

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

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FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

OUR Royal Grand Master is on his way back from India, and has reached Aden. We shall soon happily see him in England, well, and having gained golden opinions from all. His Progress has been a great success.

The onward progress of Freemasonry continues, and new Lodges are consecrated every day. The number on our Lodge Roll now records 1600. The truth is, all the recent attacks have done Freemasonry no great harm, rather have conferred on it much "prestige," despite Mr. Gladstone's objections to such a use of the word.

French Freemasonry is in somewhat a disturbed state, but the Grand Orient seem to be very properly upholding the Laws of the Order—the whole laws and nothing but the laws.

We publish on another page the Wilson MS. Constitution. It is a manuscript written on vellum, rubricated in certain words, and said to be of 17th century. A vellum MS. in England of the 17th century is very rare. We hope, however, to obtain a facsimile of the handwriting, which may lead to a distinct certainty as to the date. We are ourselves inclined to fix the date as the 16th century, from the simple fact of its being on vellum and rubricated. It is mentioned by Preston in 1778, and, if we remember rightly, in Dr. Oliver's edition of Hutchinson, and is said by Preston to be tempore Henry VIII. It was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillips, the great MS. collector, from Mr. Wilson, and is now in the possession of his son-in-law, the Rev. J. E. A. Fenwick, of Thirlestane House, Cheltenham, who has kindly permitted a copy to be taken of the MS., and that it should be published "literatim et verbatim in extenso." It is a curious manuscript per se, for several reasons, to which we shall allude in our next number, and very interesting to Masonic students.

We also publish a most interesting paper in this number, by the late Rev. J.

Dalloway, well known as an archæological writer, though, we believe, a non-Mason. His paper is most interesting, and deserves to be carefully studied, and we have no doubt that it will be appreciated by all Masonic students.

We are glad to note how the increase of Masonic literature is evidenced daily amongst us, and we trust that a new era is dawning on our Order in that healthy study of our antiquities, our history, our evidences, and our archæology, which will lead us to be intelligent and critical, reasoning and reasonable, alike as to our morals and our claims, our facts and our fictions.

We defer some remarks about R. Catholic and other eccentricities until our next.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

Here, cheerlessly, 'neath frowning heav'ns
we dwell

In these cold, cloudy islands of the
West,

But looking t'wards the bright and
glowing east,

Our hearts, with hope expectant, joyous
swell,

And throb with yours, ye sons of Israel.

"Tribes of the wand'ring foot and weary
breast,

When will ye flee away, and be at rest?"

So sings a bard, whose strain bemoans ye
well—

As mine bemoans.—Restor'd to your own
land,

Each Babylonish storm, each tempest
o'er—

Nor far the time—then, on your happy
shore,

The Lodge, of all Grand Lodges the most
grand,

Shall, yet, the universal centre be
Of our true Catholic Freemasonry.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

THE WILSON MANUSCRIPT CONSTITUTION.

THE BOOKE OF CONSTITUTIONS.

THE might of the Father of Heaven and the wisdom of the glorious sone, through the grace & goodnes; of the holy ghost y^t bene three sons and one God be wth us at our begininge and give us grace soe to govern us heerein our livinge that wee may come to his blisse that never shall have endinge Amen.

Good Brethren, and fellowes our purpose is to tell you howe and in what maner wyse this worthy craft of Masonrye was begoon And afterwarde how it was kept by worthy Kings and Princes and by many other worshopfull men And also to those that bee heere wee will charge by the charges, that longeth to every free mason to keepe. For in good faith and they take good heede to it, it is woorthy to be well kepte, for it is a woorthy craft and a curious science For theie by seaven Liberrall Sciences of which seaven it is one of them And the names of the seaven sciences be theis—The first is Grammar and that teacheth a man to speake trulie and to write truelie. The second is Rhretorick and that teacheth a man to speake faire in softe termes. The thierde is Dialectick or Logique and that teacheth a man for to deserne or knowe truth from falshood. And the forth is Arithmetick which teacheth a man to recon and to counte all manner of number. The fifth is Geometrie and that teacheth a man the mete and measure of earth and of all other things the w^{ch} science is called Masonrie. And the sixt science is called Musicke and that teacheth a man the craft of songe and voice of tongue and organ harpe and trumpet. And the viith Science is called Astronomy and that teacheth a man to knowe the course of the sonne of the moone and of the starres. These bee the seaven liborall sciences The w^{ch} seaven bee all found by one science that is to say Geometrie And this may a man prove that all the science of the

world is founde by Geometrie for Geometrie teacheth a man measure Ponderation and waight of all manner of things on earth. For their is noe man that worketh any craft but he worketh by some mete or measure nor noe man buyeth or selleth but by some measure or some waight. And all this is Geometrie, And these marchaunts Craftsmen and all other of the vii. Sciences and especially the plowman and the tillers of all manner of graine and seedes vine planters and setters of other fruites are hereby directed for by Grammar nor ^{[appears to be a word} _{left out here} nor Astronomy ne by any other of all the vii. sciences noe man findeth mett or measure without Geometrie wherefore me thinketh that the science of Geometrie is most worthy y^t findeth all other.

How this worthy science was first begoone I shall tell you, Before Noes floude there was a man that was called Lameth as it is written in the Bible in the iiiiith Chapter of Genesis. And this Lameth had two wives the one wyfe hight Ada and the other Sella. By his first wyfe Ada he gote twoe sons the one hight Jabell the other Juball and by the other wyfe Sella hee gatt a sonne and a daughter and theis fower children found the beginninge of all the Crafts in the world. And the elder sonne Jabell found the craft of Geometry and he flockes of sheepe and land in the field and furst wrought a houses of stone and tree as as it is noted in the Chapter above said and his brother Juball found the Crafte of Musick, Song of Tonge, harpe, and organ. And the thirde brother Tubalcayn, found Smith's crafte of gould, silver, copper, Yron, and steele. And the daghter found the crafte of weaving. And theis children knew well that God woulde doe vengeance for sinne eyther by fyer or water. Wherefore they wrott their sciences that they hadd found in two pillars of stone that they might be found after Noe's Floude. And the one was marble for that woulde not burne with anie fire. And the other stone was called Laternes for that

woulde not drowne in any water. Our intent is to tell you truly how and in y^t maner theis stones were found where in theis Sciences were written. The greate Hermarines that was Cubies sonne the which Cube was Sem's sonne that was Noe's sonne. Thies same Hermarines was afterwards called Hermes the Father of wisdom hee found one of the Pillers of Stone and founde the sciences written therein, and he taught it to other men. And att the makeing of the tower of Babilon there was Masonrie made much of. And the King of Babilon y^t hight Nemrod was a mason himselfe as it is said with maisters of histories. And when the Cittie of Ninivie and other Citties of the East shoulde bee made Nemrod the Kinge of Babilon sente thither masons at the request of the Kinge of Nynivie his cozen. And when he sent them forth he gave them a charge in this manner. That they shoulde bee true one to another. And that they shoulde love trulie togeather. And that they should serve the lord truly for their paye soe that y^{or} M^r may have worshipp and all that longe to him. And othermoe charges he gave them, and this was the first time that ever any mason had any charge of his Crafte.

Moreover when Abraham and Sara his wife went into Egypt and there taught the seaven sciences to the Egyptians he had a woorthy Schollar that night Euclide and he learned right well and was a maister of the vii. Sciences And in his daies it befell that the Lords and the Estates of the Realme had so many sonnes that they had gotten some by their wives and some by other ladies of the realme for that land is a hot land and plenteous of generation And they had noe competente livelihode to finde their children wherefore they tooke mutch care And then the kinge of the lande made a greate counsell and a parliam^t to witt how they maight finde their children honestly as gentlemen and they coulde finde noe good maner of waie And then did they proclaime throghe all the

realeme, that if there were any man that coulde enforme them that he shoulde come unto them and he shoulde bee soe rewarded for his travell that hee shoulde hold him well pleased. After that this crye was made then came this woorthy clarke Euclide and said to the Kinge and to all his greate Lords. If ye will take mee your children to governe I will teache them one of the seaven sciences wherewith they may live honestly as gentlemen shoulde under a condicon that yee woulde graunt me them that I may have power to rule them after the maner that the science ought to bee ruled And that the kinge and all his counsell graunted anon and sealed the commission And then this woorthy clerke tooke to him theis lords sonnes and taught them the science of Geometrie in practicke for to woorke in stones all manner of woorthie workers that belongeth to buildinge churches temples, castles Towers and mancors and all other buildings, and he gave them a charge in this maner.

The first is that they should be true to the Kinge and to the Lorde that they serve and that they shoulde love well together and bee true eache to other And they should call eache other his fellowe or else his brother and not his servante nor his knave nor none other fowle name, and that they should trulie deserve their pay of the Lorde or the Maister of the woorke that they serve and that they should ordaine the wisest of them to bee maister of the woorke and neyther for love nor lyuage riches or favour to sett another that hath little cunninge to be maister of the Lorde's woorke whereby the Lord should bee evil served and thei ashamed, And also that they should call the gouvernor of the woorke maister in the time that they woorke with him And other manie moe charges which are to longe to tell. And to all theis charges he made them swere a greate oath that men used in that time and ordained for them reason; able paye whereby they might live honestly. And also that they should come and assemble together every yeare

once howe they might woorke best to serve their Lorde for his proffitt and to their owne woorship. And to correct within themselves him that had trespassed against the craft and thus was the craft grownded theare. And that woorthy clerk Euclide gave it the name of Geomtry and now it is called through the all this land Masonrie.

Sithen longe after when the children of Israell were come into the lande of behest that is now called amongst us the countrie of Jerusalem Kinge David began the temple that is called Templum Domini and is named with us the temple of Jerusalem And this same Kinge David loved well Masons and cherished them much and gave them good pay. And he gave the Charges and the maners as he had learned in Egipte given by Euclide and other charges moe which yee shall here afterwarde. And after the decease of Kinge David Soloman that was Kinge David's soone performed out the Temple that his father had begoone and hee sent for Masons into divers countries and lands and gathered them together soe that he had fower score thousand workemen that were workers of stones and were all named Masons. And hee chose of them three thousand that were ordained to be Maisters & governors of his woorke.

And furthermore there was a Kinge of another Region that men called Iram and he loved well kinge Soloman And he gave him timber to his woorke And had a soone that hight Aynon and he was a maister of Geometrie and was chiefe maister of all his Masons and was maister of his gravinge and carvinge and all other manner of masonrie that longeth to the Temple And this is wittnessed in the Bible in the iiith booke of Kinges the thirde chapter And this same Soloman confirmed both charges and manners that his father had given to masons And thus was that woorthy craft of Masonrie confirmed in the countrie of Jerusalem and manie other Kingdomes.

Curious craftesmen walk . . . full

wyde in divers countries for ^(obliterated) more craft and cunninge and for ^(obliterated) them that had but little cunninge ^(obliterated) befell that there was a curious mason that hight Grecus that had been at the woorkinge of Solomon's temple And he came into France and theare he taught the science of Masonry to men of France And there was one of the regall lyne of France that hight Charles Martell & he was a man that loved well such a crafte and drewe to this Grecus and he learned of him the crafte and took upon him the charges and the maners And afterwards by the grace of God he was electe to be kinge of France And when he was in his estate he tooke masons and did helpe to make men masons that were none and sett them a worke and gave them ^(sett out) he had learned of other masons And confermed them a charter from yeare to yeare to hold their assemblie where they woulde and cherished them righte much And thus came the craft into France.

England in all this season stode voyde of any charge of Masonrie until St. Alban's time And in his dayes the kinge of England that was a Paynim did wall the towne aboute that was called St Albans And St Alban was a woorthie knight and steward of the king's householde and had the government of the realme & also towne walls and loved masons well and cherished them much and he made their pay right goode standinge as the realme did for he gave them 2^s a weeke and iii^d to their chearee, for before that time throwe all the land a mason had but a penny a daie and his meate untill St Alban amended itt And . . . them a charter of the kinge and his counsaile for to . . . an gave itt the name of an assemblie and was there att himselfe and helped for to make masons and gave them charges as yee shall here afterwards right soone.

After the death of St Alban there came . . . into England of divers nations soe that the good rule of Masonrie was destroyed until the time

of kinge Athelstone that was a woorthie kinge of England and brought all this land into rest and peace And builded manie greate workes of Abbies . . . other buildings.

And hee loved well masons and had a sonne that hight Edwyn and he loved masons much more than his father did And he was a greate practizer of Geometrie And he drue him much common and talke with masons to learn of them the craft. And afterwards for love that hee had to masons and to the craft hee was made a mason And he gatt of the kinge his father a charter of commission to hold an assembly where they would within the realme once a yeare And to correct within themselves faults and trespasses that were done within the crafte And he held an assemblie him seafe at Yorke and there he made masons and gave them charges and taught them and commanded that rule to be kept for ever after And gave them the charter and comission to keepe and made an ordinance that it shoulde be renewed from kinge to ginge And when the assemblie was gathered togeather he made a crie that all old masons and young that had any writeing or understanding of the charges and manners that was made before in this lande or in any other that they shoulde bring and shewe them furth And when it was proved there were found some in Frenck some in Greeke and some in English and some in other languages and they were all to one intente And he made a booke there of howe the craft was founded and he him selfe bid and commanded it shoulde be read or tolde when anie mason shoulde be made and for to give him his charges And from that daye untill this time manners of masons have beene kept in that forme as well as men might governe it Furthermore att divers assemblies certaine charges have been made and ordained by the best advise of maisters and fellowes.

Tunc unus ex seniority tenet librum et ille vel illi apponunt manus sup librum et tunc precepta debent legi.

Everie man that is a Mason take right good heede to theis charges and if any man finde himselfe guiltie in any of theis charges That he amende himselfe against God And especially ye that are to be charged take good heede that you maie keepe theis charges right well for it is a greate perrill a man to forsware himselfe upon a Booke The first charge is this y^t yee shall bee true men to God and holy Church And that ye use noe error nor heresie by your understandinge or descretion but bee ye discrete men or wise men in eache thinge And alsoe y^t yee should bee leige men to the Kinge of England without treason or anie other fals hode And that ye knowe noe treason nor treacherie but you amende itt iff you maie, or else warne y^e kinge or his counsell thereof And also yee shall be true eache onto other that is to saie to every mason of the crafte of masonrie that be masons allowed yee shall doe unto them as you woulde that they shoulde doe unto you And also thaty you keepe all the counsell of your fellowes trulie be it in lodge or in chamber and all other counsell that ought to be kepte by the way of Brotherhood And also that noe mason shall bee a thiefe or farrforth as he may witt or knowe And alsoe that yee shall bee true eache unto other and to the lorde or maister that ye serve and truly to see to his profitts and his advantage And alsoe ye shall call masons your fellowes or brethren and non other fowle name And alsoe ye shall not take your fellowes wyfe in villaine, nor desire ungodlie his Daughter or his servant nor put him to noe dishorshipp And alsoe that you paye trulie for your meate and drinke theare where you goe to borde whereby y^e crafte might bee slandred Theis bee the charges in generall that longeth to every true mason to keepe both maisters and fellowes.

Reherfe I will other charges in singuler for maisters and fellowes First that noe maister or fellowe shall take uppon him any lords woorke nor any other man's woorke unlesse hee knowe himselfe able and sufficient

of cunninge to performe the same soe that the Crafte have noe slander or dis-woorshipp thereby but that the lord maie bee well and truly served Alsoe y^t noe maister take noe woorke but that hee take itt reasonably soe that the lord may be well served with his owne good and the maister to live honestly and to paie his fellowes trulie theer pay as the manner is Alsoe that noe masters nor fellowes shall not supplant anie other of their woorke that is to say if he have taken a woorke in hand or else stand M^r of the Lords woorke he shall not putt him out except hee bee unable of cuninge to end the woorke And alsoe that noe maister or fellowe take noe prentice but for the time of vii yeares and that the prentice bee able of birth (that is to say) free borne & hole of limmes as a man ought to bee And also that noe maisters nor fellowes take noe allowances to be made mason wth the asent and councill of his fellowes And that he take him for noe lesse time then yeares and that hee which shall bee made a mason bee able in all maner of degrees That is to say free borne come of good kindred true and noe bond man and alsoe that hee have his right limnis as a man ought to have Also that noe man take any aprentice unlesse hee have sufficient occupacon for to sett him on Or to sett three of his fellowes or twoe att at the least on woorke. And also that noe maister or fellowe shall take noe man's woorke to taske that was wont to goe to jornie Alsoe that every maister shall geve pay to his fellowes but as they deserve soe that hee be not deceived by false woorke-men. Also that noe mason slander another behinde his backe to make him losse his good name or his worldlie goods Also that noe fellowe within the lodge or with out misauns were an other ungodlie or reproch fully without some reasonable cause Also that every mason shall reverence his elder and put him to woorshipp And also that noe mason shall be . . . common player att hazard or att dice nor att any other unlawfull playes whereby the

crafte might be slandered And alsoe that noe mason shall use noe lechery nor bee noe bande whereby the crafte might bee slandered And alsoe that noe fellowe goe into the towne night times of fallowes withoute hee have a fellowe with him that maie beare him wittnes that he was in honest places. Also that every M^r and fellowe shall come to the assemblie if that he be within fifty myles about him if he have anie warning And if he have trespassed against the crafte then for to abide the award of the maisters and fellowes Also that every maister and fellowe that have trespassed against the crafte shall stand to the awarde of the maisters and fellowes to make them accorded if they cann and if they maie not accorde them then to goe to the common Lave Also that noe maister nor fellowe make noe moulde nor square nor rule to noe layare nor sett noe layare within the lodge nor without to hewe noe moulde stones Also that everie mason receive and cherish straunge fellowes when they come over the countries and sett them a woorke if they will as the manner is That is to say if they have moulde stones in his place or else hee shall refresh him with money to the next lodgeing Also that every mason shall truelie serve the lord for his paie And everie maister trulie to make an ende of his woorke be it taske or jornie if hee have his demands and all that hee ought to have.

Theis chargs that wee have nowe rehersed unto you and all other that belonge to masons yee shall keepe soe helpe you god and your Hallidome.

HALF the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

GRAVITY is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A COUNTRY paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools:—The precious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about there, and replied that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before."

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF
MASTER AND FREE MASONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES DALLAWAY.

Cough, and cry hem ! if anybody come—
A mystery—a mystery! *Othello.*

I APPROACH this investigation with much diffidence, confining it entirely to historical facts : and it would have given me satisfaction if I had gained more than to be referred to a modern work of high estimation.* The mysteries of the masonic oracle are there darkly shadowed forth, and hid from my comprehension. A very superficial view is given of the history which was the sole object of my research. A justly-esteemed modern author † has sensibly observed—"that the curious subject of Freemasonry has unfortunately been treated of only by panegyrists or calumniators, both equally mendacious. I do not wish to pry into the mysteries of the craft, but it would be interesting to know more of their history during the period in which they were literally architects."

Concerning the extremely remote origin of the fraternities, I shall waive any inquiry, by excluding legendary tradition, or conjecture formed upon it, confining my research to evidence alone, which will be succinctly given.

That the sumptuous temples in which Ancient Greece abounded, were the works

of architects in combination with a fraternity of masons (*Χοιρωνια*), no reasonable doubt can be entertained.‡ That with the Romans, such fraternities (*Collegia*), including the (*Fabri*) workmen who were employed in any kind of construction, were subject to the laws of Numa Pompilius, is an apparent fact. Need the modern Freemasons require a better authenticated antiquity, and not prefer a Roman origin to the mystified traditions of Jachin and Boaz ? ¶

To particularise even a few of the architects during the progress of the Roman empire, and the stupendous edifices which were designed and completed by them, is beyond the scope of this attempt.

The first notice that occurs of an associated body of artificers, Romans, who had established themselves in Britain, is a votive inscription, in which the College of Masons dedicate a temple to Neptune and Minerva, and the safety of the family of Claudius Cæsar. § It was discovered at Chichester in 1725, in a fragmented state, and having been placed together, is now preserved at Goodwood, near that city, the seat of the Duke of Richmond. Pliny, the author of the well-known epistles, when pro-consul of Asia Minor, in one which he addressed to the Emperor Trajan, informs him of a most destructive fire at Nicomedia, and requests him to establish a *Collegium Fabrorum* for the rebuilding of the city. ¶

* "Preston's Illustration of Free Masonry," (Oliver's edit.) In this work, which condescends to comparatively modern history, mention is made of certain Free Masons who have conducted celebrated buildings—instances by no means confirmed by chronological facts.

† "Hallam on the Middle Ages," vol. iii. p. 435 note, 8vo.

‡ To mention the more celebrated architects, with their known works :—To Ctesiphon and Metagenes the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is ascribed ; Rhæcus of Samos, built the temple of Juno in that island, and Ictinus and Callicrates that of the Parthenon at Athens. This may be a sufficient selection from many others of scarcely an inferior fame.

¶ Jachin and Boaz were columns of a composed metal, in the first temple of Jerusalem, the architect of which was Hiram. The translation of Jachin is "firm," and of Boaz, "in its strength," so denominated by Solomon. See Kings, c. vii. v. 15; and Jeremiah, c. xv. repeated in the xviiiith. These columns, exclusively of their capitals, were eighteen cubits high and twelve in girth, and, like those now seen in Egyptian temples, extremely unsymmetrical. Hiram invented, or rather adopted, the capital with the lily. The Corinthian acanthus was not invented, but altered by Callimachus, who devised the variation only from the lily of Hiram.—"Gabb's Finis Pyramidis," 8vo.

§ See "History of Western Sussex," vol. i. p. 3, 4to. 1815. "The learned antiquary, Roger Gale, who has printed a memoir concerning this inscribed stone in the Philosophical Transactions, has decided from internal evidence, that it is the earliest memorial of the Romans hitherto discovered in any part of Great Britain." It is therefore the first proof of associated artificers established in this country.

¶ Plinii Epistolæ, cum annotationibus Gesneri, lib. x. Epist. xlii. 8vo. Plinius Trajano Imp. "Tu Domine despicere, an instituendum putes, Collegium Fabrorum, duntaxat hominum cl. (50); ego attendam ne quis nisi Faber recipiatur, neve jure concesso, in aliud utatur. Nec erit difficile custodire tam paucos." The emperor refuses, and alleges as a reason—"sed meminerimus provinciam istam et precipue eas civitates, ab ejusmodi factionibus esse vexatas." The jealousy entertained by all arbitrary governments against confraternities, whose consultations are held under the seal of impenetrable secrecy or the penalty annexed to the breach of it, was early displayed by Trajan, who rejects the proposal under the apprehension of perpetual danger.

The title of *Architectus Angustorum* was borne by Q. Cissonius, during the reigns of Severus and M. Antoninus.*

Previously to the foundation of Constantinople, "the magistrates of the most distant provinces were directed, by a royal edict, to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges to engage in the study and practice of architecture, a sufficient number of ingenious youths, who had received a liberal education."† A similar mandate was issued by the Emperor Theodosius.‡ Such were the apparent origin of a scientific institution among the Romans; but as the foregoing remarks are merely preliminary, or incidental, I hasten to the Gothick field, from whence a view may present itself, not only of masonic establishments, but of many eminent master-masons whose names and works have been obscurely noticed, or without chronological classification. In giving this series, the leading purposes of inquiry will be, to ascertain those who were employed in our own country.

There is a certain document which proves, that in the eighth century, Charlemagne had invited artificers|| from every country of Europe in which they were established, to erect his magnificent church at Aix la Chapelle. His æra may be therefore fixed upon as that least liable to contradiction or doubt, as that of the best authority of such a body on the Continent.

* A sepulchral inscription found at Naples. Gruteri, p. 537, insc. 4.

† "Gibbon's Roman Empire," vol. iii. p. 91, 8vo.

‡ "Codex Theodosianus," vol. xiii. tit. 4 leg. 1. Procopius de Edificiis. D'Agincourt's "History of Architecture," imp. fol.

|| "Brevi ab eo fabricata, ex omnibus, Cismarinis regionibus, magistris et opificibus advocatis."—"St. Gaul. Legend." l. i. c. 32.

§ "Willelmus Senonensis in ligno et lapide artifex subtilissimus, ad lapides formandos, tornemata valde ingeniose, formas quoque ad lapides formandos, his qui convenerant sculptoribus, tradidit. Chron. Gervasii, X. Script. Gervasse is the most ancient of the monkish writers who has given an account strictly architectural. In others, there is a frequent obscurity in the expressions and terms used, and a substitution of one for the other in their description of any great building. We must not, however, allow the claim of the masons of Cologne and Strasburgh to supersede the French and Italian establishments, with respect to more than priority.

¶ The only persons connected with the building of Salisbury and Westminster were Elias de Berham and Robertus Cementarius. Leland. Itin. vol. iii. p. 60.—Berham is supposed to have repaired King John's palace at Westminster. A writ was likewise directed, "Magistro Johanni de Gloucester, cameterio suo, et custodibus operationum de Westminster." Fitz Otho Aurifex, a German, was likewise employed, not as architect but as a carver.—Walpole's "Anecdotes," last edition.

** There were two great colleges in Germany, one at Cologne and the other at Strasburgh. Granddier, in his manual relating to the last-mentioned cathedral attributes the origin of that masonry to the erection of that celebrated edifice by Irwin von Steinbach, in the thirteenth century. All the German lodges, when established, considered Strasburgh as their common parent, and their original statutes are preserved there. The celebrated Hammer of Vienna asserts them to be contemporary with the Knights Templars.—"I defy all the masons of England, France, Germany, or Scotland—even those who have attained to the highest degrees in the society, to prove as much, in spite of Hiram and the temple of Solomon, and in spite of Phaleg and the tower of Babel. The cathedrals of Vienna, Cologne, and Lanshut, were all of them being built at the same time. I believe that the tower of Strasburgh is a

After the Norman conquest, the prelates Lanfranc and Gundulph brought over to England not only the style of architecture which was peculiar to their own native province, but the artificers themselves. These had been chiefly employed in building the two great churches at Caen, and that likewise of vast dimensions, attached to the Abbey of Bec. § Gundulph was no less eminent for his military architecture, and his designs were executed by the same hands.

The first master-mason whose works are extant in England, and his name authenticated, is William of Sens, ¶ who was assisted and succeeded by William the Englishman in the completion of the choir of Canterbury cathedral, in the year 1179.

At the commencement of the next century, we may consider the fraternity to have been consolidated in this kingdom, as it had been for some years previously both in Germany and France. Besides the abbey church of Westminster, there were not a few sumptuous and extensive ecclesiastical structures, which, at that time, were making a contemporary progress. Authors maintain distinct opinions as to the priority of the German schools, from whence it is contended that the master-masons with their *confères*, or operatives, have emigrated into France and Italy.** Certain it is, that several architects were employed in both those countries, and perhaps before their own countrymen, both

in point of time and preference.* The style denominated "The *Teutonic*, or *German*," was the invention of this bold and very highly scientific order of architecture, which may be referred to those chosen and selected artists, who have shown themselves, in repeated instances great mathematicians, and perfectly experienced in mechanics; and who, on assured principles of science, executed some of the boldest and most astonishing works which were ever erected by man.

It has been observed by a celebrated modern architect, that "the incorporation of masons in the thirteenth century, may have finally brought the pointed arch to that consistency and perfection to which it had not then attained."†

Two principal colleges were formed, at Strasburgh and at Cologne, by the master-masons of those stupendous cathedrals, who at that period assumed, and were allowed, a jurisdiction over all inferior societies, wherever they exercised their craft. In these conventions regulations were formed, which were religiously preserved under the strong sanction of good

faith and secrecy. They were probably very numerous attended, at least by master-masons; and as all communications relative to their art‡ were delivered orally, the subordinate associates had only the experience which the practice afforded them of applying the principles thus detailed. A difficulty occurs, if it be considered that none but oral instruction was given even to the master-masons, how to account for plans and working-drawings which have been preserved in the archives of so many of the foreign cathedrals. We know the cause of their destruction in England.

It has been asserted, that in the early part of the thirteenth century, "The Colleges of Masons," in every country of Europe where they had assembled themselves, received the blessing of the Holy See, under an injunction of dedicating their skill to the erection of ecclesiastical buildings; and that certain immunities were conceded to them, such as forming themselves into small and migratory societies,|| under the government of a master of the craft, with the privilege of taking apprentices, who, after a due initiation, became

more sensible and certain monument of the origin of the society, than the brazen columns of Jachin and Boaz." This chivalrous challenge is given by an anonymous author, in a letter affixed to Granddier's "Essais sur la Cathédrale de Strasburgh," 1782, 8vo. Notwithstanding that this period is so peremptorily fixed as the confraternities, it is certain that individual German architects were employed in other countries—as Zamodia (Tedesco) at Pisa; Lapo, or Jacopo, at Arezzo, 1240; and John and Simon of Cologne, who built the cathedral of Burgos in Spain. The French strenuously contest the claim of the Germans, nor do I find the record of any of their architects who were employed in France or England, excepting Enguerand, or Ingelramme, the master-mason of the cathedral of Rouen, 1244, and of the second abbey of Bec, in Normandy. "The vaults of many very large churches, are only from nine to ten inches thick; and the outer walls, though more than sixty feet high, are frequently but two feet thick," Moller.—A more complete proof of their consummate skill and proficiency need not be given. Previously to the commencement of Westminster Abbey, Henry III. is said to have had consultations with many master-masons—"convocati sunt artifices Franci et Angli." T. Walsingham, X. Script.—Upon the introduction of these artificers, the building of the following cathedrals was going on almost simultaneously: Wells, 1212—1230; Salisbury, 1220; Worcester, 1218—1230; Peterborough façade, 1233—1246; Lichfield, 1235; Durham, 1230; Ely, 1235; Lincoln, 1240; York, 1227. Many of the largest and most sumptuous buildings and abbey churches were likewise contemporary. For such works a great number of these fraternities were indispensable.

* "Dibden's Tour," v. iii. Strasburgh.

† "Archæologia," vol. xxiii. essay by R. Smirke.

‡ Bishop Lucy, for building his cathedral in 1202, instituted a confraternity to endure for five years. Milner's "History of Winchester," vol. ii. p. 14. 4to.—As a fact which has not been questioned, the first complete example of the Gothic style in England is De Lucy's addition to Winchester cathedral in 1202. It has been remarked by Whittington in his Essay—"That from the first rise of Gothick in the twelfth, to its completion in the fifteenth century, the improvements are owing to the munificence of the Church, and the vast abilities of the free masons, in the Middle Ages. These scientific persons have great claim to our admiration, from the richness and fertility of their inventive powers. By them the eastern style was transplanted into the west; and under them, it was so much altered and amplified, that it assumed an entirely new appearance." Did they accompany the Crusaders, and learn the Arab architecture for the purpose of adopting it upon their return? These immense works produced a host of artificers, out of whom, in imitation of the confraternities, which for various purposes had existed from ancient times, companies were formed, academies, schools, and bodies were established. An oath of secrecy was administered to the noviciates; a veil of mystery prevailed their meetings, which, in an age when many were ignorant, conferred importance. Such institutions, in the infancy of science, were singularly beneficial. By their efforts new lights were elicited, and valuable discoveries extensively diffused.

|| Wren's Parentalia. "Archæologia," vol. iv. 150; vol. ix. 110—126. Shakespeare has an accurate idea of a master-mason: "Chief architect and plotter," i.e. the layer of a foundation.

free and accepted masons. But it is certain that such a papal rescript or document has been industriously sought for in the Vatican library, and without success. If this indulgence took place in the first half of the thirteenth century, as it is said to have done, there were three popes before 1250.

Some writers on the subject have claimed for these fraternities a close connexion with the Knights Templars, from the similarity which is presumed to have subsisted with respect to both of their mysterious rites of initiation. Be that as it may, it is allowed that they came into England nearly at one and the same time. Nor is there decided proof of their alliance, but a great resemblance in their mysterious pretensions. Exclusion was imperatively ordained by both, as the sure guardian of mystery. They adopted the anathema of Eleusis, "*Procul! O procul este profani!*"

Yet, in candour, we may allow the assertion, that these secret meetings of the master-masons, within any particular district, did not foster political objects, but were, in fact, confined to consultations with each other, which mainly tended to the communication of science, and of improvement in their art. An evident result was seen in the general uniformity of their designs in architecture, with respect both to plan and ornament, yet not without deviations.

We may conclude that the craft or mystery of architects and operative masons was involved in secrecy, by which a knowledge of their practice was carefully excluded

from the acquirement of all who were not enrolled in their fraternity. Still it was absolutely necessary that when they engaged in contracts with bishops, or patrons of the great ecclesiastical buildings, a specification should be made of the component parts, and of the terms by which either contracting party should be rendered conversant with them. A certain nomenclature was then divulged by the master-masons for such a purpose, and became in general acceptance in the middle ages.

After these preliminary observations, I will attempt an investigation of the three leading points which I have had in view in this discourse:—I. The various designations of master-masons and their associates or operatives, which may be authenticated either from their epitaphs in the magnificent structures where they had sepulchres or from the contracts with their patron, and supervisors.—II. An inquiry into the true claims of ecclesiastics, with respect to their having been the sole designers, or architects, of cathedrals and their parts, exclusively of the master-masons whom they employed, and who were required only to execute plans already allowed them.—III. Of architects who practised in England, during the middle ages, concerning whom documentary evidence is adduced, in a series.

I. In the course of research, I have observed so many memorials of master-masons, with a certain variation in the designation of individuals in their sepulchral inscriptions, that the more remarkable only require to be noticed.* Where their effigies are engraven in inlaid brass, as in

* Magister was the original term universally applied to an architect, and which, in distinction to his small band of associated masons, was continued to the latest period. Magister Irvinus de Steinbach, Maistre Jean de Chelles built the south porch of Nôtre Dame in 1257. Alexander de Bernerval, maistre des auvres de maçonrie at the cathedral of Rouen. Depositor operum, literally, he who lays a foundation or gives a plan. The generic word was cémentarius, which, or magister lapidum was used by the earliest Italian writers upon architecture. The French have tailleurs de pierres. L'Anglois observes "that it was not before the eleventh century that churches in France were built entirely of stone, which the historians distinguish as being ex cémentario lapide. In the epitaph of the master-mason of the abbey of Caen, in Normandy, he is styled, "Gulielmus jacet petrarum summus in arte:" and in St. Michael's church, at St. Alban's—"T. Wolvey, latomus summus in acte necon armiger Ricardi Secundi, regis Anglie, ob. 1430." Latomus, or lithotomus, is, literally, stone-hewer (lapicida), and differs in some degree from cémentarius: the first-mentioned, merely a rough-mason; the other who squared and polished the blocks of stone, as ashler, for the intended walls, or who prepared them for ornamental carving and statuary, "gentil entail." Chaucer.—Gervase says of William of Sens—"formas quoque ad lapides formandos, his qui convenerant sculptoribus tradidit. X. Script. In strict alliance with him was the "Magister Carpentarius et depositor operum quoad artem carpentarii. The immense and most scientifically constructed roofs of timber-frame, in the fourteenth century particularly, were the works of their hands. Such an artisan was called by Cicero, "faber tignarius." There were still more perfect discriminations, which have been applied by Chaucer:—

About him lefte he no macon (cémentarius)

That could stone layne (depositor) ne querrou, (latomus)

He hired them to make a toure.—*Romaunt of the Rose.*

In contracts we observe plastrarius (plasterer); parietor (pargetor), &c., temp. Edw. I.

the cathedral of Rouen, the compass, square, and tablet describing a ground plan, are usually added; at Gloucester, with a square only, supported by a projecting figure sculptured; at Worcester, in a bas-relief, already mentioned. It was a natural wish, that their bones should rest under the stupendous roofs which they themselves had raised.

It would be inconsistent both with the limits and purpose of this essay, to enumerate the various contracts, which may be still examined; an instance or two may suffice.*

(To be continued.)

AIMEE.

A WEARY, weary, night
Has passed, and another day
With its glad sunshine from another world
Has flooded our care away.
For lo! in that darken'd room,
The Angel of Death has been,
And a spirit has winged its flight above,
Ere its soul had learned to sin.

Shall we mourn for that flow'ret dead?
Pluck'd brand from the burning pile!
Blossom unset! exposed to earth's wind,
Only a little while.

Say rather in mercy came
That message, from earth to fly,
To live in the light of a Father's Love,
Thro' all Eternity.

And we who are left behind,
Can picture the face that's gone,
Again in our minds as it used to be,—
Sunny and bright as the morn.
While we think had it blossomed here,
In the midst of this great world's care,
Sorrow and sadness had weighed it down—
Perchance to shame and despair.

Yes! a solemn charge 'tis to have,
To keep and to rightly hold,—
Such a gift direct from our Father's hand,
To return one hundred fold.

For whether for good, or ill,
The buds will ripen and bloom,
A life-watch of prayer, of hopes, and fears,
Must guard it e'en to its tomb.

Oh! believe then in mercy sent
Was that gift from God's right hand;
But have faith that in mercy 'tis also
called

To dwell in a happier land!
And we—we may sigh no more—
Believing with heart and soul,
That 'tis best to regain our treasure above,
Unspotted, and pure, and whole.

A weary, weary, time,
May pass ere that day arrive,
Then to keep the glorious end in view,
Each day we must boldly strive.
Till Hope ends in fruition,
And Faith becomes lost in sight,
When Love shall endure for ever and ever
In God's own realms of Light.

Bro. J. H. WYATT, 106.

[The above lines were written at sea,
September, 1871.]

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE FOURTH.

THERE is in the Freemasonry of Scotland a feature which we have ever considered to be a very dark shadow; a feature which we have long considered to be one of those great stumbling blocks in the way of the advancement of the Craft, and which, if removed, would tend materially towards its elevation, and prove of inestimable advantage in the matter of raising it in the public esteem. The feature we allude to is the absurd custom of holding "Harmony Meetings" inside the walls of our lodges.

It has been said that the objections of the ladies to their gentlemen friends becoming members of the Masonic Craft are based entirely upon the fact that they themselves

* In Rymer's *Fœdera*, Stowe, and Dugdale, they occur at length. Richard de Stowe, in 1306, master-mason of Lincoln cathedral, contracted to do the plain work by measure, and the fine carved work and images by the day. Rot. Pat. 3 Edw. Tertii.—Walter de Weston for St. Stephen's chapel, Westminster. Rot. Pat. 26 Hen. VI. p. 2. m. 35.—To John Smythe, warden of the masons, and Robert Wheteley, warden of the carpenters, for King's College, Cambridge. The following is a proof of the estimation and rank which a master-mason or architect held in society during the middle ages. The abbot of St. Edmundsbury (13 Hen. VI. 1439,) contracts with John Wood, masoun, for the repairs and restoration of the great bell tower "in all mannere of things that longe to Free masounry—Borde for himselfe, as a gentilman, and his servaunt as a yoman, and thereto, two robyns, one for himself after a gentilmanys livery. Wages of masons three shillings a man weekly in winter, and 3 shillings 4 pence in summer."—"Archæologia," vol. xxiii. p. 331.

are wholly precluded from participating in a knowledge of our so-called mysteries, but we believe were the matter completely sounded another and far more potent reason could be found, one beside which the other would sink into comparative insignificance, and which of itself is quite sufficient to exercise a powerful influence upon the minds of the fair sex.

It is almost the universal belief in our country (and it is by no means without good grounds for foundation) that at the meetings of our lodges there is ever and always a considerable deal of hard drinking done, and as it is to the male part of the population that our lady friends have to look for support and protection, it is no wonder if this idea should prevent their giving any encouragement to one professing sympathy with our principles, and a desire to become a Freemason.

As an instance of how deeply rooted in some minds is the conviction that to be a craftsman is to be on the fair way of becoming loose in one's habits, we may be allowed to narrate a little incident, which we can do all the more readily as the parties concerned are far beyond the sea, and the main facts of which were known but to a very limited few. A friend of ours who had often heard us expatiating upon the beauties of freemasonry, expressed a desire to become an initiate. We were only too pleased to be of service to him in the matter, and set about arranging the preliminaries, but in the midst we received an intimation to proceed no further, and the upshot was the thing fell through. Upon being questioned regarding his sudden abandonment of his project, he confessed that he was almost on the eve of being married, and upon making his intentions known to his fiancée, he was politely, but at the same time firmly, informed that he must relinquish the idea or make up his mind to do without the lady, who had formed the opinion that freemasonry was only another name for everything that was bad and dissolute. The result was as we have said.

We remember hearing one whose grey hairs entitled him to respectful veneration say, regarding his experience of this matter in Ireland, now many years ago, that the women used to look upon freemasons and freemasonry with a jealous and suspicious

eye. It so chanced that he had occasion to call upon a man in a small town on the east coast. He did not find him at home, and upon making inquiries of his wife as to the cause of his absence, received for answer, "Well, sir, it was one of his mason nights last week and he hasn't been home since, and there's more nor him that it has to answer for, bad luck to it." It was, therefore, to be argued that he had managed to get on a drinking bout and that such a catastrophe was seemingly attendant on his being a freemason. This, however, occurred in what is now popularly known as the "the good old times" (thank God they are gone), and we believe such practices are now "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

It is a much-to-be-regretted fact that so many of our country lodges meet in the rooms of public-houses and hotels. This of itself is dangerous, and likely to engender loose habits. We do not, as an order, profess teetotal principles, but assuredly neither do we countenance the other side of this vexed question, and it is a source of concern to all who have the advancement of the Craft thoroughly at heart to find that there is so much of the "Refreshment" element connected with its workings. We have ourselves witnessed scenes which were not far short of being disgraceful, and that, too, solely owing to the prevalence of this deplorable custom. Far be it from us to say that a craftsman should not be a jolly, good, free-hearted soul, able to take his tumbler of toddy with any man in the country, but this should be done entirely independent of his freemasonry; and to introduce into the workings of our fraternity special nights set apart for what is known as "Harmony and Refreshment," and that harmony and refreshment carried on inside its lodges seems to us to fall little short of holding out to a man that inducement to leave his house and his home for which our publican friends are blamed—the seductive influence of the bottle and glass. But, sirs, apart altogether from the moral view of the question, has it never struck you that it is by no means a consistent thing to practise inside your lodge rooms. Charters have been granted to you to form yourselves into lodges, and premises for your meetings have been got for you, and the Grand Lodge, or its representatives, have

consecrated these lodges to the purposes of freemasonry. And what are the purposes of freemasonry? A binding of men together for their mutual welfare, and for the advancement of every social, moral, and intellectual virtue. A constant endeavour to show to the world at large, by giving many practical exemplifications of the greatest of all virtues—charity, that the name “Freemason” is not an empty nor a boastful title; a keeping before the minds of its adherents the great principles of equity and justice, and so to regulate their lives as to live in the favour of God and man; a careful looking after the interest of the widow and orphan; an earnest striving to hasten the coming of the time when there shall be neither wars nor rumour of wars, but when peace on earth and goodwill towards all men shall make a paradise of a land that has been the scene of many a bitter conflict. These are some of the purposes of Freemasonry, and it is such desires which we earnestly pray animate the breasts of all who appear before us in search of masonic instruction. And yet, taking into consideration the unseemly proceedings but too often witnessed inside our lodge rooms, we might be tempted to infer that there are other purposes of freemasonry which at first we were hardly aware of. Drinking! Surely that is one, that is a something which we are quite accustomed to see, go almost where we may, be the lodge room in the city or in the country. Drinking! and the three great lights of the Crafts lying openly in your midst. Drinking! and a newly-initiated brother looking on in wonderment and feeling constrained to join in your revelry. Is this one of the purposes of freemasonry? Ask yourselves the question. Comic songs and ribald jesting inside the sacred walls; toasting and maudlin speechifying. Are these and such as these among the true great purposes of freemasonry, or are many of its best ends to be gained by such means? Ask yourselves the question and you will have each one of you but one answer:—No! no! distinctly and emphatically, no! The effect of a continuance of such customs will be to lower the Craft in the estimation of those whom we ought to wish would think well of it, and greatly tend towards its utter demoralization. Then why tolerate them any longer?

Is it because they have been handed down to you from time immemorial, is it because they are relics of times about which the less said the better? This is the age of progress, and though our constitutions and our workings shall stand as unchanged in the future as they have done in the past, our surroundings ought to keep pace with the advancement of modern times. Away with such proceedings, away with them. They are eating into the heart of the Craft, and may ultimately sink it. Does it help to raise it in the estimation of society to know that such things are? Does it offer any further inducement to well-doing careful young men to join its ranks and lend their influence towards the furthering of its greatest aims? Does it elevate the morality or strengthen the hands of its members? Ask yourselves the questions and tell us what are your answers. Husbands do you want your wives to think well of the order for which you profess such admiration, and for the meetings of which you leave the attractions of home with such unvarying regularity? If you do you will strike a blow at this evil. How do you want to feel that when your mothers see you dressed and ready to attend the meetings of your respective lodges, they experience no fear that you are going into the way of temptation, knowing that those whom you will meet are they who will be examples to whom you might look with profit and pleasure? If you do will you lend your aid to remove this obstruction in the path of progress? Brothers, if you confide your sisters to the care of a Freemason do you want to feel assured that he is one who will love, honour, and esteem her? Men and brethren, do you want to be able to give the lie direct to all who taunt you with such things; do you want to drive out from among you something ignoble and debasing; do you want to prevent the name “Freemason” ever becoming synonymous with the word “Drunkard?” If you do, then raise your hands and your voices and hurl out the devil that is lurking in your midst. It grieves us to think that did necessity require we could give many instances of the baneful effects of this pernicious system, and we make no unfounded nor unsubstantiated charge when we say it has much to answer for. Men whom we have ourselves come in contact with have

fallen out of the straight paths of duty and honour, and from their high positions, and in more cases than one their masonic tipping has been grievously to blame. Let us see to it. Let us each one of us set the good example we would like to see shown by others, and do all we can to live blameless lives. There is a beautiful passage in Bryant's "Thanatopsis" which we fancy we might quote as a fitting conclusion to our paper, and which, as our learned friend Sergeant Buzfuz has it, "Speaks volumes indeed."

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravans that move towards the pale realms of shade thou go, not like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon, but sustained by an unfaltering trust; approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lays him down to pleasant dreams." X. Y. Z.

LINES

Written on the Marriage of Miss Emily Caroline, second Daughter of Bro. George Marwood, of Busby Hall, Esq., J. P., P. M. of the Cleveland Lodge, No. 543, P. Prov. D. G. M. of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, etc., to Edward Heneage Wynne Finch, of the Manor House, Stokesley, Esq., J. P., February 24th, 1876.

LADY! although to me thou art unknown;
Though he who now has link'd his lot
with thine,
Save by "the tongue of good report," to
me
Is equally a stranger; yet thy sire
Is known and honour'd by me, as by all
The multitude who know him: for to
know
Him is to love him. His the gen'rous
hand
That spreads its bounties broadcast to the
poor;
His the Masonic ear, to which a tale
Of human suffering ne'er is told in vain;
Causing all sects and parties to exclaim,—
Would that his wealth would fructify so
far
That ev'ry penny might become a pound,
So that his hand might keep pace with his
heart,
Which beats with sympathy for all man-
kind,
As taught us by that ancient mystic Craft

A Mason's Daughter, of an ancient house
Renown'd for ages for its charity,
I claim the poet's privilege, to wish
Long health and happiness to thee and
thine.

May the Almighty Architect protect,
And guide, and bless thee, in a thousand
ways.

Born of a pious mother, may thou too
Inherit all the virtues of thy sire
And she who gavethee birth. May children
spring

From thy chaste loins, to bless a future
age,

When we who now are hanging out our
flags

In honour of thy marriage, have return'd
Unto our parent earth: for Saturn still
Devours his children, as was finely taught
In Grecian allegory, long before
The Muses breathed to Hesiod their songs
Beneath the sacred hill of Helicon;
For there the pastoral poet fed his flocks,
And communed with the goddesses of song,
Ere Macedonia's kingdom rose and fell,
And whilst the site of old imperial Rome
Was but a seven-hill'd wilderness.

We come

And go, appear and disappear by turns;
The old push'd from their places on the
earth,

To make more room for others: happy
they

Who, like the Marwood's kindly race, can
leave

A name behind them which will last for
aye

In their "land's language," link'd with
noble deeds.

And mercy is the noblest trait of man:
For Shakespere truly tells us, "it becomes
The throned monarch better than his
crown,"

And "is an attribute to God himself."

I blame not those who look with
modest pride

Back on a line of ancestry whose names
Shine in their country's annals; for I
know

How my own heart beats stronger in the
cause

Of our dear England and humanity,
When some illustrious name makes the
pulse throb

In which for years he bore an honour'd
 sway ;
 Not merely teaching others to do good—
 " Words learnt by rote, a parrot might
 rehearse,"
 As Cowper truly sings—but noble deeds
 Of " brotherly love, relief, and truth,"
 which prove
 His actions govern'd by the square and
 rule,
 Like a true Master Mason. Therefore for
 thee,
 Merely to hear it, and I can thankful say
 Unto my children,—You have in your
 veins,
 Poor though you be, the blood of that
 great man,
 So take care that you ne'er disgrace the
 breed
 By cowardice, or cruelty, or lies ;
 But in the warfare of the world be firm,
 And true, and wise, and kind to ev'ry
 soul.
 Whate'er your ancestors have nobly done,
 Aye strive to imitate. Lose life itself,
 Live in the poorest cot, wear coarsest
 clothes,
 Feed on the humblest fare, and be
 despised
 By worldly fools—aye, be their laughing-
 stock—
 Rather than lead dishonourable lives,
 Of no use to your country. Imitate
 All that is great and good in all mankind.
 Birth is an accident, so far as we
 Ourselves have been concern'd. If wealth
 be ours,
 The more we shall be call'd to an account
 By the Great Master for our stewardship ;
 Or rank be ours, if we have used it well,
 Or only as a plaything for ourselves,
 To gratify our worldly vanity.
 Goodness alone is true gentility.
 If on 'Tomb Tidler's ground no gold we find,
 Let us be rich in spirit ; for true saints
 Possess the earth, although no nook be
 theirs
 By parchment titles ; and the poor in
 soul,
 What'er their worldly rank, or high or
 low,
 Are base and wretched.

In my humble cot,
 Such are the noble sentiments I love
 To culture for my children. In the hall

They will be thine. And He who sends to
 all
 His sunshine and His rain, the bread of
 life
 For rich and poor, and hangs the clouds
 o'erhead
 In gorgeous beauty,—crimson, blue, and
 gold,
 For ev'ry eye to gaze on with delight—
 Bless thee for ever !

Though this day thou signs
 The honour'd name of Marwood for the
 last,
 Yet be a Marwood in thy daily life ;
 Let Stokesley Manor House be known to
 all
 In dire distress, as Busby Hall has been,
 Long ere I knew it, and continues still ;
 And all will love thee to thy dying day,
 As they have loved thy father's line so
 long ;
 And when thy well-spent life has reach'd
 its end—
 For Death finds out the cottage and the
 hall
 With equal ease, as Horace long-since
 sang—
 Rest in the mansions of the just be thine.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.
Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

" I HAVE sent for you, although I know
 my summons must be inconvenient, be-
 cause I choose you to be present at an
 interview which has been forced on me by
 a deputation from the Freemasons :—they
 aim at persuading me to allow them to
 assemble in my church. A likely matter
 indeed ! a very likely matter !"

So spake, with flushed cheek and
 quivering lip, my well-intentioned, but
 nervous incumbent, one memorable
 Saturday in the month of August.

" Very well, sir," was my reply ; " you
 may depend on my heeding and recollect-
 ing the sentiments of each party."

" Would to Heaven !"—this was an
 aside—" that these Mason people had
 chosen some other day than Saturday for
 their conference ! Neither sermon written !
 The Lending Library accounts all in con-

fusion ; Mrs. Watkinson's sick baby to baptise ; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty !”

“They must be cut short—yes ! very, very short !” ejaculated the vicar, decisively and emphatically.

“What ! the sermons ?” cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind. “Oh, very well : your views, sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty.”

“You are dreaming,” remarked my superior, pettishly. “I allude to the speeches, the oratorical displays, the verbiage of these mystics.”

“Ah ! precisely so,” was my dutiful reply. “You sir, and no other, hold the check-string ; the length of the interview must depend on *your* pleasure. Masons !”—this was another *aside*—“I wish they were all walked up in the Pyramids. Six ; and no tidings. It will be midnight before I shall have completed my preparations for to-morrow.”

“I am now narrow-minded,” resumed Mr. Gresham, fidgetting fretfully in his chair ; “far from it ; my views are liberal and enlarged ; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching any one of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret ; there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators.” Then, after a brief pause, “*In fact*, they ARE conspirators !”

“You really think so ?” said I, for the first time feeling an interest in the subject.

“I do—seriously and solemnly,” said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

“Rat-tat-tat ! Rap, Rap !”

“The Deputation, sir,” said the butler, bowing five middle-aged men into the study.

For a set of “conspirators” they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humour with themselves and all around them. Nor while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I,

for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their heads to turn *plotters*. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He had “a stake,” and no small one, in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbour was a wine-merchant, with a large and well-established connection, and blessed with a rising and most promising family—what had he to “conspire” about ? The party a little in the background was a Dissenter of irreproachable character, and tenets strict even to sternness. Moreover, on no subject did he dilate, publicly as well as privately, with greater earnestness and unction than on the incalculable evils arising from war, and the duty of every Christian state, at any sacrifice, to avoid it. What ! *he* “a conspirator !” Fronting the vicar was the banker of our little community. And to him I fancied nothing would be less agreeable than “a run” upon his small but flourishing firm in Quay Street. And yet “runs” severe—repeated—exhausting “runs,” would inevitably result from any widely-spread and successful conspiracy. The banker's supporter was a little mirthful-eyed man—a bachelor—who held a light and eligible appointment under government, and looked as if he had never known a care in all his life. He perplexed me more than all the rest. He of all created beings, a conspirator ! Marvellous !

The spokesman of the party began his story. He said, in substance, that a new lodge being about to be opened within a mile and a half of Fairstream, it was the wish of the brethren (the more firmly to engraft on the noble tree this new Masonic scion) to go in procession to church, and there listen to a sermon from a clerical brother. In this arrangement he, in the name of the lodge, represented by the parties then in his presence, most respectfully requested the vicar's concurrence.

That reverend personage, with a most distant and forbidding air, replied, that he could sanction no such proceeding.

Perplexed by this response, which was equally unpalatable and unexpected, the deputation, with deference, demanded my incumbent's reasons for refusal.

“They are many and various,” replied he ; “but resolve themselves mainly into

these four. First: *There is nothing Church about you!*"

The deputation stared.

"I repeat, that of Freemasons as a body the Church knows nothing. You admit into your fellowship men of all creeds. Your principles and intentions may be pure and praiseworthy; and such I trust they are. But the Church is not privy to them. The Church is in ignorance respecting them. The Church does not recognize them. And, therefore, as a ministering servant of the Church, I must decline affording you any countenance or support."

The banker here submitted to the vicar, that in works of charity—in supporting an infirmary, a dispensary, a clothing club, a stranger's friend society—identity of creed was not essential. Men of different shades of religious belief could harmoniously and advantageously combine in carrying out a benevolent project. And one of the leading principles of Freemasonry was active, and untiring: the widely-spread benevolence. Could success crown any charitable project, any scheme of philanthropy, any plan for succouring the suffering and the necessitous (*the operation of which was to be extended, and not partial*), if no assistance was accepted save from those who held one and the same religious creed? "*Charity*," he contended, "*knew no creed*. No shackles, forged by human opinions, could or ought to trammel her. He was no friend to his species who would seek to impose them."

The vicar shook his head repeatedly, in token of vehement dissent from these observations, and proceeded:

"Next I object to you because you are friendly to processions; and I am given to understand, purpose advancing to church in long and elaborate array. All processions, all symbols, I abominate. Such accessories are, in the sanctuary, absolutely indecent; I will not call them unholy: I term them downright profane. and none contradicted them—that their leading object was to relieve distress and sorrow. Of him they seek an audience. When gained, they use it to request the use of his pulpit, with the view of making their principles better known; of effacing some erroneous impressions afloat respecting them; in other words, of strengthening their cause.

That cause they maintain to be *identical with disinterested benevolence and brotherly love*.

Mr. Gresham declares "off," refuses them his church; and will have nothing to do with them! "They may solve the riddle who can," said I, as thoroughly baffled, I sought my pillow. "Each and all are incomprehensible. I don't know which party is the most confounding—the Masons, with their well-guarded secret, or Mr. Gresham, with his insurmountable prejudices!"—*The Craftsman*.

TO A SNOWDROP.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDELL,

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," etc.

EMBLEM of purity,
O, Snowdrop so white!
Again thou appearest
To gladden our sight.
Thou seemest to whisper
That Springtime is nigh,
And flowers more gorgeous
Will come by and bye.

Truest lessons of hope
Thou teachest to me;
So, Snowdrop, I meekly
Do bow unto thee.
The storms thou hast borne
I too should endure;
And like thee, fair Snowdrop,
I still should be pure.

When things look the darkest
And clouds fill the sky,
T'is good to remember
That Springtime is nigh;
And bright rays of sunshine
May still fall on me;
So, Snowdrop, fair Snowdrop,
I bow unto thee.

There is none but the Lily
Thy rival can be;
But it waits for sunshine,
Quite unlike to thee,
Who cometh to cheer us
Ere Winter hath gone:
O, Snowdrop, fair Snowdrop
For ever bloom on.

"MIKLAT"—THE CITY OF REFUGE.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

As the sun rose that morning on the Israelitish Capital, it was evident that something unwonted was astir; for, whilst crowds were gathered round the timeworn altar of witness beneath the ancient oak of the covenant, multitudes so thronged the approaches to Shechem, that it was hard to keep clear the "prepared way" to the "Miklat." Eagerly and excitedly too, were the crowds debating, for that was the third day of deliberation, and they were to receive that answer which should determine whether the time was come to fulfil the Almighty's prophecy, to rend asunder the Kingdom of Great Solomon's Son.

The wise Grand Master of Israel had gone to his rest. Jeroboam the rebel had been recalled by a numerous body of supporters from his Egyptian exile, whilst Rehoboam, the rightful heir, had deemed it expedient to come to Shechem, to be crowned Monarch of the United Kingdoms of Israel. But there was a question that must be answered first, "Were the stern imposts of the Father to be continued by the Son? Should the dread taxes be still levied, or be mitigated, which were willingly submitted to, whilst God's house was building, and even His servant Solomon's too, but which had been endured for many a long year past, only for the sake of what the King had been in days long since gone by?"

Questions like these were earnestly debated by some of the multitude, whilst others were sorrowfully regarding those sacred objects upon which, perchance, they were gazing for the last time. Here was the oak under which, many a long year ago, the patriarch had buried the gods stolen from his father-in-law; round it had been perpetrated that treacherous slaughter by his two revengeful sons; close by it was the never-failing well that he had left to his descendants; nigh to this hallowed spot had the aged Moses stood, when, for the last time, he blessed the people of the Lord that he had loved and ruled so well, whose rebel-hearts had robbed him of all, save a distant glimpse of that pleasant promised land; here, again, had stood that other servant of the Lord, Joshua, the deliverer, whilst he recalled

for the last time in his failing days, God's threats and promises to his wayward children; and yet again, though hoary and time-worn, here still remained the altar of covenant, on whose eastern front God's light each morning broke; on whose northern face, pointing to Ebal and the cold, dark, dreary north, were recorded the curses thundered against the impenitent; whilst even now, the sun was beginning to bathe in golden light its southern side, full facing Gerizim, mount of blessing, on which were graven deep the blessings of the Almighty, on such as should unhesitatingly walk in the ways of His commandments. And, whilst they gazed, they hesitated; "Was it right to act for themselves, and throw off the heavy yoke and burden too bitter to be borne, imposed though it was by God's anointed? or, should they submit still a little longer, and leave the ordering of the issue to be accomplished by the Almighty in his own good time?" Questions hard of resolution, but soon to be put out of mind at least for a space, for as the sun stole softly round the altar's southern face, to the appointed time, a terrible commotion arises, shouts rend the crowd, "Make way! Let pass!" "*Miklat!*" "*Miklat!*" and through the narrow crowd, dashes towards the city boundary a young man, yet rehdanded with his fellow's life-blood, sore pressed by his slain fellow's next of kin. Hot grows the race, well-nigh frantic are the dividing crowd—another cubit and a hatchet cleaves the air, only to fall buried in the earth at the fugitive's heel—one other cubit more, and the hunted quarry falls, wounded—but saved—within the border of "The City of Refuge."

Cruel call such a wager if you will; cruel and bloody the law which gave it being; but it was life's best preserver; for such a struggle for existence once witnessed, must render every beholder mindful, lest he should ever by misadventure spill his brother's blood. Cruel and bloody? was not every effort made to spare the culprit's life? Extensive boundaries, yet further extended by the chance boughs of the overhanging tree; roads well made, well kept; and even guide posts erected with the magic word of safety "*Miklat.*" Cruel and bloody do we call it? shame on us to forget the past, with our wanton shedding of our brother's and sister's blood—without hope of pardon or reprieve—for the paltry theft of that which is the "root of all evil."

Better—

“ Let the dead past, bury its dead,”—and thank God for purer-hearted times.

To come back to our “ City of Refuge,” not alone do we find the Jew thus pitiful, even in his stringent code, but in well-nigh every nation of antiquity do we discover, either in holy temple, or by altar’s sacred precinct, a similar merciful provision. And not only so, but even amongst those that we “enlightened” christians so charitably deem lost souls of heathenism, we discover the same principle of justice tempered with mercy. A modern traveller has found at Honaunau, in the Sandwich Islands, just such another City of Refuge, and a wonderful place it is; a vast oblong enclosure, a thousand and forty feet long by nearly seven hundred feet broad, surrounded by stone walls, fifteen feet high, and twenty through at the base, whilst within are the remains of three stone temples, each two hundred and ten feet long, by one hundred wide, and thirteen feet high.

These temple walls are a study, built as they are of lava blocks of prodigious size, and a weight almost beyond reckoning; quarried at a distance, brought over rough ground, smoothed within and without, laid (shapeless though they are) with faultless precision—How? Whence had their builders this knowledge? Whence the merciful feeling which bid them build them thus? Surely only from the Most High!

Truly may we say:—

“There are more things in heaven and earth,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!”

And yet again, by what channel had this knowledge reached them? Surely when we see that work and its outcome, that Masonry of the heart, as well as of the hand, our answer can be but one—the world-wide Craft!

Well then may we brethren thank our Common Father that He has vouchsafed to even those His poorer children his gifts of knowledge and charity, imperfect though they may be in comparison with our own, every time that, leaving the rough turmoil and struggle of the outer world, we seek peace and refreshment in “working” those gracious gifts ourselves, within the walls of our own loved “CITY OF REFUGE.”

ODDS AND ENDS OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Lecture by Bro. EMRA HOLMES, at the Town Hall, Hadleigh, and the Working Men’s College, Ipswich.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I suppose you will expect me at the outset to give you a definition of the terms, Wit and Humour; but in truth they are as difficult to define and describe as the colour of a cameleon, the quality of beauty, or the odour of a flower. The late Mr. Mark Lemon, in his preface to the Jest Book, owns to having read the eight learned chapters on “Thoughts on Jest-ing,” by Frederick Meier, Professor of Philosophy, at Halle, and Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. I confess, I have not, nor do I hope to gain much knowledge from an author who writes so pedantically as the Professor. He declares that a jest is an extreme fine thought, the result of a great wit and acumen, which are eminent perfections of the soul. “Hypocrites,” says he, “with the appearance, but without the reality of virtue, condemn from the teeth outwardly the laughter and jesting which they sincerely approve in their hearts; and many sincere virtuous persons also account them criminal either from temperament, melancholy, or erroneous principles of morality. As the censure of such persons,” he adds, “gives me pain, so their approbation would give me great pleasure. But as long as they consider the the suggestions of their temperament, deep melancholy and erroneous principles as so many dictates of real virtue, so long they must not take it amiss if, while I revere their virtue, I despise their judgment.” Bravo! Professor.

Locke asserts that, “Wit lies in an assemblage of ideas and putting them together with quickness and vivacity, whenever can be found any resemblance and congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions of fancy. Addison limits his definition by observing that an assemblage of ideas productive merely of pleasure does not constitute wit but of those only which to delight add surprise.” Pope again declares Wit “to consist in a quick conception of thought,

and an easy delivery." Mark Lemon says that the anxious consideration of the various opinions of a multitude of authors, too numerous to mention, was a conviction that to define wit was like the attempt to define beauty, which, said the philosopher, was the question of a blind man, and despairing, therefore, of finding a standard of value he gathered from every available source the odd sayings of all times, and leaves his readers to discover their wit and humour.

Where so great an authority as the late Editor of *Punch* finds it difficult to define Wit—you will hardly wonder if I fail to eliminate from the depths of my inner consciousness a proper definition of so comprehensive a subject. I suppose whilst gravity and gaiety go side by side, pain and pleasure almost hand in hand; whilst light and shade remain to diversify the face of nature, and night and day divide the short span of our life into equal portions—so wit and humour will help to brighten the melancholy of our lives, and pathos, soften and beautify the exuberance of mirth. Some authors seem unable to be anything but grave, whilst others are incapable of being anything but funny. Occasionally we come across a man of genius like Dickens or Tom Hood, whose works abound with passages which at once provoke laughter and tears. Can anything be more pathetic than the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." Can anything be more humorous than Hood's "Sally Brown," "John Jones," "Mary's Ghost," and "Death's Ramble"—brimful of puns—and they are puns worthy of the name, not the sort introduced into our burlesques—(burlesques of wit, indeed, they often are) now-a-days!

And take such poems as the two on Autumn, by Hood,—what a vein of melancholy runs through them both. They are real poetry, but the tone of sadness running through them points as it were to the sadness of his life—a sadness the result of poverty and ill-health—and not on account of his domestic relations (unfortunately, but too often, the cause of misery with authors), but which, with him, were of the happiest character. How is it that so many authors living and dead are, or have been, the reverse of blessed in their connubial relationship? One great writer beats his wife;

another's wife is in a mad-house; a third is taunted on the hustings by the lady of his choice with the iniquity of his conduct; whilst a fourth is left to mourn his caro sposa, she levanting with some one else.

Poor Tom Hood was a good husband and good father; would it could be said of all our great literary men, past, present and to come. Think of Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," "The Drapier Letters," and "Tale of a Tub," and his loves Varina, Stella, and Vanessa. One he married, Stella (Hester Johnson her real name was), and the others broke their hearts for him.

Vanessa (a Miss Vanhomrigh) wrote to her (Mrs. Swift) to ask the nature of the connection with the Dean. The letter was sent by his wife to him, and he rode over to Marley Abbey, Miss Vanhomrigh's residence, and flung the letter on the table before Vanessa in a rage, and instantly left the house. Vanessa, who loved him dearly, and had worshipped him for years, as she thought she had a right to, perceiving the fierceness of his passion, and the hopelessness of her affection, was overcome by disappointment. She sank at once, and died in a few weeks.

Stella was said to be very witty. She certainly said some good things occasionally, and some which were dreadful in their bitter irony and sarcasm. A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company at last began to grieve at the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy because the child was gone to heaven. "No, my lord," said she, "that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child *there*."

When she was extremely ill her physician said, "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again." She answered, "Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the *top*."

Sterne, too, another clergyman, strange to say, was equally faithless in his relations to the fair sex, and was always making love to other ladies *besides his wife*. He married in 1741, having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. In writing to her at that time, he winds up, after dwelling on the delights of marriage, "As I take up my

pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L——."

Some years after he writes to a friend in very bad Latin. (Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus et ægotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam), which means in plain English, *I don't know what is the matter with me; but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever.* The wretched old humbug! Writing to one of his lady friends, in 1767, he says, "Talking of widows, pray, Eliza, if ever you are such do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am 95 in constitution, and you but 25; but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal." At the same time the old humbug was offering his precious heart to a certain Lady P., asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy? Whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned him into a fool? quoting the Lord's Prayer with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. And there was yet another lady, a Mrs. H., to whom he was writing. "Now be a good, dear woman, my H., and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a *kiss*"—there's for you."

I suppose the reason so many great writers, poets, and painters are unhappy as married men, may be traced to the fact that the romantic and political temperament builds up for itself an ideal, which, when put to the test of the experience of life, fails to realise the expectations of its creator.

Many a young poet marries early in life. He conjures up a living embodiment and incarnation of all that is beautiful and talented, and credits his lady-love with the possession of the rarest qualities of head and heart. He marries an angel, so he thinks, and she turns out

to be *only* a woman. The end of it is, he is dissatisfied. His wife fails to come up to his lofty standard of excellence; she fails to realise his ideal, and he visits upon her devoted head his own egregious folly and self-deception, and the poor wife suffers from neglect. How thankful we more matter-of-fact people may be that we are *not* poets and painters, and that we do *not* build castles in the air, but are content to walk on the ground—not like the Spaniard whose pride was so high that when on one occasion he fell (physically, I mean, not intellectually)—this comes, said he, of walking on the earth!

One is reminded of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—*Don't!* speaking of these great geni; and to any young poet or embryo painter, or orator in this assembly, or amongst the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, I say remember the great examples of Socrates and Milton, and others. Zantippe bullied Socrates, and I believe Milton's second wife bullied him. Of his (Milton's) grand-daughter (who died in 1754, and kept a chandler's shop at Holloway), it is said she knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good. She told of his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write.

Poor Charles Dickens was not happy in his married life; and it is said of one modern poet at least, whose words are thought by many to be words of wisdom, that *he beats his wife*. Ergo, don't marry your *ideal*; and don't expect your wife to be anything more than a *woman*.

Angels did *once* marry with the sons of men (so we are told on the best of authority), but we are all flesh and blood now-a-days, and the ladies themselves—at least the strong-minded ones, the upholders of women's rights,—who are going to be doctors, clergymen, and M.P.'s, no doubt would scorn to be thought *angels* now.

It would be a curious matter of enquiry how much of the genius of our great wits was fostered and encouraged at home, and how much owed its origin (especially in the case of satirists and sarcastic writers) to an unhappy domestic circle.

I am sure some of the articles in the *Saturday Review*, and notably those relating to *Ethics* (where the pen which

indites seems to have been dipped in gall, and to have a smatch of wormwood about it), give one the impression that they emanate from *hen-pecked husbands*, or ladies of a *certain* age, members of the Shrieking Sisterhood, jealous of their younger sisters. Thackeray, in his admirably written "English Humourists of the 18th Century," says:—"In treating of the English humourists of the past age it is of the men and of their lives rather than of their books that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humorous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself (the story is told of Grimaldi, and of Rich) the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin—a man full of cares and perplexities, like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him under whatever mask or disguise, or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find in the histories of those whose lives and feelings have been described a story that is otherwise than serious and often very sad. If humour only meant laughter you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writers than about the life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses, in common with these, the power of making you laugh; but the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity about, and sympathy with, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him, sometimes love him. And as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon his life when he

is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

Wit and humour are of all climes and kindred. Some nations are, perhaps, more famous than others for the possession of these qualities—the Irish and French, for instance. Sydney Smith, you know, said that you could not get a joke into a Scotchman's head without a surgical operation, but I am afraid the witty parson was too hard upon the canny Scot. Whoever has read Dean Ramsay's book, "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," will scarcely say the Scotch have no sense of humour. Some of his best stories are about idiots, and judging by these, if the sane people are only half so funny as the insane, our North-*British* fellow-countrymen are as much gifted as their more volatile neighbours of the Emerald Isle in *sententious epigrammatic wit and dry humour*. The Dean relates how a well-known idiot, Jamie Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunen, in Forfarshire, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct, and one day when James was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "*You see even Jamie Fraser the idiot does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing.*" Jamie not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "*An' I hadna been an idiot I micht ha' been sleepin', too.*"

Another of these imbeciles belonging to Peebles had been sitting at church for for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair lears in Peebles than me."

There was a certain daft Will Speir, who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the earl one day taking a near cut and

crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir; that's not the road." "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

Will was passing the minister's glebe when hay-making was in progress. The minister asked Will if he thought the weather would keep up, as it looked rather like rain. "Weel," said Will, "I canna be very sure, but I'll be passing this way in the night, an' I'll ca' in and tell ye." "Well, Will," said his master, one day to him, seeing that he had just finished his mid-day meal, "have you had a good dinner to-day?" (Will had been grumbling some time before.) "Oh! vera gude," answered Will: "but gin anybody asks *if I got a dram after 't what will I say?*" The following is an instance of amusing ignorance wishing to pass itself off for knowledge.

An English tourist visited Arran, and being a keen disciple of Izaak Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport. Being told that the cleg or horsefly would suit his purpose admirably for here, he addressed himself to Christy the Highland servant-girl. "I say, my girl, can you get me some horseflies?" Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed, "Why, girl, did you never see a *horsefly*?" "Nae, sir," said the girl, "but I once saw a coo jump ower a preshipice!" This reminds one of the answer of the man who was asked if he could sing. "No, sir," replied he, "but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." This is as ridiculous as the question put to a boy as to why he was called John. Well, if you please," said he, "I was called John after my Aunt Sarah." Mal-apropos answers are, like far-fetched definitions and derivations—provocative of a good deal of amusement. I confess I am always amused when I am told that Ipswich is derived from Gippingswick—the town on the Gipping—but so it is, so the antiquarians say. Gippingswick, Gippeswick, Gippeswicke, Ipyswich—Ipswich. This is about as near as saying that cucumber was derived from a certain gardener of the name of Jeremiah King, who is said to have first introduced that lovely vegetable into use, and fathered in-

digestion upon lots of corpulent gentlemen who *will* eat it for supper.

Well, it is this way, you see. Jeremiah King becomes, by easy transition, Jerry King. Jerry, with a slight effort, diminishes into jerkin. Jerkin is transformed into gerkin, and gerkin grows up and becomes a cucumber. But I must give you one or two more Scotch stories, and then I will have done with the North Britons.

A certain functionary of a country parish is usually called the minister's man, and to one of these who had gone through a long course of such parish official life, a gentleman one day remarked:—"John, ye hae been sae long about the minister's hand that I dare say ye could preach a sermon yersel' now." To which John modestly replied, "Oh, na sir; I couldna preach a sermon, but, may be, I could draw an inference." "Well, John," said the gentleman, knowing the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference would you draw from the text, 'A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?' (Jer. ii-24)." "Weel, sir, I wad draw this inference: he would snuff a long time before he would fatten upon it."

Some of this class of men are often great critics of sermons, and often severe upon strangers, sometimes with a sly hit at their own minister. One of these—David, a well-known character—complimenting a young minister who had preached, told him, "Your introduction, sir, is *aye grand*; its worth a' the rest of the sermon. Could ye no mak it a' introduction?"

Many anecdotes of pithy and facetious replies are recorded of a minister of the South of Scotland, usually distinguished as one Watty Dunlop. On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to taigle (*confound*) the minister. Coming up to him in the High-street of Dumfries they accosted him with much solemnity, "Maste: Dunlop, dare ye hear the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the deil's dead!" "Is he," said Mr. Dunlop, "then I maun ga hance and pray for two fatherless bairns."

Some years ago the celebrated Edward Irving had been lecturing at Dumfries, and a man who passed as a wag in that locality had been to hear him. He met Watty Dunlop the following day, who said, "Weel, Willie, man, and what do ye think of Mr. Irving?" "Oh, said

Willie, contemptuously, "the man is crack't."

Dunlop patted him on the shoulder with a quiet remark, "Willie, ye'll often see a *light peeping through a crack!*"

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[We beg to note that a little confusion has arisen in the dates of the letters, owing to the fact that with some no dates are given.]

Paris, Feb. 26th, 1790.

THE death of the M. de Favras is the conversation and admiration of all Paris. His execution is looked upon with horror by every one, let their political tenets be what they may. The Chatelet, to justify their sentence, have promised to publish the evidence on which they formed their judgment.

The Grand Seigneur whom he mentions is the Prince de Luxembourg, brother to the Duke. You may be assured that the wife of M. de Favras told one of the confidential servants of Monsieur that her husband was offered his life and 100,000 livres if he would accuse the Queen and Monsieur. The King is much discontented and displeased. His Ministers had endeavoured to persuade him, and he had constantly refused to go to the National Assembly since the 13th November, '89. He at last consented in the hopes that the Executive Power would be re-established. He finds himself disappointed, and he now refuses to quit his prison. The violent Aristocrates declare that while he resides in the Thuilleries shall look on every act as null.

If ever the King is restored to freedom, or obtains any share of power, Neckar is ruined. The engaging the King to go to the Assembly has entirely lost him the King's good opinion. The Democrats despise him and the Aristocrates accuse his weakness, and the delusive hopes he gave the King as the cause of their ruin. One of the resources of the Ministers who were appointed at the time of Neckar's disgrace, was to have instituted a commission for the enquiry into the malversations of the revenue, as also to have reimbursed the anticipations, at the same sum as was paid into the Royal Treasury. The same

step was taken by the Regent, and is detailed in the memoirs you have. It then occasioned a compromise amongst the capitalists, who, to avoid retrospective enquiries, subscribed the enormous sum of 400 million livres (about £16,000,000 sterling). They calculated it would now have produced 600 millions.

I was at the Assembly on Monday and Tuesday, the two great days on which the Laws relative to the publick tranquillity were debated.

Monsieur de la Fayette took a decided part against the people, or rather for the establishment of some law to restore good order. The Galleries at each end of the Assembly, which are filled with the lowest orders of the people express a dissatisfaction, he is not accustomed to meet with. Willing to manage both parties, he sided with neither as to the law to be adopted. It was hinted to him that his popularity might suffer by the part he had already taken. He therefore absented himself from the Assembly on Tuesday, as did Monsr. Baillie.

I believe I have before remarked to you, that the leaders of the Democrats (who govern the Assembly with absolute sway when any law is proposed which affects the Regal Authority or the rights of the nobles and the church) exert themselves in vain when they find it necessary to propose or support any decree which may touch the middle orders or re-establish the perception of the taxes. The majority of the Assembly is composed of low ignorant, violent, and I may almost add blackguard tradesmen, but of that insolent race which you meet with only in France, and which to those who are unacquainted with the manners of the people I should in vain attempt to describe. When any doctrine is advanced by their leaders which seems favourable to the cause, or rather the licentiousness of the people, they begin clapping and make signs to the Galleries above them, who join in applauding as they are commanded. When any of the Aristocrates mount the Tribune, at least of those whose eloquence they fear, they immediately vote for closing the debate or interrupt them so often with exclamations and murmurs that they cannot be heard. I can only give you a proof how difficult it is either to foresee, or argue on the probability of the event of a debate. The whole of the Aristocrate embraced the Loi Provisoire proposed by

Mirabeau and his own party as universally rejected it. Mirabeau declared, and the Democrats received the declaration with loud and repeated applause, that the final formation of the executive power should be the last act of the Assembly.

They have also avowed their intention of confining the regular troops to the frontiers of the kingdom. The troubles do not diminish in the provinces and it is likely that the declarations of the Assembly will only serve to augment them, as every article of force contained in the new law had already been decreed in the *Loi Martiale*, and the other articles only serve to bind the hands of the executive power.

They will now find that their declaration "that all taxes are to be paid till new ones are established in their place," is too late. They have been continually flattering the people with the idea of being relieved from all their burthens, and more especially the *Gabelle*. It is not likely that the people will now submit to a tax which even in the plenitude of royal authority was collected always with difficulty, and sometimes opposed with force, and which in their address to the Provinces, they promise to abolish. It is true their committee of finance have assured them that they have a plan to replace the *Gabelle* ready, but in the meantime that tax is to be collected.

Monsr. Neckar goes or sends to the Assembly on the 12th of March. His friends deny that he means to propose the circulation of paper money, but it is not the less believed.

I believe that you take in Monsr. Gorsas, but if you do not, I send you a deliberation of the Common Council of Paris which attacks the *Caisse D'Escompte*, I cannot say what will be its effects or how it will be received, as it is a new and unexpected stretch of their authority. The Common Council is composed of all the violent and not the most virtuous of those who began the revolution. They have a degree of power over the people, and wish to exercise an authority which the different districts dread, and oppose. They at present exercise the functions of the Police; they have been attacked with permitting (if not of favouring) the daily attempts to alarm and inflame the people. To appease these murmurs they have found it necessary to imprison the authors of a libel imputing a new con-

spiracy to M. de Besenval, and to fix up papers promising to punish all those concerned in a report as false as infamous.

The accounts from Domingo are various. The first says that they are willing to acknowledge themselves still subjects to the King of France, to continue paying the taxes, to wait till the National Assembly have finished the constitution, and to adopt or reject it as they please. The 2nd opinion, and that which the Comte D'Entraigues said he had from the *Garde des Sceaux* was that they had declared themselves absolutely and purely independent. The Democrats have formed their resolutions already. They will admit the protestations of Domingo, as it is not *une partie integrante* of the kingdom and refer the discussion of the question till Domingo has refused the constitution when completed. But what in the mean time is to become of their friends, the twelve deputies for that Island who were made at Paris to increase the majority of the Democrats, and who can no longer have pretensions to vote unless the National Assembly declare themselves not the representatives of the people, but a convention of citizens who govern the empire by the power they have acquired?

I mentioned to you sometime since the forged address of the city of Bourdeaux, the true one found its way to the bar of the Assembly yesterday. It mentions the misery that overwhelms its inhabitants, the destruction of commerce, and the total ruin which must ensue if the commerce of negroes is abolished. The address mentions that in 1788, 1419 more vessels arrived in their port than in 1789. The state of the parties within the walls continues nearly the same, the *Impartiaux* gain no ground. The Aristocrates do not look on them as friends and the Democrats treat them as declared enemies. The discontent is certainly more general and people now speak and publish what they think.

The Militia begin to add to all the vices of indiscipline and insolence, the debauch and riot of a licentious soldiery; 400 Grenadiers belonging to one of the districts after dining together and drinking went arm in arm to the Luxembourg preceded by their music and all the rabble of Paris, and would not be satisfied till Monsieur had seen them pass by. The municipalities already look upon themselves as the chiefs

of so many little republics, and the militia as their respective armies. The Municipality of Rennes have declared that their Militia shall march no more to protect the neighbouring country. The division of the kingdom is likely to receive some alterations, the number of municipalities and districts will be diminished.

I do not know whether I have observed to you that where any difficulty arose on the determination of which town was to have the preference as chief of a district, the choice was left to the first general Assembly of the Electors.

Since I wrote the above I find the answer of the president (l'Eveque D'Autun) to the deputies from Bourdeaux occasioned great clamors amongst the Aristocrates and particularly the deputies of Guyenne, who are named in all journals as enemies of liberty, and the citizens of Paris are ordered to remember the Bonnets they wore on the 13th and 14th of July. The Gascons would not patiently suffer any ill usage of their compatriots.

The Aid du Camp of M. De la Fayette whom you mention as married in London, is a worthy but weak young man who is his relation; his name is Boinville, he quits this country on account of his debts and a deficiency in his accounts as Treasurer of Metz. Send me the names of the French who arrive, I shall be able to tell you what they are and what they want. There is a club established here for the propagation of the principles of liberty.

I did not forget Dr. Price's letter, but the author of the journal, who is M. Robespierre, never fulfilled his promise of printing it.

The Assembly yesterday abolished amongst other Feudal rights "le droit d'ainesse."

ORATION

Delivered by BRO. PETER RENTOUL, at the Consecration of Canterbury Kilwinning Lodge, Lyttelton, New Zealand, December 2nd, 1875.

Right Worshipful Installing Master, Officers and Brethren,—I have been asked on this occasion, to deliver an Oration on Masonry. I can assure you, that while sensible of the wide and extensive field that lies open before me, and one that has been frequently discoursed by more eminent and able Brethren, I feel my incom-

petency to discharge such a responsible and important duty. As a young mason, I hesitate in tendering an address in presence of so many old and well-trying Brethren, who have been conversant with the Masonic Constitution for years. I trust therefore, you will bear with me in the few remarks that I have to make, in connection with Masonry.

Although there is ample scope to dwell on its ancient history, even from the building of the Temple, tracing it through various vicissitudes up to the present time, I will content myself in making a few observations on its nature and principles as it now is. It has been asserted that Freemasonry is a Religion. This is a fallacy, and is calculated to attain serious results.

Its arms are open to all denominations alike, who believe in the existence of the G. A. O. T. U., and are morally qualified to become its members.

It is truly "a peculiar system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." It may be said to be co-existent with religion, and every Brother who acts up to its several teachings, who strictly adheres to its principles, will we class as a good member of society, and as one eminently fitted to be a member of any purely religious body. The Masonic Lodge is that neutral ground on which all meet with love and unity, freed from the many petty differences that effect the outer world, where no political religions or national controversies are to be heard.

Whatever may be our social position in life, there we meet on the level, and are all bound together by the common ties of brotherhood.

In every Lodge room is to be found the volume of the Sacred Law. In that we recognise the Divine Law Giver. The sacred workings are handed down to us, to direct and govern our faith, and by them we are constantly reminded of the existence of the G. A. O. T. U., and by the tenets of the order, we are directed in our public and private avocations, to live and act consistently therewith, as peaceable and loyal subjects, and discharge our duty to the Creator with fervency and zeal, and again, in many parts of the mystic lore, we are taught to practise the principles of brotherly love, relief, and truth.

We cannot consistently call ourselves masons, unless we adhere and abide by the Masonic precepts, and the several injunctions laid down for our guidance. We are reminded in this world of uncertainty, that a Brother may, by unfortunate circumstances, be reduced from a fair competency to comparative want, or otherwise afflicted. We are taught to seek the solace of our own distress, by tending relief and consolation to our fellow creatures in the hour of their affliction. I am sure there is abundance of suffering humanity in this world, beckoning to us for sympathy and help. Let us take every available opportunity and endeavour to fulfil faithfully those important duties that fall to us; live to cultivate a charitable feeling towards one another, and be ready at all times to relieve sorrow and distress. Bear in mind that the great principles of Freemasonry have been handed down to us from time immemorial, and it behoves us, while piloting our voyage through life, to preserve the ancient land marks and be guided by its beacon of light. Ever remember that Freemasonry cannot injure us, but on the contrary, if we strictly practise its principles, we may be calculated to become better men than we were before being admitted to a participation of its secrets.

Evils, whether real or imaginary, have been set against it, which I will not at present question, but simply advocate a strict adherence to its teachings—endeavour to diffuse its genuine principles—to promote its interests—sustain its high character, and seek a reciprocal interchange of good feeling and fellowship.

For some time past, especially of late years, Freemasonry has been making great strides. It is found in every quarter of the globe. It has withstood the test of ages, and endured the severest trials. Its principles are unchanging—its moral teaching alters not.

To the long list, let me hail with pleasure the addition of the Canterbury Kilwinning Lodge.

I would impress upon all the Brethren, the necessity of being strictly guided in all their actions, by the symbolical teachings we are so much beholden to. The material used in the building of the temple was subjected to the strictest scrutiny before

being applied to the structure; all unsound material was rejected as unfit for the work, lest it should decay to the general detriment of the building.

Therefore, Brethren, be particularly careful in the construction of your Lodge. In a place with a small population, it would be unreasonable to expect a great number of new members. But if the field is small, it behoves you none the less to exercise more than ordinary caution whom you admit.

Let your investigations be characterised by a wise discretion; ascertain the motive a man may have in view by seeking to obtain admission into our honourable and ancient order, and to become acquainted with its mysteries and privileges. If a candidate's character will bear the strictest scrutiny—if you find him a just and upright man—a good member of society—all his actions pervaded by a due regard to virtue and morality, then he is a fit person to admit into your Lodge, and is likely to prove a good and zealous brother, and will form a stone in that superstructure, that will reflect credit on the builder.

But again, if you find on investigation, that by a curious or inquisitive disposition, he wishes to obtain admission simply to become acquainted with our secrets, or to profit thereby in a mercenary point of view, to have a helping hand held out to him in a time of difficulty or distress—he is not a fit person to make a mason, and if admitted, would in all probability, bring discredit to the order. He would be better fitted to become a member of a Benefit Society. I wish also to point out, that if jealousy should enter appearance, do not allow it to stalk through your lodge with impunity. Jealousy existing between one lodge and another, or between individual members, is one of the greatest afflictions which can possibly assail you. It is diametrically opposed to our constitution, and should be stamped out with a vigorous hand. Bear with one another in faults and failings. Let prudence direct you, Fortitude support you, Temperance chasten you, and Justice be the guide of all your actions; and, in conclusion, observe "*Purity, Charity, and Fraternity,*" and may we all do with integrity of purpose that the world may know a mason by his acts. That he may not only be held

blameless among his fellows, but when summoned from this sublunary abode, obtain promotion from T. G. A. O. T. U.

THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY.

"AND now what shall we do next Wednesday evening?" said Jessie Hyde in a business-like tone. "It is your turn, Henry, to suggest."

Jessie was a practical, energetic young lady, whose blue eyes never relapsed into the dreaminess to which that color is subject. She furnished the go for the club. Especially she furnished the go for Henry Long, who had lots of ideas, but without her, to stir him up, was as dull as a flint without a steel.

There were six in the club, and all were present to-night in Jessie's parlor. The evening had been given to a little music, a little dancing, a little card-playing, and a good deal of talking. It was near the hour set by the club rule for the adjournment of its reunions, and the party had drawn their chairs together to consult upon the weekly recurring question, what should be done at the next meeting by way of special order of amusement. The programmes were alternately reading, singing, dancing, whist; varied with evenings of miscellaneous sociality like that which had just past. The members took turns in suggesting recreations. To-night it was Henry Long's turn, and to him accordingly the eyes of the group turned at Jessie's question.

"Let's have an old folks' party" was his answer.

Considering that all of the club were yet at ages when they celebrated their birthdays with the figure printed on the cake, the suggestion seemed sufficiently irrelevant.

"In that case," said Frank Hays, "we shall have to stay at home."

Frank was an alert little fellow, with a jaunty air, to whom, by tacit consent, all the openings for jokes were left, as he had a taste that way.

"What do you mean, Henry?" inquired George Townsley, a thick-set sedate young man, with an intelligent, but rather phlegmatic look.

"My idea is this," said Henry, leaning

back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his long legs crossed before him. "Let us dress up to resemble what we expect to look like fifty years hence, and study up our demeanour to correspond with what we expect to be and feel like at that time, and just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what we can, if anything, of our vanished youth, and the days when we belonged to the social club at C——."

The others seemed rather puzzled in spite of the explanation. Jessie sat looking at Henry in a brown study as she traced out his meaning.

"You mean a sort of ghost party," said she finally; "ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past."

"That's it exactly," answered he. "Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very unpractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come."

"How in the world did such an odd idea come into your head?" asked pretty Nellie Tyrrell, whose dancing black eyes were the most piquant of interrogation points, with which it was so delightful to be punctured that people were generally slow to gratify her curiosity.

"I was beginning a journal this afternoon," said Henry, "and the idea of Henry Long, ætat. 70, looking over the leaves, and wondering about the youth who wrote them so long ago, came up to my mind."

Henry's suggestion had set them all thinking, and the vein was so unfamiliar that they did not at once find much to say.

"I should think," finally remarked George, "that such an old folks' party would afford a chance for some pretty careful study, and some rather good acting."

"Fifty years will make us all not far from seventy. What shall we look like then, I wonder?" musingly asked Mary Fellows.

She was the demurest, dreamiest of the three girls; the most of a woman, and the least of a talker. She had that poise and repose of manner which are necessary to make silence in company graceful.

"We may be sure of one thing anyhow, and that is, that we shall not look and feel at all as we do now," said Frank. "I suppose," he added, "if, by a gift of second sight, we could see to-night, as in a glass,

what we shall be at seventy, we should entirely fail to recognize ourselves, and should fail to disputing which was which."

"Yes, and we shall doubtless have changed as much in disposition as in appearance," added Henry. "Now, for one, I've no idea what sort of a fellow my old man will turn out. I don't believe people can generally tell much better what sort of old people will grow out of them than what characters their children will have. A little better perhaps, but not much. Just think how different sets of faculties and tastes develop and decay, come into prominence and retire into the background, as the years pass. A trait scarcely noticeable in youth tinges the old man in age."

"What striking dramatic effects are lost because the drama of life is spun out so long instead of having the ends brought together," observed George. "The spectators lose the force of the contrasts because they forget the first part of every rôle before the latter part is reached. One fails in consequence to get a realizing sense of the sublime inconsistencies of every life-time."

"That difficulty is what we propose, in a small way, to remedy next Wednesday night," replied Henry.

Mary professed some scruples. It was queer, she thought it must be wrong. It was like tempting Providence to take for granted issues in His hands, and masquerade with uncreated things like their own yet unborn selves. But Frank reminded her that the same objection would apply to any arrangement as to what they should do next week.

"Well, but," offered Jessie, "is it quite respectful to make sport of old folks, even if they are ourselves?"

"My conscience is clear on that point," said Frank. "It's the only way we can get even with them for the deprecating, contemptuous way in which they will allude to us over their snuff and tea, as callow and flighty youth, if indeed they deign to remember us at all, which isn't likely."

"I'm all tangled up in my mind," said Nellie with an air of perplexity, "between these old people you are talking about and ourselves. Which is which? It seems odd to talk of them in the third person, and of ourselves in the first. Aren't they ourselves too?"

"If they are, then certainly we are not," replied Henry. "You may take your choice."

"The fact is," he added, as she looked still more puzzled, "there are half a dozen of each one of us, or a dozen if you please, one in fact for each epoch of life, and each slightly or almost wholly different from the others. Each one of these epochs is foreign and inconceivable to the others, as ourselves at seventy now are to us. It's as hard to suppose ourselves old as to imagine swapping identities one with another. And when we get old it will be just as hard to realize that we were ever young. So that the different periods of life are to all intents and purposes different persons, and the first person of grammar ought to be used only with the present tense. What we were, or shall be, or do, belongs strictly to the third person."

"You would make sad work of grammar with that notion," said Jessie, smiling.

"Grammar needs mending just there," replied Henry. "The three persons of grammar are really not enough. A fourth is needed to distinguish the ego of the past and future from the present ego, which is the only true one."

"Oh, you're getting altogether too deep for me," said Jessie. "Come, girls, what in the world are we going to get to wear next Wednesday?"

"Sure enough!" cried they with one accord, while the musing look in their eyes gave place to a vivacious and merry expression.

"My mother isn't near as old as we're going to be. Her things won't do," said Nellie.

"Nor mine," echoed Jessie; "but perhaps Mary's grandmother will let us have some of her things."

"In that case," suggested Frank, "it will be only civil to invite her to the party."

"To be sure, why not?" agreed Jessie. "It is to be an 'old folks' party, and her presence will give a reality to the thing."

"I don't believe she'll come," said George. "You see being old is dead earnest to her, and she won't see the joke."

But Mary said she would ask her anyway, and so that was settled.

"My father is much too large in the waist for his clothes to be of any service to me," said George lugubriously.

But Frank reminded him that this was a hint as to his get-up, and that he must stuff with pillows that the proverb might be fulfilled, "like father like son."

And then they were rather taken aback by Henry's obvious suggestion that there was no telling what the fashion in dress would be in A. D. 1925, "even if," he added, "the scientists leave us any A. D. by that time," though Frank remarked here that A. D. would answer just as well as *Anno Darwins*, if worst came to worst. But it was decided that there was no use trying after prophetic accuracy in dress, since it was out of the question, and even if attainable would not suggest age to their own minds as would the elderly weeds which they were accustomed to see.

"It's rather odd, isn't it," said Jessie gravely, "that it didn't occur to anybody, that in all probability not over one or two of us at most will be alive fifty years hence."

"Let's draw lots for the two victims, and the rest of us will appear as ghosts," suggested Frank, grimly.

"Poor two," sighed Nellie. "I'm sorry for them. How lonely they will be. I'm glad I haven't got a very good constitution."

But Henry remarked that Jessie might have gone further and said just as truly that none of them would survive fifty years, or even ten.

"We may, some of us, escape the pang of dying as long as that," said he, "but that is but a trifle, and not a necessary incident of death. The essence of morality is change, and we shall be changed. Ten years will see us very different persons. What though an old dotard calling himself Henry Long is stumping around fifty years hence, what is that to me? I shall have been dead a half century by that time."

"The old gentleman you speak so lightly of will probably think more tenderly of you than you do of him," said Jessie.

"I don't believe it," answered Henry. "In fact, if we were entirely true to nature next Wednesday, it would spoil the fun, for we probably should not, if actually of the age we pretend, think of our youth once a year, much less meet to talk it over."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Nellie. "I'm sure all the story-books and poetry

say that old folks are much given to re-viewing their youth in a pensive, regular sort of way."

"That's all very pretty, but it's all gammon in my opinion," responded Henry. "The poets are young people who know nothing of how old folks feel, and argue only from their theory of the romantic fitness of things. I believe that reminiscence takes up a very small part of old persons' time. It would furnish them little excitement, for they have lost the feelings by which their memories would have to be interpreted to become vivid. Remembering is dull business at best, I notice that persons, even of eventful lives, prefer a good novel to the pleasures of recollection. It is really easier to sympathize with the people in a novel or drama than with our past selves. We lose a great score of recreation just because we can't recall the past more vividly."

"How shockingly Henry contradicts to-night," was the only reply Nellie deigned to this long speech.

"What shall we call each other next Wednesday?" asked Mary. "By our first names as now?"

"Not if we are going to be prophetically accurate," said Henry. "Fifty years hence, in all probability, we shall, most of us, have altogether forgotten our present intimacies, and formed others, quite inconceivable now. I can imagine Frank over there, scratching his bald head with his spectacle tips, and trying to recall me. 'Hen. Long, Hen. Long,—let me think; name sounds familiar, and yet I can't quite place him. Didn't I know him at C—, or was it at college? Bless me, how forgetful I'm growing.'"

They all laughed at Henry's bit of acting. Perhaps it was only sparkles of mirth, but it might have been glances of tender confidence that shot between certain pairs of eyes betokening something that feared not time. This is in no sort a love story; but such things can't be wholly prevented.

The girls, however, protested that this talk about growing so utterly away from each other was too dismal for anything and they wouldn't believe it anyhow. The old-fashioned notions about eternal constancy were ever so much nicer. It gave them the cold shivers to hear Henry's *ante-mortem* dissection of their friendship

and that young man was finally forced to admit that the members of the club would probably prove exceptions to the general rule in such matters. It was agreed, therefore, that they should appear to know each other at the old folks' party.

"All you girls must, of course, be called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss,'" suggested Frank, "though you will have to keep your own names, that is unless you prefer to disclose any designs you may have upon other people's;" for which piece of impertinence Nellie, who sat next him, boxed his ears, -- for the reader must know that these young people were on a footing of entire familiarity and long intimacy.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked Mary, who, by virtue of the sweet sedateness of her disposition, was rather the monitress of the company.

"It's twelve o'clock, an hour after the club's curfew."

"Well," remarked Henry, rousing from the fit of abstraction in which he had been pursuing the subject of their previous discussion, "it was to be expected we should get a little mixed as to chronology over such talk as this."

"With our watches set fifty years ahead, there'll be no danger of overstaying our time next Wednesday, anyhow," added Frank.

Soon the girls presented themselves in readiness for out-doors, and in a pleasant gust of good-byes and parting jests the party broke up.

"Good-bye for fifty years," Jessie called after them from the stoop as the merry couples walked away in the moonlight.

The following week was one of numerous consultations among the girls. Grandmother Fellow's wardrobe was pretty thoroughly rummaged under that good-natured old lady's superintendence, and many were the queer effects of old garments upon young figures which surprised the steady-going mirror in her quiet chamber.

"I'm afraid I can never depend on it again," said Mrs. Fellows.

She had promised to be at the party.

"She looked so grave when I first asked her," Mary explained to the girls, "that I was sorry I spoke of it. I was afraid she thought we wanted her only as a sort of convenience to help out our pantomime by the effects of her white hair. But in a

minute she smiled in her cheery way, and said, as if she saw right through me: 'I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings, but you needn't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are, the other end looks pretty uninteresting, and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.' That was turning the tables for us pretty neatly, eh, girls?"

The young ladies would not have had the old lady guess it for worlds, but truth compels me to own that all that week they improved every opportunity furtively to study Mrs. Fellow's gait and manner, with a view to perfecting their parts.

Frank and George met a couple of times in Henry's room to smoke it over and settle details, and Henry called on Jessie to arrange several concerted features of the programme, and for some other reasons for aught I know.

As each one studied his or her part and strove in imagination to conceive how they would act and feel as old men and old women, they grew more interested, and more sensible of the mingled pathos and absurdity of the project, and its decided general effect of queerness. They all set themselves to make a study of old age in a manner that had never occurred to them before, and never does occur to most people at all. Never before had their elderly friends received so much attention at their hands.

In the prosecution of these observations they were impressed with the entire lack of interest generally felt by people in the habits and manners of persons in other epochs of life than their own. In respect of age, as in so many other respects, the world lives on flats, with equally little interest in comprehension of the levels above or below them. And a surprising thing is that middle age is about as unable to recall and realize youth as to anticipate age. Experience seems to go for nothing in this matter.

They thought they noticed, too, that old people are more alike than middle-aged people. There is something of the same narrowness and similarity in the range of

their tastes, and feelings that is marked in children. The reason they thought to be that the interests of age have contracted to about the same scope as those of childhood before it has expanded into maturity. The skein of life is drawn together to a point at the two ends and spread out in the middle. Middle age is the period of most diversity, when individuality is most pronounced. The members of the club observed with astonishment that, however affectionately we may regard old persons, we no more think of becoming like them than of becoming negroes. If we catch ourselves observing their senile peculiarities, it is in a purely disinterested manner, with a complete and genuine lack of any personal concern as with a state to which we are coming.

They could not help wondering if Henry were not right about people never really growing old, but just changing from one personality to another. They found the strange inability of one epoch to understand or appreciate the others, hard to reconcile with the ordinary notion of a persistent identity.

Before the end of the week the occupation of their minds with the subject of old age produced a singular effect. They began to regard every event and feeling from a double stand point, as present and as past, as it appeared to them and as it would appear to an old person.

(To be continued.)

BENEFIT MANKIND.

Oh! when on earth we've lived our
transient day,
And clay has mingled with its native clay,
Some small memorial may we leave behind,
That we have sought to benefit mankind.

Oh! may we cause to flow some little well,
A blessed spring, within life's narrow dell,
Whose waves may gladden the then sterile
ground,
The world leave better than the world we
found.

J. J. BRIGGS.

CURIOSITIES OF THE POST OFFICE.

THE most interesting and energetic public office of the United Kingdom is the Post Office. Dealing, as it does, with all classes of the community, its experience is immense, and the strange fancies, feelings, and desires brought to light through its working are most astounding.

The public neither have mercy nor justice with regard to the working of this institution. It is treated as a scavenger, a furniture remover, a general delivery company, in fact, there is scarcely a mundane thing it will not essay to pass through the portals of this establishment. Limbs for dissection are constantly detected by the smell *en passage*, but live animals find their way daily, sometimes much to the terror or disgust of the poor postman. For instance, it is not an uncommon occurrence for him to find that a case of leeches has come undone, much to the detriment of his own person. The commercial community have taken possession of the parcel post for the circulation of samples, such as tea, coffee, hops, watches, in fact, every conceivable thing under the postal weight enters the maw of the Post Office. During the last year a whole Noah's Ark of animals, live and dead, were stopped in their passage through the post. Among these were a horned frog (alive), a stag beetle, white mice, and snails (alive), whilst a dead owl, kingfisher, and a cat, were also detected and stopped. If, however, the public send more disagreeable things than they did of old, it has not so much advantage as they had, when a celebrated director of the posts was discharged for the reason that he no longer allowed band-boxes to be carried by the penny post. Imagine a postman having, in addition to his usual letters, to carry a dozen band-boxes up to Highgate!

But considering that we are a careful people, the most astonishing instances are yielded by the annual reports of the manner in which valuables of every description are either misdirected or carelessly enclosed in letters. Bank post bills to the amount of three millions a year are found in the Dead Letter Office. Only last year a letter without any address was found to contain more than £2,000 in bank notes, and a registered letter was

found open in the Chief Office in London containing cheques for £200, and bank notes for more than £500. But more extraordinary still, a registered letter was misdirected, and upon inquiry being made for the packet it was found that 'Turkish Bonds which it contained to the value of £4,000 had been mistaken for foreign lottery tickets of no value, and had been put aside for the children of the family to play with !!

There were last year received into the Returned Letter Office 4,400,000 letters, of these upwards of 20,000 were posted without any address ! All the letters that it is found difficult to deliver in consequence of the imperfect address are taken to the Dead Letter Office, where sit certain clerks cunning in guessing any puzzling address the public may favour them with. Some of these addresses are perfectly astounding in their simplicity. For instance, what does the reader think of the following ?—

“ Mr. Smith

“ At the Back of the Church
“ England.”

Or here is another still more enigmatical :

“ My dear Father in Yorkshire at the
White Cottage with the White Pailings”
Again we have the following :

“ This is for her that ‘maks’ dresses for
young ladies that ‘livs’ at tother side of
the road to

“ James Broeklip
“ Edensorer
“ Chesterfield.”

Or more comical still :

“ This is for the young girl that wears
spectacles, who minds ‘two babies’

“ 30 Sheriff Street
“ Off Prince Edwin Street
“ Liverpool.”

These, we beg to say, are all genuine addresses.

The “blind man” at the Post Office is quite up to deciphering such queer puzzles as we have quoted, and the vast majority of them get delivered either to the persons addressed, or to the person sending them.

A very large number of poor people greatly object to receive returned letters. They think it very unlucky.

All letters containing valuables are kept for two years, and if still unclaimed are sold at Debenham and Storr's, and the

proceeds are carried to the credit of the Life Insurance Office in connection with the Post Office, a much better arrangement this than that carried out by the Custom House authorities at the London Docks, where goods of all kinds of a perishable nature upon which duty has not been paid are put into what is termed “the Queen's Pipe,” and destroyed by fire, notwithstanding that thousands of poor people are perishing for want whilst this destruction of good food is going on.

The number of letters passing through the General Post Office is by no means a constant number ; on certain occasions the number is augmented by hundreds of thousands. When Friday falls at the end of the month, in addition to the newspapers the monthly magazines are posted ; this causes a great strain to be suddenly put upon the sorters at the Post Office. But the day before St. Valentine's day is the great day of influx. On that occasion, upwards of four million and a half of these tender epistles crowd the Post Office in excess of the average number.

More than a hundred years ago it was proposed in Parliament that the postage should be reduced to a halfpenny. Of course in that age the idea was scouted, but only latterly we have come up to the old idea in a lame fashion, in the form of post-cards, which do not ensure secrecy. May we not ask, in the name of Education, if it is necessary to raise a revenue out of the pence of the people collected in this manner ? In 1874 the gross revenue from the Post Office was £5,751,600, and the profit we derived from this source was £2,724,012. Could we not afford to sacrifice some of this income for the sake of progress ? If the stamp were only a halfpenny, how many more millions would be enabled thereby to write than can now ! We know the impulse the institution of the penny post gave to Education in 1840 ; can we doubt that halving that stamp would in time double the amount of letter-writing ? If so, would not that be an impulse to Education far more powerful than the establishment of the most urgent School Boards throughout the country ? We think it would, and shall with pleasure welcome so important a boon.— We take this from our amusing and interesting contemporary the *Graphic* of March 4th.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

It is a most difficult thing to say what is a middle-aged woman—where youth leaves off, and where maturity begins—when, in short, the “mezzo terminus” is really reached. Women are so different. Some look old at 30, others are still fresh and fascinating at 45. I acknowledge the difficulty of the situation; I admit the delicacy of the question; but I will not be vanquished by the peril or even the fear of offending, but, like a distinguished statesman, I will burn my boats, and will make up my mind not to retreat.

Middle-aged Women—at whatever period of life you think middle-age begins, varying probably from 40 to 50, or, as some say, 35 to 45—middle-aged women, I say, are often very pleasant friends, agreeable companions, and honest advisers; and, as “fastness” likes to say in slang terminology, “good mates!” They have seen enough of the world to know well its illusions and its pitfalls; they are not so old but that they have, as the saying runs, a good deal of life in them yet. They are generally chatty and comfortable, and easy to get on with, and above all nonsense. They are neither pruders nor pharisees, neither combatant nor coquettish, neither flirts nor hypocrites, neither bores nor mischief-makers, neither fast nor formal. On the whole, they are as young Timmins says, a “tidy lot.” The only fault I venture to find with them is, that they have a habit of coming constantly into collision with the younger married women, and above all with the unmarried young women. They like to “denigrer” everything these younger buds and blossoms say or do. They themselves are there before you “en evidence,” as large as life, and for you they are apt to think they ought to be everything.

A sentimental middle-aged woman is a “nuisance,” as my young friend Timmins emphatically adds. Now, I for one, can get on very well with middle-aged women, whether buxom and “debonnaire,” or thin and sentimental, but I can quite understand, why irreverent youth would say, “Very stupid stout old party,” or “Very thin acidulated old maid; did nothing but

pitch into Mrs. Miller, such a jolly young married woman.”

Incautious youth, allow me to observe that you have, no doubt, played your cards ill. You forget that your stout, good-humoured neighbour, middle-aged woman though she be, likes “more fæminarum,” the “petit soins,” and even the “fades complimens” of an agreeable young “Vainqueur” like yourself; and, unfortunate youth, you had no eyes nor ears for any one but the adorable Mrs. Jemmy Miller. Be warned my young friend. The next time you sit next to a middle-aged married woman decently dressed, and alike “facilis et formosa,” don’t manage to show her that you think her a bore or bête, or middle-aged, but make yourself, as you can, very agreeable to her, and you will far better, take my word for it.

No woman likes to be overlooked; the “spretæ injuria formæ” still lingers in the feminine mind, and the best tempered of middle-aged women will not approve of, and will probably resent, your evident preference of a younger neighbour. For bear in mind many a middle-aged woman whom you look on as *passée*, has still her “pretentions,” *elle se fait valoir*,” as the French say, and while you are looking on her as dowdy and distanced, old and obsolete, she all the while still thinks herself “dans sa première jeunesse, and accordingly resent she does, and will, your evident underrating of her, and you will have to suffer for it. As a rule middle-aged women are good natured and sociable, pleasant, and patronising, and not all easy or difficult to get near; but every now and then you come across a tough specimen of the species you catch, as John Jones irreverently, but impressively says, “a Tartar, sir.” You know her well, so do I, so does everybody—Mrs. Colonel Clutterbuck, as she delights to call herself, the widow of a certain Colonel Clutterbuck, who died a long time ago somewhere, somehow; but, as the old epitaph says, “Nobody knows, and nobody cares.” She is fond of talking of her dear Thomas George—such was the hero’s name. She wears his likeness in a cameo brooch, on an expensive dress, showing a fat, sleeky, rather cross-looking old boy, whom an Indian sun had bronzed, and to whom Indian curry and Indian liquids had given a somewhat apoplectic look.

She has never married since ; no, not since she gave her maiden heart to Clutterbuck, long years ago ; and "I have never yet," she often remarks, "seen the man who can compare with my Thomas George." People say this is an illusion of the good woman, but life is full of illusions ; so let us not find fault with hers.

She is still a widow, "fair and free," and is likely to remain so, as despite many good qualities, and many substantial attractions, he would be a bold man who tackled her.

If report be true, she bullied old Clutterbuck manfully, and as she has always had her own way in everything she is not likely now to move out of the beaten course—her "track of life"—for sentiment or nonsense of any kind ; not she, and I think she is right. And as she is a fast friend and a pleasant member of society, an agreeable woman to talk to, and with a true heart within her, she does, on the whole, very well.

But she does not like young married women, and detests the "girls of the period." "Never saw such manners, never heard such expressions, never knew such extravagance ; quite shocked at the dresses ; their language is low, their heels are high, and their shoulders are far too bare ; hansom cabs and latch-keys have completely demoralised our younger women." Thus she will "discourse" by the hour, if only she can get a listener. But woe betide you if you express the slightest sympathy for either of these misconducted classes ; for then her anger is great, her scorn magnificent.

Here is poor, faded, thin, sentimental Mrs. Mortimer, all feeling and point lace ! She is "horrified—actually horrified"—as she tells you, "with the ways of the young women—such fast and giddy girls. How any man of sense or taste can think of such for a wife when he can find a clever amiable woman of good principles and a far better school." She is looking out, they say, for No. 3 !

For my part I should prefer Mrs. Colonel Clutterbuck to her a long way. I never did believe in depreciation, even though it fell from the lips of a pretty woman, and I particularly dislike it from those who have had their day. But still, let us not be too hard upon middle-aged

women. We who have flirted with them danced with them, drank tea with them, dined with them ; we who have laughed and grown sentimental with them, should be chary and careful in what we say. We know all their good points and living merits, their warm hearts, and their kindly companionship, and so we who have grown middle-aged ourselves together with them—when upon them falls either doubt or detraction, comment or censure, scandal or scorn, we should, I venture to think, come to the rescue, and proclaim them to be like those of olden days, "bonne dames et genereuses," and avow ourselves still, the gouty and wrinkled, and woe-by-gone, and fat and out of fashion, still "leurs chevaliers loyaux pour tout et en tout." Don't then undervalue middle-aged women, they constitute a most agreeable portion of society ; if they have their faults and foibles, so have we all, and never let us lose sight of the fact, that as women, they deserve all that chivalry can avow, or "bondevoir," can do. And I for one still cling to middle-aged women.

It seems but yesterday, that this good stout middle-aged woman I am talking to was a gracious maiden of eighteen "rayonnante" in beauty and in freshness. And here she is fat and good-humoured, still pleasant and personable in a low dress and diamonds ad libitum, with a son in the guards and a daughter married, and she herself a grand-mamma. "Madam, do you recollect a certain evening long years ago, when on a certain night, not very far from Berkeley Square, you and I set out a dance upon the stairs?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"Do you remember, Madam, all the nonsense we two talked then?"

"Sir, I have not forgotten it."

"Well, madam, I will say then, after all the ups and downs of life, parted years and faded dreams when illusions have vanished and stern experience is here, I should really not mind to be sitting on those stairs once again, and talking the same nonsense if only for a little space ;" and the good dame, though she says, "what rubbish," smiles pleasantly and friendly as of yore !

If any of my readers have any sentiment left in them in this rough world, they will sympathise, I am sure, with this old-world souvenir of a middle-aged man !

BRO. DANIEL COXE—THE FATHER
OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. CLIFFORD MCCALLA,

Editor of "The Keystone," Philadelphia, U.S.

THE life of the earliest Provincial Grand Master of Masons in America, Bro. Daniel Coxe, of New Jersey, has never been written; we propose to briefly write it. His life was an eventful and distinguished one; he was a leader of men as well as Freemasons. Original materials for his full biography are not lacking, although they have never been carefully collated. We shall endeavour, in these notes, to render the complete task easier for his future biographer.

As Philadelphians, we feel a natural pride in his career, for it was he who, in the autumn of 1730, chartered the first Masonic Lodge in our city—which was also the earliest Master Masons' Lodge in America. This lodge (as Bro. Hughan recently discovered) was No. 79 on the register of the Grand Lodge of England, and was designated as "The Hoop, Water Street," and met on the first Monday of every month. Grand Master Coxe's authority to charter this lodge was derived from a Deputation, dated June 5th, 1730, from his Grace, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England. The fact of the existence of a Master Masons' Lodge in Philadelphia in 1730, and a Provincial Grand Lodge in the same city in 1732, through the past labours of *The Keystone*, are now matters of history, (having been first proved in these columns a year and a half ago,) and since, they have received the endorsement of the Library Committee of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in their "Memorial Volume," and also of the accurate and disinterested English Masonic historian, Bro. W. James Hughan. But who was Bro. Daniel Coxe, the Father of Freemasonry in America? We shall endeavour to satisfactorily answer this question.

Bro. Daniel Coxe was an eminent lawyer, the son of Dr. Daniel Coxe, of London, who from the year 1687 to 1690 was the largest landed proprietor, and also the Governor, of the Province of West

Jersey. In 1691 Dr. Coxe sold the territory and government to the West Jersey Society for £9,000. He was thus a man of large wealth, and all authorities agree in attributing to him as well, great activity of intellect and enterprise of character. And he was distinguished in England, before his arrival in America, having been the physician to both the Queen of King Charles II. and to Queen Anne.

In 1702, in consequence of commotions and disagreements, the several proprietors of East and West Jersey surrendered its government to Queen Anne, who the same year appointed Edward Hyde, Lord Viscount Cornbury, (the grandson of the illustrious Earl of Clarendon, and a cousin to the Queen), the first Royal Governor of the United Provinces of East and West Jersey. His title is worth giving in full. It was: Governor-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Province of Nova Cesarea or New Jersey, New York, and all the Territories and Tracts of Land depending thereon in America, and Vice-Admiral of the Same."

At this point we commence the immediate biography of America's first Grand Master.

In 1702, Bro. Daniel Coxe was recommended to Queen Anne as a member of the Provincial Councils of New Jersey and New York. Certain parties objected, alleging that he had no real property in New Jersey, and also that he encouraged the people in their opposition to the election law. Lord Cornbury, the next year, appointed him to the command of all the forces in West Jersey, and henceforth he was known as Col. Coxe. He replied to those who opposed him, that he was in a controversy with the Proprietors concerning certain lands of his father's which they unjustly withheld from him, and that if he had been factious, Lord Cornbury would not have entrusted him with the military command of his forces. In 1705, he was successively recommended as a member of the Council by Lord Cornbury to the Board of Trade, then by the Board of Trade to the Queen, and in the same year he was approved, and received his appointment. He continued a member of the Council for eight years, until 1713, under the administrations of Governors Ingoldsby and Hunter, although his enemies were actively intriguing for his

removal during the greater part of the time.

Lord Cornbury proved to be an arbitrary and tyrannical Governor. In consequence, the Assembly petitioned the Queen for his removal, whereupon he addressed Her Majesty in reply, and Bro. Coxe, with others, endorsed his reply. This fact drew upon the latter the hatred of the Governor's enemies. Notwithstanding this fact, in 1715, Col. Coxe was again elected to the Assembly, as a representative from Gloucester, and the following year he was chosen Speaker. Governor Hunter's party again becoming powerful, Coxe and his party were expelled from the Assembly, ostensibly on account of absenting themselves. At this time Col. Coxe resided in Bristol. His friends, in testimony of their confidence in the justice of his course, raised a subscription and sent him to England, where he arrived in November, 1716, and was favoured by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Townshend. Governor Hunter, it was, who about this time wrote to Dean Swift, "Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe; and if our trees and birds could speak, and our *Assemblymen keep silent*, the finest conversation, too."

The minutes of the Grand Lodge of England show that, on January 29, 1731, at the meeting of that Grand Body, Bro. Daniel Coxe was present, and his health was drank, as "Provincial Grand Master of *North America*." This fact shows that at that date there was *no other* Provincial Grand Master besides Bro. Coxe in America. This was over two years before the appointment of Bro. Henry Price as Provincial Grand Master of Massachusetts.

In 1734, while Hooper was Chief Justice of New Jersey, Col. Coxe was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and continued to hold this high office for a period of five years, until his death.

We should here allude to Bro. Coxe's fame as an author, for he composed two works, one of which was noted in its day, and since esteemed valuable enough to be reprinted in full in the present Collections of the Historical Society of Louisiana; and the other was not published until two years after his death. The latter was entitled "Collection of Voyages and Travels, London 1741. 8vo." The full title of the former (the most valuable,

curious and interesting to readers of the present day) is as follows:

"A Description of the English Province of CAROLANA, by the Spaniards called Florida, and by the French *La Louisiana*—as also of the great and famous river Meschacehe or Mississippi, the five vast navigable lakes of fresh water, and the parts adjacent, with an account of the commodities and their growth and production in the said Province. By DANIEL COXE. London: 1722."

There was so large a demand for this book that three additions of it were printed in 1722, 1727, and 1741.

Its purpose is worthy of explanation, as well as its contents.

In 1630, Sir Robert Heath, Attorney-General of Charles I., obtained a patent for the extensive region then called "Carolana," which included the present States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and all the country north, on both sides of the Mississippi, up as high as Kentucky. It is apparent what an immense tract it was. A writer in the *North American Review*, for November, 1815, in a review of Bro. Coxe's book on CAROLANA, says: "Probably there is no other instance on record of any other private individual pretending to such an extensive property." Dr. Daniel Coxe (the father of Bro. Coxe) procured an assignment of Heath's Patent (which in 1663 had been declared void), and in 1699, he memorialized King William in regard to it. The same year the Attorney-General of the Crown, together with seven members of the Privy Council, reported, that "having examined the claim by order of the Ministry, they report to the King as their opinion that Dr. Coxe is entitled to this Province;" but before it was confirmed by Parliament, the Doctor died—whereupon his son renewed his claim, and attempted, in addition, to colonize CAROLANA. To aid this purpose, he wrote and published the book to which we have called attention—entitled "Carolana." His authorities were the Memoirs and Journals kept by various persons sent into the valley of the Mississippi by Dr. Daniel Coxe—the last expedition fitted out by him having consisted of two ships, commanded by Captain Barr, which, in 1698, were the first to sail up the Mississippi River to its sources.

Some of the information contained in this volume is remarkable, not only for its accuracy, but also for its geographical and national importance. For example, we read that "the Missouri river hath a course of 500 miles, navigable to its head or springs, and which proceeds from a ridge of hills somewhat north of New Mexico. On the other side are rivers which run into a great lake, that empties itself by another great navigable river into the South Seas." Now, the Lewis and Yellowstone Rivers do head within a few miles of each other—a fact, however, that was not verified by other explorations for *more than a century* after Bro. Coxe's account was written.

Again we read of Carolina: "Cotton grows wild in the pod, and in great plenty; may be managed and improved as in our islands, and turned to as great account; and in time, perhaps, *manufactured either in this country, or Great Britain*, which may render it a commodity still more valuable." Bro. Coxe here displayed wonderful sagacity as to the importance of the cotton plantations of the South, which, afterwards, for so many years rendered Europe our debtor, and because one of the great regulators of our exchanges.

The preface to "Carolina" also included suggestions which contain the first and true foundation ideas of our American Union. Bro. Coxe proposed, for the more effectual defence of the British settlements against the French and Indians, that *all the North American Colonies should be UNITED*—that there should be a Supreme Governor and a Great Council, consisting of two deputies from each Province, and that they should be convened by the Supreme Governor to consult and advise for the general good of all the Colonies. Grahame says truly, in his *Colonial History*, "In this plan, which was supported by great force of argument, we behold the *germ* of that more celebrated though less original project, which was again ineffectually recommended by Doctor Franklin in 1754, and which, not many years after, was actually adopted." We quote a part of Bro. Coxe's prophetic words:

"If the ancient Britons had been united among themselves, in all probability the Romans had never become their masters. So if the English Colonies in America

were consolidated as one body, and joined in one common interest, as they are under one gracious sovereign, and with united forces were ready and willing to act in concert, and assist each other, they would be better enabled to provide for and defend themselves against any troublesome, ambitious neighbour, or *bold invader*. For Union and Concord increase and establish strength and power, while Division and Discord have the contrary effect." The reader will perceive that the contents of Bro. Coxe's book are of sufficient importance to justify our extended mention of them. A reference to the work itself, which may be found in any good public library, will more than substantiate all we have said of it.

Bro. Daniel Coxe was not only distinguished as an author, a legislator, a soldier, a lawyer, a jurist, and a Mason, but he was also an ardent and constant advocate of the advancement of religion in the Province of New Jersey. GEO. ROSS, an Episcopal Missionary, in a letter to the English Missionary Society, dated New Castle, August 28, 1716, and conveyed by Col. Coxe on his visit to England in that year, says, in a postscript:

"This comes by Col. Coxe, of New Jersey, a good and constant friend of all the Society's Missionaries in these parts, and I cannot but wish that he may meet with that reception from all the members of that honourable body, that a person of his worth and merits, and one that is so hearty for the present constitution in Church and State, is very deserving of, and has just pretensions to." Again, later, Joseph Talbot, in another letter to the Society, dated Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1723, after speaking of the Church in Burlington, N. J., says: "Col. Coxe and Mr. Trent have done their part towards the Society's house at Burlington. They have put it all in good order within and without."

It will be noted that the first of these letters was written at the time of the height of the difference between Coxe and Governor Hunter.

Bro. Daniel Coxe, the first Provincial Grand Master of Masons in America, died at Burlington, N. J., on April 25th, 1739, at the age of 65 years.

He left two sons, John and Daniel Coxe, both of whom were distinguished. John

Coxe, in 1745, was a member of the Provincial Council, and was described by Governor Morris as "a good lawyer, and grandson of Dr. Daniel Coxe, who owns a great part of this Province."

In 1746, Daniel Coxe was one of the pall-bearers of Governor Morris.

The remains of our first Grand Master lie buried in the grave-yard of the Episcopal Church, formerly St. Anne's, now St. Mary's at Burlington, and in the east transept of the Church may be seen a marble slab bearing this inscription :

"DANIEL COXE,
Died April 25th, 1739,
Ætat 65."

We are under fraternal obligation to Col. Lachlan H. McIntosh, of Burlington, N. J., for the following full description of the Mural Tablet, in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, of that old town, commemorating the decease of Bro. Daniel Coxe :

"The record is upon a dark-coloured granite slab, immediately in front of the chancel of old St. Mary's Church, Burlington. The slab is set even with the floor, and is 5 feet 11 inches in length by 2 feet 7 inches in width. The inscription is simply :

'DANIEL COX,
Died April 25th 1739,
Ætat 65.

"Beneath, on the same slab, is the inscription :

'SARAH COXE, his wife,
Died June 25th, 1725.
Ætat 35."

We may truly say, in the language of Hayden : "His name stands in the annals of American Masonry like the morning star at dawn rising above the mountain's mystic top." And he was not only an eminent Mason, the first among his equals, but he was also a great and good man. Field, in his *Provincial Courts of New Jersey* says : "His early career was clouded by his connection with Lord Cornbury, and his differences with Governor Hunter ; but he lived to enjoy the confidence and respect of the community ; and his judicial duties were discharged with ability and integrity."

Our New Jersey Brethren, in June last, honoured the memory of Bro. Coxe by causing to be prepared an accurate steel-

engraved portrait of him, a copy of which was appropriately framed and presented to his living representatives. Bro. James H. Stevens, of Camden, Past Senior Grand Warden of New Jersey, was chairman of the committee, and the act was a fitting and graceful testimony to the pre-eminent merit of the Father of American Freemasonry.

By the favour of Bro. George F. Fort., of the Camden (N. J.) Bar, we have received a fine copy of this steel-engraved portrait, of "Col. Daniel Coxe of Trenton, First Grand Master of the Freemasons of New Jersey," as he is described on the engraving itself—which portrait we have now before us. He was evidently a man of exceedingly fine presence—with handsome regular features; full high forehead, clear dark eyes, and a mouth indicating firmness of character. He appears in his robes and wig as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. This engraving is from an authentic old portrait in oil, still in the possession of the Coxe family.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey have good reason to be proud of their first Grand Master, and it is a labour of love for us to spread abroad his good name and fame to the world.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

Ἀναγραφῶν διὰ τῶν Ἀναλυφῶν.

POPHRYX.

THE earliest nations used symbols as a necessity, whenever they had anything to communicate. Even alphabetical characters, for ages after their first invention, were but a kind of symbol, and by no means generally understood. They were very arbitrary, and used indifferently to represent ideas, words, or letters, and not uniform in any particular country, till their nature and application were perfectly comprehended. Each philosopher adopted a series of characters or hieroglyphics,

generally invented by himself, by the use of which he noted down his discoveries or improvements in science; in the perfect security that they were safe from the scrutinizing enquiries of his cotemporaries or rivals. All secret things were invested in symbolical writing; and the wisest of the cabalistic magicians of antiquity, clothed their mysterious knowledge in such an abstruse covering of hieroglyphics, that it was difficult to conjecture where the most sacred truths were concealed.

Besides this, the ancients had a system of visible signs—*nutu signisque loquuntur*—arbitrary indeed, but well understood; by the use of which the adepts in different sciences could converse with each other in secret without danger of being detected. Thus Solomon, speaking of one of these persons says, “he speaketh with his feet, and teacheth with his fingers.” * Ovid has made the the same remark.

“—*digitis sæpe est nutuque locutus
Et tacitam mensæ duxit in orbe notam.*”

And Gibullus was not ignorant of it. He knew

“—*nutus conferre loquaces,
Blandaque compositis abdere verba
notis.*”

The variable and uncertain nature of alphabetical writing may be estimated from the fact, that there appears to have been upwards of eighty alphabets in Chaldæa, Syria, and Egypt. And the characters differed so materially, that no one of them could be taken as a standard by which a correct opinion might be formed of the rest. The object of each inventor was to produce a mode of recording scientific knowledge in such a secret manner, as to be unintelligible to all the world besides. And therefore in the construction of his alphabet he endeavoured to form a series of characters whose meaning would be out of the reach of every curious enquirer: for which purpose he would avoid, as much as possible, imitating any symbol that formed a part of an existing alphabet.

Let us now examine the symbols on the Tracing Board before us. They consist of circles, squares, angles, and perpendiculars, variously modified and combined. From the uppermost angle proceeds a compound

emblem consisting of a semi-circle, a line, a small circle, and a figure forming three sides of an oblong square. This shall be our first series of symbols.

As an entire emblem, it is marked in the Hermesian hieroglyphics to signify understanding; and the same result will be produced by a separate view of its component parts, for the circle and crescent or lunette were astronomical emblems of the source of perfect knowledge; the supreme deities represented by the Sun and Moon; the former being originally worshipped as the most brilliant representation of the divine Shekinah which the universe contains; and hence it was believed to be the throne of the deity. “In what adequate manner,” asks a learned writer often quoted, “shall the enraptured fervour of patriarchal devotion represent, when absent, the ineffable and eternal Shekinah? A radiated circle of light, darting every way a dazzling splendour, seemed the properest emblem, and was therefore adopted. The descendant of Ham saw and admired the radiant symbol. Ignorant of the real purpose of the pious designer, who meant to shadow out a spirit, not a substance, he conceived it to be the image of the Solar orb, which he had long beheld with wonder. He fell prostrate and adored it; and his imitative pencil drew the first outline of that wonderful and multifiform system of hieroglyphics, under which were represented the objects of Egyptian idolatry.”*

Being the most perfect figure, the Sun was reputed to represent the perfection of the divine attributes of omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and eternity. *Jupiter est, quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris.* Zoroaster the Magian says of God, that “he is the first, incorruptible, eternal, unmade, indivisible, most unlike everything, the author of all good, unbrutable, the best of the good, the wisest of the wise.”†

With respect to the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians, we are told by Berosus and others, ‡ that the patriarch Abraham, who was said to have been cotemporary with Hermes, during his sojourn in the Delta, taught that celebrated

* Maur. vol. iv. p. 607.

† Euseb. de præp. Evan. l. i.

‡ Jos. Ant. l. i. c. 8. Blem. Alex. Strom. v. Euseb. ut supra. l. xiii. c. 12.

* Prov. vi. 13.



philosopher many useful and valuable secrets, and amongst the rest astronomy, which was now known for the first time by the inhabitants of that country. Dr. Lamb however identifies Hermes with Abraham, and says, "I have adopted the generally received opinion that the Egyptians were the inventors of phonetic characters, and that *Abraham derived his knowledge from them*. It is not impossible that Abraham himself was the first who used them, and that the Egyptians appropriated to themselves the credit of his discovery." I am unable to subscribe to this opinion, although, if Hermes and Abraham were the same person, which I also doubt, it will appear to accord with the ancient traditions of Egypt that Hermes was the inventor of letters. I am persuaded however that a knowledge of letters or phonetic characters was of an earlier date than the time of Abraham. *

It appears to me quite clear that Astronomy was known in the East long before the time of Abraham; for the first book of the Indian Vedas is computed to be of a date nearly 3000 years prior to the birth of Christ; and this was nearly 1000 years before the time of Abraham. This book, like the Pentateuch of Moses, contains a detailed account of the Hindoo cosmogomy. Archilles Tattius ascribes the invention of astronomy to the Egyptians. "No nation," says Bryant from the authorities which he quotes, "appears to have enjoyed a better established polity than the Egyptians. Their councils, senate, and tribunals seem to have been very august and highly regarded. Their community was composed of seven different orders. In most of these there were degrees of honour, to which particulars, upon their anyways excelling, were permitted to rise. *They were deeply skilled in astronomy and geometry*; also in chemistry and physic. Indeed they seem to have been acquainted with every branch of philosophy; which they are supposed of all nations to have cultivated the first. The natives of Thebes above all others were renowned for their great wisdom; and for their knowledge in these sciences. Their improvements in geometry are

thought to have been owing to the nature of their country; for the land of Egypt being annually overflowed, and all property confounded, they were obliged, upon the retreat of the waters, to have recourse to geometrical decision, in order to determine the limits of their possessions. All the best architecture of Greece may be traced to its original in Egypt. In a word, Macrobius styles Egypt *the Parent of Arts*.*

It is probable therefore that before the time of Abraham the Egyptians had made some progress towards perverting the noble science of astronomy to the superstitious purposes of judicial astrology; and made it the unholy depository of magic, talismans, divination, and other occult and forbidden arts, which were subsequently practised by the priesthood of all idolatrous nations, and acquired for them the unenviable appellation of "liars," for so the word Παπαί, *Papai*, "astrologers, or diviners by the stars," is translated in our scriptures. †

"In no country," says Sir W. Drummond, ‡ "were the abuses of the symbolical system carried further than in Egypt. The people fell into the grossest errors of idolatry; and it was but too much the interest of those by whom they were governed to keep them in ignorance. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that all the avenues to knowledge were made difficult of access; that the cultivation of science was reserved for the priests alone; and that the truths of history were perverted to serve the purposes of those crafty impostors. The records of early times were amplified by additions; altered by fables; or explained away into allegories. The simple facts which ancient monuments attested, or which tradition preserved, were employed as the foundation on which fiction built a thousand fanciful superstructions. The memory of truths, which had been originally kept separate from fables, was gradually obliterated. Innovation had rushed forwards like a mighty flood, and had swept away the landmarks of chronology and history; and Mythology, like those magicians which she herself has since created, had changed the

* See an Essay on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July and August, 1830, by Bro. the Rev. Geo. Oliver.

† See Isaiah xlv. 25, Gen. i. 36; and compare Isaiah xlvii. 13.

‡ Origines. B. iv. c. 3.

names, the forms, and the appearances of things."

Under these unhappy circumstances, the priest of On, or the sun, acquired the name of Poti-Fhera. The former denotes a diviner or juggler by solar appearances; and the latter the Orb itself; and Phera or Phre was a member of the sacred triad of deity, and adored before the name of Osiris was known. It is highly probable that the royal title of Pharash was derived from the same source; for it is the Egyptian name for the sun, the chief of the planets, and was applied to the King of Egypt as the chief of men. Wilkinson * says, it was represented in hieroglyphics by the hawk and globe, or sun, over the royal banners. But the word is not derived from, or related to *Ouro*, king, as Josephus supposes. The name is Phrah in Hebrew, and Pharaoh is an unwarrantable corruption."

As an instance of the above practices in the forbidden sciences of astrology and magic, as applied to the case before us, it was taught that when the moon under her proper symbols of a semi-circle or crescent, was united with Jupiter in the dragon's head, the gods were propitious, and disposed to grant every reasonable petition.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow-trabelers:—In holdin' forth to-day,
I dosen't quote no special verse for what I has to say,
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex, :
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.
Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-gowin for to smudder up his crap.
When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;

* Ancient Egyptians, vol. i. p. 43.

Do you s'pose dat day could ebber hab succeeded in their wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last---
if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
With no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbours for to theive,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail rusty moccassin, a-crawlin' on the groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove dem off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber got a chance to tel 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebbly upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin' den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib
dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin'
oh a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass
around de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when
it comes to dat!

Scribner's Monthly.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREE-
MASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

(Continued from page 360.)

SUCH works as these have undoubtedly a special value to masonic students, for they furnish the originals of several of our Traditions and Customs, though not to the extent some suppose, and certainly the evidence so accumulated and made known in the exhaustive works of Brother Higgins must be carefully examined and considered before his opinions are accepted as correct, and while we cannot fail to admire the diligence of the author, we must also admit that his inferences are frequently not justified by the evidence he submits. However, the works are most valuable, and especially so to the thoughtful Mason. We now come to a most interesting portion of the work under review, and to which we desire to invite the attention of the thinking portion of the Fraternity. Bro. Higgins tells us that.

"The Temple of Eleusis had a very large dome, which was of great antiquity, long before the time usually allotted to the invention of the arch, with radiated stones.

. . . . I request my brother Masons of the *Royal Arch*, to place themselves in the middle of the New Room at Freemasons' Tavern, when lighted up, and then to reflect upon all their ceremonies, on which of course I cannot enlarge, and I suspect they will find themselves both at Eleusis and at Bit-Chem, and in India.

. . . . We know very well that there were no arches in the temple of Jerusalem, that is, radiated arches; but we also know that there were vaults in which there were great treasures. . . . These arches, I apprehend, were of the nature of that of the treasury of Atreus at

Messina, and of the Cupola of Komilar, described by Col. Tod. If a person wanted to open such an arch, he would use a rope putting it round the cap, and pulling it inside; if he wanted to open a key-stoned arch he would not use a rope, but a hammer." (p. 719, vol 1.)

"The persons called Royal Arch Masons were the Archi-tect-onici, before the invention of key-stoned or radiated arches the Cyclopæan builders of the only *stone* edifices, at that time, in the world, which were temples. . . . The Archi-tect-onici, the Chaldæi, the Gnostici, the Mathematici, the Dionisiaci, constituted a MYSTERY, and erected Gothic buildings, the ruins of which now remain in India, thousands of years before they existed in Europe. . . . I beg to repeat to such of my readers as are Royal Arch Masons, that Solomon was a Ras or wise man, and that a Mason in Rajapoutana is called a Raz, which also means mystery; and now I take the liberty of observing to my brethren, that they are called Royal-Arch Masons, not because they have anything to do with Kings, but because they are *Raja-pout-an Masons.*" (p. 770.)

Well, for our part, we have never been able to trace the Royal Arch of Freemasonry long before 1740, and our experience agrees, we believe, with others, particularly Brother DR. MACKAY, who has made the Ritual and History of that degree his special study, and who is not surpassed by any brother in both hemispheres in his knowledge of the subject. We have, ourselves, devoted some years to the question, and have had more than one friendly discussion with our esteemed and learned brother, the Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, M.A., who rather leans to a much older origin than we can ascribe to Royal Arch Masonry.

It is not for us in a printed publication, to lay much stress on the peculiar objects of Royal Arch Masonry, nor to dwell upon its distinctive features, though even if we did, our attempt would not be the first of the kind as the revered and Reverend Dr. George Oliver, is the author of the best work on the subject extant. ("*Origin of the English Royal Arch.*")

We are pretty sure, however, that nothing as yet been published to prove the existence of such a *degree* prior to A. D. 1738, and we know that Rituals about the

period mentioned, as well as those of later dates, clearly point out the fact that for some years after the Revival of Freemasonry in London, A. D. 1717, the *real* and *distinctive* ceremonies of Royal Arch Masonry we worked in the Master Mason's Degree. If such were not the case, what means the frequent reference to the fact that Master Masons journeyed to the West "in search of that which which was lost, but is *now found*," which subsequently is declared to be the "*Master Mason's word*," and which word is then exchanged for the substituted word communicated in the former part of the ceremony? If the Royal Arch Degree in its separate and distinct form existed prior to 1738, and indeed, was as old, as the Third degree, how comes it that the regular Grand Lodge of England persistently refused to recognise it until 1813, but the body of Masons which seceded from this original and premier Grand Lodge, made much of the degree, and by it we may truly say, succeeded in making their numerical position, in a few years, almost equal to the regular Grand Lodge itself?

(To be continued.)

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(Concluded from page 383).

THE wall and foundations were of the same length as the width of the hill thus cut away: we may take the one as a measure of the other.

The width of the Bezetha hill has hitherto been supposed to extend as far as the modern east wall and St. Stephen's Gate; but, Mr. Beswick's discoveries now prove that this is a mistake. The eastern wall is a modern construction, including even the pool Birket Israil, and every other work whose sides are perpendicular offsets of the modern east wall, and look to it as a base of verification. Every old work on the eastern side of the northern wall of the Haram, from the eastern valley or the Bezetha hill, where the 352ft. of scarp rock ends, is wholly modern, and did not exist when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. On the other hand, everything old within the limits of this scarp is of a more ancient date than anything east of it. The 351·54 ft. of scarp is the width of the

Bezetha hill, and indicates where the old line of the third wall ran when Titus took Jerusalem.

The length of scarp rock being a measure of the width of Bezetha hill, also indicates the space between the second and third walls; at its western end was the second wall, and at its eastern end was the third wall. At the eastern end of this scarp it turns directly north, forming a clear corner or angle. The old north wall ran from this corner along the foundations of the Antonia westward, and joined the old west wall at the extreme northern end of the north-west cloister.

The second wall ran direct from the Antonia cloister to the pool Struthius, passing right through its middle from end to end. Josephus, says: "The bank which was raised at the Antonia was raised by the fifth legion over against the middle of that pool which is called Struthius."—"Wars," v., 11, 4.

The bank was raised against the wall running through the middle of the pool. John's party undermined the bank, cutting away the underlying rock. Mr. Beswick calls attention to the evidence which exists to this day of the rock having been taken away from this particular spot, in line with the middle of the pool. The scarp rock under the barracks and Serai ends abruptly, and leaves an intervening space between it and the direct line of the western wall with the middle of this pool, Struthius. The scarp rock, directly in front of the southern end of the pool, has been leveled and carried away to the extent required. ("Wars," v., 11, 4.) The second wall clearly ran up north-west along the western side of the hill Bezetha; and the third wall clearly ran up the eastern side of the same hill. All beyond this, including the traditional pool Birket Israil and eastern wall, is modern and post-Herodian. These researches afford us the first clear insight into the northern topography of the Temple Area, and of the exact points where the second and third walls joined the old walls of the Temple Inclosure on the north.

The following is a synoptical table of the principal measurements made by Mr. Beswick, involving the leading points in this notable discovery of the exact site of Solomon's Temple in the Haram ash Sharif at Jerusalem, and the Baris or Castle of Antonia adjoining thereto:

| MODERN INCLOSURE. | | |
|--|---|--------------|
| | | <i>Feet.</i> |
| Haram | Western wall - - - - | 1590·77 |
| " | Eastern " - - - - | 1530·21 |
| " | Northern " - - - - | 1045·74 |
| " | Southern " - - - - | 923·15 |
| SECOND TEMPLE INCLOSURE. | | |
| | East wall - - - - | 738·52 |
| | North " - - - - | 738·52 |
| | South " - - - - | 738·52 |
| | West " - - - - | 949·74 |
| South-east angle to centre of triple gate; east half length of wall - | | 302·79 |
| Centre of triple gate to west of double gate; west half length of wall - | | 302·79 |
| TOWER LYING OUT. | | |
| | North side - - - - | 184·64 |
| | South " - - - - | 184·64 |
| | East " - - - - | 103·39 |
| | South wall without tower - | 420·94 |
| | Total length of south wall - | 605·58 |
| | Total length inclosed by wall - | 590·82 |
| HEROD'S INCLOSURE. | | |
| | Western wall - - - - | 1533·17 |
| | Eastern " - - - - | 1220·04 |
| | Northern " - - - - | 923·15 |
| | Southern " - - - - | 923·15 |
| | Length of north-west cloister - | 324·95 |
| | Width of north-west cloister - | 32·49 |
| | Width of Antonia Fortress - | 59·08 |
| | Length of Antonia Fortress - | 59·08 |
| | Total length of western wall - | 1533·17 |
| | South-west angle from south side of Antonia - - - - | 1308·66 |
| | Scarpe rock north of Antonia - | 351·54 |
| | Ditch between scarp and wall - | 57·61 |
| | Space between Antonia and north wall - - - - | 100·44 |
| | Space between Antonia and Temple Area - - - - | 100·44 |
| | Height of rock and scarp of Antonia - - - - | 73·85 |
| | Width of scarp - - - - | 32·49 |
| | Length of scarp - - - - | 124·07 |
| COURT OF GENTILES. | | |
| | East wall - - - - | 327·14 |
| | North " - - - - | 782·83 |
| | South " - - - - | 782·83 |
| | Width of court - - - - | 44·31 |
| | No west side of court. | |
| THE SAKHRA IN CENTRE OF TEMPLE AREA. | | |
| Centre from North side of area - - | | 413·57 |
| " " South " " - - | | 413·57 |
| " " East " " - - | | 413·57 |
| " " West wall of enclosure - - | | 362·26 |
| " " South " " - - | | 794·65 |
| Between Temple Courts and south wall | | 381·07 |

IDENTIFICATION OF NUMEROUS SITES.

Mr. Beswick has extended his researches beyond the site of the Temple; he has traced Nehemiah's builders from end to end of the great wall, and has identified the sites of the gates and towers enumerated in the narrative of that patriotic leader (Nehemiah iii.), including the Sheep-gate, Corner-gate, Fish-gate, Valley-

gate, Dung-gate; also the Towers of Meah, Hananeel, Furnaces, Siloam, and the Great Tower which lieth out from the King's house. But the most important identification is the site of David's sepulchre. Mr. Beswick proposes to publish a work in which these subjects are discussed separately.

The rock was found to be scarped and cut down where it had cropped up too high, so as to reduce it to the required level of either platform, or steps. This is especially the case at the northern end of the mosque platform, and for a short distance at the southern end near the Cup, and at the same distance from the Sakhra in both cases. The direction and location of the sides of the courts, as laid down in this plan when traced on the Ordnance Map of the Haram, led at once to the means of identifying a number of important sites, and furnished a satisfactory reason for the existence and location of many rock-cut structures and scrapings which have baffled all attempts at explanation. The two cruciform tanks, Nos. 6 and 36, in the Ordnance Survey Map, fall into their proper place, and become the two gates or entrances, for male and female, from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel, the smaller cruciform tank, No. 6, being to the east of the larger entrance, and in the proper place for the women to enter the women's court, with their entrances to the south, as the case required.

The Jews' Wailing Place also falls into position with the rest. The outer wall of the Old Temple Area under Solomon, if prolonged, would strike the very gate-way to the Wailing Place, and the outer wall of the Court of Gentiles would cut the Wailing Place into two equal parts of 30 cubits=44,31134 feet each length. Doubtless the old Jews who selected this spot as the Wailing Place knew something of the location of the Temple Courts, for it could hardly have been lost to the Jews of those times, in whose memories every vestige would be cherished and held as a landmark by which to identify the limits and site of that Temple whose history has filled the world with its glory and renown.

It is impossible to foresee the important changes in Biblical literature which must necessarily grow out of this discovery.

The men and women of Biblical times will no longer be mere puppets, living in a mythical temple whose site no one can identify. A reality will now pervade the narrative, its stories will come to us like a new revelation, with a location and name making the actions of those whose deeds were done in the Temple intelligible and clear, which beforetime were seemingly fantastic, and oftentimes inexplicable. Fact will take the place of fancy, and topographical knowledge and clearness will take the place of conjecture and ignorance. To know this Temple intimately, to be able to describe its peculiarities, to illustrate the ancient story and narrative of the Old and New Testament, and to give life-like reality to incidents occurring in the Holy City and Temple, are results of the very highest order. Every writer on Biblical geography and history, every minister who attempts an illustration of his text, every teacher in a Sunday-school who associates the Gospel history with illustrations, does this more or less vaguely only because the maps mislead, or the standard text-books are defective in their descriptions and inaccurate in their pictorial representations.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

It speaks well for the taste of the people on the banks of "the coally Tyne," that at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, the fine tragedy of *Antigona*—that noble display of female heroism—written by the "Attic bee," Sophocles, for the ancient Greeks, should not only be reproduced for two nights, the chorusses being rendered to Mendelssohn's music, but enthusiastically received. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, are names that will last for ever, and the few of their tragedies remaining to us will be treasured for all time as choicest literary gems; but one rather expects to find them appreciated by scholars than by English playgoers; to see them in good libraries,

rather than on the stage, especially of a provincial English theatre. The immortality of genius, too, is well illustrated by finding a Northumbrian audience entranced by the same great dramatic production which drew tears from the eyes, and moved the blood in the veins, of the men, matrons, and maids of Greece, twenty-three centuries ago, when the victory of Salamis was still fresh in the memory of the people. Though only seven of his hundred and thirty pieces have come down to us, those seven will always be dearly prized by all true lovers of genuine poetry.

There is scarcely a thought in modern authors but what can be traced back to the writers of antiquity. Who has not felt and admired that beautiful conclusion of Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College?—

"Yet, ah! why should they know their fate;

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies,

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more; where ignorance is bliss,

'T is folly to be wise."

And yet is not this the same thought which Sophocles put into the mouth of Ajax on the Athenian stage more than eleven hundred years before our own truly-classical poet was born? The passage occurs in the second act of *Ajax*, where the warrior's boy Eurysaces, is brought to him by its mother, Tecmessa, and is thus Englished by Professor Francklin:—

—"I envy thee, my child,

For that thou seest not thine own wretchedness;

The happiness of life is not to know.

Thy ignorance will keep thee free from pain,

Till time shall teach thee what it is to grieve

And to rejoice."

Lead ore has been discovered at Pateley Bridge, but whether in sufficient quantities to pay for working remains to be seen.

Mr. W. A. Gunnell is preparing for publication "Sketches of Hull Celebrities, being an outline of the character, personal appearance, manner, and peculiarities of those gentlemen who have offered themselves as candidates for Parliamentary honours for the Town of King-

stone-upon-Hull since the year 1640." The number of votes obtained by each candidate, their colours, the songs and squibs produced, all are to be given, and must be interesting to the students of English history generally; but some hitherto unpublished letters of the incorruptible patriot, Andrew Marvel, which are to be given in the volume, will be most anxiously looked for. Although most of the biographers of the poet-politician are in error, by stating him to be a *native* of Hull, yet, as our American cousins would say, he was "reared" there, and his representation of the borough as the last paid Member of Parliament, until the miners elected Burt and Macdonald, is a matter of history which ought to be known to every schoolboy. But has Hull had no celebrities who have never aspired to sit in Parliament? The title of Mr. Gunnell's book seems too general to be confined to mere candidates, successful or otherwise, for seats in Parliament.

The Archæologist remarks:—"All numismatists are aware of the difficulty which exists in distinguishing the coins of the three Edwards, owing to the absence of any numeral on them to denote the particular monarch by which they were struck. The generally received opinion is, that those with EDW. belong to Edward I.; with EDWAR and EDWARD to Edward II.; and with EDWARDUS in full to Edward III."

Lord William Pitt Lennox relates the following anecdote of the late Canon Barham, author of the well known *Ingholdsby Legends*. Cannon, Theodore Hook, and others, including his lordship, had been dining with Barham, and the evening passed off delightfully. At a late hour, or rather at an early hour in the morning, their host showed some signs of weariness, and being called out of the room, his health was proposed and drunk with the usual honours. On his return, Hook said, "We have had the pleasure of drinking your health in your absence.—" "And," replied Barham, "It will give me great pleasure to drink yours in your absence." After this broad but proper hint, they rose to take their departure.—"You know everything," said Cannon; "what's going on?"—"I am," responded Hook, "suing the action to the word," but not before he

had invited the whole party to dine with him on the following Monday.

Fudziejama, who was one of the Japanese commissioners to the Vienna Exhibition of 1872, and who stayed in that city until he had thoroughly learnt the art and mystery of casting type and stereotyping, has succeeded in introducing that elevating branch of industry into Japan. Such a benefactor of his country deserves the highest honour, and the annals of civilization should hand his name down to posterity for all time. Well did the Sheffield bard, honest Ebenezer Elliott, sing of our venerable first English printer:—

"Lord! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade

His silent words for ever speak,
A grave for tyrants then was made,
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, Thy wond'rous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry;
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,
He shakes all evil yet to be!

The power he grasp'd let none disdain;
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will."

And this naturally suggests to my mind to ask, how many of our Lodges have a Library of Masonic works, or of general standard Literature? How many Masons take in regularly a Masonic publication? or have one single good Masonic work on their bookshelves? We, who over our cups, in after dinner-speeches, prate loudly of Masonry being "the science of sciences, because it includes all others;" we, who profess always to be in search of "more light;" we who have privileges granted us by the State, on account of the high tendency of our venerable Craft, which are strictly denied to our fellow-citizens; we, who therefore ought to lead the van in all

good unsectarian and non-party movements, basely content ourselves to almost totally ignore the Masonic press, as if we wished for darkness instead of light, because our deeds were unfit for the sunshine of the nineteenth century. Though the Army and Navy are properly enough toasted at our Masonic banquets, how rarely does one hear the toast of the Press! Without undervaluing in the least the skill and bravery of our soldiers and tars, patent to all men, I must be allowed to say, that whatever honour we may be prepared to grant to the warriors who fight our battles by land or sea, ought surely to be granted also to those stalwart champions of "the good, the beautiful, and the true," who fight the demons, Ignorance and Vice, with that more potent weapon, the pen, and cast their thoughts farther than cannon can ever make its thunders heard, by means of the Press, so much unappreciated by Masons who, like old King Cole in the song, prefer to all others "the knife-and-fork degree." Now I have no wish to see Masonic meetings converted into Puritan fasts; but I have an ardent wish to know that a Masonic Library is connected with every one of our Lodges, to see a Masonic periodical in every Mason's house, and two or three standard Masonic works of reference at least on every Freemason's bookshelves. The men who have not brains cultivated enough to appreciate such things ought never to be once admitted amongst us, except it might be in an emergency for an outer guard or tyler, and under ordinary circumstances not even for that. I notice too that, as a rule, the Lodges that most undervalue the Masonic Press, do least for the noble charities of the Order, and rarely vote a stiver for a distrest brother either of their own or any other Lodge, and practically sink the glorious and unequalled Craft in the estimation of their common-sense neighbours, beneath the excellent Orders of Odd Fellows, Foresters, Shepherds, Druids, Gardeners, and so forth, all very good societies in their way, though too often despised by those unworthy Masons who boast their connection with the noblest organisation in the world, but which they only help to degrade from its proper purpose.

Treacle is now coming into use for feeding cattle. It is dissolved in boiling water,

and then mixed with chaff, chopped straw, or the usual roots given to stock. A pound or two of treacle given to each ox is said to materially increase its flesh, whilst it more than repays its cost for milch cows in the increased yield of milk. Raw beet-root treacle, fit for the farmer's purpose, can be bought in London, from the wholesale dealers, at £8 per ton. It is high time that many of our farmers hit upon some better method of increasing the supply of milk in winter, both in quantity and quality, much of what is now sold in the country being still worse than that retailed in towns, owing to there being no inspection; being little better than water, and the flavour, if it have any at all, being that of turnips.

In a brief Note in the February number of the *Masonic Magazine*, I named Mr. J. J. Briggs, of King's Newton, as "a poet, historical writer, and naturalist." I omitted to say that he is the Naturalist of the *Field* newspaper. I have on my table a very excellent handbook to his native place, which we will have a peep into, all well, in a future number. In the meantime take this beautiful Sonnet on Autumn as a proof of his poetic powers:—

"Wide o'er the woodlands, clad till now in green,
Autumn her gorgeous banner doth unroll;
Not saintly missal, nor emblazon'd scroll,
Can boast of richer hues than it, I ween:
She holds a wondrous pageant in the wood;
The sylph-like Birch hath dress of lemon tinge;
The queenly Elm a robe with orange fringe;
The warrior Beech hath 'garments roll'd in blood';
The kingly Maple dons his golden crown;
The Sycamore a coat of russet hues;
While, gloomy as the midnight's frown,
The Yew
Hath his funereal mantle round him thrown,
As though he deem'd earth all too bright.
Lo! now,
Winds strip, with ruthless breath, the
many-colour'd bough."

I would give all the sonnets I ever wrote to be the author of this. It is worthy of Shakspeare, or Milton, or Wordsworth, our three greatest sonnetteers.