went back to his desk, put his papers away for the day, and went into the office of the Chief of the Department, who had a cousin an earl, and a brother a baronet, but who was one of the quietest and most retiring of men, and hated to bring up his grand relations.

Mark, however, with many apologies for troubling him, just as he was leaving for the day, (they were all wonderfully punctual in leaving at four), stated his case.

"Well," said Mr. Tyssen, as he returned the young man's salute, and bid him good day—"I have heard of Mr. Brig as a hard working clergyman, and for his sake and your own I will do what I can for you. Lord Bouchier, I know, has a presentation—but I am afraid it will be promised.

*(To be Continued.)*

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### TIME'S FLIGHT.

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"WHAT is Time?" fair Fanny asks me,

"And what's its flight? O Mentor, say!"

"Time, dear Fanny, does not pain thee,

Though its hours slip away;

Time, O fairy, full of graces!—

Time is what I can't explain:

Time, no doubt, has many paces,

But for thee Time flits in vain.

"Time is—what is not Time?—truly

Everything thou here can'st know—

For Time, of all things, most unruly,

Never halts—will ever go!

Time is but the flight of hours—

Time is but the gift of pain;—

Time is naught but weaken'd powers—

Time can never come again!

"Yes! Time's flight, O pleasant maiden,

Is but a memory of thee!

Time, with sorrow-hours laden,

Is but a gracious dream to me!

Time's flight tells of foud hearts broken,  
Of oft a sweetest slavery ;  
Of dark deeds done, of sad words spoken,  
Of love, of grief, of knavery.

“ But yet for thee old Time, deceiving,  
Has naught of harm, and naught of fear ;  
Thou need'st not grumble at its leaving,  
For still to me thou art most dear.  
Yes, thou and I, dear heart, together  
May bid the Dotard calm good-bye,  
For, fastest mates in every weather,  
Ours a Trust that ne'er can die.”

NEMO.

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## A DAY'S PLEASURE.

BY SAVARICUS.

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ON a summer's day, when the wind was blowing freshly from the north and west, and the tide being suitable, myself and three friends, taking advantage of the favourable state of things, quitted our native element for a day's pleasure.

Living not a hundred miles from the NORE, where the Admiralty then had Wooden Ships of War, and plenty of “things” afloat, undergoing all the various stages of dry rot, and other diseases incidental to new and old ships, we had no difficulty in obtaining a sailing craft wherewith to carry out our purpose.

A “jolly-boat,” large enough to take twenty men as a cargo, and twelve as a crew to pull her, was lent to us.

There she lay inside the Admiral's Camber, easily enough to be got at, with sails and spars complete.

After getting our stock of provisions on board, we embarked. The first thing to be done was—“step the mast,” this was soon accomplished ; but there were several ropes to be made fast, a bow-sprit to be run out, and all to be properly done in a seaman-like way ; this was a puzzle too difficult for us *Landsmen* to solve. Some “Man-o'-war's” men were looking on, we hailed them to come and put the boat in sailing order. Like the warm and free hearted men English sailors are, they very soon did so, at the same time giving us “land lubbers” a little bit of nautical advice and information.

“Push off, and be seated,” was the order of the helmsman.

“Port your helm !” sung out one of the “Tars” on the jetty. It was done. Round went the boat's head into the stream, the breeze (“a soldiers”) filled the sails, and *our boat* shot out from the camber into the harbour among the ships and shipping. We steered for the ocean, it being agreed that we should sail seaward. As soon as our intention was seen from the shore, we were hailed to put back, but we did not—that is would not—hear or see anything that was left behind us.

Now for a chase. A six oared “gig” was sent in pursuit of our fearlessly handled craft.

The only notice taken of the pursuers was just this—to give them no chance to overtake us.

Having no definite place to sail to, it was speedily agreed to run with the wind and the tide. To down helm and bring home the sheet, was the work of a moment ; this

little manœuvre altered the boat's trim, and away we went dashing through the eddying tide at the mouth of the river Thames, sailing quite gallantly out into the German Ocean. The gig's crew pulled hard, but we made so much headway that there was no chance of us being overhauled by them. On we sped with the spray dashing over our bows in silvery showers; the waves became larger, the sails were full, the boat laid to it, and we ploughed through the curling sea in good style, the white foam occasionally, being level with our gunwale.

The gig in pursuit soon appeared "beautifully less, and smaller by degrees," the relative distance between us, to our great satisfaction and joy, rapidly lengthened; in a short time we could only discern a black line a long way astern, and that apparently making for the harbour. We soon made and passed the Nore Light Ship as we sailed away upon the deep *green* sea, and a beautiful green it was. After running for an hour, we took bearings; The Nore was about four miles behind us, the cliffs of our Island home loomed far in the distance to the right, and nought but one vast and magnificent expanse of water could be seen a-head. The sun was shining brightly, its golden beams tinting the white crests of the undulating waves, and making the flying spray, which dashed over our bows, sparkle like so many precious gems, whilst in our track the pearly foam floated fast away, and lent beauty to the fascinating scene.

"Ease the sheet, put about, and steer for land." This order was obeyed, and away we went with a little more spray than before, standing well in for the eastern point of the cliffs, which we neared about mid-day.

The sails were lowered, and the boat was allowed to run ashore head on; we quickly disembarked, one of us remaining in charge of the boat, while the others climbed the cliffs in all directions in search of fossils and wild flowers, being rewarded by a "find" of orchids, and several ornithological and reptilian remains. The rambles soon returned to the boat, and committed great havoc among the perishable stores. The tide was now ebbing fast, and we knowing that a long flat, composed of Thames mud and sand, run out from the cliffs, soon made all things snug, embarked again, and pushed off. The sails were hauled up, and we coasted it for two or three miles until the entrance to the River Swale was reached. Then we stood out to sea again, and ran with the tide jollily and pleasantly, no trouble, but all fair sailing.

After two hours of this fun, the wind suddenly dropped, and we became becalmed. A drizzling rain came on, and land was lost to sight. The boat was put about, but she "missed stays," and spun round and round like a spinning peg-top, and to make matters worse we discovered, to our great disappointment, that we had come away without an anchor. The sails were useless, so we made them protect us from the rain as well as we could, and left the boat to drift with the tide out to sea. The only consolation we had was, that the tide would soon turn and bring us back with it.

It is all very well to be cheerful under difficulties, and here we were in a fix. We laughed and joked with each other, but I verily believe that all of us were more or less frightened by the look out before us. The drizzling rain ceased, and the sky brightened, then we could see a large beacon with black and white perpendicular stripes painted on it. This we knew was placed upon some dangerous sands, and soon perceived that we were drifting fast towards them. There was nothing else to be done, but to get out the oars and pull for it, against the tide; this was speedily accomplished, but availed us nothing. After a great deal of useless exertion and ordering one way and another, we mockingly went past the beacon and bumped and grounded upon the sand. How pale all of us turned! How enquiringly we looked each other in the face, and then asked what was now to be done? We unshipped the rudder and tried to push the boat off, but to no purpose, not one inch would she move.

There was the beacon looking as comfortable as a bird standing upon one leg and fast asleep, while we, poor mortals, were in great trepidation and harassed by many fears. Fear number one—that we were all lost. Fear number two—that being aground on the sand, if a change of wind came with the flood tide, the boat would dock and fill, and thus be wrecked. Or in nautical parlance—"leave her bones there."

This made us think that we might do the same thing with our own precious skeletons, a by no means comfortable reflection, especially under such circumstances.

I had made up my mind to save my life by swimming to the beacon, and getting into its pigeon-house like top, just to save Old Neptune the trouble of swallowing me.

I had noticed an opening in one of its sides when passing it. Fear number three was cut short by smoke in the distance. A large steamer soon came in sight, evidently making her passage through the deep water channel which appeared to be a great way from us, as the steamer took a tremendous turn to clear the sands. We waved our pocket handkerchiefs as signals of distress but with no good effect, the steamship went on and on, apparently, without noticing us. Farewell to all hope of a rescue. But, as "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," Hope suggested that if we could not push our boat off, we might be able to pull it over the sands, there was deep water to the right and not far away.

We thanked Hope by "deeds not words," stripped and jumped overboard, one going to each bow, and one to each side. The sand was firm to our feet, and we went to work manfully.

"Now then." Not another word was spoken, we worked together and shoved the boat, the water deepened, she soon floated, in we scrambled, up went the sails, and away we steered into deep water; which now looked as *blue* as possible.

We resumed our habiliments as the boat sailed lazily along; gradually we reached the outer channel, and in a short time sighted and passed some large merchant ships, which we guessed were outward bound.

The Mouse Light vessel was the next object of interest that came to our view. The sight of this red ship made us feel at home, for now we knew our bearings, and also that we were going on in the right way to get back again to our starting point.

More outward bound ships passed us, and we gave them a cheer, which was responded to. The day was drawing to its close, it was seven o'clock; the tide was in our favour, but as we were sailing against the wind, we did not make much headway; so we essayed another trial at pulling.

By our exertions we certainly helped the boat on, if only a little, and the sails were better filled, which increased our rate of progression.

We approached the Light Vessel and passed it. Then our old friend The Nore with its revolving light became visible in the distance. The light of day faded away, and the shades of evening prevailed; but still we had our friend's restless head (which appeared to wink at us, first with one eye, and then with the other) to guide us on our way. At nine o'clock we made the Light Vessel and were saluted by the booming of a gun, fired from the Flag-ship anchored in the harbour four miles off.

With scarcely a breath of wind, pulling by turns, and having to tack about, first on a "long-leg," and then on a short one, we found ourselves very tired, and wishing that the trip was over. There was the harbour light a little to our right, so we had only to make for it, this could not be done without tacking, the wind having freshened we made more headway, and after a considerable distance had been gone over, it was discovered that we had mistaken the Chapman Light at Sea Reach for one in the harbour, which after all was on our left.

We soon put about, and sailed for land and home.

"Look out, starboard bow!"

There was a rushing noise, and a huge black mass passed just ahead of us. It was so close that it appeared more like an island floating out to sea, than anything else. Well, that was a narrow escape, at any rate, from being run down by a large vessel. We kept a sharp look out after this close shave, and were not at ease until the harbour lights twinkled distinctly, and those on the Guard Ship showed as a "broad arrow."

The clouds were now clearing away, and the moon shed a flood of bright and silvery light all around, the rippling waves sparkled with phosphorescent light, and danced with fairy-like brightness against the sides of our boat in quick succession.

The grim old forts and "half moon" battery, stood out in bold relief, while the monster guns with open mouths seemed to yawn defiance. The sails were now clewed

up, the boat was steered close to the beach, to avoid the outsetting current, then pulled round the garrison point into the harbour, and thence into the Admiral's Camber, where it was made fast and all right.

It was eleven o'clock when we landed, and walked home with the rolling gait of veritable "Jack Tars." We did not lose the motion of the boat until sweet sleep had closed our eyes for a night's rest.

The officer, who had kindly lent us the craft, told our respective, and respected, friends, that we had gone to sea in an open boat, and that we could not get back again under two or three days, if we got back at all! He, probably, was more alarmed at the prospect of our losing a part of H. M. stores, than anything else. As it, fortunately, turned out, all of us agreed, and do to this day, that it was—A DAY'S PLEASURE.

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### JIMMY JACKSON AN' HIS BAD WIFE.

BY MRS. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

(From "*Tweddell's North of England Illustrated Annual*."\*)

SUM years sahn ther lived iv a sartin pleeace i' t' Noth ov Ingland, a honnest, hard-werkin', stiddy chap, call'd Jimmy Jackson; bud, unfottenately fer him, he'd gitten a regiler gud-for-nowt wife. Sheea waz up te all sooats o' badness. Sheea weeasted hiz brass, an' uivver tried te mak hiz yam cumfottubel at all. An' warse ner that, sheea 'd gotten ankeld on wiv a fella tha call'd Ben, 'at had geean te ludge wiv 'em.

Jimmy saw thruff't all, an' waz ommest at hiz wit's end te knaw what te deea. Howsumivver, yah day ther waz a plan kom intiv hiz heead, an' he meead up hiz mahnd te try 't ou. Seea when Setterda neet kom, a ma ister paid him hiz wage, Jimmy sed tiv him:—

"Maister, Ah want yah te bag mah!"

"Te sack thoo, Jimmy?" sed t' maister. "Ah wad be varry sorry te deea onnything o't kahnd. Thoo 'z a gud warkman, an' Ah deea n't want te loss tha. Ah can awluz dippend upon thoo bein' at the wark, an' deein' 't all reet teea. What fer sud Ah sack tha?"

"Whyah, maister," sed Jimmy, "Ah knaw all that varry weel; bud, Ah tell ya, yoo mun sack mah."

"Ah thowt," sed t' maister, "'at Ah 'd awluz deean all 'at waz reet an' fair be tha, an' can n't tell whativver 'z i' t' wind wi' tha. Diz tha want mair wage er summat? If seea, thoa sud ha' gie'n mah nooatis, mun. Bud, mebbe thoo an' t' udder chaps hez been fallen' oot, ha'e ya? Tell mah all about it, Jimmy; an' Ah 'll see tha reeted, if onny on 'em 'z been deean' owt 'at iz n't ackoordin' te Cocker."

"All'z reet beeah wi' yoo an' t' warkmen, maister," sed Jimmy. "Yoo moant ax mah fer onny reason noo; bud Ah tell ya Ah want ya te sack mah; an' what 'z mair, Ah want me nooatis iv yer awn handwritin', an' ya moant tell onnybody 'at Ah axt ya te gie' mah 't. Say nowt aboot it tiv onnybody, maister. Ah mun leeave ya fer a bit; bud varry labkly Ah ma' cum back afooar lang. Bud ya mun bag mah, maister; ya mun, howivver. Ah 'll tell ya all about it efter. Write mah oot me nooatis just noo, maister; deea, if ya pleeaz."

Seein' 'at nowt else wad sara, t' maister wrate oot hiz fotnith's nooatis te leeave, az he 'd axt him te deea, an' Jimmy teeak it away yam wiv hiz wage.

He sat hiz sel' doon az seean az he gat into t' hoos, an' sed nowt te neeabody; bud

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\* We commend this excellent little work to the notice of all our readers.

hung hiz heead, an' leeakt az doon spórritted az a fella weel cud deea. At t' last t' wife sez tiv him, sez sheea :—

“Whativver 'z t' matter wi' tha te-neet, Jim? Thoo leeaks desprit doon-kessen.”

Beeath t' wife an' Ben axt him all manner o' questens. Waz he bad? Hed he been fallin' oot wi' onnybody? Waz onny of hiz frinnds deead? At t' lang last Jimmy telt 'em 'at t' maister hed bagg'd him.

“Bagg'd thoo, Jim?” beeath t' wife an' Ben shooted i' yah breeath. Tha nowder on 'em wad believe sike an' a thing! Jim hed werkt fer him fer seea mouny year, an' tha hed nivver hed a word o' differin' 'at onnybody hed heeard on! Ther mud be sun mistak.

Jimmy sed nowt, bud slang hiz fotnith's nooatis on tit teecable. T' wife cud n't read, bud sheea handed it at yance to Ben, an' axt him te deea seea.

Ben teepak oot hiz spectikels, wiped t' glasses wiv a clean kooaner ov hiz pocket hankutcher, an' leeakt az sollom az a judge.

Ben read it tiv hiz sel' fost, an' then read it up tiv Jim's wife, wheea leeakt az if sheea did n't knaw wheer te put hersel'.

“Ah ma' weel seeam te be doon'd!” sed Jim. “May n't Ah, think ya beeath!”

“Thoo 'z gitten t' sack hard eneeaf, Jim,” said Ben. “Ther 'z neea tweea ways aboot that.”

“Thoo mun hev been deecin' summat varry bad, Jim, 'at thoo dar' n't awn wiv,” sed Jimmy's amyubbel cumfotter. “Ah seer t' maister wad n't ha' bagg'd tha fer a triflin' faut. Thoo an' t' him awlus seeam'd te git weel on tegidder all t' years thoo 'z been wiv him. Bud what 'z tha thinkin' o' deecin'? Ah 'z nut gahin' te hev thoo slaisterin' aboot oot o' wark, Ah can tell tha. Thoo mun finnd these! amudder job riddy te start on be t' tahn the fotnith's nooatis iz oot, mahnd that, awd chap. Ah deea n't intend te clem,”

“Whyah,” said Jimmy, “Ah waz thinkin' az Ah cam alang yam 'at it wad be a gud thing if we wer te hev a cantin'—sell all up—an' gan' tiv America.”

“Ah 'l gan' neean tiv America!” brast in hiz wife. “Gan' tiv America, i'deed! Nut fer Jooasuff!”

“We ha'e neea bairns te bodder uz,” sed Jim, “an' wa meeght deea weel theer.”

“What mun wa gan' tiv America fer?” axt sheea. “What thee 'll be wark te be gotten i' England, if nobbut tha likes te leak oot fer 't. An' what 'z t' youz o' draggin' yan'z beean owver t' sea, an' leeavin' all yan'z best frinnds behint yan'?”

“Whyah, Mally,” sed he, “thoo ma' pleeaz these!, bud Ah aim o' gahin'. Howsumivver thoo can think 't weel owver, an' tell ma be Munda neet what *thoo* meeans te deea. Thoo can owder gan or stop, thoo knaws.”

Jimmy thowt 'at he wad giv her tahn te tawk it owver wi' Ben, az he waz varry weel sheea wad deea az seean az tha wer be ther awn tweea sels; fer he wer i neea spot wiv her wheer Ben com, wahnt pooher Jimmy.

When dinner-tahn com o' Munda, an' Jimmy waz set leetin' hiz pipe, te smeek on hiz way back te wark, Mally spak up, an' sed :—

“Ah 've meead up me mahnd aboot America, Jim.”

“Hez tha?” axt Jim, “then what 'z tha think o' deecin’?”

“Whyah, we'll gan,” sed sheea. “An' Ben sez 'at he'll gan alang wiv uz. He hez az mitch brass az 'll tak him; an' we can all ludge tegidder, seeam az wa hev deean; an' it weecant be seea dull fer uz az if wa went wiv wersels. He can git plenty o' wark theer, teer 'z neea doot.”

“Just az ya like,” sed Jimmy. “Just az ya like! Ah 'z willin'. Bud Ah mun call an' see t' hockshineer te-neet, az Ah leeave wark, aboot t' cantin'. We mun ha'e t' seel at t' end o' t' fotnith, thoo knaws, Mally. We'll gan te Liverpeel te be riddy for a ship o' t' Munda efter t' nooatis iz oot.”

Mally set te wark az brisk az bottled yall, an' gat all ther things riddy fer gahin', an' sheea gat Ben's things riddy an' all. An' Jimmy hed a gud seel; t' things fetcht a fair price, an' Jim felt rayder prood when he gat t' brass intiv hiz britches poekit.

When Munda com, tha all threer set off t' Liverpeel. Az seean az tha hed gitten

theer, an' risted a bit, Jimmy sed he wad gan oot an' leeak fer a ship, an' tak ther' passidge i' t' fost 'at waz gahin' te sail. Seea Ben sed 'at he wad giv him hiz brass, an' he cud git boths fer 'em all three, fer he waz varry tired, an' him an' Mally wad stop in an' rist.

Seea sed, seea deean. An' Jimmy went oot an' left 'em. Iv aboot twee hoors he landed back ageean, an' telt 'em 'at ther waz a ship gahin' te sail t' varry next day, i' t' efterneean, an' seea he 'd beek't 'em te gan wiv her. An' he gav Ben t' change he 'd gotten oot ov hiz brass.

T' next mooinin' tha wer astir betahmes, an' teek ther things doon tit ship, an' i' t' efterneean tha all went aboard. Aboot fowwer o'clock, a pahlot com aboard, te tak 'em doon t' river, an' off tha went. Mally began te rayder whimper a bit aboot leeavin' t' awd kuntrey, bud Jimmy telt her te cheer up, az sheea waz gahin' tiv a gud land, an' wad hev things all her awn way when sheea gat theer. An' then tha all all three laft an' joked az tha went doon t' Marsey.

Just az t' pahlot wer gahin' te leeav 'em, Jimmy went tit ship sahd, an' watch all tha did; an' just at t' varry last minnet, when t' pahlot hed getten intiv hiz booot te gan back te Liverpeel, what sud Jimmy deea bud lowp in efter him.

"Jim! Jim!!" Mally shooted oot, at t' top ov her voice. "Whativver iz tha deean', thoo feal, thoo!!! That booot 'z gahin' back ageean te Liverpeel, thoo fond hoity!!!"

"All reet, Mally, me lass!" sed Jim, az keeal az a cowcummer, "Ah knaw what Ah 'z aboot. Gud day, an' a fair wind wi' ya! Yoo've plagued me lang aneef. Ah 'z sartinlie hev a bit o' peeace noo. Gud day, an' gud luck te ya!"

Off went t' booot, an' Jimmy alang wi' t', back te Liverpeel, wahl t' ship went on her way across t' bread Atlantic.

An' Jimmy went stright back ageean tiv hiz awd warkshop, an' telt t' maister what he 'd deean. An' a rare gud laff beeath him an' all t' men hed aboot it. It wer cheeaper a vast, tha all sed, then onny o' ther divooas kooats. An' Jimmy gat gud ludgins, fer he wer weel knawn an' varry mitch respectid. An' he startid wark ageean iv hiz awd botht t' Munda mooinin' efter. An' t' maister youst awlus te say 'at Jimmy wer t' sharpist chap he hed ahoot te pleeace,—fer nowder hisselt' ner neean o' t' rist on 'em wad ivver hev shown hawf o' t' sense 'at Jimmy hed deean i' gettin' shot ov hiz worthless wife.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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

BY C. H. LOOMIS.

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### CHAP. III.

When the second mate came on deck the wind had increased somewhat, and a heavy sea was running. The heavens were black with the angry clouds. The gleam from the binnacle shone out on the seething waters, and was the only cheering ray the new watch saw when they came on deck. Some of the light sails were taken in and everything made snug before the captain went below.

At four bells, when the man at the wheel was relieved, a cold drizzling rain began to fall, and the watch went below to encase themselves in their oil skins.



At this juncture, the second mate (who had been below often since his watch came on deck, and imbibed freely of some sense-destroying tonic) started to walk over the cabin, or house as it is termed at sea, to chastise the man at the wheel, he said, for not keeping the vessel on her course. In a careless manner he placed his foot on a slippery portion of the house top, and before he could recover himself, and without a moment's warning, was cast into the raging sea.

The man at the wheel, who alone had witnessed the catastrophe, gave the alarm, and the cry of "All hands on deck—man over board," rang through the vessel, and was heard above the roaring of the wind and the sound of the water. The vessel was soon in commotion; the captain appeared on deck and gave the orders: "Ease your weather braces. Haul in on your lee braces. Lay aft on the spanker sheet, somebody. Haul taut the jib-sheets." These and numerous other orders were given in a rapid, confused succession by the officers, and the vessel was soon hove to. Every man had alarm depicted on his features—and who would not if called from a sound sleep on such a night, and by such a startling cry.

The order to lower away the yawl was given, but no one seemed willing to obey; the suddenness of the disaster having stupefied the men, and the darkness of the night showed the folly of such an undertaking; the captain, in his excitement, stamped his feet in rage, because he was not obeyed. His voice calling for a boat's crew could be heard above the tempest. The first officer, with his voice toned with awe, interposed by saying: "Captain, as much as I should like to man the boat, it's no use, the second mate is a mile astern and no one knows where. Before a boat could possibly reach him he would be drowned, if he is not already. The water is like ice, and the man lumbered with his oil skins went straight to the bottom."

"I guess you are right, Mr. Evans." was the captain's answer, in the same awe-struck tone of voice; "but still it does not seem the square thing to put her on her course again, without making an effort to save the man, although he must have died in a moment after striking the water, on such a night as this."

"None of the crew have volunteered to man the boat but Tom and Peter," replied the first officer.

"Well, it's too late now any way. Put her on her course, Mr. Evans. I'm not satisfied with the aspect that surrounds this vessel at all. The taking of a cargo and the losing a mate are two things I never did before, but I trust it will end in better luck."

The orders came sharp and quick from the first officer, to ease the sheet, and square the yards, both of which were quickly obeyed by the men. They knew it was no use to put back for the man, and lost no time in diverting their minds from the sad accident by getting the vessel on her course.

"How does she head there?" sung out Mr. Evans to the man at the wheel.

"East by sou', sir," was shouted from the wheel.

"Put her east sou'-east," again cried the mate.

"East sou'-east it is, sir," came back on the wind.

The ropes being coiled and everything again in shipshape, the watches below were ordered to turn in, and, with the exception of the sadness which hung over the vessel, any one not cognizant with the event of the hour would not have supposed that a mortal had stepped from that deck into eternity. Men there are who have been on fields of battle, where thousands of the dead and dying lay strewn around like the shells on the strand, and they did not shudder at it. But place those same men aboard a vessel, and let one soul be launched from its deck into eternity, and a gloom will settle upon their minds that day will not displace. It is something more solemn to lose a man from a vessel. Perhaps it is because death is an accident and not an expected visitor as on the field of carnage.

Tom and Peter were among those in the fore-castle whose eyes refused close in sleep, and the stillness of the place was broken by the ghost-like voice of Peter, who said:—

"He was a good man, Tommy."

"Did you know him then?" was the question from three or four tongues.

"Did I know him? well I did; he and I were shipmates on the Neptune when she sailed from York to Liverpool—now five years back. You see the Neptune had four hundred barrels of oil aboard, and when we were crossin' the Grand Banks she struck a nor'easter, and in turn a stroke of lightning struck her, and running down the foremast came right into the fore-sail, and straightened two poor fellers besides stannin' all hands. Before the flash had got out of our eyes, the word was passed along that the oil was on fire. The boats were lowered and the feller we just lost was swamped with the first boat. But he clung to the boat fall and saved hisself. He left the ship in the third boat, and that was the boat I was in until we were picked up. I knew him as soon as I saw him come aboard this mornin'."

"He'll never come aboard another vessel, Peter," said Tom. "He's let go his anchor in deep water, and nothin' short of the last pipin' of all hands will bring him on deck. May he be as aisy as such a sea will let him. Rum's what did it; had he come aboard a sober man he'd have lived to laugh at many a storm like this. Peter, I'm afraid it's a voyage to the Ould Boy we're goin' any way."

Most of Tom's remarks were lost in the silence of the fore-castle. The men, wearied by the labour of getting under way, had sunk into a sound sleep. Peter was asleep before Tom had fairly commenced. He knew Tom to be one of those superstitious sailors, who, though not lacking in courage in times of danger, were constantly dreading unseen evils.

Along towards morning the wind lulled and the sea became more pacified. Although the sun only showed itself at intervals though the stormy clouds, the atmosphere was a little softer than the preceding day.

The weather continued in this way, cloudy and disagreeable, for three days without much change. From this time the air grew warmer, and on the morning of the fourth day the sun rose in dazzling splendour, causing the water to sparkle as though studded with myriads of diamonds. Small flying fish sported in the sunlight, and the numerous sea birds that hovered around the vessel added attractiveness to the scene. The large fields of beautiful gulf-weed, and everything in the surroundings indicated that the vessel was in the Gulf stream. The crew was called up; the brooms got out; draw buckets were passed along; and the decks, by the help of strong muscles and stubb brooms, were soon free from the remains of the snow and ice.

A man aboard a vessel who cannot successfully handle a draw bucket is held in disgust by his more handy shipmates. The draw buckets with which the water is drawn at sea are made of sail cloth, about ten inches across the top and fifteen inches in length, and resemble a farmer's feed-bag. It requires a great deal of dexterity to fill one of these buckets from the sea with the vessel before the wind.

During the washing down decks Tom and Peter were drawing water near the main riggings. They had been engaged in that way but short time when Tom burst out into several hearty laughs.

"Tom, you are a queer cese; what ails you?" inquired Peter.

"O, Peter, didn't you see Jack Wright whin the mate sint him after the draw bucket?" asked Tom.

"T was not my luck," was Peter's reply.

"Well you ought to, so you had. It mysilf most died with the laughing I had. The mate sint him for the draw bucket, and what do you suppose he got."

"I give it up," replied Peter.

"Well he didn't then, but up and brought the cook's water pail. Why, Peter, a boy fresh from the lakes and bogs of the ould country would have knowed better, sayin' nothin' of a boy who's had a sniff of the salt sea," said Tom, provoked to think there was any one in the world so stupid as not to know what a draw bucket was.

"And what did the mate say to him, Tommy?"

"Say? he sid nothin', but he looked as though he could see right through him an' then he ups with a rope's end. At that Wright runs towards me, and I handed him a bucket. But wasn't I hoppin' mad, though, whin the mate asked how long had he been to sea, and he with the cheek of a shark said, 'Off an' on for three years.'"

"It would take a sun hot enough to wilt a sunflower to wilt him, Tommy, in my opinion," said Peter.

"It would," replied Tom. "He ought to have gone with the down-easter and several more loike him, that got aboard this vessel by mistake."

When everything was in ship shape the captain called the men aft and said:—

"Men, I have called you aft to inform you, in the regular way, of the loss of our mate, and also to inform you that a new mate will now be selected from the for'ard hands."

After thus addressing the crew the captain cast his eye over them, and pointing to John Radshaw, told him to bring his kit aft. When the new mate took the old mate's stateroom, Davidson's kit was overhauled, and a memorandum of his effects, with the cause and date of his death, made out to be handed over to the American consul at the first port the "Sparkling Sea" touched at.

Everything in his kit was found as it had been placed by the careful hand of a probably tidy wife. Among other things she had tenderly placed in his chest was a pocket album, containing a fine picture of himself, wife, and two bright-looking children, and a small pocket Bible, the leaves of which, in many places, had been turned down, to denote passages she desired him to read, while words of love and consolation were written on the fly leaves. The wife, who arranged his worldly effects with so much care, probably did not anticipate that the first eyes to greet them would be those of strangers, and that within a day of their parting her beloved one would be sleeping under the sea. Probably for months she anxiously looked for his return, and in the meantime supposed him to be enjoying the life he had chosen. What a bright dream of joy, what a sad awakening to reality. Every one in the cabin seemed to be impressed by the scene, and the mind of each was occupied by his own thoughts, not a word being broached on the subject by any one.

As we said before, it was a beautiful day, such a day as novelists and poets delight in describing; a day that brought the passengers on deck who had been confined below by such a combination as bad weather and an unsettled stomach. The inviting weather had called them out to get a breath of fresh air, and as they are reclining in easy chairs on the house we will describe them to the reader.

The lady passenger was Miss Nellie Powers, who was about eighteen years of age and of remarkable beauty. She had large blue eyes and light golden hair—a rosy tinge on a transparent skin added to the beauty of her features. She was rather slender, but graceful of form, and about medium height; modest in demeanour and captivating in manners, she was one of those rare flowers which bloom in Nature's garden to gladden the hearts of all beholders.

Her parents were missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. When they left the States years before, they placed their then small child in the care of relatives to be educated, and now, as, after many years of study, she had finished her education, they had sent for her to come to them. As the "Sparkling Sea" was the only vessel likely to leave for her parent's home, in several weeks, her impatience induced her to put up with the accommodations of the "Sparkler." Now she was gliding over the great waters, trusting to fair winds to waft her over sunny seas to her far-off island home, on the other side of the world.

The other passenger was a Mr. Harry Prescott, who was about twenty-two years of age, tall, manly, and prepossessing of appearance, and of cultivated manners. His parents were living in the Sandwich Islands, where his father had gone several years before as agent for a large American importing house. He had come to the United States, about six years before, to take a collegiate course of instruction at one of our best universities, from which he had graduated but a few weeks before we find him on his way home. The firm for which Mr. Prescott, senior, was agent, having increased their business in their foreign house, required a new agent. Mr. Harry Prescott, being a young man of fine promise, and of natural business abilities, he had been engaged to fill the position, and was now on his way to assume his new duties.

The two passengers had from instinct, and from the loneliness of the voyage, become acquainted without a great deal of introduction.

Miss Powers had been confined to her stateroom by sea sickness, until the fine day of which we have spoken, and therefore they had not been much in each other's society.

They had sat some moments in silence, each admiring the grandeur of the ocean scene, when Miss Powers opened her heart by saying :—

"Mr. Prescott, I cannot tell why, but a strange feeling of impending evil has been hanging over me ever since I left home, but this beautiful day has done much to dispel my fears."

"I understand that ladies are naturally timid, and especially when on the water," was the laughing reply of Mr. Prescott,

"But it is not that, Mr. Prescott, so much as a feeling of a personal danger, or from other causes which I have laid to the strangeness of my new quarters, and the sea sickness which has racked my system so much for the past few days."

At that moment a large fin-back whale showed his huge back above the sea, and sported a short distance from the vessel. Mr. Prescott, desirous of changing such an uninteresting subject as foreboding evil to a more lively one, called the attention of Miss Powers to the animal, which had neared the vessel, and could now be distinctly seen under the surface of the water. As it darted through the briny liquid, it caused the dark blue of the sea to sparkle beautifully, and Miss Powers, impressed with the curious scene said :

"This must be a monstrous fish, they are not always as large as this, are they Mr. Prescott?"

Mr Prescott could hardly answer that question, so he turned to Mr. Evans, who sat near, and whom he knew could give the desired information, and said :—

"Mr Evans, Miss Powers asks if whales are always as large as this one we have just seen?"

"Why, bless your heart, Miss," replied Mr. Evans, smiling, "this fish is only a small shrimp beside some of the fish I have seen. You will probably be surprised when I say we may fall in with some whales, in the South Seas, a hundred feet long, while this one is only thirty."

"Be surprised! indeed I should," said Miss Powers, who seemed already surprised. "A hundred feet long! why pray tell how you ever catch them or find ropes and hooks large enough?"

At this question a smile played around the eyes and mouth of the good natured mate, as he looked at Mr. Prescott he slyly winked his eye, and said, "They do not catch them that way, Miss."

"Oh! of course they do not," said Miss Powers, who saw that she had made a blunder, "how stupid I must have been. But how do they catch them?"

"It is a long story, and perhaps you would not have the patience to listen to it," replied the mate.

"Oh, yes, I would," replied Miss Powers, "if you will only tell me. Tell me all about it, I know Mr Prescott will be interested also."

"To begin at the proper place I should have to begin at the first sighting of the whales from the crow's nest,"—

"Crow's nest!" interrupted Miss Powers, "what's a crow's nest?" And she smiled as she said, "You will have to explain all the things that we do not know as you go along, or we will not know any more about it when you get through than we did before you commenced, so tell us what a crow's nest is?"

"A crow's nest, Miss," continued the mate, "is a cask or box, fastened to the cross-trees, in which a man is stationed to look out for whales,"—

"But you did not tell us what the cross-trees were," said Nellie.

"Sure enough; well, the cross-trees are the pieces that run across the mast; you see those, on the foremast of the "Sparkler" about two thirds up, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Nellie, who only a few minutes before had been looking at those same cross-trees, and wondered what they were.

"The cask is fastened on to those," continued the mate, "and a man is stationed there to look out for blows, that is whale blows; as soon as he sees a whale he sees a

blow, because the whale comes up to the surface to get his breath and then he blows or spurts two streams of water into the air. When the lookout sees this he sings out:— 'There she blows, there she blows.' Then 'Where away?' asks the captain from the deck. If the whale is then in sight, the man sings out again, 'two points off your weather bow,' or some other direction as the case may be. The boats are lowered in a jiffy, and, before many minutes, are dancing over the water in the direction the lookout has given, and likely, in a short space of time are in a school of whales. Then each boat singles out one for pursuit, and pulls up alongside of it."

"What! alongside of the whale? I should think you would be afraid," said Nellie.

"We've got past that. You know that's our business," replied the mate.

"I should think then the whale would dive down."

"Sometimes he does; but generally we pull up behind him and he don't see us. If he does, he may not pay any attention to us until the harpooner, who stands in the bows of the boat, has thrust a harpoon into him. The harpoon is attached to a line, and as soon as one is imbedded into the animal, the boat pulls back out of his way; when he dives, which he does, as soon as he finds out he is struck, he puts off to the wind'ard, like a race-horse, dragging the boat after him like a locomotive draws a car. Sometimes the line, which is coiled in a tub in the bows of the boat, runs out so fast that it requires a good deal of attention to keep the friction from setting the boat on fire. After a while the whale becomes exhausted, and allows the line to slack; then it is hauled in, and again coiled up in the tub. The harpooner now stands by, waiting for the fish to come to the surface again, which he no sooner does than another iron is plunged into him, and if it reaches his life the blood spurts out, dyeing the water for yards around a deep red. The men then lay by, waiting for the fish to die, which is not very long to wait after his life is reached by a harpoon."

"What do you do with him then?" inquired Miss Powers.

"We then fasten a line to him, and tow him to the ship where he is cut up and tried into oil."

"But is there not any danger, Mr. Evans? I have read somewhere of men being lost in the whale fishery," said Miss Powers.

"Danger! why, bless you, Miss, plenty of it. Sometimes when a whale is struck he will turn upon the boat and dash it into pieces, scattering the men all about in the water, and many of them get entangled in the ropes and are drowned. I have been upset that way a good many times, but was rescued by some of the other boats. But the whale does not always make the most trouble in that way. He may lead a boat a dozen miles from the ship, and before the boat can return a storm comes on and separates it from the vessel, and the men perish, if they survive the storm, from want of food and drink. Yes, Miss, there is plenty of danger in the whale fishery!"

"What made you give up the whale fishery?" inquired Mr. Prescott.

"The substitutes for whale oil that have come into the market, have almost broken up the fishery, and it don't pay."

Here Nellie, who had not taken her eyes off from the mate during his recital of the experiences of a whaler, looked around and beheld the eyes of the third mate and Bill Crony peering at her from under the main boom.

*(To be continued.)*

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## 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," &c., &c.*

THE following cutting sarcasm was written by the late Mortimer Collins :—

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier ;  
Centuries pass'd, and his hair became curlier :  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—  
Then he was a MAN,—and a Positivist."

It is a fact, not altogether creditable to the poets of the past ages, that War has been more sung than the blessings of peace ; and that convivial songs have been more the rage than any hymnings of sobriety. Not that I would throw all the blame on the bards ; for in literature, as in commerce, the laws of supply and demand will prevail. The great masters painted altar pieces principally in the past, because the Church was worth all their other customers. Had they painted cabinet pictures merely, they must have starved. It is a good sign of the times in which we live that the pulpit, the platform, the bench, and the press, are each rapidly awakening to a true sense of the evils of drunkenness ; and there are sweet singers not ashamed to tune their lyres to chant the blessings of sobriety. I have been pleased to see a small volume of really good poetry, neatly printed at the Orphan's Printing Press, Leominster, entitled *The Wasted Grain, and other Poems, by A. L. W.* To the earnest teetotaler the little book is a gem, and no sensible moderate drinker can read it without pleasure. But why should the fair authoress—for I have reasons for supposing the writer is a lady—include dancing as one of "the fatal three" sins ? Surely she cannot be so veritable a bigot as to believe that there is anything wicked in dancing itself ? The ancient Greeks, the finest people of antiquity, wisely encouraged the dance, and it helped, rather than otherwise, to give them that fine physical form which distinguished them from all other nations. But then they were Pagans, and our authoress would say we ought to shun Pagan practices. But did not the Pagan Romans discountenance dancing ? And is it not their surly example which the Quakers and others have copied in looking upon the graceful exercise as accurst, rather than "the Volume of the Sacred law," which A. L. W. evidently takes as her standard of morality and religion ? If the Sallii danced through the streets of Rome as priests of Mars, had not the holy David danced before the ark of the Lord as he brought it up from the house of Obed-edom, 1042 B.C., for which, Samuel tells us, "Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord, and she despised him in her heart." Surely Michal was the precursor of our sourest Puritans ? No careful reader of the Bible can have helped noticing that dancing was a part of the ancient worship of the true God, Jehovah, as well as of the false gods of the heathen. That sweet song of Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, which for three thousand three hundred and sixty eight years has sounded through the vaults of time as one of the noblest hymns of thanksgiving—was sung to the timbrels and dances of the women of Israel, just delivered from their bondage to the Egyptians. And in a still older composition, the book of Job, it was stated nearly four thousand years ago of the wicked, that "they sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance ;" not that dancing was looked upon by this oldest of poets as sinful, but is merely mentioned as a sign of happiness. It was at an annual "feast of the Lord," 1406 B.C., that the lovely virgins of Shiloh were dancing, according to their

usual custom, when the sons of Benjamin (after the barbarous usage of ancient times, when women were considered the goods and chattels of their husbands), sprung from their ambush in the vineyard, seized them, and bore them away for their wives; and whoever heard of them proving less chaste matrons or worse mothers for their love of dancing? "O, Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a daughter had thou!" but whoever loved her the less because when her father returned safe and victorious to Mizpah, 1143 B.C., she went "out to meet him with timbrels and with dances?" Three thousand and twenty years of darkness, hiding much of the past from us, has not been able to dim that dancing from the eyes of posterity. "When David was returning from the slaughter of the Philistines," 1063 years B.C., we are told by Samuel, "that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing;" and when the Amalekites were so severely smitten with the sword by David, seven years afterwards, it is not recorded as a crime that they were surprised dancing. Nay, the royal psalmist himself sang:—

"Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me:

Lord, be Thou my helper!

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing:

Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and guided me with gladness."—*Psalm xxx.*

Again, *Psalm cxlix*:—

"Let them praise His name in the dance:

Let them sing praises unto Him with the timbrel and harp."

Then again, *Psalm cl.*:—

"Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:

Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with the timbrel and dance:

Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise Him upon the loud cymbals:

Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals."

"To everything there is a season," says our wise traditional Grand Master, Solomon, "and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" and he specially mentions "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." To "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," was one of the blessings promised to the "virgin of Israel," 606 B.C., by the prophet Jeremiah; and again,—"Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together;" and in his *Lamentations* he exclaims,—"The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning." The anger of Moses, 1491 B.C., recorded in the thirty-second chapter of *Exodus*, was not against the dancing, but the return to idolatry. And whenever the holy Jesus mentions dancing, as in the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, or the fine figurative expression of "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," there is never the least condemnation of the practice. "And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday made a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee; and when the daughter of Herodias came in and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him," it is not dancing (or even *vaunting*, as I am told this performance was) that is condemned by St. Mark, but her unwomanly request—"I will that thou give me by and by the head of John the Baptist in a charger!" Why, then, should those who profess to take the Scriptures as the guide of their faith and actions, condemn dancing in toto? Because, like every good thing, it may be abused, is that any reason for banishing it entirely from the world? Though I never was a dancer myself—the gloom of my blighted hopes through life causing me to brood over the sufferings of humanity too much, like Heraclitus, of Ephesus, when I perhaps had better have laughed a little more at the follies of mankind, like Democritus, of Abdera—yet I always have enjoyed that beautiful description of the dance after supper, in Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, where he says:—"It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld Religion

mixing in the dance ; but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way ; and that, all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice ! believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay." To which the Rev. Laurence, perhaps rather heterodoxly, adds :—" or a learned prelate either, said I."

I am glad to see that Messrs C. Kegan Paul and Co., the successors to the publishing business of Messrs. Henry King and Co., are issuing the Poetical Works of our greatest living bard, Alfred Tennyson, in ten volumes at a shilling each. The first has just reached us, of which more anon. A people's edition has long been wanted.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

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### SHAKSPEARE: SONNETS, XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes now wail my dear times' waste ;  
 Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I now pay, as if not paid before.  
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

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### IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Cum mihi quod retro est ævi se sistit imago,  
 Remque in iudicium mens taciturna vocat,  
 Spes doleo lusas rerum, plorataque quondam  
 Questus ab integro tempora trita gemo.  
 Tum recolens Leti quos intempesta premit nox,  
 Flere licet cessem, pectora fida, fleo.  
 Tum renovat lacrimas indebitus angor amoris,  
 Et mihi quo steterint gaudia recta gemo.  
 Plorandi scio materiem plorare vetustam,  
 Et memor ærumnas dinumerare meas,  
 Justaque, flebilium ducta ratione malorum,  
 Solvere bis, quasi noe illa soluta prius.  
 Tot tamen amissis, tua si me stringit imago,  
 Te compensavi, tristitiaque vaco.