



[Continued from the Keystone.
Tubal-Cain.

In a recent article we gave a relation of the achievements and prominent features in the character of Tubal-Cain, the ancient and honored Craftsman. The subject was one to which we could not do justice in a single paper, and we therefore return to it now. As Freemasons we are taught specially to revere Tubal-Cain, since, tradition informs us that he invented the Plumb, the Level, and the Square, and it is, therefore, fitting we should know all of the interesting facts in his life which tradition and legend have handed down to us.

The reader will recall the fact that Tubal-Cain was called by the Romans, Vulcan, and by the Greeks, Hephaistos. Homer, in the Iliad, thus relates how he was thrust out of Olympus by Juno, his mother, and fell into the sea, where he dwelt in a cave for nine years, the ocean ever gurgling in his ears while he was employed in making chains and bracelets:

"When my proud mother hurled me from the sky,
(My awkward form, it seems, displeased her eye.)

The ocean-goddess all my griefs redressed,
And soft received me on her silver breast
E'en then these arts employed my infant thought;

Chains, bracelets, pendants—all their toys I wrought.

Nine years, kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay concealed from man and god:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led,
The rushing ocean murmuring o'er my head."

Some of his most wonderful works, wrought for the deities of heaven, we did not mention in our former article. For example: He constructed twenty thrones for the members of the Olympian court, to use in their assemblies, and these thrones were apparently gifted with life, moving from place to place at the bidding of the gods who occupied them: Homer tells the story thus:

"There the lame architect the goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
And, puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labor claimed:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
That, placed on living wheels of massy gold,
(Wondrous to tell!) instinct with spirit rolled
From place to place around the blest abodes,
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods."

Thus did the lame architect, the father of the fires, the artist-god, fashion the majestic seats upon which the *Di majores* sat in Olympus. And not only was he the artificer of glorious works of art, but also of the palaces of the gods. He made a bower for Here, enclosed by a door fastened with a lock which neither man nor god could open. Homer thus pictures this achievement:

"Swift to her bright apartments she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan formed her bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touched with her secret key the doors unfold—
Self-closed behind her shut the valves of gold."

The three principal supports of Ma-

sony are Wisdom, Strength and Beauty, represented by the Corinthian, Doric, and Ionic columns. In all the architectural works of the Craft Wisdom draws the plans, Strength is embodied in their stable foundations and walls, and Beauty covers all with loveliness. But never was Beauty married to Strength more conspicuously than in the case of Vulcan, for Homer speaks of "Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair." At first thought, how strange it seems that so lovely a creature should wed so deformed and sooty a smith. But there is a profound truth underlying this wedlock—it is the marriage of the beautiful to the useful, grace with strength—both of which are required to be combined in every perfect work of art. We may take this marriage, if we are prone to allegorize, to forecast the splendid and solid works of Masonry in all times—Vulcan or Tubal-Cain, as an ancient traditional artificer and architect, being one of the primitive founders of the Craft. In the Odyssey, Homer says that Vulcan was the first to confer upon mortals the skill to work in metals. We quote from the poet Bryant's recent translation:

"As when some skillful workman trained and taught

By Vulcan and Minerva in his art,
Binds the bright silver with a verge of gold,
And graceful is his handiwork, such grace
Did Pallas shed upon the hero's brow."

Our modern poets, too, have chanted the praises of Tubal-Cain. One stirring lyric, from the pen of Charles Mackay, we cannot forbear giving in part. It sings itself. True it pictures the "father of the fires" mainly as a fashioner of the sword and the ploughshare, but withal it gives a vivid view of his character:

"Old Tubal-Cain was a man of might,
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright

The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sung, 'Hurrah for my handiwork!

Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well
For he shall be king and lord."

While it is to be regretted that we have so little historic evidence of the works wrought by Tubal-Cain, it should be remembered that the uniform testimony of tradition and legend, and its consistency with the brief indisputable account in Genesis, leave us no reason to doubt that he was a wonderful craftsman. But he left no successors. In Damascus, once famous for its blades of steel, its inhabitants now cannot make a good common hatchet. Civilization, which was born in the East, now dwells in the West, and has left the land of its birth in comparative darkness. As one writer quaintly puts it, the implements now used in the oriental lands are probably rough copies of the expired patents of Tubal-Cain. But even we have not been able to match his automaton servants and thrones, but we still put to the

best uses the Plumb, the Level and the Square, and shall continue so to do as long as the ancient Craft of Freemasonry exists. Others may value more the shield of Achilles, the armor of Agamemnon, the baldric of Hercules, and the golden clasp of the mantle of Odysseus, but we prize the working tools of a Fellow-Craft Mason above all, and shall always revere Tubal-Cain as their inventor.

Doing Nothing.

Mr. Berryer, who was one of the greatest French statesmen of the present century, in his youth was very lazy. His masters had great trouble in making him submit to school discipline; the under masters quite despaired of him, and went one day to tell the head master that this boy would never do anything, and that they could not make anything out of him. He sent for him into his study, and said to him:

"My boy, work is disagreeable to you, and you think that happiness consists in doing nothing. Well, come into my study; you can look at me while I am at work; that won't fatigue you, and you will do nothing. But let us well understand each other—nothing of any kind, remember."

The boy was delighted. The first hour passed away to the great pleasure of the scholar. He congratulated himself on neither having to open his dictionary, nor learn his rudiments by heart. At the end of an hour and a half he had enjoyed the delights of fancy. He put out his arm to take a book. The master stopped him at once.

"You forget your agreement; you are to do nothing. To read is to do something. Enjoy the permission I have given you; do nothing."

The boy began to discover that the pleasure of doing nothing soon becomes monotonous. He hazarded some questions; the master did not reply. Then, when he had come to the end of the page he was writing, he said—

"My boy, each has his taste; you have that of doing nothing, I have that of working. I do not trouble you, so do not disturb me."

Young Berryer could scarcely help saying that it would be difficult for him to find happiness much longer in such patience. At the end of three hours the master got up, and went to take a walk under the shade of the trees in the park. As soon as he came into the garden he wished to leave his master and go with the school-fellows, who were having a merry game. The master held him by the arm.

"You are not thinking of our agreement. Playing is doing something. Remain by my side; we will walk up and down the avenue, or you can sit down, if you like it better."

But the boy had enough of doing nothing. He was very willing to promise to learn his lessons, in order to escape to his playmates.

Kindly Said.

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