THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 86.—Vol. VIII. AUGUST, 1880. Price 6d.

WHAT WAS THE HERMETIC SOCIETY OF 1721?

BY THE EDITOR.

A GOOD deal of discussion has lately taken place respecting Masonic Hermeticism, and I have therefore thought it well to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to that curious preface to "Long Livers," on which the existence of an Hermetic Grade in 1721 is clearly asserted. The general theory is that hermetic Masonry is to be attributed to Ramsay; but that fact is now rendered more than doubtful. Ramsay undoubtedly was the originator of the chivalric theory, and perhaps of the high grades with a Stewart leaning; but hermetic Masonry generally seems rather the "outcome" of Matrinism. What Ramsay's real connection with French Masonry was seems, owing to Bro. Daruty's recent "Recherches Historiques," still more difficult to say. He seems—we agree with Bro. Daruty on the evidence he has been the first of any Masonic writer to adduce—to have left Masonry probably about 1737. The famous address of 1740, on which so much has turned, seems to have been delivered really in 1737. But then how are we to deal with the "fact," first, I think, publicly made use of by Bro. Mackey, as to the evidence of "Long Livers."

"Long Livers" is a work published in London in 1722, by J. Holland, Bible and Ball, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and L. Stokoe at Charing Cross. The preface, which only concerns us, was published in extenso in the October number of the *Masonic Magazine* for 1876. It is written by an anonymous writer, with the pseudonym of Eugenius Philalethes, F.R.S.—perhaps some Masonic student can identify him—and is dedicated "most humbly" to "the Grand Master, Masters, Wardens, and Brethren of the Most Antient and Most Honourable fraternity of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland."

Such a dedication would primâ facie appear to be offered to English and Irish Craft Masonry; but when we read his words we see at once that he also alludes to a superior organization of some kind, a higher body, a supreme degree, more exalted mysteries. I may observe here that from the beginning he assumes that Freemasonry and early christianity are convertible terms, and seems to liken the secret ceremonial and system of Freemasonry to the "disciplina arcani" of the first Christians. But as I do not wish to lengthen my "extracts" too much, I will only now transcribe those which contain the

averment I have mentioned above of a hermetic or supreme degree. It is but fair also to mention that the whole of the preface is built upon the foundation of pure christian Masonry, and christian Masonry alone, and is, in fact, the original probably of Hutchinson's later mystical views. But now I find these words, explain them as we may :—

And now, my Brethren, you of the higher Class permit me a few Words, since you are but few! and these words I shall speak to you in Riddles, because to you it is given to know those Mysteries which are hidden from the Unworthy.

Have you not seen then, my dearest Brethren, that stupendous Bath filled with most limpid Water, than which no Pure can be purer, of such admirable Mechanism that makes even the greatest Philosopher gaze with Wonder and Astonishment, and is the Subject of the eternal Contemplation of the wisest Men. Its Form is a Quadrate sublimely placed on six others, blazing all with celestial Jewels, each angularly supported with four Lions. Here repose our mighty King and Queen (I speak foolishly, I am not worthy to be of you) the King shining in his glorious Apparel of transparent incorruptable Gold, beset with living sapphires; he is fair and ruddy, and feeds amongst the Lillies; his Eyes two Carbuncles the most brilliant, darting prolific, never-dying Fires: and his large flowing Hair, blacker than the deepest black, or Plumage of the long-lived Crow; his Royal Comfort vested in Tissue of immortal Silver, watered with Emeralds, Pearl, and Coral. O mystical Union! O admirable Commerce!

Cast now your Eyes to the Basis of this celestial Structure, and you will discover just before it a large Bason of Porphyrian Marble, receiving from the Mouth of a large Lion's Head, to which two Bodies displayed on each side of it are conjoined a greenish Fountain of liquid Jasper. Ponder this well, and consider. Haunt no more the Woods and Forests; (I speak as a Fool) hunt no more the fleet Hart; let the flying Eagle fly unobserved; busy yourselves no longer with the dancing Idiot, swollen Toads, and his own Tail-devouring Dragon; leave these as Elements to your *Tyrones*.

The Object of your Wishes and Desires (some of you perhaps have obtained it, I speak as a Fool) is that admirable thing which hath a Substance neither too fiery, nor altogether earthy, nor simply watery; neither a Quality the most acute, or most obtuse, but of a Middle Nature, and light to the Touch, and in some manner soft, at least not hard; not having Asperity, but even in some sort sweet to the Taste, odorous to the Smell, grateful to the Sight, agreeable and delectable to the Hearing, and pleasant to the Thought; in short, that One only Thing besides which there is no other, and yet everywhere possible to be found, the blessed and most sacred Subject of the Square of wise Men, that is ———— I had almost blabbed it out, and been sacrilegiously purjured. I shall therefore speak of it with a Circumlocution yet more dark and obscure, that none but the Sons of Science, and those who are illuminated with the sublimest Mysteries and profoundest Secrets of MASONRY may understand ———— It is then, what brings you, my dearest Brethren, to that pellucid, diaphanous Palace of the true disinterested Lovers of Wisdom, that transparent Pyramid of purple Salt more sparkling and radiant than the finest orient Ruby, in the centre of which reposes inaccessible Light epitomiz'd, that incorruptible celestial Fire, blazing like burning Crystal, and brighter than the Sun in his full Meridian Glories, which is that immortal, eternal, never-dying PYROPUS, the King of Gemms, whence proceeds everything that is great and wise and happy.

These Things are deeply hidden from common View, and covered with Pavilions of thickest Darkness, that what is sacred may not be given to Dogs, or your Pearls cast before Swine, lest they trample them under Feet, and turn again and rent you.

However, this will by no means hinder you from doing good where there are worthy Objects, and you know the Day is now far gone, and the Night approaches when no Man can work: Wherefore,

O my most beloved and for-ever-blessed Brethren, hear me, hear the voice of your Brother.

We have promised great Things.
Greater Things are promised to us.
Let us keep these.
Let us sigh after those.
Small is our Suffering.
The Glory infinite.
Many are called,
Few chosen.
There is a just reward for all.
Brethren, while we have Time, let us do good Works.

Finally, Brethren, (I speak now to you in holy Brother St. *Paul's* Words) farewell, be perfect, be of good Comfort, be of one Mind, live in Peace; and the God of Love and Peace shall be with you.

And now to our great Master in Heaven, to Him who is the faithful Witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the Earth; unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own Blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

EUGENIUS PHILALETHES, Jun., F.R.S.

March 1st, 1721.

This would seem to be simple "Hermeticism," the old transcendentalism of the Alchemists, of which many similar examples might be given. And then the fact remains, and has to be considered, that there was an "hermetic grade" of some kind in 1721. What was it? After much consideration, I have had, with others, to reject the idea that we have in these words allusions to the Royal Arch Grade. It is quite clear that, to use a common expression, the words won't "carry" that. Therefore, we are reduced, it appears to me, to the conclusion that an Hermetic, Alchemical, Rosicrucian grade of some sort was in existence in 1721, and in some way or other added on to Craft Masonry; and admittedly so.

Many of the foreign writers, Daruty particularly, talk of high grade theories as contemporaneous with 1717, or a year or two later; but I never could understand what they meant, until it occurred to me that we may perhaps, have the explanation of it in the existence of an hermetic grade in 1721. The curious fact connected with it is that, if it existed, it must have died out, as, until the creation of a "Chapter of Heredom" in London, which never took great proportions, but of which evidence exists about 1770, I know of no earlier evidence of high grade organization in the metropolis. Of course an Hermetic Society or Rosicrucian body may have existed, but, as I just now said, I am not aware of any authentic evidence on the fact, Still the fact of the assertion of the writer of "Long Livers" is before us, and if we can get any confirmatory evidence of it, we shall have to allow to hermetic Masonry an earlier origin than is usua lly ascribed to it.

I hope that this little paper may lead to others on the subject, as some of my literary Masonic friends will see it is a very important question and striking point which we must deal with in the correct history of Freemasonry.

A LECTURE ON THE ANTIQUITY OF LAYING CORNER STONES WITH RELIGIOUS AND MYSTICAL CEREMONIES.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE WINSLOW LEWIS LODGE OF FREEMASONS IN 1879; AND BEFORE THE A.A.A. IN 1880.

BY BRO. R. W. CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY.

(Concluded from page 12).

ARCHITECTS.

THERE is something very striking to me in the social distinction in which the Masonic Craft was held in Egypt. Burgsch, in his history of the Pharaohs (vol. i., p. 47), says that the architects of the Pharaohs (the mur-ket) were often the kings' sons and grandsons, and often the kings gave them his daughters for wives. In the following page he gives a list of those of the first dynasty; three appear to have married daughters or descendants of the blood

royal. One is stated as a man of low extraction, but married to the lady Nofer-hotep, from the house of the king; one was a king's son, and of three no details are given. These lived more than 4000 years B.C.

The priestly caste was more inclusive of learning and art in those, than in modern, times. When the highest God-patah (the father of their other Gods) was hailed by his title as Holy Architect of the Universe, and the high priest under the kings was called the Foreman, it must be admitted that the art and architecture of the stonemasons was in the closest and most natural relation to the religion of the country. In the fourth dynasty, a king, Seruchis, is said to have invented notable improvements in constructing edifices of carved stone, and some also in painting the hieroglyphic writings.

It is not singular that we find the names of the architects who were the masters of the particular works inscribed thereon, and preserved, for these highly educated master masons held no grovelling position in the state. They were eligible to the highest civil and priestly offices, and frequently one more distinguished for practical abilities was entrusted with such. Nor is this a fanciful conception. Such persons holding double offices have inscribed their pride in their practical skill at the handicraft they possessed.

Mentu-hotep, the chief architect of Usurtasen I., the inscription on his tombstone, now at Boluogne, is thus described by Brugsch (I., p. 140). "He prides himself on having been 'a man learned in the law, a legislator,' one who apportioned the duties and ordered the works in the District, who kept order in the whole land, who carried out all behests of the king, who, as judge, decided and restored his property to the owner" (see p. 19). "As chief architect of the king, he promoted the worship of the Gods and instructed the inhabitants of the country according to the best of his knowledge, as God orders to be done. He protected the poor, and freed him who was in want of freedom. Peace was in the words which came from his mouth, and the book of the wise *Thot* was on his tongue. *Very skilled* in artistic work, *with his own hand* he carried out his designs as they ought to be carried out. He knew the hidden thoughts of men, and he appreciated a man according to his value," etc., etc.

He also was governor of the town of Aut, and the land of Tesher. His panegyric finished by some remarks about a Temple of Osiris: "I, it was, who arranged the work for the building of the Temple, and sunk the well according to the order of the holiness of the royal lord." Righteous and generous were the speculative duties of his office of architect. Proud of his craft was this Grand Master; and no other official rank of his was so high or so noble that in his mind it obscured the skill of his own hands, or the fertility and grace of his powers of artistic masonic design.

The Craft, now four thousand years after you have laid down the chisel and the mallet, dropped the crayon and the line, and put off your regalia, oh Mentu-hotep, will hail you as a fellow, and not forget you when they drink to the health of the living masons throughout the world and the memory of the dead.

Brugsch (I., p. 180), says the artist was the most honoured man in the Empire, and stood close to Pharaoh, who poured his favours in a full stream on the man "of enlightened spirit and skilful hand."

The old master Martisen, who lived forty-four centuries ago, calls himself "a master among those who understand art, and a plastic artist," who "was a wise artist in his art." He relates in succession his knowledge in the making of "statues, in every position according to prescribed use and measure;" also he describes as his particular invention an etching with colours that resist fire and water; and states "no man has arisen who is able to do this except himself alone and the eldest son of his race, whom God's will has created. He has arisen able to do this, and the exercise of his hand has been admired in masterly works in all sorts of precious stones, from gold and silver to ivory and ebony." His son was named Usurtasen. These two masters opened the age of the highest development of art under the kings of the twelfth dynasty.

Bek, an architect at the Red Mountain in the time of Amen-hotep IV., described as son of "the overseers of the sculptors from life men, and of the lady Ri-n-an," described himself, "overseer of the works at the Red Mountain, and artist and *teacher of the king himself*, an overseer of the sculptors from life at the grand monuments of the king for the Temple of the Sun's disc in the town of Kuaten" (I. Brugsch, 444).

Bek's tombstone was sold at auction a few years since in Cairo to Mr. Vassali. In another context I shall refer to its inscriptions.

Semnut was architect in Queen Hashop's reign. He was "chief steward of the house" and "clerk of all the works," "first of the first." He was of skilful hand, but as his monument says, "without the fame of proud ancestors," or, as we would say, a self-made man.

Amen-men-haut in the forty-seventh year of the reign of Thutmes III. was the master builder of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. He is styled "Hereditary lord and first governor of Memphis, the architect in the town of the sun, the chief superintendent of all the offices in Upper and Lower Egypt, the head architect of the king, the steward of the king's palace."

Bekenkhonsu was chief in the time of Rameses Miamun. He also was "the hereditary lord and first prophet of Amon." He says "I was a great architect in the town of Amon, my heart being filled with good works for my lord." Again, "the skilled in art, the first prophet of Amon, Bekenkhonsu, he speaks thus: I performed the best I could for the Temple of Amon as Architect of my Lord," etc., etc.

He put obelisks at the gate of the Temple. He was the president of the prophets, and his priesthood had lasted over fifty years of his life.

Levi or Lui, was chief architect to Mineptah II., High Priest of Amon, and also treasurer, and his son Roma succeeded him.

After the Persian conquest of Egypt, the same consideration was paid to the architects, and in the time of Darius I. (490 B.C.), an Egyptian, Krum-al-ra, was "Architect of Upper and Lower Egypt." He furnishes, in an inscription published by Brugsch (p. 299), a pedigree of twenty-four generations of his ancestors who had been architects, and many of whom also had filled other offices of importance.

These brief references show the distinction accorded to the Craft through many thousands of years in the old time, and provoke the reflection that the further we go back into the records of the Craft the more brilliant its social position appears.

I have already shown the kings of Egypt assisting at laying corner stones with mystic and religious rites—the inscriptions collated by Brugsch show that architecture was a valued branch of the truly royal education, and could truly, in the earliest times, be called the "the royal art." *Bek* inscribed on his tomb that he was *teacher* of the king himself.

King Amen-hotep III., in an inscription (Brugsch I., p. 428), Pharaoh himself "gave instructions and the directions, for he understood how to direct and guide the architect." The visitor of to-day at Karnah sees the work of this king yet standing, and can judge for himself whether this royal master of art had the skill of his craft. The gigantic statues of this king and his wife, known usually as the Memnon Statues, are on the opposite side of the river, marking the site of another temple erected by the same monarch. These statues were planned and erected by Amen-hotep, chief architect, governor and secretary.

Thotmes III. built about B.C. 1600 the Temple of Osiris. An inscription says, "And each one of the Temple artists knew the plan, and was well instructed in the mode of carrying it out; no one betook himself away from that which it was given him to do (viz., to build) a monument to his father Osiris, and to erect in good work *the inlaid mystery* which none can see and none can declare, for none know his form."

In Ramses II. time, Am, the king's son of Kush, was the directing architect.

In Ramses Miammun's time (1133 B.C.) an inscription on the Temple of Soti (vol. ii., p. 35), the king speaks to the chamberlain at his side, "Speak, that there may be assembled the princes, the favourites of the king, the commanders of the body-guards as they are, the architects according to their numbers, and the superintendent of the house of the rolls of the books." This Pharaoh laid the foundation-stone himself.

The inscription says: "When this speech from the lips of the princes before their lord was ended, then the king commanded, and gave commission to the architects, and separated the people of the masons, and the stone-cutters with the help of the graver, and the draughtsmen, and all kinds of artists to build the most holy place for his father, and to raise up what had fallen to decay in the Necropolis, and in the Temple of his father, who sojourns among the deceased ones."

Here there appears to have been very practically a Master's Lodge, or a Grand Lodge of that era, assembled. Further on, we read that this worthy mason and royal master had painted on the entrance of this Temple portraits of sixty of his sons and fifty-nine of his daughters. Truly he intended his works should live after him.

I have finished my citations. The reign of *caste* in Egypt worked no harm to this royal craft, for it belonged to the priestly and governing caste, and the road to civil preferment and priestly rank was free to its votaries. It found them on the throne, in the palace, and in the workshop, and in the Temple of the Great God, Patah, Chief Architect of the Universe and God of Truth.

The publication by Mr. Brugsch of the "History of the Pharaoh's" from the inscriptions yet extant is the mine whence these Egyptian inscriptions are exclusively drawn.

To the great value of his labours let me bear a faithful testimony. The light he has incidentally thrown on the organization of Masonry as a Craft, will, I hope, induce him, out of his intimate acquaintance with the extant inscriptions, painting, papyri, and his mastership of their language, to favour us with a little more light on the obscure subject from over which he has raised a corner of the veil.

My task is performed. The dignity of the organization of Masonry is exposed to you, and the broad scope with which it gathered into its fold the art of working and building in stone in all its adjunct branches. The light of education illumined the ancient craft beyond any other body of men of their age. Geometry, mathematics, its own technology and physics grew up within lodges, where knowledge and skill brought promotion and power. The speculative mysteries and metaphysics of a theology which taught the immortality of the soul and its responsibility for our good and bad actions was familiar to them. Of the Holy Architect of the Universe whom they worshipped they said, "all things came into existence after he existed." They styled him "the Lord of Truth," "the Father of beginnings."

Their art, formed into grandeur and perfection by their efforts, was the lamp from which Greek, Assyrian, Roman, and Semitic architecture caught the holy flame. Their instruction formed the artists of civilization who succeeded them on the stage.

Over the illustrations I have drawn from the incriptions of these giants of an elder day, I ask the Blue Mason and the Red, and the Grand Master Architect of the symbolic degrees, to stretch the line for themselves. I ask them with square and level to test these relics of the corner stones Freemasons laid thousands of years ago,—the work of a craft which was then a royal art both practical and speculative, enlightening the infancy of civilization, and say, in the light we follow to-day, whether such work is not still true and trusty.

WHAT'S IN A SIGN?

BY A FRIEND AND A BROTHER.

YEARS upon years ago—alas! it makes one sad to think of that dim distance now, when all youth's fervour seems to have melted into the veriest apathy of old age,—the writer of this veracious little tale formed part of a merry little company sojourning in Paris. People may abuse Paris as much as they like, and the "Reverend Pogram," as the French term him, always lifts up his eyes as he speaks in a whisper of that "siren of nations," but for me it has always many charms, and I maintain is a very comfortable "locale" for those who make a proper use of it. Of course you can make a bad use of all things and places here below. Paris has, no doubt, its dangerous and darker side, but we need not, I think, kind readers, court imaginary dangers, or get eloquent or sensational over imaginary evils, and so let us believe that, for you and for me, if only we are reasonable and well behaved, Paris is as pleasant a spot to pitch our tent in for a time, and as safe as any on this wide earth. It has attractions many and vivid for the student and the statesman, for the painter and the poet, for the lover of music and the admirer of the drama, for those who make the fine arts a study, for medical science, for those who like a little "variety," and for those who do not object to a French dinner, to a pleasant little party at a restaurant, an intellectual evening at the Theatre Français, or the Gymnase. We some of us know the old story of the Englishman who was asked why he had come to Paris. "Voyez vous, monsieur," he said; "ma femme m'embete." Poor man, if that was his only reason! The French are themselves a quiet, family-loving people, simple in their tastes and friendly in their sympathies, and if English people go wrong in Paris it is because they do not always remember that because they are in a strange country they have no license to do what they would not dare to do at home: to forget their manners and their morals, and set defiance to law and order, the customs of the country, and the regulations of the police. For all who really seek to be quiet, and live as peaceful and respectable citizens, Paris has always, I beg to repeat, great welcome and greater pleasantness. Forgive my "littel" digression, as my friend Monsieur "Cacolet" says.

We had spent the evening at the Français, and had seen Bressant and Delaunay, MMme. Brohan and Favart, and had adjourned to a pleasant restaurant for a little supper. One of my friends, poor Jim Jackson, had made the acquaintance of a certain Baron de Maurier, who had introduced him to another, Baron de la Motte, and though Billy Barker and I did not like them and thought them rather dubious personages, and felt inclined to pay a friendly visit to the Rue Jerusalem, yet they had made a favourable impression on Jim, and Matt Singer, and Charley Hope, and so we said no more.

We observed that they were always suggesting cards, and hinting how nice "Baccarat" was. We had been too busy and too amused to listen to their polite suggestions, but to-night, when supper was over, as ill luck would have it, Jim Jackson himself suggested it. No sooner said than done, and there we all sat until we had to leave the restaurant, our French friends being large winners. They finished up with ecarté. Bill and I had not played, but sat watching the players, but I heard Bill grumbling and growling, and there was a look in his eyes that portended a coming storm. In the street our French friends were most civil and pleasant, though I observed that a little

sharp dapper fellow who passed turned sharp round, and looked at them closely. As we drew near our hotel I heard Baron de Maurier say something "sotto voce" to Jim, and then Bill closed in.

"By the way," he said, "Baron, what luck you and your friend had at ecarté; you must be very good players."

The Baron's face flushed, and he said "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh no, not at all," said Bill calmly; "but my friends are not going to pay the money they lost to you last night and this morning early."

"Why not?" said Baron de Maurier sneeringly.

"Because," said Bill, as coolly as if he were saying How do you do? ("comment vous portez vous,") "because you are what we call in England card sharpers, my friends, 'escrocs,' in French. I watched you; *you cheated!*"

"You lie," said M. le Baron, hastily, and next moment the Baron was on the pavement flat on his back. A commissaire who saw the "fracas" came up, and as he could not decide between our protestations and the voluble excitement of his own countrymen, he called for help, and said we must all go to the station.

Here was a pleasant position. We had still to pack up and to leave Paris for England by the early train. And when we got to the station it all looked very bad for us. The Frenchman's story was—and he put it in well—that we were all "English pickpockets," and as at that moment it was the "chic" of Paris to believe every third Englishman was a "pickpocket," the "chef" looked very grave indeed. I was in despair. What was to be done? Were we all to be locked up?

At that moment it flashed across me I would try what Freemasonry could do for us. I had often talked about it and its far-reaching utility, and so I said to myself "I'll put it to the test," and made the "chef" a Masonic sign. He looked very much astonished, but to my intense delight he answered it at once, and said to me most civilly, "Monsieur, voulez vous avoir la complaisance de venir ici pour un moment?" I complied at once, you can easily understand. "Et bien, mon frere," he said, "qu'est-ce que-c'est?"

So I told him very quickly yet carefully what had happened, and that our two friends, I fully believed, were ficticious Barons and "escrocs." At their names he had originally frowned, and when he repeated them to himself got angry. So, much to our astonishment and the amazement of all the excited commissaires, he said if we gave our names and addresses he would not detain us any longer. The two Barons loudly protested, but as at this moment, by pure accident as I heard afterwards, the little man of the Boulevard looked in, and after a rapidly whispered conference with the "chef," our two friends summarily disappeared. They do do these things well in France. Most civil the police were to us, as they always are, especially to strangers, and the "chef," when he wished us good bye, said laughing to me, "Mon frere, adieu; agréez ma salutation fraternelle." I shook hands with him very warmly, though we parted probably never to meet again. I don't pretend to say that this story proves much for Freemasonry, but still here it is.

An old friend of mine in other days, at a certain French port which shall be nameless, always placed his Masonic certificate on the top of his clothes in his portmanteau, and as surely when the portmanteau was opened it was shut down immediately by the cheery and knowing douanier with a smile, or bow, and a cheery "assez." My friend used to go on his way rejoicing. If Freemasonry could so soften the stern heart of a French douanier, what will it not do? What can it not overcome? So say I. Floreat Freemasonry. Some day it will even, I am sure, be taken up by the Pope.

WAITING: THE POET'S GUERDON.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THERE comes a glow o'er the distant hills,
A rift in the clouds so far away;
A murmer of music from trickling rills,
The laughter of children at their play.

The storm it passeth, and sweet winds blow,
From the balmy south do the zephyrs come
And the waves of the sea fall soft and slow
On the golden sands near the poet's home.

The times of unrest are past and gone,
The night was dark, but the morn is bright;
Through the days of gloom he had wandered on,
For "at eventide there shall be light."

The storms of life had well nigh wrought
Their worst upon him, and left him slain;
Sorrow and poverty came unsought,
No pleasure he tasted, but only pain.

The world was harsh, but he struggled on,
Caring for nothing but only fame;
And at last unto him the great sun shone,
At the end of the long day honour came.

And he camly waits at the close of life,
Content that the world now reads him right;
In patience remembering, through the strife,
That "at eventide there shall be light."

And we that have sat at his feet, and learned
The lessons taught by his years of care,
Should feel that, because all wrong he spurned,
He was kept from the dread of a dark despair.

Our human nature is very frail,
And the fall of the weak is a piteous sight;
So let us be brave, and never quail,
For "at eventide there shall be light."

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

BY BRO. ROBERT SANDERSON, P.G. SEC. PEEBLES AND SELKIRK (S.C.).

(Continued from page 512, vol. vii.)

AT Peebles the Twenty-seventh day of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine years, which day being the anniversary of Saint John the Evangelist, and the Honourable Lodge of Massons Peebles Killwinning Conveened agreeable to previous warning given to the whole of the Bretheren at the commitie, and being constitute in a just and perfect Lodge by prayer, they proceeded to the collection of the Quarter dues and paid as follows—

(List of twenty-two members paid, and thirteen not paid).

Thereafter the Lodge so constitute proceeded to the examination of the fellowcrafts and entered apprentices, which was performed to the satisfaction of the whole Lodge, which was duly reported to them by a Quorum of the Bretheren appointed examinators for that purpose and effect.

Then the Lodge so conveened and constituted as said is, proceeded to the Election of the Master, Wardens, and other members of the Lodge, when was Duly and Legally Elected and chosen by a plurality of votes, for Master, Robert Hislop; Senior Warden, Andrew Scott; Junr., William Syminton; Boxmaster, Thomas Tweedale; Senior Stewart, John Wallace; Junr., Andrew Paterson; Key Keeper, Andrew Farqhar; Clerk, James Bartram; Master, Wardens, and other Members of the Lodge were qualified by taking the *oath de fideli* administratione officce, and ordains the Master to sign thire precedings.

JAMES TRAQUAIR, Master.

Peebles 28th Decr. 1779.

Which day a meeting of the Lodge conveened according to privous warning given the whole of the Bretheren, in order to receive the rent of there house from Alexander Hewit, and pay Thomas Tweedale his interest, which accordingly Alexander Hewit paid into the Clerk in absence of the Box Master, Three Pounds Sterling as the rent of his house, and that from Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-eight to Whitsunday seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, with which sum and part of the Quarter dues was paid to Thomas Tweedale five pounds five shillings sterling as intrest due to him by said Lodge, July last, and thereafter the meeting sett their said house, to the said Alexander Hewit, for the space of five years after Whitsunday next at three pounds twelve shillings sterling of yearly rent; and took Mr. James Summers writer in Peebles caution for payment therefor, conform to missives entered into Betwixt Thomas Tweedale present Boxmaster, and said Alexander Hewit, and James Summers of Date the Twenty-ninth current, and ordered to be lodged in the Boxmaster's hands for the use of all concerned. And the meeting appoints the Commitie to meet upon the thirteenth of January next to settle their accompt with the Boxmaster, and other Business relative to said Lodge, and ordain the Depute Master to sign this minute. ANDREW SCOTT.

Peebles 17th Janr. 1780.

Which day a meeting of the Lodge conveened according to privious warning given to the whole of the Bretheren, and finds a Ballance in William Harper's hands Boxmaster the sum of three pounds eight shillings and ten pence halfpenny, which he has instantly paid over to Andrew Scott Depute Master. ANDREW SCOTT.

Peebles 17th Janr. 1780.

Andrew Scott Depute Master paid to Thomas Tweedale three pounds, ten shillings sterling, which makes the principal sum due at this date one hundred one pound, ten shillings sterling, and finds in Thomas Tweedale Boxmaster's hands due to the Lodge four shillings and eightpence sterling.

ANDREW SCOTT.
THOMAS TWEEDALE.

Thereafter this meeting agreed that there should be a letter wrote to all the absent Bretheren to meet this day three weeks the seventh of Feberary next here, or send a reasonable excuse, as there is some resolution to be entered into there anent either selling the house or to raise money to Defray the Debt contracted thereon, and impowers the Clerk to write to said Bretheren.

(This minute is signed by William Harper and ten of the brethren, but the meeting seems never to have been held, which perhaps, on afterthought, they would consider to be more consistent with the minute of 28th December, 1779, where they had entered into a contract letting the house for a period of five years. Be this as it may, however, there is no meeting recorded on date 7th February. The next minute is of date 27th November, 1780, which modifies an enactment passed at meeting held Dec. 27th, 1777.—R.S.)

Peebles 27th Novr. 1780.

In a meeting of the Peebles Kilwinning Lodge of Peebles. They having taken into their consideration a minute made the Twenty-seventh day of December seventeen hundred and seventy-seven years, binding the members of said Lodge to pay four shillings sterling each yearly of quarter dues. But as several of the members thinks these dues over high, The meeting has unanimously agreed that there shall only be paid two shillings sterling yearly paid by each member at Saint John's Day next. In witness whereof the whole Members Present has Signed this minute and recomends it to the Master or Clerk to get it signed by the absent members at the first opportunity. Two words of this minute Delete before signing.

Signed ROBERT HISLOP, and 18 others.

Peebles 27th Decr. 1780.

(Minute same as previous St. John's Day meeting, with a list of thirty-seven brethren, of whom twenty-four are marked paid and thirteen not paid. At this meeting William Symington complimented the Lodge with two Battons—Warden's Batons I presume.—R.S.)

Peebles 28th Decr. 1780.

Compeared Alexander Hewit, Tacksman (tenant) of this house and paid three pounds sterling being the rent of said House from Whitsunday 1779, to Whitsunday 1780 &c. (The minute then states that Thomas Tweedale received his usual *intrest* with an additional ten shillings taken from the principal sum, making it now one hundred and one pounds sterling. And fixing a meeting for the 18th January, 1781, to settle the Box Master's accounts.—R.S.)

Signed ROBERT HISLOP Mr.
THOMAS TWEEDALE.

Then follows this rather amusing item—

"Invintery of Glasses—twenty in whole—Six lodged in Andrew Scott's hand, fourteen in John Brown's hand present Box Master, three of which is broke on the foot."

ANDREW SCOTT.
JOHN BROWN.

Peebles 18th Janr. 1781.

The Commitie Mett according to last appointment and settled accompts with the Boxmaster, Thomas Tweedale and discharges him for his intromissions and finds Lodged in the new Box Master John Brown's hands one pound, seven pence sterling with three Bills viz one on John Veitch for twelve

shillings sterling payable St John's day last, one on Robert Harper for eighteen shillings and sevenpence, halfpenny sterling payable twenty-sixth of Janry currint, and one on Thomas Tod all members of this Lodge for ten shillings and sixpence sterling payable the twenty-sixth day of December next and ordains the Master to sign this minute. JAMES GROZART, Mr.

Peebles 21st Feby. 1781.

The Meeting Mett this day according to last appointment when compeared Thomas Paterson and paid in four shillings sterling to the Box Master as his arrears, and thereafter the Meeting adjurned to Saturday the twenty-fourth curent in order to receive more arrears from some members that are in Deficensies. JAMES GROZART.

27th Decr. 1781.

William Syminton a member of this Lodge being found guilty of a transgression in talking in an improper place, the Lodge found him Lyball to a repremand which he got by the master accordingly. JAMES GROZART.

At Peebles 27th Day of Decr. 1781.

(Minute same as previous St. John's Day meetings. List of thirty-six members of whom nineteen are marked paid. At the end of this minute we have the following.—R.S.)

We the members of the said Lodge agree and authorise Thomas Tweedale to summand in the persons who stand Refractrey and will not pay in there Respective payments immediately. Signed by the Master.

THE QUARTERLY COMMUNICATIONS.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

IN the early history of the premier Grand Lodge of the world, a question presents itself which, so far as I am aware, has not been distinctly met and treated by any of our Masonic scholars. They all seem to have taken it for granted, on the naked authority of Anderson and Preston, that the Quarterly Communications were coeval with the organization of the Grand Lodge in the year 1717.

Is this an historical fact? I confess that over this subject a shadow of doubt has been cast that obstructs the clearness of my vision. We who are across the Atlantic labour under many disadvantages in our search after historical truth in Freemasonry. Our English brethren have opportunities that are denied to us. Original documents are accessible to them, which we can only reach, if at all, at second hand.

My object in asking a place for this little essay in the valuable pages of the *Masonic Magazine* is not so much to ventilate my own views as to present my doubts, in the hope that such scholars as Bros. Hughan, Woodford, Gould, and a host of others who have made a study of the early history of Freemasonry in England may be induced either to confirm them or to remove them by the production of authorities which I have not seen.

Dr. Anderson says, and Preston repeats the statement, that at the preliminary meeting in February, 1717, at the Apple Tree Tavern, it was resolved "to revive the Quarterly Communications."

But these two authorities (and they are the only ones that we have on the subject) differ in some of the details. And these differences are important enough to throw a doubt on the truth of the statement.

Anderson says in one place (Constitutions, 2nd edition, 109,) that in February, 1717, they "forthwith revived the Quarterly Communications of the officers of Lodges, called the Grand Lodge."

Afterwards (ibid., 110,) he says that at the meeting in June, 1717, Grand Master Sayer "commanded the Masters and Wardens of Lodges to meet the Grand Officers every Quarter in Communication, at the place he should appoint in his summons sent by the Tyler."

Preston says (Illustrations, 191,) that in February "it was resolved to revive the Quarterly Communications of the Fraternity." Immediately after, he adds that in June the Grand Master "commanded the Brethren of the four Lodges to meet him and his Wardens quarterly in Communication!

Thus, according to Preston, the Quarterly Communications were to apply to the whole body of the Fraternity; but Anderson restricted them to the Masters and Wardens of the Lodges.

The two statements are irreconcileable. A mass meeting of the whole Fraternity and a consultation of the Masters and Wardens of the Lodges are very different things.

I shall make no objection here to the use of the word "revived," though I deem it improper. But the consideration of that point would lead me away from the line of the present argument.

If, as Anderson and Preston say, the Quarterly Communications were "forthwith revived" in June, 1717, it is singular that neither gives us the record of any one having been held until December, 1720.

After that date we find the Quarterly Communications regularly recorded by Anderson as taking place at the times appointed by the Regulations which were compiled in 1720 by Grand Master Payne, namely, "about Michaelmas, Christmas, and Ladyday," that is, in September, December and March.

The word "about" in the 12th of those regulations permitted some latitude as to the precise day of meeting. Accordingly we find that Quarterly Communications were held in 1721 in March, September, and December; in 1722 in March; the others appearing to have been neglected, perhaps in consequence of irregularities attendant on the illegal election of the Duke of Wharton. In 1723 there were Quarterly Communications in April and November, but the December meeting was postponed to the following January. In 1724 they occurred in February and November; in 1725 in May, November, and December, and so on, but with greater regularity in all the subsequent proceedings of the Grand Lodge, as recorded in the Book of Constitutions by Anderson, and by his successors Entick and Noorthouck in the subsequent editions.

Looking at the silence of the records in respect to Quarterly Communications from 1717 to 1720, then to the regular appearance of such records after that year, and seeing that in the latter year the provision for them was first inserted in the general regulations compiled by Grand Master Payne, I hope that I shall not be deemed too sceptical or too hypercritical if I confess a doubt of the accuracy of Anderson, who has, whether wilfully or carelessly I will not say, attributed the establishment of these Quarterly Communications to Grand Master Sayer, when the honour, if there be any, properly belongs to Grand Master Payne.

There might have been, and probably were, occasional meetings of the Grand Officers, or even of the Grand Lodge, anterior to 1720. But I cannot believe with my present light that Quarterly Communications were known as a regular part of the Grand Lodge organization until they were introduced by George Payne during his second Grand Mastership.

Payne was the legislator of the infant institution. To him we are as much indebted for its laws as we are to Anderson for its history or to Desaguliers for its ritual.

In settling the early history of Speculative Freemasonry in England, I deem this question of the true epoch of the Quarterly Communications important enough to command attention and discussion.

THE ASTROLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE.

O mighty poet! thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature—like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers.—*De Quincey.*

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.—*Dryden.*

FEW, perhaps, of our readers are aware of the existence of *Urania*,* a monthly journal of astrology. We beg to introduce them to it in this well-written article from its pages. Bro. Shakespeare we claim to be a Freemason, this article makes him out to be an astrologist.

SOME controversy has existed as to the day of birth of William Shakespeare, but the date most generally received is April 25th, 1564. Of his history but few facts have been recorded, and only the barest outline of his life has descended to us. We know that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, that his father was a wool-comber, that he married early, and that, through a youthful escapade, he was obliged to quit his native place and remove to London. There, as a dramatic poet, actor, and theatrical manager, he gained a competency, and returned to Stratford-on-Avon to enjoy his fortune, where he died at the early age of fifty-three, on the anniversary of his birth, and in the meridian of his intellectual powers. We know further that his body reposes in the church of his native place, guarded by an epitaph composed by himself.

The horoscope of Shakespeare has been published, but cannot be considered as thoroughly reliable, unless the time of his birth could be fixed with absolute certainty. This is matter of regret, for the aspect of the heavens at the nativity of so remarkable a genius must have been highly interesting and instructive.

It was fabled that at the christening of a certain royal prince, all the fairies were present, each to bestow her own peculiar gift; so at the birth of Shakespeare

> The senate-house of planets all did sit
> To knit in him their best perfections.

He has the keenness of wit and flow of language of Mercury, the grace and lively fancy of Venus, the precision and acuteness of Mars, the condensedness of thought and contemplation of Saturn, and the nobleness and largeness of soul of Jupiter.

Mercury, the ruler of intellect, must necessarily in this nativity have attained his highest exaltation of dignity. As he is by nature convertible, the *character* of the mind is formed according to the aspects of the planets whose impress he receives.

The star of the poet and of the theatrical profession is Venus, and this planet seems to have shed its brightest beam on Shakespeare's birth. It has been suggested that possibly as a boy Shakespeare was present at Kenilworth

* *Urania*, a monthly journal of Astrology, etc., can be got at Simpkin, Marshall and Co.'s, 4, Stationers' Hall Court, London.

and witnessed some of the princely shows and pageantry displayed on the visit of Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, Leicester. There is probability in this, for the castle was only a few miles distant from the poet's home, and this visit may have first turned his youthful fancy to the drama—"poetry in action." His poetic genius stands unrivalled, and his manners were no doubt singularly refined, for he is termed by his contemporaries—"the gentle Shakespeare." His sonnets are written in an extremely amorous vein, and although they are ostensibly dedicated to a male personage, still there is no doubt that the mysterious "Mr. W. H." was a woman. Shakespeare's marriage is said to have been unhappy, the general fate of the poet, who rarely has the good fortune to choose as a mate one whose nativity sympathises with his own.

Jupiter appears to have also been powerful in aspect. He brought wealth to the native, for Shakespeare contrived to amass a fortune. The bent of the poet's mind partook largely of what is termed the *Jovial* element. He shines most in comedy. Dr. Johnson says—"His tragedy appears to have been skill, his comedy instinct." Shakespeare was singularly free from ambition. He made no collection of his works, perhaps through the loftiness of his ideal, which led him to be dissatisfied with his own creations, or perhaps through the lack of appreciation of his family, who appear to have done their best to cause his connection with the stage to be forgotten. He is thoroughly oblivious of self; we glean nothing of his individual life from his writings; he transfuses his soul into his creations, and is as a voice from the spirit world.

We conclude, therefore, Shakespeare to have been of a mild, easy, good-natured, and unselfish disposition, overflowing with bonhomie, and delighting most in fancies and imagery of a pleasing character. His soul is not enshrouded in gloom like Dante's; he is not Saturnine, but swayed by *Venus* and *Jovial* influences.

If we add to this a favourable aspect of Mars to Mercury, we shall account for the acuteness of his perceptions and also for the Bohemian tendencies (the natural concomitants of the poetic temperament) which may be gathered from legends of his youth. There is no doubt that the portrait of Justice Shallow was drawn from the original Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot Manor, and that the words—"You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broken open my lodge," were actually addressed to the youthful scapegrace by the aggrieved magistrate.

At the period of Shakespeare's arrival in London, the national mind had been roused to enthusiasm by the preparations made to resist the Spanish Armada, and the national pride had been gratified by its defeat and dispersion. Doubtless the noble soul of Shakespeare shared these sentiments to the utmost, and some of his finest and most patriotic passages derived their inspiration from this source. Take, for instance, the words of John of Gaunt, in which he alludes to the ruling star of England—Mars in Aries.

> This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
> This earth of majesty, *this seat of Mars*,
> This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
> This fortress built by nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.

The age in which Shakespeare lived was noted for the new theories of philosophers in the science of Astronomy. The hitherto received planetary system of Ptolemy was gradually losing its adherents and declining in favour, except amongst the few who peristently adhered to old beliefs. The teachings of Copernicus, who published his celebrated work on the revolution of the heavenly bodies a few years before the birth of Shakespeare, were engaging the attention of the learned. Tycho Brahe, the successor of Copernicus,

though adopting some of the ideas of the latter, partly adhered to the Ptolemaic school of thought, and considered the earth fixed and immovable; but Kepler, his pupil—"the legislator of the heavens"—demonstrated the true laws which govern the movements of the heavenly bodies, and which are received at the present day. Galileo was born in the same year as Shakespeare, and may be considered to have contributed more to the interests of science than either, by the construction of his telescope, 1609. This was indeed a great scientific era, for these three celebrated astronomers, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, were contemporaries during some portion of their lives, and as if Providence ordained that the great stream of light should descend to us unbroken, Newton was born the year of the death of Galileo.

The resources of science had not, as yet, been applied to facilitate intercourse with other nations, and although printing had been discovered, still books and translators were few in number, and consequently the news of scientific discovery travelled but slowly through Europe. The lonely island in the Baltic where Braha carried on his researches, and the far distant shores of Italy, the home of Galileo, held little intercourse with England. And, besides, the orthodox religionists of the day fiercely condemned the new doctrines as iniquitous and subversive of the words of Holy Writ—for did not Scripture assert that the round world could not be moved? Galileo was, later on, forced to make a public recantation of his opinions, but is said to have consoled himself afterwards by muttering the words, "It moves for all that."

Critics have objected that Shakespeare was not learned—that, according to Ben Jonson, he had "little Latin and less Greek," and that he had no scientific bent. There are no indications in his writings that the new astronomical theories were known to him, or, if so, he appears to have rejected them as mere speculations. Telescopes were constructed in London 1610, so that he had an opportunity of studying the face of the heavens if he so willed it.

His astronomy was Ptolemaic; he adhered to the beliefs of the ancient poets. The o'erarching heavens were to him a crystal vault which moved from east to west, and was composed of ten layers of glassy strata. In this the stars were fixed but the planets remained unfettered. This idea was first started by Anaximenes, and retained throughout mediæval times. Humboldt expresses his surprise to find this opinion extant in his day. He records a conversation which he had with an old monk in a European monastery, who believed that the vitrified crusts of aerolites were portions of the crystal vault which adhered to them. Shakespeare speaks of "the vault top of heaven" in "King John," and in the frenzied exclamations of Lear we find these words—

> Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
> That heaven's vault should crack.

Pythagoras taught that the motions of the planets in the universe produced waves of sound. In Cicero's "Vision of Scipio" this passage occurs:—"From whence proceed these sounds, so strong and yet so sweet, that fill my ears?" "The melody," replies he, "which you hear, which, though composed in unequal time, is, nevertheless, divided into regular harmony, is effected by the impulse and motion of the spheres themselves, which, by a happy temper of sharp and grave notes, regularly produce various harmonic effects. Now this sound, which is effected by the rapid rotation of the whole system of nature, is so powerful that human hearing cannot comprehend it, just as you cannot look directly on the sun, because your sight and sense are overcome by his beams."

This spheral music was at one time received by Kepler who spoke of the notes of Venus and Jupiter coinciding in flat accord, but he afterwards declared there were no such things as sounds among the heavenly bodies. Allusion is made to this music of the spheres in the following lines from the "Merchant of Venice," which have been much admired for their exquisite spirituality:—

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Cleopatra, in her description of Antony, avers—

His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.

And Olivia tells the disguised Viola—

But would you undertake another suit
I'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

When Pericles, after his long quest, is raised to ecstatic bliss by the discovery of his daughter Marina, he hears this heavenly music:—

Per.—But what Music!
Hel.—My lord, I hear none,
Per.—None! The music of the spheres!
List, my Marina.
Lys.—It is not good to cross him;
Give him way.
Per.—Rarest sounds! Do you not hear?
Lys.—My lord, I hear.
Per.—Most heavenly music!
It nips me into listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest.

MAIA.—*Urania.*

CAMOENS: POET AND WARRIOR.

BY BRO. J. A. ELLIOTT (1777).

PORTUGAL has lately been doing honour to the remains of one who received very different treatment during his lifetime, though his genius was such as to immortalize his name and shed an undying lustre on the annals of his country. As a poet and the author of the "Lusiad"—one of the finest poems in any language—Camoens stands to-day, three hundred years after his death, in the front rank of the world's greatest singers, and the nations of the world readily and cordially sympathize with the Portuguese in their attempt to efface a nation's ingratitude by a splendid and spontaneous deed of national, though posthumous, restitution.

Although another great name, that of Vasco da Gama, the eminent discoverer, has likewise received the same honour as that of Camoens, the heart of the Portuguese nation has been wholly with the neglected patriot and poet, who, after having known nothing but misfortune during his lifetime, was left to die in the bitterest depths of poverty and despair—friendless and alone.

It is a romantic, yet sad and strange, story, that of Camoens, and its sadness stands out in dark relief when contrasted with that of the man whose bones now rest with his, and whose deeds supplied the poet with the material for his famous poem. Vasco da Gama, as one of the, if not *the* most, successful discoverers of the day, was received at Court, and had honours literally showered upon him, going down at last to the tomb surrounded by all the pageantry of state, and buried amid marks of universal respect and esteem.

As the name and fame of Camoens are known to comparatively few people in these islands, we propose to give our readers a brief sketch of his character

and career. The forefathers of the poet can be traced back to the year 1370 when Dom Henry II. reigned in Castille, and his family was undoubtedly of good birth and extraction. Three towns claim the honour of being the birthplace of Camoens, viz., Lisbon, Coimbra, and Santarem, but it is generally supposed that he was born at Lisbon about the year 1524, the same year in which, it is believed, the great discoverer Vasco da Gama died.

However this may be, it is notorious that Camoens received his early education in the capital, though he afterwards studied at Coimbra University, then newly founded by Dom John III., or rather transferred to that city from Lisbon. He appears to have possessed great poetic talent at an early age, and was a great favourite with the ladies, his personal appearance being at that time very much in his favour. His hair is said to have been of a light yellow tinge, like Tasso's, a remarkable incident when we come to remember that both poets belonged to a swarthy race of people.

At the time the poet was born the world was ringing with the fame of Vasco da Gama and his great discoveries. It was only a few years previously that the rich land of India was a *terra incognita*, when suddenly it was opened up to the world by the untiring energy and perseverance of Vasco da Gama and his brave followers; and to many persons the East became instantly peopled with all that was marvellous and magnificent.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Camoens should exercise his poetic genius in describing the glories and deeds of the great discoverer, but surely no poet in any age ever composed a great epic under such terrible misfortunes and disadvantages as attended the author of the "Lusiad."

As a matter of course to a young poet, Camoens fell in love at an early age, but he had the misfortune to lose his heart to a lady of the Court, and all assignations within the precincts of the palace being at that period absolutely prohibited, he incurred the displeasure of his sovereign by a violation of the court rules. For this daring offence he was exiled from Lisbon, and he was left to console his sorrow by writing sonnets to his lady-love—the fair Caterina. These little poems are amongst the sweetest of their kind that have ever been written in any language.

At length his ardent spirit could withstand the pains and penalties of exile no longer, and he joined the army as a volunteer in a campaign against the Moors in Africa. On the voyage thither the young poet and hero lost his eye in a naval battle, but quickly recovering from this injury, he rejoined the forces, and gained a great reputation for bravery.

It was with a heart beating wildly with love and pride that the young hero returned to Lisbon, where he hoped to find in the arms of his Caterina a beautiful solace and recompense for all he had undergone. Alas, for human hopes! The lady of his heart had died before attaining the age of twenty-one, and to crown all his disappointments he found himself very cooly received at the Court, owing it was said, to the disfigurement caused in his appearance by the loss of his eye.

His sorrow at the death of the being who had been prominent in all his thoughts, and his great love for whom had guided all his actions, found its full and sweet expression in a beautiful sonnet in which he describes her as having turned to "A little cold and loveless clay."

Camoens loved his country with an undying affection, which even his anger at the scurvy treatment he received on his return from the Moorish campaign could not extinguish or even diminish. He, however, turned his back upon the ungrateful city once more, setting sail from the Tagus, and as he stood on the poop of the vessel which carried him away from the shores of Portugal, he exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, "Ingrata patria! non possidebis ossa mea." (Ungrateful country! my bones shall not be thine).

On his way to Goa the other vessels which accompanied his foundered in a storm, so it may be said that sorrow and disaster dogged his steps wherever he went. And yet it is on record—aye! and breathes in every verse of his

poetry—that he was as gentle-souled and noble-minded a man as ever lived. His poems were his greatest wealth, and when he landed at Goa, the place that his great hero Gama had visited during his first voyage, he continued his magnificent poem "The Lusiad," or, as he himself called it, "Os Luisadas" (The Lusitanians), Lusitania being, as our readers are aware, the ancient name of Portugal.

Rich, however, as he was in poetic ideas and temperament, his muse was also the source of all his poverty, for he satirized the proceedings of certain governors who were fast bringing the Portuguese name into contempt, and thus made himself obnoxious to the authorities, who expelled him from the town. He went to Macao and dwelt there some time, having received an appointment as Commissary, and here he bestowed much time upon his great poem, until a new Viceroy having been made he was recalled to Goa.

Joyfully he collected together his manuscripts and the little competency he had amassed during his residence at Macao, and once more trusted his life and fortune to the treacherous waves. These did not belie their character, for disaster again followed the track of Portugal's sweetest singer, and he was shipwrecked on the coast of China. Having to abandon his money, he had to swim for his life with his valuable manuscript fastened about his waist. His success in reaching the coast saved to the world an immortal epic, but the young poet found himself friendless and alone upon an unknown shore.

Eventually he reached Macao again, where he suffered a long and most unjust imprisonment. Charges were trumped up against him, but he was never brought forth to face his accusers, till at length people began to be ashamed of having so eminent a scholar and so great a genius shut up in a prison, and an agitation for his release was crowned with success.

At length, after sixteen years of exile, Camoens returned to his native land, as poor in pocket as when he left it, but rich in his unalterable love and devotion to his country, which neither exile, want, penury, or neglect could ever shake. In return for her immense ingratitude, he presented to her a gem of inestimable value, nothing less than his own deathless soul embosomed in a work which will last while the ages run.

Such was the man whose remains were the other day conveyed with much pomp and state, three hundred years after his demise, up the Tagus to the hitherto ungrateful city—to Lisbon, the scene of his birth, of his romantic love, of his exile, and his shameful death. True, a late repentance is better than none at all, and Portugal has now removed from her noble escutcheon the stain which had defaced it for three centuries past.

Camoens, we are glad to say, lived to see his great work printed, and even, we are told, was honoured (?) with a pension from the king of about four pounds per annum! But even this pittance was after a time withdrawn, and (oh, that we should have to write it!) one of the greatest poets that the world has produced was ultimately compelled to beg for his bread in the streets of Lisbon!

Surely, the proud city should have put on sackcloth and ashes on the 8th June, instead of dancing about after triumphal cars, and making a saturnalia of what ought to have been a deeply solemn occasion! However, the ways of the Portuguese are not as our ways, though we feel as much pride in their *one* poet as if he had been a countryman of our own.

"I am ending my life, and the world will soon know how much I have loved my country!" (Em fim accaberei à vida e verram todos que fui a fecioada a minha patria!) So said Camoens, as he lay dying in the mean Lisbon almshouse into which he had crept to breathe his last. The world *does* know, for after ages have given immortality to his name, and have placed it in that high niche of fame, from which neither slander or neglect can cast it down.

Such is the brief record of the poet and warrior whose bones have been, at length, honoured with the sepulchre they deserved, and in honouring whom Portugal has not only honoured herself but has deserved well of the civilized world.

THE BEAUTIFUL STONE OF THE MASONIC ARCH.

BY BRO. ROBERT MORRIS, L.L.D.

IF I were the Master Grand—
If I were the King of Judah now,
With that sage Tyrian band
Who wore the cockleshell on the brow,
I'll tell you, Craftsmen, what I'd do!
I'd choose my brightest Parian rock—
No flaw or crevice in the block,
And right above my ivory throne
I'd set the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

I'd take from Lebanon, then, the trees,
The cedars fragrant, tall and fair,
And hardened in the centuries,
And these to the Holy Mount I'd bear;
Hiram should them prepare.
From Ophir's shining sands I'd gain
The yellow, choice, and glittering grain,
And these, in Mystic form, should crown
The white and beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

Then, unto every shrine I'd go,
And to every lorn and humble grave,
And to the prayers and tears that flow
From woman meek and manhood brave,
And orphan lone I'd have:
Prayers for pure incense should arise,
And tears, accepted sacrifice,
This savor, such as God will own,
Should bless the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone!

This beautiful stone, its name should be—
The loving Mason knows it well—
'Tis writ in glory—*CHARITY*—
Best word the earth can tell,
Best word the heavens swell!
Above my ivory throne so bright—
Were I the Master Grand to-night—
Where God and man alike may own
I'd set the beautiful stone—
The beautiful, beautiful stone

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

SO much has been said upon this subject and so much has been written, and so much said and so much written in ignorance and in error, that it has seemed to me well to bring to the notice of my readers one of the best essays on the subject I know of, though not, I believe, very much or generally known. It has been familiar to me for many years, and is very lucidly and well written. It was published in 1788, by an anonymous writer, translated from the French of M. le Clerc de Septchenes, in a work entitled "The Religion of the Ancient Greeks, etc." I beg to recommend it to the perusal of all Masonic students.

Of the Secret Worship, or of the Mysteries.

This interesting part of the Ancient Religion, which in reality constitutes its essence, is at the same time that part of it which is of the most difficult investigation. Hitherto traditions, which are indeed at best uncertainand often contradictory, have been our guides in endeavouring to unravel the chaos of mythology: but here all is covered with thick darkness; it is now necessary, as it were, to descend into the bowels of the earth; to publish what for a long time it was not permitted to reveal; to scrutinize a secret kept religiously for ages, and on which it was hardly allowed to form a conjecture. The Ancients, bound by the most sacred of all oaths, explained themselves on this head with the greatest reserve, as often as they had occasion to speak of the Mysteries. It must be allowed, however, that there were extant a great many works concerning these ceremonies, besides the books that treated of them professedly, and which, being published under the names of Orpheus, of Musæus, or of Eumolpus, may be turned *ritual books;* it is certain, that Stesimbrotus, Menander, Hicesines, Arignotus the Pythagorician, and several others, undertook to describe them: but now, when the works of these authors are lost, the only monuments existing are some fragments that contain a few allusions, of which it is very difficult to find the application; and we are forced to have recourse to the testimony even of those that have an interest in deceiving.

The first apologists of Christianity have thrown some light on this obscure subject. It was necessary for them to discover the dogmas that they meant to refute; and though they have in general disfigured them, their vehement declamations contain a multitude of interesting particulars. The writings of Arnobius, of Tertullian, but especially of Clemens Alexandrinus, are still the principal sources from which the moderns derive their information. These, in their turn, have been influenced by particular views. Some of them, as may naturally be imagined, have not scrupled to adopt the invectives that had formerly been dictated by blind zeal against the institutions of antiquity: and if there are any who have shewn themselves superior to such unjust prejudices, they have not always been able to guard against the spirit of system. In this respect, Warburton deserves our censure.* His inquiries are extremely ingenious; but he has maintained that the gods were only deified heroes. M. Gebelin,† who wished to find in every circumstance some reference to agriculture, perceived nothing in these Mysteries but an emblem of the origin and progress of that art; while, according to author of Antiquity Unveiled,‡

* Divine Legation of Moses. † Hist. du Calendrier.

‡ L'Antiquité Devoilée; liv. iii., c. 2.

"they ought to be considered as the fatal deposit of the religious melancholy of the first men." Although the nature of this work does not permit us to enter into all the details which a matter of such importance would require, yet as we are to go over the same ground we shall take advantage of the discoveries and the great labour of those who have preceded us. Perhaps, by following their footsteps we shall succeed in forming a more exact idea of a religion too long misunderstood and too often ignorantly insulted. But let us enter the sacred recesses of her temple. There, truly august, we shall behold her shining with unborrowed lustre, joining to the pomp of ceremonious observance the practice of the austere virtues, and entitled by her morality to command the minds of enlightened nations.

We have already distinguished two kinds of worship in the ancient religion. The first, called Popular, consisted chiefly in outward forms. "It presented to its votaries," says Freret, "a wide but fertile field, which every one was at liberty to appropriate, and where each roamed at pleasure without subordination, and without the mutual co-operation or consent that produce uniformity." The history of those gods that have just come under our review has furnished us with more than one example of this; and often, in spite of all our endeavours, it has been difficult for us to discover the primitive idea of which they were originally the image. This is not the case with the other species of worship: in it all is connected and concatenated; it rests on a sacred basis; it presents a system all the parts of which correspond with each other; and, far from permitting any capricious innovation, it firmly withstood every attack on the most unessential points of its doctrines. The preparations it exacted contributed to maintain its purity. It was enveloped in respect and silence as with an impenetrable veil. Thus, while the people in crowds frequented the porticos of the temple, and, prostrate before the altars of Jupiter, adored that powerful deity whom they had been taught to revere but whose essence was unknown to them, a small number only were admitted into the sanctuary: these enjoyed the actual presence of the god; they arose by degrees to comprehend the principles of things; and, contemplating the spectacle of the universe, subject to invariable laws, they did homage to him who is the origin of all.

The second worship differed not essentially from the first, of which indeed it was symbolical, but it had a more direct tendency. While it attracted regard by the commanding magnificence of its exterior, it was still more respectable by its doctrines. The initiated, that is, such as had undergone certain preparatory trials, alone were permitted to celebrate this worship. It was designed by a name expressive of its nature. *The Mysteries*, or the concealed part of the ancient Religion, contained its most august and most sacred doctrines.

We shall begin with investigating the origin of those Mysteries, and their object. Afterwards, as we describe the ceremonies with which they were accompanied, we shall chiefly endeavour to unfold their spirit; and having shewn their importance, and demonstrated what were the opinions with respect to them among the Ancients, we shall, in a few words, attend to the revolutions which an institution so celebrated and so universally adopted was in the end exposed to.

Indeed, this institution was by no means peculiar to the Greeks, but existed among all the nations of the earth. Religion in every country concealed herself under a veil: in the general opinion she descended from heaven, where she had received divine illumination, and therefore perhaps she thought it necessary to accommodate herself to the weakness of our organs by concealing a part of her splendour; or perhaps, by promulgating incomprehensible dogmas, she meant to avoid the inquisitive research of idle curiosity. For the most part, instead of persuasion she made use of authority, and led captive the senses, that she might the more easily bring reason under subjection. Hence

sometimes prodigies and marvellous events succeeded one another with rapidity, while injunctions of the most rigorous silence were imposed on the spectators. Hence those objects of magnificence or terror presented to the eyes, all calculated to produce the most lively impressions on the mind. Such ceremonies are still in use in China, in Japan, and in those Eastern monarchies that have subsisted from immemorial times.* They were known to the Caribbees, to the Mexicans, and to the inhabitants of Peru,† before the destructive invasion of the Spaniards; and they are found also at this day among the savages scattered over the Northern countries of the New World,‡ who, with their independence, have preserved their original laws. Such formerly were the opinions of our brave ancestors, who supported for so long a time the cause of liberty against the oppressors of the human race: they too had a secret religion, and they fixed its abode in the obscurest retreats. Darksome woods that inspired a sacred horror, and which time had respected as well as the hand of man, were the habitations of their gods. Nobody durst approach them except on those stated days in which the Druids, escorted by the principal chiefs, went in pompous solemnity to cut the sacred mistletoe, the symbol of their worship. In the Northern extremity of our continent, also, inaccessible grottos and immense caverns served to conceal from the multitude the sacrifices § of the priests of Odin, as we learn from some ancient characters inscribed on certain rocks in Iceland or Norway. Lastly, even those people that have been lately discovered scattered among the islands of the great Pacific Ocean, and who have been separated till now from the world, have also their Mysteries.‖ We have had more than one occasion to observe this conformity of religious opinions in different ages and in different climates, whence, perhaps, it may be concluded that between man and the Deity there exist only a certain number of connecting relations, which are easily traced. Thus, each individual system originating from the same principles would produce nearly similar results when civil society began to be formed; and when afterwards a general intercourse was established among nations, it is not surprising that various people should insensibly adopt a theology similar in the essential parts though different in the form.

Thus, the first Greeks easily embraced that theology which was introduced among them by the colonies. They had borrowed their deities from the Oriental nations: to them they were indebted for that secret part of the religion which could alone inform them of the true object of their veneration. The Mysteries were particularly celebrated in that country which has justly been considered as the parent of the sciences;¶ there they were cultivated by an order of priests entrusted with the care of preserving the sacred deposit; and there it was only allowed to a few wise men to remove the veil by which they were concealed. Orpheus, to whom we must always have recourse when we investigate the religion of the Greeks, had travelled into Egypt, whence he had brought the Mysteries, which a philosopher of antiquity** calls Divine, because they softened the manners of men; because, with laws, they bestowed on them life and nourishment; and, divesting them of their brutal inclinations, recalled them to the virtues of humanity.

They were first instituted in a small island situated at the entry of the Thracian Chersonesus, which antiquity long venerated as the centre of religion, and thence they passed insensibly into the neighbouring countries Melampus, instructed in the school of Orpheus, established similar institutions in Argolis, as did Trophonius in Bœotia, and the celebrated Musæus at Athens.†† In each canton they were distinguished by a different name, or rather, if we may use the expression, they had been put under the invocation of a particular divinity,

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* Lafiteau, Mœurs des sauvages; tom. ii. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
§ Introduction to the History of Denmark. ‖ Cook's Voyages. ¶ Egypt.
** Cicero, de Legibus. †† Tertul. Apolog.

chosen most commonly out of those of the third order: a certain proof that in Greece they had the same origin with the arts. Thus, the most ancient of all were those of the discoverers of metallurgy, of the Cyclops at Lemnos, of the Curetes and Dactyli in the island of Crete; but especially of the Cabiri in Samothracia: which shews us, at the same time, that civilization began in the islands that surround Greece, whence it was afterwards spread over the continent. When by a lucky revolution the Greeks had been rescued from barbarism, they wished that the beneficent deities, to whom they attributed the discoveries that were most useful to man, should preside over the religious worship which had been introduced at the same period. These august functions were committed to the charge of Ceres and of Bacchus; of the first especially, who had introduced laws, and taught the practice of agriculture. The Mysteries, instituted in honour of that goddess, soon obtained a conspicuous celebrity. They differed, however, in nothing from those that were afterwards established in other places, and which soon became numerous. In whatever place they were celebrated, or whatever form they assumed, they continued always essentially the same; and as they were but a portion of that religion which, as we have seen, comprehended the universal system of Nature, they must have had the same object.

Among those who have taken pleasure in disfiguring mythology, some have pretended that the object of the Mysteries was to unveil the errors of the former, and to instill into the people purer sentiments, by informing them with regard to the nature of the beings they adored, and by teaching them, "that Mercury, Jupiter, Bacchus, and the whole rabble of licentious deities were only dead mortals; subject in life to the same passions and infirmities with themselves; but having been, on other accounts, benefactors to mankind, grateful posterity had deified them, and with their virtues had indiscreetly canonized their vices." This opinion belongs to Warburton,* and is founded, like the rest which he has adopted, on a pretended letter of Alexander the Great to his mother, related by St Augustine, Minutius Felix, and some others, and which ought to be ranked in the number of those pious frauds which the first Christians thought themselves at liberty to practice. We shall not stop to combat this opinion, of which we have already shewn the absurdity. It leads to the improbable supposition that the Ancients cultivated two sorts of religion of opposite tendency, that the one condemned what the other enjoined, and that the people were at once impious and idolatrous.

Far from destroying polytheism, in the sense in which this word ought to be taken, the Mysteries tended to establish it; but they confined it within its true bounds; they guarded it especially against the errors of the imagination; and having explained what it was necessary to understand by that multiplicity of gods, the objects of public veneration, they arose to the Supreme Intelligence who comprehends them all, and from whom they are all but an emanation.

The true meaning of the adventures that we ascribed to them, of the fables that composed their history, was unfolded and explained. The principles of the universe, the most imposing phenomena of astronomy, and those arts that had served as the basis of society, all passed successively under review. They took particular care to commemorate the principal epochas of the world, which had at first been formed out of the bosom of Chaos, then alternately destroyed and renewed: lastly, they unveiled the picture of Science and Religion uniting together for the happiness and instruction of mankind. The Mysteries alone were capable of interpreting the sacred emblems; and thus, says Circero, "when they are well examined and duly considered they illustrate the nature of things more than that of the gods".†

But their principal object, under the name of Universal Nature, was the one unoriginated being, whose functions as well as attributes had been per-

* Divine Legation; book ii. † De Nat. Deor.; lib. i., c. 42.

sonified. The Mysteries, says Strabo,* were instituted only to preserve the honour due to the supreme being.

These alone, says Chrysippus, can communicate a just idea of him. They taught that he is the Supreme Ruler; that he governs all things and disposes of all events; that his eye beholds every action, and even the most secret thought. By this placing Man under the immediate inspection of the Deity, they inspired him with love of virtue, and they served at the same time to give him just notions of the excellence and dignity of human nature.

(To be continued.)

LODGE HISTORIES.

AS we have often recorded the history of English and Scottish Lodges in this magazine, we think it well to give, from the *Liberal Freemason*, an interesting account of an American Lodge, as in Lodge life, whether in England or America or Scotland, the true history of Freemasonry is to be found.

Philanthropic Lodge.

On the occasion of reviving Philanthropic Lodge, in Marblehead, alluded to in our last number, the Secretary, Bro. S. P. Hatheway, Jun., read a paper, giving, as will be seen, a historical sketch of that organization. He has kindly furnished us the copy, and, though somewhat lengthy, we print it for the benefit of those interested. After alluding to the feeling of regard one must have for those whose good deeds have made green their memories, and for traditions associated with things long past, he says:

Our Lodge has such traditions and memories. We turn to its record, and we live with a century of Masonry that has passed. We look at its charter, which so many noble hands have held, and find the name of Paul Revere. We bend at its altar, and grasp the square and compasses that were taken from the powder ship that Mugford captured. We are met at the door of the Tyler with the first sword that was drawn in this State at the President's call for troops in the late rebellion, which, in another century, will be as historic as the others. But briefly, let us together look through the records; it will be old to some, tiresome to many, but food to all.

The first knowledge we have of Masonry in this town is obtained from the records of the Grand Lodge. Therein we find, on the 25th of March, 1760, Dr. Lowell and some others went to Boston to be made Masons, were so made by Bro. Jeremy Gridley, then Grand Master, and were authorized to form a lodge in this place. (It was twenty-seven years after the establishment of Masonry in America, but of the time or place of meeting no record remains.) The presumption is that after forming the Lodge their numbers failed to increase, and having become discouraged they returned the charter or dispensation, to wait a more favourable opportunity. There are but two Lodges older than this in the State, St. John's and St. Andrew's: St. John's, chartered in England in 1733 (being then the Grand Lodge from which our charter was obtained); St. Andrew's, chartered as a Grand Lodge in Scotland in 1756. In 1792, these two authorities united to form what is now the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, but retained their charters as subordinate Lodges. An appli-

* Geog.; lib. x.

cation was made sometime between 1760 and 1778, by Samuel Glover, and a warrant granted, but the brethren not meeting once in twelve months, it was forfeited. In 1778, the charter was again granted by Right Worshipful Brother John Rowe, to Brother Richard Harris and others. They assembled together on the 15th day of January, at the house of the Widow King, and formed a regular Lodge. Where that house stood we know not, but probably it remains a memory of those days, although unknown to us. It was in the midst of those times, when the clouds hung blackest over our land, when the wise and the true took counsel together, when the fair fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been crimsoned by the blood of their brethren, that this Lodge was formed.

For a time the Lodge appears to have gained in numbers, and to have prospered. Persons were initiated from Maine, Connecticut, and different parts of our own State, and we presume the Lodge to have been very proficient in the work. Let us imagine the first night the brethren met under the new Constitution. One has been stationed at the outer door as Tyler, another remains in the small ante-room to arrange the pipes, tobacco, and punches, by the aid of tallow candles. We see the large, loose cloaks lain on the chairs, and the cocked or beaver hats piled in the corner. A small sheet-iron stove, heated by pine knots, makes it very comfortable; but let us enter, and "this is Masons' Hall;" the floor sanded, the windows darkened by thick curtains, but the light is an improvement on the ante-room, for here are wax candles in large and elaborately wrought brass candle-sticks, with snuffers ready for use; then look at the immense fire-place, with its huge logs crackling and spitting while they send out a genial heat. The fender and brass andirons, shovel and tongs, are indeed a curious sight; but notice around the fire-place the different pictures on marble of scenes from Scripture; above it is a mirror brought from Bilboa, a return for some fishing adventure; and the settles, straight-back and unpainted, and the curiously carved leather-seated chairs, and there, too, as in all times, is the altar with the Holy Bible, Square, and Compasses, and the three burning tapers. In the East sits Master Richard Harris, clothed in short clothes, with large silver buckles at the knee, and the same on his shoes; his ample vest is covered by a velvet coat of the fashionable cut of those days; on his head a cocked hat, from under which his queue comes down, and we should judge from the appearance of his coat collar that his hair was powdered; slowly he rises from his seat, and taking in his hand that charter which is now the choice treasure of this Lodge, says: "Brethren, I have congregated you together this evening to form a Lodge. But first, as no man should ever engage in any great or important undertaking without first invoking the blessing of Deity, let us unite in prayer;" the prayer ended, he proceeds, "by virtue of the authority vested in me, I appoint Brother Fettyplace, Senior Warden; Brother Roads, Junior Warden."

No further business, Lodge is closed, and drawing around the fire-place, with their pipes, tobacco, and punches, they talk of the events that are happening around in serious tones. What the future may bring forth, God only knows; whether the cause of freedom and humanity, or of tyranny and despotism shall triumph, none know; but one resolve is theirs, they will not yield, whether they survive or perish. Together they go gorth into the clear, frosty air of that January night, each to his own home. As night after night they meet, they see their numbers increase, till at last, in the course of a few years, they have a large Lodge. The names of many members in those early days have been made familiar to us by tradition: Harris, Trevitt, Lee, Orne, Fettyplace, Gerry, Hooper. There are others, well known then, but now forgotten.

We find by the record that they usually celebrated the annual feasts of both the Sts. John in June and December. Those were the days when the wine sparkled on the board, and the merry jest and song went round. The times have changed, whether for the better let each judge for himself, but not for

their brother. Far be it from me to disparage our own times; nor will I think less of those, for I know they were noble men, within whose breasts beat hearts filled with charity and brotherly love. The wine is banished from our boards, but we hope that charity and brotherly love remains as strong as of old.

As we glance over the record, we find death comes among them and takes some brother away, and we can almost imagine we hear the wail of the penitential hymn sounding down through the years, and the Master's voice saying, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the accacia and the silent tear are dropped, and the brethren pass on.

The office of Master is filled by Brother Harris from 1778 to '81; Samuel R. Trevitt from 1781 to '82; Elisha Story, 1782 to '86. Then for ten years no record appears. They meet on the evening of April 20th, 1786, choose officers for the coming year, make rules, and close. They meet again February, 1797, to attend the funeral of a brother. Their work appears to have fallen off from 1783, so much so that sometimes they meet, but not in numbers sufficient to open a Lodge. Thursday, February 14th, 1797, they meet, and made choice of officers. Elisha Story is again chosen, and holds office by re-election, or because of no election, till 1803. June 12, 1797, the Lodge came under the jurisdiction of the United Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and received the name "Philanthropic," which it now bears.

In February, 1780, the Lodge voted that the hall they then occupied was not convenient, and a committee was appointed to procure one more suitable. Brother Peter Jayne let them his assembly rooms as a Lodge room, upon their furnishing him with sixteen cords of wood per annum, as long as they continued his tenants. They occupied these rooms from February till October of the same year, when the Lodge was again removed to the house of Bro. Burdick. Whether the removal was caused by the supply of wood falling off the record says not.

The festival of St. John's Day, 1783, was celebrated in what they would term, I suppose, ample form. The Secretary has entered upon his records even the price to be paid per head, "3s. for the dinner, 6d. for a bottle of wine more than the first cost, 2 pence for a bowl of punch, 1 pence for a bowl of grog." Not very temperate, we should say, but then this festival came but once a year, and if in those days due restraint was not placed, as it might have been, upon their appetites, it was upon their passions, which are now more a source of trouble than drinking was then, for by the records we read that words spoken in temper in a Lodge-room were sufficient cause for expulsion. Were this rule adopted in our days, there would be many a vacant seat in every Lodge. The Lodge, in those days, appears to have met once in two weeks, or oftener, if work required it; they adopted rules which were suspended by a majority vote of the members present. As an example: on one Lodge night a certain person applied for initiation; he was balloted for and negatived; twice the same thing occurs; the application was laid on the table till the next meeting, and again balloted for; again a black ball; the Lodge then appointed a committee "to see what shall be done;" they report, "suspend the 9th rule and admit him," and he was accordingly admitted, and some meetings later the 9th rule was renewed. Let me here state from the records another little incident: two brothers have a disagreement; after some talk it is agreed to by both that the matter be referred to two other brethren; but one of the disputants makes this reservation: "I will leave it to be decided by the brothers agreed on, but may hell and damnation seize my soul if I abide by the award, unless it be in my favour."

As we follow the records along, there is plainly seen a rise and fall, for a few years on the topmost wave, the next in its receding foam, then lost from sight, but soon to appear again. Seasons of prosperity and adversity follow one another along in quick succession, sometimes calling special meetings for work, then closing because of none. On the first day of January, 1800, the

Lodge met and passed a resolve that the brethren wear black crape with blue ribbon on the left arm for thirty days as a badge of mourning for the decease of their Illustrious Brother, George Washington, and to listen to an eulogy to be pronounced the next day by Joseph Story, Esq. He who pronounced that eulogy placed his name on the rolls of fame as a jurist higher than any American has ever reached. Other places may claim names famed in the records of jurisprudence, but this town claims a Story higher. The records close, 1803, with Elisha Story as Master, and open January 10th, 1809, with Ralph French as Master. Then for the first time we find an account of the installation of officers. He held the office for one year, and a large number were initiated. He was re-elected, but declined, and Bro. Eben G. Evans was elected, serving one year. Bro. John Candler was then elected, and served till the surrender of the charter in 1812.

But three times in the records do we find a presentation made to any Master or brother. In 1810, a medal was presented to Brother French; in 1859, a Past Master's Jewel was presented to Wor. Brother Blaney as tokens of respect for their services in Masonry; and in April, 1872, a purse of money to Bro. Peter J. Rogers, on his eightieth birthday, and then more than fifty years a Mason.

At a meeting, January 23rd, 1812, the Lodge voted to return the charter. Then war again raged, but now its fiercest conflicts were upon the ocean, and this town sent forth her bravest sons to aid in the conflict upon the decks of privateers or battle-ships. They nobly did their duty, and at the close of that war had a roll of the members of the old Lodge been called, the greater number of responses would have come from Dartmoor or the prison-hulks of England. From 1812 to 1821 Masonry remained silent in this town, but in April of 1821 a meeting of several of the brethren was holden for the purpose of consulting on the expediency of re-establishing the Lodge. Of the thirteen petitioners for the restoration of the charter, not one is now living, the last one, Bro. E. Kimball, having died within a year. At a meeting, April 9th, Brother John Bartlett was elected Master, and all the other offices filled. June 24th, 1822, the new hall was dedicated (this house was afterwards purchased and occupied by Bro. David Blaney, and it is in possession of the family at this date, 1880), by Grand Lodge, with honours. An oration was delivered by Bro. Thaddeus M. Harris, of Dorchester, and a dinner was prepared at the Fort. All of us here present remember that day by tradition; for myself, the first recollection that I have of Masonry was the saying that it always rained when the Masons walked. I believe that it was generally conceded by all that it never rained harder before and never will again rain as on that day. The fact of it is a matter of record, and also the fact that it was much needed, as vegetation was suffering, and it was regarded as a great blessing from the Grand Master of the Universe. Brother John Bartlett remained as Master till 1825, then Bro. R. W. French for one year, then Bro. Creasey for two years, then Bro. Trefy for one year, then Bro. Traill. Under these the Lodge increased in numbers and prospered till the dark days of Masonry came on. Then, in that wild tempest of fanaticism, with most of the Lodges in its vicinity it again surrendered its charter. In those days to be a Mason was indeed *to be* a marked man, *doubted* and mistrusted; but that fiery ordeal through which it then passed became a positive good, for the cowardly and the mean, the scheming politician, and the vile demagogue, who had sought for the means of rising to political power within its Lodges, left it, never, we hope, again to return. Then it was the true Mason stood fearless and erect, conscious that in the end virtue and light would be triumphant. For awhile the storm raged, but soon spent its fury, then broken and scattered, the clouds rolled away, the sun came out again, the Lodge slowly revived, and the true Mason found himself by its consecrated altars.

In March, 1841, the charter was again called back, and Bro. John Bartlett elected Master. He held office till December of the same year, when Bro.

Trefy was elected, who held office till 1846, when by public installation Bro. David Blaney was installed as Master. He held the office till December, 1858, the space of twelve years, the longest consecutive time ever held. When his successor was elected, Bro. Blaney was the only Past Master living. He died last year (1879), one of the best and truest of Masons. In 1858, Bro. H. H. F. Whittemore was elected, and held the office till December, 1862. In 1860 the Lodge celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, and by curious coincidence, the W. Master was of the same profession at the birth of the Lodge and on the celebration of its hundredth birth-day. The Lodge at that time numbered sixty-two members, and every member not absent from town was present on that occasion; it was but twenty years ago. Yet twenty-eight of those who gathered at that festival have passed to the Grand Lodge above, among them the Worshipful Master, Treasurer, Secretary, Marshal, and Chaplain.

In December, 1862, Bro. M. J. Doak was elected Master, and held office till December, 1867, when Bro. Jonathan Cole was elected and held office till December, 1868, when Bro. Pitman was elected Master and held office till December, 1872, when Bro. W. H. Wormstead was elected; he held office till February, 1875, when Bro. Doak was installed and remained as Master till the surrender of the charter in 1876.

I have thus briefly sketched the history of the Lodge, as found in its records, not so ably as it could be done by many of our brethren present, but in my own plain way, showing that though the Lodge may have lain dormant during some years of the past century, yet still the fires on its altars have ever burned, though somewhat covered with ashes. Like the vestal fires of the ancients, it needed but the breath to make the embers glow, and the sweet breath of the spring now has started them into new life and being.

SONNET ON THE LATE LEARNED JOHN OXLEE.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Author of "The Peoples' History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," &c.

OXLEE! we wonder how a single brain,
During the few short years of life allow'd
To man for study here, could ever crowd
So much of learning there; or how sustain
The load of language when it once was got.
Pliny with wonder told of Pontus' king,
In twenty-two lands' language conversing;
But Mithridates is well-nigh forgot;
Our Cleveland Walton's name is dim by thine:
What was Bologna's Cardinal to thee,
Who knew more books* than other linguists see?
Thy name o'er Mezzofanti's e'en shall shine;
And, as the love of learning grows 'mongst men,
Thy fame it will increase beyond all mortal ken.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

* I have already noticed in the *Masonic Magazine* the splendid library of this learned divine, now in the possession of his son, my dear old friend, the Rector of Cowesby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire; a library too valuable ever to be allowed to be dispersed, and which ought to be secured for the nation.

THE LIVERY COMPANIES AND ART TREASURES.

LIKE many others, we think the following account of the recent exhibition at the Mansion House, by the wise invitation and with the wonted hospitality of our distinguished Bro. the Lord Mayor, Sir F. Truscott, J.G.W. of England, ought to be preserved in the *Masonic Magazine*. We have to thank our contemporaries the *Times, City Press, Standard, Daily News*, and the *Antiquary*, for their clear and interesting notice. The subject was alluded to as fully in the *Freemason*.

THE companies represented were the Armourers and Braziers, the Barber-Surgeons, the Blacksmiths, Broderers, Butchers, Carpenters, Clockmakers, Clothworkers, Coachmakers, Cooks, Coopers, Cordwainers, Cutlers, Distillers, Drapers, Fanmakers, Goldsmiths, Grocers, Haberdashers, Innholders, Ironmongers, Joiners, Leathersellers, Mercers, Merchant-Taylors, Needlemakers, Painter-stainers, Pewterers, Saddlers, Salters, Shipwrights, Skinners, Spectacle-makers, Stationers, Tallow-chandlers, Tilers and Bricklayers, Vintners, and Weavers.* The Fishmongers' Company were the only prominent guild unrepresented. The articles comprised magnificent loving-cups, punchbowls, tankards, épergnes, flagons, ladles, rose-water dishes, salt-sellers, coffee-pots, ewers, snuff-boxes, apostle spoons, and beadles' staves. In the centre of the Egyptian Hall stood a great glass show-case, in and on which were disposed the plate in use at the Mansion House, Corporation plate, and picked specimens from the more massive articles sent by the Companies, the result being a really wonderful trophy of gold and silver work. The gems of this collection were the wonderful helmet-shaped ewer and the great salver, both lent by the Goldsmiths' Company, of Paul Lamerie, and the best examples of the goldsmith's work. They are of the date 1741, a century at least later than the bulk of the articles exhibited, and the style of art is more ornate and showy than that of the work of the older smiths; but in workmanship it yields to none, and there is a boldness and a vigour which place the salver and ewer quite alone among the many hundreds of pieces of massive plate.

The Corporation exhibited a number of charters granted by the Kings of England, commencing with two charters of William I., and including the charter of King John granting the shrievalty of London and Middlesex to the citizens of London, and dated 1199. A second charter of King John, dated 1214, granting the citizens of London the right to elect their Mayor was also shown. Amongst the other objects of historical interest were books, pictures, and drawings of old London; autographs, including a deed signed by Shakspeare; and an account of the christenings and deaths during the year of pestilence, 1665. The Corporation also exhibited the City jewelled sceptre, tendered to Sovereigns on the occasion of Royal visits to the City; the City purse, symbol of the cash of the City; and the plate in use at the Mansion House. The Bohemian astrological clock, fabricated at Prague by Jacob Zech, A.D. 1525, was lent by the Society of Antiquaries. The Barber-Surgeons' Company appear to have launched into the luxury of silver plate at an earlier epoch than did most of the other corporate bodies, or, if it did not do so, it has at least been more fortunate in preserving its distinct plate. The grace cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented to the Company by Henry VIII. (hall-marked 1523), and the Royal oak cup and cover, in silver, presented to them

* We regret to see the Masons' Company unrepresented. Why?—ED. *M.M.*

by Charles II. in 1676, both attracted much attention. The Armourers and Braziers' Company was very strongly represented in the older part of the collection. This Company lent, amongst other things, a large mazer bowl, silver mounted, hall marked 1578-9; the wooden bowl, presented by Everard Frere, the first master after the incorporation in 1453; standing cup and cover, silver-gilt, the gift of John Richmond, fifteenth century work; the Owl Pot, brown stone ware in form of an owl, given in 1537 by Julyan, wife of William Vyneard; beadle's staff, surmounted with representation of St. George and the Dragon, date 1658. The grace cup and cover—a very fine specimen of work—lent by the Mercers' Company were with the Henry VIII. cup in the case on the left of the entrance, which contained the oldest specimens of plate present—for the display was arranged chronologically. The Blacksmiths' Company contributed a case containing specimens of work in iron; the Broderers' Company a cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented by John Parr in 1606, made at Nuremberg; the Butchers' Company a silver beaker, the gift of Richard Taylor, hall-marked 1669. The Carpenters' Company contributed four standing cups, silver-gilt, and four garlands (or caps) of the master and wardens of the Company. The Clockmakers' Company sent a case containing specimens of ancient watches, etc. The Clothworkers' Company exhibited a standing cup and cover, silver, presented by Samuel Pepys 1677, hall-marked same year; also a standing cup and cover, silver, presented by Daniel Waldo in 1655, hall-marked same year; and a large Monteith, or punch-bowl, with bull's head handles, presented by Sir J. Bull, hall-marked 1718. From the Coachmakers' Company there was a large flagon, silver-gilt repousse, with arms of the Company, presented by R. Cheslyn about 1685; a large flagon, silver-gilt, presented by J. Jacob in 1693; and a beadle's staff-head, silver, dating from about 1677. The Cooks' Company contributed a cup and cover presented by E. Corbett in 1676, hall-marked 1675; and also a cocoanut cup, hall-marked 1588. The Coopers' Company sent a Monteith, or punch-bowl, fluted, presented by Francis Loveday in 1705, hall-marked 1704; and a cup in form of a barrel, on tall stem, Basle hall-mark. The Cordwainers' Company a flat-lid tankard, the gift of Thomas Palfray in 1666, hall-marked 1667, etc. The Cutlers' Company a cup and cover, silver-gilt, presented by G. Clark in 1616, hall-marked 1607; salt, in form of an elephant, presented by R. Carrington in 1658. The Distillers' Company a silver coffee-pot, presented by T. Hardwicke in 1778, hall-marked 1773; and also a silver tankard, presented by J. Woods in 1700, hall-marked 1700. The Drapers' Company contributed several handsome cups, one presented by W. Lambardi in 1578, hall-marked 1578-9; a silver cup and cover, presented by John Walter in 1656; a silver cup and cover, presented by John Taylor, hall-marked 1699; and a silver voiding knife, presented by Sir Edward Barkeham; lunette, or breast ornament, of pure gold, found on the Company's Irish estate. The Fanmakers' Company: beadle's staff-head, silver, 1726. The Goldsmiths' Company: helmet-shaped ewer, by Paul Lamerie, hall-marked 1741; great salver, by the same, hall-marked 1741 (very massive); tall German cup and cover, Augsburg, sixteenth century work; salt, gift of Richard Rogers in 1632; another salt, gift of Simon Gibbon in the same year. The Grocers' Company: two standing cups and covers, presented by John Saunders, who died in 1669, hall-marked 1672 and 1764. The Haberdashers' Company: pair of loving cups, silver-gilt, with frosted surface, the gift of Thomas Stone, hall-marked 1649; silver-gilt circular salt, presented by Sir Hugh Hammersley 1636, hall-marked 1635; silver-gilt standing cup, embossed with three scenes from the book of Tobit, presented by Mr. Thomas Juall 1629, hall-marked 1629; waterman's silver badge, dated 1689. The Innholders' Company: standing cup, silver-gilt, presented by Grace Gwalter, hall-marked 1599; salt-cellar, silver, gift of Richard Reeve in 1748, hall-marked 1657. The Ironmongers' Company: pair of maize bowls, mounted in silver-gilt; on a raised boss at the bottom of each

bowl are the Company's arms enamelled in their proper colours, fifteenth century; cocoanut cup, or hanap, mounted in silver-gilt frame on a fluted stand, late fifteenth century. The joiners' Company: eighteen ancient silver spoons; loving cup and cover, hall-marked 1770. The Leathersellers' Company: two drinking cups, silver parcel-gilt, presented by George Humble, 1640; rose-water dish and ewer, silver-gilt, presented by Bentley, Augsburg hall-mark; two garlands of the masters and wardens of the Company. The Mercers' Company: grace cup and cover, ornamented with maidens' heads and flagons, the badges of the Company, hall-marked 1499-1500; silver-gilt tun or wine-barrel with waggon, formerly belonging to College of St. Thomas of Acon, early sixteenth century; pair of loving cups, silver, gift of Governor and Company of Bank of England in 1718, hall-marked 1694; épergne, silver, gift of National Debt Commissioners in 1794, hall-marked 1794; "Evidences of Dean Colet's Lands," MS. book of early part of sixteenth century; Original Ordinances of Whittington College, illuminated; Original Ordinances of Dean Colet for St Paul's School, with portrait of the dean. The Merchant Taylors' Company: beadle's mace, silver; standard yard measure, silver; two silver loving-cups, with handles and covers, presented by Thomas Roberts in 1795, hall-marked 1795. The Needlemakers' Company: rose-water dish and ewer, silver-gilt, presented by Thomas King in 1809, hall-marked 1799; two silver salt-cellars, hall-marked 1692 and 1705; charters. The Painter-stainers' Company: silver cup and cover, bequeathed by Mr. W. Camden, hall-marked 1623; salt (in three pieces), gift of Mr. J. Beston, hall-marked 1635; three spoons, seal topped, hall-marks from 1560 to 1590. The Pewterers' Company: silver-gilt cups and cover; beadle's staff-head, silver; two touch-plates of the pewter manufacturers (now out of use). The Saddlers' Company: cocoanut cup, gift of T. Layborne in 1627, sixteenth century work, subject, "Life of Christ;" rose-water dish; four tall salt-cellars, etc.; mace, silver-gilt, presented by John Heylin in 1711; ballot-box, given in 1619 for three balls of cork. The Salters' Company: tea urn; rose-water dish; tankards, 1716; a bill of fare of 1506, showing a dinner for fifty persons given at a cost of £2 17*s.* 6*d.* The Shipwrights' Company: two silver-gilt cups, with handles and covers, date 1808; silver-gilt Lubeck Shipper's cup and cover, foreign; silver claret jug, Indian. The Skinners' Company: peahen cup, silver, presented by Mary Peacock in 1642; two Cockayne loving cups, silver-gilt, bequeathed by William Cockayne, hall-marked 1605; a silver snuff-box, in the shape of a leopard, the Company's crest, the gift of Robert Kemp, master, in 1610. The Spectaclemakers' Company: silver cup, Irish, Dublin hall-marked 1726. The Stationers' Company: Two cups, silver, presented by Thomas Davies, hall-marked 1676; two-handled cup, silver, presented by Elizabeth Crook, hall-marked 1674, and several other interesting pieces of plate. The Tallow-chandlers' Company: rose-water dish, silver, seventeenth century; barge-master's badge, silver, framed; grant of supporters, 1602, framed, under hand and seal of William Camden, Clarencieux. The Tilers and Bricklayers' Company: three silver fish slices, shaped like bricklayers' trowels, hall-marked 1770; Breeches Bible, and old Bible with padlock and chain. The Vintners' Company: square salt and cover, silver-gilt, presented by J. Powell in 1702, hall-marked 1569; small wine cup, of silver, in shape of a female carrying a a milk-pail, forming two drinking vessels; tankard, stoneware, mounted in silver-gilt, with cover, hall-marked 1562; cocoanut cup, mounted in silver-gilt, ornamented with pineapples, etc., hall-marked 1518-19; embroidered pall, purple silk, brocaded in gold, fifteenth century; tapestry, framed and glazed, originally made for Canterbury Cathedral, A.D. 1400. The Weavers' Company: beadle's mace, silver, Tudor period; the Company's charter (Henry II.), attested by Thomas à Becket. In almost all cases more objects than those enumerated were sent by the Companies named, but time prevents us from particularizing them now.

Amongst other contributions were a Doggett's milk-cup and tube of silver, dated 1715; a pegged tankard of silver, bearing the Swedish hall-mark of 1717, and an Indian cup, cover, and stand. These were lent by Mr. J. R. Vallentin, Master of the Distillers' Company. A case containing thirteen apostle spoons, and other spoons and forks, was lent by Mr. W. Pitman, C.C. In the vestibule were three cases of Japanese art work in metal and lacquer, lent by Mr. C. Pfoundes, who also exhibited a large number of specimens of Japanese art in the drawing-rooms. Amongst other beautiful and rare objects, some of which were lent by the Society of Antiquaries, were silk embroideries, paintings on silk, albums of native sketches and paintings, and specimens of ancient and modern pottery. At the entrance to the state drawing-room were hung two large and rich paintings on silk, representing the death of Buddha. Several specimens of rare Mikudzu ware, pottery in relief, and delicate jewellery and enamel work were also shown by Mr. Pfoundes.

We hope that this interesting evening may be repeated. It is asserted that even this collective show was but a tithe of the plate of the London Companies. Why should not such an auspicious beginning lead to a fuller and more perfect representation of art treasures belonging to the "guilds" of the most ancient of Municipal Corporations.

"ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM."

THUS is entitled the concluding portion of the "Ancient Poem" discovered by James Orchard Hallwell in the British Museum, and published by him under the title of "The Early History of Freemasonry in England." The critical examination by Bro. George Kloss of this interesting document has demonstrated the fact that it dates from the early part of the 15th century, and that it is, beyond dispute, the most ancient English Masonic document yet discovered. That portion of the poem to which we would now call especial attention is as follows:—

Pray we now to God almyght,
And to hys swete moder Mary bryght,
That we mowe keepe these artyculus here,
And these poyntes wel al y-fere,*
As dede these *holy martyres fowre*,
That yn thys craft were of gret honoure.
They were as gode masonns as on erthe schul go;
Gravers and ymage makers they were also;
For they were werkemen of the beste.
The emperour hade to hem gret luste;†
He wylned‡ of hem a ymage to make
That mowth be worscheped for hys sake;
Suche maumetys§ he hade yn hys dawe‖
To turne the pepul from Crystus lawe,
But they were stedefast yn Crystes lay,¶
And to here craft, withouten nay;
They loved wel God, and alle hys lore,
And weren yn hys serves ever more.
Trwe men they were yn that dawe,
And lyved wel y Goddus lawe;

* Together. † Liking. ‡ Willed. § Idols. ‖ Day. ¶ Law.

They thought no mawmetys for to make,
For no good that they mygth take,
To levyn on that mawmetys for here God,
They nolde* do so, thawg he were wod;†
For they nolde not forsake here trw fay,‡
And byleve on hys falsse lay.
The emperour let take hem sone anone,
And putte hem ynto a dep presone;
The sarre§ he penest‖ hem yn that place
The more yoye wes to hem of Cristus grace;
Thenne when he syc¶ no nother won,
To dethe he lette hem thenne gon;
Whose wol of here lyf yet more knowe,
By the bok he may hyt schowe,
In the *legend of sanctorum*,
The names of *quatuor coronatorum*;
Here fest** wol be, withoute nay,
After Alle Halwen†† the eyght day.'

The allusion here to the "quatuor coronatorum," or "holy martyres fowre," is one of the most conclusive proofs of the connection which existed between the Freemasons of England and the "Steinmetzen" or Stone-cutters of Germany; and shows that they both formed part of the same fraternity, and sprang from one common source. In England, as well as in Germany, the four holy crowned martyrs were esteemed as patron saints of the fraternity of Masons.

Heideloff, the German architect, tells us in his "Bauhütte des Mittelalters" that many of the altars erected by the mediæval masons were dedicated to their patron saints, the four holy crowned martyrs (Die heiligen Vier Gekrönten), whose names were Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, and Victorinus, —all of whom were Christian Masons and Martyrs, who, having refused to build a pagan temple, were, by command of the emperor Diocletian, or, as some say, Tiberius, cast into the river Tiber, where they perished.

Several of the Stone-masons' regulations of Germany conclude with the words, "All these articles have been framed from the text of the ancient Constitutions which were made by the holy crowned martyrs, named Claudius, Christerius, and Significanus, to the praise and glory of the Holy Trinity and of Mary, the Queen of Heaven."

The names and number of the holy martyrs vary much in different documents: sometimes, as above, but three are mentioned; at other times we find four, and even five individuals alluded to, but always as the "Vier Gekrönten."

The statutes of the Stonemasons of Strasburg of 1459 commence with the following formula: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the worthy mother Mary, and to the everlasting memory of her blessed servants the holy four crowned martyrs," etc.

The regulations of 1462 begin as follows: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the name of the blessed Virgin Mary, and to the honour of the four crowned martyrs, we, masters of the work of the Stone-masons," etc.

In Wattenbach's "Passio Sanctorum quatuor Coronatorum," Vienna, 1853, which is taken from a MS. in the Ducal Library at Coburg, it is related that these four Christian sculptors preferred to suffer martyrdom rather than defile their mallets and chisels by carving a statue of Asclepius, the heathen Lord and Saviour.

At Antwerp there formerly existed a "Society of the Four Crowned Martyrs" (Claudius, Nycostratus, Symphorianus, and Castorius), which consisted of masons, slate-quarriers, paviers, and stuccoers, or plasterers, an account of which will be found in the "Aurea Legenda," ed. Grässe, p. 739, and in the "Archives Philol.," Louvain, vol. i., p. 351, and vol. ii., p. 63.

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* Would not. † Married ‡ Faith. § Sorer. ‖ Punished, pained. ¶ Saw.
** Feast. †† All-Hallows.

Merzdorf, in his valuable work on "The Medals of the Freemasons," mentions a copper medal which probably emanated from the above society. The obverse represents a hammer over two chisels crossed, and the inscription "DE . VIER . GHECROONDE . 1546 . CASOTRIUM ." with a *hand*, the mint-mark of Antwerp. On the reverse is a hammer, trowel, and mould-board with the inscription "CLAVDIV . NYCOSTRATVN . SIMPHORIANVN . * ."

Schauberg, in his late work on the "Symbolism of Freemasonry," states that "Meister-tafel" (Masters' table) at Basle has on each of its sides a representation of one of the four crowned martyrs, with a brief and pithy inscription alluding to the symbolic meaning of the Compass, Square, Rule, and Level, as follows :—

1. Cirkels Kunst und Gerechtigkeit
   Den on Gott niemand usleit.
2. Das Winkelmas hat Kunst genug,
   Wenn man es brucht on Ortes Fug.
3. Der Masstab hat Kunst mannigfalt,
   Wirt auch gebrucht von jung und alt.
4. Die Wog ist gar hoch zu loben
   Sie ziegt an den rechten Kloben.

In the various missals of the 15th century, no explanation is to be found of the legend, although a special litany is laid down for the feast-day of the four martyrs (8th November), and this is specially the case in the "Missale Coloniense," 1480. In the breviaries, however, the legend of the "Vier Gekrönten" is given with more or less detail. It it impossible at this day to decide with certainty which of these breviaries is the original source from which this legend has been taken by the others; but it is a remarkable fact that the amplest details are always to be found in the breviaries of those bishoprics where at the time great cathedrals were in process of erection, as at Spires, 1477; Utrecht, 1497; Wurzburg, 1480; while in those of Basle and Constance, 1480; Salzburg, 1482; Luttich, 1492; and Erfurt, 1495, no reference is made to the legend further than the mere allusion to the memory of the four martyrs.

Although in the breviaries above mentioned the four martyrs are spoken of as *sculptors*, yet the continual recurrence of the expression "ars quadrataria, quadratacia, or quadraria," signifying of, or belonging to, a stone-cutter, has a direct reference to architecture and to the stone-masons' art, and designates them as in reality Masons, "Steinmetzen," or Stone-cutters.

This reminds us of a passage in "Anderson's Book of Constitutions," 1723, viz.: "Nor should it be forgot that painters also, and *statuaries*, were always reckoned good Masons, as much as builders, stone-cutters, brick-layers, carpenters, joiners, upholders, or tent-makers, and a vast many other craftsmen who could be named who perform according to geometry and the rules of building," etc.

In the "Lives of the Saints," 1475 and 1448, it is said of these Masons that "the five understood well how to carve, paint, and mould images;" and in the "Passional," Zwoll, 1490,—"These martyrs possessed all the arts of carving images." So also in the ancient poem we have quoted—

> They were as gode *masonns* as on erthe schul go
> *Gravers* and *ymage-makers* they were also.

(To be continued.)

IN THE LONG RUN.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

IN the long run fame finds deserving man,
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful crown-thorned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years, and stand confess'd
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely—do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

IN spite of the rapid improvements and romance-dispelling realities of this prosaic, gold-getting nineteenth century of ours, matters antiquarian receive their due measure of attention. Conspicuous amongst writers on antiquarian lore is the indefatigable Bro. Henry Calvert Appleby, honorary librarian of the Hull Literary Club. We frequently notice his well-known signature in the "Notes and Queries" columns of various papers whose editors give

attention to the study of the past. He also contributes occasional articles, always interesting, to various influential issues of the hebdomadal press. We had recently the pleasure of reading in the smartly edited *Boston Independent* some excellent and appreciative critical notes on the exhibition of the Royal Academy, written by Bro. Appleby, which afford unmistakeable evidence of the writer's taste and skill in the realm of fine art. From time to time, also, his well-written sketches are published in some of our most popular monthlies. Bro. Appleby is by no means unknown to the readers of this magazine. We are always entertained and instructed by his bright and eminently readable articles. He enjoys an enviable and well-deserved reputation, and his works are always remarkable for thoroughness of treatment and originality of style. We understand that Bro. Appleby is about to re-publish, in volume form, a number of his scattered magazine papers, and we cannot doubt that the undertaking will meet with much success.

We have on our table a handsomely bound volume of verse, recently published by Messrs. Wyman and Sons, from the powerful pen of Mr. Percy Russell, the well-known London Journalist. Mr. Russell has a high reputation as a writer on political and social subjects, and is, moreover, a poet of no mean ability. His rhythmical productions, characterised by a graceful style and fanciful imagination, are familiar to the readers of the metropolitan magazines. In the book before us, "King Alfred, and other poems," we notice many old favourites and not a few fragments of vigorous verse which see the light for the first time. The delightful metrical legend which gives title to the volume is a masterly production, faithful in its principal features to history, and full of poetic power. "King Edward the Second," a drama dealing with another stirring epoch in the annals of England, is also well conceived, and worked out with a due regard to detail. The brightest things in the book are, however, three "Battle Ballads," sterling specimens of heroic verse, reminding us forcibly of Macaulay's brilliant "Lays." We have had much pleasure in perusing Mr. Russell's elegant volume, and we can recommend it with confidence to our readers.

Bro. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., is contributing to the widely-circulated *Nottingham Guardian* a series of smart historical sketches under the title of "Strange Stories of the Midlands." These carefully prepared and well digested articles are finding much favour amongst the many readers of the leading Nottinghamshire journal. We learn that eventually they will be reissued in volume form.

We have received from Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. a copy of the second edition of "Canterbury in the Olden Time," by Mr. John Brent, F.S.A. It is an important production in every sense of the word, and by far the best guide to the archæological associations of the seat of the metropolitan see of England. No one word is wasted in its three hundred pages of learned letterpress, and the valuable information conveyed is further elucidated by some thirty illustrations, several of them coloured. There is a pleasant chapter on guilds, fraternities, and mediæval mysteries.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce a second series of "Tales of our Great Families," by Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., the erudite editor of *The Antiquary*. The work consists of two elegant volumes of highly interesting information anent the family histories of "the upper ten." Lovers of the remarkable will find a fund of entertainment in these "tales," for the accuracy of which Mr. Walford's reputation as a biographical historian is a sufficient guarantee.

The new literary journal *The Pen* is in future to be issued as a monthly. The first few numbers, published weekly, have borne unmistakeable evidence of a strong editorial hand and a talented staff of contributors. We trust that, under the altered arrangements, *The Pen* will take a permanent stand as a critical journal.

We learn that Mr. Samuel Smiles will shortly bring out a book on "Duty," as a companion volume to his widely-appreciated works on "Self-Help," "Thrift," and kindred subjects.

Mr. Charles H. Poole, F.R.S.L., has in the press an important work on "Staffordshire Superstitions, Legends, Folk-lore, etc.," somewhat similar in design and arrangement to the same author's popular production, "Legends of Somerset."

Mr. Edward Bradbury ("Strephon") is contributing to the *Derbyshire Times* a collection of picturesque descriptive sketches entitled "Undiscovered Derbyshire." At the conclusion of the serial issue of these articles they are to be reissued by Mr. Bates, of Buxton, in book-form.

"The Black Cottage, or Tom Brace's Picture," by Mr. W. E. Brouggham (Tinsley Brothers), is a very entertaining ghost story. The author deals with his subject in sparkling style, and manifests much originality. Another excellent tale, "*Elsie's Parrot*," is related in the volume.

Miss Rosa Mackenzie is issuing an author's edition of her deservedly popular novels. Two of the volumes, "Lord Maskelyne's Daughter" and "La Belle Marie," have already appeared. This gifted authoress has a peculiar power of literary landscape painting, and her character sketches are true to the life.

A well-written and tastefully illustrated account of the "Churches of Yorkshire" is being published in monthly parts by Messrs. W. E. Fox and W. H. Hatton, F.R.H.S., of Bradford. This important topographical serial merits every commendation.

A series of pleasant papers entitled "Yorkshire Family Romances," just concluded in the Saturday supplements of the *Leeds Mercury*, have been attracting much attention in the "county of broad acres" and elsewhere. We have heard many expressions of desire that these well-written articles were available for handy reference and reading; and we trust those concerned will accede to this wide-spread wish. We understand that the writer of "Yorkshire Family Romances" is Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., author of "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds."

In *Railway*, "a journal of pure literature" (121, King's Cross Road), we find some interesting storiettes, written by "L'Allegro," a clever *littérateur* who has the gift of casting round every-day occurrences all the fascination of fiction. "By the Waters of Babylon" is, we think, the best of the batch of tales which have already appeared. It is a well-painted picture of the lights and shadows of London life.

PERFORMANCE OF THE *AGAMEMNON* OF ÆSCHYLUS AT BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WE take this interesting account of an unusual performance from the *Guardian*, a paper not much read by the majority of those who peruse the *Masonic Magazine*, as we think it refers to "an episode" in dramatic annals which may interest possibly some of our friends, and deserves to be noted and recorded in our "maga.," which supports all that elevates the taste, or love of the classical drama.

MORE than two thousand three hundred years ago (in 458 B.C.) an audience of, perhaps, 25,000 persons, Athenian citizens, men and women (the latter sitting apart in the uppermost tiers of seats), with such Greeks from other cities as had come to the famous Dionysiac festival, witnessed in the great open-air theatre of Dionysus, on the sloping ground at the south-east foot of the Acropolis, the first performance of the *Agamemnon*. The grand "Trilogy" of which it formed the opening act was the last, as it was the crowning effort of the sublime imagination of Æschylus, the leader of that trio of poets whose works remain for a sample of the marvellous development, within the space of some fifty years, of tragic art at Athens, the originality of which development, no less than its extraordinary fertility, must ever be a subject of wonder. The authors of the *Agamemnon* and the *Persæ*, the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and the *Œdipus Coloneus*, the *Ion* and the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, stand by the common consent of two thousand years upon a level which, perhaps, has since been reached by one dramatic poet alone—by the author of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. But when we know that the thirty-one tragedies which have been saved to us are the remnant of no less than 275 ascribed to these three poets alone; that many of the best plays that we have were vanquished in public competition by rivals whose very names are lost—the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, for example, the acknowledged masterpiece of tragic structure from the days of Aristotle to our own, having only gained a second prize—and that many tragic poets, in the estimation of their contemporaries, must have been nearly on a par with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; we may form some idea of the intellectual and artistic atmosphere which made such creations as the *Agamemnon* possible, and why it is that nothing "simile aut secundum" has sprung into being in the centuries that have passed. The tragic art reached its highest development once for all in those far-off days when—

> Gorgeous Tragedy
> In sceptred pall came sweeping by,
> Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line.
> Or the tale of Troy divine;—

"rare," indeed, as Milton felt, being that which

> of later age
> Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

From 458 B.C. to 1880 A.D. is a wide stretch of years; but wider still is the gulf that lies between the theatre of Dionysus and the Hall of Balliol; wider the difference between the spirit of both actors and spectators in ancient Athens and in modern Oxford. It is like the difference between the clear blue Grecian

sky under which the *Agamemnon* was first performed, and the gaslight which illumined the presentation of last Thursday. Shorn of its inspiring local and religious associations, a Greek tragedy cannot but be an anachronism. The theatre at Athens (in the time of Æschylus at any rate) was a sacred place, and the drama an act of public worship. In the most prominent position, in the centre of the "orchestra," or dancing-place, on which the Chorus stood, was the "thymele," or altar of Dionysus, the central point of the choral dances; the place of honour in the chief seats immediately round the orchestra was occupied by the priest of Dionysus, with the priest of Apollo on his right and the priest of Zeus "Polieus" on his left; and, above all, the story to be represented was felt by the whole audience to be *sacred*, inasmuch as its personages were the gods and heroes of their race—the familiar names of that mythical antiquity which had such reality for a Greek, and into which all the existing threads of family and social and national life ran back. "A Greek tragedy," says Professor Jebb, in his admirable little "Primer of Greek Literature"—

> Could bring before a vast Greek audience, in a grandly simple form, harmonised by choral music and dance, the great figures of their religious and civil history. The picture had at once ideal beauty of the highest kind, and for Greeks a deep reality; they seemed to be looking at the actual *beginning* of those rites and usages which were most dear and sacred in their daily life.

In a modern presentment all this is, of course, lost; nor can it be compensated for by external features of the drama, by skill in acting, for example, or play of feature, or variety of costume and scenery. Greek plays were not written with a view to such "theatrical" considerations. There was but little animated gesture or movement on the stage. The two or three actors stood more like a group of majestic statues, wearing appropriate masks (play of feature would have been lost on the spectators in the vast open-air theatre), and made up to look larger than human with a sort of high wig and very thick-soled boots or buskins (*the grandes cothurni* especially identified with tragedy). Their costume was never merely theatrical, suited to different parts; but was of one general type—viz., that worn at processions of the god Dionysus, a long striped robe, with a broad band or girdle, and over this a mantle of bright colour.

The "scene" at the back of the stage (a high wall covered with hangings or painted woodwork representing a temple or palace) was hardly ever changed—the *Ajax* of Sophocles and *Eumenides* of Æschylus being, perhaps, the only extant tragedies in which this could have been done—but partial changes of side scenery were effected by means of triangular prisms revolving upon pivots at the side of the stage: and there were certain mechanical appliances for showing the interior of a house through the open door, and for suspending gods in the air. There was much less room for acting or theatrical effect than on the modern stage; and the effect depended far more on the religious and patriotic sympathies and active intellectual interest of the original audience. Without that audience and its peculiar feelings and associations any real "reproduction" of a Greek drama is impossible. It is an interesting experiment, but an obvious anachronism.

We have premised these remarks, not in disparagement of the attempt to represent the *Agamemnon*, but to show the really insuperable difficulties under which it was made, and the impossibility of judging it by the standard of modern criticism. That the actors themselves were aware of this appears from a short notice prefixed to their "play-bill," in which they are—

> Anxious to disclaim any intention of producing a *fac-simile* of a Greek drama. Were such a thing possible, to all but antiquarians it would seem grotesque and unmeaning. We have, therefore, been guided throughout by the one desire of giving to this work the best

dramatic expression in our power. We have kept this before us in the choice of our text—Hermann's; and in making such omissions as we found to be necessary. If any learned scholars, who have honoured us with their presence, feel the absence of a familiar line or a favourite reading, we can only beg their indulgence and appeal to them for generous sympathy in an enterprise which we cannot but feel to be most difficult, if not audacious. Neither the shortness of the time at our disposal, nor the mediocrity of our talents, permit us to hope for a great dramatic success. We shall be more than satisfied if we can convey but a faint impression of the grandeur of one of the greatest of dramas.

That all possible success was attained, most of those who were present can testify. The following is the "cast" of actors and assistants:—

Watchman	Mr. W. L. Courtney, New College.
Clytemnestra	Mr. F. R. Benson, New College.
Herald	Mr. J. A. Fort, New College.
Agamemnon	Mr. W. N. Bruce, Balliol.
Cassandra	Mr. G. Lawrence, C.C.C.
Ægisthus	Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, New College.

CHORUS OF ARGIVE ELDERS.

First Argive	Mr. O. T. Perkins, New College.
Second Argive	Mr. M. T. Tatham, Balliol.
Third Argive	Mr. A. M. Mackinnon, Trinity.
Fourth Argive	Mr. C. Lowry, C.C.C.
Fifth Argive	Mr. W. S. Eastwood, New College.
Sixth Argive	Mr. L. Huxley, Balliol.
Seventh Argive...	Mr. R. R. Farrant, New College.
Eighth Argive	Mr. J. W. Mackail, Balliol.
Ninth Argive	Mr. E. W. Huntingford, Merton.
Tenth Argive	Mr. F. A. Ker, New College.
Eleventh Argive	Mr. J. R. Rodd, Balliol.
Twelfth Argive	Mr. J. T. A. Haines, Balliol.
Thirteenth Argive	Mr. M. C. Bickersteth, New College.
Fourteenth Argive	Mr. S. Pickering, Balliol.
Fifteenth Argive	Mr. T. R. Walrond, Balliol.
Chorodidaskalos	Mr. A. Bradley, Balliol.
Composer of Music	Mr. W. Parratt, Magdalen.

COMMITTEE.

Mr. W. N. Bruce, Balliol.	Mr. W. L. Courtney, New College.
Mr. C. Lowry, C.C.C.	Mr. M. C. Bickersteth, New College.

Manager—Mr. F. R. Benson, New College.
Architect—Mr. W. A. S. Benson, New College.
Scene Painters—Messrs. J. R. Rodd, Balliol; A. J. Ryle, New College.
Stage Carpenter—J. Shelton, Little Clarendon Street.

An English translation of the play by Professor Lewis Campbell, of St. Andrew's, specially designed for the stage, has (we believe) been recently performed with some success at Edinburgh, one supposed advantage being that the parts of Clytemnestra and Cassandra could be taken by ladies. This, however, is a sacrifice of historical accuracy; for none but male actors appeared on the Athenian stage, and the great size of the theatre was probably beyond the range of female voices. For this, and for other reasons, we think that the Oxford *troupe* were quite right in keeping their presentment as nearly as they could to the original by retaining the original language. In the music for the choral songs there was greater freedom of choice, because so little is known of the ancient Greek music; but the eminent organist of Magdalen (Mr. Parratt), whose assistance was invoked, might surely have received a hint that, of all modern instruments, that which is least likely to be analagous to anything the Greeks possessed is a piano. The harp, the reed-pipe, the flute, the clarionet, the bugle, or the oboe, have all more or less affinity, so far as we can tell, to the instruments mentioned in Greek literature; but can we conceive a chorus in the Theatre of Dionysus being accompanied by a piano? The effect of this feature in Mr. Parratt's otherwise excellent accompaniment was one of

almost ludicrous incongruity; as also was the too audible striking of a lucifer match behind the scenes during the Watchman's opening speech, just before he sees the beacon fires; and the fact (to those who knew it) that a prompter was concealed within the "thymele." But with these trifling exceptions, the fears that ludicrous rather than pathetic emotions might be stirred were triumphantly refuted; and it is not too much to say that the performance gave a far better impression of the grandeur of one of the greatest of dramas than was generally either hoped for or expected. It is an additional tribute (if such were needed) to the dramatic force of Æschylus' conception that the full tragic pathos of the story could be realised so keenly, as it evidently was, by persons unacquainted with the language in which it is written.

The main outlines of the play are probably more or less familiar to most of those who have cared to follow us thus far; but a short account of some events alluded to in the *Agamemnon*, and anterior to the action described in it, will explain some of the motives of that action. We quote from a paper circulated among the audience, and drawn up (we understand) by Mr. A. Bradley, Fellow of Balliol:—

Atreus, King of Argos, expelled from the city his brother and rival Thyestes, together with Thyestes' son Ægisthus. Thyestes, returning as a suppliant, was received by Atreus, who prepared for him a banquet, at which the flesh of his own children was served to him. Thyestes, discovering what he had unwittingly done, invoked a curse upon the whole house of Atreus.

Agamemnon, son of Atreus, succeeded him as king, and married Clytemnestra. There were born to them a son, Orestes, and a daughter, Iphegeneia.

Helen, the wife of Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon, fled with Paris the Trojan to Troy; and Agamemnon was chosen chief of the Greek host which sailed against Troy. The fleet was becalmed at Aulis through the anger of Artemis; and Agamemnon, at the instance of Calchas, the soothsayer, sacrificed his daughter Iphegeneia to appease the goddess. Through this act, which the Chorus ascribes to an impious frenzy, Agamemnon deepened the curse already resting on his house, and roused the hatred of Clytemnestra.

The Trojan war lasted ten years; and, during the absence of Agamemnon, Ægesthus, who had returned to Argos, won the love of Clytemnestra. Agamemnon is, of course, ignorant of it.

The play opens at the date of the fall of Troy. The scene is the front of the palace at Argos. Agamemnon had promised that the taking of Troy should be made known to Clytemnestra by the lighting of a succession of beacon-fires, the last of which will be visible to a watchman on the roof of the palace.

The scene, painted by two undergraduates with the advice and assistance of Professor W. B. Richmond, was a simple but very effective representation of a Greek front, with a central and two side entrances concealed by curtains. Immediately in front of this was the raised portion of the stage, on which the principal actors stood; while below this again, but above the floor of the hall, was a wider space, representing the "orchestra," with the "thymele" in the centre, appropriately adorned with a figure of Dionysus seated on a tiger. This space was occupied throughout by the Chorus. On the pediment of the palace, above the main entrance, was the figure of Apollo in his chariot, which afterwards attracts the attention of Cassandra. This figure was the work of Professor Richmond.

At about a quarter-past eight the buzz of conversation among the expectant audience was stilled by the sudden appearance of the Watchman passing across the stage, and then ascending the roof to watch for the beacon fire. A sudden glow reveals it, and with a shout he descends to tell Clytemnestra, passing off the stage with a mysterious allusion to evils in the house. Then from the two side-doors the chorus of Argive Elders enters and range themselves in two bands on either side of the thymele, chanting to a monotonous cadence the opening twenty lines of the first choral ode. The remainder of the long ode (vv. 60—263) was distributed among individual members of the Chorus, of whom we may say once for all that their careful knowledge of their

parts, and the spirit with which they threw themselves into the various situations, contributed in no slight degree to the success of the representation; while their make-up as old (and somewhat "pottering") men was excellent. Some of them showed considerable dramatic power, especially the Argive to whom fell the famous description of the sacrifice of Iphegeneia (vv. 224—246). The "Chorodidaskalos," Mr. Bradley, must be complimented on the results of his training.

During this ode, Clytemnestra, attended by two handmaidens, appears lighting the sacrificial fire on altars in front of the house. Clytemnestra's "get up" was admirable, and realised the conception of a handsome masculine-featured woman better, perhaps, than any woman actor could have done; while a certain stiffness in her gesture and manner might fairly be interpreted as indicating dignity, and was well suited to her part in later scenes. Mr. Benson will forgive us for saying that the representative of the leading character in such a drama should not have been open to any reproach of imperfect knowledge of his part, or want of sufficient attention to its details; but as we see that he had the general management on his hands, we can make allowances for minor shortcomings. Some conversation between Clytemnestra and the Chorus is followed by a long lyric passage, in which we were especially struck by the Fifth Argive's delivery of the beautiful passage describing Helen's flight and the grief of Menelaus (vv. 402—419). Then arrives the Herald from Troy, with an account of all the sufferings and triumph of the army, and announces the approach of Agamemnon. He is sent back by Clytemnestra with a somewhat strained message of welcome to Agamemnon, and the Chorus sing an ode presaging ill for a success which springs from the wrong done by Paris and Helen. Wrong begets wrong, they say, and justice turns from impious success. While they are singing, the curtain draws back at one of the side scenes, and discovers Agamemnon standing in his chariot, with *Cassandra by his side; and, after he has exchanged greetings with the Chorus,* Clytemnestra comes forward to greet him, describing her loneliness without him, and joy at his return, and entreating him to pass in over purple carpets. Agamemnon deprecates such honours, but yields after a while, and bids her welcome Cassandra, at sight of whom Clytemnestra scowls, but turns away, and, as her lord goes in, utters an ominous prayer to Zeus to accomplish her wishes. The whole of this scene was well rendered, and Agamemnon's dignified manner and fine voice gave a good presentment of the victorious chief. Clytemnestra, too, rose to the occasion: her coldness of manner towards Agamemnon, which belies her words, and her start and momentary look of displeasure when introduced to Cassandra, being excellently acted.

All is now ready for the catastrophe, and the Chorus begin to forebode evil. Clytemnestra comes out and bids Cassandra come in: but she sits as in a trance, and pays no heed. Afterwards, when Clytemnestra has gone in, she comes down from the chariot.

At the sight of the statue of Apollo she is seized by the prophetic frenzy, and calls upon the god as her destroyer. In a series of visions she sees the past crimes of the house, and, in words which the Chorus cannot interpret speaks of the deed about to be done and of her own death. In proof of her prophetic power she relates the bestowal of the gift by Apollo and the doom by which she wins no credence for her oracles; in increasing anguish she describes first the children of Thyestes, sitting like shapes seen in dreams, in the court; and then Clytemnestra (basilisk or Scylla); and at last, urged by the Chorus, she utters Agamemnon's name and plainly foretells his death and her own. Tearing the prophetic wreath from her neck, and declaring the vengeance which will one day come at the hand of Orestes, she prepares to enter the palace. A breath, as if from a tomb, drives her back for a moment; then, calling for the last time on the sun, and bewailing the unstable fortune of man, she passes in. (ll. 1028—1290).

This was, perhaps, the most effective piece of acting in the whole play, and Mr. Lawrence, or whoever had "coached" him, deserves great praise for the

conception of Cassandra's part. There was no attempt at violent frenzy. Cassandra was quiet and gentle throughout, as though half in a dream, but the pathos of her situation was admirably conveyed, and the contrast between her manner and the fussy, foolish remarks of the Argive elders was sometimes very effective. Her disappearance within the palace was the signal for a hearty burst of applause from the audience, and, we suspect, for a few tears from the more tender-hearted.

The death-cry of Agamemnon is now heard from within, and the Chorus consult together in great confusion, talking very fast and all together, one, who at last gets a heaing, giving the sage advice "to do something." They are suddenly hushed by the appearance of Clytemnestra from within, brandishing a blood-stained axe, and exulting in vengeance for Iphegeneia. She has now thrown off the mask; and the savage glee with which she swings the axe to show how the deadly blow was struck, and the cold heartlessness with which the stands gazing on the bodies, were rendered by Mr. Benson with startling impressiveness; though even here he seemed hampered by imperfect knowledge of his part. Clytemnestra draws a curtain and discloses the bodies of Agamemnon and Cassandra; and a long scene of recrimination between her and the Chorus ends with the appearance of Ægisthus; who, in turn, exults in vengeance for Atreus' crime against his father Thyestus. The Chorus attack him with reproaches and threaten blows; and the scene closes amid their angry recriminations, which Clytemnestra urges Ægisthus not to heed. The part of Ægisthus offers but little scope for histrionic talent, but what had to be done was well done; and there was enough of the villain about his looks to give a fair conception of the traitorous friend who robbed his lord of wife and life. The Chorus then file off the stage, singing a few lines from the *Choephora*, which appeal to the Fury of Retribution and presage the vengeance to come at the hands of Orestes, with which vengeance the second part of the Trilogy is concerned.

We trust we have given a fair idea of this enterprising attempt. No one who saw it can possibly have been disappointed; no one even who did not understand a word of Greek could well have been bored.

To the undergraduates who conceived and carried out the idea (Messrs. Courtney and Bradley being the only graduates of the party) all praise is due for their taste and perseverance; and the highest praise they can desire is that they have not unworthily represented Æschylus.

The Master of Balliol, the Dean of Christ Church, and most of the leading men in Oxford were present; Dr. Butler from Harrow, Mr. Newton, Professor Jebb, of Cambridge fame, with Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. E. Morshed, among translators of the *Agamemnon*, and a contingent of Eton masters, showing the interest taken by others.

The number of applications for admission were so numerous that a second performance was given on Friday; but in the afternoon, as so many of the actors, being New College men, were engaged that evening for their college ball. At this second performance the piano was almost suppressed, and minor defects in the acting were remedied.