



“DYBOTS.”

LARGEST IDOL IN JAPAN—PRONOUNCED “DYBOOTS.”

*See “A Trip to Dai Butsu,” page 529.*

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## SPECIAL LINK UP WITH THE STATE

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### Special Link Up with the State

There has lately been a great deal of talk in the University of Michigan Library about the "Special Link Up with the State" which is being carried out by the State of Michigan. The idea is to have a closer relationship between the University and the State, particularly in the field of research and education.

The plan of the Special Link Up with the State is to have a "Special Link Up with the State" which is being carried out by the State of Michigan. The idea is to have a closer relationship between the University and the State, particularly in the field of research and education.

Our study and report on the Special Link Up with the State is being carried out by the State of Michigan. The idea is to have a closer relationship between the University and the State, particularly in the field of research and education.

There is no doubt that the Special Link Up with the State is a very important project.

It is a project which is being carried out by the State of Michigan. The idea is to have a closer relationship between the University and the State, particularly in the field of research and education.

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# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE :

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 46.—VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1877.

PRICE 6d.

## Monthly Masonic Summary.

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At our last quarterly communication, which was very fully attended, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was unanimously and enthusiastically elected Grand Master of English Freemasonry for the next twelve months.

The grant of £4,000 for the two Life Boats was confirmed “nemine dissentiente,” and much ordinary business was got through.

Our worthy and respected Grand Treasurer was also unanimously re-elected, amid the hearty cheers of the Grand Lodge.

There is not else much to report.

There is a proposal afloat to increase the Boys' School, so as to admit 120 additional boys, at a probable cost of £22,000; but as yet no detailed plans are before us.

We have no doubt, ourselves, that an addition is needed to the school, the only question is how best to do it.

A very important answer has been made to a querist by the Board of Inland Revenue, namely, that all receipts above £2 require a stamp, and Masonic Lodges are not exempt.

Let Freemasons look to it, and let our Masters and Treasurers see that our Lodges no longer disobey the laws of the land!

A new Masonic periodical has appeared in Scotland—*The Scottish Freemason*—started by our energetic publisher. It has made a most creditable first appearance, and we wish it all success.

Abroad, the contest in France is waged vigorously with respect to the non recognition of T.G.A.O.T.U., but we are inclined to hope that a reaction has set in.

Bro. Hubert, Editor of the *Chaine d'Union*, takes the view we have essayed to commend to our Masonic Brethren.

That the change is not a legitimate reform, but a senseless revolution, and has nothing in its favour except a concession to those “libres penseurs,” who seem to wish to bring everything down to the lower level of their doubts and difficulties, their scepticism and their materialistic unbelief, is only too clear.

We trust that French Freemasonry may emerge from the struggle successfully and resolve firmly, “stare super vias antiquas.”

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES  
OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER  
OF CONCORD ATTACHED TO THE  
ANCHOR AND HOPE LODGE, No.  
37, BOLTON.

BY COMP. JAMES NEWTON, P.Z., SCRIBE E. 37.

THE Chapter (as will appear from these extracts) was originally established under a charter, dated 11th Nov., 1785, granted by the Grand Chapter (Moderns), and was numbered 45, the Chapters at this time being numbered consecutively (as we learn from our esteemed friend, Bro. W. J. Hugan), and not, as at present, bearing the numbers of the Craft Lodges to which they were attached. Its place of meeting at its commencement appears to have been at the sign of the "Hope," "Hope and Anchor," or the "Anchor and Hope," in Bolton, whichever of these may be the correct name, though probably it would be the latter, as no doubt the "Anchor and Hope" Lodge (itself warranted 9th Nov., 1732) took its name from the place where the Lodge met at the time when lodges began to assume distinctive names.

In 1835, after the union of the two Grand Chapters, the old charter appears to have been surrendered by direction of the Supreme Grand Chapter, and a new Charter, dated 3d August, 1836, granted in lieu thereof, the Chapter to be attached to the Anchor and Hope Lodge (then numbered 44).

The Chapter appears to have only held its meetings at *four* different rooms during the 91 years of its existence, namely, at the "Anchor and Hope" from 1785 to 1807, at the "Legs of Man" from 1807 to 1844, at the "Swan Hotel" from 1844 to 1866, since which time the meetings have been held in the Freemasons' Hall, Church Institute, Bolton, the distance between each of these places not being more than a quarter of a mile, a circumstance which is rarely equalled in the history of a Chapter nearly a century old.

The Minutes of the Chapter are contained in three books, the first of which extends from 5th October, 1785, to 22nd January, 1832, and from this book, in the

first instance, we purpose to make such extracts as appear interesting.

The first entry therein of a meeting is in the following terms :

"Bolton, 5th October, 1785.

"At a General Encampment of Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons, held in due form, Bro. M. J. Boyle in the chair, the following Royal Arch Brethren were properly instructed and afterwards initiated into the higher degree of Masonry : Bro. Abrm. Bowker, Bro. Wm. Johnson, Bro. Wm. Whalley, Bro. Thos. Rycroft, and Bro. Jas. Crook.

This is signed, "MICH. JAMES BOYLE."

From this it appears exceedingly probable that Bro. Michael Jas. Boyle, the same Brother who is referred to in Bro. Ellis's interesting extracts from the Minutes of the R. A. Chapter of Paradise, No. 139, as a "Mason of the World" (vide *Masonic Magazine* for May, 1876, page 449), attended in Bolton for the purpose of assisting the Brethren to establish a Royal Arch Chapter there. This supposition is borne out by the Minutes of the five following meetings, held 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th October, 1785 respectively, at each of which Bro. Boyle was stated to be "in the chair." At these meetings sixteen "Royal Arch Brethren" (whose names are recorded) are stated to have been "properly instructed," five of whom, also, were at the meeting on 15th October, 1785, "initiated to the higher order." It does not, however, appear by what authority Bro. Boyle conferred the Royal Arch degree.

We may here remark that the whole of the Royal Arch meetings recorded in this book are described as "General Encampment," but, in order to avoid the frequent repetition of those words we will now simply call them "Meetings."

The next meeting recorded is on 21st Oct., 1785, "Bro. Boyle in the chair," when Bro. Thos. Rycroft was elected to the office of Z. ; Bro. Wm. Johnson, H. ; Bro. Nathl. Howarth, J. ; Bro. Jas. Howarth, J.S. ; Bro. Tho. Thornley, 3rd G.M." And it was determined "that a petition for a Royal Arch Chapter (to be known by the name of 'Love and Concord,' and to meet at Bro. Alex. Martin's the last Wednesday in February, May,

August and November) be drawn up by Bro. Thos. Rycroft."

At the same meeting another Brother "was initiated to the higher order."

Bro. Rycroft appears to have lost no time in drawing up the petition, for on the following day (22nd October, 1786) another meeting was held, "Bro. Boyle in the chair," when it is recorded that "a petition for a Royal Arch Chapter was read by Bro. Tho. Rycroft, which, being approved of and the thanks of the Body returned to Bro. Rycroft for his assiduity and attention in drawing it up, was signed in form and sent to our Provincial Master."

Another meeting was held 23rd October 1785, when "Bro. Jas Stewart was made Royal Arch and afterwards initiated to the higher order."

Again, on 24th October, 1785, a meeting was held, when "Bro. Edward Rothwell and Bro. Wm. Thwait were made Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons."

It will be seen that there were no less than *ten* meetings in the month of October, 1785, thus testifying to the zeal of the Brethren in the cause of Royal Arch Masonry.

On 19th Nov., 1785, "Bro. John Smallwood, Junr, of Manchester, was made a Royal Arch Superexcellent Mason."

The next meeting recorded is on 19th March, 1786, when it is stated:

"The following Brethren were installed into the respective offices:

- "Bro. Wm. Johnson,
- " " Nathl. Howarth,
- " " Roger Mosley,"

but no mention is made of what those offices were. Bro. Michael James Boyle is mentioned as a visitor at this meeting, and at the end of the proceedings of such meeting is written what appears to be a monogram composed of the letters "H A B K S T," under which is the letter "m." Opposite the monogram is a seal impressed in red wax. The impression is a remarkably fine one, and the design is as follows: In the centre are a pair of pillars, on the base of the left hand pillar is the letter B, on the base of the right hand pillar the letter J; between the pillars is a globe in a stand, and the pillars are surmounted by the All-Seeing Eye.

Below the pillars is a ribbon with the motto "I am true." A circular inscription round the seal reads, "Royal Arch Union Lodge, No. 211."

How this seal came to be impressed here we cannot conceive, unless it was affixed by Bro. Boyle. The "Royal Arch Union Lodge, No. 211" (from subsequent entries in the Minutes) would appear to have been held in the King's Own, or 3rd Dragoons, under the jurisdiction of Scotland.

The next meeting was on 29th March, 1786, when it is recorded that "the following letter was sent to Chapter No. 7, Bury, addressed to Bro. Haworth, Bookseller there:

"Health, Joy and Peace to our Loving Companions of the Grand and Royal Chapter, No. 7. We, the most Excellent, send greeting. Whereas we have obtained the Chapter of Concord, No. 45, which we intend to have installed on Friday, the 31st instant, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, according to the powers therein given to us by the Grand and Royal Chapter of Jerusalem. Your company on the occasion will be very acceptable to us, your Loving Companions,

"EDWD. ROTHWELL	} Sojourners.
"THOS. WILSON	
"ELLIS SWEETLOVE	

"THOS. HEATON, E., JAS. HOWARTH, N., WM. JOHNSON, Z., NATHL. HOWARTH, H., WM. HODSON, J."

"From our General Encampment at Bolton, this 29th day of March, A.L. 5790, A.D. 1786."

At the meeting named in the above letter, viz 31st March, 1786, it is stated, "the following Brethren from Bury were properly instructed in Royal Arch Superexcellent Masonry:

"Bro. Wm. Mosley, of our Lodge No. 36,

"Bro. John Wood	} From the Chapter of Unanimity No. 7, in Bury.
"Bro. Geo. Lomax	
"Bro. Robt. Howarth	
"Bro. John Ackerley	
"Bro. Abrm. Wood	

"then the following Brethren were initiated into the higher order:

"Bro. Ellis Sweetlove	} pr. Bro. Wm. Johnson.
"Bro. John Lever	

"Bro. Wm. Mosley  
 "Bro. J. Smethurst } pr. Bro. Nathl.  
 "Bro. Wm. Hodson & } Howarth.  
 "the above five Brethren from Bury.  
 "and were all afterwards present at the  
 Installment of the following Officers to  
 serve till the Return of Bro. Rycroft or  
 other election under the sanction of the  
 Chapter of Concord, No. 45, viz., Bro.  
 Wm. Johnson, Z., Bro. Nathl. Howarth,  
 H., and Bro. Thomas Wilson, J. Installed  
 by Bro. Michael James Boyle."

"N.B.—Bro. Ralph Holt, having some  
 time before been instructed and initiated  
 into the higher order by Brethren Boyle,  
 Johnson, etc., was likewise present at the  
 Installment, along with the other  
 Brethren from Bury."

On the next two pages appear the follow-  
 ing entries :

"A certificate for Bro. Thomas Heaton,  
 being dated 30th March, A.L. 5790, A.D.  
 1786, as mentioned opposite to it was  
 added (in the year of Superexcellent  
 Masonry 4134, and since the word was  
 found 2420) and then signed on the 24th  
 Sept, 1788, by

"W. Johnson, Z.

"Thos. Thornley, H.

"Thos. Smethurst, J.

"William Thweat, N.

"Brother T. Rycroft, E."

"A former certificate being signed by  
 Brother Michael James Boyle, H.P., for  
 the said Thomas Heaton, it also is now  
 signed by

"W. Johnson, R.A.C.

"Thos. Thornley, 1st G.M.

"Thos. Smethurst, 2nd G.M.  
 3rd G.M.

"William Thweat, N.

"Brother J. Rycroft, E.,

"but in it is not mentioned the Chapter  
 of Concord No. 45."

"March 30th, 1786.—Bro. Michl. Jas.  
 Boyle's certificate wrote in print hand the  
 same as mine, was delivered to him with  
 an impression of our seal in red wax.

"T. HEATON."

"11th April, 1786. — Bro. Robt.  
 Gardner, Master of the Royal Arch Lodge  
 No. 211, under the Grand of Scotland,  
 desired by Bro. Wm. Johnson that a certi-  
 ficate might be sent to him. I believe  
 Bro. Boyle and Bro. Stewart have in-  
 structed him in Royal Arch Masonry, and

at the desire of Bro. Wm. Johnson I have  
 wrote out a certificate for him as above  
 with a proper impression of our seal and  
 delivered it to Bro. Johnson for the said  
 Bro. Gardner. I wish I had some good  
 information and instruction relative to  
 the propriety of the two above proceed-  
 ings.

"THOS. HEATON."

The next meeting was on 31st May,  
 1786, when, after giving the names of 17  
 Brethren present, it is stated :

"Bro. Peter Lawson, from the Charter  
 No. 211, held in the King's Own, or third  
 Regiment of Dragoons, under the Re-  
 gistry of the Grand of Scotland, joined our  
 Chapter by the unanimous consent."

On 27th June, 1786, appears an entry :

"Brother Thomas Wilson's certificate  
 on the higher order dated as above was  
 delivered to him, signed by Thos. Heaton,  
 E., to be signed by the others. It is  
 written within an impression of our Plate  
 on Parchment, and has a proper impression  
 of our seal."

From this entry it would seem that the  
 Chapter issued certificates printed from an  
 engraved plate of its own, but unfortu-  
 nately no traces of this plate can now be  
 discovered. The same may be said of the  
 seal above referred to.

At a meeting held 30th Nov., 1787,  
 "the following Brethren were elected  
 officers and installed :

"Bro. Thos. Rycroft, Z.

"Bro. Wm. Johnson, H.

"Bro. Thos. Thornley, J.

"Bro. Wm. Thweat, N.,

"and the following Brethren appointed :

"Bro. P. Lawson, P.

"Bro. T. Wilson, A.

"Bro. Thos. Heaton, E."

We cannot understand what officers in a  
 Chapter at the present day would be repre-  
 sented by the above initial letters P and  
 A, and should be glad if any of the readers  
 of the Magazine would enlighten us.

At the same meeting it is recorded :

"The following Byelaws were proposed  
 by the Most Excellent Z. for the govern-  
 ment of the worthy Companions of the  
 Chapter of Concord, No. 45, held under  
 the Grand Chapter of Jerusalem.

"1st. That a General Encampment be  
 held at the house of Bro. Wm. Johnson  
 (the sign of the Hope) or where the

principals and majority of the Brethren shall think proper the last Wednesday evening in Feby., May, August, and November.

"2nd. That a Ballot for the Election of officers be taken at the quarterly G. E. preceding the 30th day of November annually.

"3rd. That the officers elect shall be installed on the 30th day of November annually.

"4th. That none be exalted to this supreme degree but men of the best character who have passed thro' the three probationary degrees of Craft Masonry and have presided as Masters.

"5th. That every Candidate be proposed and recommended by two or more Companions of the Chapter at least one quarterly G. E. previous to his admission, such Candidate to be not less than 23 years of age.

"6th. Any Companion proposing a candidate shall deposit in the hands of the Treasurer half a Guinea.

"7th. The Quarterly G. E. following the proposal of a Candidate the said Candidate shall be balloted for, when should there appear one voice against him he shall be rejected and his money returned; but should he be approved of on his admission he shall pay the further sum of one guinea, out of which the Senr. or Acting Scribe shall receive 2s. 6d. for his trouble of filling up his Certificate and the Tyler the sum of 2s. 6d. for his trouble of attendance.

"8th. That every Companion pay quarterly the sum of 2s. 6d. towards the general fund.

"9th. That no Liquor nor Smoking be admitted in the G. E.

"10th. That Bro. Wm. Johnson be allowed 2s. 6d. every quarterly G. E. for the use of the room, Fire and Candle.

"11th. That a Treasurer be appointed, who shall keep a regular account of all moneys recd. and paid who shall submit the same to the inspection of every G. E., and who in return for his attention shall receive from the Genl. fund 2/6 for every new admitted Companion.

"12th. The Treasurer shall pay no money but by order of the Principals in G. E. or by an order signed by the three Principals and two Companions, upon

extra occasions, and no order upon extra occasions shall exceed the sum of five shillings.

"13th. Any Alteration, New Law, or other proposal must be made one quarterly G. E. at least before it be Determined on."

At a meeting held 5th December, 1787, "Bro. Jas. Crook declared he no longer consider'd himself a Companion of this body."

"The first six rules proposed the last G. E. unanimously approved."

"Bro. Hodson proposed that any member of No. 36 should be admitted for less than a member of any other Lodge, which was rejected by a majority of three."

"Bro. Jas. Howarth proposed that the sum of one guinea for admission be alter'd to one half which was rejected."

"The 7th Regulation then pass'd with only Br. Heaton's dissenting voice."

"Br. Sweetlove proposed that instead of the quarterly subscription of 2/6 proposed in the 8th Regulation, One Shilling only be paid quarterly, which was approved of by a majority of seven."

"The 9th Regulation approved unanimously."

"The 10th Regulation, allowing 2/6 to Br. Johnson, Br. Sweetlove proposed should be altered to eighteen pence, which was rejected by a majority of five and the first proposal approved of."

"Br. Heaton proposed that so far of the 11th Regulation as follows the words G. E. be left out, which was unanimously approved of and the former part order'd to stand."

"The 12th Regulation approved of unanimously."

"Bro. Wm. Thweat proposed that any R. A. M. proposing to join our body shall pay five shillings, if he be approved of, which was unanimously agreed to stand as the 14th Regulation."

"Br. Heaton proposed as the 15th Regn. that the By Laws be read in the G. E. every quarterly night, which was approved of unanimously."

"The 13th Regulation proposed the last G. E. was then taken into consideration and unanimously approved."

*(To be Continued.)*

## SONNET.

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

*(For the "Masonic Magazine.")*

As through the fields in pensive mood I  
 stray  
 Wand'ring by a lone cot beneath yon  
 hill,  
 Where but for children's voices, all were  
 still,  
 Not loath, I hear their accents—see them  
 play,  
 Dance, laugh, or sing—these little ones so  
 gay,  
 So guileless, too—O, let them sport at  
 will,  
 And gather, by each tiny, trickling rill  
 Or hedge-row's side, full many a mimic bay  
 And many a verdant wreath, their brows  
 to deck  
 With chaplets bright, of which each  
 seems to them  
 Fair as Apollo's laurel diadem ;  
 Nor their all innocent pride in Nature  
 check.  
 For save their joy in Nature's charms  
 we share,  
 No wreath of song ourselves shall ever  
 wear.

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LETTER OF BRO. W. J. HUGHAN,  
 OF ENGLAND, TO THE GRAND  
 LODGE OF OHIO.

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*(Continued from page 475.)*

*Edinburgh (July 15, 1738, St. James Evening Post).* "July 11th. Tuesday last the Society of Masons held a lodge here, and it seems they were very early in their reprisals against the Roman Pontiff, informally excommunicating the old Father, though some of the fraternity proposed a suspension of any such hostilities, till at

last it should appear that the late Bill was *Billa viva.*"

This is doubtless in allusion to the Bull issued April 28, 1738, which was the first of its kind launched against modern Freemasonry. Bro. Findel considers that one of the results of this Bull was the formation of the Mopses, and his authority on all matters pertaining to Freemasonry on the Continent is reliable. The "*Bull*" has long ceased to be thought of but as a curiosity.

"August 3d. Foundation-stone of Edinburgh Royal Infirmary laid by Freemasons, Earl Cromarty Grand Master."

The ceremony was performed by request of the *Board of Works*, the lodges in the neighbourhood taking part. This grand assembly in 1738 was the first public act of consequence of the Grand Lodge of Scotland since its institution, in 1736, by the numerous operative lodges dating from the sixteenth century, which had previously acted independently. An imposing demonstration was made, and a splendid banquet closed the proceedings held for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary. Before the year closed the members of the Grand Lodge were gratified to hear that the managers of that excellent charity were so impressed with the substantial aid granted by the Freemasons that they had decided that infirm Craftsmen would always be welcomed in the hospital.

We now present to our readers the last three notices of provincial meetings from the *Evening Post*, two having reference to the annual meetings at *Newcastle*.

1. *December 8, 1734.* "Yesterday, being St. John's Day, was held the usual anniversary of the Most Honourable and Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masous, at Widow Grey's, on the Quay, where there was the greatest appearance that has been known on that occasion, the Society consisting of the principal inhabitants of the town and country, from whence they went in procession in the afternoon, with their regalia and proper ornaments, to the chapel at the Bridge End, where they heard a most excellent sermon preached upon the nature and usefulness of the Society by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Vicar of Bywell, their Chaplain. In their return they were saluted by a



triple discharge of guns, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of the town's regard for so valuable a society. We hear that they distributed liberally to their indigent brethren, and among the rest of their charities we are informed that they have this day sent to the several parishes in town a considerable sum for the relief of the poor housekeepers. In the evening they had a most elegant entertainment, and unanimously nominated Dr. Askew their Master, Mr. Thoresby their Deputy Master, Mr. Blenkinsop and Mr. Skal their Wardens for the ensuing year."

2. (*Edition of January 7, 1738.*) "On Tuesday, 27th December, being St. John's Day, was held the anniversary meeting of the Most Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, at Mr. Baxter's, on the Key. The Society consisted of the principal inhabitants of the town and country. In the afternoon they were saluted with the discharge of guns and other demonstrations of joy. In the evening they held an elegant entertainment, and unanimously elected Walter Blackett, Esq, their Master, Mr. Thoresby their Deputy Master, and Mr. Newton and Mr. Graham their Wardens for the ensuing year."

The account of this lodge is valuable and important, as it evidently refers to a period (1734) when the members met by virtue of time immemorial qualifications, no Warrant having been issued until the following year by the Grand Lodge of England. There is everything to suggest that the lodge was an old one in 1734, and that the annual celebration of St. John's Day and the participation of the inhabitants in the rejoicing were things of common occurrence for years prior to the one under consideration. It was called in 1734 "a valuable Society," and the charitable character of the Society, even beyond its own pale, is ably sketched by the correspondent of the *Evening Post*. The members evidently accepted a Warrant in A.D. 1735, for a lodge was constituted there by the modern Grand Lodge in that year, to meet on the *First Monday* in each month.

Warrants, so called, but really charters of *conformation*, were granted to numerous old lodges which had existed prior to the existence of the Grand Lodge, and though

only *four* lodges met in London, A.D. 1717, to constitute the latter body, and in consequence were subsequently allowed to meet without Warrants (*two* still existing and working by virtue of such privileges), yet it can be proved that even in London and neighbourhood there were operative lodges which took no part in the "Revival," such as the *Bedford*, which subsequently accepted Warrants; and some lodges in the country, like the old *Atelier* at Alnwick, never joined in the new movement, while others, like the one at Newcastle, gave in their adhesion to the vigorous and prosperous Grand Lodge. Another old lodge which joined the Grand Lodge was that originally working at Swallowwell, near Gateshead, a suburb of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The tradition is that the lodge was founded by the operative Masons brought from the South of England by Sir Ambrose Crawley when he established his celebrated foundry at Winlanton, about A.D. 1690.

The oldest Minutes are written in sheets, bound up with a copy of the first Book of Constitutions (1723) and many are exceedingly curious, though not of any antiquity, none dating beyond 1725; but their value consists in their operative character and being evidently based upon older documents.

*Swallowwell.* (*St. James Evening Post.*) June 20, 1735. "How Masoury flourishes in the North of England may be seen by the following account. Yesterday being the Festival of St. John the Baptist, the Freemasons, according to annual custom, met at the house of Mr. John Thompson, at the sign of 'The Two Fencing-masters,' and were constituted into a regular lodge, according to the London Constitutions. Early in the morning the brethren prepared everything for the reception of the Grand Officers, and conducted them from the Square to the lodge-room in very decent order, where, after the Grand Master had read his Deputation, and the whole Brotherhood present had promised their constant and hearty obedience to him and his Grand Officers, and steady adherence to the Charges and Regulations of the Supreme Grand Lodge of London, he proceeded to constitute them, which ceremony, to the high honour of the Grand Lodge, was performed with all the exact-

ness imaginable. After constitution they all set out in grand procession through the town in manner following," etc., . . . "Mr. Jos. Laycock being Provincial Grand Master of the Bishopric of Durham."

Joseph Laycock was appointed *Provincial Grand Master* of Durham under the Grand Mastership of Earl of Crawford (1734-5). The first Provincial Grand Master was appointed, 1727, to represent the Grand Master in Wales. The year 1726 has generally been fixed for this appointment, and doubtless because in Entick's "Constitutions" that year is recorded above the first Provincial Grand Master, but the exact dates are given of the two brethren who first held that distinction in the "Constitutions" of 1738—viz., 10th May and 24th June, 1727—for *North* and *South* Wales respectively. Similar Deputations for abroad were granted to Captain Ralph Far Winter, for East India, in 1729-30; to Daniel Cox for New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania; and to Monsieur Du Thom, for Lower Saxony. Then follow other appointments for Russia, Spain, France, Portugal, Africa, Switzerland, Upper Saxony, etc., all illustrative of the spread of Freemasonry through the medium of the Grand Lodge of England.

The lodge—an *operative lodge*—which accepted a Warrant from the Grand Lodge, and was constituted according to the foregoing report, appears to have quite ignored the Grand Lodge of all England, which was working at the City of York, which as a Grand Lodge was formed A.D. 1725, but as an independent lodge had been actively engaged in Masonic labour many years prior to the "*Revival*." For some reason the York authority was but little patronized by the old lodges in the North of England. Likely enough the latter were jealous of the prominent position assumed by the York Lodge, and considered they had as good a right to call their meetings the assemblies of a Grand Lodge. *All true enough.* No doubt either *might have* resolved itself into a Grand Lodge, according to the London pattern, as the York Lodge did, and later on the *Mother Lodge intervening did*; but, as these Northern lodges *did not*, they could not well avoid being absorbed in the *York* Lodge or the more

successful London rival. Some, like the *old* lodge at *Abwick*, never gave in their adhesion, and finally collapsed.

The history of the lodge at Gateshead (or Swallowwell) has lately been written in the *Masonic Magazine*, by the able Masonic student, the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A. The lodge, however, has no Minutes beyond last century.

April 19, 1735. On Thursday last, Procession of *Freemasons* from Grosvenor Square to Mercer's Hall, headed by "1 kettle-drum, 4 trumpets, 2 French horns, 2 hautboys, 2 bassoons, all on white horses. The music had all leather aprons and white gloves. Afterwards 6 coaches with the 12 stewards, followed by an infinite number of gentlemen's coaches, etc. Lord Viscount Weymouth, Grand Master, and Grand Wardens, closing the procession.

These Grand Lodge processions have been entirely abolished for many years, either with the accompaniments of kettle-drums or without. It is generally felt that the Masonic society is pre-eminently a private one, and all needless exposure of the paraphernalia of the Order is indiscreet.

I also enclose a former article of mine on the early meetings of lodges in the *Masonic Magazine*, to complete the series :

#### EARLY MEETINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

"Students of Masonic history will be aware that but little is known about the institution of the Grand Lodge of England in 1716-7, and for that little we are mainly indebted to the Rev. James Anderson, D.D. There are, however, other indications of the importance and position of Freemasonry in the early part of last century than those furnished in our Books of Constitutions—*historical introductions*—from A.D. 1723. One important work especially, written in 1721, and printed in 1722, dedicated to the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland (there being but one Grand Master at that period, namely, in England), and containing many curious allusions to the Fraternity, has not yet been fully considered as it deserves, and it is our intention to treat of it shortly.

"Because, however, we obtain our knowledge of the Grand Lodge and its meetings

from the source indicated—*Book of Constitutions*—some have thought fit to doubt almost its very existence until years later than 1717, and hence any other evidence of its condition becomes valuable, and should be carefully noted. Our good Bro. Clarke, of Shepton-Mallet, having copies of the *Whitehall Evening Post*, has kindly made several extracts therefrom, and which are now submitted for the information of the Craft.

“(Whitehall Evening Post, December 28 to 31, 1728), ‘Friday last being St. John’s Day there was a great appearance of Freemasons at Stationers’ Hall, where a handsome entertainment was provided for them by twelve stewards chosen for that purpose, after which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz., the Rt. Hon’ble the Lord Coleraine, Nathaniel Blackesby, Deputy Grand Master, in the room of Alexander Chock, Esq., and Sir James Thornhill and Martin O’Connor, Grand Wardens, in the room of the said Mr. Blackesby and Mr. Joseph Highmore.’

“Tis remarkable that there were present the Master of the lodge at Madrid in Spain, and the Wardens belonging to the Lodge of Carmarthen in South Wales, and a commission was signed by the Grand Master to constitute a lodge in the East Indies.

“And at the same time the Grand Master and Wardens, and most of the gentlemen took tickets to appear in white gloves at the Theater Royal, in Drury Lane, as last night, where the play of Henry IV., Part II., was acted for their entertainment, and a Prologue and Epilogue was spoken suitable to the occasion and in honor of that society.’

“This was a very long report for the *Post*, the paragraphs generally only averaging four or five lines, and is an indirect proof, with others we might mention, of the wonderful prosperity of the Grand Lodge at that time, though only some eleven years from its constitution. The fact indeed points to the great probability that the Grand Lodge is an outgrowth of numerous lodges, and many members scattered over the country, in addition to the four old lodges and the brethren who directly instituted it—*lodges* which were content to accept warrants from the new

Grand Lodge, though previously working according to ancient usage.

“In the Constitutions of 1738 is the following account of the meeting, not quite in agreement with the foregoing, and a much shorter narrative of the business. The editions since simply perpetuate the same meagre extract.

“‘Assembly and Feast at Mercer’s Hall on St. John’s Day, Friday, 27 December, 1728. D. Grand Master Choke with his Wardens, several noble brothers former Grand officers, and many brethren, duly clothed, attended the Grand Master Elect, in coaches from his Lordship’s house in Leicester Square to the hall Eastward; and all things being regularly transacted as above, D. G. M. Choke proclaimed aloud our noble Brother.

“‘VIII. James King, Lord Viscount Kingston, Grand Master of Masons! who appointed Nathaniel Blakerby, Esq., D. G. Master.

“‘SIR JAMES THORNHILL } Grand Wardens.  
“‘MR. MARTIN O’CONNOR }

“and the Secretary was continued.’

“In the *Post* for November 21-23, 1732, is the following :

“‘Last night a Quarterly Com— was held at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, etc., present Rt. Hon. Lord Inchiquin, Rt. Hon. Earl Sutherland, Pro. Grand Master, Ireland, &c., &c. Between £40 and £50 was brought in for charity from different Lodges.’

“The account in Constitutions, 1738, and others read thus : ‘Grand Lodge in *due* form at the Devil foresaid, on Tuesday, 21st November, 1732, with Lord Coleraine, Lord Southwell, and other former G. Officers and those 39 Lodges.’

“The amount contributed for charity was surely *large* for the period, and proves that our predecessors forgot not to cherish that ‘distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason’s heart.’

“From the *Post*, December 7th to the 9th, 1732, Bro. Clarke has extracted the following :

“‘There was a Grand Committee of the Free and accepted Masons from several Lodges met at the Horn Tavern, in Palace-yard, to consider of proper measures for

raising by subscription, a sum of money for the relief of their poor Brethren throughout England and Ireland.'

"It is important to note that the historians of the Grand Lodge of England are silent as to this meeting, and doubtless at that time were not anxious for the poverty of many of their members being published to the world.

"This paragraph preserves the account of the first meeting of the Grand Lodge of England to provide for a systematic benevolent scheme, and was, in all probability, the beginning, in a humble way, of our present Grand Lodge of Benevolence.

"But let us also note the fact that the *revival*, as it is called, of the Society, only occurred some fifteen years before this meeting, and yet funds were being accumulated to relieve distressed brethren, and the casual sums previously obtained—even as much as upwards of £40 at a meeting—were insufficient for the purpose.

"Surely all this points to the fact that there were more masons in existence than those initiated since 1717, and that in all probability it was the operative portion of the fraternity who required assistance.

"At the period in question, a great many *noblemen* belonged the Order, and it is not likely that a society of 'yesterday' would have secured their patronage to the extent that Freemasonry did, neither is it probable that the class of their members was such as to want pecuniary aid; so that we may relieve in distress as formerly, because of the great accession of gentlemen who did not want such sums, were feeling the need of their old system being restored, under the *Grand Lodge*, determined to make strenuous efforts to help them.

"From *St. James Evening Post*, 1733, is extracted as follows:

"On Monday next, at eight in the morning, the Society of "*Honorary Freemasons*," will proceed from Whitehall in several barges to Richmond, with a grand concert of music, and return to Fulham, where an elegant entertainment will be provided for them.'

"At the Grand Lodge held March 30,

1734, the same paper states, 'They also appointed the Rev. Mr. Orator Henley for their Chaplain for the ensuing year,' and that John Ward, Esq., appointed Senior Grand Warden, 'was M.P. for Newcastle under Lyne.'

"We look in vain for any report of the appointment of Bro. Henley in any of the Books of Constitutions, but there is no reason to doubt the fact of such an office being then customary, though no word is said about such office (Grand Chaplain) until many years subsequently, when the unfortunate Rev. William Dodd, D.D., was appointed.

"The *Rev. Bro. Henley* signalized his appointment by the following advertisement in *St. James Evening Post*, June 23, 1733:

"By command of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Worshipful the Grand Master of the Ancient and Honorable Society of free and accepted Masons of the last General Assembly, Mercer's Hall, and for the entertainment of the Brethren, at the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, on Thursday next, the 25th instant, June, at 6 in the evening, will be delivered an Eulogium upon Freemasonry, the first oration on that subject.

"N.B.—At the Feast the Brethren were desired by the Grand Officers to come clothed to this oration. It will be spoken in the proper habiliment.

"Price of the *seats* to all persons whatsoever, Masons or others—Two shillings.'

"It was not the *first* Oration on Freemasonry, but we should much like to know what was said by our Bro. Orator Henley.\*"

Wishing all the regular Grand Lodges generally and the Grand Lodge of Ohio in particular, peace and prosperity,

Believe me, a faithful Brother of the Craft,

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Truro, England, 1876.

\* Particulars of this eccentric divine are afforded in a racy article in the *Voice of Masonry*, for September, 1875, to which we direct our readers.

## AN OLD, OLD STORY.

## CHAPTER IX.

O komm jetzt wo Lunen  
 Noch Wolken umziehen,  
 Lass durch die Lagunen  
 Mein Leben, uns fliehn!

FREILIGRATH.

Mr. MAINWARING and Mr. Carruthers had a long talk as "homewards they wended," after they had left Colonel Mackintosh, who went to his bachelor demesne smoking—if not the "calumet," at any rate the cigaret of "peace." For as he used to say, "I have no wife to bless or bore me—no curtain lectures to fear, and no squalling brats to be worried with."

In all this he was very wrong, as we none of know often what blessings we have here till they "make to themselves wings, and fly away." But such were his sentiments, and it is just possible that they may be shared in by some of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE.

But the two young men commuted long and seriously, and as Mr. Mainwaring thought the "situation" a very serious one, he determined to see Lucy the next morning and expedite that little "éclaircissement" he had long wanted to bring about, but had never yet found a convenient opportunity to commence. Accordingly, when Miss Margerison and Lucy were taking their matutinal walk on the breezy common not far from the Cedars, Mr. Mainwaring joined them with his old dog "Dan," a great favourite of Miss Longhurst's, and who seemed by his exhilarated appearance and wagging tail to acknowledge the presence of one whom the youthful Stimson termed, "by Jaave, a fascinating garl."

But what was Mr. Mainwaring, a man of business, doing on the "common" at that hour of the day? Why was he not in Lombard Street, poring over huge ledgers, and looking into over-drawn accounts? We can only ask our readers to answer the question for themselves, though, as we have already said, Mr. Mainwaring had told Mr. Carruthers that he had made up his mind to have it "out with Lucy one way or the other," as he could not

"stand interlopers," and "he and Lucy had already come to a decision thereupon, and, therefore," he added, "the sooner they got together the better." Indeed, he went on to say, "if the old girl makes any more difficulties, or brings up any more candidates, Lucy and I will be married at the nearest registrar's!"

Dreadful threat! serious step! questionable proceeding!

Accordingly, after a little, Miss Margerison, who met her old friend the Rector, dropped naturally behind, to talk about Church and parochial matters, while Lucy and her "young man"—that is the proper expression, we believe—or "her mate"—we are not quite sure which—walked on a-head, "Dan" showed an approval of the entire proceeding, in his honest brown eyes, and general cheerfulness of demeanour.

Lucy and Mr. Mainwaring had a long and animated, and—if we might judge from their looks—a most unsatisfactory conversation, though I have no objection to let my readers into a secret, that Lucy distinctly declared, as she said, "she would not go before the Registrar," or indeed be married at all, except in Church with a proper complement of officiating clergy. And in this she was clearly right, and highly to be commended, as, in our opinion, no greater mistake can be committed, in the interest of society even, and of the world's arrangements, than to detract in any possible manner from the sacredness of one of the most important ceremonies of life—the marriage service.

It is a most solemn act, and ought always to be blessed by religion in its fullest accents and in its most endearing words.

Lucy, however, said quite enough to Mr. Mainwaring to show him that "Love's delays" would find no champion in her, and that as she disliked "long engagements," so she distinctly thought that the sooner she and Mr. Mainwaring got into their "own little nest," the happier for all concerned. For, as she observed most truly and wittily, "when two little birds like ourselves agree to have a nest in common, the sooner we build it, and set it up the better." And so Mr. Mainwaring determined to attack Miss Margerison at once on a point so vital to his interests, so dear to his heart. At least he declared so; but "men,"

as Miss Mouser observes, "are deceivers ever," and "there is often no knowing what they mean, and no believing what they say; their promises are pie-crust, and their protestations are flummery." But as Miss Mouser is a disappointed elderly female—it's believed of fifty-two—my readers will take her remarks "cum grano," as they say, that next to a she-bear robbed of her cubs, there is no being so irascible and unforgiving as a disappointed elderly female. "Spretæ injuria formæ" seems to animate her words and direct her proceedings. She is clearly an untrustworthy witness in all that relates to what young Balasso calls "le curr." Whether however, Mr. Mainwaring was true or false in his professions and declarations, (and for once we are inclined to believe him sincere), he took an early opportunity of discussing them with Miss Margerison, and what came of that interview, and what was the result of so much interesting small talk, my readers shall hear in the next chapter.

In the meantime I wish them to try and realize the picture before them, drawn by the "limner," if with faltering pencil, yet with vivid colours. Indeed the painting is pre-Raphaelite in its conception, and design, and execution—simply "realistic," and certainly "naturalistic," what ever these words may actually import.

I have not sought to attract my readers by anything sensational, weird, or grotesque in its wording, and the verdict I hope of all will be, when they come to the close of this veracious tale—"The writer, be he who he may, has not deceived us, or disappointed us; he has been as good as his word, and given us a little story of common and every-day life—true, absolutely true in its 'tout ensemble,' useful in its application, and valuable in its moral *to us all.*"

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### THREE CHARGES.

*From "Harper's Bazaar."*

THERE'S a maiden up the avenue—  
I see her every day—  
She has stolen! she has stolen!  
Stolen my heart away.

There's a maiden up the avenue—  
I make the charge with pain—  
She has forged, Sir! yes, she's forged Sir!  
Forged an eternal chain.

There's a maiden up the avenue—  
Ye gods! can such things be?—  
She has murdered! she has murdered!  
Murdered my sleep hath she.

For thieving, forging, murdering,  
O 'twould be joy divine  
T' arrest her! yes, arrest her!  
Help me, St. Valentine!!

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## WONDERS OF OPERATIVE MASONRY.

*From the "Keystone."*

### II.

THE old Abbeys and Cathedrals of England—the works, many of them as they now stand, of the Travelling Freemasons of the Middle Ages—although built after a general cruciform design, in their fronts, interiors, and entire details vary in a remarkable degree. Each is a new creation, full of interest after you have seen all of the rest. It is this fact which enhances their value to the student of architecture, and fills with admiration every beholder who has an eye for the grand and beautiful in design and ornamentation.

TINTERN ABBEY is charmingly situated on the river Wye, near the Welsh border, in Monmouthshire, 150 miles west from London. It was founded by Walter de Clare, in A. D. 1132, for Cistercian Monks, and rebuilt in A. D. 1287, by Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk. It is cruciform, the nave being 230 feet in length, and the transept 163 feet. It is an elegant Gothic pile. The walls are entire, and many of the pillars in the aisles are standing, the roof only having fallen in. From the western portal the great beauty of the interior is seen—the eye ranging along a succession of clustered shafts, supporting the arcades of the nave on pointed arches, and the noble east window closing the view. To the en-

richments of architecture are now super-added the effects produced by time. Some of the Gothic windows are obscured by masses of ivy, others are beautifully canopied, while mosses and lichens lend their witchery to furnish contrasting tints to the ruin. King Edward II. took refuge in Tintern Abbey from the pursuit of his Queen, Isabella. Among the famous dead interred within its walls was the founder's brother, Gilbert Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in A.D. 1148, and there is still preserved there his monument and statue. Upon the site of Tintern Abbey it is stated that King Theodoric was killed while fighting under the banner of the Cross against the Pagan Saxons in the year 600.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY, one of the earliest and most remarkable Abbeys in England, was founded by Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 791. It is situated in Hertfordshire, 21 miles north west from London, and is cruciform, the nave being 539 feet in length, and the transept 174 feet, while the central Tower is 144 feet high. The west front is imposing, although it has lost much of its ornamental character. The interior is exceedingly rich. The arches and columns are embellished with bold mouldings, terminating in finely sculptured heads of Abbot, King, Queen, and Bishop. The altar screen is an elegant specimen of the florid style of architecture, and the workmanship upon it is of the choicest description. Both the transepts are of Anglo-Norman architecture. There were numerous Chapels in this Abbey, but one of them, a sepulchral chantry or oratory, is superlatively rich in sculptured ornaments. It is throughout an architectural wonder. The sepulchral oratory of the illustrious Duke of Gloucester, is also remarkable. The dimensions of St. Alban's Abbey are so majestic, its proportions are so just, its enrichments are so elegant and yet so simple, its tower is so massive and lofty, and its walls are so beautifully mantled with ivy, that every visitor leaves the Abbey full of admiration.

Froude, in his *History of England*, gives an interesting account of a "visitation of the Monasteries" in A.D. 1489 when St. Alban's Abbey was visited, and the most glaring moral delinquencies found to exist among its monks and nuns.

ELY CATHEDRAL, at the city of Ely, on the banks of the Ouse, Cambridgeshire, 68 miles north of London, was founded in A.D. 673, by Etheldreda, daughter of the King of the East Angles. It affords one of the most complete series of architectural styles of any Cathedral in the kingdom. Beginning with the remains of the Conventual Church of A.D. 673, there are specimens of every style from that date until A.D. 1534, when the newest portion was erected. The transepts are the most ancient parts still complete, having been built in the reign of Henry I. The arches are supported by elegant clustered pillars, having capitals composed of flowers and foliage, and on some of the pillars passages in the life of St. Etheldreda, the founder of the original monastery, are represented in relief. The choir is very elegantly enriched. There are many curious and interesting monuments in this Cathedral. Of the fifty-four Bishops of Ely, thirty-seven lie entombed here. The Tower of Ely Cathedral is lofty and castellated—one of consummate splendour. The greater part of the western front was built in A.D. 1189. This Cathedral contains numerous notable chapels, of which the chief are those of Bishop West and Bishop Alcock, and the Lady Chapel. Their vaulted ceilings are filled with elaborate tracery, and the entire chapels are beautiful specimens of the pointed architecture of the Tudor times.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, at the city of Canterbury, 56 miles south west of London, is a structure of superlative beauty. It was founded by Lanfranc, whom William the Conqueror made Primate of all England. It was dedicated in A.D. 1114. After the murder of Archbishop Thomas à Becket at its altar, it was reconsecrated in 1170, the martyr was canonized, and St. Thomas's Festival gave origin to the most curious and ancient poem in the English language—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. In 1472 the great central tower was built to a height of 235 feet. Much of the architecture is Anglo-Norman. In the various chapels of this Cathedral many noted Archbishops are interred, including Cuthbert (A.D. 759), Odo, Lanfranc, St. Anselm, Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Pole. Edward the Black Prince, and King Henry IV. also have tombs there. The painted glass in

Canterbury Cathedral is extremely ancient and interesting, the eastern windows presenting the finest specimens of the early state of the art of painting on glass in the kingdom. We should also not fail to note the exceedingly rich heraldic decorations on the groined ceilings of the cloisters, where there are more than eight hundred shields of arms of benefactors of the Cathedral—an heraldic assemblage which is unparalleled in any other Church. The precincts of the Cathedral are famous for containing many venerable remains of ancient domestic architecture, for there, in the monastic ages, stood the dwellings of the various priors.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY, in Somersetshire, 130 miles west of London, is famous as the most ancient Abbey, the "first ground of God," in England. The tradition is that it was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, and was the burial place of King Arthur, (A.D. 543) and his Queen Guinevera.

It was spoiled for its stones and architectural devices, which have been built into many houses in the town of Glastonbury. The great gate house of the Abbey is now an inn. Buildings erected in connection with the Abbey, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, are still standing. The Abbey was 530 feet in length. All that now remains of this once magnificent pile are, some portions of the Church, St. Joseph's Chapel, and the Abbot's kitchen. It once contained monuments to Kings, Bishops, Priests and Nobles. Until the year 1154 the Abbots of Glastonbury had precedence of all the Abbots in England.

The famous Glastonbury Thorn which is reputed to blossom every year at Christmas, had its origin here. The legend is, that Joseph of Arimathea, and his companions, sat down on the hill, now called Weary-all-Hill, *all weary* with their journey, and as he sat down St. Joseph thrust his dry hawthorn staff into the ground. From this there sprang up the Glastonbury Thorn. Absurd as the tradition is, it is undoubtedly a fact that this Thorn flowers one or two months before the ordinary time, and sometimes as early as Christmas day. There was also, at the same place, a miraculous walnut tree. The famous antiquary, Elias Ashmole, says, "in the churchyard of Glastonbury grew a walnut tree that did put out young leaves at

Christmas." Both of these wonders, however, are now no longer to be found at Glastonbury Abbey.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL, on the banks of the Wear, 258 miles north of London, was erected in A.D. 1093, and dedicated to St. Cuthbert, whose bones are interred within its walls. The Cathedral rises with great majesty, being of unrivalled size, and built upon a commanding site. It is, architecturally, the most perfect example in England of the massive Anglo Norman style. Its interior is 420 feet long in the nave, and 176 broad, in the transepts, while its central tower is 212 feet high. The round, massive columns, with semi-circular arches springing from them; their enrichments—the simple fillet, wavy chevron, and the like, all in true character with the antiquity of the prevailing style; and the entire massiveness of the composition, impress the beholder with admiration, wonder, and awe. We may add that the Bishopric of Durham is deemed the richest in the Kingdom, the prebends being usually styled "the golden prebends of of Durham."

BYLAND ABBEY, Yorkshire, is 220 miles north of London, and 25 miles north of York. It was founded by Roger de Mowbray, in the reign of Henry I., and was dedicated in A.D. 1177. The west front only of the Abbey is now standing, but it is a remarkably interesting ruin, erected in the early pointed style of architecture. It contains three enriched portals, all varied in design. Over the central one are lancet windows, surmounted by the remains of a large Rose window. *The Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1812, contains a fine view of the elegant front of this Abbey.

WHITBY ABBEY is in Yorkshire, on the sea coast, at the mouth of the river Esk, 45 miles north east of York. This cloistered pile was among the earliest religious foundations in England, having been founded by Oswy, King of Northumberland, in A.D. 657. It was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt in 1074 by William de Percy. The present Abbey was erected in the reign of Henry I., and is a perfect specimen of the lance shaped Gothic. Many of the noble family of the Percys were buried in it. The ruins are of singular elegance, and from their elevated situation



on a lofty cliff commanding an extensive view of the German Ocean, are a much observed landmark on a dangerous, rocky coast. A fine view of the east end of Whitby Abbey may be found as a frontispiece to the eighty third volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July to December, 1813.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY, in Yorkshire, 25 miles north-west of York, near the river Skell, and the town of Ripon, was founded by King Alfred. The present Abbey (sometimes called Ripon Minster, or Cathedral), was erected in the reign of King Stephen, A. D. 1140. There still remain the whole of the western front, the towers and the transept, with part of the choir and aisles of this once noble and still beautiful Abbey. Its ruins are among the most admired in England. While they contain several styles of architecture, chiefly of the mixed Norman and pointed, all is chaste, pure and elegant. The lofty, graceful columns, the airy arches, the ivy-clad walls, and the roofless aisles impress the beholder with feelings of admiration and wonder. Fountains Abbey is 358 feet in length, and its transept 186 feet, while its noble tower is 166 feet high and 24 feet square. The body of the Abbey presents a majestic specimen of early Gothic architecture of the time of Henry III., having been completed in 1245. Several of the noble family of Percy are buried here, that family having constituted themselves the hereditary patrons of the Abbey. The cloisters are 300 feet long and 42 feet wide; the roof is arched, and supported by 21 stone pillars. It derived its name either from the town of Fontaines, in Burgundy, the birth-place of St. Bernard, the founder of the Cistercian order, or else from the Skell, a rivulet which flows near the Abbey, and signifies a fountain. Fountains Abbey is situated in the grounds of Studley Park, the seat of the Earl de Grey and Ripon, late Grand Master of Masons of England. Fountains Abbey was visited in 1535 at a "Visitation of the Monasteries," and Froude tells us that theft, sacrilege and other crimes were found prevalent there, creating a moral ruin as deplorable then as the material ruin is beautiful now.

LINCLUDEN ABBEY, on the Cluden river, Scotland, some 63 miles south west of

Edinburgh, near the English border, was a favourite haunt of the poet Burns. It was originally a convent for Benedictine or Black Nuns, and was founded by one of the Lords of Galloway. In the fourteenth century the Earl of Douglass converted it into a college and Abbey. The choir was finished after the finest manner of the florid Gothic. The roof was treble, and the trusses from which sprang the ribbed archwork were covered with armorial bearings. The present remains of this venerable abbey are the chancel, a part of the south wall, and a portion of the provost's house. The founders of both the Nunnery and Abbey are buried there. In the chancel is the elegant tomb of Margaret, daughter of King Robert III., and around the walls of the ruins there is a profusion of ivy. The situation of Lincluden Abbey is exceedingly romantic, being near the "meeting of the waters" of the Cluden and the Nith.

The following beautiful lines on an evening view of the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, were written by Bro. Robert Burns, and are worthy of reproduction in this connection.

Ye holy walls, that still sublime,  
Resist the crumbling touch of time;  
How strongly still your form displays  
The piety of ancient days!  
As through your ruins hoar and gray—  
Ruins yet beauteous in decay—  
The silvery moonbeams trembling fly;  
The forms of ages long gone by  
Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,  
And wake the soul to musings high.  
Even now, as lost in thought profound,  
I view the solemn scene around,  
And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,  
The past returns, the present flies.  
Again the dome, in pristine pride,  
Lifts high its roof and arches wide;  
The high arched windows, painted fair,  
Show many a saint and martyr there.  
As on their slender forms I gaze,  
Methinks they brighten to a blaze!  
With noiseless step and taper bright,  
What are yon forms that meet my sight?  
Slowly they move, while every eye  
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.  
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,  
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.  
And hark! what more than mortal sound  
Of music breathes the pile around!

'Tis the soft chanted choral song,  
 Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong.  
 The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,  
 That glistens in the pale moonbeam,  
 Suspend their dashing oars to hear  
 The holy anthem loud and clear ;  
 Each worldly thought a while forbear,  
 And mutter forth a half formed prayer.  
 But as I gaze, the vision fails,  
 Like frostwork touched by southern gales.  
 The altar sinks, the tapers fade,  
 And all the splendid scene's decayed  
 In window fair the painted pane  
 No longer glows with holy stain,  
 But through the broken glass the gale  
 Blows chilly from the misty vale ;  
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,  
 Her home these aisles and arches high !  
 The choral hymn that erst so clear  
 Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,  
 Is drowned amid the mournful scream  
 That breaks the magic of my dream !  
 Roused by the sound I start and see  
 The ruined sad reality !

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#### ON FATHER FOY'S NOTES.

—  
 BY THE EDITOR.  
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As we remarked in our last number, in our editorial comments, we have published Father Foy's Notes, though, to our mind, they proved nothing; and we think it well for several reasons to recur to the subject to-day. We find that we have made a mistake as to Von Knigge, (it is always better to acknowledge our errors manfully), as there is no evidence that he changed his religion, and it is generally said by English writers that he died at Bremen, in 1796. Von Hund changed his religion, and is buried before the high altar in Melrichstadt. As regards Weishaupt, though some say that he was adverse to the Jesuits, others believe that he began as a Jesuit, and founded Illuminatism on the Jesuit model. The only good thing about him that we know is that he died peaceably at Gotha, under the protection of the reigning Grand Duke.

And now what we want to ask Father

Foy is, what has he proved, even "after the manner of the schools," by this plethora of invective and incrimination? His lectures were delivered at Hastings, to English men and English women. Does he wish to contend that such views or practices exists in Freemasonry in Great Britain, or Canada, or America—or any portion of Continental Freemasonry, now? If not, what does it all prove?

He can hardly venture to say that they do, or even insinuate that such doctrines and discreditable acts prevail at present anywhere—because he knows as well as we do that such a statement would be a direct and deliberate falsehood.

Then why revert to the perverted proceedings of some semi-maniacs in a former generation whose proceedings have always been disavowed by all true Freemasons?

That at Paris some "esprits forts" may, about the time of the French Revolution, have taken up "Illuminatism," and used it for the base purposes of a deplorable and detestable teaching, we do not deny—but they had nothing to do with Freemasonry, and Freemasonry had nothing to do with them. As for "Egalité Orleans," he was practically expelled in degradation from the Grand Orient of France, and no name is held more in contempt and loathing among honest Freemasons than his! Mirabeau may have been an "Illuminé," though we do not believe that he was a Freemason, (for Freemasonry is not Illuminatism), but, whatever he was, his proceedings will be disavowed by all loyal Freemasons.

We are among those who regret very much the position that many Continental Freemasons often take up, as against religion and the Roman Catholic Church, though we feel bound to say, that Rome has no one to thank but herself for the bitterness she has called forth, and the antagonism which she has brought about. No one can paint in too strong colours the intolerance, the irreligious anathemata, the illegal violence of Allocutions and Interdicts which since the Bull of Clement, have distinguished the Romish Curia and the Roman Catholic authorities.

We are also among those who deplore—especially in France and Belgium—the proceedings of the "libres penseurs," and openly disavow all sympathy either with

"positivism" or the "morale independante," or the equally tolerant unscrupulousness of scientific or materialistic infidelity.

But all this, at the worst, is not "Illuminatism," and in Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry all these ideas and utterances are utterly scouted and condemned.

Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is still what it has ever been—a loyal and peaceable, a religious and benevolent Order, and it is most unjust on the part of Roman Catholic scribes or lecturers—because they do not like the principles of Freemasonry—to invent these deliberate falsehoods, "ad invidiam," to "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," to interject the suspicion that Freemasonry is Illuminatism, or that Illuminatism is Freemasonry? "Loyalty and Charity" constitute our motto; Brotherly Love, Belief, and Truth, are our leading principles; and we wish good-bye to Father Foy to-day, hoping that when next he writes about Freemasonry—and above all lectures about it in the House of God—he will remember the Truth—the whole Truth—and nothing but the Truth!

No doubt a little allowance should be made for the prejudices of education, and the unfortunate tone taken up by an infallible authority.

But it is quite clear that all Roman Catholic writers are just now in a "haze" on the subject of Freemasonry, and the sooner they get out of it the better.

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A TRIP TO DAI-BUTSU.

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Yokoska Dockyard,  
Japan,  
May 29th, 1873.

The long-looked-for day dawned gloriously, with a fair promise of keeping so to the end, so we concluded during our early morning bath in the still atmosphere of Tunnel bore. On reaching the Dockyard we found we had loitered too long over the opening charms of our holiday, and that scarcely ten minutes were left us to breakfast and dress in. However, spite of a temperature over 80 degrees, we were

snugly ensconced in the sampan (boat) some seconds before our native guide, No-booz-o, had completed his preparations. Our guide, by the way, an intelligent-looking native speaking pretty good English, had in our honour donned a complete European suit of clothes, the elastic boots and deer stalker's hat of which were destined to prove anything but pleasant to him on the return journey. But shove off, No-booz-o, we are all in C— G— W— F— B—. Roast beef, salt beef, bread, pickles, sardines, salmon, ale (bottled by the East India Pale Ale Company's agent, No-booz-o), brandy, rum—yes, all in! Once again shove off, No-booz-o. Away we go! merrily O! gliding over the glassy surface of the sea in the fragrant morning air, with spirits above par, and hopes centred in Dai-Butsu. The Japanese sampans, have a motion of their own, not being pulled, as our own boats, but sculled by one, two, three, or four men, standing up in the stern. With six or eight men I have seen them attain a speed of over eight knots an hour. We are nearing the narrow opening of what appears to be a canal, for the upright earthy sides showing red and gray evidence the work of man. We stay to water on our passage through by the side of a junk moored alongside one of the most picturesque brick-kilns in the world. Leaving the canal we pass at once into the capacious bay of Kana-sawa, where so many beauties claim our attention that we find it impossible to take note of all. Low, rounded hills, clothed with varying shades of green to their summits, between which wooded valleys and smiling plains of cultivated soil, with native cottages dotted here and there, pass in quick succession. Small islands everywhere, some too steep to tempt the tiller of the soil, where plains and valleys lay in such profusion all around, consequently with a rank vegetation, perchance the growth of centuries, overspreading all. One more point and we alter course, running down between an island and the mainland into full view of the town of Kana-sawa. Leaving it on our right we steer right across to the opposite shore, landing at a rustic summer-house of some ancient god. Dismissing our boatmen we hire a couple of coolies and a Jean-rik-sha, or Jhon-rik-sha (a light two-wheeled carriage drawn by one man—very

pleasant thing to ride in), but, before starting, we vote breakfast "à la picnic" amongst the ruins. After which climbing the steep long hill in front of us we found one of the numerous tea-houses, which in Japan answer a similar purpose as wayside inns in our own land. Here we had refreshment for man and beast—I beg pardon, coolies—in the shape of the native fragrant herb, minus milk or sugar. Two straight, parallel roads now lay before us. Why two? We could not guess, unless at certain seasons the pilgrims to the sacred shrines in which the country immediately around us is so rich, need one for going and the other for returning. We have hardly proceeded a dozen paces before we discover a picturesque little temple on our left. Turning to the open door, we find plenty of "Namu miyo hoo renyekyoo" (To the Omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth) going on, with a deafening accompaniment of drum business. We next turn to the right to see all that is left of Kamakura, the military capital of the Eastern division of the Empire from the seventh to the sixteenth century. Now all is smiling fields of corn and rice, varied with groves of trees out of which peep the turrets of the temples. Not a vestige of the flourishing town of a few hundred years ago, a circumstance calculated to excite our wonder till we remember the ephemeral character of Japanese houses, whose walls are solely of wood and paper, with a roof of straw. We will now become indebted to A. B. Mitford's "Wanderings in Japan" for some interesting details connected with the relics of bygone splendour before us—the old temple of Hachiman. "In the latter half of the twelfth century—one of the most important epochs of Japanese history—there was a severe struggle between the rival houses of Gen and Hei (something like our own Wars of the Roses), in which the former was victorious, and its chief Minamoto-no-Yoritomo established himself at Kamakura. In 1192 he was created Sei I tai Shogun, or 'Barbarian-repressing-Commander-in-chief,' the first who held that title which foreigners call shortly 'Tycoon.' From this time till the revolution of 1868 the Emperor or Mikado became a mere cypher, the executive being invested in the hands of the Shogun, and so we heard many fallacies of temporal and spiritual emperors." On the left and right of the

entrance gate are two gods—Loyoiwamado and Kushowamado—and very ugly images they are—deities of the Shinto or indigenous religion of the country, which is a form of hero worship. The main shrine is the centre of a square, three sides of which are occupied by small altars, in which are laid several litters for relics—swords, portions of armour, pieces of garments, etc., which belonged to heroes of the brave days of old. Amongst these we noted a very curious musical instrument, containing about thirty or forty pipes, to cover all the finger-holes of which would take about a dozen hands. Turning to the left, at the top of the steps there is what the natives call a Ichô tree. It is a spot of bloody memory, for under its branches was committed one of those crimes which stain the history of the middle ages in all countries. But I am forgetting the Himé Ishi, or Princess stone, to which our attention was called by an old lady as we passed up. It stands rather out of the way, towards the right, and, by a freak of nature, is the semblance of the lower part of a woman's body. Before it hang various offerings from persons suffering from diseases of the loins, etc. After liberally bestowing "cumshaw" on the attendant acolyte who had guided us over the ancient pile, and drinking a farewell bumper of saki with the old gatekeeper, we retraced our steps and gained the main road, which was now level right on to the village close to the bronze idol, Dai-Butsu, so that, in spite of the heat, we made splendid progress.

The great bronze Buddha "Dai-Butsu" ranks amongst the most wonderful monuments of the world. Its chief merit is the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face. The following proportions are taken from the rough sketch sold on the spot by the attendant priest: Height, 50ft.; from hair to knees, 42ft.; round base, 96ft.; pedestal, 4ft. 5in.; length of face, 8ft. 5in.; breadth (ear to ear), 18ft.; silver boss on forehead (gift of widow of rich merchant at Yedo), 1ft. 5in.; knees (across), 36ft.; eyes (long), 4ft.; eyebrows, 4ft. 2in.; ears (long), 6ft. 6in.; nose (long), 3ft. 8in.; nose (across), 2ft. 3in.; mouth, 3ft. 2½in.; locks of hair—830 in number—8in. high and 1ft. in diameter each; thumb (round), 3ft.

The history of the colossal idol is interesting.

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY HOUR.

BY BRO. ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

*From the "Keystone."*

Our, happy hour when Masons meet,  
Oh, rarest joys that Masons greet!  
Each interwoven with the other,  
And Brother truly joined with Brother  
In intercourse that none can daunt,  
Linked by the ties of COVENANT.

See, ranged about the Holy Word,  
The Craftsmen praise their Common LORD,  
See in each eye a love well proven!  
Around each heart a faith well woven!  
Feel in each hand-grip what a tie  
Is this whose scope is MASONRY.

Best bond! when broken we would fain  
Unite the severed links again;  
Would urge the tardy hours along,  
To spend the wealth of light and song,  
That makes the Lodge a sacred spot;  
Oh, be the season ne'er forgot  
That takes us from a world of care  
To happy scenes where Masons are!

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE  
BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION  
LODGE, No. 114, IPSWICH. A.D.  
1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

*P.M., P.Z., P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P.,  
P.M.W.S., Past Provincial Grand Registrar  
of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works  
(Mark), Past Grand Provost, Order of the  
Temple, P.P.G., Banner-Bearer Royal Order  
of Scotland, &c., &c.,*

*(Continued from page 18.)*

THE next old Minute Book commences  
February 7th, 1792, and contains the re-  
cord of proceedings to June 20th, 1805.

At the former date Samuel Ribbans  
was R.W.M., and concerning William  
Cavell who is entered as *Senior Steward*,  
we find it noted at this meeting that

"this night it was agreed that Bro. Cavell should ever be considered as a Visiting Brother." For what reason that Brother was put in this enviable position we are ignorant. In the Lodge Accounts we get a good idea of the advantages of our present cheap postal system, when we find that a letter from the Grand Lodge is charged 8d., and postage of a letter afterwards is charged 1s. 4d. The Record (which is at this time very brief of all lodge proceedings) of a meeting on the 25th July, 1792, commences, *At a Lodge of Festivity this night—&c., &c.*

We should think the brethren must have been jolly dogs at this period, and probably much given to holding Lodges of Festivity.

Then, as now the Lodges seem to have been much exercised on the subject of arrears. Scarcely a Lodge night passes but defaulters are named—and once and again we note that Bros. So and So "had the lenity of the Lodge till next Lodge night, and then to be summoned for their payment, and on their refusal to be subject to the code of Laws."

October 2nd, 1792. The Lectures were worked. One would like very much to know how far they differed from the working of the Lodge of Emulation now.

The Lodge met at the Golden Lion, December 4th, 1792, when a Bro T. Smith was appointed Master, so says the record, and at the Festival of St. John on the 23rd December, he was elected R.W.M. This reminds us of Chief Constable Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing," conducting an examination against his prisoners—\* "Masters it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly!" Perhaps my learned and esteemed Bro. Hughan can throw some light on this proceeding—of appointment first, and election afterwards. At this time we note that whilst the Master is styled R.W.M., the S. and J.W. are both styled Worshipful, as is the D.P.M. whoever he might be.

At the St. John's Festival just mentioned Wm. Middleton, Esq. (afterwards Sir William), P.G.M., Basil Heron, Esq., D.P.G.M., and J. Thompson, M.D.,

\* "Much Ado about Nothing."—Act iv., Scene 2.

P.S.W., are recorded as Provincial Officers present.

At another Lodge of Festivity held on St. John Baptist's day, June 24th, 1793, it was unanimously agreed that the Lodge should not be opened till the 1st Tuesday in Sept., and from that time to be held only once a quarter till the "*Debts of the Lodge are discharged,*" from which we may conclude that these jolly Masons had got into difficulties through their Lodges of Festivity.

Under date February of the same year in the Lodge Accounts, we find House Bill £1 7s. 9d., and under it, *House Bill brought from last Lodge night £4 3s. 0d.*, with this significant note in pencil: *N.B.—None of the above Bills are paid; say due to Mr. Ribbens £5 1s. 3d.* The above speaks volumes, and tells its own tale.

In March, 1794, the Quarterage was reduced to 5/-—the amount now charged to subscribing Members, and visiting brothers were to pay 2/6. Under date October, 1795, we find only 5 brethren were present, and consequently the Lodge was not opened. At St John's Festival 27th December, 1795, seven members only were present, no visitors were there, and four absentees are recorded, including Wm. Middleton, Esq.; from which we gather that the P.G.M. was at this time a member of the Lodge, which must have sunk to a low ebb, only numbering eleven members. Under date 1st July, 1800, we find "*Ipswich Races happened on this day, and no accommodation to be had to hold a lodge, it was postponed.*"

On 4th November, 1800, we find Bros. S. Girling, and T. Skitter were raised to the third degree of Masonry, *and paid the usual fee of 6/ each.*

On the 2nd December, 1800, we find Bro. Humphreys "*in token of his friendship to this Lodge, has very handsomely made a present of a silver trowel.*" We should like to know if this trowel is now in existence. At the Lodge Meeting in April, 1801, we find several visitors from the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, No. 389.

This Lodge is now extinct, but we were shown the other day by Bro. N. Tracy, P.P.J.G.W. (one of the leading Masonic students in Suffolk, and Pre-

ceptor of the Perfect Ashlar Lodge of Instruction, working under the British Union Warrant), a book of Constitutions, date 1784, belonging to this Lodge with the initials E., R.W.M.—on the fly leaf and below W. E., R.W.M., 1808.

The Book with some other curious and valuable Masonic works are now in the possession of our talented brother.

Our brother Hughan can tell us when the Perfect Friendship ceased to exist.

On July 7th, 1801, it was agreed "*that a letter should be wrote (sic.) to the Lodge, Marquis of Granby, at Durham, No. 555, Union Lodge,*" but on what subject we do not know. This Lodge is, we believe, still in existence. The Lodge seems to have been more prosperous again at this time, as we find 25 members on the roll in Sept. of this year. Lieut. Griggs of the Royal Edmund Lodge, Bury, and Mr. Wishworth of the Shakespeare Lodge, No. 501, visited the Lodge at the October meeting. The Royal Edmund is now, we think, amongst the Lodges that *have been*, but it has found a worthy successor in the Royal St. Edmund, which has been recently consecrated and opened there, and of which our excellent and zealous brother W. H. Lucia, P.G. Secretary of Suffolk, was the first Master. In the following February we find two brethren visitors from the Lodge of St. John, but where it met we do not know.

At this meeting we find Bro. Worth is ordered to get 50 copper plate Certificates for the use of the Lodge; from which we gather that at that time the Lodge granted private Certificates, which is now forbidden.

There is a genial tone about the next Minute under date June 24th, 1802, which tickles our fancy vastly:

"*Gregory Mully was duly ballotted for and elected and entered into the first degree—called off work and went to a good supper, and returned to labour—spent the evening unanimously, and parted in peace.*"

At a Lodge held 3rd August, 1802, we find that Gregory Mully aforesaid received the 2nd and 3rd degrees, and on the same occasion Bro. Wm. Gerrard was *initiated, passed, and raised* on the same night, which is the first time we have noted the three degrees given at one meeting in this Lodge,—a very bad system and now illegal



in England, though still permitted in Scotland.

At the December meeting we notice a visiting brother from the Lodge of Peace, Joy, and Brotherly Love, 361, Penarth, Cornwall.

According to that admirable compendium of masonic facts (the Cosmopolitan Calendar) this Lodge is *non est inventus*, at least, so far as the little town of Penarth is concerned. It may have been removed to some other place in Cornwall, as many of our old Lodges have been removed from time to time from "the place of their birth and infant nurture" into other and more congenial climes.

Charles Cardinall of the Castle Lodge, No. 25, appears as a visitor in 1803.

At a meeting in the previous year we find a memo: "When next send to London to know particulars how money is applied;" from which we may conclude the members were not altogether satisfied with the way in which Grand Lodge disposed of its funds.

Under date June 16th, 1803, we find that the Lodge which was then numbered 147, was opened *this evening* upon a very solemn occasion to attend the funeral obsequies of our much respected brother R. Worth. 21 of the brethren appear to have been present, and 17 from the Perfect Friendship Lodge. Brevity is the soul of wit, they say,—what an amount of humour seems to brim over from the short records of the past. 24 June, 1803—

"Joseph Cooper was accepted and admitted to ye 2nd degree (*good dinner provided*) 8 o'clock, all happy."

Depend upon it the good brethren of the British Union Lodge at this time were a jocular lot, and never neglected the inner man.

We have a curious record at the Lodge meeting held 1st November, 1803—

"Bro. Thomas Rolp proposed Wm. Laysonby French to be *modernised* into masonry, at one guinea expense."

Under correction of my erudite, Bro. Hughan, we take this as a proof that the British Union was under the modern Grand Lodge; and Bro. French was probably made in an Athol Lodge, or as they called themselves, the *Ancient* Masons.

On June 25th, 1804, we find the pertinent memo that a certain person was proposed as a member, "and there ap-

peared 7 black or negative beans against him,—of course was rejected."

At a previous Lodge a candidate was rejected, so we may fairly conclude the brethren were careful who they admitted to the mysteries and privileges of our Ancient and Honorable Society.

At the meeting on the 2nd October, 1804, we find a record that on the same evening there was "presented by Bro. Thomas Rolfe to the British Union Lodge, a Grand Tyler's medal, for which the brothers return thanks."

On November 4th, 1804, a Lodge appears to have been convened at the Crown and Sceptre Inn, when a candidate, Thomas Plaintain, was proposed as a member. The Lodge was then closed; and on the 6th following, at the regular meeting of the Lodge, which was held at the Golden Lion, this same candidate was initiated,—a most irregular proceeding, and one which would soon bring a Lodge now-a-days under the lash of the Board of General purposes.

This same brother Plaintain was passed and raised at the next meeting in December.

From the Cash account given at the next meeting we gather that the fee for admission at this time into the Order was £2 2s. 0d.; the price charged for an apron was 2/. We are afraid few Masons would care to wear a 2/ apron now.

At the meeting held on the 27th December, 1804, we find Bro. Hind "sent a polite message requesting the Master to bespeak a play, after consulting the Lodge of Perfect Friendship, in unison with ourselves, have bespoken the play of 'The Mountaineers,' with the farce of the 'The Midnight Hour,' for Tuesday, 1st January, 1805, with the sanction of Sir Wm. Middleton, the Provincial Grand Master."

We presume the members went in their regalia, or the dispensation of the P.G.M. would have been unnecessary.

At the same time the late Treasurer presented a purse to his successor, "hoping at the same time it may be handed down to posterity." We greatly fear the purse is now amongst the things that were. On February 3rd, 1805, a meeting was held at Bro. Raymonds, when two candidates were proposed, who were afterwards duly initiated at the regular meeting on the 5th, held at the Golden Lion.

From this and a similar proceeding al-

ready recorded, we gather that a special Lodge could be convened anywhere at any time, within two days of the regular Lodge meeting, when candidates could be proposed for initiation,—a plan which must prove detrimental to the best interests of masonry, and which we are glad to know is illegal now, whatever it might have been at the beginning of the century. In March of this year we find “a school of Instruction” was held, at which a number of candidates were proposed, and were elected, initiated, and passed to the *second* degree all in one night.

At the next meeting in April John Norman, *Ancient Mason*, was proposed and balloted for, but rejected. In May, at a convened meeting at Bro. Bowman’s, a Mr. Thomas Meadows and another candidate, were proposed, accepted, and initiated, and another candidate was rejected.

A convened meeting was held at Bro. Pollard’s on June 16th, 1805, when two candidates were proposed, who were, so says the Minute, *objected*. This would be a proceeding to which they would doubtless *object*.

Four days afterwards another Lodge was held we presume, at its proper place of meeting, the Golden Lion, when Thomas Manning, John Manning, and Samuel Manning, probably brothers, were all initiated; and George Crisp, waiter, “*was presented with the secrets of Masonry.*”

At a previous meeting 7 brethren were passed as fellow Crafts, four of whom were initiated the same evening.

Verily, candidates were coming into Masonry with a rush at this time. So ends the fifth volume of the Minutes of this old Lodge.

(To be Continued.)

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## THE QUESTION OF THE COLOURED FREEMASONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE are among those who reject the legality of the Prince Hall Grand Lodge, as, indeed, we cannot see how it can be upheld. Its history is this:—it was chartered from

England as a private Lodge—to make, pass, and raise masons, and to remain a lawful, regularly warranted Lodge so long as it conformed to the laws of the Grand Lodge of England. After a time, it sent no returns—fell into a dormant state—and was finally erased for making no returns. How could it be revived? Only by the power which first called it into Masonic life, and then only as a private Lodge. In no sense of the word could it ever become a Grand Lodge, (let us mark this), or issue warrants on its own account.

Now, supposing that owing to disordered times and political convulsions it could claim to exist separated from its parent tree, it could only be as a private Lodge—“*de bene esse,*” as the lawyers say—or a “*fact accompli.*” And if it was revived after a lapse of years, it could only be as a private Lodge, which, under exceptional circumstances, had maintained or revived its own Masonic life. Further it could not go. To call it a Grand Lodge is alike a misnomer and an impropriety, and any warrants issuing from its “*non authority*” are clearly illegal, spurious, and valueless!

The Lodges working under such pseudo-warrants are clearly not regular Lodges.

But then comes in the practical question—what is to be done? There are many coloured Freemasons in the United States in Lodges under so-called Grand Lodges. What are we to do with them? Are they all to be healed, by re-initiation or re-obligation? Such seems to us—we speak in all deference—an impossibility, and to speak the truth, a very unpractical proposal. Now we venture to suggest a solution of the difficulty which has occurred to our minds, thinking over the question, and which has this advantage of a compromise, that in all things essential it maintains the rights of all concerned. “*Adopt the provisions of the English Book of Constitutions in respect of District Grand Lodges, and make these so-called Coloured Grand Lodges, District Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons for Ohio, etc.*”—or the various States under Grand Lodges.

If the provisions applying to District Grand Lodges are carefully perused, it will be seen that they empower the District Grand Lodge to have its own by-laws, subject to the General Book of



Constitutions, to have the certificates issued from the Grand Secretary's Offices, all countersigned by the District Grand Officers; to have committees of their own, though an appeal goes, in all questions of discipline, to Grand Lodge, and District Grand Masters can grant provisional warrants for the opening of Lodges. The District Grand Lodges could elect the District Grand Master, who would be confirmed by the Grand Master of the State Grand Lodges, and the private Lodges surrendering their warrants could receive new warrants to be issued by the Grand Lodge.

The District Grand Lodge might elect a certain number of members to attend Grand Lodge as such—and even, if need be, all members under illegal warrants might be re-obligated. This seems to us to be the right course to pursue. We speak with deference, but to recognize illegal Grand Lodges of Coloured Freemasons is a very serious thing, and opens the door to great dangers.

Now we do not suppose that such a proposal will be popular with either side in the controversy, but then our English mind is essentially practical. At the same time we feel strongly that colour is no bar to Freemasonry, or to Masonic rights, and that as things seem getting worse instead of better, there can be no impropriety in our venturing, in all humility, to offer a "healing motion" of our own, in all good feeling and fellowship.

We throw out these suggestions as "amici curiæ," and we trust that as such they will be accepted by our excellent brethren in the United States, for whom we have great regard and the most fraternal good will.

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### THE JEALOUS SCEPTIC.

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BY BRO. JOHN SAFFERY.

"JEALOUSY may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed that if it even pricks the skin is very dangerous, but if it draw blood, it is irrecoverably deadly."

Scepticism—to deny the existence of Jehovah, the Great Creator, and refuse to

acknowledge the possession of an immortal soul—may be congenial to men who flatter themselves into the belief that they are disciples of Phyrro and Timon, and for this absurdity put aside the consolation of Religion, the divinity of the scriptures, the strength of truth, and the sacredness of life, risking the eternal torments of Hell, for the sake of saying that they are soulless, and on a level with the "Beasts of the Field."

How sad it seems when Man, all lost to shame,

Himself forgets to other men defame;  
When honour, love, and every social tie,  
By wanton mischief used, all shipwrecked lie.

And where religion forms no holier part,  
And poor conceited man his theories start,  
False as the fiend that prompts him to do wrong

And his weakness cry, "Behold, I'm strong!"

The mortal passions in the human breast  
By meanest minds are cultivated best;  
By Love and Hate the green-eyed monster's fed,

And mocks its victim till the heart is dead.  
The jealous man, filled with consuming ire  
Burns up his vitals with Tartarean Fire.  
His thoughts are torture, and but darkly drape

His mind with forms of every hideous shape;

Even as he walks some unknown thing he fears,

And sleeping starts at every sound he hears.

No love hath he, but by his 'venomed tongue

The old are cursed, and he reviles the young.

A childless man, a love-lorn wretch, and worse,

The Love of God he dares pronounce a curse,  
'The earth is heaven, and to his grovelling mind

'Tis Chance that rules the planets and the wind.

All things have been, and are, and still will be,

And man, as man, none hath more power than he.

The world was chaos, now 'tis mystery,  
 Except where science speaks philosophy.  
 The little world of boasting self-conceit  
 Is full of paths where spite and envy meet ;  
 And though fair flowers may bloom to  
 please the eye  
 And rills and rivulets come sparkling by,

And tuneful song-birds carol lays of love  
 Among the trees and in the sky above,  
 Man's morbid sense no beauty sees, or hears  
 The music ringing in the heavenly spheres.  
 All wrapped in self the egotist but knows  
 That birds do live, there's colour in the  
 rose,  
 The water trickles when a fountain plays,  
 And glist'ning streams are nature's water-  
 ways.

His sense of sound and sight is dulled and  
 bleared,  
 No living thing his deadened soul hath  
 cheered ;  
 A misanthrope, a God-forsaken man,  
 So worldly wise that the Creator's plan  
 Of heaven and earth, and all celestial  
 things  
 Is but a myth, or man's imaginings.  
 And this is reason, better on the whole  
 Than doctrines taught about the human  
 soul,

And future pains and punishments for sin  
 Devised by men of pristine origin.  
 A teaching made for bigots and for fools,  
 The dupes of priests and proselyting tools.  
 All arch divines are mercenary men,  
 And darkly work their way by voice and  
 pen ;  
 They aim at power, at riches, and command,  
 Enthral the weak and decimate the land.  
 A blot on life, and warping nature's self,  
 Beclouding the unclouded, and for pelf.

The man with Reason for his only guide  
 May argue thus, and fill himself with pride,  
 And scoff at holy men and heavenly things  
 Till unbelief sad retribution brings.  
 The good can pray, and, with a contrite  
 heart,  
 Sincerely thank their Maker for their part.  
 The jealous sceptic nothing good can see,  
 A praying man's a wretched devotee.

His hardened heart forgets its childhood's  
 days,  
 And simple prayers and pureness of its  
 ways ;

At home with sin, it revels for a time  
 In its debasement and immoral slime.  
 When sickness comes the wicked are  
 afraid,  
 And call aloud for Great Jehovah's aid ;  
 Their load of guilt now heavy on them  
 weighs,  
 As fitful shades revive their evil days ;  
 And the last scene no true repentance  
 brings  
 As Death (their terror) spreads his darkling  
 wings.

The minds of men refreshed by love and  
 peace,  
 With holy calm expect their soul's release,  
 And joyful sounds the "ransomed sinner"  
 hears  
 When called to Rest, he quits "the vale of  
 tears ;"  
 The angel-hosts triumphant shout aloud  
 As the redeemed put off their earthly  
 shroud  
 And bliss divine—eternal joys profound—  
 Await the chosen and the glory-crowned.

And puny man will dare assert his power,  
 Deny his God, and at his wisdom lower ;  
 'Tis well for him his littleness to know—  
 The speck he is—an atom here below—  
 Within himself to look, for his soul's  
 sake,  
 And bid his sleeping conscience quick  
 awake.

The powers of life may wane at any hour,  
 And vaunting man, enfeebled, shake and  
 cover ;

His weakened brain, by sleepless visions  
 worn,  
 Hath frenzy, fear, and such disorders born ;  
 And these malignant things the body  
 wear,  
 Till palsied limbs soon show the evil there.  
 The mind, depressed by abject passion's  
 power,  
 Where gloomy thoughts by day and night  
 devour

The moral goodness of the human heart,  
 Is bent to play the coward's cringing part.  
 Nay, worse, the morbid mind to madness  
 turns,  
 And muttering melancholy mocks and  
 burns.

To some such fate the sceptic hastens on  
 And treads the paths of darkness which  
 anon

To dire destruction and to grief but lead,  
And endless woe and torments but pre-  
cede.

For Grace Divine to quell their unbelief,  
To purge their hearts, to bring their minds  
relief

E'er 'tis too late, oh! let the Godless pray,  
And *Light* receiving, see their erring way.

*Sheerness-on-Sea.*

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### THE LADY MURIEL.

(From Bro. Emma Holmes' "Tales, Poems,  
and Masonic Papers," about to be pub-  
lished.)

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#### CHAPTER III.

#### JOHN FALCONBRIDGE'S STORY—MURIEL ALDITHLEY.

"It was in the winter of 1850," Falcon-  
bridge said, "that I first met Muriel.  
She was then governess at Canon Penny-  
father's, at Canchester, as I think I told  
you. I was then a lieutenant in a line  
regiment stationed there. The county  
ball was given on the 20th of December,  
and the officers of my regiment were  
invited. One of them, Auberon Mandeville,  
the captain of my company, a dissolute  
fellow, but a man very highly connected,  
was one of our number who went. Muriel  
was there with the Miss Pennyfathers,  
and was at once singled out for a great  
deal of attention, on account of her grace-  
ful manners and beautiful face. I've seen  
many lovely women since, but never one  
to equal her. I danced a great deal with  
her; so did Mandeville; and the fellows  
at mess next day chaffed us about our  
making such a dead set at *la belle* Aldithley.  
I was younger then than I am now, and  
some light words that Mandeville dropped  
about her nettled me; we quarrelled, and  
duelling being out of fashion, we satisfied  
ourselves, I suppose, with a mutual 'cut.'  
About a month after the ball, I had been  
spending the evening with a fellow called

Bloxam, who had taken me several times  
to the Pennyfathers, who were connections  
of his, and we had all become great friends.  
Muriel had become to me something  
dearer than a friend—but more of this  
anon. Well, Bloxam and I were strolling  
home rather late (twelve o'clock I expect)  
to my quarters. We had to pass through  
the Close to take advantage of the short  
cut. My friend, being a nephew of the  
Dean, could always get through the great  
gates, which were closed at eight o'clock,  
when the curfew rang. Just as we passed  
the Deanery, we heard voices talking close  
to the carriage entrance to the Pennyfathers.  
I thought I recognized one of the voices,  
but was not sure. Curiosity, or perhaps  
some deeper feeling, drew me to the spot,  
and then I found that the men, whoever  
they were, had got somehow into the gar-  
den, and it was clear that one of them at  
least was the worse for liquor. From what  
I could gather, it seemed that the fellow  
who was tipsy was asking the other two  
to assist him to carry off Miss Aldithley,  
and I soon found out by the voice that it  
was no other than Captain Mandeville who  
was speaking, his Irish experiences  
evidently telling upon him in his present  
state, for I cannot believe that in his  
sober senses the fellow would have thought  
for a moment on anything so mad as this  
scheme. The two other men were to go,  
the one to the front, the other to the  
back of the house. The young lady was  
quite agreeable it seemed—so Mandeville  
said—and the concerted signal was a low  
whistle given three times. When this  
was heard, the man at the front of the  
house was to hurry off to the Elms (the  
name of one of the Canon's houses in the  
Precincts), where a cab was standing  
waiting to take home some of the company  
from a dinner party. The cabman had  
been bribed with a sovereign to come at  
once. Mandeville and the young lady, who  
would get out of the bedroom window, and  
come down by a ladder the other man had  
procured and placed against the wall, would  
go off in a cab, as if from the dinner. Dr.  
Pennyfather was away, and only the two  
daughters, the governess, and two maid-  
servants were in the house. It was clear  
to us that the men were making a tool of  
Mandeville, and that they intended to  
commit a burglary.

"I had my reasons for believing that Miss Aldithley, so far from meditating an elopement with Mandeville, rather favoured my pretensions, and it must be owned that I was desperately in love with her.

"Judge, then, of my amazement and indignation, when I overheard this dastardly scheme for kidnapping the girl I loved best in all the world. There was not time for anything but immediate action. I knew that my brother in arms was of so noble a nature that he would not scruple about ways and means to effect his purpose; and I knew also that Muriel did not comprehend that the "handsome officer" was nothing more nor less than a thorough scamp. The wall was too high to climb, but they must have entered by the back gateway, which had probably been left unfastened. Bloxam went round to the back at once to let loose the great St. Bernard dog which knew him, whilst I went to the front to intercept the man who had gone for the cab. The preconcerted signal was heard just as I got to the garden gate, and a man passed me running stealthily under the shadow of the wall. The rattle of a cab and a shrill scream sounded on my ear. Making my way round to the side of the house, I saw Mandeville at the top of the ladder, and the white form of a woman apparently leaning out of the window. A sudden crash, and the ladder had fallen down with its burden. A hoarse bark, and up bounded 'Lion' to my assistance as I was struggling with one of the fellows who I found had been trying to get into the kitchen window, and whom I had collared. Presently a policeman came upon the scene; and, as I had stunned one of the fellows, and the dog had pinned the other, we soon managed to give them into custody. Mandeville's arm was broken, and we had to assist him into the cab—which was made a very different use of to what was intended—and he was taken home. The papers got hold of a queer version of the affair. I afterwards learned that Miss Aldithley had formed an attachment to Captain Mandeville, which I did not credit, but for her sake, and for her character, I was silent about the matter. The *Hampshire Gazette* stated that 'a daring attempt at burglary had been made at the house of one of the Canons residentiary of Canechester, and but for the

prompt arrival of two of the officers of the 57th Regiment, and the heroic conduct of Captain Mandeville—who, seeing one of the robbers enter through the window of one of the rooms, followed the man, and after a desperate struggle, succeeded in saving the property, and probably the lives, of some of the inmates, though it regretted to say he had sustained considerable injury, and had his arm broken in the attempt—the consequences might have been serious.' Bloxam and I held our peace, and the story told, no doubt. If I had ever said anything to Miss Aldithley which could be construed into a disparaging remark about Mandeville, Muriel put it down to my jealousy, and though I continued to pay her devoted attention, she seemed to be changing towards me. The truth must be told, I began to hate Mandeville, yet it must be owned he was a fascinating fellow where he chose to fascinate.

"Muriel soon grew to like—and I fancied to more than like—him. He was always putting himself in her way, and there were few women who could resist him. Only a few days before the burglary, I had proposed to, and as I thought, had not been rejected by, her. She had not then come under his baneful influence. I felt, therefore, that I was justified in speaking to her about him; but she was, it must be owned, a flirt. To my astonishment, when some days afterwards, Captain Mandeville's name came up in the course of conversation, Muriel said,—

"It is quite clear, Mr. Falconbridge, that you are jealous of Captain Mandeville, and you cannot trust me. We had better, therefore, part."

"Muriel," I answered, "you misunderstand me. I bear him no ill will, and you ought to know how devoted I am to you; pray unsay what you have just said."

"I do not wish to quarrel with you," she answered, "but I am tired of this espionage. I intend to be free again, and so good morning, Mr. Falconbridge," and with that she sailed out of the room.

"I could not believe it, it seemed all like a dream, and it was some time before I could realise the fact that I was a *dis-carded lover*. The next day I called again. She would not see me. I wrote, asking for an explanation. My letter was returned,

and a pretty little emerald ring I had given her was sent back. I was dreadfully cut up about it, but, then, you see, I was 27, and she 20. I buoyed myself up with the hope that she was infatuated with this man, that the thing would wear off; and that, in time, it would all come right again. Our regiment was ordered to Chatham, and I never saw or heard anything more of Muriel for three years. I wrote to her once a year during that time, telling her that whenever she chose to change her mind I was ready and willing to keep my promise if she would only keep hers. The first time she returned my letter without comment, the second year she wrote me a civil little note, saying she was engaged to Captain Mandeville. He had exchanged into another regiment, and was going out to India. When last I heard—it was soon after I had written to her for the third time (I always wrote on the anniversary of the day I first met her at the county ball)—in reply she sent me this, and, as he spoke, Falconbridge pulled out of his vest a small Russia leather pocket book, and taking out one little perfumed sheet of paper, read the following:—

“DEAR MR. FALCONBRIDGE,

“I am going to be married to-morrow, and I want you to forgive me the wrong I did you three years ago. I fear I did not know my own mind then; perhaps I do not know it now. I shall always look upon you as a dear friend, and I feel that I was quite unworthy of your love. Will you forgive me?—Your sincere friend,

“MURIEL ALDITHLEY.”

“The next day I saw the announcement of her marriage to Major Mandeville.”

“How did you answer that letter? It sounds like the letter of a kind-hearted woman?”

“Well, I kept a copy of my answer, because I thought that the sentiments I then expressed I might by constant reiteration, teach myself to feel, and I used to take out the letter and read first hers and then my reply. You can read it if you like.”

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:—

“MY DEAR MISS ALDITHLEY,—

“Thank you very much for your kind letter. I shall prize it dearly, as I prize anything of yours. I forgave you long ago, and now that you are married, I shall do my utmost to forgive your husband. He knew I loved you, and knew also that you were affianced to me. He came between us, and I can hardly blame you for admiring one who was so much handsomer and richer than I.

“It is I who ought to beg you to forgive me for aspiring to your hand. Our paths are different now. You go to India; our regiment is ordered to Canada; we may never meet again. Pray remember this, however, that if ever I can render you a service, if ever I can be of any use to you, command me, and I will as happily obey your wishes as if I had not been,—Your discarded lover,

“JOHN FALCONBRIDGE.”

(To be Continued.)

## THE MASSORAH.

WE have felt it to be our duty to many of our readers interested in such questions to call their attention to the following striking article on a recondite subject which appeared lately in the *Times*.

Its masterly analysis and lucid explanation of what is a mystery to so many, will command for it the attention it so fully deserves.

Jewish literature is, like the Jewish people, a mystery. It is an unknown land, or known only to a few hardy and resolute explorers. When a few years ago an enthusiastic and accomplished Jew wrote his tale of the Talmud, it came upon the world with the surprise of a discovery. Men marvelled that such treasures should so long have lain hid. To the vast majority of Christian students, to the vast majority even of the Jews themselves, the Talmud was like a buried city—a few fragments had been dug out, but these seemed of no great value, and did not invite to further research. “Let it alone” men said; “you

will find nothing better there, however far you may push your search, than a long series of irregular lumber-rooms tapestried with Rabbiical cobwebs. No doubt the explorer of these strange recesses did excellent service in bringing to light some curious and interesting objects, and gave fresh impulse to a neglected study. No doubt the tale was told with singular vivacity, and with a picturesqueness of grouping and colour which charmed and dazzled the imagination. But sober readers withheld their assent from the writer's brilliant paradoxes, and it was manifest that the enthusiasm of a man who felt he was to the mass of men in the position of a discoverer had betrayed him into serious, if pardonable, exaggeration.

The department of Jewish literature to which we are now about to introduce our readers, is of a very different kind; one that has been equally neglected, one that appeals far less powerfully to the imagination, but one in many respects of a greater importance, and the investigation of which is likely to lead to more useful and practical results. For the last 18 years another distinguished scholar, Dr. Ginsburg, has been engaged in the laborious work of collecting the materials for a critical edition of the Old Testament Scriptures. It has long been a reproach to our Biblical scholarship, that so little has been done for the text of the Old Testament. The labours of Kennicott, from which so much was expected, produced nothing but disappointment; his collation of MSS., not being based on any sound principles, was practically worthless. De Rossi's was very much better, but neither he nor Kennicott troubled himself about the Massorah, without a thorough acquaintance with which no critical text can be constructed. It is to this point Dr. Ginsburg has more particularly directed his attention, and here we may expect some valuable results; for hitherto a curious misapprehension has attached to what is familiarly known as the Massoretic text. What is the Massorah? The word *Massorah*, or, as it ought to be written, *Massoreth*, means tradition. The text in our printed Bibles is commonly supposed to be the text as settled by a certain body of men called Massorettes, who were the custodians of this tradition. No mistake

could be greater. The Massorettes were not a single body of men or a single school; the Massoreth is not a single collection of marginal glosses establishing for ever one uniform text. On the contrary, the Massorettes were learned annotators, belonging to many schools, and their marginal annotations vary considerably in different copies. The Eastern Recension differs from the Western, and the different families of MSS. belong to the latter, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, present more or less considerable variations. The critical value of these glosses consists in the fact that the labours of the Massorettes were directed to the careful enumeration of all the words and phrases of the Bible. The marginal note tells us exactly how often each particular grammatical form and each phrase occurs in the whole Bible and in the several books, and also in what sense it is employed. It is obvious, therefore, at a glance that no new reading could creep into a passage without being immediately detected. The scribe may make a blunder, but the Massoreth checks it; for the Massoreth is not the compilation of the scribe who copies it, but is taken from model codices of a much earlier date.

The extreme minuteness of this verbal criticism has so multiplied and has been carried to such an extent, that Elias Levita says in his work on the Massoreth, that he believes that if all the words of the Great Massoreth which he had seen in the days of his life, were written down and bound up in a volume, it would exceed in bulk all the 24 books of the Bible. Only two attempts have yet been made to collect these scattered notes and glosses—the one in the well-known work entitled *Ochlah-ve-Ochlah*, the other in Yakob ben Chayyim's Rabbinic Bible, published at Venice in 1526. But Dr. Ginsburg has done far more than his predecessors in the same field. With infinite pains and labour he has collected and digested this vast mass of textual criticism. For the first time the Hebrew scholar will really know what the Massoreth is. Hitherto, as we have said, it has been scattered in a number of different MSS., often written in the form of an ornamental border to the text in minute characters and with many abbreviations, and in many cases requiring not only great patience, but a wide ac-

quaintance with the peculiarities of the Massoretic scribes for its decipherment. Now, all these various editions of the text, all these traditional notes, will be classified and arranged under the head of the several MSS. to which they belong, in parallel columns, so that the eye will see at a glance how far the MSS. agree, the additions in one case, the deficiencies or variations in another.

There is, however, one feature of Dr. Ginsburg's labours to which we wish to call especial attention. It is the use he has been able to make of the Eastern or Babylonian recension of text and Massoreth for comparison with the Western. It was well known that a divergence did exist between these two recensions, and that as there was very early a different system of vocalization, as well as a difference in traditions between the Eastern and Western Jews, so there was also a difference in their MSS. of the Bible. But before the year 1840 the only record of that difference that had been preserved was the list of variations given in Yacob ben Chayyim's Bible, which was extremely defective. Now, however, a very important discovery has been made. Among the MSS. recently acquired by the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, there is, besides a fragment of the Pentateuch, a MS. containing the whole of the later Prophets, exhibiting the Eastern Recension; and as this MS. has also the Massoreth, we are enabled thereby to ascertain the Oriental reading of a large number of passages in other books of the Bible, besides those which are comprised in the MS. We thus get a recension of the text which is very much earlier than any existing MS. of which the age is undisputed.

It must always be a matter of the deepest regret that no Hebrew MS. of the Bible of any antiquity has come down to us; for on how many dark passages might light be cast, if a codex were discovered even as ancient as the most ancient MSS. of the New Testament! It must always enhance our regret to reflect that Christian barbarism is to a large extent responsible for this calamity. The savage and unrelenting persecution of the Jews has left an indelible blot on the pages of Christian history from the beginning of the 11th century to the middle of the 16th. There

is not a European nation, scarcely a European town of any magnitude, the annals of which are not disgraced by the intolerable cruelties practised on this people. Popes, Fathers, and Councils, vied with one another in denouncing them. Edict after edict was issued against them. No insult was too coarse for them; Jew and devil were synonymous terms in the Christian vocabulary; they were outside the pale of humanity. Again and again the fury of the populace, stirred up often by renegades of their own nation, was let loose upon them; their houses were plundered, their property confiscated, their wives and children violated before their eyes. The tale of "Christian Atrocities" in those ages reads in many exact particulars like the tale of "Turkish Atrocities" with which we have all of late been familiar. Thousands of Jews were compelled to abjure their faith and submit to baptism; thousands more were banished from the cities or countries in which they had settled; great multitudes were tortured and cruelly put to death. Their *Selichoth* or Synagogue hymns for centuries were one great wail going up to heaven, a cry like the cry of the souls pleading beneath the altar, "Lord, how long?" a bitter lamentation, the burden of weeping and great mourning as of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted.

In these outbursts of religious fanaticism we know that many precious books and MSS. perished. Synagogues were plundered, burnt, razed to the ground, and the rolls of the Law torn to pieces and strewed in the streets. On the 17th of June, 1244, twenty-four cart-loads of MSS. were burnt in Paris alone. "I have not a single book left," writes a French Rabbi to R. Meir of Rothenburg; "the oppressor has taken from us our treasures." Many books were thrown into wells; many were buried in the earth to conceal them from Christians. The possessor of one codex thanks God that he and not the earth has been the means of preserving it. "We are forbidden," writes Abr. ibn Ramoch, at the close of the 14th century, "to have the Torah (the Law) in our possession, and other books which they have carried off into the churches." Another complains that the holy books were dis-

figured by the ruthless hand of the Christian Scribe, and many a fair parchment cut to pieces and made to serve for repairing the boots of the Nazarene. It is the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes repeated, intensified, prolonged, through centuries.

Add to all this the fact, that it has been the practise of the Jews themselves to consign to oblivion all imperfect copies of their Scriptures. The Talmud enacts that if a copy of the Law have two errors in a page, it shall be corrected; if three it shall be stowed away. The act by which this is done is called *Genizah*. By the Kararite Jews the receptacle itself in which incorrect or mutilated copies of the Bible were placed were called *Genizah*, but it is not so called in the Talmud. The receptacles in which all imperfect or injured MSS. of the kind are placed are called by the German Jews "Shemoth-boxes," in allusion to the names (*Shemoth*) of God, because every scrap on which that name might chance to be written, as might be the case with any leaf of the Bible, was held too sacred to be destroyed, and must, therefore, be solemnly deposited in the receptacle prepared for it. No Hebrew MS. was therefore preserved by the Jews, merely on the ground of antiquity, and taking this circumstance into connexion with the wholesale destruction of MSS. by Christians during the Middle Ages, to which we have already referred, it can no longer appear surprising that our oldest MSS. are so comparatively late.

Thus Jews and Christians have conspired together for the destruction of these precious documents. The earliest known MS. of the whole Old Testament (which is in the University Library at Cambridge) only dates from the middle of the ninth century. A fragment belonging to the beginning of the same century is in the Library at St. Petersburg. The beautiful MS. of the Later Prophets in the same Library, already referred to, bears the date A.D. 916. We must not, therefore, indulge unreasonable expectations. It is scarcely probable that even Dr. Ginsburg's collations will furnish us with a large harvest of important textual variations. But his work is one of which it is scarcely probable to exaggerate the value notwithstanding. It will give us, what we have

never had before, a really accurate collation of all the best MSS. of the Old Testament, together with a complete view of the Massoreth of each. The work will fill four folio volumes when finished. The publication of such a work is an enterprise too great to be accomplished by any single individual unassisted. But it may be hoped that our Universities, and that Biblical scholars in this and other countries, will take care that the Funds requisite for its publication are forthcoming. We cordially congratulate Dr. Ginsburg on having brought his labours so nearly to their conclusion, and thank him in the name of all students of the Hebrew Bible for this most important contribution to the formation of a critical text of the Old Testament.

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#### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY W. W. HIBBEN.

(From the "Masonic Advocate.")

"Let us gather up the sunbeams,  
Lying all around our path,  
Let us keep the wheat and roses  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of the day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way."

CLOUDS and darkness follow sunshine and day, and the darkest fortunes of life are apt to be succeeded by whispers of comfort and relief which come to us, like the visitations of the angels when they are on their missions of mercy. Though the heart be heavy with sorrows, the wicket gate of hope may be seen in the dim distance. The God of our fathers never leaves us to struggle alone. The poet speaks truth when he says: "The promise assures us the Lord will provide." In regions the most desolate, under circumstances the most disheartening, when cold, bleak winds are upon us, there is still a bright side of life to look upon, if we will only search for it. When Alexander Selkirk found himself a castaway on the Island of Juan



Fernandez, he, no doubt, felt himself banished from his race. No voice saluted him, and the prospect was that he would die there alone.

Still there was a bright side to his situation, the sun of heaven was over him, and the island, though uninhabited by man, was full of beautiful songsters and wild goats, and crystal waters burst from the rocks to quench his thirst, while he could look over the boundaries of his kingdom and proclaim :—

“I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and brute.”

That voice was sweet to the sorrowing heart of many which said to her, “Thy brother shall rise again.” Even the shades of death are tinged with light, and even the gloom of the sepulchre is lit up by the stars of immortality.

If men are not happy it is the fault of themselves, or of their relationship. Many seem to prefer misery to happiness, they are ever looking at the dark side of everything around them. They love darkness. Light is not congenial to them, and they are ever dissatisfied. They are the arbiters of their own destiny, and have no one to blame but themselves, if they are miserable.

“For the world is all dark, or the world is all light,

Just as we choose to make it  
Our burden is heavy, our burden is light,  
Just as we happen to take it ;

And people who grumble and people who groan,

At the world and its every proposal,  
Would grumble and groan if the world  
were their own,

With the sun, moon, and stars, at disposal.”

To be comfortably miserable by one's acts and deeds is apt to be the choice of the fool. He might be happy, but he demurs to the condition, as being derogatory to his dignity, and he blunders along through life, the voluntary victim of his own wretchedness.

Some one has beautifully said that “every cloud has its silver lining.” So it is with everything else. There is a bright side to every circumstance, to every condition, of

every fate of life. “Trust in God,” is the talismanic power by which even the blind can tell which is the bright side. It comes to the heart, not to the eye, and when it does come it is apparent that the hand of the Divinity is in it.

Men of thought can live above the world of circumstances, and consequently above the tide of relative misery. But such a state of intellectual and philosophic culture is obtained only by the few, the masses are chained down by ignorance, held in bondage by the fortunes of circumstances and they fail to see the bright side. Indeed this is the chief cause of their life of darkness of which they so loudly complain, when they might blame themselves for all the hours of unhappiness they ever endure.

Trials of disappointments and sorrows of bereavement are the common lot of our race, they meet us at every turn of life. Yet they should not be our masters, they should never be allowed to crowd us down into the dust, for the world has been made bright for us all, and we should live in it as the Father above intended we should, with thoughtful minds and brave hearts, knowing that light and life, happiness and hope may go with us to the grave and even beyond it.

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## H O P E .

(Sent to the “Masonic Magazine” by Bro.  
Enra Holmes.)

HOPE on, hope ever ! When the stormy sighs

Of autumn winds, tear summer wreaths  
of flowers :

And the pale yellow leaves unheeded lying  
Tell us the tale of mortal changing  
hours,

Hope on, hope ever ! On a fairer shore,  
No storms shall waste, the blossoms die no  
more.

Hope on, hope ever ! When life's weary  
sameness,

With cold oppression bends the spirit  
down ;

Yet each small sacrifice, each weariness  
Offered to God, may win a lasting crown.

Hope on, hope ever ! In the evening light,  
The sunset of our lives, Heaven shall seem  
bright !

Hope on, hope ever! When thy heart's  
 deep longings,  
 Seem like Earth's roses, budding for  
 decay,  
 When like deep shadows o'er thy spirit  
 thronging  
 Sad thoughts may make thee wish thy  
 life away,  
 If disappointment *here*, thy soul hath riven,  
 Thou shalt for ever have thy will in  
 Heaven!

When like some frail, sad lyre, the chords  
 shall sever  
 Which joy had tuned to music in thy  
 heart;  
 And that sweet voice of melody shall never  
 From those now broken strings resume  
 its part;  
 Hope on, hope ever! Thou shalt hear its  
 lays,  
 When thou hast joined the Eternal song  
 of praise.

Hope on, hope ever! When the loved  
 and trusted,  
 Prove false or helpless in thine hour of  
 woe,  
 When they seem worthless of the gifts en-  
 trusted,  
 Which thy true love and confidence  
 bestow;  
 He lives, who suffered, dying, for thy sake,  
 Thou hast ONE Friend who never can  
 forsake.

When a cold tomb, the cherished form  
 concealing,  
 Seems to have left thee desolate and lone,  
 And those sweet words no more can pour  
 their healing.  
 O'er thy sad spirit left henceforth alone.  
 O raise thy drooping heart, with Hope, on  
 high,  
 There is no parting those, in Christ, who  
 die!

If, in thy lonely grave, no friendly weeping  
 Shall ever fall on the neglected sod;  
 If all forget thee, who beneath art sleeping,  
 O soul! within the memory of thy God  
 Thou livest ever! Thou shalt rise again,  
 When Hope's sweet dawning fades, and  
 love shall reign!

A. E. H.

*Canoness of St. Augustine.*

## ON THE EXCESSIVE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

IN *Temple Bar* for February appears an able and amusing article, of which we have taken the liberty to cull the most salient passages, under the above heading, and "By an Old Fogey," as he terms himself, and to which we think it well to direct the attention of our readers, for the purpose of protesting against its injustice, however wittily written or amusingly put before us. Let our readers attend to the following "indictment" of women, and let us hear what their verdict will be. The "counts" are many and serious, but are they proven or even proveable? We think not. Chaff is a very good thing in its way, but it has to be dealt with seriously when used to favour a fallacy, to veil an unreality, or to lead up to a "reductio ad absurdum." Let us now listen to a very amusing writer and a very bitter tirade:

"The value of evidence is always thought to be affected by the character of the witness who gives it, and in dealing with the question indicated by the title of this paper, I have no desire to carry more weight than I deserve. I do not wish to sail under false colours. I am what I describe myself—an old fogey. I am no young prig, fresh from college, stuffed full with the wisdom of the ancients, and qualified to teach the age forgotten truths by virtue of my rare learning, my exceptional earnestness, and my close connection with the most erudite professors and most pious philosophers of the time. Neither am I a sour pedant, much less a Calvinistic Philistine, steeped in melancholy religiosity, and inheriting a profound repugnance to cakes and ale. I am an old fogey, it is true, but I am neither senile nor superannuated. I am, or have been, a man of the world. Like the great German poet, I have lived and loved, and if I say no more upon that point, it is precisely because of my old fogeyism, and because in my hottest youth it was not the fashion to talk boastfully in connection with the other sex. *Memento juvat*. I have my memories, my little treasures, my gloves, my faded flowers, my locks of hair, like another. But they are in the most

secret of my secret drawers, and my executors will inter them, unopened, along with my mortal remains. The dead past will bury its dead.

"But it is with the present that I have now to deal, with the men and women, the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, whom I see around me. Don't think I am altogether out of the running. "Old fogey" is a vague term, and bears a relative signification. Never mind how old I am. It was once bad manners to ask such a question, even "fishingly." I was not born last century, I can still canter across country, I cut a respectable figure at tennis, and though I keenly feel the superiority of youth, I can yet make myself agreeable to the youngest of the company, unless, indeed, their ready listening be only complaisance or compassion. Nevertheless, I am an old fogey, and I am such by virtue of my old-world ideas, of my extreme repugnance to many, if not most, of the signs of so-called progress which I see about me, and, most of all, my dislike for the morals and my something more than dislike for the manners of the present generation. I am distinctly of opinion that the influence of women has grown, and is growing, until it has become excessive, and that society is seriously suffering from female aggressiveness. Heaven forbid that I should think it possible for the influence of women to be over great in certain spheres which pious custom and manly tradition have long assigned to them. A philological friend of mine draws a distinction in this matter, which I warmly embrace. He says the man's influence should be forensic, or public; the woman's influence should be domestic, or private. But the influence of woman nowadays is everywhere. She invades the market-place, she storms the forum, she directs the stage, she controls art, she arranges morals, she prates metaphysics, she is everywhere, in season and out of season; she is rampant in the house, she is turbulent out of it; she is supreme on the hearth, but that does not prevent her from bustling into the stables, usurping the billiard-room, and making herself thoroughly at home among hunting-prints, tobacco pouches, and spittoons."

This is no doubt very well put, and some may think truly, but let us proceed—

"The increase of woman's influence must be regarded as among the best signs of the time. It is a true mark of progress, an unerring proof of growing civilisation, the glory of our age, and the best hope of the future.

"Well, let us see if this is so. It used to be a very common complaint, ten or fifteen years ago, that conversation was a dead art. People could no longer talk. During that period there has been a tremendous irruption of women's tongues into society. Now, no one will deny that woman's most signal social distinction, after the charm of her appearance, is her talent for talking. One would, therefore, have supposed that the extension of woman's influence would have improved conversation. Has it? I submit that the result has been just the reverse. She has increased the quantity of talk, but she has diluted and deteriorated the quality. Women's method of conducting general conversation contrives to impart to it a broken, purposeless character, and brings it to a speedy termination. I remember the time when women, whose talents were not insignificant, would sit, apparently interested and certainly respectful listeners, if a subject were started among men of parts, and would wait to mingle in the discussion until they were appealed to. Nowadays you will almost invariably notice one of two things. Either the women will show you, possibly they will tell you, that they are ineffably bored by the discussion; or they will bring it to a sharp conclusion by "cutting in" with remarks which have no more to do with the theme in hand than the Tu-whit-tu-whoo of an owl has to do with the orderly march of the planets.

"If any one is disposed to conclude from this plain speaking that I do not appreciate women, women's talents, women's fascination, and even women's powers of conversation, I can only say, on the honour of an old fogey, that he much maligns me.

"It is a common complaint that, during the last twenty years, private luxury and ostentation have greatly increased; and the less practical reformers amongst us are crying out for sumptuary laws. It is idle to demand any check of that sort in an age of perfect freedom in everything; but, on the word of an old fogey, I firmly believe

that the evil might be remedied if only the excessive influence of the ostentatious sex could be controlled. There is nothing women will not do for appearances. For appearance's sake they will endure excruciating martyrdom, whether of body or soul, and they will compel every one whom they can influence to undergo like torture. How things look, not how things are, is their perpetual thought and anxiety. There is a noble and a pathetic side to this characteristic, as indeed there is to all their characteristics. Nearly all female faults are virtues carried to excess, or in a wrong direction, and, remember, I am not contending against the influence of women, which I believe to be the best and most useful-thing in life, but against their excessive influence. I know no more lovely sight than to behold a frugal housewife, the contented consort of some poor man, putting the best face on what some people would call poverty, making the most of the situation, making a little go a long way, and so comporting herself and so arranging her household affairs that none shall guess her anxieties or divine with what scanty materials she contrives to cut so respectable a figure. That is the woman of whom the inspired writer said the price of her is as a pearl brought from afar. She is infinitely more priceless than all the pearls ever hung upon the neck of wealth and beauty. There are many such—Heaven bless them!—and the best of men will have to kneel before them as in the presence of a superior divinity. But, when necessity is no longer the mother of invention, and their ingenuity in "creating an effect" is dictated merely by a desire to shine and to outshine, then the virtue has toppled over into vice. *Corruptio optimi pessima est*; and the same woman who, had she married a poor squire, would have been leading a life of heroism by daily combating his narrow means and concealing his straits with judicious economy combined now and then with a little pardonable pasteboard, having wed an easy-going plutocrat, becomes the vulgar instigator of opulent display, and devotes her days to a game of ill-bred brag, in which profusion and waste are the counters and the mortification of others the pool.

"A direct and immediate consequence of the excessive influence of women, as per-

ceived in the aggravated ostentation and rivalry in parade which unquestionably mark the age, is the necessity it imposes upon men, in the character whether of husbands or of aspiring lovers, of dedicating their energies ever more and more to the acquisition of wealth. The bright exceptions must not take offence because we state the rule; and the rule is that, no matter whom they may love—and poverty, in spite of the Roman satirist, has not yet made men ridiculous in the eyes of women—girls marry the richest men that can be found for them. Pretty girls are a standing premium upon the pursuit and acquisition of wealth. The richest man wins. What a standard of life is thus set up for the ingenuous youth of the nation! I have spoken freely and handsomely, I trust, of the naturally good instincts of women. But their most servile adulator would not have the face to pretend that, among their many good and even great qualities, can be enumerated the cherishing of lofty ideals of life. The weak side of woman is want of imagination, which is necessarily accompanied with a corresponding indifference to things truly great, as distinguished from things good or things powerful. Left to her own instincts, woman is well content with a small, happy, narrow, cheerful, virtuous, hum-drum, domestic life. She demands nothing more from her partner than that he shall be a kindly fellow, the husband of her hearth, the father of her children, a not over-worked bread-winner, a respectable citizen, in a word, a pattern paterfamilias. That is a good and unimpeachable ideal, but it is not a very wide or a very elevated one. No longer left entirely to her own instincts, but subjected to the instincts acquired in the more complex conditions of an active and struggling society, she readily imbibes a wish that her husband shall become a person of some consequence."

We think that our able friend, the writer, is here getting on very dangerous ground indeed, and putting forward some very questionable statements! To deride women, to complain of women because they seek to make home their great consideration, their ideal of happiness, is, after all, only worthy of a shallow writer or a profligate mind.

"But of what consequence? There's the rub. That inherent and ineradicable love of appearances, of which I have already spoken, and which causes a woman to prefer the look of things to the substance of them, steps in to settle the question. By "consequence" she means visible power, influence, and consideration. She wishes her husband to be a considerable person. Would she rather that he was a member of Parliament, though of little parliamentary distinction, or a scientific man of much true distinction, but little talked about and less rewarded? Would she rather that he were an Under-Secretary of State or, in other words, a conspicuous upper clerk, or a poet—say, like Wordsworth or Shelley—the scorn of his generation, though certain to be the delight of the next? Would she rather that her husband had written the 'Ode to the Skylark' or were Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? The question, alas! requires no answer.

"Then see the consequence! Women, through the excessive influence they now exercise, are perpetually assisting to lower the standard of the objects of life, and of the qualities which deserve admiration and reward. Their practical dispositions tend to banish all the nobler and less directly remunerative pursuits from existence, to circumscribe the sphere of man's energies, and to make him a vulgar athlete in a vulgar arena. Their natural instincts are all for the good, the virtuous, the domestic, but still the small. Their acquired social instincts are all for the magnificent but the mean, for the showy but the sordid. If you once get them to take an interest in a man's being something more than the exemplary head of a household, all they then want him to be is to be rich, conspicuous, and powerful. They are utterly indifferent to posthumous fame, and not much more concerned about contemporary fame, unless it happens to be synonymous with notoriety. They would infinitely sooner that their husband's horse won the Derby than that he wrote 'Hamlet' or discovered Neptune.

"It is not in the nature of things that the influence of women should have attained the proportion it has reached in our days without the consequences being mirrored in those three most faithful of reflectors,

religious worship, literature, and the stage. Perhaps I tread on delicate ground, and show myself more of an old fogey than ever, when I express my distaste for those ecclesiastical fripperies which have of late years invaded the once plain and masculine ceremonies of the Anglican Church. By a combination between women and certain ecclesiastical Epicenes, the vestments, the incense, the bowings and scrapings, the auricular confession, and the mystic dogmas of Papal worship are swarming around Reformed altars, and, thanks to the excessive influence of women, the church is being rapidly approximated to the theatre.

"And in the theatre itself, what has the prevailing, the predominant influence of women done for us? It may be said that it has purged the drama of coarse and offensive language, and, old fogey as I am, I cheerfully allow that it has had this excellent result. But whilst exorcising one devil it has let in a number of others, not so palpably objectionable, but more subtly noxious. Our ears are no longer offended by foul language, but our eyes have seen, and still see, much that is scarcely calculated to edify, and which meets with no protest from women; while our sense is insulted by paltry or sensational plays which our manly forefathers would have hissed off the boards. The heroic has been driven from the stage, and the domestic and sentimental have usurped the ground it once proudly trod. The wars of kings, the clash of arms, the wrongs of a Lear, the tottering wickedness of a Macbeth, the jealous fury and tenderness of an Othello, the hearty laughter of a Falstaff, the incantations of witches and the frolics of fairies, have been exchanged for the sorrows of a blacksmith, the speculations of a city clerk, the simpering of waiting-maids, the virtues of ticket-of-leave men, and the effete puns and horse-collar grins of inconsequent burlesques. The sentimental and the frivolous—these are truly feminine states of mind—and the excessive influence of women has transferred them to the British theatre. People avowedly go to the theatre to have a "good laugh" or a "good cry." That, as a great German critic has said, it is any part of the office of the drama "to purify by terror;" never enters the heads of feminine minds, which refuse

to travel beyond the precincts of their own concerns, or to be lifted to the height of great arguments from the petty premises and conclusions of their own individual lot.

"From this same unfortunate deterioration literature has not escaped. Women read far more than men—they have more time for doing so—and, being the larger constituency, therefore it is they who decide for the most part what books shall be written and what books shall be circulated. In former times they read the books men told them were worth reading; now they read of their own accord the books they themselves know not to be worth reading.

"The books spontaneously read by the many are nearly always worthless; the books spontaneously read by the few are nearly always worthy. Women demand novels, sensational travels, and shallow biographies. They are the majority of readers, and literature is adapted to their tastes. And not only have they caused the supply of novels to be multiplied, they have caused their quality to be lowered. The extension of journalism as opposed to literature cannot, perhaps, be laid at their door. But of journals serious and journals frivolous, they prefer the latter, and their choice is for a daily paper which prints jaunty leaders, and for a weekly paper which is crammed with gossip, personality and scandal.

"But I am an old fogey, and perhaps I shall only be scoffed at as a grey-beard and a bald-head. Still, I have had my say, and I feel better for having liberated my mind. But before I restore my pen to its stand, let me add just one word more. The influence of women has been and is excessive, but it is the fault of men that it has become so. In subjection to their unnatural, improper, excessive, and, I trust, transitory influence, men of to-day have lost the government of everything. They should reassert their headship in the interests of women and the world."

Here is the bill of attainder! What is our reply? Well, it is not women in our opinion who have done all this evil, and which we freely admit is patent on every side of us, but the "new generation," and we are inclined to think that the "old fogey," as he terms himself, is probably, after all,

a "fast youth" about town, who thinks woman a fair game alike for sarcasm and ridicule, for chaff and abuse. This is just now a very popular amusement with our "nova progenies" of golden and leaden young men! In our humble opinion if women betray the proclivities and take the course he asserts they do, and, above all, exercise the evil influence, which he declares they exercise over contemporary life and art, it is because, in doing so, they think, poor souls, that they please and attract the men!

Yes, we repeat, the present position of conversation, society, the drama, dress, æstheticism, literature, and the like is mainly owing, we firmly believe, to the depressing, deteriorating influences of a semi-educated, brainless, unthinking, apathetic generation of young heroes, who have no taste but the sensational, no aspirations but those of horse-racing, no hopes, no aims, no happiness but in questionable society, enervating luxury, and sceptical epicureanism.

These are hard words, "my masters," but we fear that they are true words, and, above all, we think that to throw upon women the lâches and perverted tastes of to-day is about as cowardly and disingenuous a proceeding as can well be imagined. It puts us in mind of a young rascal of a footboy of ours who, when he was discovered reading our letters, coolly suggested that it was probably "the housemaid!"

As we have often asserted, and as we still assert boldly, despite the witty but unjust insinuations of the "old Fogey" in *Temple Bar*, we hold that "women are more sinned against than sinning," and deserve our sympathy, not our scorn or condemnation. All that is ennobling and high-minded, all that is hopeful and happy, all that is cheery and comfortable in general society in every department of life, we owe to them, and we ought to be very grateful alike for their pleasant countenances and their kindly interest. The "old Fogey" is only repeating the complaint of other generations and other writers, in his *επεα πτεροειντα* of to-day.

But women, happily, still live on, and will yet survive that prejudice and injustice which too often are their lot in

this world, and still advance, as they only can—advance, the happiness and well-being of mankind.

We shall recur to this subject in our next.

## Our Archaeological Corner.

### THE PENNY OF THE MARK MASTER.

BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

From the "Masonic Jewel."



IN my visits for thirty years to Royal Arch Chapters, I have invariably observed that in the ceremonial of the Mark Master's degree, the "penny" used and the "penny" descanted upon in the lectures following is a copper coin—either our American coin worth one cent, or a British coin worth two. And the impression made by using the copper coin, and its allusions, is that the workmen in the parable were greatly underpaid. A facetious lecturer indeed, whose knowledge in archaeology was equal to his knowledge in Masonry, boldly averred that "he considered that the fellows who came in at the eleventh hour and toiled sixty minutes in the grape business, got not a cent too much; while all the others were confoundedly cheated!" Whereat the hearers, who were paying him "ten dollars a day and found" for his wisdom, and the only ones who lost by the transaction, laughed till the *ambere* ran out the corners of their facial orifices.

Now a joke is a joke, and I don't even object to a joke that bears down hard on Sampson, or on Tiglath-Pileser. If men put themselves in the way of getting laughed at, they must stand the consequences, as you and I do. But when the fun is at the expense alike of Scripture truth and archaeology facts, I for one

demur, as I did that night in the Mark Master's Lodge, and as I always will do when folly usurps the place of "light in Masonry."

The "penny" of the Mark Master is the *denarius* of the Roman, the *drachma* of the Greek. It is a *silver coin* of very pure metal. I have just weighed six of them, and here are the results in grains, Troy weight: 39, 50, 59, 46, 48, 44. The average size is seen in the engraving.

We learn in history that the Romans styled this coin *denarius*, because it was equivalent in value to *ten ases*—the *as*, a copper coin, weighing in the time when the parable was written, half an ounce. As the *as* was in value about a cent and a half (Federal money), it follows that the *denarius* was worth about fifteen cents, and that is about the average value in weight of the silver contained in each of the six specimens before me. If they vary in weight, as I have said, from 39 to 59 grains, it is partly because of the difference in wear and tear, partly in the different circumstances of Rome at different ages, partly perhaps in the process of filing the edges which they undergo at hands of the Arabs, &c., who collect them, and can sell them to us at just as good a price after reducing the weight as before.

The first idea that I wish to impress upon your readers is, that the penny in Bible times was a *silver coin*. Afterward *gold pennies* were struck (certainly in England A.D., 1257, and for ten years afterward.) These were worth from 1 dollar 50 cents to 1 dollar 60 cents (Federal) or thereabouts. It was not until quite recently that a *copper coin* styled a *penny* was struck.

The picture at the head of this article represents a penny, a *drachma*, a *denarius*, a silver penny—a penny of the reign of Tiberius, who was Emperor of the Roman Empire at the time Jesus gave utterance to our parable. Let us first explain the characters upon it:

The face of the Emperor Tiberius is seen upon the head of the money, looking to the right. His head is bound around with a laurel wreath. His countenance is good-humoured enough. He reigned from A.D. 14 to A.D. 37, and was succeeded by Caligula, very much as A.B., who was a

miserable specimen of a Grand Master, was succeeded by C. D., who was infamously worse. When Jesus took a penny in his hand and inquired, "whose image and superscription are these?" the "image" was this which we see before us. The "superscription," or as we would now term it, *inscription*, was

IMP TI CAESAR DIVI AVG F AVGVSTVS

that is,

"Imperator Tiberius Caesar, Divi Augustus Filius Augustus,"

meaning in English, "The Emperor Tiberius Caesar Augustus, the son of the deified Augustus." The preceding Emperor Augustus, who had been deified by the Senate, had adopted Tiberius as his son, and this explains the allusion.

On the opposite face of the coin (the side which we call *the reverse*) the words are,

PONTIFF MAXIM

that is,

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

or

"The High Priest."

As a general rule the Emperor filled the office of the High Priest, as being at the head of the religious college. This is on the principle that the crowned heads of some European countries at the present day are the heads of the church, though they may have no personal religion whatever.

The figure of Tiberius is seated upon a chair to the right, having in his left hand a branch of some kind (olive, most probably), in his right a headless spear.

The second idea to be impressed upon your readers' minds is, that the value of the penny (fifteen cents) was in the country and age to which the parable refers, *good wages*. Fifteen cents a day may not at first sight appear much; but we must consider that the value of money consists in what it will purchase, and that the value of money is the most fluctuating thing in the world. Twelve years ago my dollar bought but two yards of calico; to-day it buys eight or nine. Twenty-five years ago my dollar would buy five bushels of meal; to-day it will not pay for two. In the fourteenth century one dollar (or say one ounce of pure silver money, which is about the same thing), would buy as much meat and grain as a gold eagle (20

dollars) will now. At this rate, a penny in the time of Jesus was worth at least two dollars (comparing values then and now), and perhaps three. This was good wages, as most of the class called common labourers at the present day, if they merely had to pick grapes and tread them out, would acknowledge.

Let me now recapitulate:

1. The penny referred to in the Mark Master's degree is silver.

2. The silver penny in the parable was good in purchasing 2 or 3 dollars worth of the necessaries of life.

In a future article, if you like, I will write you concerning the "half Jewish shekel of silver," which plays so important a part in the same Mark Master's degree.

One thing all ought to know, viz., that at the time of building the Temple of Solomon *there was no coined money*. Gold and silver were used by *weight*, not by *count*. The first coined money was made nearly three hundred years after Solomon had been gathered to his fathers.

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## FREEMASONRY IN FRANCE.

BY BRO. J. H. GABALL.

(Continued from page 448.)

THESE articles were verbally agreed to, so that it should not be mentioned in the Convention that the Act of Union was annulled. In consequence, in the Statutes of 1806, the Grand Orient instituted the Grand Directory of Rites, in which the Scottish Rite was represented, and the Supreme Council, on its part, published on the 27 November, 1806, an organic decree, from which it will be well to quote articles 3, 4, 7.

"Article 3. The degrees above the 18th, up to and including the 33rd, will not be conferred in the future, until the Organization of Councils, Tribunals, Colleges, and Chapters, except by the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree, or in virtue of a special and particular delegation emanating from it."



"Article 4. The establishment of Councils, Tribunals, Colleges, and Chapters, mentioned in the above article, cannot take place except in virtue of the Capitular Charters granted by the Grand Orient; but the request for the establishment can be made only by the Supreme Council of the 33rd degree, as possessing the dogmatic power, and as to the obtaining of Capitular Charters, the petitioners cannot work the degree, for which it solicits a charter, under any pretence whatever."

"Article 7. The Supreme Council of the 33rd degree having under its immediate surveillance the 33 degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, no degree shall be conferred in future, except to those who take at the time of initiation, the oath of obedience to the Grand Orient, as united to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite."

Thus in 1806 the Supreme Council acknowledged the authority of the Grand Orient of France, to which only should be accorded the Capitular constitutions which the Supreme Council, dogmatic power, could demand of it, and alone it governed the Lodges and Chapters of the 18th degree.

The decree of 1811 (19th Jan.), goes further. The Supreme Council claims the right of administration of all Councils, Chapters, &c. In effect it says:—

"Considering that thus up to the 18th degree rested in the hands of the Grand Orient of France, it was necessary that there should be a central authority for the higher degrees, and this central authority was none other than the Supreme Council."

The Gradation is easily traced. In 1804 Bro. De Grasse Tilly created in France a Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite; some months afterwards this Council entered into a treaty of union with the Grand Orient of France, the latter paying the debts of the former, and admitting within its organisation a Masonic power, the very existence of which was of questionable authority. In 1805 the Supreme Council broke the treaty, but, however, acknowledged that it was but a dogmatic power. It consented to receive from the Grand Orient of France all its Capitular Charters, and sent its envoys to the Grand Directory of Rites. Later, viz. in 1809, as we have seen, it

attempted, but in vain, to submit to its government the Rite of Heredom, and in 1811 it assumed, without consulting the Grand Orient of France, to which it was dependent, the jurisdiction of all the high grade Lodges and Chapters of the 18th degree, and attempted to issue Charters of Constitution, without at the same time ever pretending to possess any right of governing the Lodges and Chapters of the Rose Croix.

We have endeavoured to state clearly the situation, in order to prove the encroachments of the Supreme Council, and the position of the Grand Orient, of which the Joint Grand Master was at the same time Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite, and on the other hand the acknowledgement by the Supreme Council of the exclusive rights of the Grand Orient over the Symbolic and Capitular degrees.

As long as the power and great influence of Prince Cambacérès continued, the Grand Orient could only protest, and wait a proper opportunity for asserting the integrity of its rights.

It will not be out of order to state here that in 1812 some Grand Inspectors-General, at the head of which was Bro. De la Hogue, the uncle of Bro. De Grasse Tilly, calling themselves members of the Supreme Council of America, asked that the Supreme Council of France should inscribe their names with the title of honorary members, besides their own, and to acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Council for the French possessions in America, until they should return to their own country. Upon the motion of Bro. Comte Muraire it was decided that their application could not be entertained.

These brethren then addressing themselves to the Grand Orient of France declared themselves to be the sole veritable possessors of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

Unfortunately the events of 1814 did not permit any decision upon their demands, as Masonry was once more thrown into disorder by the state of politics. Prince Cambacérès, compelled to leave France, gave in his resignation, the Supreme Council went into abeyance, and its members were dispersed. The Grand Orient, considering the time had arrived for the vindication and resumption of all

its rights, and to unite the dogmatic with the administrative power, which it had never abandoned, appealed to all the Grand Inspectors-General of the Scottish Rite to reconstitute the Supreme Council of the Rite. Some of the scattered brethren protested against this proceeding, amongst whom were Bros. Pyron and Muraire. But the greater number, notable amongst whom were Marshal Beaumontville, Comte Rampon, Marshal de Turante, Bros. Challan, Clément de Ris, Roettiers de Montaleau, De Joly, Thory, Hacquet, gave in their adhesion, and on the 18th November, 1804, the Grand Orient of France issued a decree by which it declared the resumption of all its rights over all the degrees of Masonry. It instituted the Bureau of the Supreme Council of Rites for the administration of all the degrees above the Symbolic, and created a Grand Consistory of Rites, which was divided into two sections, of which one had the power to confer the 32nd degree and the other the 33rd.

This Grand Consistory was established on the 12th September, 1815, and inaugurated the 22nd November following. At the same time were established nine Councils of Ch... K..., one Council of the 31st degree, and eight Consistories of Princes of the Royal Secret.

In acting thus, who can gainsay the fact that the Grand Orient was entirely in the right. The Supreme Council was no longer in existence, and, moreover, according to the Constitutions of the Rite, the Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General had authorised its reconstruction. The Concordat of 1804, besides, had never been completely annulled, since the Grand Orient had maintained its administrative powers, and had never accepted the negotiations of 1811. The presence of Prince Cambacérès had only deferred its protestations, and it had otherwise maintained the exclusive government of the Lodges and Chapters.

What did the ancient Supreme Council all this time? It was in abeyance; its members were dispersed; it existed no longer. Bro. Thory was scorned and Bro. Pyron was dead. The ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite had no other centre in France than the Grand Orient; and as Article 5 of the Constitutions of 1785

states, "in each, nation, kingdom, or empire there shall be but one Supreme Council." No one had any right to raise up, in 1821, a second power of the Scottish Rite besides that which had performed its functions since 1814, supposing even its anterior rights were not acknowledged. To this reasoning, so simple, and so perfectly in accord with the very principles of the Scottish Rite, Comte Muraire, one of the dissentient brethren, tried to reply in a pamphlet, published under the auspices of the Supreme Council, but he was obliged to acknowledge the facts upon which the Grand Orient founded its claims, although saying that it had but an interrupted and disputed possession from the beginning:—

1. By the possession of jurisdiction by the Supreme Council from its establishment.
2. By the subsequent possession by the Supreme Council of America, which during the dispersion of the Supreme Council of France had performed its duties and exercised its rights.
3. By the return of the Supreme Council of France when, in 1821, the epoch of the union effected in the Scottish Rite it was perfected by the members of the Supreme Council of America.

The Supreme Council had not a constant possession of power from its origin, as stated by Comte Muraire. In effect, founded in 1804 by Bro. De Grasse Tilly, it was absorbed into the Grand Orient of France, for want of funds. It became subordinate to the Grand Orient of France by its Constitutions of 1806. It had not even in 1814 resumed the administration of the high degrees. Dissolved in 1804 it was not reconstituted till 1821. The assertion by Comte Muraire of constant possession is singularly haphazard.

In the terms of the Constitutions of 1786, since which time the Supreme Council no longer had, the Grand Inspectors-General might have re-united and re-constituted it, but they never did so.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES  
OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS  
FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REFERENCE TO THE DELIVERANCE OF  
NOAH FROM THE ARK.

(Continued from page 403.)

THE author of the Wisdom of Solomon has given a very graphic account of the feelings of mankind when the flood came upon the world, and they saw the salvation of Noah, and the certain destruction which awaited themselves. He says "they were troubled with terrible fear, and amazed with the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for, and repenting and groaning in anguish of spirit; they said within themselves: This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach; we fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot among the saints."<sup>\*</sup>

The wickedness of the world having at length attained to its climax, God spake unto Noah saying, "the end of all flesh is come before me, and I will punish mankind with the earth. Make thee an ark of gophir wood, capable of containing thyself and family, as well as a pair of all living creatures, that the earth may be replenished after the general lustration which I intend to bring upon it." In pursuance of this command, a plan was communicated to Noah for the construction of the ark, so that it might be in no danger of perishing during the continuance of those chaotic convulsions, by which the deluge would be produced and accompanied.

Should it be asked, why did God adopt this extraordinary machinery to destroy and repeople the earth? Could he not as easily have annihilated the globe and all that it contains? Was he not able to have struck it entirely out of the system, and

have created another terrestrial hall, and peopled it with a new race of men who should have retained no recollection, as the sons of Noah must have done, and served him with greater holiness and devotion? The pious Freemason will answer, for the reply is provided for him in the lecture of the Royal Ark Mariners Degree—"because he is a God of mercy. Because the Promise made at the fall of man was to the existing race, and not to a new creation; and therefore this dispensation was provided that His Word might be steadfast to his creatures, and be fulfilled to the utmost point. And it has been conjectured that the post diluvian world, even at its most extreme point of depravity, was never so essentially corrupt as was the world before the flood."

The dimensions of the Ark are calculated by cubits. Now, the Jews are not agreed about the exact measure of the cubit, which is usually considered to be equal to 18 inches. Bishop Cumberland has given some strong reasons to prove that the Egyptian and Jewish cubit was nearer 21 inches. The Hebrews, however, used three sorts of cubits. The common cubit was 18 inches, the sacred cubit 22 inches, and the geometrical cubit 9 feet. The Ark is supposed to have been constructed by the former measure, and therefore was in length 450 feet, in breadth 75, and in height 45 feet. A scientific periodical asserts that 50 years theory, and at least half that period of practical experience, has produced the following proportions as best adopted for vessels of any description. Length of keel (1). Breadth of beam ( $\frac{1}{6}$ ). Depth of vessel ( $\frac{1}{17}$ ). The dimensions of Noah's Ark were exactly identical with these proportions. Its length, 300 cubits, was equal to 1; its breadth, 50 cubits, to  $\frac{1}{6}$ ; and its height, 30 cubits, to  $\frac{1}{17}$ .

"The more judicious commentators make the dimensions of the Ark to be the same with those assigned by Moses; notwithstanding others have enlarged them most extravagantly, as some Christian writers have also done. They likewise tell us that Noah was two years in building the Ark; that it was framed of Indian plane tree; that it was divided into three stories, of which the lower was designed for the beasts, the middle one for the men and

\* Wisd. v. 2-5.

women, and the upper for the birds, and that the men were separated from the women by the body of Adam, which Noah had taken into the Ark."\*

The Ark being at length finished, and the day of grace having expired, Noah and his family, with the animals which he had been instructed to preserve, entered into it as a place of safety; and the Most High closed the door. Then it was that the wicked inhabitants of the world became conscious of their error, and bitterly repented that they had disregarded the gracious words of Enoch and Noah.

The ceremony of initiation into the Spurious Freemasonry was founded upon this incident. The aspirant, like Noah, was placed in an Ark or coffin, and was actually interred amidst the most lively demonstrations of grief and despair; and his subsequent deliverance, or resurrection, from it was a prelude to universal gladness and rejoicing. He was considered as a representative of the patriarch during his confinement in the Ark. Now, Archbishop Leighton, in his commentary on 1 Pet. iii. 21, promulgates this very idea. His words are very remarkable. "Noah seemed to have rather *entered into a grave as dead*, than into a safeguard of life, in going into the Ark; yet being buried there, *he rose again*, as it were, in his coming forth to begin a new world." Stobæus, quoting an ancient author, says, "the mind is affected in death, as it is by initiation into the Mysteries. And word answers to word, as well as thing to thing; for *τελευταν*, is to die; and *τελεισθαι*, to be initiated." This initiation, or figurative death, referring to the temporary extinction of the Deity, was variously modified in different nations, and the Spurious Freemasonry was the legitimate medium of its promulgation.

In the revolutions of human affairs, nations and empires rise, flourish, and are extinguished, leaving behind them nothing but a name. The life of individuals is but a continued series of fluctuations and reverses, chequered with good and evil, pleasure and pain, and if the rich and powerful occasionally sink into obscurity, the lowest slave has sometimes been exalted to a diadem. In like manner the frame

and constitution of the globe which we inhabit, has undergone a series of revolutions. At the deluge the foundations of the earth were shaken, and it is highly probable that some portions of the Antediluvian seas became dry land, and its lands submerged under the waters. These phenomena will never cease. Here the waters recede, and there they encroach, and vast alterations have been made by this process in comparatively modern times. It is conjectured, for instance, that the expanse of waters now called Cardigan Bay, on the western coast of our own Island, was once a fruitful and populous province. On the eastern coast also, the County of York has suffered much from the encroachments of the sea; and an ancient seaport and borough, with many adjacent villages, at the extreme point of Holderness, have been washed away, leaving no vestiges behind; while on the coast of Lincolnshire, thousands of acres have been recovered, which were formerly the bottom of the sea.

The universal deluge destroyed all the splendid monuments of art with which the Antediluvian world undoubtedly abounded, and with them, the manners and customs of the first inhabitants of this globe. Appollodorus mentions the names of several of "the giants" who perished on this occasion, slain, as he terms it, by the gods. One of them, named Polybotes, attempted to escape from Neptune by crossing the waters of the ocean; but the god, seizing a fragment of the Island of Cos, darted the enormous mass at the giant and crushed him beneath its weight. It is not impossible that this story may have been invented for the purpose of describing the disappointed efforts made by some of the Antediluvians to save themselves from the impending destruction.\*

In this tremendous judgment the cities, and towns, and palaces, and obelisks, fell, never to rise again. There are some who doubt this fact. The author of the Hexameron says, "we have no just cause to think that all building and ancient monuments, of the fathers, before the flood, were extinguished on that occasion; for it is reputed by Pomponius, Mela, and Pliny, concerning the city of Joppa, that it was

\* Sale. Koran, vol. ii. p. 21.

\* Fab. Cab. vol. ii. p. 280.

built before the flood, and that Cephen reigned there, which is witnessed by certain ancient altars, bearing titles of him and his brother Phineus, together with a memorial of the grounds and principles of their religion. And of the city Henoah there is much like relation. But what need I mention more, seeing Josephus, a writer of good credit, affirmeth that he, himself, saw one of these pillars; and the truth of this was never questioned, but warranted by all antiquity."

This writer assumes too much; and I think there can be no question but all the works of the antediluvians in any of the sciences; their ornaments in gold, silver, ivory or copper; their instruments of music; their astronomical machines; and all their performances in the fine arts perished, and were submerged in the mighty abyss; and no specimen was ever found to show the nature and excellence of antediluvian architecture. It is even said that the marble pillar of Enoch was uprooted and lost; and it is extremely doubtful, notwithstanding a masonic tradition to the contrary, whether the pillar, mentioned by Josephus, was truly an antediluvian work.

The foreign evidence, which afford such an abundant confirmation of the Mosaic writings, do not rest in general deductions; for the history of the origin of all nations is connected with the destruction of a previous world by water. The Chaldaic account of Xisuthrus, who was apprized by Saturn of such an event, and commanded to build a ship cemented with bitumen, in which himself and family were preserved; with the method he pursued to ascertain whether the waters had subsided by a flight of birds, and his subsequent erection of an altar for sacrifice on a mountain in Armenia, forms an approach to the mosaic record of so perfect a character as to need no elucidation; and the Grecian history of Deucalios and Pyrrha is its exact counterpart.

There was a strange story, says Lucian, "related by the inhabitants of Hierapolis, of a great hole in the earth, in that country which received all the waters of the deluge; and when they had subsided, Deucalios built an altar, and erected a temple to Juno over the hole. I saw the hole myself. It is but a small one, under

the temple; whether it was larger formerly, I know not. In commemoration they perform this ceremony: twice in every year water is brought from the sea into the temple; and not only the priests, but all the people of Syria and Arabia fetch it. Many go as far as the sea from the river Euphrates to fetch water, which they pour into this hole; and though it looks small, yet it holds a vast quantity of water. And while they are performing the ceremony, they cry out that it was instituted by Deucalios, in memory of the deluge, and of his preservation amidst the destruction of mankind."

The Hindoos, according to the testimony of their Pauranics, appear unwilling to admit the dangerous experiment of an ark floating at large on the waters of the flood, without sails or rudder; yet the machinery by which their account of the Deluge was accomplished appears incomplete without the presence of such a vessel. The hierophant instructs the candidate with great solemnity that Satyavrata moored it for safety with a cable of incredible length to the peak of the Chasgar, one of the Himalaya mountains, that it might not be overturned or lost during the prevalence of the waters. In all these legends we have the same calamity plainly set forth.

The Chinese philosophers describe the Deluge in the following appropriate language: "The pillars of Heaven were broken, the earth was shaken to its very foundations, the heavens sunk lower towards the north; the sun, the moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces, the waters enclosed within its bosom burst forth with violence and overflowed it. Man rebelling against heaven, the system of the universe was quite disordered; the sun was eclipsed, the planets altered their course, and universal harmony was disturbed."

And what became of the bones of the immense myriads of inhabitants by which the old world was thronged, for the population appears to have been almost incredible. Mr. Cockburn has made it upwards of 54 billions of souls. The writer of the article, Antediluvians, in the Encyclopedia takes half that number, and, after making large concessions on account of deaths, thus concludes his argument: "Though we are far from thinking that

after the beginning of the 10th century (till which time few or none died) the deaths would be equal to the births, yet, as we have made large concessions all along, we shall do the same in this case, and suppose them to have been equal, especially as we cannot say how soon that violence, which was their crying sin, began to prevail; and therefore shall again reduce the sum last mentioned to one-half, to allow for the deaths and prevailing violence, and suppose the total number of mankind alive upon the earth at the Deluge to have been no more than 13,743,895,347,200, it is a number vastly exceeding that of the present inhabitants of the earth. Now, though we pretend to no certainty on this point, yet the calculation we have given must appear highly probable, since it is founded on grounds certain and undeniable.

So entire was the destruction that amongst all the organic remains which indicate a higher antiquity than the Deluge, not a single fossil human bone has been discovered, while the remains of animals are found in great abundance in every region under heaven. The annihilation of man was perfect and complete.

(To be Continued)

#### 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 Whitty Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.*

My dear old literary friend, Eta Mawr, though a lady, seems to be far more adventurous than I am regarding the North Pole, and has been stringing her lyre with an original suggestion for Arctic Explorers, which has since also been advocated by others in "sober prose." The lady shall speak for herself:—

"Brave sons of adventure! your search is  
in vain,  
Albeit ye can boast that one step ye  
attain;  
That further than mortal e'er reach'd to  
before  
Has been yours to arrive at, endure, and  
explore.  
But baffled by barriers beyond your con-  
trol,  
Still, stern Winter maintains his ice-throne  
at the Pole.  
Will the British flag *ever* wave *there*? Who  
can say?  
Success may hereafter attend some new  
way.  
Our steamers and sledges will never avail:  
By land and by water they equally fail.  
Why not try a third element? Ask of the  
*air*  
Its burden of bold navigators to bear?  
Why not try the *Balloon*? which sur-  
mounting the land,  
May, where steamers are stopp'd, to succeed  
them expand,  
All impediments leaving on earth far be-  
low,  
And soaring aloft o'er the icebergs and  
snow.  
A few hundred miles may then quickly be  
pass'd  
To descend to the goal of their wishes at  
last.  
What is Science about, that she does not  
uphold  
And improve and complete a discovery so  
old?  
And give us the rule of the air—as before  
Of the weightier elements—ocean and  
shore?  
That noble invention too long has re-  
main'd  
Unguided by *her*—now let it be train'd,  
And turn'd to account for the uses of man,  
As in their last war the Parisians' shrewd  
plan;  
When from city beleaguerr'd Gambetta  
arose,  
Look'd down on the captives, and laugh'd  
at their foes;  
And though one straggled off, far as Nor-  
way, it show'd  
How fast and how far they can carry their  
load.  
A word to the wise! may this bright  
thought of mine

Find favour with *them*—from the *Pole* to the *Line*.

Who knows what the seed lightly sown may produce ;

A noble invention thus brought into use ?  
*Impossible* is not a word for our times,  
Not e'en when it deals with those terrible  
climes.

And this is the lesson—experience oft  
reads—

Where one method fails, why, another  
succeeds.

Brave sons of adventure ! long may ye re-  
main

Content with your laurels—nor risk them  
in vain.

But if e'er to the Northward again ye  
should stray,

I have shown you, I think, 'a more excel-  
lent way !'

Who knows, if adopted, what Fate has in  
store

For one glorious effort—for one voyage  
more !

At the gaol so long sought, Britain's flag  
may unroll,

And the Empress of India be *Queen of the  
Pole !*"

I am not savant enough in these matters to decide whether my poetical friend's project is really practical ; but if my readers ever hear of me going in the balloon, they may rest assured that a stronger arm than that of the delicate and accomplished authoress of the above lines has been used to compel me. Every Britisher, no doubt, would feel proud to hear that the Union Jack and no end of Standards were floating there, just as Brother Jonathan would rejoice to hear of his Stars and Stripes (the latter no longer reminding one of the vile sin of slavery in a republic which declares "all men are born free and equal,") but, for myself, I think that there is much better work for us to do, in peopling the vast uninhabited countries which offer such tempting opportunities to colonize them, and also in truly civilizing the nomad populations of the earth, as well as the worse than savages in the centres of civilization. And yet, after all, how utterly insignificant are all that have perished, and all that ever will perish, in attempting to reach the North Pole, compared with the numbers lost in fighting a single unnecessary battle !

No man can be a true Freemason, however much he may be adorned with Masonic medals, and however many degrees he may have passed through, unless his heart yearns with compassion, not only for all poor and distressed Masons, wherever they may be scattered around the habitable globe, but also for "all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation," and will do his best to relieve "all those who are anyways afflicted or distressed, in mind, body, or estate." I am glad to see that Bro. J. Lawrence Hamilton, of 34, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, has addressed a neat and sensible letter to the correspondence columns of *The Freemason*, in which he says :—"Dear Sir and Brother. All who have any acquaintance with the interiors of our London hospitals must have been struck with the excessive dreariness of most of the wards. It is time that this should be remedied. A little energy on the part of a few philanthropists and artists, aided by subscriptions from the general public, would suffice to accomplish this improvement. I advocate the brightening of the wards and the cheering of their inmates by the addition of suitable pictures, plate, bronzes, carvings, bric-à-brac, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, parquet floors, and other art decorations of all sorts. I will gladly give one hundred guineas to a responsible committee, as soon as one is formed, to promote the Art Fund for the Hospitals of London. Pray generously grant this scheme the moral support of your valuable paper." And he adds that "two models will be exhibited to the public, one to show the usual sick ward, the other to represent the use of art in the various kinds of hospitals." Every benevolent mind will wish success to our respected Brother's project. But it is not in London alone, but throughout the country generally, that we must accomplish this desirable object. Freemasonry is not a mere matter of ritualism and feasting, but includes the practise of every moral and social virtue, and the cultivation of literature, science, and art ; so that every Masonic lodge should be a centre of civilization. Let us only faithfully carry out the sublime precepts of our dear old Craft, and bigots of all shades of opinion, be they

Papist or be they of the "Unco Guid," may launch forth their anathemas against us, which will be as poorless as those denounced against the Jackdaw of Rheims, in Canon Barham's popular Ingoldsby Legends. Certainly to give the poor sufferers in our London and Provincial Hospitals something more than blank walls, however cleanly, to help to divert their attention, is an object worthy of Masonic encouragement, and our good Brother Hamilton has done well to direct attention to it in the columns of *The Freemason*.

Mr. Robert Gillespie has just published a very interesting little book entitled "Glasgow and the Clyde," a copy of which has reached me by book-post, but damaged so much in its passage between Scotland and Cleveland, as to be a disgrace to the post-office. The book is full of facts, told in a pithy and yet pleasant manner, a few of which I purpose, from time to time, to cull for the information of my readers. The development of the river Clyde, the growth of its immense manufactures and commerce, and the consequent increase of population along its banks, are all matters of general interest, and Mr. Gillespie, who wields a well-practised pen, ought to find his able little book finding purchasers as far at least as the commerce of Glasgow extends, and that, like Freemasonry, girdles the globe.

Under the title of "Andrew Trudger's Observations," Mr. J. S. Calvert has published a collection of Temperance Sketches and Stories, calculated to do good from the sensible manner in which Andrew (who is made to describe himself as "one of them fellows that goes about to country villages with numbers," in other words, with books published in parts) delivers the results of his observations, in a sort of John Ploughman's talk, easily to be understood by the simplest intellect. "A thing I observe is," says he, "that working men are not well off in proportion to the money they earn. I went into a cottage in South Eston the other day by mistake, and I found that all the furniture in it consisted of a log of wood and an old tin pail. A slatternly woman was sitting on the pail, which was turned up by the side of the fire-place, a drunken man was snoring on a heap of straw in a corner; and three little

bare-legged children were playing about the floor, which was quite as dirty as the road outside. That man earned five-and-twenty shillings a week, and had regular employment when he liked to go to it. I didn't have to ask the reason of his poverty, for as I went out of the door I saw a neighbouring publican and his wife, dressed in vulgar finery, getting into a dog-cart and driving off to spend the day at Redcar." That there are too many such men, robbed of all manhood by the demon, Drunkenness, in all parts of our dear old England, is as true as it is pitiful; but, on the other hand, in the ironstone district of Cleveland, as elsewhere, I have met with working men possessed of "Homes of Taste," like that so well sung by Ebenezer Elliott:—

"You seek the home of taste, and find  
The proud mechanic there,  
Rich as a king, and less a slave,  
Throned in his elbow-chair!  
Or on his sofa reading Locke,  
Beside his open door!  
Why start? why envy worth like his  
The carpet on his floor?"

And what true Mason will not exclaim with the poet:—

"O lift the workman's heart and mind  
Above low sensual sin!  
Give him a home! a home of taste!  
Outbid the house of gin!  
O give him taste, it is the link  
Which binds us to the skies—  
A bridge of rainbows, thrown across  
The gulph of tears and sighs;  
Or like a widower's little one—  
An angel in a child—  
That leads him to her mother's chair,  
And shows him how she smiled."

One of Andrew's observations, "that people who keep public-houses consider you do them an injury if you ask them to sell you anything except liquor," is too true in the majority of cases. "They call themselves 'Licensed Victuallers.' I'm sure they are not, as a rule, *victuallers* in any true sense. . . . They don't scruple at all to put up outside the house 'Good accommodation for man and beast;' but, it seems to me, that they intend the man to make a beast of himself, and then they'll accommodate him. Half the times that you ask to be supplied with anything to



eat at these places, they tell you point blank that they can't, or they won't do it; and if they do comply with your request, you get black looks for a dessert, when they find you don't take any beer."

It has always seemed to me but fair play to the true "Licensed Victuallers," who really make their houses into inns for travellers, where bed and board may be procured with that home-like comfort which Washington Irving so well describes, that the mere drunkeries should be deprived of their licences, and only the true host and hostess allowed to keep taverns. If we are not prepared to grant licences to every one who will pay for them, but are all agreed in some way to regulate the traffic, then surely the privilege should be confined to well-conducted hosteleries, where the stranger can not only have bed and food at reasonable charges, but find his interests cared for, and all kindly usage so long as he proves worthy of it. I never remember being insulted by a publican in his own house but once, and he was a man whose ill-temper often got the mastery of his poor intellect, and said what he knew to be false, simply to annoy the first person he could vent his spleen on, because somebody had annoyed him. But even as far back as the days of Sir Thomas More we find complaints of taverns being prostituted for purposes they were never intended; and Shakspeare makes Falstaff exclaim, in that immortal Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap: "You rogue, here's lime in this sack too." So that the vintner's business has long been open to abuse. Now that drunkenness is spreading so alarmingly among the female portion of the community, and our judges and magistrates have for years been publicly declaring that the excessive use of intoxicating drinks is the principal cause of crime, it is high time that the subject was energetically grasped.

Bro. Woodford's laborious work in editing for Bro. George Kenning a new Encyclopedia of Freemasonry is fast drawing to a close. With our reverend Brother, energetic and untiring exertions for the welfare of our beloved Craft have become habitual, and apparently will be so "while this machine is to him"—Woodford. To treat fully and fairly upon Masonic History and Archæology, when

so much myth has been mixed up with them by well-meaning but too credulous writers, such as Preston and Oliver; to endeavour to winnow the chaff from the grain; to give traditions as legends merely, and to assert only as stubborn facts what will really bear historical investigation; to preserve all that is good of the old, rejecting the unsound stones and timber, and adding new materials for the temple, which are likely to endure through ages of school-boards and cheap literature, and thinking peoples, in which Freemasonry must be subject to the most searching critical examination, and come out with greater glory than ever, or be classed amongst the shams and impostures of benighted ages; this is no easy task, to be done by a careless hand, but one requiring the nicest discrimination, learning, and research. On the manner in which Bro. Woodford discharges his very onerous duties in this Encyclopedia, more than on all his previous labours, will his reputation as a Masonic author depend, "not for an age," as Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare, "but for all time." For the sake of the Craft, as well as for our good brother's reputation, or for Bro. Kenning's great risk in the pecuniary speculation, every true Mason will wish him success. Time, however, will soon show.

Two original papers, on interesting subjects, are to be read at the meeting of the Royal Historical Society, at No. 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, on Thursday, the 12th of April. The first, on "Lancashire in the time of Queen Elizabeth," is by Lieut. Col. Henry Fishwick, F.S.A., whose able antiquarian and historical works I have more than once noticed in the MASONIC MAGAZINE. The second, on "The Visitation of the Plague at Leicester," is by our well-known Brother, William Kelly, for many years one of the leading Masons in the midland counties. Both gentlemen are Fellows of the Royal Historical Society, which, under the indomitable Secretaryship of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., has rapidly risen to be one of the best societies in Europe.

The *Masterton News Letter*, a New Zealand paper, of November 14th, 1876, says:—"Radishes of six weeks' growth, and measuring eleven inches in length, and two-and-a-half in circumference, are not

always grown. A resident here left several which answer this description at our office. That they are first-class need hardly be added." This paragraph suggests, to me at least, several thoughts. First, I cannot help imagining how horrified old Nicholas Culpepper, "physician," the astrological English botanist, would have been, had such radishes been carried to him; for William Cobbett had not a greater prejudice against potatoes than Culpepper had against radishes. Secondly, the fine climate of New Zealand, taken as a whole; its very humidity rendering it better adapted for English settlers than most other colonies. Thirdly, the immense progress of New Zealand in general, and Wairarapa valley in particular, since Florence Cleveland's cousin, Mr. John Cole, wrote me a very interesting account of how he and a friend had forded rivers and travelled seventy miles inland from Wellington, to begin the new town of Masterton; how other settlers began to join them a few weeks afterwards; how, from being a journeyman painter in London, he had become a small yeoman at the antipodes, having bought one town acre and forty suburban acres of land; with many other, to him, eventful incidents. I was then the father of a small family; he has long since gone to sleep beneath the grass-grown mound; and his suburban acres are laid out for streets, and will soon be built over. Such is the mighty work which English enterprise is now accomplishing on the other side of the globe; and when the history of human civilization comes to be written, will not the peaceful emigrant who left his home and friends, to carry to the very remotest parts of the earth that useful industry and national liberty which it had taken us two thousand years to perfect, and thus transplant it at once to the uncultivated haunts of the barbarous Maorie—will not the placid heroism of such "true-born Britons" shine with equal lustre even to the gallant "Charge of the Light Brigade," or to the personal valour of Shaw, the Life-guardsmen, at Waterloo? Verily, as Milton long since sang:

"Peace hath her victories as well as War," and happiest are they who are good soldiers in the latter.

*Rose Cottage, Stokesley.*

## A M A S O N I C E N I G M A.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My 1 is in flesh, but not in bone,

My 2 is in quarry, but not in stone,

My 3 is in tune, but not in song,

My 4 is in tall, but not in long,

My 5 is in run, but not in walk,

My 6 is in tell, but not in talk.

My whole is in every Masonic Lodge.

Dot.

*Masonic Advocate.*

The publisher will give to any of our correspondents who guesses this enigma a "Cosmopolitan Calendar." Address, Editor, MASONIC MAGAZINE, 198, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

## B O R N I N M A R C H.

THE Post Laureate opens the new monthly magazine, styled the *Nineteenth Century*, with the following sonnet:—

"Those that of late had fled far and fast  
"To touch all shores, now leaving to  
the skill

"Of others their old craft seaworthy still,  
"Have chartered this, where mindful of  
the past,

"Our true co-mates regather round the  
mast,

"Of diverse tongue but with a common will

"Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil  
"And crocus, to put forth and brave  
the blast;

"For some descending from the sacred peak  
"Of hoar high templed Faith have leagued  
again

"Their lot with ours to rove the world  
about;

"And some are wilder comrades, sworn  
to seek

"If any golden harbour be for men

"In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of  
Doubt."