THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal Masonic event we have to record, is the installation of H. R. H. Prince Leopold as Provincial Grand Master for Oxfordshire. We give the account in full which we have taken from our contemporary the *Times*. The selection of Prince Leopold by his Royal Brother, our exalted Grand Master, as P.G.M. of so important and distinguished a Province has been one which has been highly appreciated by our English Craft in general, and the province of Oxfordshire in particular. He is most fittingly placed at the head of the Order, in the province, where from his residence at Oxford he is so well known and so highly esteemed. His appointment has been hailed by all Oxford Masons gladly, and we believe will afford universal and heartfelt gratification. And in these days, when Freemasons are exposed to so many absurd charges, and so many unfounded calumnies, it is satisfactory for us to remember that in England at any rate, in Great Britain rather, our Royal Family have not the slightest doubt either of our principles or our professions, our loyalty or our legality, our teaching or our true-heartedness. They know us to be a peaceful, orderly, law-abiding, patriotic, religiously minded body, and offer us accordingly their friendly sympathies, and distinguish us with their kindly approval. Here is our answer to each Ultramontane "anser," who thinks that the best proof of his learning, his creed, and his common sense, is to run a muck against Freemasons and Freemasonry. The Prince of Wales has lately given a proof in India how he values Freemasonry, and we are quite content, with him at our head, to endure the contumely of the ignorant, and to laugh at the censures of the intolerant.

Bro. George Kenning has just commenced a New Cyclopædia, at a very moderate price, and we beg to call the attention of our brethren to it. Some of the Cyclopædias are too large and too explanatory, others are too condensed and too technical. Bro. Kenning seems to have adopted as his motto, "Medio tutissimus ibis." May he have a goodly list of subscribers, as all such works tend to help on Masonic studies and to give an intellectual turn to Masonic disquisitions and Masonic literature.

The Editor has been so fortunate as to discover the whereabouts of the long-sought Wilson M.S. Constitution, and hopes to publish, as announced, by the very kind permission of its present owner, a transcript of it in the April Magazine. An account will then be given of it.

THE INSTALLATION OF H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD AS P.G.M OF OXFORDSHIRE.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 23, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold was duly installed as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, which had been lent for the occasion by the Curators. The present Grand Lodge is not of very great antiquity, having been established on the 20th February, 1837, by Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill, who, when filling the office of Deputy Grand Master of England, was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire by the Duke of Sussex, then Grand Master of the Craft. The Lodge was inaugurated at the Masonic-hall, Alfred-street, and the Rev. J. E. Sewell, who was then W.M. of the Apollo Lodge, and is now Vice-Chancellor of the University, was appointed the first junior Grand Warden. Since its establishment the Lodge has rapidly grown in importance, owing partly to a great development of Masonic zeal in the province, and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the Apollo Lodge was one of those forming the province. There is, perhaps, no Lodge in Masonry which has initiated so many distinguished brethren into the mysteries of the Craft, and certainly none which at the present time contributes so many officers to the Grand Lodge of England. Within the last four years it has had the honour of being presided over by his Royal Highness the

Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the latter of whom entered upon the duties of his office on the day previous. The province has had as its rulers since the mastership of Lord Henry Spencer Churchill, the Rev. Charles Ridley, who was appointed in 1845, and Colonel Atkins Bowyer, who was appointed in 1854. On the death of Colonel Bowyer, the care of the Lodge devolved upon Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., in virtue of his office of Grand Registrar of England.

The preparations for the ceremony of installing Prince Leopold began at half-past ten o'clock, when the Stewards assembled at the theatre and made the necessary arrangements. At 12 o'clock the Masons of the Province began to arrive, and about half-past one the procession was formed in the Divinity School. All those who were not either officers of the Province or of the Grand Lodge of England had previously taken their places in the theatre. At two o'clock the procession started from the Divinity School and entered the theatre, the organ playing. The following distinguished Brethren were present:—Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy Grand Master of England; Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., Grand Registrar of England, in charge of the province; Mr. Reginald Bird, Deputy Prov. Grand Master, Oxfordshire; Lord Limerick, Prov, G.M., Bristol; Lord Methuen, Prov. G.M., Wilts; Lord Leigh, Prov. G.M., Warwickshire; Colonel Burdett, Prov. G.M., Middlesex; General Brownrigg, Prov. G.M., Surrey; Colonel A. W. Adair, P. Prov. G.M., Somerset; Mr. W. B. Beach, Prov. G.M., Hants, Alderman Stone, J. Grand Warden, England; Lord Burleigh, P.S.G.W., England; Mr. Victor Williamson, P.S.G.W., England; Lord Jersey; the Rev. E. Moore, Past Grand Chaplain; Rev. J. E, Cox, Past Grand Chaplain; Rev. J. Martyn; Past Grand Chaplain; Mr. J. B. Monckton, President of Board of General Purposes, Mr. Heather Bigg, Past President of Board of General Purposes; Frederick Parker Morrell, Junior Grand Deacon, England; J. C. Parkinson, Past Junior Grand Deacon, England; Mr. G. Massey (Freemason); Major Shadwell Clerke; Colonel Campbell, of Blythswood, Prov. Grand Master, Renfrewshire, E.; Mr. R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B., P.D.G.M. There were also many other distinguished Brethren present.

The lodge was opened by the Grand Registrar, Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., and immediately afterwards it was notified in ancient form that the Deputy Grand Master of England was present, and Lord Skelmersdale was accordingly saluted in the customary manner. Lord Skelmersdale thereupon took the chair, and proceeded to inform the Brethren of the objects for which the Lodge had been assembled—the Installation of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the presentation of a testimonial to Brother R. J. Spiers on retiring from the office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master, after 20 years' service, and the appointment of certain Provincial Grand Officers. After the patent of appointment had been read, a deputation was formed for the purpose of introducing Prince Leopold, who had in the meantine arrived, attended by his Equerries, the Hon. Alexander Yorke and Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B. On re-entering the Lodge the procession was formed as follows:—Three Provincial Grand Stewards; Provincial Grand Master's gloves and apron, on a cushion borne by Master of a Lodge; collar and jewel of Provincial Grand Master, on a cushion borne by Master of a Lodge; Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies, Provincial Grand Registrar, Provincial Grand Treasurer, Provincial Grand Chaplains, six past Provincial Grand Wardens, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold (the Provincial Grand Master), two Equerries, two Provincial Grand Stewards.

His Royal Highness took his seat on the left of the Throne, and after a prayer from the Provincial Grand Chaplain, the ceremony of installation was duly performed, according to ancient usage, by the Deputy Grand Master. The installation having been proclaimed after sound of trumpet, the Brethren saluted the Provincial Grand Master according to ancient form.

Lord Skelmersdale then proceeded to address a few words in the name of the Province, to the newly installed Provincial Grand Master, saying that the ability already shown by his Royal Highness rendered it certain that he would be an ornament to the chair and an honour to the Province of which he had been appointed the ruler.

Prince Leopold next appointed Mr.

Reginald Bird, M.A., Vice-Principal of Magdalen College, as Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and he was, after sound of trumpet, duly proclaimed and saluted in ancient form. The next business was to appoint a Provincial Grand Steward to take the place recently vacated by Prince Leopold. Mr. W. J. Douglas Campbell (of Blythswood) was appointed and invested. The following Provincial Grand Officers were then reappointed, and, except in one or two cases of absence, presented to Prince Leopold :—Brother John Galpin, Provincial Senior Grand Warden ; Brother H. R. Cooper-Smith (Magdalen College), Provincial Junior Grand Warden ; Bro. Rev. R. W. M. Pope, Provincial Grand Chaplain ; Bro. Rev. W. Alexander Ayton, Provincial Grand Chaplain ; Bro. Alderman Thomas Randall, Prov. G. Treasurer ; Bro. R. I. Williamson (Ch. Ch.), Prov. G. Registrar ; Bro. William Henry Horn, Prov. S. G. Deacon ; Bro. Jason Saunders, Prov. Junior G. Deacon ; Bro. Sinclair Frankland Hood (Magd. Coll.), Prov. G. Sec. ; Bro. Chas. Bishop, P.G.S.Wks. ; Bro. Julius Sladden, P.G.D.C. ; Bro. Carlisle J. S Spedden (Queen's Coll.), Prov. G.D.C. ; Bro. Alderman William Eagleston. P.G.S.B. ; Bro. Henry Plumridge, Prov. G. Organist ; Bro. Henry Williams, Prov. Grand Pursuivant ; Bro. Gordon Campbell, Exeter Coll. Bro. Cecil G. Paget (Ch. Ch.), Bro. J. E. Courteny Bodley (Balliol Coll.), Bro. William Peppercorn, Bro. Frederick Dolley, Provincial Grand Stewards. Bros. William Stevens and George Norwood, Prov. G. Tylers.

Immediately after the appointment of officers a pleasing episode occurred—namely, the presentation of an address of congratulation to Prince Leopold, from the Grand Orient Lodge of Masonry in Italy, and the Italian Colonies. Thanks to the kindness of Bro. J. C. Parkinson, P.G.D., England, we are enabled to give a translation of the address :—

"To His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire.

"Most Illustrious and Potent Brother,—Italian Masonry, which rejoices at seeing ever more honoured in the most noble nation of England that universal brotherhood of which it, too, is not the last portion, hastens to send you its most respectful and affectionate congratulations on the auspicious event of your Royal Highness's exaltation to the office of Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire.

"Happy the people among whom men of the loftiest social standing appreciate and practise the grand principles of that humanitarian progress which it is the object of Masonry to vindicate and to diffuse throughout the civilised world ! Accept, most illustrious and potent Brother, our most devoted and sincere congratulations and our fraternal salutions.

"In the absence of the Grand Master, the Grand Master Associate,

"GEORGE TAMAIO, 33d.

"Rome, February 18, 1876,"

There was only one other thing to be done before the closing of the Lodge, and that was to present to Brother R. J. Spiers, who has for the last 20 years filled the office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master with zeal and efficiency, a testimonial, consisting of a valuable inkstand and a purse of 500 guineas. His Royal Highness, in making the presentation, paid an eloquent tribute to the services of Brother Spiers, adding that the testimonial had been subscribed for by a large number of Masons, many of whom were then present. On their behalf the Prince proceeded to present the testimonial as a token of esteem and regard for Brother Spiers' personal merit and of gratitude for his services towards Masonry generally.

Brother Spiers, who was deeply moved, in feeling terms thanked the Brethren for the honour they had done him, and said he would hand down the testimonial to his descendants as a most precious heirloom.

The business of the day being over, the Lodge was closed in ample form, and the procession of Grand Officers left the Lodge as it had entered.

All the arrangements were under the control of Brother Reginald Bird, the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and Brother H. A. Pickard, P. Prov. S. G. W., to the latter of whom was intrusted the duty of superintending the arrangements inside the theatre ; and they are both to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which everything went off.

The banquet in the evening was held at the Town Hall. It was numerously

attended, and everything passed off without a hitch of any kind.

His Royal Highness, who was attended by Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B., Controller of his Household, and the Hon. Alexander Yorke, is the guest of the Dean of Christ Church.

Thus ended a very pleasant and memorable day, a "dies alba" for Oxford Freemasonry. Many a brother would say, as he left the Sheldonian Theatre, "Adveniant utinam sic mihi sœpe dies."

His Royal Highness is now W.M. of the Antiquity Lodge, and of the Apollo University Lodge, and we wish him a most prosperous rule.

THE SECOND MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

By the kind permission of the W.M. and Brethren of the Lodge of Industry--through the friendly mediation of Bro. P.M. Robson—the Second Minute Book has been placed in my hands. It is a large MS. volume, bound up with a copy of the Constitutions of 1767. It contains, written in a neat hand, the "Order of Antiquity," and the "Apprentice's Charge" already given; and also contains certain Fund Laws of dates December 27, 1779, and 1780, which as they are nearly a verbatim reproduction of those previously given need not now be repeated. One or two of them, however, deserve noting:

"Law 28.—Resolved September 29, 1780. That the excellent oration composed by our worthy and worshipful Bro. David Richardson, and delivered by him at the consecration of St. Michael's Lodge at Alnwick, be published at the expense of this Lodge, and a copy delivered to each member gratis."

"36. Any brother who shall neglect to attend Divine Service once a month, unless lawfully prevented, shall be fined 1s."

The actual minutes, not very regularly kept, begin June 5, 1780, and end February 3, 1845. But for many years the Lodge had evidently fallen to a low ebb, until resuscitated in 1845, when it changed its locale and practically gave itself new life. There is a Minute, September 7, 1781, which is very remarkable and which I cannot explain:—

"Bro. Langstaff and Bro. Capt. Geo. Farquhar chosen honorary members. The officers were 'chosen.'" And then occurs this entry:

"From the Charter granted to this Lodge in the year 1774, by the V. Honble Earl of Crawford, authorizing us to appoint a Provincial Master, we have unanimously, upwards of 10 brethren present, elected our Worshipful Master David Richardson to that most honourable office during his life."

Until 1808, the entries consist of the names of officers elected annually, and the names of members, with dates of initiation, passing, and raising. As George Champion, in 1804: "Made, March, 5, 1804; passed and raised April 2, 1804." And we also do meet with an analogous entry with the following: "Robert Walker, his mark, made, passed, and raised June 13, 1805."

In 1808, December 27, we find the first actual minute, which relates to the lowering of the fees; which are then appointed to be as follows;" until midsummer next:

	£	s.	d.
Making	2	2	0
Registering	0	5	0
Liquidation*	0	2	0
Passing and raising	0	10	6
Tyler	0	1	0
	£3	0	6

This is signed by Wm. Potter, W.M. pro tem. What happened at Midsummer does not appear. The only entry being:

"John Dove September 4 1809.
Oct. 1, 1809, Robt. Hemsly,
2, 1809. Thos. Chicken."

No minutes occur until August 25, 1843, when something like 20 brethren appear to be present, including the W.M.'s of 706 and 614, Richard Bennett being W.M, W. Collingwood and J. Davison S. and J. Wardens, G. Fulthorp, Secretary.

September 26, 1844, a special meeting of the Lodge of Industry, 56, was held at Irvell, when 12 brethren, including visitors, were present, when Lodge 614 paid Lodge 56 another visit "in form,"

* Something to do with liquids?—[ED.]

a P.M. of 706, Bro. W. Dalziel, acting as secretary. No less than 10 members of 614 were proposed as joining members.

On the 29th day of January 1845, a meeting was held to consider the propriety of removing the Lodge to Gateshead, when in was adjourned to February 3. On that date it was decided to remove the Lodge to Gateshead, and something like 20 brethren were elected as joining members.

Since that time the Lodge of Industry has had a prosperous career, and is now most flourishing. But these minutes serve to show how carelessly our old brethren kept their minute books, how much was done of which no record is preserved, and how careful we must be not to press the evidence arising from Minute Books too far, as it is, at the best, but fragmentary and incomplete, and governed by the great characteristic of Masonic reserve. Indeed the argument that because we do not find in minute books as the early ones in Scotland, any mention of the second or third degree and that therefore these degrees were unknown, has always appeared to me, I confess, utterly untenable.

The writer of this paper, who was permitted, as W.M. of a neighbouring Lodge of high repute, to take part in the removal of the Lodge of Industry, thirty years ago, and the installation of the W.M. at Gateshead, begs to express his thanks to the W.M. and officers and brethren of the Lodge of Industry for the great privileges accorded to him, and, not the least, to Bro. P.M. Robson. He offers his best wishes for the welfare and progress of the Lodge of Industry.

TREED BY A TIGER.

BY JUSTUS LAWSON.

"I've always heard," remarked I to my friend, Lieutenant M——, as we sat over our late tea, in Samarcand, at a table put right out in the open street in front of his quarters, after the primitive Eastern fashion, "I've always heard that that belt of hugh reeds along the Syr-Daria, just opposite Tchinaz, was a great place for tigers; but when I passed through it the other day, on my way here, I didn't see one, although the reeds were broken every here and there, as if by the passing and repassing of some large beast."

"Well, they *are* pretty rare now, but you still meet with them occasionally; its only a few years since an officer of ours killed two of them in the very place you're speaking of. There used to be a good many, too, in the jungle around Fort Perovski; but now the likeliest place for them is along tne Ili, up toward the Chinese border—they fairly swarm there. You see, we havn't disturbed that region much as yet; there's only one post road through the whole of it; but when we begin to improve *it* likewise, Messieurs les Tigres will have to emigrate."

"Have you ever fallen in with any of them yourself?"

"I have indeed, and in a way I didn't much like. One night I was camping out on the road from Vernoe to Kouldja, and slept, if you can call it so, in the jungle, with the damp creeping into my very bones, and the musketoes about me by thousands upon thousands. When morning came, and there was just light enough to see where things were, I was startled by my horse shying suddenly, and trembling all over. And there, not thirty yards from where I stood, I saw, grinning through the bushes, the head of a full-grown tiger."

"Well, before he could make a spring, I made another—which was up into my saddle—and away as hard as I could pelt; for, having no weapon but my revolver, and no one with me but my Tartar guide (who was worth nothing in a fight), I judged the best tactic to be 'an orderly retreat.'"

"I quite agree with you there; but was that your last experience of them?"

"No, indeed—I'd a much more serious adventure about a year later. But, before I begin to tell it, let's have the glasses filled again. Ostap, more tea!"

Ostap (a tall, wiry Cossack, with the scar of a Bokhariote yataghan across his low forehead) refills the tumblers, out of which tea is always drunk by Russians; and the lieutenant, after sipping in silence for a minute or two, strikes into the second part of his story:

"It was in the summer of 1871, when we were going against the Tarantchis before Kouldja—the time when we beat them in that great battle among the moun-

tains, and took the town. Well, just before the battle, I was out with a small scouting party along the Ili, right through the low rice grounds. You saw those rice fields on the other side of the Tchepan-Ata Hills, didn't you, just before coming to the Zer-Affshan?"

"Yes it was just sunrise when I passed through them."

"And what did you think of them?"

"I thought them one of the nastiest bits I'd ever seen."

"Well, they're nothing to those on the Ili—just nothing at all. All that's not water is mud, and all that's not mud is musketoes. I never had such a time of it in my life; and when we got into the jungle, it seemed quite comfortable in comparison.

"Now, one of the men with me was my servant, Andrei Goorko, a Cossack of the right sort, and one of the best men in my company. The morning we started he had looked rather glum and chopfallen, because, as he explained to me on the road, he had dreamed that he saw his own head pulled off and lying on the ground, though how he managed to *see* it I couldn't exactly find out However, in spite of this, he insisted on going first, saying that no man can avoid his fate, and that if there were evil hanging over us, it had better fall on him than me.

"However, the first day passed off without our meeting anything else but musketoes—and I'm sure *they* were bad enough. The second was just the same, and, toward evening, when we were pretty nearly through the jungle, I began to make fun of Andrei and his dream, when all at once his horse stopped short, and began to tremble all over, and then turned right round. Before anyone could say a word there came a crash and a roar, and a whirl of dust, and there lay poor Andrei on his face on the ground, with a large tiger upon him!

"I fired right at the brute's head, but in my haste I only hit the fore-shoulder. Luckily the man behind me was a cooler fellow; he took a steady aim and hit the beast with a shot in the back that fairly broke its spine. Over it rolled, lashing out furiously with its fore-paws, and two more shots despatched it.

"Then we took up poor Andrei; but he was past helping. The brute had caught him by the back of the neck, and with one wrench of its jaws, had torn his head clean off; and so his dream came true, sure enough. Poor fellow! I was never so sorry to lose anybody. We made shift to dig a grave for him, and put a cross at the head of it, and then we took the tiger's skin as a trophy, and went on again.

"An hour later we came out upon the bank of the river, and my men encamped, glad enough to rest after two days in the saddle. But as for me, what with the game we had bagged already, and what with my rage at poor Andrei's death, my blood was fairly up for more sport, and, as soon as we'd finished supper, I took my rifle and went off along the river bank, to see if I couldn't fall in with another tiger.

"Presently, I came to a place that was just the thing I wanted—a high bank overlooking the river, with a tree which I could easily climb growing a little way down it, and the tracks of the big game passing and repassing in every direction. Plainly enough, this was one of the places where they came to drink; so I scrambled up into the tree, laid my rifle across my lap and waited.

"I sat for half-an-hour or so without seeing anything to fire at, when finding myself getting rather cramped, I thought it best to change my position. I turned round to do so, and—found myself face to face with the biggest tiger I'd ever seen in my life!

"There he stood, on the top of the bank, just level with where I sat, and certainly not ten feet off. The moon was bright as day, and I could see the glare of his eyes, and the glitter of his great white teeth, as plain as I see *you* now; I could even feel his hot breath on my face!

"It's no use trying to make out that I wasn't frightened; I was as thoroughly frightened as I've ever been yet. So much so, indeed, that I couldn't stir hand or foot but just sat like a statue; and that was what, in all probability, saved my life; for had he made a spring, he could have dragged me down as easily as a cat catches a mouse.

"How long we sat staring at each other I don't know—if anyone had said a month, I'd have believed it—but this I *do* know, that I foreswore tiger shooting in the most solemn manner twenty times over. At last, the beast turned his head, and walked

slowly away; and I drew as long a breath as if I'd been five minutes under water."

"Well you might."

"As soon as he was gone, I came down from the tree; and what do you suppose was the next thing I did?"

"Roused your men, and went after the tiger, and shot him."

"You've hit it," says my friend, laughing; "and I've got his skin now, and a very fine skin it is. But I wouldn't go over that time in the tree again to be made Governor-General of Turkestan! Ostap, more tea."

DOES THE EARTH RECEIVE HEAT FROM THE SUN?

EVIDENCE *versus* THEORY.

"HOT" is only a comparative term, for when anything is said to be hot or cold, it only means that the body is hotter or colder than something else. Yet, for the purpose of consideration in this paper, it must be admitted that ice is cold, and that the rays issuing from a fierce coal fire are hot; that when the thermometer and other like instruments, as well as our own sense of feeling, indicate great heat, that heat is present; that when the thermometer sinks to zero, or lower, and no means we possess are sufficient to discover heat, then it must be admitted to be absent, for if we are to assume an existence which cannot be proved, then we are basing our belief upon *theory* instead of *evidence*.

The substance of the supposed evidence offered by those who advocate or affirm that heat *does* come from the sun, is as follows:—

1st. That the sun's heat ripens the corn; causes all the animal and vegetable kingdoms to flourish; produces evaporation of the waters of the earth—and in the tropics is so intense that the very ground itself seems to be on fire. In confirmation that it is verily the sun's heat which produces all these effects, they refer to the difference of the temperature which results from the sun being hid by clouds; or, more strikingly still, they refer to the comparative readings of the thermometer when under a vertical sun, and at midnight.

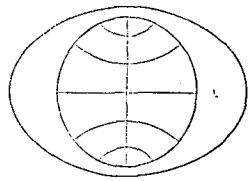
2nd. That by exposing a flat shallow vessel, containing mercury, called a pyrheliometer, to the rays of the sun, they say, the actual amount of heat radiated may easily be ascertained; and it has been estimated that the earth receives from the sun during a year sufficient to heat an ocean of fresh water covering the whole surface of the earth, 66 miles deep, from the temperature of melting ice to the temperature of ebullition, and as the earth only receives one 2,300,000,000th of the total radiation, it is estimated that in one year the heat given out by the sun is equal to that which would be generated by the combustion of a layer of solid coal entirely covering the surface of the sun, seventeen miles in thickness.

3rd. That the sun is seen to be a vast globe of fire, with flames issuing from its surface, and that heat *must* come from the sun, because if it were to be obliterated the earth would become a frozen barren mass of matter.

It is my object now to advocate an opposite view, namely, that heat does *not* come from the sun. Professor Tyndall has beautifully described heat as being a "mode of motion," and it is also well known that the chromosphere of the sun is in a constant state of the most violent agitation, immense volumes of which rush furiously, thousands of miles per minute, in every conceivable direction and form. I have, therefore, to suggest that this motion—or, possibly, some other influence emanating from the sun—operates upon the earth's atmosphere (or rather that part turned towards the sun), and produces a motion of its constituent parts and the minute particles of matter held in suspension, and thus *heat is generated in and through the instrumentality of the earth's atmosphere;* the intensity of the heat produced, depends upon the density and quantity of the atmosphere. Near the surface of the earth there is greater heat, because greater density. In elevated regions there is less heat, because less density of atmosphere; and, if this is true, it follows that beyond the limits of the atmosphere there can be *no heat whatever*. So that if the earth were to be deprived of its atmosphere, the same cold and barrenness would result as if deprived of the sun. Consequently heat might be as correctly attributed to the atmo-

sphere as to the sun, both being equally necessary for its production.

The greatest amount of heat is, of course produced when the sun's action is vertical, hence we have more heat in summer than in winter. It is worthy of notice that in the equatorial regions, where the heat is greatest, there, also, the atmosphere preponderates. Flammarion, in his work on the atmosphere, says the ratio of the polar diameter is three-fourths of the equatorial diameter of the atmosphere. Glaisher states that Laplace proved even a greater difference, namely, that the polar diameter is only two-thirds of the equatorial, as represented in the diagram below, in which the outer line indicates the extent of the atmosphere:



The following table has been formed from a series of observations made, which shows how rapidly the weight of the atmosphere decreases by ascending to great elevations:—

	Height above the sea.	Mean reading of Barometer.
	Feet	Inches.
Level of the ocean	0	29·92
Greenwich Observatory	159	29·74
Toulouse do.	650	29·37
Geneva do.	1,339	28·58
Summit of Vesuvius	3,937	25·98
Guanaxuato (Humbolt)	6,837	23·62
The Monastery of the Great St. Bernard	8,130	22·17
Summit of Etna	10,893	20·08
Several aeronautical ascents (Flammarion)	13,124	18·70
Summit of Mont Blanc	15,748	16·69
On the Chimborazo (Humbolt)	20,014	14·17
Aeronautical ascent (Gay Lussac)	22,966	12·79
Do. (Glaisher)	26,247	10·79
Do. do.	29,000	9·75
In the highest ascent do.	37,000	7·00

Not only does the density of the atmosphere diminish as we ascend, but Flammarion estimates, from a large number of experiments tried under varying circumstances with a clear sky, that the mean fall of the temperature is 7° Fah. for the first 1,600 feet from the surface of the ground; 13° at 3,280 feet; 19° at 4,900 feet; 23° at 6,560 feet; 27° at 8,200 feet; 31° at 9,840; 34° at 12,500—an average of 1° Fah. per 340 feet.

Again, it is well known that when a body radiates heat, the amount received from it is inversely as the squares of the distance. Therefore, at great elevations, under a vertical sun, there should be more heat; instead of which, at the height of four or five miles only, the mountains are eternally covered with snow.

With regard to the method adopted for estimating the total amount of heat radiated from the sun, by exposing a known surface of mercury in a shallow vessel (the pyrheliometer), it appears to me most unsatisfactory; for if the mercury were to be exposed to the sun's rays at an elevation of a few miles, then, instead of its being heated, it would be frozen solid; consequently the heat indicated would be *nil*. The value of the experiment, therefore, is *nil* too.

If the same vessel, minus the mercury, were to be openly exposed for some time, in all probability it would be partially filled with rain water, and it would be equally reasonable to conclude that the water as well as the heat comes from the sun, for in each case both the heat and the water diminish, in proportion as the experiment is tried at greater elevations, until both alike are totally absent.

The following explanations have been offered, to account for the loss of heat in elevated positions, by those persons who advocate the theory that heat emanates from the sun :—

1st. That the earth is heated by the sun's rays, but as those rays are constantly radiating from the surface, a large proportion is lost by ascending to great elevations.

2nd. That the heat rays of the sun which fall upon the earth, are reflected into the air, and to a great extent lost at great heights.

3rd. That the highest elevation ever attained is too insignificant to be considered any nearer the sun, when compared with its immense distance.

In reply to the first statement: If the earth is heated by the rays of the sun, it must necessarily absorb them; and if it does absorb them, then it cannot possibly radiate them at the same time.

If a hot cannon ball be placed in a vessel containing cold water, the ball will radiate heat into the water until the ball and the water become the same temperature. If, on the other hand, a cold ball be placed in hot water, then the water will radiate heat, which the ball will absorb, but the ball cannot absorb heat *from*, and radiate heat *into*, the water at one and the same time; neither can the earth act in like manner with regard to the sun. Radiation implies cooling, and that part of the earth which is fully exposed to the (heat) rays of the sun, cannot be cooling, else when is it heated?

The operations of radiation appear to be as follow—

There is a large amount of heat generated in the atmosphere during the day, which the earth absorbs—just like the cannon ball before mentioned—but after the sun has set, then the earth gives out or radiates its redundant heat into the atmosphere (which is then in a quiescent state, and no longer generating heat), and thus by the heat being alternately absorbed by the atmosphere and then by the earth, there is no loss, and the fearful extremes of heat and cold which would otherwise ensue are prevented.

In reply to the second statement: The heat is supposed to be lost by reflection. This seems to me very unlikely, and contrary to all experience and evidence. If the sun's rays travel over ninety millions of miles before they reach the earth, surely they are not utterly annihilated by being reflected ten or even 100 miles in the opposite direction. An illustration of such a phenomenon would be to imagine a thermometer in contact with a brick wall, with a huge fire ninety feet distant, so large and fierce that the thermometer rises to 100 degrees, then upon its being removed one ten-thousandth part of an inch nearer the fire, it sinks to zero by the loss of reflected heat from the wall. This, as before stated, is contrary to all evidence.

In reply to the third statement: I agree that the highest elevation attained is inconsiderable when compared with the sun's distance, and, therefore, *more* heat on that account can scarcely be expected; but it must be borne in mind, the heat is actually less, and if we take into consideration the total height of the atmosphere, and its diminished density as we ascend, then five or six miles is *not* such an insignificant proportion, but corresponds with the diminished temperature.

It is possible that the foregoing may, after all, be considered only a mere quibble of words, without any material significance, even if true, and certainly not worth the endeavour to oppose the long established belief that heat emanates from the sun. This, however, is not the case, the great object being to state the *literal truth*; besides which, if heat is generated in the atmosphere, several phenomena, otherwise most perplexing and unaccountable, are easily understood, which gives the question greater importance.

1st. If the sun gives out such immense heat as attributed to it, how is the supply restored? Do millions of meteors and comets fall into it daily to keep up the conflagration, as some writers suggest, or is it cooling down? And if so, why is it not already utterly consumed? for it has been estimated that its whole bulk should not last more than 5,000 years. The very persons who make these calculations tell us that heat is motion, *not* matter.

This theoretical puzzle is answered if heat is generated in the atmosphere, for then it is clear the sun loses nothing, and, therefore, requires no replenishing.

2nd. If the sun gives out heat to all the planets, then Mercury, on account of its proximity to the sun, must be in a state of fluidity. Venus at the boiling point. Jupiter, being so distant, must be all ice. Saturn and the more distant planets colder than anything we can conceive. But if heat is generated in each of the respective atmospheres of the planets, then by their having more or less surrounding them, according to their distances from the sun, each may possess the same moderate temperature as the earth.

3rd. If heat pass from the sun to the moon, why is not a proportionate amount reflected or radiated to the earth? Professor Tyndall and others have not been able to discover the slightest particle of heat in the moon's rays, although tested with the most delicate instruments, and I think there are three evident reasons why:—

First, the sun's rays are not heat, and therefore there is none to reflect.

Secondly, the moon has little or no atmosphere in which heat can be generated, and so there is no radiation.

Thirdly, even if the moon had an atmosphere, and heat *was* generated in it, there could be no reflection or radiation beyond the limits of the assumed atmosphere.

In conclusion: Let Nature be our great Teacher. Heat is required for innumerable purposes near the surface of the earth, and that is just where the EVIDENCE of our senses and investigation prove it is provided, instead of its proceeding from the Sun as many persons THEORETICALLY suppose.

J. A. R.

WHAT HAPPENED AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

BY THEOPILUS TOMLINSON.

CHAPTER II.

I LEFT off my story at the end of our first day at Compton L'Estrange—for so the old manor-house was termed—when the genial company was dispersing for the night. Some of the irreverent youth adjourned to the smoking-room, and, when we elderly people had gone to our virtuous couches, were exhaling until early hours the fragant (?) weed, and imbibing a mysterious compound termed "B. and S."

When we all assembled for breakfast in the morning, everybody seemed very cheerful except old Jamieson. I at first thought it was the mental conflict of the evening before between love in a cottage and love in "widow's weeds," but young Miller whispered to me' "Old Jamieson has been in the haunted room, and I am quite sure has seen the ghost." But as we were all talking and eating and drinking at the samet ime, no one had any leisure time for anybody else's grievances or mishaps. And I often think that the breakfast is the one meal of the day when many of us are inclined to be sulky and savage, and resent enquiry, and dislike confidence. Even the "gal" you adore does not look always benign at breakfast time, though I do not know why. Perhaps it is that we noble animals require our "pabulum corporis," like those of a lower grade, and after feeding-time is over become civil and sociable and gregarious again. But this morning Jamieson's little melancholy was soon discovered by the buxom widow, who instantly began to pity and "proner" the old rascal, who, to say the truth, like most men, was not averse to be petted and fussed over. I observed some sagacious looks passing between Jorum and Jimmy and after we had all left the breakfast-room and the men had got into their morning-room, Jorum began pumping old Jamieson."

"By the way, Jamieson," he said, "I hear you slept in the haunted room last night. Did you see anything?"

Jamieson, who did not evidently relish the cross-questioning, said hastily, "Oh, no; I slept very well, and saw nothing and heard nothing."

"Well," replied Jorum, "I thought you was looking pale this morning- I have heard queer stories about that room. They say"—he went on, not pretending to notice old Jamieson's fidgetting about—"that a woman appears and gazes on you with a melancholy look. Come, Jamieson," added Jorum, "tell us the truth, old boy; we won't peach. Did you see something last night?"

Jamieson, who was evidently a little nervous, at last said to Jorum, in a lower key than usual, "Well, it is a curious

fact; I believe a woman did cross my room this morning early."

"What was she like?" said Jimmy Miller, in a tone which no one could fail noting.

"Well," said old Jamieson, "I did not see exactly, for I was half asleep, and in a dreadful fright; but she looked like a woman in white."

"Stout or thin?" said Jimmy again.

Everybody laughed, and old Jamieson said, "Mr. Miller, none of your jokes on me. Its no laughing matter. I saw something, but what it was I can't say!"

The conversation dropped. But the story soon got out among the ladies, and I felt pretty sure from their low laughs that Master Jimmy Miller and Miss Laura knew something about the matter However, the discussion ceased, and we spent the day as people usually do in a pleasant and comfortable country house. When we all got together for tea in the afternoon, it was quite clear to me that Jamieson and Mrs. De Salis, and Jimmy and Laura had paired off like Dame Durden's serving maids and men. And so I said to Mrs. Jorum, "It all appears to be going on as one could most desire."

"Yes," she replied; "that ghost has done it. Mrs. De Salis has profited by the occasion, and has convinced Jamieson how undesirable is a bachelor's life, and how lonely and how unprotected, and how uncompaniable it is. I believe, if the ghost appears again, Jamieson will take and marry Mrs. De Salis off the reel, to keep off such nocturnal visitants. Whether he will be the gainer or the loser by the transaction, time only can show."

"Well, but," I said, "what has the ghost to do with it?"

"Well, you see," she replied, looking most mischievous, "old Jamieson is, I believe, an arrant old coward, and Mrs. De Salis has pluck—I won't say brass—for two; and like all weak men—and you men are so weak, such poor creatures—he must lean on a woman. Now Mrs. De Salis is as bold as a lion, and fears no ghost and certainly has no alarm about a husband;" and here Mrs. Jorum laughed again her merry laugh. "Look at them," she said, "why those two old geese are getting quite tender. Well, I never!"

Certainly Mrs. De Salis had played her cards well, and Jamieson was enraptured.

Old Jorum came up and said, "Its quite disgusting!"

"What is," asked Mrs. Jorum, "you most unsentimental of men?"

"Those two old donkies making love in that way."

"Bless my soul," said Mrs. Jorum, "what creatures men are! As if it was not necessary to sweeten the black draught of life with a little coating of sugar or of gold. Jorum, I had expected better things of you, after all the instruction I have given you! Do you remember, Mr. Tomlinson, how loving a certain person was once upon a time?" I bowed impressively, and she went on: "And here he is, positively grudging poor old Jamieson a few short sweet moments of sunshine and quiet and happiness."

At this moment Laura and her Jimmy came up, looking supremely happy. Jimmy came to my chair and whispered in my ear: "All right, old boy—father and mother agreeable—and I am going to write to my friends."

"Oh! incautious maiden," said I to the blushing Laura, whom Mrs. Jorum was warmly congratulating, "You are really determined to land on the dangerous island of matrimony. Be warned and wise in time, ere it be too late."

The impudent young woman only laughed, and said, "Grapes are sour, you old and woe-begone bachelor!"

And in due course we all separated to adorn the outer man, for the cheery and pleasant dinner. This evening all went off and went on, as they say, "most swimmingly." Jamieson was so engrossed by Mrs. De Salis that he took no heed of his left-hand neighbour; and Jimmy was so absorbed in Laura's sprightly conversation, that he even had scarcely an ear for Mrs. Jorum's merry sallies. But, as she said confidentially to me afterwards, "a man in love is really all but 'off the nut.'"

It was quite clear to all now that old Jamieson was booked, and I confess, like a person suffering from a twinge of the gout, I began to feel a qualm of compunction. And as we were separating for the night, and the ladies had finished nibbling their biscuits and sipping iced seltzer water, with just a soupcon of cognac—only a soupcon—I said to Mrs. Jorum: "I am really sorry for poor old Jamieson."

"I am not," that strong-minded young woman replied; "he wants money, and he will get it; he wants some one to manage him, and he will find what he wants. As he has made his bed, so let him lie; I don't pity him in the least." And I don't believe she did.

I fancied I heard the ladies tittering as they all tramped along, Mrs. De Salis lingering behind to say a soft farewell to Jamieson.

"You and the widow are going it," I said to old Jamieson when he returned to the table. When we all closed round the fire, before separating for the night, "Charming woman, Tomlinson," the old impostor said, "full of warmth of heart, and what a fond and sympathetic creature she is."

"Yes, old fellow," I thought to myself, you and she will do very well; you will get her money, and she will bully you. Such are the compensations of life." Soon after this we all went our way, wishing each other "buona botte."

At breakfast the next morning poor old Jamieson was more silent than ever, and was evidently ill at ease, and even impervious to the attentions of the ready widow. Soon after breakfast was over, he went up to our kind hostess and told her that most important business called him away to town, much to the apparent astonishment of that amiable personage, to the consternation of the widow, and the evidently suppressed amusement of Mrs. Jorum, Jimmy Miller, Laura, and Co. He gave no explanation, and avoided us all, and left by the London express.

Curiously enough, the widow, in the afternoon, also found that she must return to town; and the next morning she also left us, resolute and reticent.

I said to Mrs. Jorum, when this second denouement took place, "Can you solve the mystery?" And that heartless woman laughed outright. "You had better, I think," she replied, knowingly, ask Jimmy Miller and that young scapegrace his brother officer, Mr. Vesey."

But they would tell me nothing, and it was not until some time afterwards that I learnt the solution of the enigma. Mr. Vesey was the "woman in white," and had frightened old Jamieson out of the house and into the loving care of the bold widow.

Laura and her Jimmy were married after Lent was over in the following year, and are as happy as two geese of lovers can be. Mrs. Jorum is my authority for the expression. Jamieson married Mrs. De Salis, and is, they say, kept in thorough good order. He has never seen a ghost since, though he probably sees far too much to his taste—of a stout woman in white!

Mrs. Jorum and I have often talked over the matter since. She still contends that all is for the best, and that each of the two "spoons" is properly mated, and has got just what he or she wanted. She will not allow that Jamieson is to be pitied at all. "A man who makes up his mind," she says, "to get money, must take things as he finds them. If he sets his heart on 'ochre' he must not be surprised if he finds it to be, after all, dross; and that, as he has outraged all true sentiment, he can't get his sweets without his bitters."

I agree with Mrs. Jorum. Though old and gouty, and full of soft memories of what happened to me, "Consule planco," I yet feel certain of this one thing: that marriages of affection afford the best prospect of earthly happiness; and that if society is disorganised, if its creed is sceptical, and its morals somewhat "gone astray," it is only because we choose to forget that, though hasty and improvident and incongruous marriages are very bad things for all concerned, a mercenary marriage is detestable, and a marriage without mutual affection is but a certain prelude to severed sympathies, and a mournful fiasco.

"Yes," says Mrs. Jorum, "my view is, that love and affection combined, with a quantum suff. of the good things of life are far better than all the money in the world; and that if the heart does not go with the gold, and the dross which perishes with the using, and is not purified and elevated by tender sentiment and true sympathy, there is very little chance of mutual happiness for any two people in this world."

As I think that my readers will agree with the "dictum" of that charming person, who has made the best of wives, and is the most sincere of friends, and the cheeriest of good company—an honest, true-hearted, fascinating woman—I conclude my little tale with her eloquent peroration.

THE ARMAGH BELLS.

THOSE Armagh bells, how sweet and clear
They sound on the air of night;
Now floating away on the rising breeze,
Now swelling in tones of might.
What thoughts they bring of my childhood days,
Of friends that have long been gone
To the silent grave or some distant land,
And yet those bells ring on.

They have sounded out from that old church tower,
For many a long, long year;
They have swelled the chorus of hope and joy,
And told of sorrow and fear;
They have rung for the birth of the lordly heir,
They have gladden'd the bridal day,
And mornfully knelled when the corse was borne,
To mix with its kindred clay.

And, though I am far from my childhood's home,
I dream of those silvery chimes,
And again on my ears their tones doth come,
As they used in the happy times,
When at the evening's close I heard
Them sounding the curfew knell;
Or in merry peals on the summer air,
'Mid the scenes I loved so well.

Or on the Sabbath of holy rest,
When they sweetly called to prayer,
As if angel harps and voices swept
Down through the echoing air,
And summoned the sinful sons of men
To join with the choir above,
And humbly and gratefully sing the praise
Of Him whose name is love.

Sweet Armagh bells, your thrilling tones
Are lingering on the air,
And hovering 'round on viewless wings,
Like spirits pure and fair.
Ah, though I roam the world around,
Your memory o'er my heart
Shall linger still in living thoughts
And but with life depart.

T. A. MENARY.

Gold Hill, Nev., Dec. 2nd, 1875.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

IN a note to page 817 (Vol. 1), Bro. Higgins thus remarks of an able masonic author:

"Some years ago a treatise was written on Masonry, by a gentleman of the name of Preston. It contains much useful information: but has he had not the least suspicion of the real origin of Masonry, and as his book is merely a party performance to claim for the London Grand Lodge a priority over the lodges of Scotland and York, to which it had originally no pretension whatever, except the possession of power, I need take no more notice of it than to observe that it is very well done and is very creditable to its author, who, probably, was sincere in what he wrote. The Masons of Southern England, until *amalgamated with those of York*, were in fact, only a modern offset of some other lodge. A few Masons of other lodges associated formed a lodge. The reason was this—the Druids of Stonehenge, Abury, etc., etc., were all killed or banished to the northern countries or Wales, by the Romans. Thus, we have no Culdees in the South."

The foregoing quotations cover a deal of ground and must be carefully examined, because important. If true, they upset much of our (so-called) facts, and if false, then the sooner they are exploded the better. Bro. Higgins' strange patronage of William Preston, author of the well-known "Illustrations of Masonry" is certainly amusing, and his affectation of superior knowledge is ludicrous, especially when we remember how few were the opportunities of Higgins compared with Preston to understand the facts, and how purely visionary many of the statements are in the "*Anacalypsis*" on Freemasonry, though mentioned as actual occurrences fully authenticated.

Preston's "Illustrations" are not free from error, but making all due allowances for the times in which the work was written, we are still of the opinion that the book, "take it for all in all," has never been surpassed.

Preston was certainly a portion of his time a representitive of the Grand Lodge of England, which was so prosperous and distinguished for many years, but he was never a partisan, and when circumstances occurred which he thought justified him in approving the Grand Lodge he did so, even though it procured his expulsion. He then allied himself to the Grand Lodge of all England held at York, and subsequently, when the "brush" was over, he was restored to his former privileges with every honour and distinction. In none of his writings did Preston ever claim priority for the Masons in London, over those of Scotland or York, as Bro. Higgins states, and so far from the "Illustrations" being a party performance, the work is wholly wanting in any such characteristics.

Bro. Higgins' description of a contest between the Lodge of Antiquity and the York Lodge, which was finally adjusted by H.R.H., the Duke of Sussex is altogether inaccurate, and almost perniciously so, for there never was any contest between these two lodges, and when Preston and his friends were expelled by the London Grand Lodge, the Grand Lodge of *all* England located at *York* granted them a Deputation to act as a "Grand Lodge south of the Trent," which they did for a few years, and so far from there ever being any quarrel between the two lodges, we do not believe any lodges have ever manifested more fraternity than those two located at York and London.

The fact is, that there was a contest, and it occurred between the regular Grand Lodge of England held in London, constituted A.D. 1717, and a body of seceders also located in London, which left that Body and formed a rival Grand Lodge in 1753, being known as the "Ancients," and the former as the "Moderns."

In 1813, when the York Lodge had died out, and the masonic horizon was clear and bright, these two Grand Lodges united under the leadership of H.R.H., the Duke of Sussex. The "High Degrees" alluded to by Bro. Higgins, were those of the Royal Arch, and *Knights Templars*, which during a portion of the latter part of last century, were worked and recognized by the Craft authorities at York. The recognition, however, was not until about 1780, when the Grand Lodge of all England consisted of five degrees, and the meetings agreed to be held, were to be as follows:

1ST QUARTER.

1 N. of G. Last Monday in July. *E. A. Lodge.*
2 N. of G. Second Monday in Aug. *Knt. Tmprs,*
3 N. of G. Last Monday in Aug. *Fellow Crafts.*
4 N. of G. Second Monday in Sept. *R. A Chap.*
5 N. of G. Last Monday in Sept. *Master's Lodge.*

The Grand Lodge, however, died out before the century ended, having to make way for its more successful rivals in London. The York Rite is unknown now, and has been practically so for this century. The *York* authorities never warranted any lodges out of England, all foreign lodges constituted under English auspices hailing from London, so that *London Rite* is what they follow.

We quote the following with much pleasure, in evidence that our author appreciated and rightly estimated the cosmopolitan and unsectarian basis of our Institution:

"Freemasonry is known to be founded on principles of *universal* benevolence, and not to be confined to one class or to one religion. I think I may venture to say, it is so constituted, that although it would not refuse a single Deist, *no test being required*, yet all its forms, ceremonies and doctrines, are so constituted, as, in a very peculiar manner, to be applicable at the same time to the doctrine of Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedism."

The foregoing is doubtless too liberal for some Grand Lodges in the present day, and certainly at the very antipodes to the regulations of Grand Lodges which require the candidates in their jurisdictions to be believers in Christianity. Bro. Higgins is quite correct in his opinion as to British Freemasonry, though we doubt if all the Grand Lodges in the United States and in Europe would support his declaration, liberal though the majority be, and in harmony, as very many are, with the width and breadth, and height and depth of universal Freemasonry.

The first version of the Old sectarian "Charges" in a modernized form was by a learned Divine (Dr. Anderson), A.D. 1723; and early as it was then to recognize the neutral platform which Freemasonry *of the future* was to occupy, that Masonic Revivalist appears to have had a glimpse of the subsequent career of the Fraternity,

and of the unsectarian basis on which the permanent Freemasonic Institution was to rest, for the first of the "Old Charges" distinctly states (as indeed, it does virtually even now) that:

"Though in ancient Times Masons were charged in every country to be of the Religion of that Country or Nation, whatever it was, yet 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that Religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be *good* men and *true*, or men of Honour and Honesty."

The Christian character of the Society under the operative regime of former centuries, was exchanged for the unsectarian regulations, which were to include under its wing the votaries of all sects—without respect to their differences, or colour or clime, provided, the simple conditions were observed in morality, mature age, and an approved ballot. We shall now present Bro. Higgin's views as to the ancient mysteries in relation to Freemasonry. He says:

"I believe that a certain class of persons, initiated into the higher mysteries of the ancients, were what are called *Carmelites Therapeutæ* and *Essenes*, or that they constituted a part of, or were formed out of, these sects, and were what we now call *Freemasons*. They were also called Chaldæi and Mathematici. (p. 304, vol. 1.) . . . I think the mysteries were like Masonry; indeed we shall soon see, it is highly probable, that the Masons were a branch of the initiated—Masonry, a branch of the art. (p. 590.) . . . . I think I have stated enough to raise or justify what the Jesuits call a *probable opinion*, that the masonic ceremonies or secrets are descendants of the Eleusenian mysteries. Every body knows the now ridiculous, traditionary fancy that a Mason is, in some way, marked or branded or mutilated before he can be admitted into the Order. I believe this, like most other traditions, had not its origin from nothing. I believe the higher classes of Masons were originally persons who were admitted into the mysteries of Eleusis and Egypt, and that they were Chaldæans and Mathematici, and I believe that what the above tradition of the branding alluded to, was circumcision, add that they were circumcised. Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus both affirm, that the secret learning of the Egyptians was only taught to such persons as had undergone the operation of circumcision, for which reason, it was submitted to by Pythagoras. *The same word in Hebrew means both initiated and circumcised.*" (p. 724.)

Speaking of the initiation of Moses by the Egyptian priests, Schiller says:

"These ceremonies were connected with the mysterious images and hieroglyphics. And the hidden truths so carefully concealed under them, and used in their rites, were all comprised under the name of mysteries, such as had been used in the temples of Isis and Serapis, which were the models of the mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace, and, in more modern times, gave rise to the order of *Freemasonry*."

Bro. Higgins considers "the mysteries were not the origin of Masonry; they were Masonry itself; for Masonry was a part of them." (p. 719, vol. 1.) We think it our duty to thus state clearly what really was the belief of Bro. Higgins as to the ancient mysteries and ancient Freemasonry, but we must not be understood to endorse his opinions unless we so state. It is well the character of this learned and singular work should be known, and in order to that end, it is only fair that we should not constitute ourselves the judge, and accordingly, only retain what we may adopt, and exclude from these pages what seems to us entirely fabulous, but that our readers should be able to decide for themselves, we have inserted many lengthy quotations from the two volumes; which extracts, are all the more valuable, because made by us direct from the originals, which are now exceedingly scarce, and whenever they are presented for sale command very large sums of money from purchasers. However peculiar the statements sound to the ears of masonic students for the first time, it is far better to know what they really are, than to be left to imagine what they *actually* are not. Bro. Higgins declares:

"I have no doubt that the cabalistic economy was similar to that of a lodge of Freemasons, and proceeded to the top by gradation, and that Masonry, which was a part of it, existed long before the time of the Exod from Egypt. . . . . The ancient Jews maintained that their cabala was revealed by God to Moses, and was

transmitted verbally; it being too sacred to be written. (This is very like Freemasonry.) (p. 817, vol. 1.) . . . . If a person reflect deeply upon the circumstances in which the first priests must have been placed when the earliest attempt at building a temple was made, he will perceive that it was quite natural for them to become Masons. . . . . The Christian religion was divided by the early fathers, in its secret and mysterious character, into three degrees, the same as that of Eleusis, *viz.*, *Purification, Initiation,* and *Perfection.*" (p. 822.)

We cannot see that similar customs in early religious systems and in modern masonic societies should be taken as proof of the latter having been the creation of the former, or indeed, that Masonry ever had intimate or partial connection with them. The simple fact of the introduction of grades into Freemasonry, ought surely not to be taken as indicative of the masonic character of the ancient religions mentioned, because they also had grades, *and so of course they were Masons! The operative origin* of Freemasonry, is a much more sensible foundation for our society to rest upon, than the strange and most extraordinary beginning and early career sketched by Brother Higgins, and which, when judged in the light of our late discoveries, certainly "*vanishes into thin air.*" We should much like for our able brother, Dr. Mackey, to carefully examine the assertions of the author of "anacalypsis," for he is the *facile princeps* of the masonic world, on all that refers to our history, so far as it may be involved in the study of the ancient mysteries. Let us consider the following statement by Bro. Higgins:

"The Monks of Tibet, at Eleusis, in Egypt, at Jerusalem or Carmel, in our circular chapters, were the preservers of the secret Pythagorean doctrines of numbers, of the Ras, or Mystery, or Masonry, or perhaps, more properly, the doctrines of the I E, the Jah,—the mesos or *meson*-ry, or the Saviour, or cross-borne-renewed in every cycle, as described in Virgil. I need scarcely remind my masonic reader that all the secrets of Masonry are concealed in the Hebrew or Chaldee language; that is, in the language of the Brahmin of Ur and Colida, where Mr. Ellis was poisoned for being known to possess them." (p. 790, vol. 1.)

In our masonic investigations we have always been most anxious to separate *fact* from fiction, *actual occurrences* from simple *traditions,* and whilst not at all desirous to undervalue the importance of our traditions, yet we have always maintained they should not be invested with the character of being *actual realities,* when they are *not,* but that they should be just regarded simply as traditions and nothing more.

The author before noted, apparently seizes hold of every tradition—no matter how absurd or unlikely—as if he had unequivocal evidence before him, and so we are bound to hesitate to accept many of his statements, unless supported by positive proof. With this decision to guide us, we are not likely to accept such as the foregoing as the narration *of facts,* but only as curious fancies *put into words.* The author next proceeds, as follows, in chapter VIII. (p. 767, vol. 1.) to describe a curious incident not without food for consideration:

"After I had, from various sources and by various means, added to reasoning, *nearly* arrived at a conviction, that the ancient Order of Freemasons arose in India, and was established there, as a mystery, in the earliest periods, my conviction acquired wonderful strength from a knowledge of the fact which I shall now mention. I shall be censured for stating facts in this way; but I write truly and for the truth, and for this purpose alone. The style or order in such a work as this is not worth naming. At the time that I learned from Captain ——, the gentleman who was named in my last chapter, the particulars respecting the tomb of St. Thomas, I was also told by him that he was on the strictest intimacy with the late — Ellis, Esq., of the Madras establishment; that Mr. Ellis told him, that the pass-word and forms used by the Master Masons in their lodge, would pass a person into the sanctum sanctorum of an Indian Temple; that he, Mr. Ellis, had, by means of his knowledge as a Master Mason, actually passed himself into the sacred part or adytum of one of them. Soon after Mr. Ellis told this to my informant, he was taken suddenly ill, and died, and my informant stated, that he had no doubt, notwithstanding the mistake which his friends called it . . . in giving some medicine, that he was poisoned by his servants for having done

this very act, or for being known to possess this knowledge. Now, when this is coupled with the fact of the masonic emblems found on the cyclopean ruins of Agra and Mundore, I think, without fear of contradiction, I may venture to assume, that the oriental origin of Freemasonry cannot be disputed—and that I may reason upon it accordingly."

It is not likely that many who read this will be inclined—no matter how great their zeal as Masons—to venture on the same errand as this Mr. Ellis, courting the death he suffered, and failing that, how are such statements to be tested? It falls in with the popular notion of the universal character and powers of masonic signs, but certainly does not agree with our facts, which have been laboriously accumulated and examined time after time without their testimony being shaken. The peculiar character of the work, and it having apparently been written without any idea of methodic arrangement, makes the task of a reviewer especially difficult, unless indeed, he is contended to follow the author just when and where he leads (as we have done,) and even then, at the best, we can but glance at the various subjects treated of, for to do them justice, a much more pretentious and extended notice than the present, would be necessary. The *Prince of Masonic Biblographers* (Bro. ENOCH T. CARSON, of Cincinnati, *Ohio,*) thus speaks of the author under No. 5429 (page 114) of his most valuable "*Masonic Bibliography*" now in course of publication :

"The Celtic Druids is the most philosophical digest of the existing information upon the origin of the Druidical worship. The author traces that and all other ancient systems of religion, back to their primal source; demonstrating that the extraordinary races of Upper India who formed Buddhism, where also the founders of the Chaldean, Phœnician, Etruscan, Guebre, Cabiri, Druidical, and Brahminical mythologies."

Of the "Anacalypsis," after mentioning the high price it fetches, Bro. CARSON says :

"To the student of the *mysteries,* it and the preceding work are of the greatest value, notwithstanding the crude manner in which the erratic, but learned author, has thrown his vast accumulation of facts together."

(To be continued.)

THE ALBERT CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.*

PILGRIMS to the oldest and most beautiful of our Royal residences take too often but little thought, as they survey the glorious pile of Windsor Castle and its surroundings, of the fragmentary way in which it has been built.

Edward the Confessor, it is supposed, possessed, near here, a Castle, probably of wood, as stone was difficult to be obtained, but wood abundant. William the Conqueror, probably, built the first stone structure, regularly fortifying the place, but the absence of water was a serious drawback, and his fortifications were not destined to last many generations.

The existing fabric dates from Henry III., and by him was commenced the chapel which has seen so many changes and undergone so many vicissitudes until to-day it is known as the Memorial of Albert "the Good."

This mortuary chapel, then, was commenced by Henry III., and completed by Edward III. Henry VII. rebuilt it, and in the next reign, having been presented by his son the eighth Henry to the favourite Cardinal Wolsey, it was added to by him and destined to be his own burial place.

Wolsey, however, fell into disgrace, and the Chapel reverted to the Crown, after which we hear nothing more of it, except that it was used by James II. as a place in which, contrary to the temper of his subjects, the Romish Mass was said.

Since then it has remained unused until her present Majesty the Queen determined to set it apart as a monument to her deservedly beloved Consort.

A certain amount of restoration was needed by the fabric, after which the mural enrichments were committed to the charge of Baron Triqueti who had rendered himself famous by his improvement of the old process revived by him and known as "*Tarsia*" work.

When on examination of such works as Wyatt Papworth's "Gwilt's Encyclopoedia of Architecture," we cannot find even mention of "*Tarsia*"-work at all; and when,

* "The Triqueti Marbles in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor." A series of photographs executed by the Misses Davison. Chapman & Hall, London, 1876.

in other than architectural works, we find it regarded as only a branch of *marqueterie*, we can realize how thoroughly this fine old art had been lost, or rather, perhaps, superseded by the coarser expedient of mosaic.

Beautiful as this latter art may be when exerted by the hands of the cunning craftsman, and more effective, though it may prove, than the early *Tarsia*-work such as can be seen at the Florentine Church of S. Miniatio; it cannot for a moment compare with the exquisite work of such a master hand as the late Baron Triqueti.

The ancient *Tarsia*-work we have alluded to above was nothing more than an example of *incised* marble, the engravings being filled in with black cement, but in the Triqueti Marbles the black is superseded by various coloured enamels and marbles, thus giving the effect of beautifully finished pictures in colour—pictures as truly works of art as frescoes, whilst being as nearly as possible imperishable. Nor does the Baron's fame rest on this *Tarsia* work alone, for the bas-reliefs which surround these marble figures have raised him to the eminence of a famous sculptor.

The subjects of these mural decorations in the nave of the chapel are taken from the Old Testament, whilst those in the apse are selected from scenes of New Testament History; and it is almost needless to add that they are designed to typify the virtues and mental adornments of the departed Prince. Such scenes as David inspired by the angel, suggest his musical abilities; the tribute to Solomon, his widespread popularity; the death scene of Jacob, his own death-bed surrounded by his family; and Josiah mourned by Jerusalem, our country's grief at his early death.

Over each tablet in the nave is a medallion portrait of a member of the Royal Family executed by the late Miss Durant, a pupil of the Baron.

Having thus called the attention of the Craft to the revival and improvement of an ancient art, whilst strongly urging the Brethren to view these beautiful examples themselves, we cannot do better than recommend such of them as cannot do so at first-hand to procure a collection of photographs of these marbles beautifully executed by the Misses Davison, which will give them an excellent idea of the magnificent work so recently executed at Windsor; whilst to all, these pictures will form a splendid memorial of that beloved Prince whose virtues and accomplishments have descended in no mean degree to those Brethren, high in rank, as well Masonic as profane, of whom he was the illustrious father. W. T.

SHALL MASONRY BE?

THE following very pointed remarks are taken from an address delivered by Bro. N. K. GRIGGS at a public installation of lodge officers in Beatrice, Neb., last St. John's day. They have the merit of not being stereotyped, and of boldly handling questions which deeply concern all who love Freemasonry, pure and unsullied:

Ladies and gentlemen, our Masonic Institution is not valuable, simply, as an heir-loom; it is not valuable, simply, because secrets, signs, words and grips have come down from faithful breast to faithful breast for thousands of years; we do not honour it, simply, because it has numbered such men as Washington, Warren, Lafayette, and Franklin as its proselytes; nor because six hundred thousand hale and hearty men answered to its roll-call in America. No! 'Tis for what Masonry is, itself, for what it teaches, for what it does for its children, for what it does for truth, justice, and humanity at large, that we honour and admire it. True, because of its hoary-headedness we revere it the more; but its age is only valuable as showing that there must be something of stern uprightness and intrinsic value in that Institution that hath stood the storms of all times; that hath seen nations fall, yet hath it not fallen; that hath seen a political earthquake shake a form of government into oblivion, yet hath changed it not a whit; that hath seen its children thinned by persecution, yet hath it not been weakened; that hath seen its votaries reviled with an almost irresistible tide of public clamour, in 1830, and yet in less than fifty years hath seen its adherents ride on the same wave that had scoffed it, the child of power, petted and honoured by all; that hath not gone forth to the school-room or to the church to educate or to

christianize, yet the wise hath it informed, the arm of anger hath it stayed, and the dying bed on the battle-field hath it softened.

Ladies and gentlemen, the past of Masonry has been sung by poets, many; has been spoken by orators, numberless. The road from Solomon's Temple to the present time has been worn into Masonic ruts, deep and ineffaceable, by Masonry and Masonic writers. A few perceptive enthusiasts have found a *narrow trail* leading from the beginning of the world to Solomon's Temple, along which the leaven of Masonry had been transported to King Solomon. But what of all this? We know that Masonry *has* been, all know that Masonry *is*. These are alpine facts that cannot be blotted out by the mistakes of Masons, by the soured Blanchard, or by Papal Bulls. The past is assured, but how of the future? "Shall Masonry be?" That is the question which interests you, as well as the world at large. This is the day of Masonic growth. There have been the iron, chivalric, and golden ages. This might aptly be termed the secret age. During the past year there have been about 38,000 added to the Masonic rolls. All others secret societies have also prospered, as never before. The world seems ready to swallow anything that smacks of secrecy. The returns already received from various Masonic lodges throughout the world, number the army that marches under the letter "G" as about 800,000 strong. This would indicate that there must be about one million of Masons in the world. This vast army of men, sound in mind and limb, has voluntarily volunteered, and for the privilege of so doing has paid at least twenty-five millions of dollars. The expenditure by Masons for Masonic purposes foot up several millions of dollars annually. I only speak of the vast number of Masons on our rolls, the vast accessions to our ranks, and the vast amount expended annually, to show the status and prosperity of our Order. To the large amount I have named expended by the Masons, add an equal amount expended by other orders, and you find there are expended annually by secret societies, from five to ten millions of dollars. No church in Christendom has increased in numbers and prospered as has the Masonic Institution. In our prosperity there is danger. Out of the 38,000 taken on board our Masonic ship during the past year, how many Jonahs should have been heaved overboard? Our ship is strong; she has successfully buffeted the waves of adversity, which threatened at times to overwhelm her. She still dashes along with her million passengers; she laughs at the black storms which threaten her; she has gallently breasted the waves of Morgan times; she has passed over all opposition. Now, it seems, she is safe in the harbour of popular favour. Not so! Where the waters look calm and placid a rock may strike her keel; and it may be, that only by the utmost exertions of her bravest passengers can she be saved from destruction. Such is the danger to our Order. Now, all looks calm; but when, and where least expected, the Masonic Institution may receive a blow that will stagger, if not destroy.

A few weeks ago a ship went down. She was strong and sound. Many times had she crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. Danger was unexpected. A simple looking barrel was placed on board by a man of good address. Within that barrel was destruction. Clockwork noiselessly lifted a lever. An explosion followed, and over one hundred persons were launched into eternity. The vessel is no more. The danger to that ship was within her own hulk. Has our Masonic ship the powder on board to injure or destroy her? Brethren, I say yes! I choose not to mouth this matter. We have liars on board, liars who daily ignore their vows and forget their solemn obligations; we have adulterers on board, adulterers who have been taught virtue; we have drunkards on board, drunkards who have pledged temperance; we have thieves on board, thieves who have stolen the livery of Masonry in order to cover up their wrongs; we have slanderers on board, slanderers who hesitate not to slander or libel a brother whenever they think they can gain aught by so doing; we have assassins on board, assassins who are too cowardly to kill, but who are brave enough to stab with the stiletto of falsehood the fair fame and reputation of a brother.

This being true—and who dare gainsay it—is it not strange that the corruption found within the hulk of the Masonic ship does not explode it into atoms? It is only the strength of its structure, the purity of

its morals, the lessons of virtue it teaches, that drives it on through the opposition without, and carries it on with its load of corruption within. Understand me not as admitting that worse men are found within the Masonic Institution than are found in other secret orders. What I have charged to Masonry I can with equal truth charge to any other secret society; or indeed, to any of the Christian churches. It is a truth that that which most injures Christianity, are the vices and crimes of her members. Not a day passes but we read of some scandal, some Christian being the actor in the disgrace. That professed Christians are bad men and professed Masons hypocrites, are no arguments against either institutions. Nay! Any institution that can prosper in spite of the corruption of its members, must be built upon truth and solid foundation.

I wish to call your attention to one crying evil of the times; an evil—or rather a crime — that is practiced in church and secret society alike. I allude to the crime of slander. In our Masonic Institution, politics cannot enter. Our members would cut loose from any society that would pin their faith to any one dogma in religion, or to any one party in politics. Our members think and act for themselves. Disagreement is the natural sequence of independent thinking. With honest disagreement we are satisfied, and of it we do not complain; but disagreement in politics now seems to mean a right to slander those with whom you disagree. In these days, let a Mason become a candidate for an office, and immediately some other brother will commence to circulate the vilest stories against him, to compass his defeat. Anything that will lose him votes will be freely said. If the charges are true, the unworthy candidate should be expelled from Masonry; if not true, the one making the charges should be expelled for slander. Masonry teaches naught else but truth. Truth is the corner-stone of its temple. Truth should alone be tolerated therein. If a Mason err, it is the bounden duty of his brother to gently remind him of his error, rather than to circulate his shortcomings to the ear of the gaping public. My brethren, I am ready to forgive the drunkard, his appetite may have made him so; I am ready to forgive the thief, his poverty may have made him one; I am ready to forgive the man who brawls, his intellect may be clouded with anger; but I am not ready to forgive the slanderer. His is the unpardonable sin. The drunkard gratifies his appetite; the thief takes that which benefits him; the man who fights gluts his revenge, or resents an injury; but the slanderer is the blind serpent that strikes its fangs into, and poisons whatever comes near it; and, like the serpent, he is not benefited by the blow which is so unkindly given.

It may be divine, but it is not human, to love that person by whom you are slandered. It is the whipped cur, only, which licks the hand that smites it Brotherly love is the cement of the Masonic temple; if that cement be frozen by slander, it will be brittle indeed, and the temple must fall.

There can be no blow given our Institution, so damaging as the one given by Masonic craftsmen. Blows given by the uninitiated are like unto powder exploded on the bare surface of a rock. A little noise, a little smoke, a little blackening of the rock, is the sum total of the result. The rock is still as strong as before. Blows given by craftsmen are like unto powder exploded deep in the heart of the rock. Before we hear the crash the stone is split in twain.

My brethren, I believe the day of Masonic trial is not far distant. Out of the deep there seems to be many little clouds arising. For 25 years, prior to 1875, scarce a wind opposed our sails. Now, every few weeks we hear of an Anti-Masonic convention being held. True, these conventions are not of a sufficient magnitude to be formidable; still they go to show that opposition is increasing, is growing. One the strongest church organisations is arrayed against us. Many religious zealots—among whom are able minds—boldly cry: "Down with Masonry." We may say that it all amounts to nothing; that it is fanaticism. True. But that does not change the fact that it all means opposition. The news-stands are full of pretended Masonic expositions. As you travel on the cars the newsboy drops into your lap a book called "Exposition of Freemasonry." Does not this show that

the world is too curious to know our secrets, and that Masonry is at the zenith of its power? To me it appears that the rapid growth of our Order is unnatural, and that in its popularity there is danger. I believe there is a determined opposition ahead of us; and that before many years have elapsed, our Craft will meet with a shock that will throw overboard the fair-weather proselytes of Masonic prosperity, and that will induce the true Mason to cling the closer to our gallant bark.

My brethren, as we see the storm, approaching, let us prepare for it; let us take on board no more poor material to weight our ship down; let us throw overboard our corrupt ship-mates that are sinking our vessel down; let us have up but three masts—brotherly love, relief, and truth. Then will our Craft breast the storm, and Masonry will be safe from the sharks that would dine on her destruction.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask the question, "Shall Masonry be?" Brethren, the answer is yours to give. If Masons vow to be men, to be Masons, the world cannot cause our temple to quiver. Our walls are solid and impervious to attacks from without; if we agree among ourselves, and live as brothers, the future of our Order shall be as assured as the past is already assured. If Masonry dies she dies by suicide. Masonry as an institution may fall, but her principles shall not die. They will live, as God lives. They are founded on truth. They *are* truth.

"Masonic links compose a sacred chain,
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but touch not its strength."

We take this interesting address from the *Voice of Masonry* for February.

TO MY OLD APRON.

Music, "THE HARDY NORSEMAN."

My old apron is ever new,
Yes, jubilant and gay;
And phœnix like it ever lives,
Though worn both night and day.

If old it grows, I like it more,
Although its on the wane;
Its beauty, too, may all have gone,
But not its worth and gain.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

To me its ever bright and fair,
With me it cannot pale;
Its colour and its simple form
Is always fresh and hale.
Like Aaron's rod of ancient days,—
'Tis always rightly used;
So my old apron is justly true
However much abused.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

Tho' some assail, and curse it, too,
And put a blot upon her;
I'm proud of it, and with my life,
I will defend its honour.
Eaves-droppers and cowans shun me,
But, hear, the reason why?
They're wanting pluck, if you must [know, to put me on
A fact they can't deny.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

Here is a charm, all Masons say,
The longer it is worn;
It hath a spell, that beareth good,
In cheering the forlorn.
We dare assert this truth, its worth,
Then sound abroad my fame;
With worthy men I find a home,
And set their hearts on flame.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

My shape is known the whole world o'er
Besause its on the square;
And 'tis a sign for honest men
Freemasons' all declare.
I love it for its hallow'd Fane,
Its faith and hope, forsooth;
Its charity is amaranth,
A warm and lasting truth.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

To my old apron a bumper drink,
So lift your glasses high—
For who can tell, the good its done?
It stops the orphans' cry,
It gives relief to all in want,
Should fortune prove untrue;
None ask in vain, if 'ere they wore,
My old apron of blue.
Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

1876. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

We live to hail the Centennial of our Nation, and to celebrate the completion of its hundred years of growth and grandeur. We see the close of the century; there are but few living who saw its beginning. That entire generation of noble men and women —the fathers and mothers of a great nation —have passed on to a silent land, while we, their children and grandchildren, to the third and fourth generation, live to celebrate their patient sufferings and heroic deeds, and thank God that we live in better and brighter days. We owe a debt of gratitude to Him who shapes, alike, the destiny of nations and of individuals, for his Providential goodness to us as a nation. He was with our fathers in the wilderness, and through battle and blood—through suffering and conflict—through toil and deprivation—until, after eight years of trial, he brought them forth victorious—a free and independent nation. What can we say but, bending beneath the Royal Arch, exclaim, "the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth for ever."

And we should be grateful to the fathers, —the grand old heroes of '76, "who fought and bled in Freedom's cause," and won for us, and for future generations, the freedom and privilege, and national distinction we now enjoy. Thanks to the fathers who fought our battles, and rescued us from a foreign yoke, and made us "a free and independent nation;" and thanks to the mothers who bore their share of the burdens, and aided to the utmost of their ability, in the great work of redemption. Noble fathers and noble mothers! a hundred years make their memories and their virtues dearer to us; and we bend at their shrines with grateful recollection of their sacrifices and sufferings. We think of them in the good old days of '76; we admire their heroic sufferings and uncomplaining endurance, and we echo the sentiment:

"Then let our glowing hearts unite,
Our grateful memories to bestow
On those who wrought such noble deeds,
This year a hundred years ago."

We shall learn the full meaning of the word "Centennial" before the year closes. All nations will be represented beneath the stars and stripes at Philadelphia, in the great World's Exposition, and all will send their representatives to do homage to the growth, and wealth, and power, and achievements of the United States during the hundred years just past. But we leave all this for others, as the press of the country will teem with facts and statistics concerning our national growth in extent and population, as well as our progress in the sciences, in agriculture, and the mechanic arts. There will be enough said on these and kindred subjects, perhaps too much. A hundred years ago there were comparatively but few Lodges of Freemasons in our country, and they were scattered in the cities and towns of the Atlantic States. But three or four Provincial Grand Lodges existed, and no independent Grand Lodge. Now, there is a Grand Lodge in every State in the Union, and in most of the Territories, Lodges duly chartered and legally at work, are found everywhere, while our members number over half a million. We shall endeavour soon to furnish a table of statistics on this subject which though it may not be perfect, will give a proximate view of the extent and numbers of the Masonic family in the United States.

But we should not so much boast of numbers, or achievements; and in this regard we have little to boast of. The charities bestowed by the Lodges are small, and much of the amount goes to impostors and the unworthy. We have built no "Homes" for the aged and the destitute worthy, nor schools for the indigent orphan. The Craft in Kentucky have done nobly, but in what other State has there been so much expended, or the tenth part as much, to provide for the indigent orphans of deceased Masons? We say, just here, at the beginning of 1876, that in the sole mission of Freemasonry is to "confer degrees," it is not worth the expense or labour bestowed on it. Charity has always been the watch-word of the Craft; we claim it as the crown of glory of our Institution. If we do not make it the great business of the Order,—if this God-like work is sacrificed to show and banquets—to splendid regalia and beautiful parades,—then we are no longer worthy of the glorious banner under which we

march. Our enemies, and they are numerous and powerful, charge us with making professions that are never realized: shall we not so act as to prove those charges false?

There needs reform in Masonry, as well as in other things. We have too many Lodges that are of no use to the Order, but rather an injury; there are too many Masons whose lives are a foul blot upon its escutcheon. There needs a sifting and a purifying, a weeding out and a cutting off. Masons must be educated in the principles and duties of the Order; and if they will not learn nor practice, they should be "thrown over among the rubbish."

And now for 1876, the great Centennial year! We ask the co-operation, in our work of every good and true Mason. Help us by writing for us, sending us information, giving us facts and incidents and current events; help us by sustaining us with your subscriptions, pay for it promptly, induce others to subscribe for it, and thus, by increasing its patronage, enable us to make it more instructive, more useful and more worthy of the noble cause for which it labours.

From the *Masonic Review*, an able American publication, quoted by our friend the *Keystone*.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Women in the Decline of Life.

My readers will at once understand, I hope and think, why I have used such periphrastic words to express a very simple state of things, a very natural condition of being. For no woman, however strong-minded, likes being called "old;" and "old women" would sound, therefore, as if intended for provocation, and "old gals" would be too "fast." So I have invented for the nonce a phrase which is very civil, and even somewhat poetical; for I was anxious at the outset not to affront my female readers, especially those who are no longer young. It has been said that nothing in the world does so aggravate a woman as to term her old. You may heap abuse upon her devoted head, you may add invective to invective, and even expletive to expletive; all this she will often bear patiently and resignedly, but if you dare to make use of the little and magical word "old," the steam escapes, the kettle boils over! Why should this be so? Who can venture to explain? I can't, and therefore won't, and don't attempt to do so. I leave it to a bolder writer, and an abler expounder of feminine psychology; while I content myself with stating the fact, as a very indubitable fact in the normal existence of women. Being naturally a foe to exaggeration and "high falutin" of all kinds, I would not so distinctly put forward such a statement in the careful and veracious pages of the "Masonic Magazine," did I not believe it to be an incontestable truth. Well authenticated cases have come before me where elderly ladies close on the "soixaintaine," as the French say, have put themselves down in the Census at 32, and even 27! Indeed, I believe it might be statistically deduced from the Census, that we have no women in England, or very few indeed, beyond the "mezzotermin." I can even now, and so can many of my readers possibly, hear the indignant outcry: "Old woman, indeed! Whom do you call old woman, sir?" So let us not say anything to hurt the feelings of those "good old souls," but let us speak of them as those venerable dames who are wending down the decline of life. There surely is nothing objectionable in this!

Now do not suppose that I am going to indulge in a tirade against elderly females; I am going to do nothing of the kind. I have known a good many "old women" in my time (I mean old women, not old men), good "old gals"—sic dicitur our irreverent youth;—and very kind and good and pleasant they were, one and all, and dear friends to myself. Indeed I am inclined to think that a friendly, genial, well-educated old woman is a most agreeable companion, even for the youngest of us all. Experience has come to her and told its warning tale; illusions have faded, and frivolity is gone, and in their stead you behold life in its ripest maturity and most cultivated wisdom, animated by genial memories, and leavened by heartfelt sympathy. I look upon a genuine old woman as a very loveable and lovely character. In this I, of course, necessarily include the religious element, which is a *sine qua non*, in my humble opinion; as a godless old

woman is a dreadful spectacle both for men and angels. But as I am not writing a sermon, or even a religious essay, I do not presume to dwell on this characteristic, essential though it be to my typical old woman. As I said before, it has been my happy lot to know, as life has run on and years have fleeted fast away, many real old women; and kind friends, sound advisers, agreeable companions and good society they ever were.

I can see one even now—old and wrinkled and grey—the tenderest and the truest heart that ever beat in woman; full of kindness and full of goodness; with a pleasant word and a gentle message for everyone; abounding in good works, working on to the end; and who when she went to her rest, the humblest and most devoted of God's servants, left very few like her in this rough, hard, weary, wicked world.

And so I say to-day to all who for their own edification peruse these words of mine; never laugh at old women, but seek to reverence them when they deserve it, and listen to them lovingly, and don't be ashamed of a good old friend because she is an old woman.

Now I am very sorry to have to remark here, that all old women are not the same. There are, I fear, a great many foolish, perverse, troublesome, bad old women in the world. But, as the philosopher says, "such is life." There are those, for instance who are what the foreigner termed "old koket ladies" (he meant coquette); those who besmear themselves with paint and enamel, like Jezabel of old; who tire their heads, and look out of their windows; who wear low dresses, and indulge in high heels; who insist on putting on gowns, whether decent or otherwise, which damsels "just out" might wear; who will bedizen themselves with hats and wreaths of flowers which blushing maidens of nineteen might gracefully don. There are old gossips, old mischief-makers, old flirts, old scandal-mongers, old bores, and old good-for-nothings —*cum multis aliis*—whom time does not permit me to touch upon, and whom it is, perhaps, after all, better to forget. For all such I can only say, as the man said when he got a girl instead of a boy, "A, las! A, las!"

I will give you a few illustrations of what I mean. There is old Mrs. Bangup; she is, as you know, a very old gal—no one really knows her age—some say she is actually eighty, and yet there she is, with her false hair, and false smile, and her wonderful make-up, with everything unreal about her, seeking to attract attention, and even to engage admiration. Poor foolish, old soul! She ought to be thinking of another world, instead of this; she ought to be repenting in sackcloth and ashes for all her heartlessness and frivolity, and selfishness, and sins; and here she is, wearing out and wasting the last days of life in grovelling fetish worship, in sad self-immolation before the Juggernaut of fashion and the world!

How curious it is that the love of dress and attractiveness survives the flight of years, the ravages of time. The old "koket" rigs herself out in one of the gowns of the famous "Mr. Thomas," of Paris, costing 800 francs (nearly £40), and hopes even in her withered hours—insane expectation—to eclipse the fragrance of youth's fresh morn, and the flowery spray of the early bloom of life!

Look, too, at that old flirt, Mrs. Killingman. You know, exactly what her age is, and how she has deposited three husbands in some secluded cemetery; and there she positively is, with what Jorum calls that "deuced indecent low dress," and the smartest of habiliments on her old bones; her very appearance made more distressing by the fact, that the infatuated old woman believes that she is in the height of the fashion, and produces a great impression on all who see her.

And now there rises up before me the thin face and the limp form of mischief making Mrs. Minnikin. Her great delight is to set everybody by the ears, even her nearest and her dearest. Nothing so much charms her as to snub the young, and silence the agreeable by some ill-natured inuendo or remark. Her "rôle" seems to be to make things generally disagreeable for everybody. She always has a black side for everything, and nothing appears so much to gratify her as when she has succeeded in raising a storm, and in making her hearers uncomfortable. She is a thoroughly ill-favoured, bad-hearted old gal, and you generally see her mumbling out her ill-omened sentences, and munching acidulated drops.

And is not that old Mrs. Growlerby? She is one of those dreadful old women who know everything about everybody, and is always in the wrong. Old Jorum whispers to me: "That old gal is lying!" She is emphatically a bore, and is generally alike vulgar and ill-bred; excessively insolent to her inferiors, but an inveterate toady of her superiors. Avoid her, my boy, if you meet her. And what her mission can be—except, like some of the noxious animals of the lower creation, a counterpoise to others—I do not pretend to understand or explain.

And, then we all know fat but unaimable Mrs. Wimperley. She is a woman with a grievance and a morbid mind. She can't even say a good word for that pleasant young married woman, Mrs. De Visme, or that laughing maiden, Annie Vane. No, she never leaves anybody alone, and never has a kind word for anybody. She bullies her maid, bullies her relations, who are afraid of her; she bullies her doctor, and she is a fat, malicious, malignant old woman.

Then there is our poor old friend Mrs. Grinkle. Always wrong, always "in the basket," always saying the wrong word, always doing the wrong thing; the most "bête" and "foriaé" of old women; perhaps not wishing to do harm, but as stupid useless slug, without principle and without utility, as far as you and I can see, in the great battle or life.

Why here is Mrs. Milligan! Well, people say a great many queer things about that old gal. Old Jorum winks his eye and shakes his head sagaciously, whenever he sees her! But de fœminis nil nisi bonum. "It has been my rule through life, and a very good one it is. Abuse men as you like, but leave women alone. I would say to many a "surgens Julus," to-day, detraction of women is a sure sign of a debased age and of a corrupt youth!"

I might go on, but will stop here! I have pointed out to you many a "species" of the great "genus" woman, which if you are wise and value your character, comfort, and your peace of mind, you will avoid as the plague of Egypt. And so I conclude by coming back to my ideal old woman,—good, kind, tender, true, cultivated and refined, reverent and religious, a real friend, a good adviser, a delightful companion, amiable to all, helpful of all, not ashamed of her own old age, but doing her duty to the very last, fearing God, and loving man.

FREEMASONRY IN PERU.

BY ARTHUR M. WHOLEY.

Grand Sec. of the Grand Orient of Peru.

As long as the Spaniards held an exclusive and undisputed possession of the country (1531-1782) and the Inquisition lent its aid to a fanatical priesthood, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Masonry was unknown in Peru. The introduction of the Art, or even the fact of being a Mason, would have been sufficient cause for the banishmant, if not the death of the offender, and the difficulty of obtaining proselytes amongst the ignorant and prejudiced would leave no room for encouragement or offer any inducement to such a risk.

During the French Invasion of Spain (1807-13), and the presence there of the English, many Lodges were instituted in that country, and amongst the troops sent from Europe to quell the war of Independence in Peru, there were many brethren; these however being subjects of Spain, admitted none of the Patriots as members, and it was not until the Declaration of Independence in 1821, when free intercourse was established between Peru and foreign nations, that Freemasonry was introduced among the natives.

In 1825, after Peru had achieved her complete independence, a brother (General Valero) belonging to the Grand Orient of Columbia, (afterwards Republic of New Granada, now United States of Colombia) visited Lima, and being authorized by, and having full power from, that Grand Orient, regularized the Masonic bodies he found working in the new Republic, and organized and founded others under his letters patent. His proceedings appear to have received the sanction of the Grand Orient of Colombia; and all Peruvian Masonic bodies afterwards derived their origin from that regularly constituted Grand Orient.

A Supreme Council, of the A. and A. Rite was founded in Lima, Capital of the

Republic, on the 2nd day of November, 1830.

The Fraternity, being thus organised and established, it was found advisable (in 1830) to form an independent Grand Lodge of Peru, on account of the great distance from Bogota, the seat of the Grand Orient of Columbia and the subsequent difficulty of communication, opportunities of which occurred but seldom, and then only at considerable risk of correspondence not reaching its destination.

In due time the Grand Orient of Columbia approved of these proceedings and recognized the Grand Lodge of Peru as an Independent Masonic Governing Body within its territory.

On the 11th of August of the same year the Grand Lodge again assembled and began the work of forming a Constitution and General Statutes for the Order, and also unanimously resolved to change the name of "Gran Logia" to that of "Gran Oriente Peruano."

Unfortunately soon after these proceedings political disturbances caused much ill-feeling throughout the country, and amongst the members of the Government that came into power after a disastrous revolution, were many men opposed to all principles of progress. These men thereupon exerted themselves to the utmost to drive Masons and their Art from the country, and in consequence of the persecution it was found advisable to close the Lodges, and thus only the brethren escaped the violence and threats of their enemies.

In the place of Lodges, the opposers of Masonry founded Secret Societies, which happily in time became extinguished as Freemasonry, although dormant for a period, by degrees recovered its position and effectually closed those clandestine meetings which had been formed to support the leaders of a military despotism.

In 1845, after a recess of some twelve years, several enthusiastic brethren assembled and re-opened the symbolic Lodge, "Orden y Libertad," and the Chapter Rose-Croix, "Regeneracion Peruana," in Limaa, nd continued to work regularly until 1841, when on the 1st November of that year a general assembly of Masons was held, and the Grand Orient re-opened by the deputies elect, and the representatives of the above-mentioned bodies.

The Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree was re-constituted and re-opened on the 30th of January, 1849, by the M. P. Sov. Grand Commander, Juan Elizalde, regular successor of the Ill. Bro. General Don Domingo Tristan, first Sov. Gr. Com. of the Council in 1830.

On the 13th of July, 1852, the "Gran Oriente Peruano" was re-organized and reconstituted, under the title of "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru."

In 1852, the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland granted its charter to hold a Holy Royal Arch Chapter ("Estrella Boreal," No. 74), of Freemasons in Callao. This was the first Masonic body of the "York Rite" opened in the Republic, and the Sup. Council of Peru appears to have ignored its existence. Neither was it admitted into the "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru."

Previous to this date no record exists of Peruvian Masonry having been formally recognized by any of the Supreme Governing Powers in Europe or in North or South America. Under patent dated 25th of November, 1853, Bro. Richard H. Hartley was accredited as representative of the M. W. the Grand Lodge of New York, near the "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru;" and in the same year, Bro. Finlay M. King (Past M. W. Grand Master), as the representative of the Peruvian Gran Oriente near the Grand Lodge of New York.

The Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America (of which the late Ill. Bro. Edward A. Raymond was then Sov. Grand Commander, and Bro. Charles W. Moore Grand Secretary), likewise accredited Ill. Bro. Richard H. Hartley, 33rd, by patent dated 1st November, 1854, as its representative near the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree for the Republic of Peru and its Masonic dependencies.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

A NOTABLE event in the Masonic history of Nevada—we may say in the United States—occured near this city lately. After the destruction of their hall by fire, the Masons met for some time in the Lodge-room of the Odd Fellows, in Odd Fellows' building. This was likewise destroyed by fire a few days ago, leaving the Order without an appropriate place of meeting.

In this emergency the Master of Virginia Lodge, No. 3, in imitation of a custom of the Craft in ancient times, called a meeting of his lodge te be held on the summit of Mount Davidson Over three hundred members of the Order were in attendance. When it is considered that the top af Mount Davidson is seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and nearly seventeen hundred feet above Virginia City, the significance of this large convocation will be appreciated. The summit of the mountain is a pointed mass of broken granite, yet almost upon the very apex a rude altar of stone was erected, and around it gathered over three hundred Masons, who, in the heat of the midday sun, had toiled up the rugged mountain side to witness the opening of a Masonic Lodge at a place so unusual; and there, overlooking a city of twenty thousand people, the lodge was opened partially in form, and its regular business transacted. From the summit of the mountain the country for a radius of perhaps a hundred miles on every side is visible, with its towns, lakes, mountains, valleys, hoisting works, quartz mills and railroads. The view is one of the grandestin the State, and the gathering was in the eye of every Mason present scarcely less grand than the surroundings. As the Lodge was opened, the white emblem of the Order was thrown to the breeze from the flag-staff on the summit, and the cheers that greeted it must have been heard in the valley below. Music, speeches, and a bountiful repast for all enlivened the proceedings, and at five o'clock, or a few minutes earlier, the concourse wended their way down the mountain side. Members of the order were in attendance from Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton and Carson, aud so impressed were all present with the grandeur and solemnity of the occasion, that the rude altar was almost chipped in pieces, to be preserved as mementos of an event so unusual in the annals of the Order. It is probable that a masonic lodge was never before opened in the United States at so great an elevation—certainly never upon so prominent a point in the light of day. The occasion will long be remembered, not only by those present, but by the people of Storey county.

During the exercises Colonel R. H. Taylor read the following

POEM.

The Lord unto the Prophet said,
"Upon the mountain's topmost round,
Far as its breezy limits spread,
Shall be most holy ground."

'Neath God's blue dome, on lofty hills,
Whose crests first catch the morning heat--
Whose heights the evening glory fills—
The Craft was wont to meet.

There, far above the busy mart,
And from its care and turmoil free,
They learned the lessons of the heart,
To "work" and to "agree."

Oh! sacred hills of olden time,
Whose hoary crags resist the gale.
Ye have a history sublime
The Ages cannot pale!

Again, to-day, the sons of light,
As did their sires of olden days,
Upon the mountain's dizzy height,
Their mystic banner raise.

Again, above the busy marts,
Where human feet have have seldom trod
We raise our voices and our hearts
In reverence to God.

Almighty Father! by whose will
The mountains rise, and worlds do move,
Thy blessing grant; descend and fill
Each Mason's heart with love.

—*Virginia (Nev.) Territorial Enterprise.*

A FUNERAL LODGE.

Dumbarton Kilwinning Lodge (No. 18) of Scotland.

On the evening of Friday, February 4th, the Members of this Lodge held a Funeral Lodge in memory of their deceased brethren. There was a very large assemblage of the brethren, and deputations from the Sister Lodges in the neighbourhood, including No. 170 St. John's Leven; 321 Royal Arch, Alexandria and Bonhill; 503 St. George's, Helensburgh; and also visiting brethren from lodges over the country were received at it, and we understand some of the deputations failed to reach the hall in time through some delay of the trains.

After the Lodge had been opened with grand honours,

Bro. HODGE, R. W. M., delivered the following address: — Senior and Junior Wardens and Brethren, if there is one thing more characteristic of this world than another it is that principle of change which is continually going on, not only in the material world but also in the world of mind. What *was* yesterday is not to-day, and what *is* to-day will *not* probably *be* to-morrow. Indeed, so constant and continual is this principle at work that not one of us will leave this room to-night in exactly the same condition, either physically, mentally, or morally, as when we entered it. Let us hope that our condition being altered it will be for the better to all of us and for the worse to none. It was under the influence of this hope working in the minds of your office-bearers that caused them to think of holding this funeral lodge: may the Most High grant the desires of our hearts. In harmony with this universal law of nature, a number of our brethren since this time last year have departed this life, and crossed tha mysterious boundary line which separates time from eternity. Should their present condition be one of unconciousness (and there be some who think this) our meeting here to-night cannot possibly do them any harm or any good; but if on the contrary, they are not only conscious but observant, (and there be many who believe this) our meeting, if conducted with that solemnity which the occasion requires, will, in my opinion, afford them much pleasure. Of course this is one of those subjects which it would be very unwise in any one to dogmatise upon, and I am no dogmatist, but whether true or no it is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, especially if one's thoughts are pure and one's actions virtuous. Proceeding upon this idea we may imagine our brethren freed from the grosser parts of their nature, revelling in space, nothing staying their course or putting a limit to their flight but their own wills, subject, of course, to the standing orders and byelaws of the Great I Am, if you will allow me a perfectly well understood illustration. But supposing they have the whole universe of space to roam in, it is only natural to think that the locality where they spent their earthly existence will have special attractions for them, and that the labour and pastimes of those friends whom they have left behind will have a large share of their attention and regard. This being granted we can easily imagine the presence here to-night of their inner self—that self-conscious ego; that ever-living never dying something which we call "mind", "spirit", "soul," or whatever name we choose to call that which far more than the outward contour of the material body, stamps us with an individuality which, distinguishing us from every other being in this great universe, makes us what we are. Brethren, do not for one moment imagine that I think anything which we can do will affect either the condition or ultimate destiny of our departed brethren, in so far as that has been fixed by the Great Architect of the universe; only this much will I say that while this meeting is being held for the purpose of reminding us that we too will sooner or later, be called from labour here, to, I trust, refreshment in the *Celestial Lodge*, where our *Grand Master*, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe presides in person. Our proceedings may be such as not only to benefit us but meet with the approval of all those bright intelligences that inhabit the higher spheres from the *Great I Am* to the latest *entrant*. Brethren, in the words of one who has long since gone the way of all the earth, may we, when our latter end comes "have all our accounts *squared* so that we shall have nothing left us to do but to die." Amen.

After the singing of a hymn and prayer by the chaplain (Br. Williamson), the following ceremony at the catafalque took place:—The officers formed into procession and marched round the catafalque once to the "Dead March in Saul," played on the harmonium by Br. Bird. The Junior Warden placed on it a wreath of white flowers, and made a few appropriate sentences. The music was again resumed, and the Senior Warden placed his wreath of white flowers and likewise read some appropriate remarks. The march was again resumed and rounded the catafalque three times, when the R. W. M. stepped forward and placed a wreath of evergreens on it, and reminded the brethren of the emblem used. After this they all marched to their respective places, when

Br. BARR, P.W.M., delivered an oration. He said:—"In the midst of life we are in

death," and the wisest amongst us cannot know "what a day may bring forth." We live but to see those that we love passing away into the silent land. Think of those brethren who, but a few days since, were among us in all the pride and power of life; bring to your minds the remembrance of their wisdom, their strength, and their beauty; and then reflect that to dust they have come at last. Think of ourselves, thus must we be when the lamp of our brief existence has burned out. Think how soon death for us will be a reality. Man's life is like a flower which blooms to-day, and to-morrow is faded, cast aside, and trodden under foot. The most of us, my brethren, are fast approaching, or have already passed the meridian of life. Our sun is setting in the west; and oh! how much more swift is the passage of our declining years than when we started upon the journey, and believed, as young men are apt to believe, that the roseate hues of the sun of our existence were always to be continued. When we look back upon the happy days of our childhood, when the dawning intellect first begins to exercise its powers of thought, it seems as but yesterday, and that by a simple effort of the will, we could put aside our manhood and seek again the loving caresses of a mother, or be happy in the possession of a bauble; and could we now realize the idea that our last hour had come, our whole earthly life would seem as but the space of time from yesterday until to-day. Centuries upon centuries have rolled away behind us; before us stretches out an eternity of years to come; and on the narrow boundary between the past and the present flickers the puny taper we term our life. When we came into the world we knew nought of what had been before us; but as we grew up to manhood we learned of the past; we saw the flowers bloom as they had bloomed for centuries; we beheld the orbs of day and night pursuing their endless course among the stars, as they had pursued it from the birth of light; we learned what men had thought and said and done, from the beginning of the world to our day; but only through the eye of faith can we behold what is to come hereafter, and only through a firm reliance upon the Divine promises can we satisfy the yearnings of an immortal soul. The *cradle* speaks to us of remembrance, the coffin of hope, of a blessed trust in a never ending existence beyond the gloomy portals of the tomb. Let these reflections convince us how vain are all the wranglings and bitterness engendered by the collisions of the world; how little in dignity above the puny wranglings of ants over a morsel of food, or for the possession of a square inch of soil. What shall survive us? Not, let us hope, the petty strifes and bickerings, the jealousies and heartburnings, the small triumphs and mean advantages we have gained; but rather the noble thoughts, the words of truth, the works of mercy and justice that ennoble and light up the existence of every honest man, however humble, and live for good when his body is mouldering in the dust. For this at least man gets by death, that his calamities are not immortal. To bear grief honourably and temperately, and to die willingly and nobly, are the duties of a good man and true Mason.

"When those we love are snatched away
By Death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand."

After making an appropriate reference to the departed brethren, Br. Barr closed as follows:—While, therefore, Nature will have its way, and our tears will fall upon the graves of our brethren, let us be reminded by the evergreen symbol of our faith in immortal life that the dead are but sleeping, and be comforted by the reflection that their memories will not be forgotten; that they will still be loved by those who are soon to follow them; that in our archives their names are written, and that in our hearts there is still a place for them. And so, trusting in the infinite love and tender mercy of Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls, let us prepare to meet them where there is no parting, and where with them we shall enjoy eternal rest.

"Why lament our brother's dying,
Why indulge in tears and gloom?
Calmly on the Lord *relying*,
He can greet the opening tomb."

. . . .

Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds angelic fill the air;
Millions now in Heaven singing
Greet his joyful entrance there.

The CHAPLAIN (Br. Williamson) next addressed the brethren as follows:—Our meeting to-night reminds us of the truth of Scripture. "It is appointed unto man once to die." This is one of God's laws that man has never been able to break, and never will. God, to keep man from sin, threatened him with death; man disregarded the warning and partook of the forbidden fruit. The gold has now become dim, the fine gold changed, and he who took delight in communion and fellowship with his God, fled from His presence, hid himself among the trees of the garden a poor, lost, guilty sinner. The sentence pronounced against Adam is that "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This is the inheritance of all his offspring, but, blessed be God, we have not been left to perish. As God sought Adam in the garden, so the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. The Bible is a revelation of God's infinite love for fallen man, wherein life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. Without this blessed book we would have been sinning without pardon, differing without comfort, and dying without hope. At this tribunal the first promise of a Saviour is given—"the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." The promise has been completely fulfilled. In the fullness of the time God sent forth his only Son, made of a woman, made under the law. He in our room and stead has kept the law; yea, magnified the law and made it honourable, and by his self-sacrificing life, His atoning death, His glorious resurrection and ascension into Heaven, has received gifts for men, even for the rebellious, And now seated upon His throne in glory comes the blessed invitation to sinful man—"Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as wool, though they be red like crimson they shall be white as snow." This is the only foundation upon which the sinner can build his hopes for eternity, for the promise is "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us, and cleanse from all iniquity," Building upon this foundation the rain of affliction may descend, the winds of temptation may blow, the floods may beat against the house, but it will stand firm, being founded upon a rock. But if, trusting to our own integrity, and thinking to please God by the works of the law, when the storm and the tempest come and beat against the house it will inevitably fall, being founded upon the sand, and great will be the fall thereof. A number of our brethren have been removed from our midst by death. It was my privilege to stand by the death-beds of some of them, and while life lasts I shall never forget their dying words. They spoke of their departure like Paul, who said—"I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, which the righteous Lord shall give unto me at that great day, and not unto me only, but unto all those that love his appearing." Another aged brother, Simeon-like, was heard to exclaim—"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes hath seen thy salvation." And now, brethren, when our sun sets in the west, our day's work being done, may it be ours to hear the Master say—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

After other devotions and intercourse the lodge was closed by the benediction.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter VII.

Paris, March 20th, 1790.

THE parties in France may be divided like the parties of all other countries, into three. Those who are violent of one side or the other, and those who are more moderate, and might serve to balance the contending parties. The latter have as yet made but small progress (at least in the National Assembly), which consists at present of nearly a thousand members, of whom 640 are Democrates, and 360 Aristocrates. The loss of those members who fled has been replaced by others chosen in their room.

What are the views and hopes of the reigning party it would be difficult to determine. They allow themselves, that it is impossible affairs should remain in their present state, and they must be sen-

sible that the steps they take are far from approaching towards conciliation.

As certainly the great party of the Democrates are either Advocates, or Procureurs, or curés who are destitute of fortune, and who live at Paris at a trifling expense, and receive eighteen livres per day for their attendance (besides that great numbers of them have a share in the direction of the inundation of daily papers), the Partié Modéré are appreheusive that they prolong their existence from views of private interest. The modérés place all their hopes and expectations in the second meeting of the National Assembly, from which all who have at present seats are excluded unless they are elected with the unanimous consent of the electors. The fear of another revolution, however, inclines the Partié Modéré to join with the Democrates.

It is on the basis of the desire manifested by the Democrates to continue a power flattering to their ambition, and necessary to their finances that the Aristocrates build their hopes of future success.

They are induced to believe that the people will at last grow weary of useless discussions, by which anarchy and distress are equally prolonged, and will drive their new masters from Paris.

Even the Partié Modéré seems of this opinion, and declares that if in three months the finances are not settled, it will be necessary to have recourse to the ancient form of government.

At the Comte de Modene's I met a large cabal of Aristocrates, with one of their leaders the Comte D'Entraigues; from their conversation I should be induced to conclude that they would embrace with joy any proposition which would leave them in possession of honourable distinction and a Chambre Haute. If they have any hopes (although the King should be restored to his former power) of being reinstated in the situation they once held, particularly the privilege of not paying taxes, *Ils Manqueront de leur but, car ils visent trop loin*, and the whole nation under any form of government will oppose their pretensions, which if limited to those I have above mentioned they will find the Partié Modéré ready to WISH granted them. But I am afraid their chance of these comparatively moderate advantages can only arise from the army's returning to a sense of loyalty. The people might perhaps be willing to drive away the present National Assembly but I think the milice, particularly that of Paris, find their existence too closely united to that of the Assembly to be easily separated. It is not but that the older, wiser, and better part of the Bourgoisie might not be of the opinion of the people at large, but all the young Bourgois who compose it are delighted with the consequence they derive from it. They have so long been regarded with contempt by the noblesse and the army, that they are delighted with repaying the treatment they once received. Their insolence and air of consequential authority surpass whatever they have endured, and will possibly prove one of the causes of their ruin.

You are to recollect that with les ancien Gardes Francoises, deserters and others, they have 6,000 men of regular troops who must feel that at any settlement of the ancient government disgrace and punishment must be their reward.

The Partié Modéré pretend that the Bourgeois are tired of playing the soldier, and only continue it from the fear of insurrections and pillaging. I confess it does not appear. The King still continues firm in his resolution of not quitting the walls of the Thuilleries till his Guards ar erestored. In order to pacify the minds of the people in regard to the captivity of their monarch the Democrates pretend, and the Partié Modéré join with them, in giving out that the Aristocrates are desirous of putting an end to him from the idea that he is never enough to be depended on, and is too timid and irresolute to take just steps for the establisnment of his authority and their consequence. They say, therefore, that to preserve his life, the King is desirous of remaining a prisoner, and is sensible he owes his safety to M. de la Fayette.

Perhaps the wishes of the Aristocrates may accord with the assertions of their opponents, for I have heard it often said by them, "I fear we can never '*relever cet homme.*'" They now lament the folly of their conduct. Le Comte de Modene reproached them with not being willing to join twelve livres a month for a newspaper devoted to their party. Could they be again assembled together they might perhaps effect something beneficial to their party, but their ignorance of one another,

and the jealous fear which the gens de la cour et les familles illustré, entertain of the old and powerful nobility, the contempt of the latter for the former, and the absolute separation of both from the poorer and lower orders of nobility must be first entirely eradicated, and they must learn to have a common interest before they can make head against their present all powerful adversaries. Common danger has not yet taught them unanimity, and the exiles of London, Turin, and Nice are strangers to the views, hopes, or the councils of each other. One of the first questions I naturally asked them was, if there existed no city over which the Aristocrates had sufficient authority to have been enabled to retire in safety within its walls, and from thence, united in one body, headed by the princes of the blood, issued out their protestations against the measures adopted by the Democrates? They answer *no*, and say that in the meantime their chateaux would have been burnt and their property destroyed. While the fear of private losses prevails over general benefits they can hope but for few advantages. I cannot find that supposing the King had escaped to Metz, that he would have found that city more disposed to receive him than any other; it is a general—*not a partial* inebriation, and if the frenzy of Democracy is past, the fumes are not yet dissipated. The Aristocrates wish at present to lead on their opponents to every outrageous act of violence against them, justly conceiving that any moderate condescensions towards them will make their resistance disadvantageous, while cruelty and injustice must at least occasion compassion, and indignation is the daughter of pity.

I cannot believe that the officers of the army are at all pleased with the present revolution, although prudence in the present moment induces them to submit, but the plan proposed to the Assembly for the government of the army may perhaps induce the soldiers to abide by the decrees of the Assembly. It was at first agitated in the Comité Militaire that the sergeants and corporals should be elected by the private soldiers. Although this did not pass. it was carried in the committee that out of every five officers appointed in a Regiment, one of them should be chosen amongst the sergeants and corporals, and that in all other promotions a council of officers should *elect* to the vacant commissions.

Discontent at this moment reigns in the provinces. Valadier, who was the tutor of my friends, and is much connected with the Marechal Prince de Bauveau and Mons. de la Fayette, writes from Languedoc, his province, where he went to assist the revolution, that all his endeavours are useless; that the impost of the quart des revenus is eluded, or not paid, and that discontent universally prevails. Monsr. de Castellane, one of their most violent patriots, allows that the Limosin is in arms, that the peasants have joined the military and that the national troops have been defeated. I do not conceive the opposition of the Parliament of Brittany to be of any effect, as the people of the province certainly side with the Assembly, and have in consequence burnt and pillaged several chateaux, particularly at Quency, where it was reported that a woman had 30,000 livres concealed, she was immediately denounced as an A ri. tocrate, her house searched, and onthse people finding only a third part of the sum she was burnt by a slow fire ro make her discover where the rest was buried. The Comte de Antraigues said the Garde de Sceaux assured him the above was a fact.

The partition of the provinces has not occasioned those commotions which might have been expected. But although they have consented to be separated from their ancient provinces, it has been with the hopes of becoming the chief city of the different districts. The great and flourishing cities who by the support they had given to the National Assembly, hoped to be recompensed by being placed at the head of the districts, over the towns of *note*, are in general disappointed. The Committee of Constitution to whom the distribution of districts is allotted, are ordered to consult the Deputies of the different provinces, but to choose as nearly as possible the most central spot of the respective districts. The Committee determine, as their interests, partialities, or information lead them, and most generally according to the two first. When they make their report, the most violent contestations arise between the deputies of the different towns, on the injustice done them, that their pretentions to the rank of

capital is above that of those to whom it is granted, and that their being denied that favour must bring on the ruin of their commerce or manufactories.

The report of the Committee is, however, always carried against the reclaimations of the individual, which is every Deputy in his turn. Should the violence which actuates the Deputies prevail in the Provices, a thousand petty wars must be the consequence.

I forgot to mention that Marseilles has addressed the National Assembly to restore to the Executive Power its former force. That they have declared they will receive with pleasure all those who are at present exiles, and that they will maintain their Prevot, whom Monsieur Mirabeau has attacked in the Assembly, against all persons whatsoever. They have given the command of their Militia to Monsieur de Laraman, a violent Aristocrate. In Paris the National Assembly are certainly all powerful; but a subject of dispute must e'er long arise between them, unless the absolute awe in which the Assembly stands of the Capital and the necessity it has of support should induce the Assembly to adopt measures which the rest of the kingdom must disapprove. They have not yet organised the muncipality of Paris; that is, reserved till every other City has obeyed the decrees of the Assembly; should the Capital then refuse, they hope the general indignation would induce them to submit. Eighteen, however, of the sixty-two districts of Paris, have resolved themselves to be permament and immutable. I must again repeat that the present Assembly is too much the creature of Paris, and Paris too necessary to the Assembly for any separation to take place. The police is at present under some regulation. The Mayor and Common Council have taken possession of all the power formerly exercised by the Lieutenant de Police, and are as despotic as he formerly was. They threaten imprisonment for all disobedience of their orders, and beg the different districts to assist in the execution of them. In order to alleviate the distresses, and of course the discontent, of the Capital, they pay and employ 50,000 workmen.

To furnish the money necessary for their wants they appropriate to their use the taxes received at the Gates of Paris, you may imagine in the present situation of affairs how much the deduction of so large a sum as is raised by that means, must be felt in the Royal Treasury. They begin at present to execute the orders of the Police with some effect, for they have within these few days taken up two people, concerned in an abusive paper, although against the Aristocrates.

The National Militia look with a mixture of fear and jealousy on the Milice Soldée or the ancien Gardes Francois. The latter placed their hopes in being restored to the honor of guarding the royal person, which they hoped to effect by bringing him prisoner to Paris. They have been disappointed, as the number of them who mount guard daily with the Bourgeoise is very small. They are vexed and displeased, and their companions alarmed.

Several Aristocrates have been chosen Mayors of the new Municipalites, particularly l'Eveque de Langres and the intendant of Metz.

The King has certainly no party, and I believe he only wishes for a quiet life. His speech of yesterday has certainly rendered him very popular, and if the Aristocrates make due advantages of the little inclination the Assembly have shown to comply with the King's desires, it might produce great effects, especially if they dwelt on the want of exterior respect shown by their Prisedent in their name.

I cannot conceive that if Monsieur (who never appears) was as favourable to the population as his speech to the Common Council of Paris seemed to manifest, that his household and those whose fortune is dependant on him would be so violent in their opposition to it. I leave you to judge from the King's speech whether the Democrates who have occasioned this step, have reason to be satisfied and to look upon it as a triumph, which they do. All Paris was last night illuminated, and I believe the King to be sincerely and greatly beloved by his people. One advantage the Democrates may derive from it is, that it may revive the hopes and confidence of the people which began to diminish.

I suppose you know that all edicts now run—"Louis, par la Grace de Dieu et l'etat constitutionelle' Roi des Francois." An idea prevails here as ridiculous as absurd, but you may be assured it is believed, not by the lower orders only, but that it is received as a fact in the King's Cabinet,

that Mr. Pitt has assisted Mirabeau with £200,000 sterling. The Princess de Vaudémont and the Comte de Modine asserted it as coming from the highest authority, and laughed when I denied it.

There does not seem any one in the Aristocrates capable of conducting their affairs out of the National Assembly; within its walls, if noise did not drown the voice of all those who attempt to stem the torrent, they have much the advantage—as the Abbé Maury as far surpasses Mirabeau, as Pitt or Fox are superior to Sheridan. Of the weakness of the Comte d'Artois, the Ministers, and the Aristocrates the following will be a sufficient proof.

When the troops were ordered to march to Versailles there was neither bread nor ammunition provided for them. Thellusson assured me his Regiment remained twenty-four hours destitute of both, exposed to the wrath of an enraged people.

In this situation it was not difficult to prevail on those to desert, who were neglected by the very people who called them to their aid, and who were offered everything that can tempt a soldier—women, wine, and money—by those they should have considered as their enemies. Mr. Neckar was not to have been dismissed till the troops were arrived. They were to assemble on the Monday, yet Mr. Neckar is disgraced on the Saturday.

The proofs of the Marquis de la Fayette being concerned in the attempt on the Queen's life, the day the people went to Versailles, are strongly against him, and have left a spot on his reputation he will find it difficult to efface.

When he arrived at Versailles, after he had assured the King he might dismiss his guards, for that he would be responsible for the security of the Castle, he went to bed, having placed guards and sentinels everywhere but by the Orangery, where there are no less than ten entrances to the Palace, and which leads immediately to the Queen's apartments.

I have been long, and most likely tiresome, in repeating to you what you probably have before heard; but it was necessary for myself to have a clear idea of the views and hopes of the different parties, by which means I might be better enabled to arrange future information.

One great difficulty occurs in obtaining authentic intelligence of whatever may make against the National Assembly. That it is always carefully suppressed in their debates, or if uttered not printed in their daily papers. Whenever any aristocrate wishes to expose an event contrary to the wishes of the Majority he is silenced, and one of the democrates immediatly produces at the Bar, an address of thanks from the City where discontent is supposed to reign, most of the signatures of which are generally forged. An address was presented this week from Bourdeaux with 200 and odd names of the chief inhabitants, of which only five were true.

SONNET.

(*For the Masonic Magazine.*)

Humbly inscribed to our Most Worshipful and Illustrious Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his happy return from India.

O Sun, which now at thy meridian height,
Dost shine abroad o'er earth in peerless guise;
Who but in thy refulgent orb descries
Thy Architect's great goodness, skill, and might,
By whose decree, among the sons of Light,
Thou art to mortal and immortal eyes
In heav'n and earth, Grand Master of the skies—
Ours Cambria's Prince——lo! where thou shin'st most bright,
Him, for a time, thy boundless glance hath seen,
'Mid Subject Kings, in his remote sojourn
In Indian realms; their riv'lling thine own beams—
Oblest the day, which, 'neath thy rule serene,
Now shines to welcome him on his return
To Britains' cliffs, green fields, and glitt'ring streams.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favourites they like it; with general favourites they don't dislike it, and with no favourites they detest it.

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(Continued from page 317.)

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS—SITE OF SOLOMON'S GRAND ASCENT.

	Cubits.	*Feet.*	*Level.*
Nave on the floor of porch	5 =	7.38522..	2445.53879
Upper pavement ..	5 ,,	7.38522..	2438.15357
Lower ,, ..	5 ,,	7.38522..	2430.76835
Lower ,, Bottom of 7 steps, top of grand ascent or ramp-steps	10 ,,	14.77045..	2423.38313
Level of Court of Gentiles	20 ,,	29.54089..	2408.61268
Level of substructure floor, double gate, triple gate, etc		..	2379.07179

The grand ascent *(alath)* or ramp-steps by which the Jews went up to the Temple Courts in Solomon's day was a ramp or stepped sidewalk all around the outer wall of the Temple Courts on the north, south, and east sides. It was outside the walls, and up this ramp of steps the devout worshipper ascended in order to enter the outer gates to the Court of Israel. Having entered the gates, he passed up another range of 7 steps inside the walls before reaching the pavement or Court. This grand ascent outside the walls was the one which the Queen of Sheba so much admired (1 Kings, x. 5). The bottom of this grand ramp was the general level of the palace grounds or street level outside the Courts. The total height of the grand ascent outside (10 cubits) and of the 7 steps inside (5 cubits) was 10 + 5 = 15 cubits = 22·15567 ft., and the difference between the levels was 2,423 ft.—2,408 ft. Herod cut away the rock forming this grand ramp, and carried it inside, thereby making the ascent inside the greater, consisting of 14 instead of 7 steps, thus forming two ranges into one grand stepped ascent of 14 steps, from the Court of Gentiles to the Inner Court of Israel, the total height being 15 cubits, as in the days of Solomon.

"That second Court of the Temple was called 'The Sanctuary,' and was ascended to by 14 steps from the first Court.

"This Court was four-square; the height of its buildings, although it was on the *outside* 40 cubits, was hidden by the steps, and on the *inside* that height was but 25 cubits [hence height of steps 15 cubits]."—Josephus, "Wars," v., 5, 2.

In Herod's Temple, therefore, the site of the grand ascent was converted by Herod into the Court of Gentiles, and the rock cut away where necessary, so that the grand ascent was carried inward and added to the former ascent, so that the ascent from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel consisted of 14 steps, whose total height was 15 cubits = 22·15567 feet.

Mr. Beswick concludes from this result that the different ancient levels on the Sacred Rock, made for the pavements and courts of Solomon's Temple, were left unmutilated by Herod, and that while he utilized them when he rebuilt this famous edifice, he also preserved them, and left the ancient landmarks upon the Sacred Rock *in situ*. In removing the grand ramp from the outer wall to the interior to make room for the Court of Gentiles, the rock has been cut away in two places only, north and south. In the north the rock has cropped up too high, so that a deep scarp has been cut to get the required level for the Gentile Court, namely, 2,408 feet, and this deep scarp it visible along the entire northern edge of the mosque platform. A careful, systematic survey of the Sakhra, and the rock underneath the platform, proves clearly that its successive levels fit truly, and correspond with such levels, heights, lengths, and requirements as would suit the Temple of Solomon and its successor built by Herod as closely as the nature of the case would admit of, or could reasonably be expected.

It would be well if those who undertake to give Biblical illustrations and plans of Herod's Temple would take notice of this important fact, which occupies a subordinate place in Mr. Beswick's reconstruction of the Temple Area.

SITE OF THE HOLY PLACE.

Mr. Beswick says that the western side of the inner door-way, Bab al Gharby, is exactly 45 cubits = 66·467 ft. from the Sakhra, and that the exact site of the Most Holy Place in the Old Temple is underneath the doorsill of this western entrance to the Dome of the Rock. The width of this doorway is also exactly 20 cubits = 29·54 ft., being the same width as the Nave and Holy Place in Solomon's Temple. And there is an unexplained tradition to this effect among the Moslems

of to-day, although no traveller but Mr. Prime has mentioned it. The tradition says, that there is a crypt, or vault, underneath the western side of the building, which is regarded as the Holy of Holies, and is said to contain the armour of Mohammed himself. The site is identical with that of the Holy Place of the Jewish Temple, according to Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area. About 22·1557 ft. by 29·54 ft. of the west side of the ancient site of the Holy Place now lies outside the western entrance of the Mosque, Kubbat as Sakhra. If the Moslem devotees only knew it, the most sacred spot in the Haram Sanctuary is within the limits of the western entrance, Bab al Gharby, or 7·385 feet outside the inner post of the inner door-sill; it is the central spot, where once stood the Mercy-seat in the middle of the Holy Place. If Christian pilgrims only knew it, here would be the place of reverence, of prostration and kneeling; the most sacred spot on earth to a Jew—now at the very threshold of the western door of the Mosque of Omar, exactly half-way between the outer sill of the gate, Bab al Gharby, and inner sill of the same. The entire space within that western gate is one of the most sacred spots on earth, the exact central spot of the Holy of Holies. The outside width of the gate is 20 cubits = 29·54 feet, exactly the width of the Sacred Place in the Temple; and the north and south sides of the gate are in the identical places where the north and south sides of the Sacred Oratory once stood; whilst the place where the Ark once lay is in the vestibule of the gate-way itself, and almost touching the sill of the inner door-way.

THE SAKHRA CUT TO FIT THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

If the Sakhra was the Central Core of the Temple Area, and occupied a central position, as Mr. Beswick's discovery and the Biblical statement by Ezekiel (xliii. 12) affirm it to have done, then important consequences follow, which will subject this discovery to a very singular and severe, but very important test. And, if it stands this test, it would seem as if it were useless to subject it to any other. Granting that the Sakhra and its apex had their site in the very centre of the Old Temple Area, where the Porch of the Temple stood, it would seem to be a natural inference that the Crown of the Rock would be cut down in length, and depth, and width, to suit the length, width, and depth of the Porch of the Temple wherever the rock required it. Mr. Beswick assures us that such is the fact. The apex of the Sakhra is cut at the sides as if to a pattern, and made to fit into the vestibule and porch of a temple having the plan and measurement of the Temple built by Solomon.

According to Mr. Beswick's careful measurements of the Sakhra, under the Dome of the Rock, the northern side is cut down vertically from the western edge of the crown, or from west to east, to a distance of 9 cubits = 13·2934 ft.; and the distance of the nave-sill in Solomon's Temple to the front of the platform of the Porch was also 9 cubits = 13·2934 ft. Hence the stones of the outer pavement of the Court were laid down up to the very sides of the vestibule and platform of the Porch. Then again, the width of the eastern front was 30 cubits; but if the thickness (2 cubits) of the side-walls of the vestibule be deducted, there will be left 30—4 = 26 cubits = 38·4 ft., inside measurement, as the length of vestibule inside. This accords with the shape of the Sakhra, as the explorer sees it to-day. The Crown of the Rock is actually cut down to this length, 38·4 ft., from north to south, by 13.2934 ft. from west to east. The Vestibule in Solomon's Temple was in length 38·4 ft. by 7·3852 ft. And the platform of the porch was also in length (not including the width of side-walls or pilasters upon which the platform rested) 38·4 ft. by 5·9 ft., the total width being 7·385 + 5·908 = 13·2934 ft. The crown of the Sakhra has these two vertical cuttings of 7·385 and 5·9 ft. in width on the northern side of the rock, made due east and west. Captain Wilson, of the English Palestine party, sent out in 1854, says of these cuttings:

> "On the western side it is cut down in three steps and on the *northern* side in an irregular shape, the the object of which could not be discovered."

The two vertical cuttings have had their corresponding ones on the south side, but these have been almost defaced, although still visible. And these cuttings are exactly as the same distance from the western wall at the vestibule and platform of the Porch

were distant from the same base line of verification in the Temple Area in Solomon's day.

NUMERICAL TEST OF THE MAIN DISCOVERY.

When Herod enlarged the Temple Area by adding another cloister called the Court of Gentiles, he could only make this addition to three of its sides; for the west wall of the inclosure came in contact with the Old Temple Area at the western side of the Court of Israel. There was no space between. This is one of the most important points in Mr. Beswick's discovery; and it is one which has never before been suspected—the Court of Gentiles added to the Temple Area by Herod, had no western side whatever. It had only three sides, as stated by Josephus ("Wars," v. 5, 1). The new court was 30 cubits = 44·3113 ft. in width; therefore the northern and southern sides of the Temple Area were 30 cubits shorter than the eastern and western sides. At the north-western angle of the Area was a north-western cloister, which united the Temple Area with the Antonia. Its length was 220 cubits = 324·949 ft. including the width of the Antonia.

Now Josephus gives the entire length of these cloisters, and his estimate will enable us to test the correctness and value of Mr. Beswick's discovery. Josephus says:

"And the cloisters were 30 cubits wide (the three cloisters forming the Court of Gentiles); and the *whole circuit* of cloisters measured *six furlongs* when the Antonia also is included." "Wars," v., 5, 2.

Mr. Beswick gives the following lengths of the sides of the outer cloister in Herod's day:

North...	... 520	=	782.83379
South	... 530	„	782.83379
East	... 560	„	827.14513
West	... 560	„	827.14513
	2180	„	3219.95753
Antonia Cloister ...	... 220	„	324.94987
6 furlongs	2400	„	3544.90770

Therefore the whole circuit of the outer cloister measured *six* furlongs, or 2,400 cubits, as Josephus described it when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus. This is a very remarkable and severe test of Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area, which has been based upon his discovery of the Temple site. No other plan yet presented has ever stood this test, including those of Robinson, Fergusson, Williams, Porter, Lewin, Lightfoot, Kraft, Barclay, Tobler, Thrupp, and lastly, Captain Warren. Of course, all these estimates are based upon the fundamental discovery, that the Sakhra was the central core of the Temple Area.

Occupying a subordinate place in this discovery is the site of the fortress Antonia, and among the many proofs which Mr. Beswick cites is the following. At the south-east corner of the site, where he has placed the Antonia, the natural rock has been cut to the actual shape of a corner, as if to form the angle of some ancient building of the same size as the Antonia. This rocky angle has been hitherto overlooked by every other explorer. Its identification and recognition spring out of the fact that this was the only spot where the Antonia could have been, if Mr. Beswick's plan of the site and area of the Old Temple be correct; and upon looking for the evidences of its existence upon this spot, the scarped angle was found to occupy the site. It clearly belongs to a square of 124·0717 ft., and leaves a space of 100.439 ft. on each side north and south, to make up the 344.-9498 ft., which was the length of the north west cloister.

Width of Antonia ...	... 124,0717
Northern end of cloister	... 100.4390
Southern „ „ ...	... 100.4390
	324.9497

About 25 ft. are clearly visible to-day, forming the east and south sides of the angle. The east side is 124.0717 ft. from the line of the west wall in the Haram, and the south side of the angle is 100·439 ft. from the ancient site of the Temple north wall. The site of the Antonia is midway between the length of the north-west cloister, of which the Antonia formed a part, and by which it was joined to the Temple Courts. The identification of this site has been based upon direct and indirect proofs too numerous to mention. Everything appears to fall into line and take the most suitable and natural position the moment Mr. Beswick's plan is placed upon a map of the Haram drawn to the same scale as his own. In this respect the Ordnance Survey map of the Haram, published by the English Palestine Ex

ploration Fund, has done him good service, and might have been made to suit his purpose.

The western wall of the Haram is therefore a reliable base line, and a line of 250 cubits = 369·26 ft., drawn from the middle of the Sahkra to this base, is a first standard offset, to which all others are reduced, forming north and south sides to the court and walls of the Temple Area. According to the Talmud, "The greatest space was on the south, the next on the east, next on the north and least on the west." (Lightfoot, "Descr. Temple Hieros." c. 3.) In other words, the Temple and Courts were on the north-west part of its own inclosure, as seen on Mr. Beswick's plan and as they were placed against the western wall of the inclosure, the space enclosed was "least on the west."

ANOTHER NUMERICAL TEST.

A casual and seemingly unimportant remark is made by Josephus in relation to the enlargement of the Temple Area by Herod. The old south wall of the inclosure was extended by Herod, until its south-west angle was in line with the old western wall; it was now 625 cubits = 923·153 ft. according to Mr. Beswick's measurement. Herod now carried the eastern front forward, so as to make the entire length of the whole Temple Area equal in width. Its northern and southern sides were alike and equal, being 923·153 ft. And as the northern Court of Gentiles limited the Temple Area on the north, the eastern and western walls of the inclosure, not including the Antonia branch, measured by the distance of the north and south walls, were both of equal length, namely: 1,220·039 ft. including the width of walls, north and south. But as the north and south walls were each 8 cubits = 11·816359 feet thick, ("Wars," vi., 5, 1), and the east and west walls were each only 4 cubits = 5·903179 ft. thick, the length of space inclosed was only 911·33 by 1,196·4 ft.

The Old Temple Area was a quadrangle of 500 cubits = 738·522 ft. therefore the old area was as follows:

500 by 500, or 250,000 cubits.

The Temple Area enclosed by Herod was as follows:

810 by 617, or 500,000 cubits.
1196·4 by 911.33, or 1090830.67 ft.

Its half would be:

500 by 500, or 250,000 cubits.
738·52 by 738·52, or 545415·33ft.

The newly inclosed space was exactly *twice as large* as that before inclosed. Josephus says that such was the fact. "Herod rebuilt the Temple, and encompassed a piece of land *about it* with a wall, which was twice *as large* as that before inclosed." ("Wars," i., 21., 1.)

This proof, like the former one is numerical in character, and is wholly based on the discovery that the Sakhra is that Mount Moriah, whose apex or crown was in the centre of the Temple Area, for the outer Court of Gentiles on the north fixes the limit of the eastern walls, and the extent of the area northward.

COURT OF GENTILES HAD NO WESTERN SIDE.

This result of Mr. Beswick's researches is one of the most valuable and important of all his discoveries, growing out of the fundamental determination which fixes the site of Solomon's Temple wher the Sakhra occupies the central spot in the area. It is also one of the most unexpected of his discoveries. He asks the pertinent question, "If the Temple Area inclosed by Solomon and Nehemiah was placed against the western wall, would you not either have to pull down this wall, or else have no western cloister to the Court of Gentiles?" On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that Josephus distinctly affirms that the Court of Gentiles had only three sides, while he also says that the Court of Israel was quadrangular or four-sided. Josephus declares that the Inclosure wall of Herod was built up on three sides only.

The western wall remained as before; the three sides round about were only north, east, and south, and the cloisters built upon them could only be *three* in number. The cloisters and their walls were only three in number. This passage is simple and clear. A western cloister to the Court of Gentiles is never referred to by Josephus.

On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that in the same passage Josephus speaks of the Court of Israel as being four-square in such a way as to imply that the Court of Gentiles he had just described was not four-sided. He says:

"When you go through these cloisters (Court of Gentiles) unto the second Temple, &c. . . for that second Temple was called the Sanctuary. This Court (Court of Israel) was *four-square*."—"Wars," v., 5, 2.

This marked distinction would have no meaning if it were not designed to teach that the Court of Gentiles was not four-square. This radical error appears to be universal; it has been overlooked in all the published plans of the Temple Area, without a single exception. The Court of Gentiles had no western side whatever; it was three-sided, and not quadrangular. And this fact, which has never before been even suspected, readily accounts for some remarkable statements of Josephus when describing the attack of the Roman legions under Titus on the western wall of the Temple Area. He says:

"Titus gave orders that the battering-rams should be brought and set over against the *western edifice* of the *inner temple* (or Court of Israel)."—"Wars," vi., 4, 1.

"The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner temple* (Court of Israel)."—"Wars," vi., 2, 7.

Mr. Beswick, when citing this passage, asks, "How could the battering-rams be placed against the western cloister of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, before a single cloister had been stormed and taken?" Of course, if the Court of Gentiles had extended along the western side of the Temple Area between the wall and Court of Israel then the banks would have been placed against the north-west corner of the Court of Gentiles, and not the inner temple. The first court would have been the Court of Gentiles. But Josephus says:

"The legions came near the *first* court, and began to raise their banks. The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner* temple."

In this passage, the first court is clearly the court of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, on the west side of the Inclosure. There are a number of such passages in Josephus. This single element in Mr. Beswick's discovery will almost revolutionize our illustrated plans of the Temple Area during the life-time of the Saviour.

BEZETHA HILL—SITE OF SECOND AND THIRD WALLS.

Mr. Beswick says that the old northern wall of the Temple Area was pulled down by Titus to its very foundations in the rocky platform upon which the Temple Courts rested, and has never been rebuilt. The old wall was 923·153 ft. in length. In Herod's day, there was a northern wall of 352 ft., inclosing the Antonia with its rocky foundations, which extended some distance eastward beyond the citadel itself. Titus had no wall to destroy, excepting this short stretch which covered the foundations. It was 351·24 feet in length, exactly the width of the Bezetha hill from valley to valley. The entire width of the hill was cut away from the foundations of the Antonia, and the foundation so cut away was of the same width as the base of the hill of which it originally formed the lowest part. The scarp left a deep ditch 351·54 ft. long and 57·6 ft. wide, running east and west between the scarped bottom of the Bezetha hill and the wall of the Antonia foundations.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

"AUDI, VIDE, TACE."

'Tis midnight's hour, in air and earth and sea—
And stars, both fix'd and planetary, gleam
Countless, and list'ning and still list'ning seem.
They hear, unheard, the mystic melody
Of their own spheres—heav'n's mystic charms they see;
Yet breathe them not, for silent is their beam,
As glass'd in each smooth brook and mountain stream
Or woodland lake, they shine so beauteously.
They speak from heav'n, as with a voiceless voice;
And to each pensive bosom seem to say
In warning words—Learn wisdom from our ray;
And in shut lips, and open eyes rejoice,
And open ears—below, our Craft the same
Great truth proclaims; as these still orbs proclaim.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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

I AM glad to learn that ten thousand people visited the Brown Free Museum, Liverpool, on Boxing-day, without the slightest disorder taking place. Museums are far too thinly scattered in the provinces, and even where they do exist are too often kept "select" from the people whom they ought to be helping to educate. For my own part, I will never consider we do our duty fully as Craftsmen, until we provide suitable halls for the celebration of our beautiful rites, (apart from the polluting influence of common taverns,) where "the study of the liberal arts, that valuable branch of education, which tends so effectually to polish and adorn the mind," may be regularly and earnestly not only recommended to our consideration, but effectually cultivated. And in connection with every Masonic Hall, I would have a museum,—of which more anon.

When gas first began to take the place of oil in lighting up our streets, one of the greatest difficulties was to get rid of gas tar, and I know of one manager of gas-works who ran it into a very deep well as the easiest way he could find of overcoming it. But chemistry soon found out better uses for what had before been waste, and mauve and magenta and other beautiful anamile dyes, as well as scents and flavours for pastry, were soon eliminated from what had before been a nuisance; just as good food will one day be produced abundantly by aid of the filth which at present pollutes our streams. Two French chemists, Persoz and Jeannolle, are now manufacturing various sorts of printing inks from the refuse of the gas-works, from other tar, and from the heavy oils of petroleum, resin, wood, &c., which are found to mix readily with lamp black and other dry colours in powder. For typographic printing, 100 parts of tar, 36 of lamp black, 10 of Prussian blue, and ten of glycerine, are said to be the ordinary proportions.

The production of coffee is said to have been increased during the last half century from 1,900,000 cwt. to 8,500,000. The Belgians and Dutch are the greatest consumers, in proportion to their population; the Swiss and Danes come next. Great Britain is below even Germany, Sweden, France, and Austria; Hungary and Russia the lowest of all.

Some time ago many friends of the American Republic were greatly afraid that the large immigration of Chinamen would swamp their institutions in the states they settled in, and lead to general arnachy. The *San Francisco Chronicle* takes a widely different view of the matter. "Already," says that journal, "130,000 Chinese have established themselves in our midst—30,000 in San Francisco. Whatever industry they have attacked they have captured; whatever they have attempted they have mastered; wherever there has been an encounter between them and our own people they have come off victorious. And these are said to be the very offscourings of the Chinese ports—these are the vagrants whom China has cast off upon us as an undesirable home element. If, then, such results come to us from contact with 130,000 of their lowest grade of intellect—their paupers and obscure ones—what shall be the measure of their success when free intercourse, open ports, and the attractions of foreign commerce, pour upon our shores the numbers they can spare from their four hundred millions of population, and their leading men, with subtle intellects, come in contact with our plodding minds? Who shall dare say which is the superior race, until the conflict is over? Every contest between ourselves and the Chinese hitherto has been to them a victory." Few of us see clearly the great civilizing work which is now going on, guided by the unerring hand of the Great Architect of the Universe, in bringing all nations, tongues, and kindreds more into peaceful contact with each other; and never had our honoured Craft more important work to perform than in the present day. Let each of us, therefore, be more and more determined to act up to the sub-

lime precepts of Freemasonry, by doing which we will most assuredly benefit both ourselves and the whole human family.

Some curious antiquities, of the Merovingian epoch, have been recently discovered in pulling down the remains of the old belfry at Verton, in the department of Loire Inferieure, which had been built in the eleventh century. They consist of friezes, capitals, portions of sculptured cornices, tablets, &c., from the ancient church founded by St. Martin towards the beginning of the sixth century, and destroyed by the Normans in the ninth. They were found indiscriminately mixed together under the arches, with part of a white marble Gallo-Roman sarcophagus, ornamented with the figure of a gryphon in bas-relief. They will be deposited in the Archæological Museum of Nantes.

A small volume, entitled "Moments of Musing, by John Bryson," is before me; in a preface to which, by Mr. John Dawson, we are told, truly enough, that "as good verse might be written to-day on the subject of the railway-train as was on the subject of its predecessor, the stage-coach, at a day gone by." I remember the first time that I met January Searle, he asked me if I had ever written a poem on the steam-engine; to which I could only reply, "No! but I feel nevertheless that there is much poetry in it,—far more, I fear, than I shall ever be able to express: for he is a great man who can faithfully and clearly tell to others all his feelings, and can realize his own noblest conceptions." Mr. Bryson has not attempted to give us the poetry of railways, but then, as Mr. Dawson kindly reminds us, that "this is a young poet's first book," and "it may be remembered that it *is* a first-born, and treated accordingly." One of the best pieces in the little volume is "The Past Year and the Present," which I quote, and which would have been better for publication in a book had the mention of "Seventy-five" been changed to the New Year, with corresponding rhyme, of course, so as to have done for the beginning of *any* year, as well as that of 1875. But here is the poem itself:—

"You are dead and gone for ever,
Olden year;
And we mourn to think you'll never
Re-appear;
With your changes and your crosses,
Sob and sigh:
With your gaining and your losses,
Year, good-bye!

With the happy hours you brought us,
Held so dear;
With the lessons you have taught us,
Faded year!
With your smiles and frowns,—we falter
Unto you:
Here on Memory's sacred altar,—
Year, adieu!

Year, but one brief day departed,
Notes on Literature & Science No. 2.
Tears bedew
Brows of those who broken-hearted
Think of you;
Fond relations who are sleeping
In the dell;
Brave hearts sadden'd, bright eyes weeping,
Year, farewell!

You have come, O baby, newly
Born to life;
Whether tranquil or unruly,—
Peace or strife
Shall predominate your hours,
None do know:
You may bring us thorns or flowers,
Joy or woe.

May we never know disaster
Thro' your time;
All our sinful passions master,—
Stifle crime!
May the God who lives above us,
So we pray,
Watch us, guard us, ever love us,
Night and day.

Welcome then, O, welcome to you,
'Seventy-five!
May the people who live thro' you
Prosper, thrive!
And the year that follows after
Better be;
Glowing more with mirth and laughter,
So say we."

J. Charles Cox, of Chevin House, Belper, Esq., F.R.H.S., had long contributed to the *Derbyshire Times*, "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire," without the slightest idea of their reproduction; but in course, of time, the deep research displayed therein caused many interested in

such matters to wish for their publication in a more compendious form. The result has been that Mr. Cox undertook to re-write and extend the articles, commencing with those in the Eastern Division of the county, for publication in book form. The work is to consist of three volumes, the first of which, treating of the Hundred of Scarsdale, which may be said to form the ecclesiastical Deanery of Chesterfield, has just been issued. It is a neat volume of 512 large 8vo. pages, printed on tinted paper, illustrated with thirteen heliotype and numerous other engravings, a glance at which is sufficient to convince a stranger that Derbyshire is rich in the handiwork of our ancient operative Masons. The book is "dedicated to the Rev. J. H. Jenkins, B.A., vicar of Hazlewood, as a small expression of the high esteem and affection with which he is regarded by the author." Although articles on all the churches described in this volume, with the exception of one or two of the less important chapelries, appeared in the local paper just named, Mr. Cox informs us that nearly two-thirds of the pages are entirely new or completely re-written. "It has been my aim," he says, "to gather together, in a condensed and available form, all that relates to the early history of the ancient churches and chapelries of the county, excluding as rigidly as possible. that which had no immediate bearing on the subject. It was found necessary in many cases, not only for the elucidation of arms and monuments, but also in connection with the history of the advowsons, to pay some little attention to the memorial records of the different parishes. In these cases, although the published volumes of Pilkington and Davies, of Lysons and Glover (together with numerous other works incidental to the history of the county), were always consulted, yet no statement has been accepted simply on their authority, but the basis of their assertions has been sought out, to be verified or corrected, and numerous fresh particulars have been brought to light which had escaped their observation. For this purpose the very extensive publications issued by the Record Commission, commencing in the year 1800, has been thoroughly searched." Of those, generally to be found only in our public libraries, Mr. Cox was fortunate enough to secure a nearly complete set for himself, that had belonged to the late Master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, with valuable manuscript corrections. Transcripts and abstracts of the Close, Patent, Fine, Pipe, Charter, Quo Warranto, and Hundred Rolls, Inquisitions, and every available source of information, has helped to swell the stream of curious and useful knowledge which Mr. Cox has brought to every mind anxious to quench its thirst thereat. To those who have personally visited the churches of Derbyshire, Mr. Cox's mass of historical and antiquarian matter must be perfectly delightful; while for those who, like myself, have scarcely set foot in one of them, but have often wished to do so as the rapid railroad tantalized me with a hasty glance, and then whisked me away to gaze for a moment in like manner at others; to those who love to read of former times and former men; to all who have the least liking for the noble art of architecture, as every true Craftsman ought to have, although as a speculative Mason he may only apply the working-tools to his morals; to every man or woman of true taste in the country, books like this by Mr. Cox are sure to give great pleasure, both from the immense information they contain and the very agreeable manner in which they are written. Of the Lambeth Library, rich in manuscripts very valuable for the local historian, Mr. Cox remarks:—"It is singular that comparatively so little use is made of this fine library and its unique collection of manuscripts, especially as it is now open to the public on three days in the week;" and he gladly acknowledges his "indebtedness to Mr. S. W. Kersham, M.A., the courteous librarian." Of Elias Ashmole's Church Notes, taken in Derbyshire in 1662, Mr. Cox observes:—"I had the pleasure of a leisurely inspection of those latter Notes at the house of Mr. John Joseph Briggs, of King's Newton, who possesses a manuscript copy. This gentleman, who so generously placed his library at my service, will perhaps pardon me for congratulating him on the possession of so unique a series of local literature. Not only does Mr. Briggs possess a copy of Elias Ashmole's Visitation, but also of

Philip Kinder's quaint outline sketch of Derbyshire history, from the same library, and of William Wolley's History, completed in 1712, the original of which is at the College of Arms. And no other word than magnificent can do justice to the various volumes, rich in original sketches of the greatest fidelity, gorgeous in binding, and brilliant with the illuminator's art, which treats of the abbeys, castles, crosses, but more especially of the monuments, of Derbyshire." How numerous the monumental inscriptions in the churches of Derbyshire must be, may be judged from the statement of Mr. Cox, that a simple transcript of those in Scarsdale alone would fill more than five hundred pages of his book! Of that rather knotty point, the transition periods of architecture, Mr. Cox very sensibly observes:—"It has been with no little diffidence that I have treated of the Architectural Periods, as displayed in the construction of the respective churches, for there is considerable difference of opinion, even amongst the most competent ecclesiologists, with respect to the different epochs of 'transition,' when the styles are wont to overlap one another. I think, however, that it will be found that I have not expressed myself with too great confidence, in assigning dates to any details of doubtful chronology; if I have erred, it has not been for lack of consulting the best authorities, such as Rickman, Bloxam, Willis, Pugin, Parker, Brandon, Fergusson, and Sharpe, nor for lack of a wide-spread personal knowledge of our parish churches in different parts of England, which is of far more value than the closest study of books or engravings. As it is hoped that this volume and its successors will be books of popular reference in the county, I have confined myself to the simple and generally known divisions of English architecture, originally adopted by Mr. Rickman, viz. (1) the Saxon, from 800 to 1066; (2) the Norman, from 1066 to 1145; (3) the Early English, from 1145 to 1272; (4) the Decorated, from 1272 to 1377; and (5) the Perpendicular, from 1377 to 1509. These divisions are generally accepted as sufficing for popular purposes; but of the more detailed and technical divisions of later writers, there are none so correct in nomenclature, and so accurate in the separation of style, as the seven periods of Mr. Edmund Sharpe. The first and second of his periods are the same as given above; but the third is styled Transitional from 1145 to 1190; the fourth the Lancet, from 1190 to 1245; the fifth the Geometrical, from 1245 to 1315; the sixth the Curvilinear, from 1315 to 1360; and the seventh the Rectilinear, from 1360 to 1550. It is much to be wished," he adds, "that our various archæological and architectural societies would come to some understanding by which such terms as 'Decorated' and 'Perpendicular' might be abandoned for more expressive and accurate nomenclature; but, until this is done, it is not to be expected that they will be forsaken in a work like the present." I hope, in succeeding "Notes," to lay Mr. Cox's admirable work under contribution; for, as he well observes, "only those who are prepared to attack the whole science of history, can afford to sneer at the most painstaking researches in even the humblest of her bye-paths." The history of our parish churches must have great interest for every true Freemason, notwithstanding the modern divorce of Operative and Speculative Masonry; and I for one will never consider we fully carry out our duties as Fellow-craftsmen until we do more to foster in our lodges everything bearing on Literature, Science, and Art, as well as the whole "moral virtues."

Bro. Thomas Sampson, F.R.H.S., of Yeovil, has published, in a neat pamphlet, "The Legend of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury," in which he remarks, that "many and various are the legends concerning this Holy Thorn, and though we cannot look to them for any large amount of historical truth, still it is not altogether idle or useless to know what they say about this famous tree. It is beyond all question that a Thorn has grown on the south ridge of Wearyall Hill (now called Werrall Park) since the earliest ages of Christianity, and that this Thorn budded and blowed yearly upon Christmas Day." The miraculous accounts of it are all pleasantly told by Bro. Sampson, and are interesting as specimens of the superstition which too often took the place of true religion in ages when science was but little known, and priestcraft held the minds of our brave ancestors in thrall. "Modern science," as our brother well observes, "which has dissipated so

many dreams of erroneous belief and false philosophy, has given to this plant its proper place in the natural productions of the vegetable world, and has determined it to be the fourth variety of *Cratœgus oxycantha* (from *Kratos*, strength—in reference to the hardness and strength of the wood); natural order, Applewarts or *Romaceæ*." Not only did the monks of Glastonbury find the Thorn a source of profit to them, but even "the merchants of Bristol always carried with them, on their continental trips, some leaves and blossoms of the Thorn, and sold them to foreigners for a fabulous sum, making their poor dupes believe that they were to consider themselves very fortunate to procure so admirable a panacea at even that price." Nor did the superstition die out at the Reformation. "British Solomon," who, as Canon Barham sings, in his *Ingoldsby Legends*, "held in abhorrence tobacco and witches," was very glad to buy "cuttings and leaves of the tree at an enormous price." And in 1653, the Bishop of Gloucester was as firm a believer in the miracle as any of his papist ancestors; and I daresay, even at the present day, ignorant Protestants may be found who prefer the lying legends to the truths of science. To relate these would be to reprint Bro. Sampson's interesting little pamphlet. He, in the true spirit of speculative Masonry, applies the teaching to our morals, and benevolently remarks: "As the Sacred Tree put forth her cheering buds and blossoms during the dreariest winter days, so, when we see the winter of Want, Desolation, or Bereavement, withering those around us, may we be ever ready to yield our share of the sweet fruits of Charity, and to cheer the needy and the helpless by kind words and deeds." To which every true Mason, be he Jew or Gentile, will earnestly respond. So mote it be!

Mr. Frederick Ross, author of several works which I have not seen, is about to publish a volume of two hundred pages on the "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds and the adjacent Borders." The same author is busily engaged in the library of the British Museum, hunting up all the information he can find for a larger work on the Biography of Yorkshire. The late historian of Northallerton (Dr. Ingledew) was for several years collecting materials for a work on the Worthies of Yorkshire, which would doubtless be of great service to Mr. Ross if he could avail himself of that collection. Such undertakings ought to be encouraged in every way: for, as Mr. Ross remarks: "Every district of country has its heroes and men of renown; its divines, philosophers, and poets; a line extending backward, until lost in the misty age of the remote past. Of the greater number of these, existing generations have but vague and shadowy conceptions; some are only known to the antiquary or local topographer; whilst of others there remains a mere name, and nothing more. Occasionally will their names crop up in reading or conversation, when curiosity is excited to know something about them, and it is often only after a search through half a score volumes that the desired information can be found; whilst, in many cases, nothing whatever can be ascertained from the resources of a private or even a public provincial library."

It was of John Dyer that Wordsworth wrote:—"If you have not read 'The Fleece,' I would strongly recommend it to you." And he adds:—"Its beauties are innumerable and of a high order. In point of imagination and purity of style, I am not sure that he is not superior to any writer of verse since the time of Milton. And he sings, in one of his beautiful sonnets:—

"Bard of the Fleece! whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallow'd less by musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood stray'd,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embay'd,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lull'd,'
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet cull'd
For worthless crowns, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray

O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"

This is high praise from so true a brother-bard, and more than compensates for Dr. Johnson's somewhat churlish criticism; who, because the poem never became popular (as Grongar Hill, from the same pen, did, and still retains its popularity), and because it was then "universally neglected," could "say little that was likely to recall it to attention." Indeed, "the woolcomber and the poet" appeared to the great lexicographer "such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together" seemed to him as unnatural as "to *couple the serpent with the fowl.*" The italics are Johnson's own, proving that he considered he was uttering a very fine thing; but in my own opinion nothing in "The Fleece" is more inelegant or far-fetched. He admits that Dyer's "mind was not unpoetical," but adds, that when he "has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery, and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and commerce, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased." But the great literary bear is honest enough to report what certainly "may counterbalance this weight of censure," viz. the more poetical Akenside's remark, "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's 'Fleece;' for, if that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence." And yet Johnson thought "some passages" in Dyer's "Ruins of Rome" were "conceived with the mind of a poet;" and, with all his faults to "Grongar Hill," admitted that "when it is once read, it will be read again." The critic who wittily told Dodsley that the author of "The Fleece" would be "buried in woollen" might be true as to the corpse of the bard, but not as regards his poems; and perhaps both him and Johnson would equally have condemned to the fire the manuscript of Virgil's "Georgics" or of Hesiod's "Works and Days," if they had been sitting in judgment upon them as new productions. But a hundred and eighteen years after the death of good John Dyer, his lineal representative, Mr. W. H. Dyer Longstaffe, has requested a well-qualified brother-clergyman of the bard, the Rev. A. B. Grosart, of Park View, Blackburn, to prepare a collected and corrected edition of his poems, with Portrait and Memoir, autotypes of examples of his paintings, drawings, etc., of which only a limited number of impressions will be published, and which will become the standard edition of Dyer.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter VI.

The Tablet or Tracing Board.

"Reminiscere quoniam es initiatus, quæ tradan, tur mysteriis; tum denique quam hoc late pateat intelliges."—Cicero.

We now come to the consideration of the Tracing Board on which are embodied many of the secret doctrines of the Spurious Freemasonry. The Tablet is of a square form which was one of the emblems of the deity, and was peculiarly sacred to Hermes Trismegistus who was sometimes venerated under the form of a square stone.* Suidas says that stones were placed at the porches of doors and temples in Athens, which were of a square or cubical form; because as Mercury was considered to be the god of eloquence and truth, these stones were an appropriate symbol, for, in common with truth, on what side soever they are viewed they always appear the same.

Many of the heathen deities were represented by a stone, and with reverence be it spoken, the Messiah of the Jews was described under the same symbol.† Moses asks the Israelites, on their emancipation from Egyptian bondage, "Where are their gods, their *rock* in whom they trusted; which did eat the fat of their sacrifices, and

* 2 Curtius, Var. p 185.

† See Gen. xli. 24; Ps. cxviii. 22; Isai. viii. 14, xxviii. 16; Dan. ii. 34; Zech. iii. 9.

drank the wine of their drink offerings? Let them rise up and help you and be your protection."*

Borlase says†: "We have in Cornwall rocks of that grandeur, remarkable shape, and surprising position, as can leave us in no doubt, but they must have been the deities of people addicted so much to the superstition of worshiping rocks." These are the gods referred to by Moses in the above cited passage. Some are of opinion that the appearance of God's Shekinah in the pillar of fire and of a cloud, suggested to the heathen the propriety of using pillars of stone as representatives of the deity, in the exact form which he himself had chosen to appear.‡

The type was abundantly verified in Jesus Christ. St. Paul compared him to a stone,§ and a rock‖; and St. Peter testifies to the same truth,** calling him "a living stone," to denote his firmness and stability; not such a stone as we see upon earth which is without life; but one which hath not only life in itself, but gives life to all that come unto him. The Psalmist, in a celebrated prophecy of the Messiah, says, "The stone which the builders refused, is become the head of the corner."†† On which Bishop Horne thus remarks, "The sum and substance of the New Testament applications and expositions is that Jesus Christ is the stone here mentioned, that He was rejected and set at nought by the chief priests and pharisees, the then builders of the church; but that, being chosen of God, and precious to Him, this most valuable stone, thus despised and rejected of men, was at length exalted to be the chief corner-stone in the building, and a centre of union for the Jew and Gentile, the two parts of which it consisted; that this was the work of God, and the admiration of man."

The square was, amongst the Egyptians, the symbol of building, because Osiris or Phtha was esteemed to be the builder, or G.A.O.T.U. Thus Chalcidius to Timœus. "Exornatorem mundi deum, mandasse provinciam, soli cæteras quo que stellas disposuisse, tanquam temporium limites, annorumque signa, indicia quoque futurorum proventuum"†* And in Champollion's phonetic alphabet, constructed from the Egyptian hieroglyphics, this character stands for the letter A. Thus corresponding in form and power to the same character in the Lukunican, which was one of the most celebrated alphabets of ancient times.

It was also the hieroglyphic of a just and upright man, or in other words, of one who had been regenerated by initiation, whence the dogma of Aristotle; "he who bears the shocks of fortune valiantly, and demeans himself with uprightness and integrity, may be pronounced a truly good man, of a *square* posture, without reproof."

In the quadrilateral figure of the tablet, we find an emblem of the five elements, referring to certain ceremonies of initiation, for as a preparatory process, the neophyte underwent four separate purifications, by water, earth, air, and fire, indicated by the colours green, black, azure, and red. The *earth* represented the darkness and ignorance of the initiated; *water*, or baptism, was the emblem of exterior regeneration, shown by his triumphing over temptations; *air*, designated divine truth, enlightening the understanding of the candidate; and *fire*, or the Supreme Being, opened his heart for the reception of divine love. The symbolic proofs were purely exterior; they figured the four material spheres through which the candidate must pass before attaining the three heavens represented on earth by the three degrees of initiation, or spiritual regeneration.†

Again, the form of the Tracing Board was the symbol of secresy; and recommended to the aspirant when he had attained to the *autopsia* or divine lights in the upper apartment of the place of initiation, a sedulous application to the study of the liberal sciences, which in Egypt were arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, architecture, metallurgy, music, and above all, the complicated system of hieroglyphics, to which the priests were indebted for all their power, because it was a depository of their religious and moral secrets, which could never be penetrated by profane persons.

The Tracing Board may have been originally

* Deut. xxxii. 37, 38, and compare Isai. lvii. 5, 6.
† Aut. Cornw. p. 171.
‡ Rowland, p. 229.
§ Eph. ii. 20.
‖ 1 Cor. x. 4.
** 1 Pet. ii. 4.
†† Ps. cxviii, 22.

* 10 Grot. de Verit. l. i. s. 16
† Symb. Col. Weale, Archit. P. vi. p. 4.

intended as a geomantic tablet, the invention of which is ascribed to Hermes. If so, it was an instrument of divination, and probably occupied the place of the Urim and Thummim amongst the Jews. It was painted white, to represent knowledge; for ignorance was symbolised by darkness and the colour of black. "White," says M. Portal,* "being the symbol of absolute truth, black should be that of error, of an assertion of that which is not. God alone possesses self-existence. The world is an emanation from Him. White reflects all luminous rays. Black is the negation of light, and was attributed to the author of evil and falsehood. Genesis and the cosmogonies mention the antagonism of light and darkness. The form of this fable varies according to each nation, but the foundation is everywhere the same. The creation of the world presents a picture of regeneration and initiation.

The word φυλο, said to have been inscribed on this tablet, does not appear in any copy of the anaglyph that I have seen unless, indeed, it is expressed hieroglyphically; and this may be the case because it is said to have been written in the Egyptian language. Now Champollion asserts that there was "a diversity of the dialects spoken in the Upper, Middle and Lower Egypt, and a different mode of pronouncing the words in each of these departments; but, by allowing one hieroglyphic to stand for two consonants, the difference existing in these dialects will disappear as in writing." Each people, in fact, would consider this hieroglyphic as the sign of the consonant they used, and express it accordingly. The letter Π (P) for instance, of the dialect of Thebes, was changed into F, or φ (Phi), in the dialect of Memphis; and in the table exhibited by Champollion, we find that one and the same hieroglyphical character expressed both these consonants, the P and the F, and sometimes the V.

According to this hieroglyphical alphabet we may find the letters which form the above word, by using a little latitude of construction. Thus the square tablet was the phonetic sign of φ, its handle stood for λ, the circle and point for υ, and the circle and line for ο. It had a meaning similar to the Greek word φιλια, and intimated that the whole frame of the universe is cemented by magnetic love, that invisible harmony which unites together its discordant and estranged parts.

* Symb. Col. ut supra. P. v. p. 23.

SONNET.

O Cynthia, queen of night, whose double sway
To nights and tides doth equal influence lend,
And wand'ring streams, and me no less, befriend
With light, as on our lated paths we stray;
As 'neath the splendour of thy full-orb'd ray,
I homeward from my monthly lodge do bend
My silent steps, I hear a loud noise rend
Night's startled ear, and mine, with hideous bay.
'Tis but a cur; and yet with jaws distent,
I see him, howling, mock thy lofty beam,
Whose calm, regardless, silent-scorning gleam
Deigns not his idle railing to resent.
So ultramontanes, like this baying whelp,
Now 'gainst our Craft's pure light, unheeded, yelp.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

THE MEANING AND DERIVATION OF SYMBOL.

Although a great deal has been written, time and again, on the symbolism of Masonry, yet very few have the remotest idea of the derivation of the word "symbol," or of the nature and meaning of the term.

The word "symbol" is composed of two Greek ones, sum-ballqui, which, taken in their literal sense, mean the placing or casting together of two things in juxtaposition, for the sake of contrast. This, as a natural consequence, brings our reasoning faculties into activity, for the purpose of identifying and individualizing one of, these two objects thus collated by the other, whence, in the onward process of our reasoning powers, the idea of representation only, pure and simple, follows; but especially of those hidden or occult things, by those more familiar; of ideas, by sensi-

ble, tangible, objects, or, in fact, pictorial metaphors, by which the original thought is rendered more clear and more attractive. There is no question, but that of all the senses, the eye offers by far the easiest, most ready, and most satisfactory access to the human mind. Pictorial or model representations of objects are therefore most agreeable, the most efficient, and the most usually adopted to impress objects on the memory and to fix them on the mind. It is a generally conceded fact that even incorporate or supernatural ideas, will, in the strongest manner, engage the attention when represented to the observer by some figure or emblem having a real or fancied resemblance to it. As, for instance, "an open eye," may well be supposed to represent watchfulness and care; "an open hand" a liberal and generous mind; a "serpent" subtlety and cunning; a "dove" innocence, &c., &c., and each and all have been respectively used as symbols to represent the one or the other. In many of the older countries of Europe, especially such as were famed for their manufactories, no operator was allowed to engage in business for himself as master until he gave proof of ability and proficiency in his peculiar art.

We will make ourselves better understood by citing an example. A lock or gunsmith was compelled to make two guns or locks so exactly alike in all their parts that when they were afterwards taken to pieces by the Eldermen of the guild, and the pieces intermixed or thrown together in a confused mass, the applicant for mastership had to connect them so again so as to form two equal, perfect and complete guns or locks as before. It was this process which is exactly expressed by the Greek words sum-ballgin, casting together; and the two new objects became two perfect *symbols* in the literal and most extensive meaning of the word—the one a faithful representation of the other. In nature and everyday life, no two objects are found to be perfect anti-types or facsimiles of the other, and, therefore approximations the nearest the party using them can imagine or discover are taken, and the nearer or more remote the reality expressed by the symbol, the easier will be its inception or recognition by the people at large, or on the contrary.

Symbols may be classed in the following divisions:

1. *Types.*
2. *Emblems and Devices.*
3. *Signs, Marks, and Tokens.*

1. *Type* is properly form or mark, from a Greek root, signifying literally to heat, and thence by deduction, an impression made by heating or punching at a matrix, whence printers call their metal letters types and thence, also, figuratively speaking, any picture becomes a type, and even any figurative or imaginative description may be adduced as a type.

2. *Emblems and Devices,* differ in this; that the former are always properly coupled with some general moral apophthegm, whilst the device is merely personal, and mostly refers only to some particular individual, frequently but as the *rebus* of the name of its wearer or inventor.

3. *Signs* are in so far distinguished from *Marks,* inasmuch as the former are recognitions perceivable through any of the senses, while a mark, unless deeply incised is confined exclusively to that of sight, and unlike a sign, cannot be communicated at a great distance. Thus a sign may be distinguished in the dark, through the organ of feeling, communicated by perfume, or by sound, &c.

Token is merely the same as *Sign,* the latter being derived from the Latin *Signare,* used either objectively of the person signing, or subjectively of the instrument or thing signified. *Token* is a good old Saxon word, and means literally to *ken* or to *know.*

There is no doubt, however, that in every day life, these terms are very often confounded; even when we treat of the established signs, marks, and tokens of the Masonic Fraternity, under the generic denomination of Symbols. But it is in the exceeding simplicity of the original Masonic Symbols, the foundation-stone on which the magnificent edifice of our Institution is built, that their great beauty is found, combined with their practical utility. As, for instance, the *Plumb,* the *Square,* and the *Compass,* so beautifully simple, yet so expressive that the meanest capacity can understand their application, yet so interwoven, as mere words in our Masonic language, that few, when they utter such expressions, as to walk by the *plumb,* act on the *square,* and keep within *compass,* are scarcely conscious of their being metaphorical abstractions.—*Canadian News.*