THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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THE OLD MASTER MASONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT would be a subject of deep interest to us Masonic students to-day, and even as archæological students generally, if we could ascertain the names of those able men who have left such "marks" behind them of their geometrical science and constructive skill. But for various reasons they are, to a great extent at any rate, shrouded from our anxious gaze, not only by the "mist of oblivion" but by the "silence of the grave." We know very little indeed of them, certainly, though now and then in a chance chronicle or a stray passage a name occurs, and we hear, if very little indeed of them personally, something, but only a something, that is unsatisfactory mostly at the best, of the labours they directed and the work they achieved. We propose then, in the following article, as others have done before us, to try and lay before Masonic students and readers a connected and chronological list of those worthies of operative Masonry who have so adorned civil and ecclesiastical architecture, so benefitted mankind, so advanced art and civilization, and were probably all members of the Masonic guild or sodality or "Loge Latomorum" (like Mapylton was at Canterbury) of that "limitt." Dallaway, as it is known, tried to do something of the same kind many years ago in his "Discourses on Architecture" in 1833, though he was not, we believe, a Freemason. Our old friend and fellow-labourer, Bro. E. W. Shaw, developed his idea, by his own untiring energy, industry, and archæological energy, some twenty years later in the old *Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror*. We think, if we remember rightly, a similar attempt has been made since then in America, though we have lost the reference. But we believe we are correct in stating that the present is the first attempt, in its exact form, to bring the matter formally to the attention of Masonic and archæological students. For the object of the writer to-day, be it noted and remembered, is not to assert dogmatically that "this" is "that," and that "so and so are so and so," but simply to draw a "sketchy" outline, which others must fill up and fill in for themselves, as inclination prompts or information directs.

Just now there seems a sort of mistrust of the old statement of monkish and ecclesiastical builders; but I would beg to observe that there is scarcely

an old chronicle you can take up which does not bear unmistakeable witness to this fact, as a fact; and as our own guild legends attest, both inferentially and even distinctly, the same reality, for once history and tradition run hand-in-hand, or as we often like to say, "on all fours." It may be difficult to point out, for instance, where the Ecclesiastical builders end and really operative Masons begin; but then, as Dallaway points out, there is no use in blinking the truth that such terms in the old chronicles as "fabricavit," "construxit," "ædificavit," "inchoavit," "perfecit," "fecit ædificari," "ædificationes novo genere fecit," "fieri fecit hanc fabricam," are continually found, equally applied to monks as directors or builders, just as to operative Masons. Of the old ecclesiastical "Master Masons," "builders," "designers," "architects," whatever you like to call them, we have undoubtedly Augustine, Wilfred, Benedict, Biscop, Dunstan, Swithin; Gundulph, of Rochester; William, of Wykeham; Read, of Chichester; Alan de Walsingham, Prior of Ely; Quivil, of Exeter; Robert Tully, of St. David's; Leon, Bishop of Tours; Germanus, Ethelwald, Ednoth, Aelfric; William, of Dijon; Baldwin, of St. Edmunds, and many more. For instance, Viberius and Gratulus, probably monks, are two early French architects in the eleventh century. We hear, too, of Peter de Colechurche, who built London Bridge, Chaplain, in 1163; of Wimbolde; of Abbot Suger, in 1137, who is stated to have been "a skilled architect;" of Adam, a monk of Fountains, who presided at the building of Woburn Abbey; etc.

Of Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, it is declared that, "in opere cæmentario plurimum sciens et efficax erat," and that he brought into England with the conquest "novum ædificandi genus." Of Alan de Walsingham it is recorded that he was "vir venerabilis et artificiosus frater."

One of the earliest architects we hear of in the Christian Era is Fulbert, a monk, constructor of the Cathedral of Chartres, 1029. Two other French builders, Hugues and Gerard, probably also monks, are mentioned in this century at Clugny. Paulinus, the sacrist, built the church of Trindsbury, in Kent, in 1125, and we also hear of a certain William at Ferrara, in 1135, in these lines—

El mite cento trempta cinque nato,
Lo questo templo a Yorsi consecrato,
Lo Nicolao sculptore,
E Glillmo fo lo autore.

Some difficulty no doubt occurs in the old chronicles as to the exact Latin words employed, and the difference existing between the "master of the work," the "architect," and the "Master Mason." In the early records, the Masons are termed indifferently opifices, operararii, laborantes, cæmentarii, latomi. In French chronicles we find the words "tailleurs de pierre." the exact rendering of the Greek words which are represented by "Latomi," properly "Lithotomi or Lupicidæ." Later we hear of macons, maconns, masouns, massouns, maysons. The Master Mason is called magister cœmentarius, magister latomus, maistre macon, mayster massoun. We also read of a "magister operis," "operarum magister ædificans," "solutor operis," "supervisor," and "depositor operis," one literally who lays a foundation and gives a plan..

Jean de Chelles built the south porch of Notre Dame in 1257, probably a Master Mason and monk, and we hear of Alexandre de Berneval, of whom the same may be said. We are expressly told that he was "maitre des œuvres de maconnerie" at Rouen. In the epitaph of the Master Mason at Caen, it is said, "Gulelmus fecit, petrarum summus in arte."

In the fifteenth century we now know of Thomas Mapylton, Master of the Loge Latomorum at Canterbury, and of "John Gowere, who built Camden Church and Gloucester Towre." An epitaph is recorded of T. Wolvey: "Latomus Summus in arte, Mason, Armiger, Ricardi Secundi Regis Angliæ, ob. 1430." Many other inscriptions of Master Masons may be found, and

"excerpta" might be made out of the old chronicles, which would throw much light on the whole subject.

The following extract from Sir Gilbert Scott's "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," 1854, touches upon another point which bears closely on the subject we are treating:—

> The point of the necessity of gangs of skilled workmen accustomed to work together for the production of the great works of mediæval art, has not been sufficiently attended to. The fables of the Freemasons have produced a natural reaction, and the degree of truth which there is in these traditions has consequently been overlooked. We know that each of our great cathedrals had a gang of workmen attached to it in regular pay, almost as part of the foundation, for the fabric fund could not be lawfully diverted to any other purpose, and these workmen became by long practice very skilful, more especially the Masons, or workers in and carvers of freestone, as distinct from the labourers, who merely laid the rubble work for the foundations and rough parts of the fabric. From various indications it would appear that there was also a royal gang of workmen in the King's pay, by whom the great walls ordered and perhaps designed by the king himself, were constructed. The wills of Henry VI. and Henry VII. seems to show that these monarchs were to some extent architects themselves. They gave the most minute directions for the works to be done, just as any architect would have done. St. George's Chapel, Windsor, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel were probably all executed by the royal gang of workmen. * * * * * * * It seems probable that the office held by William of Wykeham, and at a later time by Sir Reginald Bray, was in fact that of chief of the royal Masons, and it may be in this manner that Sir Reginald Bray has long had the credit of giving the designs of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, although there is no evidence that he even gave the idea of it. He died soon after the foundations were laid.

This is a point always then to be borne in mind in our investigation.

The following may be taken, on Bro. E. W. Shaw's original lines, as an imperfect attempt to arrange a list of old Master Masons. But on the face of it, it is necessarily incomplete and partial. Any additions to it will be gratefully received by us. For obvious reasons Bro. Shaw has selected the eleventh century as his initial century, though many names previously, especially in the first 500 years of the Christian era, are known to students, and some few previously.

Eleventh Century.—Godefride, Whitby; Wimbolde, Beauvais.

Twelfth Century.—Arnold, Croyland Abbey; William Anglus, Canterbury; Boileviis, Provence; Walter de Coventry, Chichester; Christian, Durham; Elyas, Westminster; Albert de Everolde, St. Alban's; Hugo de Goldcliffe, St. Alban's; Alduin Malverne, Hereford; Odo, Prior, Croyland; Richard the Ingeniator, Norham Castle; William of Sens, Canterbury; Nicholas Walred, Gloucester.

Thirteenth Century.—Albericus, Westminster Abbey; John de Bello, Northampton; Helias de Berham, Salisbury; Robert de Beverley, Westminster Abbey; Etienne de Bonneuil, Upsala; Michael de Canterbury, St. Stephen's; Roger de Crundale, Waltham Cross; Thomas de Cormont, Reynault de Cormont, Amiens; John de Chelles, Paris; Richard de Crundale, Charing Cross; Michael de Crundale, Westcheap Cross; John de Champs, Clermont; Walter de Dixi, Berneville; Henry de Elreton, Carnarvon Castle; Adam de Glapham, Carnarvon Castle; John of Gloucester, Westminter; Magister Gerhard, Cologne; William de Hoo, London; Walter de Hereford, Carnarvon; Isenbert, Rochelle; James the German, Assisi; Robert de Lusarche, Amiens; Michel le Libergier, Reims; Dymengede Legeri, Waltham Cross; Philip Montereau, Paris; Walter de Meulan, Bec; Eudes Montrieul, Nantes; Godfrey de Noieres, Lincoln; Edward Fitz Odo, Westminster; Michel le Papelhart, Chalons; John de Pakenham; Robert, Salisbury; Gilbert de Sisseverne, St. Alban's; Erwin de Steinbach; Robert de Ulmo Ingeniator, London, 1299; John de Waverley, Westminster.

Fourteenth Century.—Henry Arley, Milan; Jean de Boutelier, Paris; John de Brumpton, Whitby Abbey; William de Bokyngham, Whitby; Wil-

liam Boyden, St. Alban's; Edward Cannon, St. Stephen's; Robert de Caney, Rheims; Thomas Crompe, Cowling Castle: Simon de Elmington, Croyland Abbey; Matthew Eusinger, Ulm; Richard de Farleigh, Salisbury; William Foundynge, Exeter; Hugh Grantham, York; Richard de Gaynisburgh, Lincoln; Hugh de Hedon, York; David Hackett, Batalha; William de Hoton, York; William De Hoton, junior, York; Simon Hook, Rochester Castle; John Helpstonne, Chester; William Fleose, Lapworth; Wilars de Honcourt, France; Henry de Ivelegh, Cowling Castle; Johne of Stone, Edinburgh; Stephen Lote, Westminster; Guerin de Loreignes, Paris; John Leroyne, Durham; Henry Latomus, Evesham; Thomas de Loudham, York; John de Middleton, Durham; Peter Maceon, Nottingham; Simon le Macon, York; John Multon, Bath; John de Pesham de Roventon, Lapworth; Pilgramme, Vienna; Thomas de Pakenham, York; Robert de Patrington, York; Jean de Ravy, Paris; William de Ramsey, Tower of London; Hans Risenburger, Friburg; Robert the Mason, Dunkeld; Richard of Reading, St. Stephen's; John Skayer, Edinburgh; John Swallow, Westminster; Robert de Skyllington, Kenilworth; Richard of Stowe, Lincoln; John de Steinbach, Strasburg; William Sharndale; Thomas Wreek, London; Richard Wightman, Westminster; William de Wynnforde, Winchester; Richard Washbourne, Westminster Hall; Wahen Waldron, Warden to Yeveley; Walter de Weston, St. Stephen's; William, Coldingham; Alan de Walsingham, Ely; Henry Yeveley or Zeveley, King's Mason, Westminster; &c.

Fifteenth Century:—Thomas Ampelforde, Catterick Bridge; John Ashfield, Bristol; John Bowde, York; John Bell, Durham; Alexander Berneval, Rouen; John de Brompton, York; William Blyth, Finchall; John Bell, Warden, King's College; William Colchester, York and Westminster; John de Cologne, Simon de Cologne, Burgos; Richard de Cracall, Catterick Church; William de Croyland, Croyland; Jacquemin Commercy, Toul; Peter Dryng, Durham; John Gowere, Gloucester; John Garett, Catterick Bridge; William Hykkedon, Bicester Priory; William Hyndeley, York; Thomas Hyndeley, Durham; William Horwood, Fotheringay; John Hûltz, Strasburg; John Long, York; John Martyn, Bristol; John Masun, Nottingham; Thomas Mapilton, Durham; Thomas Mapylton, Canterbury; Robert Maunsell, Catterick Bridge; John Murdo, Melrose; Norton, St. Mary Redcliffe; William Orchyarde, Oxford; Thomas Pak, York; John Porter, York; John Saunderson, Finchale; Henry Semerk, King's College; John Smyth, Eton College; Edward Semert, Windsor; Robert Spyllesby, York; John Wisbich, King's College; John Wood, St. Edmunsbury; Thomas and Richard Wolvesey, St. Alban's; John Wolston, Exeter; John Wastell, Cambridge; John Warren, St. Mary's, Cambridge; John Woodman, Norham Castle; William Waddeswyke, York.

Sixteenth Century.—John Adams, Christchurch, Oxford; Henre Arain, Norham; Hector Ashley, Hunsdon; Antoine, Brussels; John Barton, York; William Baker, Calais; John Cole, Louth; Henry Chamar, Norham; Martin Cambiches, Beavais; Nicholas Ellis, London, John Estowe, Hengrave Hall; John Forman, York; John Hylmer, Windsor; Christopher Horner, York; Robert Jenius, London; Cuthbert Johnson, Durham; John Lekons, London; Nicholas Richardson, London; Christopher Richardson, London; Robert Robenson, Norham Castle; Henry Smyth, Richmond; George Skelis, Durham; Christopher Senne, Louth; John Texier, Chartres; William Vertue, London; Jean Waast, Beauvais.

Seventeenth Century.—Cornelius Cure, William Cure, London; Thomas Egglefield, Louth; John Oliver, London; Nicholas Stone, London; Edward Strong, St. Paul's; Anthony Whitehead, Gawthorne Hall.

We shall be glad to receive from any kind correspondent or reader any addition to or emendations of the above list, and which we shall duly publish.

ROLL OF EXTINCT LODGES UNDER THE GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND, WARRANTED FROM 1736 TO 1836.*

TRANSCRIBED AND ARRANGED FROM THE "LAWS AND CONSTITUTIONS."

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
Edinburgh Kilwinning, Scots' Arms	3	1736	1771
Leith Kilwinning	5	„	...
Maybole	14	„	1848
Falkirk	19	„	„
St. Andrew, Inverness	31	1735	1837
Bervie	33	1737	1816
Coltness	34	1736	1843
St. John, Thurso	45	1741	1837
Dysart	51	1745	1816
Cumberland Kilwinning, Peebles	55	1746	1809
Cumberland Kilwinning, Inverness	57	1747	„
Duke of Norfolk's	58	„	„
St. Andrew, Banff	60	1749	1837
Maddiston	62	1750	1809
Welsh Fuziliers	63	1751	„
Thistle, Edinburgh (part of Cannongate and Leith)	64	„	1823
Campbelton	65	1752	1809
Montrose, Glasgow	70	not recorded	1837
Huntly	72	1754	„
White's 32nd Regiment	73	„	1809
Argyle, Glasgow	76	1755	1843
Royal Arch, Glasgow	77	„	1816
St. Andrew's, Boston	81	not recorded	„
Blandford, Virginia	82	1756	„
Moncur	85	1758	1837
Pythagoric, Bo'ness	90	1759	1809
St. Regulus, Cupar-of-Fife	91	„	„
Partick Kilwinning, Glasgow	97	„	1837
Prince of Wales, from Edinburgh	92	„	1809
Lanark Kilwinning	94	„	„
St. Columbus	95	„	1816
St. David, Dundee	96	„	1843
Hooker, St. John, 17th Regiment	97	„	1809
Union, South Carolina	98	1760	1816
King George III., 56th Regiment	101	„	1809
St. Andrew's, Jamaica, Scots' Lodge	102	„	1816
Duke of York	106	1761	„
St. George, 31st Regiment	108	„	„
Montrose, New Monkland	112	1762	1837
Forfar Kilwinning	114	„	1848
Fort-George, Andersier Point	115	1763	1837
St. John, Norfolk, Virginia	117	„	1816
St. Leonard, Kinghorn	118	1764	1843

* A Similar Roll solicited for the Grand Lodge of Ireland, 1729-1839. Cannot the R.W. Bro. J. H. Neilson oblige the Craft accordingly?

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
St. John Operative, Banff	120	1764	1848
Union, General Marjoribank's Regiment ...	121	„	1809
St. Bernard Kilwinning	122	1765	„
Royal Arch, Edinburgh (disjoined from St. Luke	123	„	1823
Wigton Kilwinning	125	„	1837
St. John, Jedburgh...	130	1767	1843
Moriah, 22nd Regiment (formerly Wedderburn's)	132	„	1809
St. Marnock, Kilmarnock	136	„	„
Royal Welsh Fusiliers	137	„	1816
Carron	138	„	1837
St. Paul, Nithsdale...	139	1768	1823
Hawick	141	„	1837
Grant's, East Florida	143	„	1816
St. David's, Glasgow	144	„	1823
St. Mungo R.A., Culross	145	1769	1809
United, 4th Regiment	147	„	„
New Edinburgh Kilwinning	148	„	1837
St. Andrew, St. Christopher	151	„	1809
Lesmahagow	153	„	„
St. Kilda, Portree	155	„	1816
St. Patrick R.A., 43rd Regiment	156	„	„
St. Andrew R.A., Scots' Greys	158-2	1770	„
Hartfell, Moffat	159	„	„
La Parfaite Union de Namur	160	„	„
Oswald of Dunnikier	161	„	„
Hamilton	164	not recorded	1809
St. James, Newton-Ayr (dissolved)	165	1771	1848
Unity, 17th Regiment	168	„	1816
St. John, Shuttleston, Glasgow	169	not recorded	1843
St. Andrew, Girvan	171	1772	„
St. Peter, Galston, Kilmarnock	172	„	1816
St. David, Tarbolton	174	1773	1843
St. James, Paisley	175	„	1816
St. John, Philadelphia	177	not recorded	„
St. Andrew, Dumfries	179	1774	„
St. John, Cupar-Angus, Blairgowrie	181	not recorded	1843
Operative, Ayr	182	1776	1848
St. Andrew, Creebridge	183	„	1843
St. Adrian, Pittenween	185	„	1816
Strathaven Kilwinning	187	„	1843
Queen's, 7th Dragoons	188	not recorded	1816
St. Luke, Gilcomston, Aberdeen	189	1777	1843
Royal Arch, Paisley	191	„	„
Prince of Wales, Renfrew	193	„	1837
Sanquhan Kilwinning	195	„	1816
St. Peter, Dumfries, Old Cumnock	197	1780	...
St. Magnus, Gottenburg	199	„	1816
Union, Dumfries	204	1783	„
St. Anthony, Inverury	205	1784	1843
M'Duff, St. James	206	„	„
Scots' Greys, St. Petersburg	207	„	1816
Munisburgh, Kilsyth	213	1785	1823
Union, Carlisle (joined Grand Lodge of England)	216	1786	1816
Union, St. Christophers	217	„	„
Caledonian, Edinburgh	218	„	1837
St. John, Airdrie	221	„	1843

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
St. James, Aberdeen	223	1787	1837
St. John, Pythagoric, Antigua	225	„	1816
La Duce Harmonic (or Sweet Harmony)	226	„	...
L'Ardente Amitie (or Ardent Friendship)	227	1788	...
Faithful Friends (L'Orient de Marseilles)	228	„	...
Phœnician, Leith	236	1790	1816
St. Paul, Kirkwall	237	not recorded	...
Mount Olive, St. Christopher	241	1791	...
Commercial, Oban	242	„	...
St. Andrew, Jedburgh	243	1792	1843
St. Brook's, Rothesay	244-2	„	...
Union, Newton-Douglas	245	„	...
Lennox Kilwinning, Campsie	247	„	1848
St. Thomas, Whithorn	248	1793	1837
Operative, Falkirk	249	„	1848
St. James Operative, Keith (Dissolved 1831)	250	1794	1843
St. Fergus, Wick	252	„	1848
St. John, Castle Douglas	253	„	„
Royal Arch, Paisley	255-1	„	1823
St. Ruth, Ruthwell	255-2	1795	1843
St. John, Militia, Argyle	258	„	1809
Operative, Clacknacudden	259	1796	1837
Union, Royal Arch, 3rd Regiment Dragoons	260	„	
St. Stephen, Portsoy	262	„	1843
Solomon, Fraserburgh	263	„	„
St. Thomas, Muirkirk	268	1798	„
St. Clement, Riccarton	269	1799	„
Aboyne, North British Militia	278	„	1837
St. David, New Lanark	279	1800	1848
Stranraer Kilwinning	273	1802	1837
St. Fillen, Breadlebane, Killin	281	1803	1848
St. Andrew, Crawford's Dyke	282	1804	1843
Orange, Ceylon (Dissolved)	274	1806	1848
Turks' Island (Dissolved)	275	„	„
Desired Re-Union (Spain)	276	1807	1843
St. Martin, Argyle	285	„	1823
Fraserburgh Freemasons	287	„	1837
Moira, Fenwick	288	„	„
Trafalgar, Leith	290	1808	„
St. Andrew, Strathmore	294	1809	„
St. Andrew, Inch Garrioch	295	„	„
St. David Kirkpatrick, Durham	296	„	„
St. Andrew, Paisley	299	1808	1823
Eden Operative, Strathmiglo	300	1810	1843
Beaumont, Yetholm	303	„	1837
Grahamston and Carron	304	„	1823
St. John, Caledonian, Erskine, Paisley	308	1811	„
St. Andrew's, 42nd Regiment (Discontinued)	310	„	1848
Fifeshire Militia	311	„	1837
Granton, Craigellachie	312	„	1843
Union, Stonehouse	315	1812	1848
St. Michael's, Leuchars	317	„	1843
St. Peter, Aberdeen	318	„	1837
St. Cuthbert, Durham Militia	320	1813	1848
St. Kessac, Callander	324	1814	1837
St. John Operative, Charleston, Aberlour	326	„	„

	NUMBERS.	INSTITUTED.	ERASED.
Thane of Fife	331 ...	1816 ...	1843
Thistle and Crown, Neilston	334 ...	1817 ...	1848
Fife Geometrical, Beith	335 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Oswald, Langholm	336 ...	„ ...	„
St. Salem, Keith	337 ...	„ ...	„
Union, Methven	339 ...	1818 ...	1848
St, John, Newmachar	342 ...	„ ...	1843
Tay Union, Ferry-Port-on-Craig	344 ...	„ ...	„
Tay and Lyon, Kenmore	347 ...	„ ...	„
St. Regulus, Cupar-Fife	348 ...	„ ...	„
St. Andrew's Scots' Lodge, Quebec	349 ...	1819 ...	„
Union, Inverness	350 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Adrian Pittenweem	354 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Andrew, Tomantoul	358 ...	1820 ...	1837
St. Margaret, Queensferry	359 ...	„ ...	„
Ellon, Aberdeenshire	364 ...	1821 ...	1843
Luss and Arrochar	365 ...	„ ...	1837
St. Mary, Kennethmont (Dissolved before 1848)	366 ...	1822 ...	1848
St. James, Archiestown, Knockendo	367 ...	„ ...	1837
Duke of Hamilton, Arran Castle...	368 ...	„ ...	1843
St. John Operative, Glasgow	371 ...	1823 ...	1837
St. George, Skene	372 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Dardine, Finzean	373 ...	„ ...	„
St. John, New Galloway	374 ...	„ ...	„
Union and Crown, Barrhead	378 ...	1824 ...	1843
St. Paul's Geometrical, Huntly	381 ...	1827 ...	1837
St. John, Paisley	386 ...	1825 ...	„
St. Palladius, Auchenblae...	387 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Machar, Woodside (Dissolved before 1848)	390 ...	1826 ...	1848
St. Andrew Royal Arch, Bonhill	392 ...	„ ...	1843
St. Mary, Kirkcudbright	394 ...	1827 ...	1848
Harmony, Stonehaven	396 ...	1828 ...	1843
St. Andrew, E. Kilbride	400 ...	1830 ...	„
Kilmaurs, Glencairn	401 ...	1831 ...	„
St. Peter, Galston	402 ...	„ ...	„
Argyle, Dunoon	406 ...	1834 ...	„

A FRENCH MASONIC ADDRESS IN 1880.

WE take the following address, or rather the greater part of it, of Bro. Biot, Vénérable of the Lodge "La Triple Unité," at Fécamp, from the *Monde Maçonnique* for July. As so much is now said about French Masonic teaching, we have thought it well to give our readers an idea of French contemporary Masonic orations. We may add that the address was delivered in an open assembly, met for the distribution of prizes to what we should call "evening classes," but which they term in France "cours adultes." It has been necessary to omit one or two paragraphs too purely local and foreign to interest our readers.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND BRETHREN,—As in former years, I thank you again to-day in the name of the Lodge over which I have the honour to preside. Thanks to you for having responded to our invitation, despising the "thunders" of bitter adversaries, continuing the mysteriousness with which they surround us, and which is in no sense justifiable. It is with happiness that I thank you for having come in great numbers, and giving to this "family re-union" all the "eclat" which we should have wanted had we been deprived of your visit. Continue to us your gracious sympathy in coming to honour us with your presence, in order to encourage the efforts we are making to reach the goal we are seeking, that goal which most of you know already, the perpetuation of the memory of a worthy man, Paul Vasselin, our master in everything. * * * * His inconsolable widow, his distinguished companion, our sister, continues to associate herself with us in the annual distribution of these prizes, as best realizing the idea of progress and of light of him whom we regret. It is also an imperious duty for Freemasons to encourage and spread instruction. This ought to be the greatest care of those who desire to labour for the progress of humanity. You have the right, my dear young friends, to be proud to-day when you receive the prizes offered to you, for they are the just recompense of your efforts to instruct yourselves, of your application, of your assiduity in profiting by the benefits offered you by the authorities, anxious to spread abroad the benefits of instruction by the masters charged to render you men and citizens, useful to our country, our much loved France.

Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, and you also, my dear young friends, not to prolong my remarks on the blessings of instruction, for I shall leave this duty to my friend and brother, Gustave Duhamelet, the oldest orator of our lodge, and also to our dear brother, G. Nicole, who will demonstrate to you better than I can do the advantages of instruction. As president of this respectable lodge it is more particularly incumbent upon me to tell you in a few words what we are, and what we are doing here. I shall be brief, and will not abuse your patient indulgence. I told you a year ago that Freemasonry ascended to the highest antiquity; that Freemasonry is an association of worthy men of all countries; that Freemasonry is the art of governing men by probity; and that it subserves neither the ambition nor the cruelty of any one, hating vice and teaching virtue. Freemasonry moves on with the progress of time, and its disciples take part in the great works of every epoch.

The Freemason is moderate in his discourse, and does not seek to impose his own opinions on others. He has not the ambition of asserting the pride of knowledge, and to over-reach his brethren in order to subjugate them; but he has the noble desire of ascertaining the truth, and to reach its source he fears neither pains nor labours. Attached to his Order, he proves by his actions how much he respects it, and he ought always so to conduct himself that so his practice may accord with his principles. He knows that friendship is only maintained by reciprocal sympathy, and he therefore anticipates that of his brethren; he occupies himself with their happiness as much as with his own; and if they have some failings, he makes allowance for human weakness, and pleases himself in pardoning them. He is not ignorant of the fact that the slavery of the senses is never truly happy, and that the pleasures which they procure pass away like the shadows, and never satisfy; to master himself is his first duty, and it is in virtue that he places the highest enjoyments. Modest with his inferiors, honest with his equals, respectful without baseness to his superiors, he renders to all their due; he loves, but he never flatters. The enemy of all affectation, he avoids all external pharasaism of sternness, and seeks to make virtue attractive, being persuaded that in order to make it loved we must know how to render it amiable. Lastly, he remembers ever that he is a man and placed by T.G.A.O.T.U. in whatsoever rank he is, to watch over and contribute to the happiness of all men, and that therefore nothing which can interest humanity ought to seem strange to him.

All Freemasons are not sufficiently happily situated to render important services to humanity; all, nevertheless, can contribute to its well-being. By practising virtue they make their fellow citizens understand what are the charms of union, the power of friendship, the advantages of kindness. They teach to the rich man and the great of the earth how pleasant it is to be benevolent, to solace indigence, to listen to the unhappy, to aid him with their counsels and protection. They would teach all men to sacrifice sometimes their own interests and to devote themselves to the general welfare. It is by this conduct that we are able, in whatever state of life we be, to follow out the views of Freemasonry and serve humanity.

* * * * * * * * * *

Behold Freemasonry. It is for you to judge it. If with such principles and such morality we have still bitter enemies, bitter even to delirium, among those whose mission it is to preach peace, concord, and sweet fraternity, let me hope that you will be our defenders.

Permit me to thank you once again for having come to associate yourselves with us at our annual "fête." It is not of common occurrence to see ladies amongst us, and, nevertheless, in this assembly you are the fairest ornament of it. All these men whom you see in union here are all "in contract" to do good, and to afford mutual self-help in the practice of Masonic virtues.

Freemasons, it is not sufficient for us to ornament ourselves with this name; we ought always to prove by our acts that we are worthy of it. We have told you what our order is; you know its rules and duties; we relieve you from the obligation of keeping its secret. Tell those who do not know us, and whom vain prejudices detain at a distance from us, that they can come to us without fear and remorse, and that they will only find in us hearts disposed to honour them. We have shown you Freemasonry as a principle, as a rule, as a duty, is that to declare that every Freemason observes his plighted faith? Human weakness will answer you for me!

Making every allowance for a good deal that in foreign views and expressions of Masonry grates upon our English ears, and which hardly accords with that more sound and peaceful teaching which we term Masonry in England, there is yet, as it seems to us, much in this discourse that is most true and sound, ably put, and worthy of perusal and admiration. Unfortunately for French Freemasonry, its best teachers have not yet realized its absolute neutrality on, and avoidance of, all topics which are not purely Masonic.

In England Freemasonry is a friendly and fraternal body, which, avoiding political questions or religious controversies, and asserting simple faith in God, and recognition of His divine moral law for man (without which there is no moral law for man at all), seeks to "do good unto all men, especially those who are of the household of faith." Abroad, Freemasonry, where it acknowledges just now God at all, seems to be mingling itself more and more with political struggles, politico-economico chimeras, and socialistic reveries. Being a secret society it professes to discuss affairs of State, and here is its great mistake.

A ROYAL ARCH SONG.

COMPANIONS, as we now assemble
Round our "Holy Arch" to-day,
In fraternal loving friendship,
Mid cheerful hearts and glad array
May we seek to guard in memory,
When we separate once more,
All that goodly truth and teaching
We have heard in hallow'd lore.

Round our mystic shrine and holy
To trusty "sojourners" as of old,
Our "Mystagogue," in reverent accents,
Does Great Wisdom's words unfold;
And we bow in adoration
As we listen to the tale
Of tradition's startling wonders;
Doubts in vain our faith assail.

Through the mists of many ages
A gleam seems bright'ning up the past,
As meets in the "belovéd city"
The "Grand and Royal Lodge" at last;
And in words of exultation
Which serve to move all hearts around,
Rejoicing voices bear the witness,
"The long, long, lost is found."

Let the sceptic rail and blunder,
List not to sciolist's cynic strain;
We have gathered to our "mysteries,"
Believing, loving, once again.
Hail thou "Holy Arch" of Zion!
Hail unerring sacred Word!
One day an Universal Chapter
Shall own our King, and Judge, and Lord.

M.

A STRANGE STORY OF EASTWELL

BY BRO. THOMAS B. TROWSDALE,

Author of "Glimpses of Olden Kent," &c.

ROUND the picturesque precincts of Eastwell Park, situated in the centre of one of the loveliest landscapes in the county of Kent, there lingers a time-worn tradition of an obscure bricklayer in whose veins coursed the best blood of the land. Living the life of a recluse, and supporting himself by the humble occupation just indicated, he yet, so runs the local legend, claimed sonship to the last of that line of Plantagenet kings whose fate was sealed at the bloody battle of Bosworth. The story has obtained extensive credence; and tradition tells that a raised tomb (with indents for brasses, but bearing no trace of monumental inscription) standing half within the wall of Eastwell Church, marks the spot where the bricklayer-prince slumbers in the sleep that knows no earthly waking. At the dawn of the eighteenth century there might, it is said, have been seen in the Park a relic of the room built and tenanted by this mysterious man, and also a disused well, both bearing his name. But the evidence which gives the greatest colour of truth to the tradition is an entry in the parish register which runs as follows:—

"✓ Rychard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December anno et supra [*i.e.* 1550]."

It is worthy of note, as was pointed out by the Rev. P. Parsons (Rector of Eastwell in 1767), that the mark ✓ prefixed to this entry is attached in the register to noble names only. This circumstance certainly points strongly to the supposition that the person who registered the burial, more than 300 years ago, was persuaded of Plantagenet's aristocratic origin. Little beyond the faded record in the old register of Eastwell can be adduced in support of the tradition, and a haze of doubt hangs round the whole story. The tradition itself has, however, been preserved, and we give it here for what it is worth. It will not, we think, be without interest to our readers.

The narrative was obtained, in the year 1720, by Dr. Thomas Brett, from the lips of Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, the then owner of Eastwell House; and was communicated by the doctor, in a letter, to his friend William Warren, President of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. This letter was shortly afterwards published by Peck in his "Desiderata Curiosa," and to that work we are indebted for the account of the tradition as told by the Earl of Winchelsea.

"When Sir Thomas Moyle [Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations in the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII.] built that house [Eastwell-Place], he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read; but was sometime before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came toward him. However, at last Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking into it found it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him and finding he pretty well understood that language, he enquired how he came by his learning: hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to anyone. He then informed him that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentlemen (who took occasion to acquaint him he

was no relation to him) came once a quarter and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And one day this gentleman took him and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there.

"Then a man, finely drest, with a star and garter, came to him; asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned and conducted him back to his school.

"Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth field; and he was carried to King Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him and told him he was his son. 'But, child,' says he, 'to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself if I lose it I lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place) where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shewed to anyone so nearly related to me.' Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

"He followed the king's directions. And when he saw the battle was lost and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue he was unwilling to lose it, and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

"Sir Thomas said, 'You are now old, and almost past labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live.' He answered, 'Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired, give me leave to build a house of one room for myself, in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die.' Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued till his death."

Dr. Brett adds: "I suppose (though my lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said that there was no park at that time; but when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my lord's) father pulled it down. 'But,' said my lord, 'I would as soon have pulled down this house;'" meaning Eastwell Place.

The good doctor, who resided, at the time he received the above narrative from the Earl of Winchelsea, at Spring Grove, in the immediate vicinity of Eastwell, and had, therefore, every opportunity of acquainting himself with the current local traditions, and also of consulting parish records and other documents, has left some notes anent this curious story. Dr. Brett tells us: "I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about 81. For Richard III. was killed August 23rd, 1485, which subtracted from 1550 there remains 65, to which add 16, for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time, and it makes 81. But though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two or three years, or a little more. For I find that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of Eastwell till about the years 1543 or 1544. We may therefore reasonably suppose that upon his building a new house upon his purchase he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And till he came to live in the house he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his

book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546 when Richard and Sir Thomas had the fore-mentioned dialogue together. Consequently Richard could not build his house and have it dry enough for him to live in till the year 1547. So that he must have been 77 or 78 years of age before he had his writ of ease."

When the letter embodying the tradition was printed by Peck, doubts regarding its authenticity were openly expressed, but Dr. Brett's account was verified, and his details defended by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, and also by the rector of Eastwell, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1767. Mr. Pegge, in his communication, calls attention to the statement in Drake's "Eboracum" that Richard III. certainly had an illegitimate son, who was knighted at York, when a youth, by his father. Other writers of equal eminence have credited this strange story. Mr. Jesse, in his "Memoirs of King Richard III." (8vo, 1861) expresses a general faith in it. Sir Bernard Burke gives the curious tradition a place in his "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy" (1849, vol. ii., p. 484); and in further connection with the Plantagenets, the same distinguished author remarks in his charming "Vicissitudes of Families:—

"What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, or romantic adventure, our Plantagenets, equally wise as valiant; no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field? Yet, as late as 1637 the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself daughter and heir of George, Duke of Clarence, was following the cobbler's craft at Newport, in Shropshire. Among the lineal descendants of Edmond Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I., entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer, the first a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, Salop; the latter Mr. G. Wymot, keeper of a turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, Dudley. Among descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Penny, late sexton at St. George's, Hanover Square—a strange descent from sword and sceptre to spade and pick."

An impenetrable mystery surrounds the whole narrative. Time has woven about it the soft, silken thread of romance so thickly and intricately, that the historic fact is irrecoverably hidden from the keenest eye. But the legend lives amid the green groves of Eastwell, and the tale of the bricklayer Plantagenet prince passes yet from lip to lip, shadowing forth the memory of remote days.

Walter Cooper Dendy gives a pleasant and picturesque rendering of the old Kentish tradition in his very interesting little volume, "Legends of the Lintel and the Ley" (Bell and Daldy, 1863), a work which we can heartily commend to our readers. After Mr. Dendy has told the tale anew, he says of its hero:—

"Buckingham, and Drake of York, make him Captain of Calais, while Rymer, in "Fœdera," writes the name John, and still asserts that he fell into the clutches of King Henry; while many, with Walpole, have doubted even his reality from so slight a record. But even the legitimate son by Anne Neville was never heard of in the reign of Richmond, although created in his first year Earl of Salisbury by Edward, and years after Prince of Wales by his father. In this dilemma we leave those who read the records of Peck and Parsons and Noble fairly to judge whether this monument at Eastwell be not the tomb of the bastard, Richard Plantagenet."

Neither do we attempt to unravel the doubt. We have laid the evidence before the reader, let each place his own value upon it. The historical writer must bear in mind the injunction of Geoffry Chaucer:—

> He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can,
> Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe.

Suffice it for us that the tale, if tale it is, still haunts and hallows Eastwell.

OLD RECORDS OF THE LODGE OF PEEBLES.

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

(Continued from page 56.)

Minutes of Decr. 27th, 1782 and 1783, same as previous meetings. Attached to the latter is the following item, in which we have mention for the first time since its formation of Peebles Cumberland Lodge.*

This day Compeared Brother Alexander Hislop member of Peebles Cumberland Lodge No. —— Brother Archibald Robertson member of Berwick Kilwinning No. —— and Brother Robert Smith member of the Royal Arch No. —— and craved to be members of this Lodge who was receved and admitted accordingly. ROBERT SCOTT Mr.

ALEX. HISLOP. ARCHD. ROBERTSON. ROBERT SMITH.

(The next minute is on the date of St. John's Day, but seemingly, owing to the death of Bro. Thomas Tweedale, who had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Lodge for many years, and especially in the cash transactions connected with the building of the lodge, the greater part of the minute is taken up with the transfer of the debt to his heir, John Tweedale, for behoof of the widow of the deceased. And no notice is taken of the annual examination of fellow crafts, etc., or the the election of office-bearers, although it is evident from following minutes that the election took place. Robert Brown takes the place of Master in room of Robert Scott.—R.S.)

Peebles 28th Decr. 1783.

The Lodge of Massons Peebles Kilwinning presently conveened and taking into their Consideration that the Society is owing to the Deceast Thomas Tweedale Masson in Peebles and Member of this Lodge one hundred and one pounds sterling of Principall as the Ballance of a certain sum laid out by him for Building the house in the Northgate of Peebles called the Masson Lodge. And as John Tweedale Masson in Loanhead, and as Heir and Representative of the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale has most generously agreed to take eighty pounds sterling in full payment and satisfaction of the said sum of one hundred and one pounds sterling, and has taken a Bill for the said sum of eighty pounds sterling payable against the term of Whitsunday next, and which Bill is accepted by Robert Scott, Master; Robert Brown, Senr. Warden; John Brown, Boxmaster; John Hislop, Masson in Peebles; James Grozart, Masson there; William Murray, Masson there; Andrew Scott, Masson there; John Turnbull, Watchmaker there; Robert Hislop, Masson there; Walter Paterson, Masson in Whitesid, and James Stevenson, Masson in Penny Cook; and which Bill is to be lodged in the Clerk's hands till the said term of Whitsunday, when the money is to be paid, and when the said John Tweedale is to grant a sufficient Discharge of the said Debt of one Hundred and one pounds sterling. Also the society is to relieve the said John Tweedale of all obligations prestable upon him respecting said house, excepting his ordinary quarter dues, if he pleases to continue a member of this Lodge. And as the said John Tweedale is bound by the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale's settlement to him, to pay to Janet Watson relict of the said Deceast Thomas Tweedale five pounds

* This Lodge Cumberland seceded from Kilwinning Lodge, Peebles, and obtained a charter in 1746, and was then constituted by a deputation from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, headed by George Fraser, Esq., Depute Grand Master Mason.—R.S.

one shilling sterling yearly as the annual rent of the said one hundred and one pounds sterling. The Society do agree to relieve the said John Tweedale from paying to the said Janet Watson one pound one shilling sterling, out of the five pounds one shilling sterling he is bound to pay her yearly by the settlement above mentioned. And obliges themselves to satisfy the said Janet Watson for the same all the years and days of her lifetime and ordains this minute to be signed by the Master, Senior Warden, and the said John Tweedale.

ROBERT SCOTT, Mr.
ROBERT BROWN, Senior Warden.
JOHN TWEEDALE.

Peebles, 27 Decr., 1783.

The Society present after agreeing with John Tweedale for Eighty pounds sterling in full of the sum due by them to the deceast Thomas Tweedale, found it necessary to acess themselves with two shillings each year of Quarter dues to be paid per sixpence quarterly, and appointed quarterly meetings to be held in the Lodge, to receive said dues, and for the good of Massonary, the first quarterly meeting to be on the last Saturday of March next, and the second on the last saturday of June next, and the third meeting to be on the last saturday of September next, and the fourth meeting to be on St. John's Day next, and thir dues to continue yearly untill the debt due by said Society on said house be brought to sixty pounds sterling and then the quarter dues to return to the ordinary rate.

And the Society hereby agrees and ordains that any member of this Lodge refusing to pay up his arrears of quarter dues imposed, viz., Two shillings per year, or sixpence quarterly shall be rendered unealgable for an officebearer of this Lodge, or to give his vote therein, as also any member that does not attend regularly the quarterly meetings as above mentioned, or send a Reasonable excuse for his not attending or sending his quarter dues to said meeting shall be fined in three pence sterling for each failiar, which minute is signed by the master present. ROBERT SCOTT, Mr., and 13 others.

Peebles, 29th Decr. 1783.

This Day counted with the Boxmaster John Brown, found in his hands Two pounds sterling, which he paid over to Andrew Scott Masson in Peebles in order to Pay to Janet Watson relict of the Deceast Thomas Tweedale, in part payment of the annual rent of one hundred and one pounds sterling of Principal due by the Lodge to said Thomas Tweedale, and which @ rent fell due in the month of July last, and also Discharges said Boxmaster of his Intromissions Signed by the Master and the said Andrew Scott.

ANDREW SCOTT.
ROBERT SCOTT.

Peebles 14th Jany. 1784.

The Committie mett according to previous warning, and settled with the Boxmaster John Brown. Discharges him of his Intromissions as he has Delivered up the twenty glasses contained in the Inviutary the 28th Decr., 1780, except three which is Brock by the Lodge since; also a Bill by Robert Harper for eighteen shillings and sevenpence. Do. by John Veitch for twelve shillings strg. Do. by Thomas Tod for ten shillings and sixpence. Do. by George Veitch for ten shillings and sixpence, which four bills, and seventeen glasses is Delivered to Robert Hislop the new Boxmaster, and recomended to him to recover payment of said Bills as soon as possable.

ROBERT BROWN, Mr.

TIME WAS, TIME IS.

TIME was, alas! but is no more,
How strangely its hours have pass'd away;
Time is, with its darker hills before,
Which only recall a fairer day.
Its dreams, its shadows, all are gone,
Its moments of grace have left us here;
And you and I count one by one
Each faded gift, each word so dear.

Time was, in all of roseate hue,
As it gleamed upon us in ancient time;
Time is, with its posy sad of rue,
Though it whispers softly of trust sublime;
For faith is lingering with us still,
And seems to lift our hearts on high,
As it nerves the wavering heart and will
With consolations which never die.

Time was, in gladder scenes and days,
Which haunt us yet with their gentle voice;
Time is, in these dreary, weary ways
Which seem to say "no more rejoice."
Alack, for us, as time melts and flies
With the crosses of each hourly scene;
For us there is now no "sweet surprise,"
For us there is only "what has been."

Time was, in the ardent love of youth,
Time was, in the moments of manhood's trust;
Time is, in the accents of sterner truth,
Time is, in ashes and crumbling dust.
No more, no more, shall we be again
What once we were in the days of old;
Life's soft delirium ends in pain,
The fancy is o'er, the tale is told.

W.

FRENCH FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. C. T. McCLENACHAN, 33°.

THE Masonic fraternity of France is a divided institution. The Grand Orient has under its obedience 321 symbolic Lodges, of which 276 are in France proper, and forty-five of its allegiance scattered over the globe, thirteen being in Algiers. The Supreme Council of France, Scottish Rite, has fifty symbolic Lodges subject to its laws.

In Paris, 1725, Lord Derwentwater, Sir Nevil Maskelyne, and some other Englishmen established a Lodge in a house in the Rue des Boucheries, belonging to an English restaurateur named Hure; and shortly after, in May, 1829, at an inn in the same street, the first Lodge that had a regular constitution was established by Bro. Le Breton, and called the Louis d'Argent. In 1736 there were but four Masonic Lodges in Paris. From that time, in no district or territory has the Masonic institution sprung forward with greater eagerness, even to wildness. They constituted themselves the Provincial Grand Lodge.

In 1742 there were twenty-two Lodges in Paris. On December 11th, 1743, Count de Clermont, a prince of the blood, succeeded the Duke d'Antin as Grand Master, and the mother Lodge received the title of Grand Lodge Ecossaise in solemn assembly. The Duke d'Antin had been elected Grand Master June 24th, 1738, against the declared will of the king, and under peril of imprisonment in the Bastile. This was the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Orient held its first meeting March 5th, 1773, confirming the nomination of the Duke de Chartres to be Grand Master. The Grand Orient emanated from the Grand Lodge, and in 1786 received into its bosom irregular claimants professing many degrees; but in 1799 it reduced its authority not to exceed seven degrees, the last being called the Rose Croix, and then the Grand Lodge of Symbolic Masonry joined and buried itself in the Grand Orient.

On the 22nd of September, 1804, Count de Grasse, commanding the French fleet sent to the assistance of the American colonies in the War of Independence, established in Paris, under authority from America, the Supreme Council for France of the Scottish Rite, 33°. On the 5th of December, 1804, by a concordat between the Supreme Council and the Grand Orient, the latter body was invested with the power to confer the degrees of the Scottish Rite to and including the Eighteenth, or Rose Croix, but no further. Hence the *two* organizations as they exist to-day.

The interdiction of Masonic intercourse with the Grand Orient of France by Grand Lodges of the United States, in consequence of territorial invasion, dwindled in importance, when, on the 14th of September, 1877, the General Assembly of the Grand Orient completed its overthrow by the almost unanimous adoption of the amendment of Paragraph 2, Art. I., of the Constitution of Masonry, by the expungement of these words: "Freemasonry has for its principles the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the solidarity of mankind," and substituting many words of moral bearing, but closing with the phrase, "it has for its principles, utmost liberty of conscience and human solidarity, and its motto is *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité.*"

They did this great wrong only that a few *libres penseurs* (freethinkers, atheists) should be admitted. Should the basis, the bond of union of the fraternity, be surrendered for a handful of atheists?

When this charge was brought against the Grand Orient its answer was, "French Masonry does not believe that there exist atheists, in the *absolute* sense of the word."

The defence was ingenious but convicting, and rapidly the Masonic governing bodies of the world pronounced their verdict and gave sentence. The Supreme Council for England, Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown pronounced its interdict November 7th, 1877; that for Ireland January 21st, 1878, and so on.

The Grand Orient erased the following caption from all its official documents: "To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe." It then proceeded to review and readjust the rituals to conform to the atheistical avowals, thereby making certain their own removal from all departments of Masonry throughout the world.

The Grand Orient went further and made declaration "that it will respect the jurisdictional rights of those Masonic powers that have friendly relations with itself." This is an ill-concealed threat that it will hold itself free to invade the jurisdiction of all Masonic powers which do not maintain friendly relations with it, by establishing bodies within their boundaries. Moving under this menace, it has established seven Lodges of the French Rite in the State of Louisiana, and these have confederated and formed a Grand Orient for that State.

From the date of the first false step taken by the Grand Orient of France, nearly two years ago, it has evinced no thought of retrocession, and made *no sign of contrition* for its crime against Masonry; it does protest, however, that its action is in no sense a denial that there is a Deity, yet it does not deny that the vital clause was expunged for no other purpose than to remove the obstacle which prevented atheists from becoming Masons.

The vote in the Lodges to ostracise Deity was very large and emphatic. The number of the fraternity in France is over 60,000, owing obedience to the Grand Orient (not the Supreme Council) through the 276 Lodges, within the boundaries of France proper. Let us look at the last official census of France: there are in that country 37,387,703 Roman Catholics; 467,631 Calvinists; 80,117 Lutherans; 33,119 members of other Protestant sects; 40,439 Hebrews, and 84,992 persons belonging to no religious faith. Total, 38,103,001.

With all this array of faith yet the major Masonic body boldy pushes toward infidelity, and attempts by force to hold its Masonic recognition and friendships not only by threats, but by actual invasion of the territory of an otherwise friendly power. The Supreme Council of France still holds the necessity of a belief in Deity.

A manifesto was issued by C. J. Lopez, M.D., claiming to be Grand Master of the Orient of New Orleans (Louis), dated November 25th, 1879, to all Grand Orients, Grand Lodges, Supreme Councils and regular Masons, without distinction, over the surface of the world, thus: "By virtue of Masonic solidarity and union—in order to work for the progress of Masonry—for the pacification of the discords and schisms which separate and divide different Masonic bodies; to make amends for the injustice done by schisms, and to regularize the false situation of numerous Freemasons in Louisiana, and to arrive peaceably at the union of all the powers, so that the sublime device, Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! may not be empty words; the undersigned, etc., make it a duty . . . . to bring to your knowledge the organization which will work only the first three degrees, in which will be contained all the teachings of the Universal Masonry. . . . . It counts upon your generous co-operation, etc."

The seed has been sown, the gauntlet has been thrown down. The violence of eradicating the name of and belief in Deity is having its effect, and France has "crossed the Rubicon." Intestine war is the result. Louisiana as of old is the immediate battle ground. Contention is to be avoided, but defence is manhood, and the quicker the action the more complete the victory; is it a question of doubt what that action should be?

France has been ever the hot-bed, if not the mother, of most of the isms and schisms that have barnacled the good Masonic ship in her onward course. This

commingling the impure with the pure is much to be regretted. The Grand Orient exchanges representatives with the Negro Grand Lodges of Missouri and Ohio. The honourable and the nobles of France, in the incipient stages of Masonry in that fair land, were ardent as banner-carriers and faithful worshippers at the shrine of the brotherhood. At one time France was rapidly and bravely becoming the Masonic umpire of the world. But we have vainly hoped and sincerely trusted that a calm judgment would secure peace from Masonic turmoil, that harmony would enter and dwell within her borders, and stand as a shield between her and all the nations of the earth—that La Belle France, the sunny land of art and song as well as gaiety, would be first among her equals in the holy purposes of the fraternity.

The Supreme Council of France, as I have stated, was organized by Count de Grasse on the 22nd of September, 1804, and conferred the 33rd grade of the Scottish Rite on a number of the leaders of the Grand Orient—Thory, Compte de Valence, and several others, and granted the power by a concordat for that Orient to confer the degrees of the Scotch Rite to the 18th, or Rose Croix, in view of the assumed power of the Orient to confer the Rose Croix of the Rite Française as the ultimate of the seven degrees to which it had limited itself *shortly prior to its absorption of the Grand Lodge of Symbolic Masonry.* The Supreme Council retained jurisdiction over the degrees of the Rite to the 33°. This concordat, however, soon fell through, and the two Grand Bodies, without acrimony, lived side by side, the Supreme Council conferring the symbolic degrees under the Scotch system and the Grand Orient conferring the same under the French system, which immaterially differed. It is not necessary here to rehearse the fitful life of the Supreme Council until the 4th of May, 1821, when Compte de Valence became the head of the body, nor to repeat the fact that it existed in all legitimacy and was so acknowledged to the time when the Grand Orient committed suicide.

Three decrees affecting certain symbolic Lodges on questions of insubordination were issued May 12th, 1879, by the Supreme Council, J. Adolphus Cremieux being Grand Commander, which were resented by the Lodges referred to in an appeal dated November 9th, 1879; in the meantime three confirmatory degrees enforcing those of May were issued October 30th; a revulsion ensued and nine Lodges proclaimed independence at Paris November 20th, 1879, declaring themselves the "Independent Symbolic Grand Lodge." They set forth their complaints against the Supreme Council, formulated their independent organization, and proclaimed their principles and complete autonomy. Grand Commander Cremieux died in March, 1880, and Bro. Proal succeeded, resulting in a circular being issued, containing a joint decree and declaration, signed by Brothers Proal, Commander; E. Arago, President of the Grand Central Lodge, and Berard, withdrawing all previous decrees that suspended and dissolved Lodges, but continuing that which nominated a commission of revision. The Supreme Council proposes to augment itself with a young and vigorous element, thus filling its vacancies, enlarging the rights of suffrage, becoming more active in symbolic Masonry, creating a permanent executive commission, and entreating all Masons to be reunited under the Rite Ecossais.

The symbolic Lodges are now under thoughtful consideration as to their future course. It would seem to the writer that the opportunity is pregnant for the Supreme Council of France to nobly aid the fraternity of the world by extending independence to symbolic Masonry—where it belongs—through the Blue Lodges of its obedience, exacting the retention of Paragraph 2, Art. I. of the Constitutions, an unqualified belief in Deity and the immortality of the soul

Though we do not profess to agree with or quite to comprehend even, the views of our esteemed brother, as published in the *New York Dispatch* of June 2nd, we think this article worth reading, and a contribution towards contemporary Masonic history deserving of notice.

"ARS QUATUOR CORONATORUM."*

(Concluded from page 79.)

THE Legend, as contained in the "Breviarum secundem usum Romanum, Senet," 1477, is as follows :—

In sanctorum martyrum quatuor coronatorum.

ORATIO. *Præsta quos.* Grant, Oh God, that the glorious martyrs Claudius, Nichostratus, Symphorianus, Castorius, and Simplicius, whom we acknowledge as steadfast in their faith, may intercede for us with thee.

LECTIO I. *Cum pervenisset.* It came to pass that when the Emperor Diocletian journeyed to Pannonia, in order that in his presence metals might be taken from the rocks, that when he had assembled together all the masters in metals he found among them men endowed with great experience in the art: Claudius, Castorius, Symphorianus, and Nicostratus, who were marvellously learned in the art of cutting stone (in arte quadrataria, quadratacia, 1518). These men were secretly Christians, who observed the commands of God, and did all things which as sculptors they executed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

LECTIO II. *Ventum est autem, etc.* It came to pass, however, that one day, by command of the Emperor Diocletian, the artificers were preparing to make a statue of the Sun-god, with his four horses, and all things thereunto belonging, the chariot and the horses, out of the Thasian stone.† At the same time, when all the artificers and philosophers were meditating thereupon, the former began to speak in dissenting terms.

LECTIO III. *Et cum incidissent, etc.* And when they had found a great block of Thasian stone they did not think it fit for the statue, according as the Emperor Diocletian had commanded, and for many days thereafter a great contention arose between the artificers and the philosophers (Masters of the work and native Masters, 1518). However, on a certain day all the artificers (six hundred and twenty-two in number) and the five philosophers assembled together in order to examine the structure of the stone and the veins thereof, and there arose a prodigious contention between the artificers and the philosophers.

LECTIO IV. *Tunc ceperunt.* Then began the philosophers to dispute with Claudius, Symphorianus, and Simplicius, and said—Wherefore obey ye not, with your skill, the commands of the most devout Emperor Diocletian, and fulfil not his desire? Claudius answered and said—Because we may not blaspheme our Creator and sin against him, because we may not be found guilty in his sight. Then said unto them the philosophers—Hence it seemeth that ye are Christians. And Castorious answered and said—Verily we are Christians.

LECTIO V. *Tunc philosophi.* Then the philosophers chose other artificers and stone-cutters (artifices quadratarios) and caused them to make a statue of Asclepius out of the Proconnesian stone, which was brought unto the philosophers after thirty-one days. Thereupon the philosophers informed the Emperor Diocletian that the statue of Asclepius was finished, and he straightways commanded that it should be brought before him that he might look upon it. When he beheld the statue he marvelled much and said—Verily this is a testimony of the skill of those who have our approbation in the art of sculpture.

LECTIO VI. *Philosophi dixerunt.* Then the philosophers said—Most sacred Emperor, know that those whom your majesty has declared to be the most learned in the art of cutting stone (arte quadrataria), Claudius, Symphorianus, Nicostratus, Simplicius, and Castorius, are Christians, and by their magic words subject the human race. Diocletian said unto them —If they may not obey the commands of the law, and if the charges of your accusation be true, then may they suffer the penalty of offending against the gods (sacrilegii).

LECTIO VII. *Tunc Diocletianus.* Then Diocletian, in consideration of their skill, commanded the tribune Lampadius, and said—If they will not offer sacrifice to the Sun-god, then take them and scourge them with stripes and scorpions. But if they will consent, then lead them to submission (duc eos ad mansuetudinem). Five days afterwards Lampadius sat in judgment in that place, and commanded the herald to summon them before him, and showed

* By a regrettable editorial oversight, this interesting paper, which has been reprinted for a special purpose, appears in our last number as an original communication to the *Masonic Magazine*, whereas it is really taken from the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine* for April, 1863, edited by Bro. Chas. W. Moore, and published at Boston, U.S.

† Marble from the island of Thasos, near the mouth of the Danube, at that time highly prized for statuary, etc.

them terrible things and all sorts of instruments of martyrdom. When they had entered he turned to them and said—Hearken unto me and avoid martyrdom, and be submissive and friendly (cari et amici) to the noble prince, and sacrifice to the Sun-god, for hereafter I may not speak unto you in gentle words.

LECTIO VIII. *Respondit Claudius.* Claudius and his fellows answered with great confidence—This may the Emperor Diocletian know, that verily we are Christians, and turn not aside from the worship of our God. Exasperated at this reply, the tribune Lampadius commanded them to be stripped naked and scourged with scorpions, while the herald proclaimed—Ye shall not contemn the commands of the prince. In that same hour Lampadius was seized with an evil spirit; he was rent asunder with cramps and died in his chair of judgment.

LECTIO IX. *Hoc audiens uxor.* When his wife and household heard these things they ran to the philosophers with a great outcry, so that it came to the ears of Diocletian. And when he heard of the occurrence he said—Make leaden coffins, put them alive into the same, and cast them alive into the river! Thereupon Nicetius, a Senator (togatus), the coadjutor of Lampadius, did that which Diocletian had commanded. He caused leaden coffins to be made, put them alive therein, and ordered them to be cast into the river.

Here ends the Legend in the "Breviarum Romanum," 1477. The edition of 1474 agrees exactly with the above in Lectio I. to III., but varies slightly in the concluding portion. The translations of the "Romish German Breviary," by Jacob Wog, Venice, 1518, likewise agrees with the above version, with the exception of the passages noted in our text, and concludes with the following additional paragraph:—

When, however, the holy Cyril heard these things, being in prison, he was filled with grief because of the death of these saints, and departed thus from this world to the Lord

The Legend, as contained in the "Breviarum Spirense," 1478, is as follows:

LECTIO IV. Claudius, Castorius, Nicostratus, and Simphorianus, ingenious artists in the art of cutting stone and sculpture (mirifici quadrandi et sculpendi artifices), being secretly Christians, obeyed the commands of God, and made all their work in the name of Christ. A certain Simplicius, who was also experienced in the same art, marvelled much at their skill and works, for they surpassed all the architects of the Emperor, who were six hundred and twenty-two in number. He was himself still a pagan, and when he worked with them his work succeeded not, but his iron tools broke daily. Therefore he said unto Claudius—I pray thee, sharpen my tools so that they break not. Claudius took the tools into his hands and said—In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, be this iron strong and proper for the work. From that hour Simplicius finished everything that belonged to the ars quadrataria with his iron tools, as did the others, and brought it to completion.

LECTIO V. He then asked Symphorianus in what manner he had sharpened them, for the edge of his tools never broke, as had previously been the case. Symphorianus and Castorius answered and said—God, who is the Creator and Lord of all things, has made his creation strong. Simplicius asked—Has not god Zeus done all this? Then answered Claudius and said—Repent, my brother, for you have blasphemed God, who has created all things, and whom we acknowledge; but we do not acknowledge as God him whom our hands have made. With these and words like unto them they converted Simplicius to the faith of Christ; so that he, despising all the images of the gods, went with them to the Bishop Cyril, of Antioch, who was then lying bound in prison because of the name of Christ, and had for three years been tortured by many blows, in order to be baptized by him. When they were returned, and he had again resumed his work, they all worked together and made the sign of the cross in the name of Christ while they worked. They were, however, accused by the philosophers of being Christians, because they would not make a statue of Asclepius, of marble, as the emperor had commanded. Whereupon Diocletian, filled with rage, spoke—Make leaden coffins, and shut them up alive therein, and cast them into the river. But Nicodemus, a Christian, after forty-two days raised the chests and the bodies and brought them to his house.

LECTIO VI. The four crowned martyrs were so called because their names were not known. For when Diocletian commanded that all should sacrifice to Asclepius, who was called the god of health, because he had been a good physician, these four refused, whereupon they were scourged to death with leaden scourges and their bodies cast into the streets to be devoured by dogs. So they laid five days and were buried by St. Sebastian and the Bishop Melchiades. Their names were afterwards revealed as follows—Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, Victorianus; before which time, however, the holy Melchiades ordained that the anniversary of their martyrdom should be kept on the same day with that of the holy Claudius, Nicostratus, Symphorianus, Castorius, and Simplicius, who were cast into the river in leaden coffins.

According to the "Breviarum secundum consuetudinem domus Hospitalis Hierosolymitanus Sancti Johannis, Spiræ," 1495, the bodies were raised after five days and secretly interred in the *Via Lavitana* by St. Sebastian.

In the "Breviarum Ultrajectense. Venet.," 1497, we find the Legend much the same as in the "Brev. Romanum," but considerably more briefly narrated. Lampadius executes the five martyrs and dies suddenly. Forty days afterwards Nicodemus raises the coffins and buries them in his house. Then follows:—

Lectio II. Eleven months afterwards Diocletian ordered a temple to be erected to Asclepius in the Thermis Trajani, and a statue of the god to be made of Proconnesian stone. As all the people were commanded to sacrifice, there were present several tribunes (cornicularii). When their opposition was made known to the Emperor Diocletian, he ordered them to be slain with leaden scourges before the statue of the god. After they had been scourged for a long time they gave up the ghost.

The third and last Lectio agrees with the 6th of the "Brev. Spirense."

According to the "Legenda Sanctorum Jacobi de Voraigne," 1470, Severus, Severianus, Carpophorus, and Victorianus were scourged to death, but their offence is not stated. Two years afterwards (so also in the "Brev. Ord. Hierosol.," 1495), about the year 287, the five other Christians were executed because they would not consent to sacrifice to the gods. The leaden coffins were thrown into the sea, and not again recovered. The Pope Melchiades ordered that they should be designated as the four crowned martyrs, their names not being then known, and although subsequently revealed, yet the custom was retained of denoting the five personages as the "Vier Gekrönten" or "quatuor coronati."

The precise date of their martyrdom is specified in the "Modus orandi secundum ecclesiam Herbipolensem," 1450, which states that "These holy martyrs suffered for the name of God, in the year 287, on the 8th November (sexto ydus Novembris).

The reader will observe that there is much confusion in the breviaries concerning this Legend, two separate groups of personages and two distinct occurrences being curiously confounded. It is probable that there actually was a historical basis for the original Legend, and that this Legend was subsequently elaborated, and perhaps confounded with others.

THE YORK FABRIC ROLLS.

(Continued from page 28.)

Injunctiones date questoribus pro fabrica Ebor.*

Injunctum est nobis presbiteris a superioribus nostris in virtute sanctæ obedienciæ, ut nos exponamus parochianis nostris distincte et aperte omnibus diebus dominicis et interim *festivis, infra missarum solempnia, indulgencias omnibus benefactoribus matris ecclesiæ Ebor.*

* We have now a copy of the brief which was furnished to the regularly appointed beggars in behalf of the fabric, to be published by the parochial clergy in their churches. No less than twelve of these persons are mentioned in it by name. By them the whole diocese of York and other districts were periodically visited, and large sums of money were gathered together through their importunity. I am tempted to insert an extract from the Sompnoure's story among the Canterbury Tales, which describes the operations of one of these travellers in Holderness. Had Chaucer heard of the fame of these Yorkshire beggars?

Lordlings, ther is in Yorkshire, as I gesse,
A mersh contree ycalled Holdernesse,
In which ther went a limitour aboute
To preche, and eke to beg, it is no doute.

concessas, videlicet in festis Purificacionis, Annunciacionis, Assumpcionis, Nativitatis et Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, et Beati Willelmi cujus corpus in eadem ecclesia requiescit, ac eciam in die anniversarii dedicacionis ecclesiæ predictæ, necnon per octos dies festivales ipsos mediate sequentes, (*sic*), devote visitent et honorent, de bonis sibi a Deo collatis, pia devocione adjuvent, ut per hujusmodi pias elemosinarum suarum largiciones in terris thesaurum sibi indeficientem faciant in celis, et mereantur habere largas peccatorum suorum et penitentiarum sibi injunctarum indulgencias et remissiones, per sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ pontifices, et alios pios super hoc concessas, et hoc subscriptas. *In primis, videlicet, conferentibus* ad fabricam ecclesiæ predictæ a Johannæ Archiepiscopo Ebor., xl dies. Item a Willelmo Archiepiscopo xl dies. Item omnes Archiepiscopi qui interfuerunt a prima fundacione dictæ Ecclesiæ usque nunc, quilibet per cc xl dies. Item visitantibus et honorantibus ecclesiam Ebor. in predictis a Nicholao papa iiij^to^ j annum et xl dies. Item ab eodem Nicholao j annum xl dies. Item a papa Alexandro c dies. Item ab Honorio papa xl dies. Item ab Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi xx dies. Item ab episcopo London xx dies. Item ab episcopo Lincoln xxx dies. Item ab episcopo Rofonensi x dies. Item ab episcopo Hereford vij dies. Item ab episcopo Dunelm. xx dies. Item a duobus Archiepiscopis et octo episcopis, a singulis, singulos dies quadragenos. *Item a Berardo, domini papæ legato,* xl dies. Item a domino Antonio Dunolm. episcopo xl dies. Item a quolibet episcopo qui solempnitati translacionis Beati Willelmi interfuit, cum essent xj de numero; xl dies. Item omnes benefactores dictæ Ecclesiæ participes erunt omnium missarum et omnium aliorum benefactorum quæ cotidie sunt aut fient in perpetuum in sancta ecclesia predicta, ac in omnibus aliis ecclesiis et capellis per Ebor. diocesim sibi subjectis. Item omnibus diebus dominicis per annum infra missarum solempnia, vel ante panis benedicti distribucionem, in qualibet ecclesia parochiali omnis populus oracionem dominicam flexis genibus ad Dominum fundant, cum salutacione Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, pro cunctis fratribus et sororibus vivis et defunctis qui elemosinas suas contulerint, vel aliquid in ipsorum ultima voluntate legaverint in subsidium fabricæ ecclesiæ memoratæ. Item dominus papa Johannes, qui nunc est, ratificat et confirmat omnes indulgencias supradictas istud negocium a die recepcionis usque ad diem reportacionis in visitacionibus infirmorum et in confessionibus parochianorum nostrorum nullo modo sub pena qua decet omittamus. Nomina questorum per dictum procuratorem nominatorum, Johannes Storkes, Andreas Scot, Robertus de Duffeld, Alanus Scriveyn, Ricardus de Altoftes, Radulphus de Pokelington, Andreas de Cundale, Alanas de Thornton, Willelmus de Clif, Johannes Lyne, Willelmus Pebles, Johannes Pebles.

And so befel that on a day this frere
Had preched at a churche in his manere,
And specially aboven every thing
Excited he the people in his preching
To trentals, and to give for Goddes sake,
Wherewith men mighten holy houses make.
* * * * * *
Geve me than of thy gold to make our cloistre,
Quod he, for many a muscle and many an oistre,
Whan other men han ben ful wel at ese,
Hath been our food, our cloistre for to rese:
And yet, God wot, uneth the fundament
Parfourmed is, ne of our pavement
N'is not a tile yet within our wones:
By God we owen fourty pound for stones.
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed helle,
For elles mote we our bokes selle,
And if ye lacke our predication,
Then goth this world all to destruction.

As may easily be conceived, the privilege of seeking alms for any religious purpose was frequently abused. Forged seals and licenses were common. The country was overrun by idle fellows, who imposed upon the faithful in many ways and wasted upon their own pleasures the numerous gifts that they received. *In 1324 Archbishop Melton warns his* spiritual subjects in strong terms against these impostors: "Injungimus vobis omnibus et singulis in virtute obedienciæ supradictæ, et sub pena excommunicacionis majoris ne ad presens negocium exponendum aliquos admittatis questores preter eos qui nominatim in cedula annexa presentibus continentur. Et ne ipsos seu eorum aliquem . . . . falsa, errores, seu aliquid aliud excessivum permittatis in pupulo exponere, seu eciam predicare . . . . oculos seu libros depictos, seufalsas reliquias ostendere nec in fraudem seu elusionem catholicorum aliud predicare seu exponere contra quod in brevetto seu dicta cedula continetur sub penis superius annotatis."

Archbishop Melton issued *two Indulgences for the fabric, one in 1320 and the other in* 1324.

THE MEANING OF "COWAN."

BY AN OLD W.M.

I do not think that I can add anything new to the old arguments and statements anent "cowan," but as "every little helps," even in Masonic archæology, and "every mickle makes a muckle," I think it well to ask the favour of the appearance of these few words of mine in the pages of the *Masonic Magazine*. I begin, my kind readers will observe, by stating that my words will be few, and few they certainly shall be. Just now we seem to like nothing long, whether long leaders, long articles, long orations, or even long sermons! No, the taste of the age is, practically, to "cut it short" in everything. And though I fear a good deal of this impatience must be set down to the irritability and ignorance of the age combined, yet, like the ladies, I think it necessary to be in the fashion, and so, "cutting my coat according to my cloth," I "cave in."

I often see learned explanations of the word "cowan," but I have for one never wavered in my opinion, expressed some years ago, that it is simply a term of Masonic technical use, and belongs really and truly and primarily to the Masonic terminology and vocabulary alone. For, as is well known, the word is not known to the older dictionarians; and even that most excellent work, "Crabbe's Technicological Dictionary," knows it not. I do not say that it is not to be found, but it is the exception to the rule. It is to be found, no doubt, in some of the very modern dictionaries.

Curiously enough, its Masonic use in England is very modern too. The word is not to be found in the English Guild Constitutions, though some believe that the word "lowen" in the Lansdowne MS. is synonymous with it, or rather put for it. I am myself not so sure of that, the more so as "Dowland" has it not, and the general use of the similar word in the same place in the other Constitutions is "layer" or "lyer." The Antiquity MS., indeed, uses "lowen" also, but Inigo Jones's MS. has no word at all; Wood's MS. uses "layer." I am, therefore, inclined to think that we cannot set much store by the evidence of the Lansdowne MS. The earliest Masonic use I know of it is in the Charges of 1722, where it is opposed to "true Mason," and in its purely operative sense, and curiously enough, the word "cowan" is not to be found in the "old Regulations" of 1721 or the "new Regulations" down to 1738, though the words "true brother" and "false brother" are made use of.

It is, then, I think, pretty clear that the word is of ritual use alone in England, in our Lodges, and is not English either by origin or nationalty. Indeed, the evidence appears to me to be clear that it "hails" from Scotland. Thanks to Bro. Laurie and Bro. D. Murray Lyon especially, we have Scottish Masonic regular use of it in the sixteenth century as "cowanis," that is "irregular" Masons, or rather "non-guild" Masons! Such is, undoubtedly, its first use and meaning, and its derivative sense of "listener," or "eaves-dropper," a "profane," that is a "non-Mason" altogether, is of very much later use indeed. When even it was used in this sense in Scotland does not appear to be quite clear; but in England, as far as we know, there is no acknowledged use of it in this sense before the middle of the eighteenth century. It seems to have grown upon the Craft, so to say, and no doubt may be fairly claimed as a relic of purely operative use.

I am quite aware that Pritchard uses the word, but I never take Pritchard as an authority for anything; and believing him to be thoroughly untrustworthy, I do not touch upon his mention of the word.

It is just possible that after Desaguliers's visit to Scotland the word came into general use in England; but I am also inclined to think that as it betrays its operative Masonic origin, we have in it simply an early technical term of operative Masonry. I may remark here that the word is not to be found in the famous Sloane MS. or in the "Grand Mystery."

I think then, as I said at starting, that I have made good my contention that the word is really of operative Masonic birth—as an irregular Mason, one not belonging to the lodge; and secondly, that its derivative sense of a "listener," "eaves-dropper," "intruder," etc., is equally and solely Masonic, though later. It certainly is not and cannot be derived from the Greek *kuon*, or the French *chouan*, or the Hebrew *cohen*. The latter idea is perfectly ridiculous. And though we may have some difficulty in saying whence it is actually derived, its use and meaning are, I venture to believe, so decidedly and purely Masonic, and Masonic only, as to render any further remarks thereanent "both profitless and needless."

And so I conclude my humble little essay to-day, rather dogmatically, some may think, perhaps, at the end, yet because I believed I had something to say I have said it, and have said it as shortly and concisely as I could.

GOING HOME.

HEIMGANG! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting surges—
Heimgang! Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam
Still we journey towards "God's Acre"—
Heimgang! Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken—
Heimgang! We are going home.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

BY A DREAMER.

WE, all of us, even we Freemasons, have, I fancy, at one time or another of our life, our own "golden dreams." We are said, as Freemasons, to be very prosaic and matter-of-fact, and averse to sentiment, but I fancy if any of us could procure that magic "topaz" by which every one's secret thoughts and feelings were known to the possessor of that awful, if legendary, ring, we should soon find that our sleekest and sedatest neighbour has had a "golden dream" after all, was partaker of a secret which he particularly wished his own dear, dear Jezabel should never know. Some of us, as we advance in years, affect to treat all such ideas and feelings as what we like to term "gush," "sentimentality," and the like, and we deprecate much any allusion by any one to "golden dreams" and "picturesque personal pre-Raphaelitism." When Goethe said "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt," he uttered, according to such unimaginative censors, unmitigated "bosh;" when the young man strikes his forehead, as young men sometimes do, and cries out ecstatically, "Ah, meine goldene traumen," we are wont generally, if "sotto voce," to dub that young man an "anser." There are many of us, indeed, to whom, as life has passed away, leaving us old, greyheaded, gouty, and forlorn, all these ideas and theories appear too sublimated for our earthly vision. We don't believe in "love at first sight," the "mutual harmony" of "confiding bosoms," the "glancings of rapturous glances," the "squeezings of hot little rooms" (whatever these may be), and we strongly repress all allusions to our own earlier days, hopes, plans, longings, idealities. Indeed, like the poet, we say somewhat proudly and sternly, when we hear young men talking what we like to call their "spoony nonsense" now,

> New milk I own is very fine
> When foaming from the cow;
> But yet I want my pint of wine—
> I'm not a lover now.
>
> I never tell a tender tale,
> I never want to sigh,
> I never seek to raise a veil,
> I never tell a lie.

But yet, as I remarked before, say what we will and do what we will, spend our lives where and how we may, we cannot silence "memory," and the present, with all its attractions for some and its bitter heartaches for others, is ever carrying us away on its "resistless tide" to that "past" of ours, which, try as we may, we can never shut out in its tender interests and living sympathies either for time or eternity. But I must not drift into too serious a tone.

We all, then, have our "golden dreams," or, as the courtly preacher once said to Louis XV., when speaking of universal death, "presque tous," and very pleasant they are while they last. Sometimes they do not endure for long; ofttimes they fade away as with the morning's light; but while they are ours they are cheery to the sight and good for the mind. For there is, if they are "golden dreams," something elevating in them: they seem to lift us above the common crowd and the noisy ruck of men, and to fill us with happy hopes and fair imaginings. To-day, when we are old and cold, and weary and worn, when trials and troubles, crosses and years have bowed our

forms, or gangrened our dispositions, we are apt to forget what a roseate hue that "golden dream" of ours once cast upon the outer and inner life of our whole physical and moral being. For then, trusting and unsophisticated, we were rather inclined to believe that all that glittered was really gold. We knew nothing of dejection or disappointment, trickery or treachery; we confided in others, we were confided in ourselves; hope told us its most flattering tale, and we literally hugged the dear deceit to our hearts. Alas, to-day, how vast the difference, how dark the shadows, how black the outlook. These "golden dreams" have flitted away never to return. The happiness we once counted upon securely never has been ours. The "loving cup" we raised so joyously to our lips we have put down untasted, for it was full of "fennel." The friends we so dearly loved have left us, have passed away from earth before us, have forgotten us, have cut us. The heart we once claimed so exultingly and believingly, after all was never ours. Reality to-day is a sad blank, a mournful contrast to the glittering forms anticipation once sketched out for our ardent longings. And on us at last has fallen, what comes to us all, I fancy, sooner or later here, that realization that after all is said and done, gone and spent, acted and parted here, "Nehushtan" is the most fitting motto, alike for our aims and plans and expectations, the dreams and delusions of life, the friendships we form, the homes we create, the work we do, and the lots we fill. On everything, and on us all equally, "decay's effacing fingers" have rested, blighting both our hearts and hopes, our memories, our sympathies, our love, our life; and yet who would not have had these "golden dreams?"

Some petty stoic, some snarling cynic may say "Thank God, I am not as other men are. I have no touching reminiscences to evoke, no tender confessions to make. In my bureau and despatch box you will find no fair or dark tresses, no perfumed note, no faded flower, and no soiled glove. Nothing shall be there to amuse some callous executors, or to betray my weakness or my folly." But such men, happily for the world, are few and far between. The best and worst of us all may well remember, wistfully or gently, as the case may be, those "golden dreams" which once were theirs, and which they cherished so hugely and grieved over so intensely. And yet, who knows? It is, perhaps, the best thing in the world for us, the very best thing, that they never were realized and that we gained them not. We did not think so then. We perhaps did not believe so then; nay, we would have laid down our life to get them; and yet here we are to-day none the worse without them, perhaps much better, indeed, for the want of them. So let us be contented and cheerful, genial and resigned; whatever is, is for the best. Yes it is a queer world, my masters; but let us ever remember the good sound old proverb, MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

LITERARY AND ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP.

MR. Thomas B. Trowsdale is contributing to *The Welcome* (S. W. Partridge & Co.) a monthly chapter entitled "Lore of the Months, Antiquarian and Historical." We understand that these articles, which contain a large amount of curious information anent old world customs in connection with the calendar, will be re-issued in volume form at the close of the year.

Mr. Elliot Stock has just issued a vigorous volume of verse from the pen of a new poet, who bids fair to attain an exalted position in the Temple of the

Muses. "Argentine, and other Poems," is the work to which we allude, and Shirley Wynne is its highly gifted author. This, his first published collection of poems, has been received with almost unexampled press enconiums; and certainly its intrinsic merits warrant all the praise which has been bestowed upon it. The living light of a master mind beams through every line of the brilliant poem which gives title to the book, and the shorter productions are radiant with exquisite imagery, elegantly expressed. We hope to be favoured with further flights of Shirley Wynne's fervid fancy.

Du Maurier's trenchant pictorial satires on society in *Punch* are attracting universal notice, and may serve to scotch many of the popular errors of the period. It appears that someone recently took the talented artist to task on the subject, and asked him if he were not afraid of being attacked in some of the society journals. "Not I," said Du Maurier; "I can always *draw* and defend myself."

Society, a journal of fact, fiction, and fashion, edited by Mr. George W. Plant, is a wonderful weekly pennyworth. The lover of gossip may find in its attractive pages quite as much well-written information anent the movements of the *beau monde* as is given in the more expensive, and sometimes more objectionable, issues of the so-called society journals.

The Yorkshire Inventor and Manufacturer is the newest thing in trade journals. It bids fair to become an all-round success. Mr. W. E. Fox is the editor.

In the report of the English Dialect Society for 1879 it was announced that Mr. C. H. Poole, of Pailton, Rugby, had undertaken the preparation of a "Glossary of Staffordshire Dialectical Words." Mr. Poole has now completed his self-imposed task, and the glossary may be had on application to the author.

The Rev. J. Edward Vaux, M.A., and Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite, F.S.A., are engaged in the production of a work dealing with "Church Folk-lore."

Philanthropy is not yet dead; the milk of human kindness has not yet dried up; there is still a spark of real human friendship left, at least in the heart of George Smith, the author of "Gipsy Life." This is his new work and present enterprise, in which he heroically sacrifices self to emancipate this wandering race from its sad state of degradation and ignorance. All praise to the true-hearted man and his noble work; the canal population blesses him, so will the gipsies. May he meet with equal success. Though alone, his influence is powerful, and only requires means to make it more so. The book, "Gipsy Life," is a collection of articles and illustrations on the subject, which have already appeared in the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*—a sufficient guarantee for their worth. We hope that all who have 3s. 6d. to spare will purchase the volume, and thus aid the cause of the gipsies.

"Short Notes on Painswick" is the title of an important topographical work which Mr. U. J. Davis, an erudite Gloucester antiquary, has in the press. The volume will extend to upwards of 300 pages, and will be illustrated with numerous lithographed views, maps, plans, fac-similes of autographs, etc. Much hitherto unpublished information will be presented in the book.

The study of geography forms an important part in the curriculum of every school and college, but the text-books used are often very meagre in information; and, were they not supplemented by the lectures of the teachers, our knowledge of this important subject would be exceedingly scant. We do not, however, carry away from the lecture-room as a permanent stock of information the instructions of the lecturer, and outside there are few books of a popular kind that can be used for reference or as agreeable reading. We therefore observe with pleasure that the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. are doing something to remedy this evil by the pub-

lication of a series of volumes on "Foreign Countries," each distinct in itself, and which will form a valuable compendium of the newest facts. "Greece" and the "West Indies" are the subjects of the first two volumes just issued, and from the character of these the series gives promise of being a very useful one.

Mr. Councillor Fewster, a well-known numismatist of Hull, is about to publish, for private circulation, a work on the coins and tokens of the town.

The collection of antiquarian information is being made a prominent feature by many of the most influential provincial papers. That department of the *Newcastle Chronicle* has contributors in all parts of our island. The *Manchester City News* contains select and very valuable notes of a like character appertaining to Lancashire; and in the same county we have the well-stored "scrap-book" of the *Leigh Chronicle*, and the interesting "Notes and Queries" column of the *Oldham Chronicle*. The archæological ana of the Welsh border is collected under the heading of "Byegones" in the *Oswestry Advertiser* and in the "Shropshire and North Wales Notes and Gleanings" of the widely-circulated *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. Mr. Thomas B. Trowsdale conducts "Local Notes and Queries" columns in the *Lincoln Gazette*, the *Gloucester Journal*, and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*. Mr. J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S., ably presides over a similar feature of the *Nottingham Guardian*, and the Rev. B. H. Blacker edits the "Gloucestershire Notes and Queries" published in the *Stroud Journal*. The *Leeds Mercury* and the *Bedfordshire Times and Independent*, besides several other county journals which we might mention, have also antiquarian corners. This is a definite and encouraging indication of the increasing interest which is evinced by the masses in the perusal of old-world lore.

Chambers' Journal, one of the oldest and best of our family monthlies, continues its hold upon popular favour. The frequent articles on social subjects, signed "W.C.," are always eminently readable, and the rest of the contents are well up to the mark. A paper on "Rocking Stones" in the August issue of this journal we would specially commend for the large amount of interesting information it contains.

We notice that the King of Spain has signed a convention of copyright with France. From what English authors say of French publishers, it is very doubtful if this will result in much profit to Spanish literature, and, on the other hand, it is scarcely to be supposed that French authors will grow unbecomingly obese in consequence of it. Still, it shows that the march of civilization is something more than a phrase. What a pity this particular species of civilization cannot march westward as well as eastward and southward!

Upwards of a dozen separate volumes of the author's edition of Miss Rosa M. Kettle's works have been published, and we are glad to see that Messrs. Ward and Lock are bringing out a people's edition in the regulation yellow boards. This course will undoubtedly help to extend the popularity of this elegant writer's charming books.

We have received from Mr. William Isbister (Limited), 26, Ludgate Hill, London, a "Handbook of the New Code of Regulations, 1880, and other Official Instructions, Orders, and Circulars of the Education Department," carefully compiled by Mr. John F. Moss, the able clerk of the Sheffield School Board. It is intended for the use of school board managers and teachers, by whom we feel sure it will be received as a boon, on account of the clearness with which it elucidates obscure points of the government regulations. Copious notes and an excellent index greatly enhance the value of the work. The book is prepared from a larger one on the practical administration of the "Education Acts, 1870-80, and Incorporated Statutes," which was compiled by Mr. Moss, in conjunction with Mr. E. M. Hance, LL.B., clerk of the Liverpool School Board.

The Age is the title of a smart little monthly published at Bradford (Yorks.) and extensively circulated through the various northern counties. It contains racy notes and articles, and interesting and well-written stories. We notice that the editor has lately secured the valuable assistance of L'Allegro, a writer who is building up for himself a good reputation as a novelist. The publication is well illustrated.

Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., editor of the *Hull Miscellany*, has in active preparation a volume of selections from the most important contributions to that bright little weekly. It will be appropriately entitled "Miscellanea," and amongst the writers represented will be the editor, Dr. Spencer Hall, Matthias Barr ("the children's poet laureate"), W. Davenport Adams; John Brent, F.S.A.; T. B. Trowsdale; W. E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.; J. P. Briscoe, F.R.H.S.; Henry Calvert Appleby, "Guy Roslyn," "L'Allegro;" S. C. Hall, F.S.A.; and many other prose and poetical authors of high repute.

Another class newspaper is announced. It is to be called *The Clerk*, and will be the organ of the young man suggested by the title. Mr. Thomas Archer is to be the editor, and will, no doubt, very efficiently fill his post.

Mrs. Maxwell, better known as Miss Braddon, is writing yet another novel. The popular magazine founded by the late Charles Dickens is to be the initial vehicle for the new story, which will be called "Asphodel."

Mr. Barnwell, of Hull, has just published a *recherché* little volume of verse, entitled "Lays and Lyrics." The author is Mr. George Lancaster, who is well known both on this and the other side of the Atlantic as a reputable writer of smart and humorous prose and verse. In the book before us there are many trifles which reflect very great credit upon Mr. Lancaster, and we hope to shortly see further productions of his pen.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons have recently issued a valuable addition to the literature of the county of Derby in the shape of a little volume on "The Etymology of some Derbyshire Place-Names." The substance of the glossary was originally read as a paper before the Derbyshire Archæological and Natural History Society; but in compliance with the request of the local press and public, Mr. Frederick Davis, its remarkably well-informed author, has been tempted to extend his list, and the result is a book that should be at the elbow, not only of all residents of the county to which it more particularly refers, but of students of local history generally. Mr. Davis now promises to revise and considerably extend even the very full list of place-names included in the volume under notice; and those who know him know that he will do his best to turn out of his literary laboratry a finished work that cannot fail to become a standard local authority.

In a recent obituary appeared the once familiar name of Pierce Egan, a writer whose wild works of imagination were wont to consumedly exercise our youthful mind in the days that are gone. Wilkie Collins has described the deceased gentleman as one of those writers who address "the unknown public," by which we presume he means the readers of the *London Journal* and periodicals of a cognate character, to whom it is to be regretted that, possessed of undoubted genius as he was, he has of late years somewhat pandered. It is sad to think that the most part, if not all, of the emanations from his busy pen have died with their gifted author.

In the next number of *Leisure*, a capital little London quarterly, will be published a Christmas story of absorbing interest from the pen of L'Allegro, the gifted author of "Newspaper Romances" and other popular works. The story is entitled "Within the Sound of Crookton Bells," and deals with a bank failure.

H.M.S. EURYDICE.

Lost March, 1878.

BY SAVARICUS.

A TRIM-BUILT ship is speeding o'er the main,
With sails well set to bear the goodly strain;
A kindly breeze now wafts her fast along,
And breathing low seems but a zephyr's song;
Clear from her bow she shakes the sparkling spray,
And, like a courser, proudly bounds away.
Foam-crested are the waves, and these she cleaves
As sea-birds skim the air. The track she leaves
Appears and disappears like melting snow—
Rose-tinted by the setting sun's red glow,
A fleeting path upon an open sea,
A wake to watch and beautiful to see.
Day after day, by prosp'rous breezes blest,
She ploughs her way through surging ocean's breast;
Her crew three hundred, mainly "British Tars,"
For duty cheery, lithe, like bending spars;
Their movements prove the ship and men are one.
At "homeward bound" how fast their pulses run!
So fair a voyage; sailing day and night
The distance shortens, hearts grow gay and light;
Old England's cliffs to welcome eyes soon loom—
The morn is bright, without a sign of gloom.
The church-bell's voice proclaims the day of rest,
Each sailor in his smartest garb is drest.
The gath'ring clouds the rising storm foretell,
But land is nigh, to idle thoughts farewell.
A few short hours—the snow is falling fast,
The rushing wind from shore is sweeping past.
A squall! the sails recoil, the trembling ship
All stagg'ring, lifts her bow, men reel and slip—
The swelling sea pours in at open port—
A plunge—she sinks! by fatal tempest caught.

H.M.S. ATALANTA.

Lost March, 1880.

BY SAVARICUS.

HOW many hearts are beating high,
A training-ship's o'er due;
Dear friends on shore wait patiently
To welcome home the crew.

But oh! the days are passing by,
No tidings come to hand;
Suspense, its anguish doth supply,
And spreads it through the land.

Hope whispers, "doubting thoughts are wrong,
What aileth ship or men?
The sailor lads and ship are strong,
And will return again."

* * * * * * *

The raging seas each other lash,
And leap to seize their prey;
Fork'd lightnings gleam, and thunders crash—
The storm-fiends are at play.

Within the cyclone's awful power
A noble craft is caught;
The struggle lasts, from hour to hour
The battle's bravely fought.

The vivid lightning strikes the mast
As if with frenzied ire;
A stream of light—the words are passed
"Great God! the ship's on fire."

The crew, to duty firm and true,
Now work with heart and hand;
Still hoping, fearing, praying too,
Each ready to command.

A blinding flash! the rudder's gone!
All helpless now she rolls;
The fates keep watch, she sinks anon,
And drowns three hundred souls.

* * * * * * *

In England friends their vigils keep,
Fear will not hope exhaust;
No message from the mighty deep
Tells that the ship is lost.

A silent sorrow creepeth near,
Exploring ships return,
From port to ocean as they steer
No news or sign they learn.

With sweethearts, wives, and children dear
We mourn the ship's sad fate,
And stern men sigh and shed a tear
When they the tale relate.

HISTORY OF RINGS.

INVENTED somewhere in the babyhood of the world, the origin of the circlet we call a finger-ring is lost in prehistoric darkness. The Greeks in their mythology credit Jupiter with its invention. Their story is that when the god forgave one Prometheus, and released him from his penance in the Caucasus, where a vulture made a daily free lunch of his liver, and where he had sworn to keep him eternally, he, in order not to break his oath, caused an iron ring to be made with a fragment of Caucasian granite set in it. This ornament the released stealer of Celestial fire always wore to carry out the threat that he should be bound to the rock for ever. Whoever did create them, rings are certainly almost coeval with people who had fingers to wear them on. Seal-rings are said to have been an invention of the Lacedemonians who used them to make their money-chests more secure. In Biblical times money was made in the form of rings. Great quantities of this peculiar currency, which figures frequently in the sepulchral frescoes of Egypt, have been found in different countries, including Ireland. The Greeks put rings in the urns which held the ashes of their cremated friends as tokens of affection. Rings were a favourite ornament among the Romans, who not only wore them themselves, but decorated the fingers of their sculptured gods with them too. These were changed on special days and festivals, according to set rules. In times of sorrow the Romans exchanged their gold circlets for iron ones, and they had heavy and light ones for winter and summer. It was a sign of the greatest poverty when any subject of the great empire had to sell his rings to live. Some of the Roman rings rivalled that presented to President Pierce by his California admirers in 1852, which was of gold, and weighed a pound.

There is scarcely a malleable or tenuous substance of which rings have not been composed. All the metals have been brought into requisition. Iron was the first. Then gold was mixed with it, as by the Romans, and then gold alone was used. Among the spoils of one of Hannibal's victories were three bushels of gold rings. Rings of iron were worn by conquerors till Caius Marius changed the fashion to gold. Bronze, jet, cornelian, glass, emerald, and amber have been used. Poor people wore rings of ivory and blue porcelain. The rings of the ancients in many cases were of iron gilded. Iron rings used to be made with gold seals.

An incident mentioned by Plutarch shows how distinctive a gold ring once was. When Cinna and Caius Marius were slaughtering the citizens of Rome, the slaves of Cornutus hid their master in the house and took a dead body out of the street from among the slain and hanged it by the neck; then they put a gold ring upon the finger, and showed the corpse in that condition to Marius' executioners, after which they dressed it for the funeral and buried it as their master's body. Rings in those days were very different affairs from the flimsy bands of metal now in use. Some of the Egyptian signets were of extraordinary size. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentions an ancient Egyptian one which contained about twenty guineas worth of gold. It consisted of a massive ring, half an inch in its largest diameter. Exceptionally ponderous rings were those made to wear on the thumbs. An ancient swell, loaded down with his weighty ornaments, could hardly use his fingers at all. A curious form some old rings assumed was that of a strap and buckle, like a common belt or collar. They were formed of pieces of metal joined so as to make a pliable band, and were wrapped around the finger and buckled there like so much ribbon. Rings in the form of serpents, with their tails in their mouths, and which opened in the same way, were also great favourites.

Cylinders, squares, and pyramids were forms used for seals prior to the adoption of ring-seals. These settled with the Greeks into the scarabæus or beetle, a stone something like the half of a walnut, with its convexity wrought into the form of a beetle, while the flat under surface contained the inscription for the seal. The Greeks retained this form until they thought of dispensing with the body of the beetle, only preserving for the inscription the flat oval which the base presented, and which they ultimately set in rings. This shows how ring-seals came into form. Many of the Egyptian and other ring-seals are on a swivel, and doubtless originated with the perforated cylindrical and other seals, which were, with a string passed through them, worn around the neck or from the wrist.

The sculpture of signets was, probably, the first use of gem engraving, and this was derived from the common source of all the arts, India. Figures on the Greek seals were, as a rule, nude, while those on the Roman ones were draped. Favourite subjects were the gods, until Pythagoras forbade the use of them upon rings, lest, from seeing their images too frequently, it should breed contempt for them in the hearts of their worshippers. The sacred bull was a favourite effigy upon the rings of the Egyptians.

The value and usefulness of a seal or signet ring is little appreciated in this age of pen and ink, except in certain sections where the primitive habits of the dark ages still perpetuate their customs. For instance, in Persia, at the present day, letters are seldom written and never signed by the person who sends them; the authenticity of all orders and communications, and even of a merchant's bills, depends wholly on an impression from his seal ring. This makes the occupation of a seal cutter one of much trust and danger. Such a person is obliged to keep a register of every ring-seal he makes, and if one be lost or stolen from the party for whom it was cut, his life would answer for making another exactly like it. The loss of a signet ring is considered a serious calamity. The only resources of a person who has lost his seal is to have another made with a new date, and to write to his correspondents to inform them that all accounts, contracts, and communications to which his former signet is affixed are null and void from the day on which it was lost. To give a person, then, your seal ring is to give him the use and authority in those countries which our own signature to a check or other paper possess. As it is now in Persia in this regard, so was it the world over previous to the Christian era, and in most countries for many centuries after it. In ancient times the forefinger was emblematical of power; the signet was worn on it.

There were fashions in wearing rings. According to Pliny the Romans first wore them on the fourth finger, then on the little, the first, and finally on all together except the middle one. At one time they were worn on the extremity of the little finger. There was supposed to be a little nerve in the fourth finger that went right to the heart, and love rings were worn on it. Classical physicians used always to stir their potions with this talismanic member. Plain rings were worn indiscriminately on either hand by the Romans. Seals and stones adorned the left exclusively. The Jews wore their rings on the right hand, and the Hebrew women then, as now, had no end of them. The wearing of rings on the left hand took its use from the fact that they were more liable to injury on the busier right member. The Gauls and ancient Britons wore theirs on the middle finger. Egyptian women wore two or three on each finger, except the third, which was always covered with the most, and they loaded the left hand heavier than the right invariably. At first the Romans only used a single ring; then one on each finger, and at length several on each joint. Their foppery arose to such a pitch that they had their weekly rings. Heliogabalus carried the point of using rings the farthest, for he never wore the same ring or the same shoe twice. Heliogabalus was a funny wretch anyhow. He would frequently invite to his banquets

eight old men blind of one eye, eight bald, eight deaf, eight lame with the gout, eight blacks, eight exceedingly thin, and eight so fat that they could scarcely enter the room, and who, when they had eaten as much as they desired, were obliged to be taken out of the apartment on the shoulders of several soldiers.

The origin of the wedding ring is unknown. The Jews and Egyptians are said never to have employed it. But the ring was used in connection with marriage before Christian times. The Greeks had it, and the Romans employed the ring. There was commonly a feast on the signing of the marriage contract; and the man gave the woman a ring by way of pledge, which she put upon her left hand, on the finger next the least, because of the suggested nerve running to the heart. The ring was generally of iron, though sometimes of copper and brass, with little knobs in the form of a key, to represent that the wife had possession of the husband's keys.

The use of the wedding-ring is now almost universal. It is practiced even in the most barbarous communities, and by many people a marriage in which a ring is not used is believed to be null.

A wicked trick upon weak and confiding women used to be played by forcing upon their finger a rush ring, as thereby they fancied themselves married. Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1217, forbids the putting of rush rings or any of like matter on women's fingers. De Breveil says it was an ancient custom to use a rush ring in cases where necessity for marriage was apparent.

Gifts of rings by lovers have always been common. One of the prettiest tokens of friendship and affection is what is termed a *Gimmal* or *Gimmow* ring. It is of French origin. The ring is constructed of double hoops, which play within one another, like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat and the other convex, and each is twisted once round and surmounted with an emblem or motto. The course of the twist, in each hoop, is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops, these immediately unite in one ring. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops and his mistress hers through the other, were thus symbolically yoked together, a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one-half being allotted to the other, and making, as it has been quaintly said, a joint tenancy.

Some of the queerest superstitions to which the credulous incline, or have inclined, are connected with rings. Their potency as charms was directed against fascinations of all kinds, chief among which ranks the dreaded evil eye. Magic rings and magical inscriptions on rings were used to combat this malignant charm, and in Spain, Italy, and the Orient are still. There is a big traffic in rings of this kind carried on in Naples yet. They were also used to cure diseases and avert dangers and mischiefs. As a sovereign specific against all ills, even Galen has recommended a ring with jasper set in it and engraved with the figure of a man wearing a bunch of herbs round the neck. This stone takes the lead among this class of charms. The diamond was supposed to render a man invincible, the agate eloquent and prudent, amiable and agreeable, and the amethyst made him insensible to intoxication. The carbuncle was believed to contain latent light, and to disseminate it like a lamp, and a species of ruby was credited with the power to restrain fury and wrath. The amethyst was said also to hinder the ascension of vapours, and this was done by the stone drawing the vapours to itself and then transmuting them. Andreas Baccius says that it sharpens the wit, diminishes sleep, and resists poison. The emerald was said to be at enmity with all impurity, and would break if it touched the skin of an adulterer. The topaz was affirmed to free men from passion to sadness of mind. The opal, to sharpen the sight, and so on in an almost endless list. All these charmed stones were worn in rings with cabalistic inscriptions.

In England there was a popular superstition that a ring made from five sixpences, collected by a bachelor from five different bachelors, and made by a bachelor smith, will cure fits if the bachelors who contribute do not know what they are contributing for, otherwise the charm is spoiled. Three nails from a used coffin forged into a circlet are regarded in Devonshire as an infallible remedy for king's evil. A wart pricked through a wedding ring with a gooseberry thorn is believed, in Ireland, to disappear, as does also a sty when rubbed by the same circlet. Epilepsy was to be cured by wearing a ring in which a portion of an elk's horn was to be enclosed, while the hoof of an ass, worn in the same way, had the reputation of preventing conjugal debility, and a ring of lead and quicksilver prevented and stopped the headache. In fact, a belief in the efficacy of magnetic rings exists to this day, and they find an extensive market among the lower classes abroad and in some sections of this continent.

HOLIDAY HOURS.

BY A FLANEUR.

JUST now we are all of us "on the wing," and, like the grouse, let us hope in "good condition." Freemasons, like everybody else, must have a holiday, and therefore we are all off, some north and south, some east and west, some with a "portmanteau and a hat box," some with numerous "impedimenta" in the shape of a "wife and bairns." But wherever we go let us try and enjoy our "outing." Let us leave behind us cares and worries, or (as some one has said—no doubt a man of very ill-regulated mind) "bills and babies," and let us seek to have a few hours of peaceful rest after prosperous business or engrossing brain-work. Whether, therefore, we are off to Wales, to Cowes, to the lakes of Killarney or the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland; whether we are going to Brittany or Switzerland, to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Como, to Marienbad or Gastein, Kissengen or Wildbad, Homburgh or Spa, or even Etretat or Ostend, let us make up our mind to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, and to be pleased with everything and everybody. Some people always travel with "the air of a martyr," or as if they were doing penance. Everything bores them and bothers them. The douane and the table d'hote, the foreign language or different hours, cafè au lait or the "gerstenschleimer suppe," all are to them subjects of deep mental exacerbation; and the consquence is they make themselves disagreeable to everybody, and foreigners especially think them either rude or mad. Such hopeless travellers are cross to their own dear wives, their blooming daughters, their son and heir, and of course to chance travellers. We had a very kind, pleasant friend of old, who used to declare that travelling made her always so cross she never spoke to anybody, not even her maid. We know a distinguished "voyageur" still, who, pleasant as he can be if he likes, is always quarrelsome in travelling with everybody, and complaining about everything, especially his rooms. So we venture to address our many travelling friends just now, and impress upon them the necessity of seeking to make the most of their little holiday, be they where they may. If abroad, let them try to do "as Rome does," and not always to be asking after English food, English ways, English books, English things. There was once a person who never could be happy or in good humour until he had seen the *Times* daily. Now the *Times*, we

freely admit, is a great and remarkable British institution, and "sui generis" in every respect, but surely we can do without it for a season.

It was stout old Johnson, we think, who said, a hundred years and more ago, that in the desert one should not miss a newspaper; and we have heard of modern travellers who openly declared it was a blessed contrast to civilized life to find they were not compelled to read the most eloquent of leaders or wade through the interminable nonsense of the irrepressible speakers in the "great talking house" at home.

Whether, then, fate or fortune find us to-day at home or abroad, at Harrogate or Scarborough, down in a Welsh valley or mooning on the pleasant Cumberland hills, let us seek to extract from our holiday health, happiness, contentment, and comfort, and then we shall do very well. The wife of our bosom, ever smiling and serene, will be pleasanter than ever. She won't now run up a dressmaker's bill, while Edith and Blanche and Tommie and Timmie and even the baby—the baby "par excellence"—will give us no trouble whatever, and will be so cheerful, so genial, and so accommodating that when we return to Notting Hill or Tavistock Square, St. Mary Axe or Victoria Street, we shall delight to tell others our little adventures, and to declare that "we never enjoyed ourselves so much," and to say, with sonorous emphasis, "I recommend you, old boy, to go and get a holiday."

Well, the holidays of life are often, God knows, few enough for us, their blithe moments sparse and short. As we all grow old, and youth's glow recedes before the chill of advancing years, we all of us learn the stern and unpalatable truth that he alone is the wise man, the sage, the philosopher who sets his heart on nothing here, as disappointment mostly meets us in the way to blight our hopes and break up the happiest homes. Let us, however, not be too morbid, but let us say, cheerily and joyously, "Heigh for our holiday hours!"

IN MEMORIAM.

THOUGH Mr. Tom Taylor was not, we believe, a member of our Order, he was so eminent a personality in the literary and art world that he seems to deserve a few passing words of kindly remembrance in the *Masonic Magazine*. For as Freemasons, we always admire merit in all branches and forms of intellectual culture; and certainly the name of Tom Taylor is well known to many of our readers. Not a few of them have probably enjoyed the happy little effusions of his fertile and sportive pen, whether in *Punch* or elsewhere, while the more serious of his contributions, whether in artistic or dramatic literature, have been of such marked originality and "geist" that we think it would not be right for us to ignore altogether a fame so special and acknowledged and services so greatly rendered for so long to the "Great Republic of Letters." We have always heard so much both of his genial nature and kindly heart, as well as his many and undoubted talents, that we feel sure we shall give pleasure to our readers in thus briefly (as is only in our power) adverting to merits so many and a loss so severe. Like that assemblage which lately gathered mournfully yet lovingly round his grave, we are anxious to record our humble sense of his great loss to literature and art, to his family and friends, and at the same time to express an admiration of his brilliant qualities and his genial tenderness of heart, life, and wit.

We take from Mr. Thomas Hughes' article on "Tom Taylor" in *Macmillan's Magazine* the following light but touching tribute to his memory and his kindly honest life!

In the power and faculty of wit which ran through every mood from the grotesque of the pathetic, but with no faintest taint of coarseness, or malice, or unkindliness, and to luring all kinds of people to join in it, no one in our day has come near him.

It was a faculty which had been kept much in restraint in early life, while he was fighting his way to independence through Glasgow and Cambridge, until he had gained the temporary haven of a Trinity fellowship. But his reputation as master of the revels had already begun to spread when he came to London in 1844 to read for the Bar. So he was at once recruited by "the old stagers," who had just started on the "tumbling" career which has made the Canterbury week famous. With John Doe and Richard Roe, the Hon. S. Whitehead, the Chevalier Esrom, the Smith family, and the rest of that unique band, he helped to make the little country theatre and the long room at the Fountain Inn a sort of central shrine of good wholesome English fun, pouring himself out in prologues, epilogues, play-bills, and squibs, many of which would well repay the zeal of any collector of good things who will hunt them up. It was for them that in 1846 he wrote the first piece which made his reputation as a dramatist—*To Parents and Guardians.*

And one of them (a contemporary at Cambridge, now a grave metropolitan magistrate) became his chum in the Temple, in the chambers where Thackeray deposited his wig and gown under their charge, and wrote up his name with theirs over the door, in some vague expectation of possible professional benefits to accrue from that ceremony. The rooms were at 10, Crown Office-row, looking over the Temple gardens, and approached by a staircase from the row. They had also, as a double set, access to a back staircase leading into Hare Court, from which circumstance, and the jocose use which both Thackeray and he made of it, the rumour spread of the impecuniosity of the trio, and of the shifts and stratagems for the manipulation of clients and the defeat of duns which the second staircase enabled them to perpetrate, with the aid of their boys (the heroes of the farce *Our Clerks*). It may be said in passing, however, that there was not a shadow of foundation for such stories. No taint of Bohemia hung about him in this matter. He spent liberally what he earned, but nothing more.

The rooms were among the oldest in the Inn, dating from the Fire of London, but convenient enough, with the exception of one gloomy hole christened by Tom "the hall of waistcoats," because in it stood the wardrobe in which his chum, a well-dressed man, kept the liberal supply of clothing which he had brought from Cambridge. In it also swung the hammock in which an occasional belated visitor slept and the laundress deposited her baby when she came to clean the rooms or help cook. The block has been pulled down and rebuilt; but he has left a memorial of them in the "Templar's Tribute," part of which may well be repeated here:—

They were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull, and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring cracked, the windows gaped, the door-posts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a sad and wailing cry.
In a dingier set of chambers no man need wish to stow
Than those, old friend, wherein we denned at 10, Crown Office Row.

But we were young if they were old; we never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out and let the sunshine in;
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our hopes bedecked the wall,
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to meet what might befall.
Will summer hours be ever ours than those which used to go
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in 10, Crown Office Row?

* * * * * * *

Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where all was frolic fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about, like bullets from a gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with Soyer's shilling book
Thrust of a sudden in her hands, and straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs from those old walls would flow
Could they give out all they drank in at 10, Crown Office Row.

* * * * * * *

You, too, have found a loving mate; ah, well, 'twas time to go;
No wives we had—the one thing bad—in 10, Crown Office Row.

Good-bye old rooms, where we chummed years without a single fight,
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon your site;
More airy bedrooms, wider panes, our followers will see,
And wealthier, wiser tenants the Bench may find than we;
But lighter hearts, or truer, I'll defy the town to show
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned this, 10, Crown Office Row.

THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.

BY MASONIC STUDENT.

(Continued from page 69.)

THE dogma of the immortality of the soul is strictly connected with that of providence. Since there is a just God, who punishes and rewards ; since he has stamped his image on our hearts and given us those ideas of perfection to which we are continually approaching, he could not will that our expectation should be deceived, and he has therefore reserved us for the noblest purposes. This consolatory opinion opens to the sage an asylum, whence, like those who from an elevated station enjoy the prospect of the sea in a storm, he considers in tranquility the tumultuous agitations of mortals, uncertain of their fate; while he, persuaded as he is that he shall receive the reward of his labours, with unwearied ardour devotes himself to the investigation of truth. The desire he has for immortality is, in his mind, the strongest assurance that he will obtain it. And indeed, if Nature herself had not engraven it on his heart, whence could be derived that anticipation of future ages, that love of glory which he extends beyond the limits of the tomb? Are not his thoughts bent on futurity? Is it not for posterity that he consumes himself with watching; that he devotes himself to meditation, and foregoes the enjoyment of his dearest pleasures? He plants trees that are not to bear fruit till long after his death ; but he knows that one day, when his grand-children shall come and repose beneath their shade, he shall hear and enjoy the benedictions bestowed on his memory. Yes, without a doubt, the soul survives the body. Let us believe the internal sense which proclaims to us this truth, rather than all the vain arguments that have been urged against it. And even though it should not rest on an indubitable foundation, why endeavour to destroy its probability? Why choke the precious germs of those virtues it gives birth to? 'Twas this that conducted three hundred Spartans to the defiles at Thermopylæ to serve as a barrier against innumerable armies; that sent Epaminodas to bury himself in the plains of Mantinea; it is this that, by promising to the warrior a crown of immortality, teaches him to prefer to the sweets of repose the honour of perishing for his country.* It alone inspires the courage, still more heroic of resisting oppression. How noble is the spectacle of Socrates, unjustly condemned, disdaining to have recourse to supplication, occupying the whole day of his death in consoling his friends, and while he holds in his hands the poisoned cup, inculcating upon them those sublime principles of the truth of which his reason, improved by long experience, had given him the most perfect conviction. Thus thought Cato, that virtuous Roman, whose inflexible soul never could be induced to bend the knee to tyranny, and who, after having supported to the last struggle the cause of liberty, regarded the moment of its extinction as that which providence pointed out to him for quitting the post he had been destined to guard. Far be the maxims of those men from us, who maintain that everything ends with this state of existence, and that when we cease to live we cease to be. Dreadful idea! fit only to overwhelm us with despair, and which, far from arming us against the fear of death, only makes its approach the more hideous. Ah! if it be given to man to taste the unmingled pleasure of satisfaction with his own conduct, if he can depart from life as a satisfied guest rises from a ban-

* Cicero, Tuscul, l. i., c. 15.

quet, it is only in the firm hope that, after being freed from the illusions of sense, he goes to rejoin the Supreme Being and to contemplate those eternal truths of which he is the source.

Such, in all ages, has been the language of true philosophy, and thus it has exalted the mind of man, by assuring him of immortality. But when we ask what becomes of the soul, and what fate she is reserved for, philosophy is forced to remain silent; besides, it lifts its voice only to a few enlightened minds, some of whom indeed have employed against it its own weapons. Religion possesses the double advantage of speaking to the people, and of substituting in the room of abstract speculation, which they are unable to comprehend, such sensible images as leave no doubt in the mind. It was one of her principal dogmas among the Ancients, that the breath which animates is a portion of the universal mind diffused over every particle of matter. "Man is like to God," said they; "he is endowed with life and sense, he can reflect on the past, and anticipate the future. He maintains an absolute empire over his body; he governs and moves it, as God governs the world, which is not less fragile or less perishable. The principle of action alone is eternal."* The mysteries served chiefly to represent the state of the soul when it was released from its mortal encumbrance. They taught, not only the art of living well here, but of forming the highest hopes of futurity. "The vulgar," says Plutarch, "believe that nothing remains after death; but we, initiated as we are in the sacred rites of Bacchus, and witnesses of his holy ceremonies, we know that there exists a future state."† Aristides, Strabo, Isocrates, and Eusebius explained themselves also in the same terms. The pre-existence of the soul, and the dogma of the metempsychosis, which seems to be its natural consequence, were also taught in the mysteries.

Accordingly the initiated were informed of the miserable condition out of which their ancestors had been extricated: they were told how from a state of savageness and ferocity they had been reclaimed to a happier way of life by submitting to the government of laws. We must not then be surprised if the greater part of the initiatory ceremonies in the mysteries had a reference to agriculture, which had operated this important revolution, nor that the gods by whom it was invented were those who presided at these solemn festivals. In describing the establishment of societies, they took care to inculcate that original equality after which men so ardently sigh, which can only be found in a state of nature, or rather, which never did exist if that state itself is a chimera. But since in the best regulated governments, each individual is obliged to sacrifice a part of his liberty to the general utility, religion alone can restore us to our original rights. It teaches us that all are equal, and that there is no real pre-eminence but that which is conferred by virtue.

The initiated considered themselves as members of one great family. They were taken indifferently out of the various orders of the people; and the distinctions of rank, of birth, and of fortune gave place to those of brotherly love and mutual benevolence. And as the mysteries had established certain relations between man and the Deity, they served also to shew the former what duties he owed his neighbour, and they prescribed to him rules of conduct in every situation of life.

Lastly, their object was to purify the soul, to dispose it to receive the sublimest ideas, and to raise it to the contemplation of intellectual things. This last degree of perfection was the completion of the doctrine which the mysteries unfolded. But none could attain it, except such as were pure and undefiled; who had given instances of strength, of courage, and of attachment to virtue, and who had been tried in the school of adversity. Such was undoubtedly the motive of the probation which the initiated were obliged to undergo.

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* Cicero, Somn. Scip. † Consol. ad Uxor.

We have now seen for what purpose the mysteries were instituted. Their principal object was the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and the explication of the different fables attributed to the gods by whom that being was represented; the doctrine of a providence, the dogma of the immortality of the soul, and that of future punishments and rewards; the history of the establishment of civil society, as well as the invention of the arts, amongst which agriculture held the first place. They had at the same time a tendency to inspire the love of justice, of humanity, of all the patriotic virtues; and they joined to the precepts of the purest morality a display of truths of the utmost importance.

To these different objects all the mystical ceremonies had a reference, as it will be easy to perceive, by the simple detail which we mean to give of them. Some of these ceremonies may perhaps appear ridiculous, and little suited to the dignity of a great people; but it must be remembered that they belong to a symbolical religion that explained itself only in figures. They are, however, interesting in so far as they illustrate the origin of several institutions still practised among ourselves, which sometimes have only varied their appearance that they might adapt themselves to the worship of modern nations.

What was called *initiation* among the Ancients was admission into the sacred mysteries; and as that august ceremony was, as it were, a transition to a new life, it has been compared to death, of which it was the image. To descend to the shades properly signified to be initiated, as Servius has remarked,* and we may consult on this subject a very curious fragment preserved by Stobæus. Hence, in the fabulous ages of antiquity, are so many visits recorded that were made by heroes to the infernal mansions of the dead. That enterprise was ranked in the number of their most brilliant exploits; it gave fame to Ulysses, Æneas, and even to Theseus, whose actions seem more properly to belong to history. It was chiefly for legislators, for chiefs of colonies, for founders of empires, that the glory of this exploit was reserved. Accordingly, of all those who penetrated to the gloomy regions, Orpheus is the most celebrated. Being instructed in the school of the Egyptians, and imbued with their wisdom, the Western nations considered him as the author of all their civil and religious institutions. He was represented in the Elysian fields arrayed in a flowing robe, and uttering those divine accents that had formerly set open to him the gates of the infernal kingdom, when he went to solicit the restoration of his beloved Eurydice. His grief when she was again ravished from him, his lamentations, re-echoed from the tops of the Riphean mountains to the frozen shores of the Tanais; his dreadful end, and the sweet accents of his voice, that in spite of the leaden hand of death still repeated the name he held so dear, have been described in the most enchanting numbers, and make the most beautiful episode in the most perfect poem that antiquity has transmitted to our times. The circumstances of his descent into hell have a reference to emblems that are now unknown. But it is probable that the author of the Georgics conformed to the sacred traditions that were current in his time.

We cannot help observing in this place, the difference between the fictions of the ancients and those of the moderns. It does not appear that the imaginary heroes of chivalry were ever actuated by the great motives of religion, or even of patriotism. The St. Grail, which they swore to defend, seems merely to exhibit a picture of the superstition and gross ignorance that then prevailed. Though for the most part enrolled under the banner of the cross, their high feats of arms consisted in engagements with giants of enormous stature, in bidding defiance to the bravest warriors, in storming castles, and in exhibiting prodigies of intemperate valour. The enchantments of the old romance, and the illusions of fairy power, leave no impression on the mind of the reader that can afford him satisfaction. It was otherwise with the Grecian

* Serv. ad Æneid; lib. vi.

fictions, in which the marvellous was derived from a sacred source, and where the imagination, already surrounded by magnificent objects, of which it could dispose at its pleasure, was under no necessity to invent either the monstrous or fantastic. The epic poem had already acquired all the majesty that belongs to it. And how interesting to the masters of the world must not that poem have been which illustrated their origin, while it comprehended whatever religion deems most venerable and august! Every circumstance leads us to believe, what Warburton has most ingeniously demonstrated, that the description of the infernal regions in the Æneid is a representation of the sacred Mysteries, and of the ceremonies that attended their celebration.

The Mysteries were divided into two kinds, the greater and the less. The latter were only a preparation, a sort of noviciate, which it was necessary to perform before the aspirant could be admitted to the former, of which they were the images as sleep, says Euripides, is the image of death; and they chiefly consisted in lustrations and purifications of every kind.

After the candidate had been sufficiently exercised by a long fast and a series of austere observances, he was led into a chapel on the banks of a river, consecrated for the purpose, where he was plunged into the water as an emblem of regeneration. This ceremony Tertullian compares to that of baptism, of which it was indeed the symbol. The candidate was even presented by a kind of introductor, who performed the office of a father, and may be called by the name of sponsor. The priest, who had the care of the preparatory lustrations, was called the Hydranus. A victim was then sacrificed, which was generally a a sow with young, probably because that animal was made use of to signify the fecundity of nature: and the candidate having taken an oath that he would reveal nothing of what was to be communicated, various questions were proposed to him. He was asked, for instance, if he had eaten fruit, he replied, "I have fasted, I have drank of the cyceon, I have taken the cistus, I have put into the calathus; and having operated, I have put back the calathus into the cistus."* We shall not attempt to explain these mysterious formulas, of which it is now impossible to conjecture the sense. Some authors, and among others, M. Gebelin, think they referred to the productions of the earth. We shall only say that the *cyceon* was a mixture of wine, of honey, of water, and meal. As to the *calathus*, or sacred basket, it was carried in great pomp on cars in the solemn processions at the feasts of Ceres, and then the people were prohibited from appearing at any place from which it could be seen. As it passed along, every eye was fixed on the ground.

When the candidate had answered to all the questions, and had performed the customary requisites, the elements of the secret doctrine, in which he was afterwards to be perfectly instructed, were explained to him, and thus he was gradually prepared for admission into the sanctuary. But it was necessary to undergo new preparations, and to suffer new trials more severe than the former. He was still but a *Mystes*, or adept, the name given to those who had been admitted only to the lesser Mysteries: it was not till he had been initiated into the greater, that he obtained the name of *Epoptes*, or contemplatist.

The interval between the performance of these two ceremonies was at least a year. We shall leave to the learned the care of fixing the particular period and time of their celebration; such researches do not fall within our plan. The genius of the ancient religion is our object, and we shall confine ourselves to those circumstances which peculiarly characterize it.

(To be continued.)

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* Clemens Alexandrin.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

THE sun is shining dimly in the west,
The day is dying;
All peaceful is the ocean, which speaks of rest,
Old age is sighing.

For youth is ever radiant like the morn,
With beauty glowing;
But age is sorrowful, and oft forlorn,
No pleasure knowing.

And to the young, I say, make much of joy,
For time is creeping;
Before the man hath ceased to be a boy
There's time for weeping.

The old order changeth, and the new
Its place is taking;
Youth is fickle, never thinks 'twill rue
Old friends forsaking.

We that have passed the hey-day of our life,
Whose sun is setting,
Know that in sunshine, or it may be strife,
There's no forgetting.

We have all built our castles in the air,
And oft been dreaming;
Yes, and our dreams were ever bright and fair,
Not true, but seeming.

But time and circumstance teach many things,
Here's kindly greeting;
Old friends are best, for riches they take wings,
And time is fleeting.