THE

FREEMASONS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

BRO. G. ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGDON STREET;

AND SOLD BY

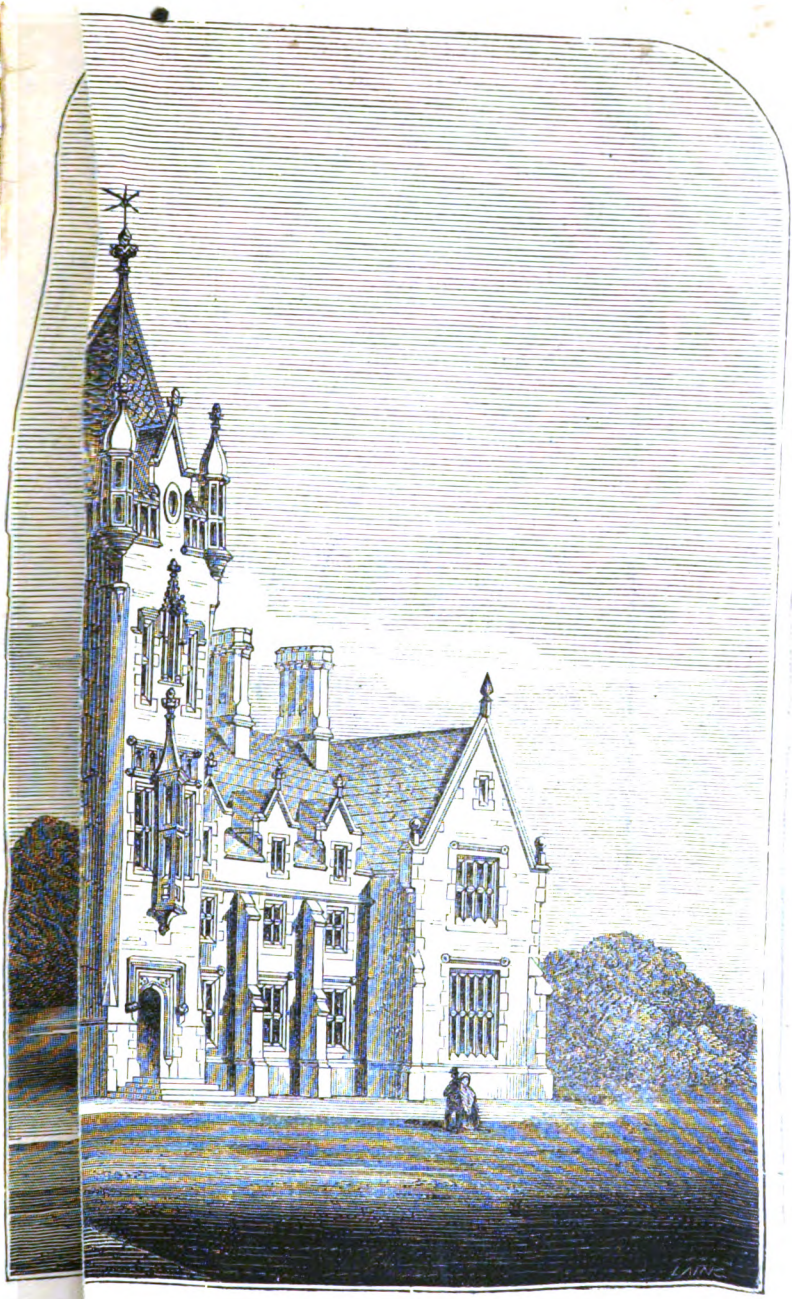
BRO. R. SPENCER, 314, HIGH HOLBORN.

1853.

Digitized by Google

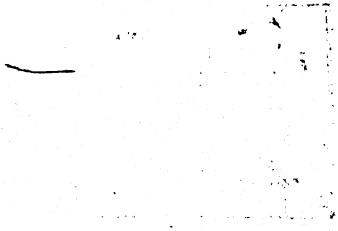
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.
THE ASTOR LIBRARY NY

Digitized by Google



N, WANDSWORTH.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE

FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 31, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

It is now just twenty years since this Masonic publication was first commenced. Up to that time no periodical had, for many years, been regularly issued, detailing the proceedings of the Fraternity; as it was known to be illegal to report the business of the meetings of Grand Lodge, and other communications, except from the regularly authorised documents from time to time issued by the Grand Lodge as occasion might serve. One Brother, however, thought fit to attempt to establish the publication; and, notwithstanding the vicissitudes which it encountered, it still lives; though it is at this time presented in a vastly different form to that in which it originally appeared and is conducted, it is hoped, in a spirit altogether opposite to that which for many years pervaded its pages. It was originally antagonistic to the ruling of the M.W. the G.M., his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and continued to be so to his successor, the present M.W. the G.M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, and his past and present Officers, till it passed into other hands, A.L. 5850, since which time the greatest efforts have been made to conduct it in conformity with the true principles of Freemasonry—BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH.

Doubtless, during the three years, in which it has been in the present editor's hands, and under two distinct proprietorships,

Digitized by Google

occasions have occurred, in which it has been deemed necessary to animadvert upon some of the proceedings of the Craft, no less than to expostulate with several Brethren upon their apparent misinterpretation of Masonic law; but one decisive rule of conduct was from the first laid down, and has been studiously adhered to,—

"Nothing to extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice;"

the consequence of which has been—as it is firmly believed—that the publication has obtained the respect of the Fraternity, and received general approbation.

Whilst, however, the proceedings of the Masonic body in the metropolis and the provinces, in Scotland and Ireland, no less than in the colonies, have been fully reported, it has been apparent, but to no parties more positively than to the present proprietors and editor, that in original literary matter, the publication has not been altogether proportionate to that general advancement of mind, or that noble progress of intellect, which are now so rapidly advancing in every rank and class of society. The causes for such deficiency will be at once apparent, when those circumstances are stated, which gave occasion for an anomaly, which, to the general reader, was doubtless unaccountable. For two entire years—1850 and 1851—the editor conducted the periodical entirely by means of *gratuitous* aid. The difficulties which he had to encounter, the labour to which he was exposed, and the anxieties which harassed him from month to month, may be easily supposed; and nothing but his devotion to the interests of Freemasonry, his ardent aspirations for the general advantage of the Craft, and his belief that "a good time was coming," made him determined to weather the storm at all hazards and as best he could, in order that he might keep his vessel afloat, till there should be a favourable opportunity of bringing it into smooth water. Again and again he was inclined to despair; but as often as this feeling took possession of his mind,

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

for the moment he considered the advantages which a publication of this kind conferred upon the Craft at large, and dwelt

Digitized by Google

upon the confusion which would doubtless arise if he had deserted his post at such a time, he resolved to lash himself to the helm, and to encounter every difficulty and danger, rather than give up confidence in the integrity of the cause of his, too often feeble, advocacy.

Although he thus candidly confesses the position in which he was placed, it would ill become him were he not, with all gratitude and thankfulness, to acknowledge the invaluable assistance which he received from several Brethren during the two years to which he has referred. The sympathy which was offered to him, he will never cease to value; the aid that was kindly and fraternally given he can never forget. To one or two of those who most warmly came to his rescue, he is unable now to tender his thanks; for in the inscrutable purposes of the Most High, they were taken hence to the Grand Lodge above, where the world's Great Architect reigns and rules for evermore, at an hour when their co-operation was most needed. Foremost amongst those of whose services he was deprived, was the ever-to-be-lamented Bro. Thomas Pryer, who, to a mind richly stored with archæological lore, had added the disposition to dive deeply into the hidden arts and secret mysteries of the ancient Order of Freemasons. The loss of such a Brother, at a period of all others when his most valuable aid could be least dispensed with, was a heavy blow and great discouragement, which can be better understood than described.

At the end of the year 1851, the then proprietors of the publication felt that they could no longer carry it on. Their expectations had not been responded to as they had anticipated; and they were unwilling to embark further capital in the undertaking, and decided to retire from all further responsibility and connection with the property.

The labours of past years in establishing the *Freemason's Quarterly Review* thus seemed to be suddenly annihilated. That Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies, containing numerous Lodges, and amongst them hundreds of influential men of literary pursuits, and unfailing devotion to the advancement of the arts and sciences, should be thus left without an organ, seemed, however, to be scarcely possible. Yet the fiat had gone

Digitized by Google

forth; and to all appearance this literary Lodge was about to be finally closed. The editor, even in this dilemma, did not give up all hope. He had still a strong conviction that "the end was not yet;" and although he saw nothing but "breakers ahead," he felt persuaded the vessel would right herself, though she was shattered, and to all appearance stranded; and he still trusted that better fortune would be accorded, and that "his occupation was not" yet altogether "gone." He was not disappointed. Other proprietors were found, who, long devoted to the principles of Freemasonry, and having passed through its various Grades with the greatest credit to themselves, added this one further honour to those already attained—a fixed resolution that the organ of the Craft should not die for lack of another effort to reinstate it in fraternal favour, and to make it also more worthy of reception in literary, no less than in purely Masonic circles.

With the new arrangements a most vital principle was infused—that money should be spent for the purpose of obtaining the assistance of literary talent, and further efforts made to induce the Fraternity at large to patronize the undertaking. The result of one year's experience has shown, that large as are the numbers of Brethren who are ranged under the banners of Freemasonry, even the existence of the publication itself is comparatively unknown—a circumstance clearly arising from the inability of the former proprietors to extend its circulation through the provinces. A year's experience, however, has decisively shown that a soil which had been so long fallow, may easily be tilled; and therefore arrangements have beeu entered into with the present publisher, Bro. George Routledge, whose business capabilities, and unwearied zeal in the cause of literature, are too well known and appreciated to render any further allusion to him necessary. With a new publisher an improved plan of operation was at once laid down—only to employ the best talent which the literary world could supply, to extend the compass of the periodical to the usual size of other long established Quarterlies, and yet to reduce the price from 3*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per number, in conformity with the growing spirit

Digitized by Google

of the times,—to give the best article that can be supplied at the lowest possible remunerating price.

In adopting this course the Proprietors, Publisher, and Editor feel assured that they will meet the wishes of the Craft; and they are confident a much larger amount of patronage and support will now be accorded to the publication than it has yet enjoyed. As an evidence of what they intend to do, they claim the consideration of the Fraternity to the present number—the first of a New Series, under the title of THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE—in which will be found papers from the pen of Miss Pardoe, the gifted, accomplished, and intelligent Authoress of "The Lives and Times of Louis XIV." and, "Marie de Medicis;" from Dion Boucicault, Esq., whose talent is unquestioned; from Bro. the Rev. T. A. Buckley, M.A., one of the most indefatigable and talented writers of the day; from the Author of "Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note Book;"—which is well known to the Craft—and other writers of acknowledged reputation and distinction. In future numbers it is intended to secure the aid and co-operation of other equally distinguished correspondents: the determination being *to spare no expense*, and to leave no effort untried to make the publication worthy of the Craft, and yet to give it such a general literary character, as to insure for it a circulation as wide and influential as that of any of the oldest established periodicals of the day.

The propositions which are here detailed "freely and at length," as far as the literary portions of the periodical are concerned, seem to demand an appeal to the generosity of the Craft, for their active assistance and support. The principles of the Order are too well known to Masons to need any elucidation here. But this may be said openly and unequivocally, that those principles, fully carried out, will give the promoters of the present scheme no cause to regret that they have relied upon the patronage of a body of men who are foremost in works of liberality, and ever ready to promote the study and advancement of the liberal arts and sciences. In the firm belief that by making this publication worthy of esteem and

Digitized by Google

favour, the Proprietors will secure the active and zealous encouragement of their Brethren, the greatest stimulus will be given to their purposes, and thus the time will be proved to have come when it may be truthfully said, that Freemasonry is not behind the age in its patronage of literature, any more than it is in the increasing support which it is annually giving to its noble and princely Charities.

Having said thus much of the exclusively literary department of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, and asked for support and encouragement upon promises which it is intended punctually to fulfil, it may not be out of place here to refer to that department of the publication which, as heretofore, will be exclusively confined to the records of Masonic proceedings at home and abroad. In this department, care will be taken to record the proceedings of the Grand Chapter, of the Quarterly Communications of the Grand Lodge, of the Higher Degrees, of the Charities, and of Metropolitan, Provincial, Scotch, Irish, Colonial, and Foreign intelligence. As an earnest of what our intentions in this respect may be, we are induced to call attention to the second part of the present number, which will be found to be quite as full of Masonic intelligence as on any former occasion; and which, moreover, will even be, much more so, in future, if our correspondents will only attend to our earnest and oft-repeated request—to furnish us with their communications by the time we have again and again specified. If those correspondents could only be brought to consider how much they add to our labours by not acceding to our wishes, and how often they render it imperative upon us to omit their information altogether, they would, we are convinced, cease from procrastination, and put us, at least by the time we name, in possession of that intelligence, with which they have taken much pains.

As we have alluded to most of the points which are of peculiar and especial interest in the proposed future conduct of this periodical, we feel that we ought now to say a few words upon the present condition of Freemasonry itself.

We commence a new æra of our existence at a period

Digitized by Google

which is peculiarly favourable to the extension of Masonic information. Never in the annals of the Craft was the progress of Freemasonry more extensive or progressive. In every part of the habitable globe it is "lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes." "Its principles are eternal;" and as they become more fully known, so do they expand into action and make themselves felt. It is acknowledged by the "popular world," that where the Order is in active operation, there morality extends, a deeper sense of religion is found to be working, and an unbounded charity is universally diffused. Party strife and angry feelings are allayed by its instrumentality; and although here and there occasions of dispute will occur—by reason of the imperfections, and too often the perversion, of human nature—as a general rule, the proof is growing, that admission to the Order produces results which the most sceptical concerning its advantages cannot but acknowledge and proclaim. The advantages which it is producing in those parts of the globe whereto an extensive emigration has set in, are hailed with the greatest satisfaction and enthusiasm; and the mighty working powers of its influences are said to be so palpable and positive, that thousands lament that they were not possessed of an advantage, before they left their homes, which opens a sure road to success for them upon their arrival in a strange land. What Freemasonry has done in California alone is upon record, and we are well assured, upon the most unquestionable authority, that similar processes for good are advancing in Australia, the particulars of which we shall take care to be furnished with from the best sources, and to communicate as extensively as possible. But with this progression, one thing is most satisfactory—that there is an increasing disposition to maintain amity and connection with the United Grand Lodge of England. It is very true, that both the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland have their subordinate Lodges established in most parts of our great Colonial empire; and that those Brethren who work under their system are much esteemed and respected—Fraternal feeling being reciprocated on all hands with that unity of sentiment which ever prevails when Free-

Digitized by Google

masonry is carried out by a direct and positive elucidation of its principles: but, notwithstanding this fact, there is a decisive inclination amongst the Brethren of the Colonies to range themselves under our banner, and to be in co-operation with the United Grand Lodge of England.

At the present moment we know but of one instance wherein it is desired to dissever a union, long subsisting between the United Grand Lodge of England and a Colonial province—that of Canada West. But even that proposition has been mooted in a manner which is not calculated to give offence, and with no desire to produce entire disruption. The Grand Lodge of Upper Canada, in its wish for independence—as we find from the *Boston* (*U. S.*) *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, for March—has adopted the following resolutions:—

1. "That this Grand Lodge entertains towards the Grand Lodge of England feelings of the highest respect and esteem; that it is our most ardent desire to cultivate those feelings, to advance the interest, and to establish upon a firmer basis the character of Masonry in this Province.
2. "That with a view of carrying out one of the primary objects of our time-honoured Institution, viz., that of being more useful to our fellow-creatures, it is necessary that all the funds accruing from the operations of the Craft in this Province be retained by this Grand Lodge.
3. "That it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of Masonry, that a separate Grand Lodge be established, with full power to control the working and operations of the Craft in this quarter of the globe, to secure which, a Committee be appointed to draft a Petition to the Grand Lodge of England, based on the foregoing Resolutions, praying for permission to establish a Grand Lodge in that part of the Province of Canada, formerly constituting Upper Canada, with full power and authority to manage and control all matters connected with such Grand Lodge, and all Lodges now working under the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, and that the said Committee be fully empowered to carry on all correspondence with the Grand Lodge of England, for the purpose of securing the absolute independence of such Grand Lodge."

Upon this decision the Editor of the Magazine referred to founds the following observations:—

Among the most important of the additional powers vested in the District Grand Lodges, are those of expelling Masons and erasing Lodges within their respective Districts; reserving to the delinquent the right of appeal to the Grand Lodge of England. This is the only instance in which the Grand Lodge has ever parted with this power, or delegated the exercise of it to another. The reason for it in the present case is to be found in the great distance of the colonies from the mother country, and the inconvenience, if not impracticability, of its proper exercise by the parent body. And our Brethren in Upper Canada are now probably urged on as much or more by the same reason which induced the Grand Lodge of England to concede this power, as by that which they offer, to petition

Digitized by Google

the mother Grand Lodge for permission to establish an independent Grand Lodge in their Province. They find their action embarrassed and their progress retarded by the delay consequent on their necessary and obligatory intercourse with, and dependence on, the parent Grand Lodge. A single fact will illustrate this. The District Grand Lodge, composed of its officers and the representatives of the Lodges in the District, deems it expedient to increase its charity fund, or to raise a fund for any other Masonic purpose, by the increase of the fees paid by the Lodges. The parent Grand Lodge says it may do this. But then it requires, after the proposition has been brought forward in the District Grand Lodge, that notice in writing of the fees proposed, and also of the day fixed for the discussion of the subject, shall be sent to each Lodge in the District, two months at least prior to (the) said day. If the proposed payments shall then be agreed to by two-thirds of the members present, a day is appointed for considering the confirmation thereof, at a period of not less than three months from the first meeting. Five months at least are thus required to bring the subject to this point of progress; and this might not be objectionable, if it were the end of the matter, as it manifestly should be. But it is not. After the proceedings are so confirmed by the only parties pecuniarily interested in them, a copy is required to be sent to the Grand Master in England, for his sanction and approval. If he approves of them, then the proposition or regulation is valid, and may be carried into execution. Now, what is the point attained by this long and tiresome and expensive process? Simply that the Lodges in the District may tax, not their parent Grand Lodge, but themselves, for an object which they deem to be essential to their own prosperity, and to the accomplishment of the purposes of their Institution. The whole proceeding is hampered and embarrassed by unnecessary delay and formality,—the inevitable consequence of which is, that the Lodges in large and populous districts, like Canada, do not prosper to the extent they would do, if left to their own free government. Under the present system, they are cramped in their means and in their movements. The means are not needed in England, while they would be of vast importance in Canada, in relieving the distresses of the hundreds of poor Brethren who are annually thrown upon their charity by the home government. Many of these poor Brethren have, in their better days, paid their money into the treasury of the Grand Lodge of England, or of Ireland. Those bodies should, therefore, be satisfied now to leave the Lodges in Canada in the full possession of all their earnings and contributions, for their relief in their hour of necessity. The Grand Lodge of England can afford to be liberal to its Colonial Lodges, as it is magnificently liberal in the dispensation of its vast charities and provisions for the relief of the poor of its household at home. We presume there are very few colonial Brethren who ever draw from its fund of benevolence. Why, then, should it continue to require what it does not give, when that which it takes is most needed, and its distribution would be most blessed, in the midst of those from whom it is taken? We admire the Grand Lodge of England,—its magnitude, its great benevolence, its elevated character, its beautiful, if not altogether perfect system; and should regret to see its efficiency weakened, or the harmony of its whole impaired. We think a favourable answer to the prayer of our Canadian Brethren would do neither, while it would be adding another bright star to the Western Masonic hemisphere.

In each of these observations there is a tacit acknowledgment of the fact to which we have adverted—that there is a

Digitized by Google

kindly feeling existing towards the Grand Lodge of England, an indication of its extensive operations, and an assurance of the esteem in which it is held. But it is a singular and also a satisfactory circumstance, that no other Province should have adopted a similar course to that resolved upon at Toronto, where, doubtless, the reasons urged by the Editor of the *Boston Freemasons' Monthly Magazine* for secession, might be supposed to operate more decisively. Had communication between the mother-country and Canada remained as it was when this publication was first established, and a long space of time had still been required to traverse the broad Atlantic to reach that destination, there might have been some reason in the Editor's remarks upon the disadvantage of delay in the communications between England and Toronto; but now that transit has become more rapid to and fro than fifty years ago it was between the Land's End and John o' Groat's House, there is no validity in the argument, and it is beside the question; for of this we are thoroughly assured, that so far as the present M. W. the G.M. is concerned, no delay will ever be originated. His kindly disposition is ever manifested in the desire to facilitate intercourse between the metropolis of England and the Colonial Provinces, and sure we are, that if Upper Canada require that their poorer Brethren should be considered, there is also every disposition on the part of the Grand Lodge of England to aid them to the utmost, and to enable them to share in the Fund of Benevolence to which that and other Provinces liberally contribute. We would, therefore, cordially recommend the Canadian Brethren to pause before they finally commit themselves to a proceeding of which they would speedily repent, and in which, we are convinced, they would not have the countenance of any other Colonial Province at the present time.

We have incidentally referred to this subject, in noticing the general fact of the increased favour now manifested towards the Grand Lodge of England on the part of our Colonial Brethren, as a proof of that favour, inasmuch as the exception in the case of Canada West, to our mind, proves the rule; and, *vice versâ*, as "one swallow does not make a summer," so one manifestation of apparent discontent—though exhibited with

Digitized by Google

no unkindly sentiment—does not establish any very positive disinclination to adhere to that mother-Lodge, the Grand Lodge of England, from which the many privileges that the Colonial Lodges enjoy have been primarily derived, and by which they are almost universally continued.

Before we bring this "Introduction" to a close, we must not, however, omit to mention one of the most important features of the Craft, to which it is our purpose to continue an unabated consideration—namely, the Charities of Freemasonry. Let us, then, here say a few words respecting these "Jewels of the Order," as they have often, and not inappropriately, been termed.

With respect to THE ROYAL FREEMASONS' CHARITY, we are happy to announce that the children are removed to their new place of residence, and heartily do we "wish" them and the Institution itself "God speed." We have the interests of each of our noble Charities at heart; *but none more than this*; for we cannot but bow with all gratitude and humility to the Most High, for the benefits which this Institution has derived from His inestimable goodness. Here the female children of our destitute or departed Brethren have been nurtured and cared for; and hence they have gone into the world to adorn society by their virtues, and to prove how high a privilege it is to be a Mason's daughter.

For the ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION, *for Clothing, Educating, and Apprenticing the Sons of Indigent and Deceased Freemasons*, we also entertain the deepest regard,—and rejoiced, indeed, are we to be able to record, in the first number of our new series, one of the most successful annual Festivals in its behalf which has ever been placed on record. At length the prospect of seeing the Boys housed and nurtured, as the Girls have long been, is not distant. The appeal, made with his usual earnestness and devotion to the cause of the Order, by Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston, P.J.G.W., President of the Board of General Purposes, and Chairman of the Boys' School Committee, has at present been nobly responded to from all parts of the earth,—even India and China having vied with each other to see which could contribute most liberally to a purpose so congenial to true Masonic feeling. Another such Festival, in combination with individual

Digitized by Google

exertion, will make this portion of the circle of the Masonic Charities complete, and enhance the many inestimable advantages of the Order.

And though last, not least, we shall never cease to plead for the completion of the building of THE ROYAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION *for Aged Freemasons and their Widows.* Hitherto our appeals in its behalf have not been responded to as they ought to have been. We confess that we believe the chief cause of this failure to be, that our exertions in its behalf have not reached those who, doubtless, would willingly contribute to this excellent object, were they but once put in possession of its claims upon their sympathy and support. Our periodical has circulated amongst the majority of those, who "have done what they could" to rear a portion of the building destined for the home of the destitute and decayed Freemason. From these, of course, we cannot expect, neither do we ask for, further contributions; but we must plead for the widow, and press the claim of our poorer Brethren upon those who, by a comparatively slight effort, might, even in the course of the present year, cause the cope-stone to be placed upon the building at Croydon,—a building which, in its present condition brings disgrace upon the Craft every time a passenger by the South Eastern Railway inquires to whom it belongs.

Thus we would conclude our introductory observations, with reference to the future conduct of this periodical in the cause of Benevolence. We make our appeal to the Craft at large for their countenance and support, with the determination to deserve their good opinion; whilst to the general literary public we would offer such materials for their consideration, as shall induce them to believe that there is something more in Freemasonry than they have yet given the Order credit for; and that the assertion

"*Emollit mores, neque sinit esse feros,*"

is not a fiction, any more than is the repeated asseveration, that Freemasonry is connected with the progression and advancement of the liberal arts and sciences, no less than with "the very bond of peace and of all virtues"—CHARITY.

Digitized by Google

FEMALE LITERATURE IN FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is singular to stand upon the Blanéz (a corruption, by the way, of *Blanc-Nez*, the name given originally to that portion of the cliff in all probability from its form and colour), which juts out into the sea about a league distant from Calais; to look, upon a clear day, on the opposite and equally picturesque, heights above Dover, and to remember that it was by a convulsion of nature that our own country was severed, at some remote period, from France, of which it once formed an integral portion; and thus changed into an island—The island, insignificant in extent, and in that respect very inferior to many others mapped out on the world's chart, but destined, nevertheless, thanks to that severance, to become Queen of the Seas, and capital of that mighty empire upon which the sun never sets; which unites all climates, all religions, and all languages; and which pours forth out of its mighty heart the life-blood of universal population. For a time one is tempted to be sceptical; to cast a backward glance upon the scene, the people, and the habits more immediately within reach; to contrast each and all with those so near in fact, and so far off in seeming; and to doubt that they could ever have formed a whole. But the more closely and attentively the spot is examined, the more fully the truth is made evident. The rapid and chafing waves chasing each other through the narrow channel, now gleaming blue and bright, and leaping joyously beneath a summer breeze; now toiling and roaring in angry majesty, lashed by the storm-gusts against the rocky shores on either hand, flow or fret, as the case may be, between the riven cliffs, where once grass grew, and trees waved, and the huts of the fishermen were made vocal by the scream of the sea-gull, the cormorant, and the curlew. Let your eye wander from the Shakspeare Cliff to the Blanéz; trace the outline of each; make an allowance for the wear and tear of time and tempest; and you cannot, even if you would, remain sceptical.' Then look down at your feet, and gather up the fragments of volcanised ore; fruits which have been hardened into iron (I have seen and handled them); strange and familiarly-shaped fragments of glittering earth, now indurated to stone, but still retaining their pristine form, and telling of man, and

Digitized by Google

of man's industry; splinters of rock, rent and shivered as though separated from their native mass by the arm of a Titan. There is no room for doubt.

This is startling enough; and as the eye measures the narrow strait between the two shores, while the mind, or perhaps I ought rather to say, the imagination, plunges down "full fathom five" under the labouring waters, this glimpse into the far-off past is bewildering; and yet the moral severance of the two once-identical shores, is infinitely more so. France and England—the antipodes of principle, of feeling, and of habit—are both almost within the grasp of the spectator, and yet how little are they united in fact; how ignorant are they of each other. It is true that there exists a species of social and superficial familiarity; that upon the surface there would seem to be a certain community of thought, idea, and motive; but such is far from being the case in fact. Our Gallic neighbours do not, and cannot understand *us*; and we are equally far from understanding them. They profess to have fathomed our laws, our history, and our literature, while we pretend to an equal knowledge of theirs; and yet how stands the truth? I will not search into the cause; my business is only with the effect of that cause; and it is certain that while our researches have wandered "from Indus to the Pole," and have revealed to us many a hidden mystery which might well have evaded the scrutiny alike of the physiologist and the philosopher, France, moral and social France, is still comparatively a sealed book to most of us. Would that it were not so; for more perfect knowledge would, in all probability, lead to more perfect mutual regard and indulgence; petty jealousies might be laid to rest; and puerile prejudices silenced. At present, fundamentally speaking, the two countries know little or nothing of each other; they are not conversant with the inner life of each other; they severally take too much for granted; and majestically wrapped in the close and impenetrable mantle of selfish nationality, refuse to see and to sympathise with what lies beyond. Thus it seems to me—and I say it with all humility—that every hand which seeks to lift even a corner of that exclusive and excluding mantle does honest service to truth and to universal goodwill. What, after all, is the world but one vast family, differing indeed in language, but bound together by a myriad ties?

Enough, however, of these theories. Mental speculations, unaided by moral exertions, can effect no diminution of the estrangement now existing between France and England. It is only by endeavouring to study and to comprehend the genius of the nation; by familiarising our minds with theirs; by making

Digitized by Google

an acquaintance with the great, the good, and the gifted, who have illustrated their annals; that we can hope to appreciate them at their just value. And surely it is essentially a woman's province to offer, with that end and aim, some faint record of the genius and energy of her own sex. It is at present generally believed on our side of the Channel, that French literature is, as a whole, demoralising in its tendency; and that its women especially have arrogated to themselves, throughout the last three centuries, the privilege of producing such works as women in our own country would not permit themselves to read. This is, however, a great and grievous error. Many have laboured, and laboured well and earnestly, in the cause of morality and virtue. That there have been exceptions is most true; and unfortunately, as it was once admirably remarked by a shrewd writer, "nothing can be more easy to a woman than to be witty when she has ceased to be decent;" so those exceptions have stood out so prominently from the mass, that they have, as a necessary consequence, attracted a larger share of remark and comment than the more scrupulous and better-principled of their co-labourers. Let us not, moreover, forget that the existing state of society ever affects that of its contemporaneous literature. We have only to look at home to be at once compelled to admit so self-evident a fact. Shakspeare himself was tainted by the spirit of his time. Had he lived at the present day, how much would he not have left unwritten? Had he flourished during the reign of Victoria, instead of that of Elizabeth, how differently would he have felt, and how differently would he have recorded his feelings? Surely then we are bound to excuse in our continential neighbours a fault from which we are ourselves by no means exempt. It may be answered, and with reason, that much may be excused in the one sex which cannot be pardoned in the other; and I may be reminded (thank God!) that we have had few lady-writers in England, who have permitted themselves that moral emancipation upon paper of which there at this moment exists so marked and (this crying defect excepted), so brilliant an example in France. Once more, however, I must make myself the apologist of the French female writers. I have already alluded to the great exception which would and must have been quoted against me, and with that particular individual I have nothing further to do; but beyond Madame Sand, I am not aware that there exists one woman in France whose works have a pernicious tendency, while I am acquainted with many who have done good service to the literature of their country.

The seventeenth century was especially rich in female talent;

Digitized by Google

and, as every one acquainted with French history is well aware, was essentially lax in social morality. The several sovereigns, as well as their great nobles, were dissolute and unprincipled; and a corrupt court must ever make a corrupt people. At the close of the previous century it had become the fashion for every woman of wit to write, and as every woman of wit was not endowed with creative genius, she naturally turned for her subject to the events which were passing about her. The "Heptameron" of Marguerite de Valois was no effort of imagination, but simply an exaggerated reflection of the daily incidents which fell under her own observation, or were communicated to her by her friends. The celebrated sketches of the Princess de Conti were mere satires, more pungent than delicate, upon the vices of Henry IV. and his court; even the charming Letters of Madame de Sevigny are occasionally tainted by the same reckless spirit of disregard for the conventionalities of virtuous society; nor do I hesitate to admit that I could increase my list of those female writers who were content to be more witty than wise. But such is not my purpose. All I desire to show is simply this: that the first literary attempts made by the women of France were almost universally in the shape of memoirs; and as, at the period referred to, a veracious chronicler could not succeed in producing—

"No line that dying he would wish to blot;"

this circumstance did not fail to affect, in a greater or less degree, according to the standard of mind to which each particular writer had attained, all their subsequent productions. As time wore on, however, the stream, at first polluted at its source, began to fling off its foulness; women, weary of being either toys or tyrants, gradually asserted the true dignity of their sex; and a new era opened upon female literature.

Meanwhile there were many less known, because less daring than their more unscrupulous contemporaries, who held a not unenviable position in the world of letters; and it is with these that I am about to endeavour to interest my readers. I shall not, by dwelling upon those more celebrated names which have become land-marks in literary history, weary either them or myself with a twice-told tale. My intention is to introduce to them writers of whom they may possibly never even have heard, or with whose productions they are but slightly acquainted; although, such as my limits will enable me to quote, were well deserving of a better fate than that comparative oblivion into which they have fallen.

Setting aside, then, the celebrated classic, Madame Dacier,

Digitized by Google

the witty Madame de Sevigné, the philosophical Mademoiselle Descartes, the mystical Madame Guyon, and others of their stamp, whose reputation has become European, I shall commence with a writer, whose name indeed is known, and well known among us; although, rather as the centre of a group of scholars and poets than as a scholar, and a poet herself. I allude to MADAME DE LAMBERT, whose *salon* was the chosen point of *rendezvous* for all the wit and talent of Paris, provided that wit was decent, and that talent honourably exerted; and if I place the lady in question in the second rank of contemporaneous female writers, be it remembered that I at least assign to her the principal position in that rank.

La MARQUISE DE LAMBERT was the only daughter of Stephen de Margnenat, Lord of Courcelles, and of Mademoiselle Monique Passart; who, becoming a widow when her daughter attained the third year of her age, contracted a second marriage with the celebrated François de Coigneux de Bachaumont, a poet and satirist, whose epigrams against Mazarin attracted considerable attention during the wars of the Fronde. M. de Bachaumont, who soon learned to appreciate the extraordinary talents of his step-daughter, devoted himself with great earnestness to the development of her mental powers; and she, on her side, proved herself so zealous a pupil, that, while still a mere child, she was in the habit of escaping from her play-fellows in order to shut herself into her apartment with her books. At a very early age she, moreover, acquired a habit of extracting from the pages of the author upon whom she was engaged, such passages as appeared to her remarkable, either for their poetry or their truth; an admirable method of at once forming the taste, and assisting the memory; and which she continued to pursue throughout her whole career.

In 1666 Mademoiselle de Courcelles became the wife of Henry de Lambert, Marquis de Saint Bris, who, at his death, which occurred in 1686, was Governor and Lieutenant-general of the city and duchy of Luxembourg. Of four children, which were the issue of this marriage, two died in their infancy; leaving her with one son, Henry François de Lambert, who became a Lieutenant-general in the Royal army, and governor of Auxerre; and Maria Theresa, subsequently the wife of Louis de Beaupoil, Count of St. Aulaire, who was killed at the battle of Ramersheim, in Upper Alsatia, in 1709. The grace, the beauty, and the accomplishments of the young widow, who immediately returned to the shelter of her mother's roof, invested the Hôtel Lambert with a new charm; and amply compensated to those by whom it was frequented for the rigorous exclusion of every species of

Digitized by Google

gambling, at a period when that fatal vice was demoralizing alike the court and the people.

For many years Madame de Lambert refused to give publicity to her own productions, from an idea that it derogated from her rank and position in the world to enter the lists with professional writers; and the natural consequence ensued. As she was in the habit of reading aloud in her turn—conversation and the perusal of unpublished works forming the principal amusement of her *soirées*—such essays or treatises as she had herself composed, these were occasionally purloined by one or other of her guests, who could not brook that they should remain in the obscurity to which she destined them, and eventually found their way into print, to her extreme annoyance; an annoyance which prompted her to buy them up at the price demanded by their publisher, in order that they might be destroyed. Subsequently, however, she yielded to the entreaties of her friends; and among the most important of the works ultimately submitted to the press, were her "Advice of a Mother to her Son;" her "Advice of a Mother to her Daughter;" a "Treatise on Friendship;" a second on "Old Age;" "Reflections on Women;" "Psyche;" and many other minor but equally admirable productions.

Madame de Lambert was an invalid throughout her whole life, and her latter years were so much embittered by acute suffering that it required all her moral energy, and the deep sense of religion by which she was distinguished, to enable her to support them with the courage and resignation which she evinced to the last. She died in Paris in 1733 at the advanced age of eighty-six; and left a void in society which was not destined to be filled up.

The "Advice" of Madame de Lambert to her children is as admirable in manner as in matter. Hers are no harsh lessons, repelling even while they convince; but precepts given by a friend, and dictated by affection. Her philosophy scatters over the path to which she points flowers enough to blunt, if not to choke, its thorns; the native nobility and the feminine delicacy of her mind are alike visible in every sentiment; while her earnestness of purpose lends an energy to her style as captivating as it is rare among her sex. From the first-mentioned work I shall make a few short extracts, which will, I trust, justify this opinion:—

"It is only at two periods of our lives that truth reveals itself profitably to us; in youth for our instruction, and in old age for our consolation. During the dominion of the passions truth forsakes us."

"High birth bestows less honour than it exacts; for to boast of one's ancestry is merely to vaunt the merit of others."

Digitized by Google

"It is a rare faculty to praise with judgment. The misanthrope cannot accomplish it, for his penetration is weakened by his moroseness; the flatterer, by over-acting his part, brings discredit on himself, and confers honour on no one; the vain man praises only to be praised in his turn. The honest man alone succeeds; if you desire to render your praise useful, attribute it to others rather than to yourself."

"It is an admirable quality to be able to live on good terms with your competitors, and to struggle for pre-eminence only with yourself. It is often useful to make yourself feared, but never to revenge yourself. Narrow minds are vindictive; great men are lenient. From the moment that an enemy repents and humbles himself, you lose the right to seek for vengeance."

"Above all let us beware of envy, it is at once the lowest and the basest passion in the world. Envy is the shadow of glory, as glory is the shadow of virtue."

When addressing her daughter, Madame de Lambert becomes eloquent with the true eloquence of a mother's heart. Can anything be more admirable than what follows?

"One of the ancients was wont to say that he folded himself in the mantle of his virtue; fold yourself in that of your religion, it will afford you great assistance against the weaknesses of youth, and an assured shelter in more advanced life. Were we merely to follow the maxims of the century, what a void should we find in old age; the past would afford us only regret, the present grief, and the future terror."

"We exist with our defects as we do with the perfumes that we carry about us. We have become unconscious of them, and they produce annoyance only to others."

"Good breeding in our commerce with the world is the girdle of Venus, it embellishes and bestows grace on all who possess it; it is visible in every way; in conversation, and even in silence; it is that which forbids the haughty display of talent and intellect, and which crushes in us a love of satire, a pernicious vice in society."

And again in her "Treatise on Friendship:"—

"Nothing is so sure a guarantee for us to ourselves, and nothing a greater security towards others, than an estimable friend. We cannot allow ourselves to appear imperfect in his eyes; and thus you never see vice attach itself to virtue. We do not love to find ourselves in contact with those who judge only to condemn us."

"Let us select our friends cautiously; it is they who determine our character; others look for us in them. It is giving to the public our own portrait, and an avowal of what we really are."

"We find in friendship the assurance of good advice, the emulation of good example, participation in sorrow, help in time of need, all without being sought, waited for, or purchased."

In the treatise on "Old Age," likewise addressed to her daughter, the sentiments of Madame de Lambert do her equal honour. There is no asceticism, no bitterness in the view which she takes of a period of human existence so universally dreaded; her great heart still beats with the same healthy and honest energy; her fine perception still seizes upon the more delicate,

Digitized by Google

and, better still, upon the more consolatory points of her subject. Sufferer as she had been throughout the whole course of a long life, Madame de Lambert did not permit her physical ills to jaundice her strong mind, or to weaken her pure and pious principles.

"Every one," she says, "dreads old age: it is regarded as a period given over to pain and sorrow, from which all pleasures are shut out. Every one loses something by advancing in years, and women more than men. As all their merit consists in external attractions, and these are destroyed by time, they find themselves absolutely bereaved of all; for there are few women whose merit outlives their beauty."

"At every period of our lives we owe something to others and to ourselves. Our duties towards others are doubled in old age. When we can no longer add to the charm of society it demands from us solid virtues."

"We should, in growing old, be observant of ourselves in all things; in our conversation, in our deportment, and, finally, even in our clothes. Nothing is more ridiculous than to show by an undue love of dress that we wish to recal the memory of the attractions we have lost. Avowed old age becomes less old."

"An elderly woman should be no less careful as to the society which she frequents, and should attach herself only to persons of similar age and habits. Theatres and public places should be interdicted, or rarely attended; for when she ceases to add to their attraction, she should abandon them."

"It is habits which make sorrow, not old age. Every age is a burthen to those who possess no inner life, which alone can make existence happy. A philosopher who had lived one hundred and seven years was once asked if he did not find his life wearisome: 'I cannot complain of my old age,' was his reply, 'because I never degraded my youth.' One indispensable duty in old age is to make a right use of time; the less there remains, the more precious it should become; the time of a Christian is the price of eternity."

"You should, say many, terminate your life before you die, that is, your projects; to terminate one's life is to have lost all taste for life; for, as relates to our projects, so long as we exist, we continue to hope, and we live less in the present than in the future. Life would be short did not hope give it extent."

Need I hesitate to ask whether sentiments such as these, although traced by the pen of a woman, are not worth more than all the sour and selfish maxims of a Rochefoucauld?

The name of Madame d'Aulnoy is familiar, I doubt not, to all my readers, the lady in question having been, through the medium of her Fairy Tales, a species of perpetual annuity to our pantomimists and play-wrights; but we do her injustice when we build up her literary reputation upon these pretty and fanciful productions, which were among the earliest of her efforts. Our author was the daughter of M. le Jumel de Barneville, and was related to the most ancient families of Normandy. Her mother, who contracted a second marriage with the Marquis de Gadaigne, died at Madrid, in possession of a considerable

Digitized by Google

pension granted to her by Charles II., and continued until the close of her life by Philip V.; while the subject of the present sketch became the wife of François de la Mothe, Count d'Aulnoy. Having accompanied her mother and step-father to Spain, Mademoiselle de Barneville, being pledged to communicate to a favourite cousin the incidents of her journey, became involuntarily an author; her letters (nine in number) having proved so captivating, both in style and subject, as to induce their publication; and thus it was that the "Account of my Journey to Spain" became the first work of the subsequently prolific writer under notice. The book obtained a great and well-merited popularity; it is sketchily but gracefully written; there is no straining after effect; no elaborately-rounded periods; but a fervid gushing out of youthful feeling, a singular acuteness of observation, and a marvellous power of detail, minute without monotony, which is singularly attractive, from the first page to the last. We will give one specimen. She was about to cross the river Adour, between Bayonne and St. Sebastian:—

"Our little boats were ornamented with several painted and gilded streamers, and plied by young girls with an ability and a rustic grace that were quite charming: there were three of them in each, two who rowed, and one who held the rudder.

"These girls are tall, their figure is fine; they are of dark complexion, with magnificent teeth, and hair as black and bright as jet, which they plait, and allow to fall upon their shoulders, with a few ribbons attached to it; they wore upon their heads a sort of little veil of muslin, embroidered with flowers in silk and gold, which floats in the wind, and covers their bosom; they have ear-rings of gold and pearls, and necklaces of coral. Their jackets are like those of our Bohemians, with very tight sleeves. I assure you that they charmed me. I am told that these girls swim like fish; and that they do not suffer among them the intrusion either of man or woman. It is a species of pigmy republic, to which they flock from all directions, and where their parents send them when they are quite young.

"When they desire to marry, they attend the mass at Fontarabia, which is the nearest city to the place that they inhabit: it is there that the young men assemble to choose a wife according to their taste; and each who wishes to commit matrimony goes to the relatives of his chosen mistress to declare his sentiments, and to make all necessary arrangements: this done, the girl is informed of the fact; when, if she is satisfied with her suitor, she returns to her parents, and the marriage takes place.

"I never saw anything more gay than the expression of their faces; they have little cottages all along the bank of the river; and they are under the guardianship of certain old maids, whom they obey as they would do a mother. They communicated all these details to us in their own language, and we listened to them with pleasure."

This fascinating book of travel was succeeded by the celebrated Fairy Tales, to which I shall not further allude; but, regarding them merely as a playful episode in a life of unwearied literary labour, proceed to state that, encouraged by the success of her

Digitized by Google

"Journal," our author next produced a work of more pretension and of greatly-increased interest; "The Memoirs of the Court of Spain;" rendered doubly valuable from the fact that of every circumstance which she records, Madame d'Aulnoy was an eye-witness. The period of this singular narrative of the interior of the Spanish court, is that of the marriage of Charles II. with the niece of Louis XIV.; and no detail connected with the time is omitted, from the perpetual changes of the ministry to the anecdotes current in society. She commences her work at the termination of the reign of Philip IV., after his second marriage with Anne of Austria, the daughter of Ferdinand III.; and gives an amusing account of the feud between Dom Juan and the queen's confessor, Father Nitard; of the exile of the latter; of the suspicious prosperity of his successor in favour, Dom Fernando de Valenzuela; and finally of the marriage of the young king; and all this with a precision and minutia which render the work, although written nearly a century and a half ago, of great and enduring interest to all students of national history. In her next work, "The Memoirs of the Court of England," she was less happy. It is full of romance and exaggeration; and although it does not falsify facts, it leaves the mind unsatisfied. Charles II., the Duke of Monmouth, Buckingham, and the Earl of Arran, all figure in her narrative, but rather as fantastic masks than in the semblance of their real individuality. Warned, perhaps, by experience, her succeeding production, "The Earl of Warwick," was put forth honestly as an historical novel; and, as such, it is deserving of the highest praise. Still scrupulously exact as history, it is full of interest and adventure; and embraces the period extending from the accession of Edward IV. to the death of Warwick.

This work was followed by one of a similar nature; the hero who gives his name to the book being the Prince de Carency, the younger son of John of Burgundy, Count de la Marche, the kinsman of Charles VI. of France. The scene of much of the story is laid at Madrid, where the author's intimate acquaintance alike with the place and the people adds greatly to the interest of the narrative; it, however, wanders to Italy, and even to the East. A few improbabilities, and an occasional negligence, detract in some degree from its merit; but, as a whole, the work is highly creditable to the talents of the writer; while the tone of scrupulous morality by which it is pervaded does no less honour to her principles.

Mademoiselle Geneviéve de Beaucour (subsequently MADAME DE SAINT ONGE) was the only daughter of M. de Gillot, Sieur de Beaucour, and of Geneviéve Gomès de Vasconcelles, who

Digitized by Google

was herself well known in the world of letters. She produced several works, which became popular; and among the rest the "Modern Ariosto," and half a dozen novels, which have been long forgotten.

M. de Beaucour, who was a parliamentary advocate, and a man of considerable erudition, vied with his wife in cultivating the early-developed talents of the little Geneviéve, who received an excellent education, by which she largely profited. Her earliest prepossession was in favour of theatrical composition, and she accordingly produced both comedies and operas, which achieved a certain success: but her principal work, and one which may really be regarded as a literary curiosity, is a "Secret History of Don Antonio of Portugal," which she professes to have compiled from a MS. found among the papers of her grandfather Gomès, the brother of Scipio de Vasconcelles, who shared the evil fortunes of Don Antonio, and the confidence of the princes his sons. As a matter of private history, this work, assuming its veracity, is invaluable; nor does there appear any reason to doubt the assertion of its author; while it is at least certain that the whole narrative has an air of truth and fidelity, which bears strong evidence to the correctness of the statement. One little ballad, written by this lady, has attracted me by its playfulness; and I believe that I shall be forgiven if I venture to vary my article by its insertion in an English dress:—

"When a lover, young and fond,
Never from us seeks to rove,
Wherefore should we look beyond?
It were folly not to love!

When we see a faithless one,
Every eye and lip can move,
Here one hour, the next one gone,
It were folly then to love!

When we're free to weave a chain,
Time and sorrow fail to prove,
Worn without regret or pain,
It were folly not to love!

When or doubts or fears arise,
That our charms have ceased to move,
And chilling glances meet our eyes,
It were folly then to love!

When our youth is gay and bright,
And glittering visions round us rove,
When all about us breathes delight,
It were folly not to love!

When a suitor bold and vain,
Persists while we in scorn reprove,
And asks to be beloved again,
It were folly then to love!

Digitized by Google

ENVOI.

Love, the earliest-born of faith,
  Makes youth's pathway fair and smooth,
Whispering low beneath his breath,
  It were folly not to love!
When he holds us in his thrall
  False and faithless does he prove;
And thus I declare to all,
  'Tis insanity to love!"

MADEMOISELLE CATHERINE BERNARD, who was born at Rouen in 1662, was the distant relative of Corneille and Fontenelle, the latter of whom took great interest in her literary success. From an early age she had been accustomed to hear her parents exult in their connexion with those two celebrated men; and, impelled by a spirit of emulation, it was not long ere she began to test her own powers of composition. As is almost universally the case with the young and enthusiastic, she commenced her career of authorship in verse; and poured forth, comparatively without effort, sonnets, madrigals, epigrams, and ballads. Then, pluming her wing for a higher flight, she turned her attention to the stage, and wrote several rhymed comedies. Having abjured the Protestant faith, in which she had been reared, and encouraged by the praise of Fontenelle, she proceeded to Paris; where, through the kind offices of her kinsman and patron, she soon became favourably known to the poets and philosophers of the capital, and produced many graceful fugitive pieces. The fact of her obtaining several academical prizes soon secured to her a species of celebrity; which was the more willingly acknowledged as her agreeable manners and amiable disposition endeared her to those who sought her acquaintance, among whom were many persons of high rank and station. The Paduan Academy of *Ricovrati* conferred upon her the honour of membership; the Countess de Pont-Chartrain gave her a pension; and subsequently a second, amounting to six hundred annual livres, was bestowed upon her by the sovereign.

The greatest literary triumphs of Mademoiselle Bernard were, however, her historical romances; one of which, entitled "Eleonor d'Yvrée," is written with such extraordinary grace and delicacy, and with so much deep and earnest feeling, that some of her critics have not hesitated to attribute many of its beauties to the pen of Fontenelle; alleging that, from the extraordinary interest which he evinced in her success, nothing could be more natural than that he should lend the aid of his talent to the embellishment of her works. This assertion appears to me, I confess, however, extremely doubtful; it being essentially the privilege of a woman to analyze and depict those subtle feelings of the heart, and

Digitized by Google

those more minute shades of character, which men, even of the most brilliant imagination, frequently overlook, or disregard; and herein lies the great charm of our author's style. Her plots are well and skilfully developed; her fable interesting; and her historical episodes faithful, and cleverly merged in the narrative; but her excellence lies, as I have already remarked, in the delicate handling of that inner life which it requires the eye of a woman to discern, and the hand of an artist to portray.

To "Eleonor d'Yvrée" succeeded a second novel, "The Count d'Amboise," which, with a more involved plot, contains the same beauties of style and composition; after which Mademoiselle Bernard, by the advice of Fontenelle, produced the tragedy of "Laodamia, Queen of Epirus," which obtained considerable success on the stage, although as a closet-play it is far from being attractive. Her next essay was more fortunate in conception; but nevertheless the tragedy of "Brutus," as compared with that of Voltaire, who doubtless appreciated at their just value the extraordinary capabilities of such a subject, is a decided failure; and as such she probably considered it when, by the advice of Madame de Pont-Chatrain, she once more turned from the stage to the closet, and produced her delightful romance of "Inez of Cordova." Among the minor poems of Mademoiselle Bernard is a fable called "Imagination and Happiness," full of grace and poetry; which Voltaire, irritated by the mistaken zeal of some of the lady's injudicious friends, by whom he was reproached with plagiarising certain passages from her tragedy, persisted in attributing to M. de la Parisiere, bishop of Nismes. Mademoiselle Bernard, born in 1662, died in 1712, having ably sustained the literary reputation of her family.

Henriette Julie de Castelnau, Countess de Murat, whose writings we are next about to consider, was the daughter of the Marquis de Castlenau, Governor of Brest, who died of a wound which he received at Utrecht. Her maternal grandfather was the Count de Dangnon, marshal of France; and she herself became the wife of the Count de Murat, a colonel of infantry, and brigadier of the royal army. Witty, beautiful, and gifted with a spirit for intrigue, she shortly after the death of her husband involved herself in some political cabal; an imprudence which the king resented by exiling her to Auch, where she remained until the regency of the Duke of Orleans, who recalled her to Paris. So long a banishment had, however, crushed the sanguine and enthusiastic spirit of Madame de Murat; and she had only returned to the capital a few months when she died, before she had attained her fiftieth year.

Digitized by Google

In addition to the Memoirs of her own life, which possess all the interest of a romance, and are written with grace and ease, Madame Murat produced several novels; the first, which is entitled "The Effects of Jealousy," is founded on the melancholy history of the beautiful Françoise de Foix, Countess of Chateaubriant, whose eventful life and frightful death are narrated with a mingled brilliancy and pathos which captivate the sympathies of the reader. The court of Francis I. is painted with a master-hand; although, as has been almost universally the case with all French writers, the character of the dissolute and unprincipled monarch is invested with a chivalry to which it cannot fairly advance any claim.

The second, which is purely a work of imagination, bears the extraordinary title of "The Hobgoblins of Kirnosi," a title which for a time tended to diminish its popularity; as it became better known, however, the ingenuity of the tale and the playfulness of the style overcame the prejudice which originally existed against it; and it is now justly regarded as the best production of her fluent and prolific pen. The "Hobgoblins of Kirnosi" were succeeded by a collection of Fairy Tales, which although less known than those of Madame d'Aulnoy, may safely be declared to vie with them in merit. They perhaps display less invention, but they are so gracefully and gaily written, so full of fancy, and so brilliant in imagery, that they cannot fail to be read with pleasure. The last work of Madame de Murat "The Country Journey," is a collection of tales, supposed to be narrated by a party assembled in a provincial château, many of which are singularly entertaining; and among others certain ghost-stories, which are told with such an air of truth, as to be positively startling. I may mention another of her novels, called "The Count de Dunois," of which the period is once more that of Francis I.; but in order to give my readers an idea of the more serious style of Madame Murat, and how thoroughly she can forget her feelings of authorship where her heart is interested, I will make a few extracts from her Autobiography, which will, if I do not deceive myself, be found to justify the preceding remarks:—

"I am of illustrious birth, both on my father's and my mother's side. My first misfortune was that of being born too soon. My mother had barely attained her sixteenth year when I came into the world; and as she had no other child for a period of ten years, I was regarded as the heiress of my family. My mother was too young to endure to see a daughter grow up beside her who must ere long betray her age; and I was consequently consigned to the guardianship of a grandmother, who felt for me all that blind admiration which persons advanced in life sometimes evince towards children in whom they hope to see both their race

Digitized by Google

and their name perpetuated. Her only care was to impress upon me a high sense of my personal merits and high birth, and to inspire me with the same vanity in both as she herself felt; and consequently, the first thing which I learnt was that I was beautiful, and might aspire to the highest rank. In this vanity I was reared; and I had already reached my eleventh year, when my mother gave birth to a son, who no sooner saw the light than my grandmother transferred to him all the love which she had previously lavished upon myself. I no longer listened to flattering comments upon my beauty, or to assurances of the splendid fortunes which awaited me; my brother absorbed all the plaudits. They next sought to inspire me with a taste for a conventual life, and finally I was given to understand that such was to be my future destiny."

The Marquis de Castlenau, however, aware that his daughter had no *vocation* for the cloister, proposed to her to allow herself to be carried off by M. de Murat, in order to escape the reproaches of his wife; and, on the pretext of pursuing the ravisher, he conducted the young Henriette to Provence, where she gave her hand to her unknown suitor. The marriage proved an unhappy one, and the cruelties of her husband ultimately compelled the countess to abandon her home; while the fact of her evasion having been assisted by a nobleman who had conceived a passion for her, caused it to be generally reported that she had forsaken her husband to attach herself to the fortunes of a lover. Incensed by the insult, Madame de Murat at once proceeded to Paris, but as she was utterly without resources, calumny became still more busy with her name: in vain did she apply alike to her mother, and the man whose name she bore, for the means of subsistence; they remained deaf to her appeal; and while she was endeavouring by every means in her power to effect a separation, which might at least enable her to exist, her mind was harassed, and her dignity wounded, by the misrepresentations of the censorious and the uncharitable. Among those who had interested themselves in her misfortunes was a magistrate who had undertaken her cause, and whose son, M. de Saint-Albe, from being frequently brought into contact with the unhappy and destitute young wife, conceived a violent passion for her. This he however cautiously concealed, until having heard her disrespectfully spoken of by the Marquis de Montalzac, his indignation so far overcame his prudence that he challenged him, and thus compromised beyond all hope the reputation of the woman whom he loved.

This hurried sketch brings us once more back to the narrative of Madame de Murat :—

"Saint-Albe," she says, "had scarcely recovered from his wound, when his father died; and, fortunately for the son, he died so suddenly that he had not time to sign a will, by which he would have been disinherited. The first use that Saint-Albe made of his inheritance was to offer it to me.

Digitized by Google

He wrote to tell me that I was mistress of the whole of his fortune, and he besought me to permit its transfer to myself for an important reason. His family were anxious that he should marry; and as it was, he declared, impossible for him to consent to do so, he trusted that he should liberate himself from their importunity by disposing of his property, and thus proving to them that his alliance had ceased to be desirable.

"Although this proposal appeared to me to be extravagant, I could not remain insensible to the generosity by which it had been prompted; but at the same time I became aware of the misfortune of being loved by a man, who the more capable he showed himself of performing an action of heroism, would only the more surely compromise my character; and, moreover, what persecution had I not to apprehend from his family, if they should ever suspect that he had made me such a proposition? This terror was increased by a consciousness that I was agreeably flattered by so great a proof of his regard; and that it would be impossible for me to remain long insensible towards a man who continually gave me fresh reasons to esteem him.

"The conduct of Saint-Albe, however, taught me what ought to be my own; I resolved not only to refuse his offer, but to urge him to consent to the projected marriage. I told him that he would irretrievably ruin me by persisting in his purpose; but that, if he wished me to love him to the close of my existence, he must obey the orders of his relatives; and that I besought of him to do so in order to spare my reputation. My reply overwhelmed him with grief, he became seriously ill, but still he perpetually wrote to urge my consent to the donation; which I as constantly refused; and meanwhile I continued to impress upon him the propriety of his immediate marriage."

The pertinacity of Madame de Murat at length produced its effect. M. de Saint-Albe became the husband of a wealthy heiress, towards whom he evinced an indifference which was interpreted to the disadvantage of the countess, who thus found a new sorrow superadded to those by which her life was already embittered. Both the mother by whom she had been forsaken in her trials, and the brother by whom she had been superseded in the affections of her family, died a short time subsequently, and she once more found herself in affluence—rich in all save happiness, and a good name. A few years passed, and then the Count de Murat in his turn died, leaving his wife free. This, as she herself confesses, was the most trying period of her life. She remembered with regret that had she not herself urged the marriage of Saint-Albe, she might still have looked forward to an union with one whom she both loved and honoured. It may be remembered that in speaking of this autobiography, I said that it was as full of interest as a romance; I should have been justified had I stated that it was a romance in fact. Madame de Saint-Albe fell a victim to smallpox; and as she left no children, her fortune reverted to her family, leaving her husband comparatively poor. For a time, however, the widowed lovers did not meet. Saint-Albe was keenly alive to

Digitized by Google

the fact of his own poverty, and Madame de Murat's wealth; and discouraged by the inequality of their circumstances, he resolved to leave France; nor was it until, by the exertions of a mutual friend, he was compelled to believe that the countess might be prevailed upon to become his wife, that he consented to forego his intention. The marriage which ensued was one of almost uninterrupted happiness, but it was fated to be of short duration, M. de Saint Albe having been fatally wounded in an engagement, in the very flower of his age:—

"Saint-Albe [says his widow] had displayed, at the battle of ——, all the proofs of ability and valour which were to be expected from an officer of his reputation. Having advanced too far from his post in order to reconnoitre the enemy, he received a musket wound in his body, which did not at first appear so dangerous as it ultimately proved. Immediately that he was hurt he wrote to assure me that the wound was slight, and to beseech of me not to be alarmed. I loved him too tenderly, however, not to experience great uneasiness, and I lost no time in reaching ——, whither they had conveyed him. He remained for two or three days in a state which caused us to hope that the injury was not a mortal one, but suddenly so great a change took place that we began to fear for his life; the fever increased; and there was no longer room to doubt that an abscess had formed in his chest. He was the first to be aware that all remedies were useless, and that he was about to die. He no sooner became convinced of this than he called me to his bedside, and having desired the attendants to withdraw, he said firmly: 'Do not deceive yourself, my dear wife, with any hope of my recovery; whatever others may tell you, I feel that we must soon part. All is over, and I must resign an existence which was only dear to me while it enabled me to protect and to love you. I have lived happily, because I had obtained your affection; and it was to the hope of rendering myself less unworthy of that affection that I owe the little reputation I have acquired. I have endeavoured to live like a man of honour, and to do my duty, because I was your husband, and that without your love I should not have been what I am. Farewell;' he added, embracing me; 'farewell, for the last time.'

"While Saint-Albe spoke thus, I was in a pitiable state. I bathed his hands with my tears; I wept and sobbed; and I know not which of us was at that moment the greatest object of compassion. They carried me to my bed, where I remained insensible for two or three hours. I then wished to return to him, but I was not permitted to do so; nor did I find myself free until he had breathed his last sigh. Every one was absorbed in grief; all the attendants were in tears; the soldiers collected in groups to look upon him, and to kiss his hand. The officers withdrew in silence, and had not the courage to oppose my entrance. I reached the chamber in which he had just expired; I saw him lifeless. Oh, God! what a spectacle was that! I know not how it was that I did not die of grief, but I restrained my tears to perform towards him the last sad duties—"

I could add to these slight sketches of the literary women of France in the Seventeenth Century, many more, which would, as I trust and believe, tend to rescue their memory from the suspicion which now attaches to it among the generality of English readers; who having based that opinion upon the

Digitized by Google

writings of several among them whose celebrity in their own country was due to the very qualities which we condemn in our own, have not cared to look further. Here, however, I must terminate my task; and I do so with the less regret, as I feel convinced that should I, through want of sufficient ability, have failed to accomplish the end which I had in view, I shall at least obtain credit for the honesty of my purpose.

THE WORRIED BISHOP;

OR, WHEN WAS KINDLY DEED BARREN OF BLESSING?

I.

"You'll repent, Mr. Gladwin, you'll repent," said that reverend gentleman's helpmate, fixing her dark, flashing eyes upon him, and raising with an admonitory gesture her taper forefinger—a movement which was generally the prelude to a rattling lecture—"let what I now say, sink deep, *deep*, in your memory—YOU'LL REPENT!"

"Yes! Fanny, dear, yes: I hope I shall!" observed the other, meekly; "we should all do so; we have ample reason!"

"Don't repeat to me such horrid truisms," returned the lady, sharply; "truisms which you are particularly careful to elaborate every Sunday; and well you may! You've need; no man more!"

"On what ground?"

"On that of your frightful, awful, indefensible, and criminal obstinacy in retaining under your roof that idle, volatile, laughter-loving, ne'er-do-well, Cecil Wray. With a curacy of only 90*l.* per annum, and no private property—remember that, Mr. Gladwin—no private property: what right have you to harbour such an unprofitable dependent?"

"He is an orphan, Fanny."

"So are thousands beside."

"There is no vice about the lad," continued the curate, in a deprecating tone.

"I make no accusations," rejoined Mrs. Gladwin, severely; "Cecil Wray is harmless and popular; a good cricketer; a crack shot; a superb ventriloquist; and a prime favourite in

Digitized by Google

the nursery: but why are *we* to maintain him? why is his home to be with *us?*"

"Because, Fanny," and Gladwin's voice became suddenly tremulous; "his father succoured me when all my quondam patrons frowned; and because his father and mine were brother Masons,—members of the same lodge,—and bosom friends. These, Fanny, are facts not to be forgotten."

"Well," said the lady softening, "if he had money I should not object, perhaps; if he had money, that would make a difference—a very marked and immediate difference."

And the cautious housewife spoke with unusual deliberation.

"If he had money," interrupted Gladwin, with unwonted vehemence; "he should not remain in my household an hour, to be an object of discussion between us; it is because he has *no money*, Fanny, that I shelter him!"

"Now I've done with you!" and Mrs. G. started to her feet: "no more debate this night! No! I've finished! when I *do* converse, I desire, sir, to have for my hearers reasonable beings. Oh, Mr. Gladwin! where will your unaccountable prepossessions bring your unhappy wife and your smiling children? The avenue is long, but at the end of it stands—*the* WORKHOUSE!" And, with a most alarming sob, Mrs. Gladwin waived her hands despairingly, and vanished from the apartment.

"I must put an end to these painful discussions by some means;" said poor Gladwin, mournfully, when he was once more alone; "they worry me beyond expression: the daily struggle with poverty is sufficiently crushing without the addition of family discord. Employment must be found for Cecil. Some berth must be procured for him. But through what channel, and where?"

And the saddened and heart-wearied man fell into a train of painful musings.

II.

"Governor!" said a joyous voice; and a mirthful, happy-looking face peeped cautiously into the study; "do I interrupt you? Pray forgive me. One minute's attention—only one—I'm off for London on Monday; and,—with your permission,—will take Harry with me."

"London—Harry—Monday; what may all this mean?"

"That I am about to pay my dutiful respects to the bishop;" returned the young man gaily; "Colonel Western has furnished me with a valuable letter of introduction; you have long wished to place Harry on the foundation at Charter-house,—or, if such a boon could be granted,—to secure for yourself an offer

Digitized by Google

of one of the bishop's small livings. Let me try if either object can be effected."

"*By you!*" exclaimed Mr. Gladwin, in amaze; "by *you*, of whom his lordship knows nothing! A day dream! a day dream!"

"A reality," returned the other; "if you will let Harry accompany me. His looks will win his own cause; moreover, the colonel—an old college friend of Bishop Umphelby—has worded his letter very strongly; come, dear governor, give your assent."

The curate still hesitated.

"As to the money part of the affair," said the young man, colouring, "all that is provided for; I have my quarter's allowance still untouched; all we want is the monosyllable—'Go.'"

"A fruitless journey, Cecil! It will end but in disappointment and chagrin!"

"Not so,' cried the other, joyfully; construing this remark into consent: "Take a hint from the Chartists, sir: '*Have faith in the future!*'"

III.

The town house of Bishop Umphelby was in a gloomy part of London. A court-yard badly paved and untidily kept; but let Sydney Smith describe it.

He calls it "A lying dwelling. Outside,—all gloom, smoke, and misery. Within,—prog, prog, everlastingly. The mansion overflows with good cheer. Call when you will, you meet a man with a napkin. There is always a tray going in or a tray going out. Its inmates seem to dine at all hours. Or rather, to be *for ever dining!* The Right Reverend Father is beyond all doubt given to hospitality."

The prelate had made a hearty breakfast; his digestion was in capital order; and he was in rare good humour when Wray and little Harry Gladwin presented themselves. Colonel Western's letter was a ready passport. They were admitted into the bishop's presence forthwith. He scanned his visitors attentively; then turned to the colonel's letter; gave it a second perusal; and, after a pause, said deliberately and seriously:—

"I should think this is about the 119th Psalm—I mean child—that I've been asked within this twelvemonth to help into Charter-house. People fancy, I believe, that there is a vacancy for a foundation scholar in that establishment every time St. Paul's strikes the hour. A monstrous fallacy!"

Cecil bowed. He saw he was expected to do something; and he fancied his safest movement was a bow.

Digitized by Google

"But," proceeded the bishop, "in deference to my old friend, Colonel Western's wishes, I will write to two of the governors; to Dr. Fisher, which will avail but little; and to Lord Sidmouth, which will avail still less: but I will write. Can you read, boy? Let me hear you:" and the bishop handed a volume lying near him to the listening and eager Harry. It was a strange book to be found in such a presence. Where all spoke of wealth, and luxury, and refinement, what room could there be for "The Miseries of Human Life?" Yet there lay the volume at hand, open, as if the prelate had just been conning its contents.

"Here," cried the dignitary, pointing to a particular page; "read me three consecutive sections, and *audibly*."

The boy obeyed; read well; without tremor or hesitation. The concluding paragraph was so quaintly expressed, and conveyed so droll an idea, that the bishop's presence failed to repress Harry's sense of the ludicrous; and, after completing his task, he burst into a joyous, ringing laugh.

"The boy has humour," said the great man, approvingly: "do you know, young gentleman, by whom that book was written?"

"I have heard, my lord, by *a very serious* clergyman."

The hit was hap-hazard; but it told.

The prelate eyed the speaker keenly for a moment, and then laughed heartily. "No! No! Poor Beresford was not serious. Ho! Ho! He was an Oxford man; a fellow of Merton: held Kibworth — a capital living — and maintained an admirably appointed household; but as to being serious—ho! ho! ho! Never, never!" His lordship again eyed Harry; some idea seemed to strike him; suddenly ringing the bell, he said to the fat butler who answered it, "Plumper! take this young gentleman into the eating-room, and see that he has some substantial luncheon. Attend to him yourself; and give him half a glass of Madeira in a goblet of spring water." Harry here hinted that this arrangement was not needed. "I pay no attention to disclaimers from school-boys," pursued the churchman. "I know what they're worth. I'm quite sure that you need refreshment. Go! And now"—addressing himself to Cecil—"for my letter to Dr. Fisher." He drew his writing materials towards him as he spoke, and began.

But his lordship made little progress.

An audacious mosquito-gnat, devoid of all reverence for his capacious wig and right reverend ears, commenced a droning, and a whizzing, and a buzzing, which thoroughly bothered the learned writer. The bishop pished and pshawed, dodged, changed his seat, his table, moved to another part of the room. To no

Digitized by Google

purpose. Wherever he fled the buzz and whizz followed him; and the worst of all was that he whirled and whisked his episcopal handkerchief at random and without result; for though he strained to a painful pitch his right reverend eyes through his gold double eye-glass, no mosquito fly, young or old, could he spy. At length his patience and breath being exhausted, Plumper was summoned. That corpulent functionary listened for some seconds, and then wheezed out:—

"I can't see it, my lord."

"But you *must* see it, and kill it, and that forthwith," cried the bishop, authoritatively.

"I hear it, my lord; I hear it," responded the butler in a submissive tone.

"I did not summon you to hear it," said his master, with calm dignity; "but to catch it, and to kill it."

This was sooner said than done; for, from some unaccountable cause, the buzzing, and the whizzing, and the whirring became louder than ever: insomuch that Plumper, with the gravity and importance of a man conscious of enunciating some unlooked for and valuable discovery, ejaculated:—

"My lord, I conceive there must be two of them."

"Two? A dozen!" cried his lordship, desperately. "Summon Betts; he's a younger man, and his sight may be clearer."

Betts, the valet, now arrived; only to say (he belonged to "Silly Suffolk")—"I never see such a fancy! I fear me these be the cholera flies! I'm wholly *stammed!*"

Meanwhile to what point soever the bishop moved, there the noise appeared to centre. A dozen mosquito-gnats, at least, seemed buzzing around his well-wigged head.

"This *is* dreadful!" cried he, piteously—"dreadful! What, will *no one* free me from this intolerable visitation?"

Cecil, who hitherto, strange to say, had remained silent and stationary, now sprang into the air, clapped his hands together smartly, and then lifting the window-sash, threw something out into the courtyard: *he would have been puzzled to say what!* Bowing gracefully to his host, he said, calmly:—

"The annoyance is at an end, my lord: you will be harassed no longer!"

The bishop listened. A perfect and most welcome stillness had succeeded.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you; more than I can readily express. And I will word my letter——."

"The Dean of Westminster, my lord, by appointment," said Plumper, ushering in a diminutive, but most intellectual-looking personage.

Digitized by Google

"Ah! true: now I remember. Our interview, sir, is ended," and the bishop turned to Cecil; "but see me to-morrow, at eleven precisely."

The youth bowed; sought out Harry; and withdrew.

The scapegrace! What brought a broad grin upon his countenance as he crossed the court-yard, which deepened and deepened, till it exploded in a hearty laugh as he passed under an archway, and emerged into the street?

IV.

No want of punctuality could be alleged against Cecil in matters of business. He was at his post to a minute. He found the Churchman employed in consigning to his waste-basket three-fourths of a pile of letters which the morning delivery had brought him; but prepared with a smiling welcome for his young visitor, and bent on redeeming his pledge forthwith.

"I regretted," said he, courteously, "being obliged to dismiss you so abruptly yesterday; but the interval has been turned to account. I have remodelled my letter to the Master of Charter-house; and have couched my request in other and stronger terms. I have said——"

The bishop paused,—looked up,—and listened. There was no mistaking it. Buzz—buzz—buzz—his invincible tormentors were again attacking him; were again whirring around his capacious wig.

"I will speedily end this," said the prelate, rising, but looking considerably aghast—"follow me into my morning room; and may I trouble you to bring my writing materials with you?"

The transit made,—"Now," continued he, cheerfully,—"now that we are safe from these irritating intruders—if there's one insect I've an antipathy to more than another it is towards the entire genus mosquito—I may say with some degree of comfort——"

The word had scarce passed from his lips when drone—drone—whiz—whiz—seemed to rise from every corner of the apartment. The mosquitoes, in all varieties, were holding carnival.

"Ugh!" cried the bishop. "I shall be eaten alive!"

V.

The bell was rung. Betts was put in requisition, only to say with staring eyes and open mouth, that he "could see nothing;" that he was "wholly surprised;" that the "*hornets* must be *in* the ceiling; if not," that he "was altogether and entirely *stammed!*"

Digitized by Google

"Mr. Wray, can *you* not help me?" cried the bishop anxiously.

Thus addressed, Cecil advanced a step or two, sprang into the air, and made a clutch with his hand. A diminution of noise followed. After a minute's pause came a second leap and snatch. Less noise still. A third movement; and there was perfect silence.

"The annoyance is over, my lord," said the young man, quietly. Holding out his hands, which were firmly clutched, he remarked, "I had better take my prisoners into the hall, and dismiss them at the outer door."

"Kill them!" said the prelate, quickly,—"kill them by all means!—exterminate them, or they will visit us again!"

Cecil took the hint, and withdrew. On his return a few minutes afterwards, the standish was again brought forward, and the letter completed, addressed, and signed. Wray momentarily expected its passing into his possession. The writer, however, paused over his performance; and then gazed long and kindly into his young visitor's earnest eyes. He spoke at last, and with feeling.

"Letters like these, Mr. Wray, are read, and thrown aside. They meet with a civil answer, but are barren of results. I have *no hold* over Dr. Fisher. *I have nothing to give him in return!*"

The tone in which this latter remark was made conveyed a world of meaning.

"I only wish I could serve you in some other way. Believe me, the will is not wanting if I had the power."

"Say you so, my lord?" cried Cecil, earnestly.

"I do," returned the prelate, in a cordial, hearty, tone.

"Then you will, perhaps, listen to what I learned accidentally this morning. Mr. Wharrham, vicar of Tingeworth, is dead."

Dr. Umphelby started.

"The benefice is *very* small——"

"About £180. per annum," suggested the bishop, correctingly.

"Will your lordship collate to it my kind benefactor, Mr. Gladwin: a curate of unblemished character, and of twenty-two years' standing in your lordship's diocese?"

"So! Mr. Warrham is dead!" said the prelate, musingly. "How did he die? Suddenly?"

"Yes, my lord, in an apoplectic fit. It seized him when at table."

"Ah!" cried the bishop; "I always apprehended that fate for him. He was not an abstemious man. He had many excellencies, and but one fault—a very great, a very grievous, a

Digitized by Google

very heinous fault: he did not curb his appetite: he clung to creature-comforts. Sad! sad! He may be said to have dug his own grave!"

And the bishop shook his head reprovingly.

"But, as to Mr. Gladwin, my lord?" suggested Wray, "harking back" to the main subject.

"He has served a fair apprenticeship," was Dr. Umphelby's comment.

"And on ninety pounds per annum," added his earnest advocate.

"True! That fact—a weighty one—should not be forgotten. Ah! of how many, and daily privations, must it not have been the parent!" And the prelate fell into a deep reverie.

Cecil let him muse on. The fruit of such meditations could not, he felt, be other than favourable to his suit.

The bishop's reverie—a long one—ended, he glanced keenly at his young visitor, and murmured slowly, as if seeking to revive past impressions.

"Wray!—Wray!—that name is not unfamiliar to me. Are you related to a Colonel Wray, late of the 72nd?"

"His son, my lord?"

"Ah! I have often heard my dear and only brother, Major Umphelby, speak of him. They were warmly attached and fell in the same engagement. His son! Is it really so?"

And the aged dignitary's gaze was again directed towards, and rivetted on his visitor's changing countenance, till the dark, intelligent, eye was dimmed with tears.

"We must not dwell on these blows"—continued he, mastering with a strong effort his emotion—the past is beyond our control: not so the present. And how is it that I find you with Mr. Gladwin? Is he a relative?

"No! my Lord."

"Your guardian?"

"Yes! in the truest sense. But by no legal arrangement; simply from the suggestions of his own benevolent heart. My father and he were friends from youth, and brother Masons."

"Ah! then there *is* a tie, a stringent tie among that fraternity, as my brother has often told me. He was a Mason and deeply attached to the order. I remember many years ago——"

A London rat, tat, tat, in the most approved style, and by no common proficient, startled the speaker. He rang his bell to the servant who answered it. "No visitors, Jarvis:—no visitors on any pretext:—I am particularly engaged till three o'clock."

"There are four gentlemen, my lord,—clergymen,"—this last

Digitized by Google

word was emphasized, in the waiting-room, "who are most desirous to see your lordship."

"At three I can receive them; till then I am pre-occupied," Jarvis disappeared. "The vacancy at Tingeworth," added Dr. Umphelby, uneasily, "will prove amply prolific of visitors. Patronage has its penalties."

"Patronage-seekers have theirs," was Cecil's secret rejoinder.

"And so, partly from Masonic feeling and partly from recollections of former friendship, Gladwin, himself on a bare pittance, has been your protector: this is very noble." And again the bishop seemed buried in thought.

"The case then stands thus,"—resumed he, after a prolonged pause. "There is Mr. Gladwin's long period of service and unblemished character: then comes my friend Colonel Western's urgent recommendation; then comes your descent—a fact by no means to be overlooked—the son of my brother's dearest friend; and then——". "Luncheon, my lord!" said Plumper, entering with a low bow, "served in the breakfast-room."

"A welcome interruption," said the Churchman, "for I feel remarkably faint: you *must* stay, sir—you must stay and partake—for after luncheon you shall have my ultimatum as to Tingeworth."

The bishop had, in his own words, made a "slight repast," and done the honours of his table in a very genial style, wound up with a glass of "*parfait amour*;" shut his eyes for ten minutes, and then thus delivered himself.

"Taking into account Mr. Gladwin's services—character—benevolent impulses, and self-denying life (your statements, sir, have not been lost upon me; nor have I forgotten your own tact and address), I pronounce the vicarage of Tingeworth his; and you—*you* shall have the pleasure of taking to him an announcement from myself of his promotion."

The portly dignitary hastily traced a few lines, and handed them to the gratified Cecil. "Now, then," said he, with an air of great relief, "I shall be able to meet all applicants with THE FACT that Tingeworth *is disposed of*."

Within eight hours Cecil and his companion were rapidly passing up the little gravel walk which led to Gladwin's cottage. Evening had closed in. The wind was moaning among the tall firs. Heavy and continuous rain had fallen during the afternoon. The air was chill: and nature's aspect gloomy. But a fire in July was deemed extravagant: and for frugality sake, candles were waived till bed-time. Affairs within seemed dull. Gladwin was sitting abstracted and silent: while care was evidently busy with his anxious helpmate.

Digitized by Google

"Well, Cecil," cried the former, "the old story, I presume; an attempt and a defeat?"

"Why, no! not exactly — here's an intimation of your preferment to the living of Tingeworth; and under the bishop's own hand."

"What, Tingeworth, with its pretty parsonage and fertile garden? Oh! I *am* fortunate: and I hope thankful—deeply, truly, devoutly thankful!"

"Admirable young man!" cried Mrs. G., with looks wonderfully brightened: "I always said he was full of promise."

"But, Cecil, I owe this to you in some measure, the bishop says: pray explain!"

"Drone—drone—buzz—buzz—" returned the young man with a waggish look and hearty laugh: a look and laugh which Gladwin and his happy wife only fully comprehended many, many, months after they had taken possession of their new home.

THE "GOLDEN ASS" OF APULEIUS.

"ANTIQUITY," says Bishop Warburton, "considered initiation into the mysteries as a delivery from a living death of vice, brutality, and misery; and the beginning of a new life of virtue, reason, and happiness."* It is to illustrate these truths, as exemplified in the connection of Freemasonry with ancient theories respecting the effects of initiation, that I purpose presenting the reader with a brief analysis of the admirable fiction whose title heads this article, and bringing forward such passages as, viewed merely as matters of *coincidence*, cannot but strike the attention of those interested in the present rituals of the Craft.

The work of Apuleius is partly, if not wholly, of Greek origin. Lucius of Patræ was the founder of the fable, which has formed the groundwork of a clever, but coarse, abridgment by Lucian, and of a far superior novel by our author. I am justified in speaking of the "Metamorphoses," or, as from their entertaining character they were popularly called, the "*Golden* Ass" of Apuleius, as a "novelist" *par excellence*; for, to say

* Divine Legation, vol. i. p. 294.

Digitized by Google

nothing of his superiority to any of the Greek romancists, he has constantly furnished materials to the pen of Boccacio, La Fontaine, and a host of imitators of scarcely inferior renown. As to his style of Latinity, I fear that Runkhenius has been over-indulgent, when he lays all his faults to over-imitation of the ancients,* and that the most recent editor, Hildebrand, has acted rightly in criticising his works according to the African standard. But for his matter, we may fairly say that he has blended fables, which have been reproduced even in such simple stories as "The White Cat," with a knowledge of antiquity, and a literary erudition almost unexampled. His thoughts are profound, and—if we take the book *as a whole*—of the highest moral tendency. His language is artificial, and spoilt by an over-straining after ornament; but his powers of description are so versatile and brilliant, that the faults of his phraseology become lost in our wonder and delight at the free play of his fancy, and at his singular skill in giving freshness to stories already known. Moreover, throughout the story, Apuleius, to some extent, plays the part of his own biographer.

So much for our author; now for a brief analysis of the whole story.

The fable opens with the representation of a young man, under the person of the author, starting on his travels with all the mingled feelings of youth in similar circumstances. Well and carefully trained at home, he has imbibed habits of virtue and piety; but, as the progress of the story exemplifies, these qualities are counterbalanced by an inordinate love of pleasure, and a curiosity after the secrets of unlawful arts. "Hence it is," observes Warburton, "that he is represented as having been initiated in all the *corrupt mysteries*, where magic was professedly practised." On arriving in Thessaly, then the grand seat of magical practices, Lucius is allured by the beauty of the servant of his host, and indulges in a thoughtless course of illicit pleasures. But he makes a more profitable acquaintance in the person of a wealthy matron named Byrrhena, who especially cautions him against the vile arts of his entertainer's wife Pamphile. This fable, as Warburton has pointed out, appears to be founded on the "Choice of Hercules." Byrrhena meets our adventurer, pretends to be his relation, and tells him that she brought him up from his infancy: by which is intimated that virtue was most natural to him. She leads him home to her house, which is described as a magnificent palace. One of its principal ornaments is the history of Diana, where the punishment of Actæon

* See his preface to Oudendorp's edition, where he asserts Apuleius "nil sine veterum imitatione scripsisse."

Digitized by Google

is not forgotten, as a seasonable lesson against *vicious curiosity*. And to keep him to herself, she promises to make him heir of all her fortunes. Then taking him aside, she warns him to beware of the mischievous practices of his hostess.

But our young gentleman acts after the general manner of young gentleman who have, for the first time in their lives, the world before them. He indulges in a course of pleasures which the author of the "Tale of a Tub" has described as the avocations of youth of a later date; and having at length worried his favourite into obtaining the secret for him, she makes a mistake in the box containing the charm,—Lucius swallows the wrong one, and is changed into an ass! "This contrivance of the introductory part is artful; and finely insinuates the great moral of the piece, *that brutality attends vice as its punishment:* and punishment by actual transformation was keeping up the popular opinion. His making a passion for magic contribute to this dreadful change is no less ingenious, as it cleared both himself and the mysteries from that imputation; for it appeared that magic was so far from being innocent, that in his opinion it was attended with the severest punishment; so far from being encouraged by the mysteries, that they only could relieve men from the distresses which this vicious curiosity brought upon its votaries; as is shown in the catastrophe of the piece."*

With the same learned authority, I think we may reasonably take the general scope of the fable to be a recommendation of the mysteries as "the certain cure for all the disorders of the will." But it would neither be proper, nor is it necessary, to go through a detailed account of the horrid degradation he undergoes, or of the scenes of vice and uncleanness of which he is made a witness and a partaker, while in his brutalized state.

And now mark what was the remedy for all this. Lucius was to be restored to his own form by eating a rose. That the rose was an emblem of *silence*, and, as such, the occasion of a popular proverb, is well known;† but how was Lucius to obtain the wished-for gift?

Baffled in all attempts to obtain a rose, and on one occasion nearly getting poisoned by a spurious kind of rose, the mysteries are the only medium of hope held out to him. Let us now enter into the details which close the history.

The moon is shining in her full splendour, and the deep silence of the night inspires the worn-out wanderer, just awakened from his slumber, with a confidence in a higher power, and a willing-

* Divine Legation, p. 297.

† Cf. Oliver, Land Marks, vol. i. p. 181, *note;* Warburton, vol. i. p. 302, and Brand's Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 346, sqq.

Digitized by Google

ness to acknowledge that there is a providence that ever rules over the world. That providence is Isis, the goddess worshipped under many names, and mistress of so many various prerogatives. Cheered by the hope of once more returning to himself, he rises briskly, and laves his body, according to the precepts of Pythagoras, *seven times** in the sea: he addresses the goddess under her various titles of Ceres, goddess of fruits, and patroness of the city of *mysteries*, Eleusis; as the heavenly Venus; as the guardian spirit to women in the pangs of childbirth; and as Proserpine, or Hecate, her of the triple face, goddess of the shades beneath. Having besought the favour of this goddess in terms of remorse and anguish, he is again overpowered by sleep.

"I had not closed mine eyes long," he continues, "when a divine face, bearing a countenance to be reverenced even among the gods, raised itself from the midst of the sea. Then by degrees the shining figure, shaking off the waves, seemed to stand before me in its full stature. Its wondrous form I will attempt to describe to you, if the poverty of human speech shall grant me the power, and if peradventure the divinity herself shall vouchsafe me the all-abundant plenty of her fluent eloquence. First, then, her abundant, long, and slightly-curled tresses hung softly down, scattered negligently over her divine shoulders. A crown of varied form surrounded her sublime head with all kinds of flowers, in the centre of which was a flat orb, like unto a looking-glass, whose glittering light denoted the moon. On either side this was fastened to her head by a coil of *snakes*,† beneath which hung down some *ears of corn*."

Those skilled in symbolism will readily perceive the antiquity of many emblems which enter into more modern systems of Masonry. Not that I would, for one moment, be thought to urge anything further than the existence of coincidences sufficient to show the *antiquity* of symbolism throughout all ages of the world, and its systematic application to purposes requiring secresy.

After an enumeration of her various titles, Isis, who, be it remembered is, in Egyptian mythology, the incarnation of *knowledge*, and who, in this very speech, dwells particularly on her worship among the Egyptians "rich in ancient lore,"‡ pro-

* The best collection of authorities on the mystical and religious uses of this number will be found in Meursius, de Denario Pythag. ch. ix. p. 79, sqq., and in the notes of Lindenbrog. on Censorinus de Die. Nat. § 7.

† "These several symbolical attributes, the *lucid round*, the *snakes*, the *ears of corn*, and the *sistrum*, represent the tutelar deities of the Hecatæan, Bacchic, Eleusinian, and Mai mysteries; that is, mysteries in general; for whose sake the allegory was invented. As the black pall in which she is wrapped, embroidered with a silver moon and stars, denote the time in which the mysteries were celebrated, namely, the dead of night; which was so constant and inseparable a circumstance, that the author calls initiation, *noctis societas*."—Warburton, vol. i. p. 300.

‡ "Priscaque doctrina pollentes Ægyptii."—Apul. Metam. § xi. p. 351, ed. Delph.

Digitized by Google

ceeds to prepare Lucius for his restoration to a human form, and for his initiation. I will give the "charge" addressed to Lucius at length :—

"I am here, O Lucius, I am here, pitying thy misfortunes, and favourable and propitious. Cease thy tears, and subdue thy lamentations ; cast away grief. For now, through my providence on thy behalf, hath the day of salvation shone forth for thee. Give, then, an attentive ear to my commands. The day which will be born from this night has been dedicated to me by the religion of all time, at which season—the wintry storms being now appeased, the tempests of the sea assuaged, and the main now safe for ships—my priests, having dedicated to me a new bark,* offer up the first-fruits of traffic. At this festival thou must display neither an anxious nor an irreligious disposition.† For a priest, admonished by me, will, in the very beginning of the procession, bear a crown of roses suspended from a sistrum in his right hand. Straightway, then, without fear, join in the procession, relying on my goodwill; and, as if about to kiss the hand of the priest, bite the roses, and immediately thou shalt cast off that skin of a vile, and by me detested, animal, And fear nought of these things as difficult; for at the same moment at which I come to thee, being at the same time present with thee, I will tell thee what will follow, and will inform my priest, during his rest, what remains for him to do.‡ At my bidding the dense crowd of people will give thee the way, nor, amidst the joyous ceremonies and cheerful spectacle, will anyone be disgusted at the deformed figure thou bearest, nor will any one put a malevolent construction upon the sudden change.§ But do thou remember, and keep it ever treasured up in the innermost recesses of thine heart, that the remaining course of thy life, up to thy last breath, is pledged to my service. Nor is it unjust that thou shouldst devote thine whole life to her by whose bounty you are permitted to live. But thou wilt live blest, yea, glorious, under my tutelary care ; and when, having passed the term of thy natural life, thou shalt descend to the Shades below, there also, in the lower hemisphere, || dwelling in the Elysian fields, thou wilt constantly worship me, thy propitious goddess, whom thou wilt behold shining amidst the darkness of Acheron, and ruling the depths of the Styx."

"Lucius," observes Warburton, "is at length confirmed in his resolution of *aspiring* to a life of virtue. And on this

* "Rudem carinam," not a "rough" bark, for he afterwards speaks of it as "navem faberrime factam." See Oudendorp. The offering here described was made with the view of obtaining safe voyages throughout the year. The festival "of the bark of Isis" is mentioned by Lactant. lib. i. According to the "Calendarium Rusticum," it was held in the month of March.

† My Masonic readers will recognise a similar precept, conveyed in the promise exacted from candidates at initiation and raising.

‡ I have followed Oudendorp's transpositions of this passage, which is extremely corrupt in the ordinary editions.

§ The moral of this is obvious. As the initiated, they would rejoice to see Lucius restored to a state fitting him to partake of their own mysteries.

|| The ancients believed that the infernal regions were situated at the Antipodes. The latter part of the speech may be compared with part of one of the charges.

Digitized by Google

change of his dispositions, and entire conquest of his passions, the author finely represents all nature as putting on a new face of cheerfulness and gaiety. And to enjoy nature in these her best conditions was the boasted privilege of the initiated." *

A splendid description of the procession follows; Lucius bites the roses, and is instantly restored to his human form. The priest *congratulates* him on the happy re-transformation, and exhorts him, henceforth, to devote himself to the service of the goddess; declaring that he who had overcome the danger of robbers, wild beasts, slavery, and the most wearisome journeys, was now beyond the reach of adverse fortune. "Thou art now received," he says, "into the protection of Fortune, but of *fortune with her eyes open*;† of that fortune which, by the splendour of her own light, illumines the other gods likewise. Assume, therefore, a joyous countenance befitting thy white garment, and, in triumphing step, accompany the procession of the goddess who hath wrought thy salvation. Let the uninitiated‡ behold this; let them behold this, and confess their error. Behold! freed from his former griefs, and rejoicing in the providence of the mighty Isis, Lucius triumphs over his fortune. But, to the end that thou mayest be *safer, and better protected, enroll thy name in this holy warfare,* unto which thou wast bespoken not long since;§ dedicate thyself to the duties of our religion, and undergo the *voluntary* yoke of our service. For when once thou hast begun to serve the goddess, thou wilt then the more readily perceive the fruits of thy liberty."

"Here," continues Warburton, "the moral of the fable is delivered in plain terms. It is expressly declared that vice and inordinate curiosity were the cause of Lucius' disasters; from which the only relief was, *initiation into the mysteries.* Whereby the author would insinuate, that nothing was more abhorrent from the holy rites than debauchery and magic; the two enormities they were then commonly suspected to encourage.

"By Lucius' return to his proper form is meant his *initiation;* and accordingly, that return is called (as *initiation* was) the being *born again.*" In fact, the idea of a *new birth* into a greater state of moral purity and intellectual devotion, is a leading feature in the mysteries of all nations; and a *figurative*

* Vol. i. p. 301, Cf. Aristoph. Ran. Act. 1, and the passages collected by John Pricæus.

† Lucius is now removed from a "state of darkness." But his *initiation* is yet to come.

‡ Irreligious.

§ Cujus non olim sacremento etiam rogaberis, *i.e.* by the goddess. See Oudendorp.

Digitized by Google

*death,** as will hereafter be exemplified, was the most natural manner of symbolizing the change. I need scarcely allude to the mysteries celebrated in honour of Adonis—the probable groundwork of the most beautiful legend in Craft Masonry, nor to the like ceremonies in honour of the murdered Osiris.

A description of the breaking up of the Lodge, so to say, terminates with the words λαοῖς ἄφεσις, *i.e.*, "the people may depart," † pronounced by the Secretary or head scribe ‡ of the priesthood, and the assembly breaks up.

So much, then, for the first initiation, or rather purification: now comes the perfection or enlightening. The priest having, in the words above quoted, recommended Lucius to aspire to the higher mysteries, now proceeds to instruct him as to the means of *preparation*. Various precepts touching the diet to be observed, and the chastity and purity of life which was to form the introduction into those higher secrets, follow. "For the day on which the man ought to be initiated, and the priest who ought to officiate at the ceremony, and the *expenses necessary for the ceremony*, would all be pointed out by the providence of the goddess. All these things he bade me endure with cautious patience, and to avoid greediness or contumacy, and, *on the one hand, to avoid hesitating when called, or hastiness when uncalled.* But he declared that there was no one among the initiated so mad, or rather so obstinately bent on destruction, as to dare to undertake a rash and sacrilegious office, and bring upon himself a deadly injury, unless the goddess gave him private admonition. For that the lairs of the Shades, and the preservation of salvation, were in the power of the goddess, and that the traditional rite was celebrated *after the image of a voluntary death* and of *precarious restoration*, seeing that the goddess is wont to choose men whose term of life is accomplished, but to whom the *great secrets* of religion may be safely intrusted, and whom, *born again*, as it were, by her own providence, she brings back again to the course of a new life." At length, the wished-for call is indicated, and the goddess indicates to Lucius that the day is at hand, and instructs him as to the necessary preparations. The priest is equally ready for his office; he *leads Lucius to the doors* of a most

* Compare Clemens Alexandr. Stromat. ii. p. 161, 45 ed. Sylburg, where he explains *death* to mean *ignorance*. The fountains of Lethê and Memory perhaps conveyed a similar import. See Van Dale, de Oraculis, § viii. p. 193.

† Compare the "ite, missa est," of the Roman Catholic formulary. But see Oudendorp. The reading is very doubtful.

‡ See Oudendorp's note on the word γραμματεύς.

Digitized by Google

magnificent temple, and *having celebrated the form of opening*, after the usual rites, and performed the morning sacrifice, he brings out of the archives certain books in hieroglyphical character, from which he gives directions as to the things to be purchased for his initiation into the higher mysteries.

Some more days of ablutions, fasting, and other preparations. Now for Lucius' description of the initiation.

"*All the uninitiated having been sent away*, the priest clothed me in a new linen garment, and, taking my hand, led me into the penetralia of the sanctuary. You will perhaps ask, studious reader, and be anxious to know, what was then done. What was done, ask you? I would tell, if it were lawful to tell; thou shouldst know, if it were lawful for thee to hear. But I will not detain in long suspense you, who are, perchance, in a state of suspense with religious anxiety. Hear, therefore, and believe, for the things I narrate are true. *I approached the confines of death*, and, having trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was carried back through all the elements. *At midnight, I beheld the sun glittering* with clear light; I approached the gods of Hades and of Heaven, and adored them face to face. Thus have I related to you things, *which, although heard by thee, thou canst not know*. . . . After this, I celebrated a most cheerful banquet in honour of my *birth-day into these rites; pleasant was the banquet and lively the entertainment.*"

Such are the brief hints which our author gives as to the character of the mystical ceremonies; hints sufficient to prove that "the truly grand tragedies, the imposing and terrible representations, were the sacred mysteries, which were celebrated in the greatest temples in the world, in the presence of the initiated only. It was there that the habits, the decoration, the machinery, were proper to the subject; and the subject was, *the present and future life.*"* And the spurious mysteries of the ancients, and the Masonic ritual of the modern, have this in common, viz., that they "make the legend of a resurrection from the dead to constitute the chief material in a substituted degree." †

It will be remembered, that in the beautiful charge of the First Degree, obedience to existing rulers is specially inculcated, as a Masonic duty. So we find in Apuleius, that in the rites of Osiris (into which Lucius is finally initiated), they prayed *for the prosperity of all orders in the state.*

I shall not, at present, enter into a discussion of the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche, which forms a large portion of the "Metamorphoses;" but shall merely observe, that it inculcates the same lesson, viz., that *undue curiosity* and immorality are utterly at variance with the qualifications suited to a candidate for initiation. The words of Bulwer, the elegant illustrator

* Volney, quoted in Oliver's Land Marks, vol. xi. p. 159, *note.*
† Oliver, *ibid.* p. 167.

Digitized by Google

of Rosicrucianism, occur naturally to us. "Had he but listened to Mejnour, had he but delayed the last and most perilous ordeal of daring wisdom until the requisite training and initiation had been completed, your ancestor would have stood with me upon an eminence which the waters of Death itself wash everlastingly, but cannot overflow. Your grandsire resisted my fervent prayers, disobeyed my most absolute commands, and in the sublime rashness of a soul that panted for secrets, which he who desires orbs and sceptres never can obtain, perished, the victim of his own frenzy."*

In conclusion, I would wish to say a few words on the real and proper application of ancient authors to the illustration of Masonry. It has been too much the fashion to run the Masonic theory off its legs, and to apply it as a test to writings, things, and persons, merely on the strength of some fancied coincidence. Masonry, as we now have it, is a modification of an ancient principle, and it is the antiquity of the fundamental principles of Masonry which it is most important to prove. Symbolism is older than written language, and so Catholic are its principles, that any system, whether of moral observance, or of mutual recognition, grounded thereupon, must possess a natural universality, liable, indeed, to various changes in detail, but consistent in the mass. The writings of Apuleius, of Diodorus Siculus, Clemens of Alexandria, Jamblichus, and a host of other authors, all present traces of the leading principles of the secret societies of antiquity. Errors have crept into them, as into Masonry, from time to time, and many pure and simple observances have been corrupted; but there has always been a rallying power, even in ancient mysticism; and in all ages, clear-sighted and upright minds have not been wanting to separate the genuine from the spurious, the wheat from the tares. It is for the good Mason not to look upon the work of his Lodge as a series of dead and unmeaning forms, but as an outward representation of some deep and solemn duties, analogous to those forms. Even as those who shared in the genuine mysteries of old were said to become better, wiser, and happier; so should Masonry teach us to live well within ourselves and with our neighbour, and to pass through this world as pilgrims duly prepared for the next.

THEODORE A. BUCKLEY.

* Zanoni, vol. ii. p. 49.

Digitized by Google

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A FREEMASON.

—— Sic me servavit Apollo.

It is not, perhaps, upon the whole, surprising that those, who are unacquainted with the mysteries and privileges of the Masonic Order should be so often found to express their incredulity of the advantages, which are commonly ascribed to an enrolment under the Banners of the Craft.

"There are thousands of men," says the sceptical unbeliever of the "outer world," "who pass through life prosperously enough, and who frequently outstrip their Masonic competitors for the good things of this world, without ever connecting themselves with this mysterious Fraternity; the watchword of the Order contains no charm against the stern decrees of fate; the gaunt shape of poverty and the ghastly gripe of disease are found as unrelenting persecutors of the Mason as they are of their uninitiated fellow creatures: in short, I can trace no benefit, either positive or otherwise, which can be claimed as the exclusive privilege of the Masonic body."

Undoubtedly, such home truths as these are not for a moment to be denied; the Mason shares alike the common lot of humanity with the rest of mankind, and neither claims nor desires any supernatural immunities; but, at the same time he well knows the privileges to which he is entitled, and there are but few among our Order, whose personal experience cannot at some period or other vouch for the benefits attaching to it.

It is not, however, by any means a necessary inference that these advantages must be patent to the world; on the contrary, most of them are necessarily unknown to mankind in general, and it is only by the narration of isolated facts that they can ever become matters of public notoriety.

With a view of recording some curious incidents connected with the Craft, which it is hoped may not prove uninteresting to the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, and which may perhaps seem to illustrate, for the non-Masonic portion of the community, the position which has been laid down, as to some of the advantages to be derived from belonging to the Order, these pages have been sketched out by the author, as containing the history of facts which actually happened to a very dear friend and Brother, whose bright career was prematurely terminated in the very flower of his age, and whose

Digitized by Google

memory will ever survive to gladden the recollection of years long passed away.

It was early in the summer of 18— that W—— left the University of——— for the long vacation. He was about a year junior to myself, and was intending to present himself as a candidate for the honours of "Great-go" in the ensuing term. We had long been friends, and our admission into the Masonic Order on the same day served to cement, still more strongly, our mutual sentiments of regard. I had already arrived at the dignity of B. A., and was about to enter on my professional studies at the Temple. W—— too, had intended to become an aspirant for the wool-sack in course of time, though his own personal predilections were never very strongly enlisted in favour of what he considered so "slow" a course of existence.

And here it may be observed, that from the time of W——'s first admission into Masonry, he was remarkable for the zeal and assiduity which he displayed in his Lodge; and his rapid advancement in the knowledge of his various duties soon pointed him out as a proper recipient for a high official position, to which he would have been appointed the year after his initiation, had he not brought his university career to so abrupt and sudden a termination.

The long vacation of the year 18— at length came to an end, and the bustle and animation of the commencement of a new term once more enlivened the streets and colleges of the university of ——. Frequent groups of undergraduates might be seen discussing the "sayings and doings" of the vacation; various were the stories of the different reading parties which had been dispersed throughout the country; numerous the speculations that A. was probably engaged to Miss B., and that Smith's attentions to Miss Brown were so very unequivocal as to provoke an impertinent inquiry from that highly respectable young lady's brother, as to what might be his ultimate intentions.

Then came a rigid scrutiny of the "Freshmen," and sundry prophecies were hazarded as to the style and character, into which each would become gradually developed; some were put down as irretrievably "slow," and fit for nothing but the reading set, while others were booked to become noted in some of the "faster" and more dashing accomplishments of undergraduate life.

But amidst all this interchange of academic chit-chat, there was an universal inquiry as to what had become of W——; he had not appeared in his usual place in chapel, his seat in hall was vacant, and nobody appeared able to explain his absence.

Digitized by Google

Some few months passed away, and early in the spring of the following year I received a letter from W——, telling me of his arrival in England, and expressing a strong wish to meet me in London in the course of a few days. My pleasure on receiving this welcome intelligence may be more easily conceived than described, and my reader's imagination must picture to himself the happy meeting of two old and cordial friends, after so long and mysterious a separation.

We had dined together, and discussed various topics of mutual interest; after which, W—— intimated his intention of relating to me his history of the last few months: accordingly the fire was poked, another bottle of claret was produced, and W—— proceeded to commence his story, which I shall set before my readers as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"You know," said he, "that it was my intention to have taken my degree last October term, and afterwards commenced my studies for the bar: well, the more I thought of this, and the nearer the time approached when my destiny in life was to be irrevocably fixed, the stronger became my distaste for so confined and sedentary an occupation, and the more desperate were my resolves to break the fetters, which bound me to England, and seek elsewhere a fortune more congenial to my natural taste.

"I had always a *penchant* for the army, but my age, if there were no other reason, would have precluded me from obtaining a commission in the British service. To enlist in the ranks *here* went a little against the grain, and so I turned my eyes to a foreign service, where I knew that every officer must serve for a time as a private soldier; and where by so doing therefore, I should only be acting in accordance with the custom of the country. Next to British troops, I conceived the Austrian army to be the finest in Europe: I am, as you remember, a very fair hand at German, and all things considered, I made up my mind, rashly or not I will leave you to determine, to give up my fellowship, resign the goose-quill, and adopt the sword as my professional emblem.

"But how was this military manœuvre to be accomplished? I was quite sure such a scheme would not be tolerated for a moment by my family, and if I did not wish to be forbidden at the very outset of my career, I well knew secrecy and silence were necessary elements of its success. Accordingly I laid my plans, kept my own counsel, and remained quietly at home till the end of the vacation. And here I must confess to you, my good friend, that it was not without a blush I constrained myself to adopt a course, which savoured but too strongly of a

Digitized by Google

determined and intentional deception. I quitted my father's house, ostensibly to return to college, whilst I fully intended all the time to make as quickly as possible for Dover, *en route* to Paris and Vienna.

"In so doing, I should doubtless have incurred a pretty sharp rebuke from any rigid moralist, who might have been at my elbow, and perhaps I should have deserved it; but what was to be done? Had I breathed a syllable of my plan, it must have failed, and I was determined at all hazards to make the attempt; so I strained my conscience, tried to believe that my end was a good one, and hoped that it would justify the means I was using; a seductive species of philosophy, you will say, but so suitable to my position at that time, that I did not care to dispute its truth.

"Well, there I was then, a truant adventurer, about to seek my fortune in a foreign country, little regretting, it must be acknowledged, the classical haunts I was quitting for ever, and eager only to embrace in some way or other the visions of military glory, in which I had so often indulged.

"My first halt was at Paris, where I intended to remain a few days, for the purpose of making some necessary arrangements for the furtherance of my plan.

"I dare say you remember that, in your undergraduate days, your pockets were generally better filled at the beginning than at the end of a term: so it was with me; but although I could have stood a respectable siege from university 'duns,' I was scarcely in a condition to enter on a campaign, which might last for some months, without the assistance of additional supplies. I had all my baggage with me; and, amongst other things, my Cremona violin, which you have so often listened to in my rooms at ——. This was the most valuable piece of property I possessed, and moreover was the gift of a very kind uncle; which of course, in my eyes, much enhanced its intrinsic worth. Still there was no other alternative—'*necessitas non habet legem*'—and I reluctantly determined on selling my favourite instrument. Accordingly I started in search of such shops as I could find, where my poor Cremona was likely to meet with a purchaser; and tried to drive many a bargain without success. I was too well aware of the value of my violin to let it go for any very inadequate price; and as my immediate necessities were not urgent, I waited a day or two in hopes of some better fortune turning up. And, as you will presently learn, I was more successful in this respect than the redoubtable Micawber.

"Now, you must know, that at this part of my story commences a new chain of circumstances, which will probably invest

Digitized by Google

it with a greater interest for you, as we are Brother Masons, and you will be naturally glad to find of how great service to me has been my connection with the Craft since I left England in the autumn.

"It is singular that I did not think of Masonry before, as a probable means of assistance in my difficulties, and that it was only by accident, as it were, that I availed myself of the benefits of the fraternity. However, on the third day after my arrival in Paris, I shaped out a new course, and determined to drive into some of those singularly uninviting-looking streets situated on the island, which is called by Parisians *L'Ile de la Cité;* and in the centre of which the cathedral of Notre Dame rises with its twin towers, as though it would divert the mind of the passenger from the grovelling scene around him to thoughts of a higher and holier flight.

"I had passed through two very narrow, dirty streets, and come to a sharp angle, where the words *Rue des vieux Coquins* were written up in bold and legible characters. Indeed, thought I to myself, this must be a strange neighbourhood,—the street of old rascals;—but I had nothing of any value with me, and not being of a very nervous temperament, I turned the corner, and walked leisurely along the *Rue des vieux Coquins.*

"To judge from the nature of the trade, which seemed to thrive with the greatest vigour in this strange locality, the inhabitants were principally of the Hebrew faith; and the strongly marked lineaments of the few dirty faces that presented themselves to my notice bore unmistakeable testimony of belonging to the proscribed race. Old clothes, second-hand books, and those miscellaneous wares which in England are characterised as 'marine stores,' formed the staple commercial articles of the street; whilst two or three establishments, known in Paris as *Monts de Piété,* showed that the Parisians were on as familiar terms with their 'aunt' as the Londoners are frequently supposed to be with their 'uncle.'* Nothing, however, seemed to promise much chance of a dealer, who would bid for my Cremona; and I was just going to turn out of the *Vieux Coquins,* when my attention was arrested by observing, in one of the miscellaneous depôts which I have mentioned, a number of violins and other musical instruments disposed for sale. An elderly man, with a remarkably fine beard, a red Turkish cap, and a decidedly handsome set of features, was standing at the door, as though he were

* The slang expression used in England to denote that an article has been pawned, viz. such and such a thing is "*at my uncle's,*" has a corresponding phrase amongst the French, who say of a thing that is pledged, that it is "*chez ma tante.*"

Digitized by Google

on the look-out for customers. I saluted him, and inquired if he were the proprietor of the shop, on which he begged me to enter, and demanded in what way he could serve me.

"I told him briefly what I wanted, described my violin to him, and asked if he were disposed to deal. A discussion then took place as to the value of my instrument; and I was proposing to bring it to my Hebrew friend for inspection, when our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a well-dressed middle-aged man, apparently well known to the Jew, who soon left me in the lurch, and paid the most obsequious attention to the stranger.

"As they were conversing together for some minutes, I had leisure to observe the new comer with attention. He had evidently a taste for jewellery; and, besides the full complement of rings and chains, he wore a large bunch of 'charms,' which would have been sufficient to protect a whole nation against all the evil influences that ever assailed humanity. Conspicuous among these was our well-known emblem of the Square and Compasses. —Ah! thought I, this man is probably a Brother Mason; and as he seems on such good terms with the Jew, he may be of use to me in striking my bargain; at all events there is no harm in making myself known as a member of the Craft. Accordingly, I took an opportunity of signalling the stranger, who immediately responded, took off his hat, and approached to address me.

"Although my French is tolerably good, he had no difficulty in discovering that I was a foreigner; and after some indifferent remarks, I explained to him the object of my visit to the *Rue des vieux Coquins*. 'Stay,' said he, 'I have but a word more to say to the merchant, and then if you will favour me with your company a little way, we will talk the matter over.' I at once assented; and we were soon walking arm in arm towards the Pont d'Austerlitz.

"My new friend informed me that the Hebrew merchant was a well-known character among musicians in Paris; and though not wholly indifferent to the profits of his trade, he was generally considered a pretty fair dealer for a Jew. I must not, however, weary you with too many details. Suffice it to say, that I discovered before long that I had made the acquaintance of M. L——, the most celebrated violinist in Europe. He requested to see my Cremona, which he praised exceedingly, and begged of me not to think of selling it in the *Rue des vieux Coquins*, where, he said, I could not hope to obtain anything like its real value, concluding by making me a very handsome offer, which I was only too glad to accept.

Digitized by Google

"M. L—— invited me to his house, where I experienced the most courteous hospitality; and I had every reason to congratulate myself on having formed so agreeable an acquaintance. Amongst other kind offices, he introduced me to his Lodge, where I had an opportunity of seeing the working of French Masonry.

"I was to have accompanied him to the Grand Orient, but there was no meeting held during my stay in Paris.

"My friend was a very ardent Brother, and was full of anecdotes connected with the Craft. One occurs to me at this moment, which is but little known, and is rather interesting.

"Masonic Lodges have, as you know, been often turned to political purposes in France, and about the year 1807 they attracted some attention in this respect; one in particular, which was chiefly composed of *ouvriers*, was supposed to harbour designs against the emperor. Napoleon was himself a Mason, having been initiated at Malta, when he was on his Egyptian expedition; accordingly he determined to attend the suspected Lodge *incog.* to see if he could detect any treasonable proceedings. He went, accompanied only by two military Brethren, gained admittance, and remained nearly an hour without being recognised; but so convinced was he of the falsehood of the practices attributed to this Lodge, that he ever afterwards looked upon Masons as among the most faithful of his subjects.

"I was now anxious to quit Paris, and proceed as quickly as possible to Vienna. I parted from my friend M. L—— with great regret, and soon found myself alone again on the wide world of adventure.

"I took the route by Munich, where I remained a day or two for the sake of the pictures, which I enjoyed exceedingly; and thence I journeyed direct to the Austrian capital. My first object on arriving was to make inquiries as to the necessary steps to be taken in order to enter into the military service of the emperor; and I soon found that it was no such easy matter as I had anticipated. It appears, that although every officer is obliged to serve in the ranks for a certain time, he is nevertheless appointed as a 'cadet;' and while doing duty as a private soilder, he is admitted to the society of the officers, and is in no way considered in the same light as the ordinary privates of the regiment.

"My dreams of ambition were somewhat damped on learning this. I might certainly, by extraordinary good fortune and almost super-human merit, rise from the ranks to become a general, but I had no wish to risk my chance of being an officer

Digitized by Google

on so frail a security, and so the only thing to be done was to get myself appointed as a 'cadet.' A foreigner without friends, in a strange city, did not seem, according to the usual scale of probabilities, a very likely person to receive any such mark of favour, and I could hardly expect to find in Vienna so kind a friend as I had met in Paris; besides any thought of deriving assistance again from Masonry was out of the question, as I well knew that the Craft is everywhere proscribed throughout the Austrian empire.

"Here, then, was what the Yankees call a 'fix,' and the question was how to get out of it?

"After I had been some short time at Vienna, I wrote a letter to my father, telling him of all I had done, and what I wished to do, begging his forgiveness of the past, and requesting his sanction and assistance for my future plans. It was some time before I received any reply, owing, I believe, to some irregularity in the postal arrangements.

"During this period of supense and anxiety I was certainly far from comfortable, and as the time wore on, and my resources were gradually becoming more and more scanty, I began to form desperate resolutions of entering the army as a common soldier, and recklessly bearing all the inconveniences which such a position would have entailed upon me in a variety of ways. A month passed; six weeks elapsed, and no tidings reached me from home; when one morning I received an intimation from the police authorities, that unless I could give a satisfactory reference to some banker or other respectable person in the city, I must quit Vienna in twenty-four hours.

"This was a worse 'fix' than all, and having nobody else to confide my troubles to, I made a confidant of 'mine host.' The worthy man seemed much distressed at my position, and had evidently the will, though not, as I imagined, the power to help me. By one of those unaccountable impulses to which we are all liable, it suddenly came into my mind that this man might be a Mason. Drowning men catch at straws; this was my last hope, and it proved not to be a vain one. My landlord was a Brother; as soon as he discovered the ties of fraternity by which we were connected, he began to hug me in the German fashion, and displayed the most vehement tokens of delight. I was soon in possession of a satisfactory reference, and was thus enabled to remain at Vienna until I received intelligence from home.

"But then came another difficulty; my funds were all but exhausted, and I was obliged to confess this state of things to mine host. He said I might make myself perfectly easy

Digitized by Google

on that score, as he was quite ready to make me any advances in his power, whilst I was waiting for my supplies from England.

"This was indeed a truly Masonic offer, and under the circumstances I thought I could not do better than accept it in the same spirit in which it was made. In course of time, the long wished-for despatches arrived, containing amongst other things some letters of introduction, of which I availed myself immediately.

"I cannot describe to you the kind terms in which my father's letter was written; it is enough to say that he fully consented to my wishes, and begged me to take no rash steps, as he had already obtained such interest for me as could ensure me a cadetship in one of the crack regiments of cavalry. This was beyond all my expectations, and in conformity with the urgent wishes of my father, I soon made my plans to return to England in order to take leave of my friends and make some necessary arrangements before taking my final departure.

"I repaid the loan to my landlord, at the same time telling him that I could never repay his kindness, which I valued all the more, as being conferred upon an unknown foreigner.

"We parted with the warmest passions of mutual regard, and I hope I shall never live to see the day when I shall forget the large debt of gratitude which I owe to Brother Bertram of Vienna. And now a very few words will suffice to finish my story. I arrived in England about ten days ago. I have seen my family, and I am now come to town on business. I shall remain about another month, and then I start to join my regiment.

"I have spun you a long yarn, as the sailors say, but at all events you have learned from it that there are some advantages in being a Freemason."

* * * * * * *

At this point in the history of my friend W——'s adventures, I shall leave him for the present, and in the next number I propose to set before the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* some further incidents in his life, which are connected in a still more striking manner with the benefits, which he derived from belonging to the Craft.

Digitized by Google

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.*

THIS paper will be neither a diatribe, nor a specimen of flattery inspired by the circumstances which it relates. We have an instinctive horror of political allusions, whatever may be their form; as religion forbids us to praise or commend men of certain notoriety, a sentiment equally high forbids us to condemn them.

We are about to relate a history of devotion from that great epoch, which is called nothing more nor less than an Empire:—

I.

Napoleon had returned to Paris, after a brilliant campaign, surrounded with all imaginable official pomp; he had quitted it, on the contrary, without even announcing his departure, at night, and almost alone.

At six o'clock he was seen at a ball, given by the empress, at the Theatre Français; at eleven he disappeared, dressed in a travelling costume, in a post-chaise, with one aide-de-camp; at daybreak he was thirty leagues from Paris.

Napoleon, whilst his reign lasted, *strove* to surround his throne with those wandering knights, those fierce wrecks of a scattered aristocracy, who were dispersed in all directions, and were to be found in every clime—gloomy and disdainful, like most of those who suffer; who were meditative and unyielding, as it became priests to be whose altars had been polluted, and their cloisters outraged, but who yet remained faithful to those cloisters, and to the remnants that remained of their altars.

Napoleon sometimes succeeded, but more frequently failed.

It was at the commencement of the Spanish campaign, that the emperor was present at a representation of the *Manlius* of La Fosse, performed at the Theatre Français. On leaving the house he found a post-chaise, as has been said, in waiting, together with an aide-de-camp. All being ready for his sudden departure, he embraced the empress hastily and set out. The next evening he was riding over the level ground upon the outskirts of La Vendée, which is still named the *Bocage*. The time of year was winter. The sky was murky and misty; hoar frost sparkled upon the leafless branches of the trees. The

* From the French.

Digitized by Google

frosty ground resounded with a crisp and crashing sound under the wheels of the chaise. The aide-de-camp was shivering.

Napoleon cast his wandering eye over the vast plain, dotted here and there with a few cottages, built on the edge of a moat, or lost in a deep and leafless ravine. To the right of the route, about a mile to the south-west, a sombre mass cast its gigantic shadows along the horizon. Out of this mass stood a bell-turret, the gable end of a building, and a colossal belfry, the ruins of a feudal building of a severe and ancient style of architecture, dating back to the Crusades, and to the sleeping barons of by-gone centuries, and situated upon the brink of a moat.

The emperor was struck with the lofty air of the donjon, and inquired of his aide-de-camp if he knew this country.

"Yes, sire," was the reply.

"What is the name of that château?"

"Kervégan le Bocage."

"Ah!" replied the emperor, recalling his wandering thoughts, "I seem to have some recollection of that name."

"It is one that has an heroic and popular character in Vendée," answered the aide-de-camp.

"Has it not sustained a siege?"

"Yes, sire, in 1794, against the republican troops."

"Do you remember any of the details?"

"All of them, sire; I formed one of the expedition."

The emperor did not reply; but he threw himself back in the carriage, and took the position of a man quite ready to listen.

"I was," said the aide-de-camp, "only a lieutenant of infantry in the corps of General Marceau, who commanded in Vendée. The greater part of the country was subdued; the towns surrendered at once; the country became pacified; some few castles alone held out, with a handful of men. Of this number Kervégan le Bocage was one, where the count of Kervégan and his four sons were entrenched, with a hundred of their ancient vassals.

"My regiment had received orders, by a forced march, to present itself beneath its walls, in order to besiege it, and to grant no quarter, in case the garrison refused an honourable capitulation.

"We set out, feeling certain of achieving a speedy triumph; but the lofty embattlements and strong walls of Kervégan, added to the haughty and determined appearance of the besieged, compelled us, on our arrival, to moderate our hasty enthusiasm.

"The usual demands were made; and we received as our answer a deadly discharge of musketry, which killed many of

Digitized by Google

our troops. The combat thus commenced at about two A.M. lasted until the evening, when the darkness for a time terminated the carnage. The embrasures of Kervégan protected its defenders. We were stationed in the open country, exposed to the fire on all sides; and our losses tripled those of the besieged. A camp was hastily formed, where the colonel held a consultation.

"To scale the walls of this castle was rendered impossible, on account of the width of the moat; the side, bathed by the stream, was alone approachable, supposing that we could escape the vigilance of the sentinels, find boats, and, by favour of the darkness of the night, stretch a straight ladder across the water, and so reach one of the postern gates, which might be forced open by an axe in a few minutes.

"An unattached officer, who had been reconnoitring, suggested this mode of attack. The stream was about a mile in length; it was therefore advised that a troop of a hundred men should depart at once, under pretence of seeking reinforcement from the army of the north, to describe a circle, pass behind the wood, and return by the stream, which widened in the middle, whilst the rest of the regiment, perfectly inactive, should attract and concentrate the vigilance of the besieged upon themselves.

"The command of this expedition was given to myself, and we departed accordingly. After about an hour's march, we reached the middle bank of the stream; and we here found two fishing-boats, and a lighter lashed to them, the latter being a sort of straight bark, which would hold about ten fishermen. I started in the lighter with eight soldiers and two subaltern officers. The rest of my men crowded into the two boats. The night was dark, and the wind whistled and ruffled the water sufficiently to stifle the slight noise of the oars.

"Our boats vigorously pushed forward, and soon arrived under the walls of Kervégan, without an indication, sound, or sign, that we were discovered. By favour of the night, the domain appeared yet more dark and impregnable; and the profound silence and gloom gave it the appearance of an habitation long since deserted.

"My lighter held the first step of the ladder, the last rested against the postern. I placed my foot upon this step; two men followed me, then two others; the ladder would bear no more. It was necessary that the postern should be forced before the men could disembark. I armed myself in a few minutes with an axe; I raised it against the door; a hollow noise resounded, and the door yielded to the blow; one single nail had fastened it.

Digitized by Google

"It opened on a straight corridor, at the end of which were seen the white stone steps of a staircase; but the corridor and staircase were both dark and empty. I entered and four men followed me, a fifth threw himself from the lighter on to the ladder, ready, pistol in hand, to advance as we had done; but on a sudden, and as if it turned upon invisible hinges, the postern closed with a loud noise, and every part became instantly illuminated; from the window of the castle which overlooked the lake, a volley was poured upon the two boats, which in a few minutes were compelled to escape this deadly firing by regaining the opposite shore, encumbered with dead and wounded.

"The noise of the firing guided me; I placed myself at the head of my men, mounted the staircase, and arrived in a very few minutes in a vast hall, lighted by torches; it was full of Legitimist soldiers, armed to the teeth, the chief of whom cried out, 'Surrender, all resistance is useless.' Instead of replying, I raised my pistol the height of his head, and fired.

"He stooped, the ball shattered a glass, at the same time that his soldiers replied, and at one discharge killed three of my men. I had a second pistol, which I took from my belt. I had not time to take aim, for a soldier of herculean frame threw himself upon me, at the risk of his own life, struck up my arm, and by this movement preserved the life of his chief, and my ball found its way into the cornice of the room. I had no time to draw my sword, I was felled to the ground, bound down, and the chief advancing, with courtesy said, 'Will you give me your word of honour, sir, not to make any resistance?"

"'I give it you,' I replied.

"He made a sign, and I was released.

"'Sir,' continued he, 'you are free upon your parole, in this fortress. I trust that you will bear with patience the hospitality which has been forced upon me.'

"He paused, and a melancholy smile played around his lips.

"'You will not have to wait long,' he added; 'we have only eight days to live; happily we have plenty of powder, and we will hold out to the last.'

"I naturally looked at this man who could talk thus, evidently without bombast; and I was struck with his bearing and countenance.

"He was a robust man, of perhaps fifty years of age, with black hair here and there silvered with gray, of small stature, with a high forehead, a quick eye, and a frame admirably proportioned and knit together.

"His soldier's costume was a hunting dress; he held a double-

Digitized by Google

barrelled rifle of Swiss manufacture. By his side stood two young fellows, one about twenty, the other barely fifteen. They were his sons. Both of them were proud, calm, and grave in their demeanour. They regarded me with indifference, and did not appear at all overwhelmed by the desperate condition in which the castle was found to be.

"'Sir,' continued the Chouan chieftain, 'we were at table when you deranged us; will you permit us to return to the dining-room, and join us at supper?'

"I made a gesture of astonishment, and almost of refusal.

"'The count of Kervégan is no longer rich, sir,' said he, 'but you may yet find some good old wine upon his table, and around it some calm faces, in spite of the distressing times in which we live.'

"The invitation was polite and cordial, and told that the man who gave it was of noble birth.

"I bowed. 'Come then,' said he, taking a torch in his hand. I followed him; his two sons and the soldiers brought up the rear.

"We traversed a long corridor, and entered the apartment which the count had designated as the dining-room. It was an immense apartment, lighted by torches fixed on each side of the chimney.

"A large table, laid out for sixty persons, stood in the middle, upon which the repast, already begun, was placed. At the head of the table sat a lady, still handsome, with two children of about eight and ten years; they were all employed when we entered making cartridges.

"The count took me by the hand and presented me to the countess. She bowed, and gave me her hand to kiss with a calm dignity, remarking that she had met me before, in the antechamber of Versailles.

"Each Chouan soldier then placed himself at table, his pistols lying beside him. The meal was eaten in silence,—gravely, but without sadness.

"All these men, vassals or castellans, gentlemen or peasants, knew that their days were numbered, that death was approaching, which none could escape. But not one lowered his brow, none wore the expression of the least anguish; they were heroes, awaiting martyrdom.

"'Sir,' said I to the count, being struck with so much coolness, courage, and enthusiasm, 'you have been offered an honourable capitulation, and yet you refuse it.'

"'Yes,' said the count, 'I do!'

"'I am a simple lieutenant in the Republican army,' I

Digitized by Google

replied, 'but I possess sufficient influence to again obtain these honourable terms, to save the lives of your men, and procure passports for yourselves and your children.'

"'Sir,' answered the count gravely, 'the king has not authorised me to capitulate!'

"This answer was sublime. 'Ask these men,' continued he, 'if they will surrender. I will consent upon one single condition.'

"'What is it?'

"'It is, that they send me to the scaffold at once.'

"One cry responded, 'Long live the King!'

"The count then showed me his four sons.

"'Two,' said he, 'are already members of the association of Gentlemen-at-arms. I carried the two others in my arms to the foot of the scaffold of my king, and there baptised them in the blood of that holy martyr. How then can you expect such persons as ourselves to surrender?' . . . . .

"The next day the fortress withstood a terrible assault; ten soldiers died at their post with a smile on their lips. The following morning, the eldest son of the count was killed and ten men with him. They carried the unfortunate young man to the chamber of his mother. The mother knelt, and repeated in a soft voice the prayers for the dead, to which her children responded; then she returned to her occupation of making cartridges.

"I was at liberty during this time; I went hither and thither in the castle; I saw the brave men fall one by one. I followed step by step the count and his second son, who fought at all hazards. The third day some cannon arrived for the besiegers.

"The count uttered a sigh. 'We can hold out two days less,' said he.

"I again pressed him to capitulate. 'Sir,' said he, 'if ever you have the good fortune to see the king, tell him, the count of Kervégan died for him, as his ancestors died for his.' And, as a flash of enthusiasm emitted from my eyes, he simply added, 'It is a tradition in our family; that is all.'

"The artillery arrived in the evening; they only waited for the day to bring it into use.

"During the night the count desired to speak with me. I descended; he was alone, with his wife and sons. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have some barrels of gunpowder in that isolated tower which you see on the edge of the moat; my intention and that of the garrison is, to blow it up to-morrow.'

"I recoiled shuddering.

"'You understand, sir,' continued the count, 'that I do not,

Digitized by Google

although it is my right, include you amongst my soldiers; I only ask, in exchange for you, the life of my wife and two of my sons.' 'Alas!' cried I, 'yours also; that of all. I entreat you to surrender.' 'No,' replied he. 'One Kervégan is dead already; two more will die to-morrow: but it must not be that my king has no Kervégan on his right hand when he returns to his own; the lots will decide which of my sons remain.'—It was the youngest.

"'For pity's sake!' I murmured, 'why not save him?'

"'Because the boat that will take you can hold but four persons.'

"'Well, then, I will remain.'

"The count smiled, and taking the hand of one of his sons, 'Remember this gentleman,' said he, 'and if fortune should change, and his life be in danger, that you defend him at the peril of your own.'

"This was, indeed, a most noble refusal.

"The boat which was to convey us waited at the bottom of the staircase, beside the postern; an old servant held the oars. The farewells of this unhappy family, who were to meet no more, were sad, yet dignified; their tears flowed silently, but no sobs escaped them. The mother held for some time the child she was leaving to certain death in her arms; but there was no indication of weakness when she spoke to him of the ancient martyrs! I almost imagined I was gazing upon the mother of the Gracchi.

"An hour after the boat touched the shore, and we landed at a farm which had been abandoned.

"Then vanished the stoical courage of the sons, and the feverish calmness of the mother. At the first rays of the dawn, the sky, yet pale and undecided, became illuminated with a fearful glare, a noise as of thunder was heard, the earth appeared to be vomiting fire upwards to heaven.—It was the explosion of the tower.

"The count, his son, and his vassals, perished in the service of their king; the tower no longer existed; the ruins that you now behold alone remained." . . . . .

The emperor abruptly interrupted his aide-de-camp.

"This is just what I do not understand," murmured he, "that with such men to sustain it, the monarchy should have fallen."

"Sire," replied the aide-de-camp, "the latter Bourbons have not, as you have, genius for battles—the halo of glory which fascinates; their strength laid only in their hearts and their right, and France recognizes neither the one nor the other."

Digitized by Google

"And," demanded the emperor, "what became of the Countess Kervégan and her sons?"

"The countess reached Spain by the help of the passports which I procured for her. I have since learned that she is at Hartwell,* near to the Count de Provence, with the eldest of her sons."

"And the other?"

"The younger entered the Spanish army."

"How old is he?"

"About eighteen."

"I want such men as these," murmured the emperor, and he fell into a reverie.

II.

Three days after this conversation, Napoleon was in Spain.

The hour was 10 o'clock at night; Napoleon was pacing the floor of his tent with rapid strides, as was his custom, and approaching, from time to time, the fire of the bivouac. He held in his hand a report from the General-in-chief, which he read at his leisure, sometimes with a distracted air, at other times with attention. All at once a passage appeared to strike him, for he suddenly called out.

The same aide-de-camp, who had quitted Paris with him, presented himself.

"Tell the colonel of the 64th regiment of the line to come to me," said he.

The emperor was obeyed; the colonel appeared shortly after.

"Colonel," said the emperor to him, "what means this passage in the report of the general: 'In a murderous expedition against a guerilla-band in the North, the colonel of the 64th regiment of the line was taken, and would have been shot, but for the energetic intervention of a young French emigrant, who having quitted the service of the king of Spain, upon the declaration of war between the two kingdoms, had retired into the mountains, and lived there alone.'"

"Sire," replied the colonel, "this young man in order to defend me, made a rampart of his body, and received seventeen wounds in preserving my life."

"How did it occur?" asked the emperor, somewhat abruptly.

"I had strayed with about ten of my men from the rest of my column; I became surrounded by an ambuscade, and we were fired upon from every quarter. It was a narrow gorge,

* The estate of Dr. Lee, in Herts, where Louis XVIII. for a considerable time resided.

Digitized by Google

wild, and entangled with trees; each rock appeared a mouth of fire, which dealt out death. I had soon only four men beside me; four were put *hors de combat,* and were staggering with their wounds: they had, in fact, but one thing to do—to die.

"The guerillas, who were nine in number, then left their retreat, surrounded us, killed my four companions, seized my horse's bridle, and one of them held the mouth of his blunderbuss to my chest, when a sudden light flickered upon the neighbouring rock: I saw the man stagger; his weapon fell from his hand, and I heard an explosion. A ball from the side of the rock had laid him dead.

"At the same moment I heard a voice, which cried to me in French, 'Do not surrender.' This unexpected aid recalled all my courage; with a blow from my pistol I broke the head of the Spaniard nearest to me. A second shot from the side of the rock overthrew a third; and I then saw a young man running bare-headed, his hair flowing in the wind, a pistol in each hand, and a double-barrelled gun, yet warm from its recent discharge, thrown by means of a cross-belt over his shoulders. I made my horse leap backwards and joined this young man, without speaking, otherwise than by looks; we established ourselves behind an immense tree, when I threw myself down, and made a rampart of my horse. We fired four times: three Spaniards fell; there remained only three: but a ball pierced my shoulder, and I fell. My young defender had expended all his powder, and the Spaniards again surrounded us. He seized my sword, and defended himself valiantly; so valiantly, that when I recovered my sight, after fainting for some minutes, I found him bathing my wound with some water from a neighbouring spring. The three Spaniards were dead; he had beaten one to death with the butt end of the pistol, and stabbed the two others. My wound was but slight; I rose, and wishing to express my gratitude, extended my hand to him. I then perceived that he was pale and covered with blood; he had received seventeen wounds from a Catalan knife; he had only time to return the pressure of my hand, when he fainted in my arms. Happily the firing had been heard, and a company of carbineers arrived at this moment; I had my brave preserver conveyed to the camp: happily, his wounds, for the most part, are not serious. He has been, hitherto, delirious: but the doctor assures me he will live."

"Where is this young man?" inquired the emperor.

"Quite near me;—in my tent."

The emperor made a sign to the colonel to give him his cloak, which had been thrown upon a seat, and enveloping

Digitized by Google

himself in it, said, "I would see this fellow; conduct me to him." The colonel, taking a torch, preceded the emperor.

The young man was quietly sleeping: he appeared but a youth of seventeen or eighteen years. So fair was he, and beardless, small and frail, one might have said he was a female.

"Awaken him;" was the order of Napoleon. The young man opened his eyes, and regarded the emperor with surprise.

"It is the emperor," whispered the colonel.

He half-raised himself, and saluted the emperor by an inclination of the head and a soft smile.

"My child," said the emperor kindly, "are you French?"

"Yes, sire."

"Nevertheless, you do not belong to any regiment?"

"No, sire."

"How does it happen that you are in Spain?"

"I served in the king's guards."

"How?" said the emperor, frowning; "you fight against your country?"

"No, sire; I quitted the service of the king of Spain the day that peace was broken."

"Why do you not return to France?"

"I am an emigrant, sire."

"So young!"

"I quitted France at the age of six."

"Well," said the emperor, "I will erase your name from the list of emigrants."

"It is useless, sire. I thank you."

"Why so, sir?"

The young man hesitated.

"Sire," replied he, "God knows I have no intention to offend you. I admire you as a general; I love you for the glory you have brought to my country."

"Well."

"Well, sire, I had three brothers; two died at Vendée for the king."

The emperor started. "Your name?" said he, quickly.

"Max de Kervégan, sire."

"It was your father, then, that blew up the tower, and so perished?"

"Yes, sire."

Napoleon became silent.

"Where are your mother and your brother?"

"In England, sire, with the king."

"Are they rich?"

"Exiles never are, sire."

Digitized by Google

"Well, then," said Napoleon, "if I return her wealth to your mother and recal her to France; if I give a colonelcy to your brothers, a lieutenancy to you—"

"Sire," said the young man, in a firm but respectful tone of voice, "all our blood belongs to the king."

An impatient expression crossed the features of the emperor.

"You forget your country, sir," said he, harshly.

Max hung down his head.

"It is true," murmured he.

"I believe the reign of the family of the Bourbons to be extinct," replied the emperor. "I look upon my dynasty as firm.... But no one respects more than I do past remembrances. I understand and approve your fidelity; but, sir, before the king, before the emperor, stands your country. This country requires your blood, and claims it. Will you serve her?"

Max still hesitated.

"Come, sir," said the emperor, "decide. You are brave; you belong to an ancient family; France requires you."

"Well, sire," said the young man, "allow me to be inscribed as a simple soldier in the register of a regiment."

"Why a simple soldier?"

"Because I would serve my country,—no one else."

"You shall be one of my pages," replied Napoleon.

And as he still saw hesitation depicted upon the features of the young Kervégan, he added,—"If ever God restores the throne to the Bourbons, I will write myself to Louis XVIII. to tell him that I only overcame your scruples with the sacred name of country!"

Max de Kervégan served as a page, but was soon obliged to pass into the Imperial Guard, and became a captain.

The emperor took him with him in his train to the Rhine, to Germany, to the frozen frontiers of Bérésina. Everywhere the son of the Vendean hero nobly did his duty. In every place his hopes and his affections wandered to the horizon where his beloved king ate the bread of exile. Faithful to France and the king of his forefathers, he only considered Napoleon as the provisionary chief of his great nation,—the man chosen by God, to wash out, by deeds of glory, the sanguinary remembrances of the Reign of Terror. Napoleon vainly strove to gain the heart of the haughty and proud young man. He only gained his sword.

III.

Ten years rolled away.

To the days of glory succeeded those of reverse. The retreat

Digitized by Google

from Russia was the commencement of disasters; the French campaign finished them.

Napoleon had retired to Fontainbleau, surrounded by scarcely a thousand men, the wreck of his Imperial Guard.

The allies occupied Paris; and it was in vain that Macdonald and Caulaincourt raised their voice in the council of monarchs, held at Talleyrand's hotel, in favour of a regency of the dynasty of Napoleon. M. de Talleyrand had decided that question in a single sentence, when replying to the Emperor Alexander: "Sire, everything which is not of Napoleon or Louis XVIII. is an intrigue. Napoleon has now become impossible."

Louis XVIII. quitted Hartwell for Paris; Napoleon, on the contrary, prepared to depart for Elba. It was a great and sad departure; for on the day of his quitting France, all those men who had been trained by him, had risen through his bounty, and been taken from the lowest ranks, meanly left him, and hastened to bow to the rising sun.

The whole of that morning the emperor walked, solitary and alone, in a part of the park whence he could hear the travelling-carriages of his military staff depart. The most servile of the evening before were the most hasty to leave the following day. The emperor returned at twelve from his feverish walk, and found the palace of Francis I. almost deserted: here and there a single soldier might be seen silently weeping in the deep embrasure of a window.

The chief officers, the great dignitaries, had disappeared; they were travelling on the road to Paris, and on the following day surrounded the king's throne.

Napoleon hastily traversed several apartments. His valets were preparing for his own departure: the carriage was already packed.

The Marshal Bertrand was inscribing the names of those who volunteered to share the exile of the emperor; and the number was large. All at once a young man crossed the emperor, and stopped respectfully before him. He looked pale and sad in his black uniform as an hussar; his dark eye was moist, and his manner jaded.

The emperor started on beholding him.

"Ah!" said he "is it you, Kervégan?"

"Yes, sire."

A bitter smile played upon the features of Napoleon. "I know what you would ask of me," said he. "You never loved me,—you were attached to the Bourbons from your birth,—you only served your country in me,—that country has passed into other hands,—you return to your master,—it is quite right.

Digitized by Google

Only you, you come to me to say farewell; you come to me, proud and scornful as you always were; the others—those whom I have overwhelmed with favours, dignities, and glory—depart without deigning to salute me. Adieu, Kervégan;—I thank you!"

The emperor extended his hand to the young man; but, instead of pressing it, he carried it to his lips. "O sire!" replied he, "you are mistaken. I came not to take leave."

"Ah!" rejoined the emperor, what would you, then?"

"Sire, my eldest brother and my mother are with the king. The name of Kervégan remains at court. That is all that is required. I have no wish to go there."

"Where would you go?" asked the emperor.

"To the Isle of Elba, sire. I came to pray you to permit me to follow you."

A cry escaped Napoleon. "What men!" murmured he.

PONSON DU TERRAIN.

SONNET.

(FROM PETRARCH.)

"Se lamentar augelli, or verdi fronde."

When birds complain, or leaves both green and fair
Move ever softly to the summer gale,
Or waves, with murmurs hoarse, swell on the air,
Which breathes o'er flowery bank and sylvan dale,
I rest awhile, and write my love-fraught tale;
Sweet heart, that heaven shows not, earth hides with care,
I hear thee, see thee, know,—my sighs prevail:
She lives,—she answers from afar my prayer.
"Alas! thou courtest grief, so young in years,"
In piteous tones she speaks, "Ah! wherefore be
Thy sad eyes filled with melancholy tears?
My days all happy are, weep not for me;
In these bless'd realms eternal light appears,—
Mine eyes were dim, but now in glory see."

W. BRAILSFORD.

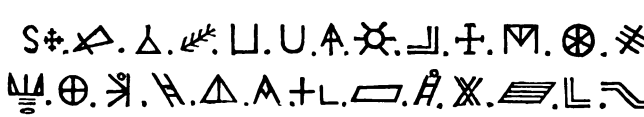
Digitized by Google

ANCIENT MASONS' MARKS.

"In length these marks vary from 2 to 7 inches, they are formed by a single line slightly indented, and consist chiefly of crosses, known Masonic symbols, emblems of eternity, and of the Trinity, the double triangle, the trowel, the square, &c."—GOODWIN.

"From the top I descended into some apartments on the east side of the temple. There I saw the famous Zodiac on the ceiling."—BELZONI.

"Omitto Eleusinam sanctam illam et augustam, ubi initiantur gentes orarum ultimæ."—CICERO.



These marks are from Fort Tignè, the aqueduct, and the bastions in the Arghotti Gardens. The last, perhaps not strictly speaking a Mason's mark, is from a key-stone in Upper St. Elmo.

MAN, among other distinctive appellations, has received that of a cooking animal; he may also, we think, not inaptly be called a building animal. "There must be," says Ruskin, "in the magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery. And this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess."

In all ages men have attempted—in some they have succeeded—in raising enduring memorials of their genius, their science, their religion, or their pride. The tower which primeval builders piled on the plains of Shinar is, or rather was, it is to be presumed, the oldest of these. Following the great rivers, those centres of early civilization, we meet with the mounds of Mesopotamia, covering palaces and temples of princes, whose "places knew them no more" prior to the existence of the Roman empire. Passing through the gates of Syria, the granite columns which mark the division between Africa and Asia, we cross the Desert, and enter the valley of the Nile. Around us sleep the Pharaohs and their people, awaiting in vain the judgments of Osiris,—before us, rearing their giant forms into the shadowless sky of Egypt, stand the pyramids, temples, and colossi of a nation whose glory has long since departed. The transition

Digitized by Google

from Assyria and Egypt to the favoured land of Greece were easy,—to that country whose architects and sculptors of old, Promethean-like, almost kindled into life their creations of Parian marble; who spiritualized in stone the human form's ideal beauty, and gave to its most intellectual part the finest and most expanded form; or we might allude to the Attic migration into Asia Minor, variously stated as 1044 and 1076 before Christ; at which time the Dionysian artificers were introduced, and the mysteries with which they were connected. But enough has already been said to justify the remark with which we set out. We may barely mention the rock city of Petræ (the Edom of Scripture), the columns of Baalbec, and the

> "City, desert-hidden,
> Which Judæa's mighty king
> Made the genii, at his bidding,
> Raise by magic of his ring,"

as further illustrations.

"As the earthquake and the torrent, the august and terrible ministers of Almighty power, have torn the solid earth, and opened the seals of the most ancient records of creation;" so—if we may be allowed to compare great things with small—have comparatively recent discoveries opened new pages in the history of our species, which, however unsatisfactory to the ethnologist, still assist to show how indefinite, how difficult of calculation it must be to reach to the time when the "first man of clay received the image of God and the breath of life." The Noragher of Sardinia, the earthen mounds in the United States, the buried cities of Central America, the rock picture-writings found in Siberia, and Guiana—from the equatorial to the frozen zone—are still mysterious, and await a solution. "Books," says Mr. Stephens in his travels, "books, the records of knowledge, are silent on the theme. The city was desolate. The place where we sat, was it a citadel from which an unknown people had sounded the trumpet of war? or a temple for the worship of the God of peace? or did the inhabitants worship the idols made with their own hands, and offer sacrifices on the stones before them? All was mystery—dark impenetrable mystery—and every circumstance increased it." Must, then, the links of that mighty chain, which girdled the globe with the fragile marks of human skill, so long buried and unknown, now once more brought to light, remain for ever dissevered? Since history is silent, and even the dim light of tradition is wanting, can it be possible that men have carried to far distant parts of the world, symbols and observances common to the human race, previous to the great early migrations; and thus embodied in their de-

Digitized by Google

basing rites and corrupted religions, figures of high and holy import? Is not something of this sort to be recognised in the belief (one remarkable to be found in India), "that Word was the first thing which broke primeval silence, spoke the being of a God, and created all things?" or in what we have somewhere read, that the Brahmins, who migrated to the south, and the Teutonic nations, who proceeded towards the north, invoked the same God on the banks of the Indus, and the mountains of Scandinavia? The name given to that manifestation of the Deity was Dyaus, signifying the shining sun, the bringer of life and light:—"Most glorious orb! that wert a worship ere the mystery of thy making was revealed! Thou earliest minister of the Almighty, which gladdened on their mountain tops the hearts of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured themselves in orisons."

How the study of the heavenly bodies (in those primitive times) and the mysterious laws by which they are guided, reacted upon this worship of the sun, gave rise, with time, to many corruptions and superstitious rites, and converted a heavenly science into a grovelling mysticism, we do not here presume to say; suffice it to observe that astronomical and Masonic symbols had much in common; and that the two sciences were practised by the same men. Astronomy is even alluded to in our ritual of the present day as the mirrored study "wherein you are enabled to contemplate the intellectual faculties, and trace them from their development through the paths of heavenly science even to the throne of God Himself." And the city of Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, formerly alluded to, as having its walls covered with Masonic marks, with reference to its plan of construction is thus spoken of by Mr. Ainsworth: "A square within a circle, and in its exact centre, certainly point out that a system was observed in its construction."

One important symbol there certainly is, which, whether looked upon as Christian, Pagan, or Masonic, can undoubtedly lay claim to high antiquity, and almost universal application; we allude to the double triangle, equilateral interlaced, known to Christians as a figure of the ineffable name of Jehovah, within which, are often to be met with the I H S in the Greek Church, being found as a nimbus surrounding the head of God the Father; while as if more strongly to indicate that this figure was to them a symbol of the Almighty, within the angle of the upward pointing triangle are the three Greek letters, ο, ων,—the self-existing, the great I AM. Its special signification among Masons in the third degree, and its complete development in the Royal Arch, are well known to the initiated.

Digitized by Google

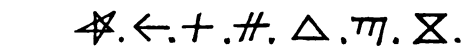
Among the nations of the east, the triangle, single and double, has from remote antiquity formed the geometrical emblem of the Trinity, and in the form of a pentalpha, it constituted of old the Pythagorean emblem of health.

A bare enumeration of the places where it has been found is the best proof of its universal use. Interlaced with a circle, and having a flower in its centre, it forms the ornament of a keystone in the crypt of the Church of St. Sibbald's, Nuremburg, and in Dr. Oliver's great work it is depicted from one of the windows of Lincoln Cathedral. It is found in Northern India, and Western Asia, in Normandy and Italy, in Germany and England, in Westminster Abbey and the Cave of Elphanta. Mr. Urquhart thus takes occasion to mention its occurrence in Mauritania of the old, and Mexico of the new world, as "that mysterious open hand on the one side and on the other a diagram, which occupies a conspicuous place among the symbols of Masonry,—the double triangle." It forms  and is, I believe the proper Solomon's seal; I find the same sign is on the signet of the Sultan and his coins. The Moors have adopted it as their arms. The very same symbol is found in Mexico.

This figure then, we see, was common to the old world and the new, to the south and the north. Now, if there is one distinctive attribute of the human race, it is to be found in that innate consciousness of immortality, or a future state, dependent as that is on the will of a Superior Being, which has prompted the erection of the most enduring memorials of our kind in every country of the world; temples and tombs—belief in a God, respect and love for the departed. The former to the honour or for the propitiation of the deity whom they served, the latter to point out to posterity where the bones of their forefathers rest, and to mark their reverence, a reverence common to all the race of Adam, for that mysterious charge to which all alike are subject when the cord of life is broken, and dust returns to dust. From the history of this symbol as connected with religious rites and sound edifices, we are led to look upon it as an holy one, and we believe that it is at Ghuznee that it is to be seen, with the inscription surrounding it, "God grant me what I want." Is it connected with a known and remarkable feature in many structures of high antiquity? We know that the Temple of Jerusalem and its progener, the Tabernacle, were placed due east and west, and in the orientation of Christian Churches the same peculiarity still holds good; (Italy is, we believe an exception to this). The pyramids of the valley of the Nile, and of the elevated table-land of Mexico, face the cardinal

Digitized by Google

points; and the ancient temples of the Aymaras, a race allied to the Inca Peruvians, "turn precisely towards the rising sun." Of cathedrals, we read that "the north side has had since the first period of Christianity its particular meaning; the south the same. The north side was that of the Evangelists, who gave the truth in plainness and simplicity. The south was that of the prophets, who disguised it in oriental figures and imagery. Hence it is that the south side of the choir is richly decorated, that towards the north markedly simplified." What for instance, can illustrate this better than the beautiful south window of the transept of Melrose Abbey Church, with its richly flowing tracery, terminating in a circle of seven lights, and its canopied niches, whose delicate o'erhanging fretwork seems such as "aerial beings might be supposed to create with the most ductile and delicate materials," while the north transept is only lighted, and that near the groining of the roof by a circular light, deeply cut in the massive wall, within which, in stone tracery is carved the double triangle, called by the cicerone of the place the crown of thorns.* These marks



are from Melrose Abbey. It may here be remarked, that frequently as we have had occasion to give the  from different buildings in Malta, the  has never been seen in any building than as a Mason's mark, although it is still used in their Churches, and familiar to the people. With a feeble hand we have attempted to sketch several points of the history of this Masonic symbol, its frequent occurrence and general significance, and have hinted at its connection with sacred buildings and their form.

We shall conclude with some lines, already written in our notes. Whether the nature of these structures to the so-called new world, as evinced by their shape, their relation to the cardinal points, the manner in which the stones are wrought, and the symbols found upon them, may or may not shed a light upon that almost magical figure, that dread of the genii, even the seal of Solomon of which we speak, is beyond our ken; but an eloquent octogenarian philosopher has said "that many of the historical

* The members of the F. M. Lodge of Melrose,—a Lodge of great antiquity, and believed to possess written documents, which prove it to be coeval with the foundation of the Abbey—annually, on St. John's night, I am informed, walk in procession round the building by torch-light.

Digitized by Google

problems which relate to the striking agreement in religious tradition, manner of dividing time, and works of art, in eastern Asia and America, will one day be cleared up by discoveries of facts hitherto entirely unknown to us." Since Humboldt thus wrote, a new impulse has been given to migration; the progress of the arts and sciences from the east westward, so rapid within the last fifty years, may now be said to have completed the circle, and introduced civilization *into the cradle of the human race*; while the two great isthmuses of the world, are being converted into highways for the crowded populations of Europe; a full, strong, gathering stream of mightier power for good and better omen, than the hordes which overthrew the Roman empire.

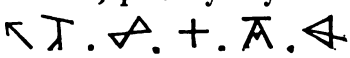
But we have digressed too often from the footpath; now to a sunny knoll to gather one of nature's flowers; now to a dark ravine for antique root or archaic stone; and where is the excuse of the young and joyous hearted? that "they were borne along in the light of life's sunny morning, and still as their winged feet touched the ground, the herbage blushed with flowers." We cannot "return to our muttons;" for at this season we confess sympathy with the "curlers," and the roar of the Christmas fire especially excepted, we would rather hear the deep boom of the stone as it sails along over the blue-black ice to the goal of the "rink," than any other with which we happen at present to have acquaintance. Now the traditional fare of this ice-loving brotherhood is a round of beef with garnishings, known in the vernacular as "greens," washed down with hot whiskey-punch; and for noise, Mr. Walpole's description of Malta is to the point; "the bower is a bastion, the saloon a casemate, the serenade the call of martial music, the draperies warflags, the ornaments shot in ready proximity." Having been as in duty bound within hail, we return to labour; when, as we pass the portal, we hear these words, "the two sciences of Archæology and Freemasonry are so inseparably connected that the study of the one is almost absolutely necessary to the knowledge of the other;"* and in a paper by the late Bro. Pryor we have the following passage: "The mark degree now discontinued here afforded a most intelligent and important link between operative and speculative Freemasonry. They are of the most undoubted antiquity, and may be very profitably studied."—F. M. Q. R., June 1850.

Under such shelter we shall introduce the mark budget, with

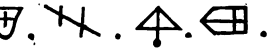
* Charge of P. G. M. for Dorset.

Digitized by Google

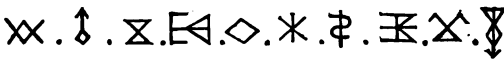
the travellers and the antiquary—Camden and Lieut. Spratt, R. N., Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire: "From the west wall of this room project single stones like those in the hall, but with characters on them, probably only Masons' marks," *ecce signa.*



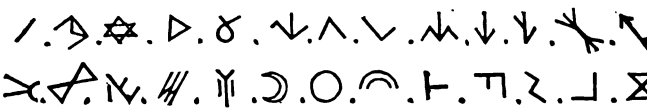
Again at St. Ital's hermitage in Llan Hammwlch parish, Brecknockshire, on the top of a hill, not far from the church, on the two side stones there is this variety of crosses.



As variety is pleasant, whether in a forest or a flower-garden, and also for easy comparison, we shall not hesitate to introduce the following from the bare walls of Grey-friars Church, Edinburgh.



After some beautiful descriptions of natural scenery, the Lycian traveller thus describes the Turkish ruin, called the Eski, (old) Khan. "This is a large and imposing quadrangular building constructed of squared blocks of calc-sinter, each marked with a Masonic monogram. The materials of this edifice had not been derived from the neighbouring ruins, but had been hewn especially for it. We counted more than thirty different Masonic emblems. Among the most frequent were the following:—



The entrance to the Khan is a magnificent gateway of Saracenic architecture, highly ornamented, and in part constructed of white marble. The marble slabs bore inscriptions, probably sentences from the Koran."

We hasten to a close, and last, though to many we trust not least, present the Mason-mark of Robert Burns, the bard of Scotland.



"Dear to him her Doric language,
Thrilled his heartstrings at her name;
And he left her more than rubies,
In the riches of his fame."

Digitized by Google

The mark is on the Bible which he gave to his Highland Mary at their last parting near Montgomery Castle, and the scene is thus drawn by the hand of Allan Cunningham. "They plighted their vows on the Sabbath to render them more sacred; they made them by a burn where they had courted, that open nature might be a witness; they made them over an open Bible, to show that they thought of God in this mutual act; and when they had done they both took water in their hands and scattered it in the air, to intimate that as the stream was pure, so were their intentions. They parted when they did this; but they parted never to meet more. She died in a burning fever, during a visit to her relations to prepare for her marriage, and all that he had of her was a lock of her long bright hair, and her Bible, which she exchanged for his."

We shall now give two Masonic devices from the carved bosses of a Gothic church. Early on a winter morning, cold and wet, with a dark grey sky, a deserted street, and the wind hissing round the tall gables of the antique house, and raising lines of white foam on the dark bosom of the lake of the broad hollow, from which it takes its name, we entered again the royal burgh of Linlithgow, and were quickly reassured; for there, as formerly, stood the pillar, with the flattering inscription concerning the patron saint (and much on such a morning did he need it), "St. Michael he is kind to strangers;" and nearly opposite, over an archway, the ruddy lion ramped in gold,—sign of good cheer and comfort. The inner man refreshed, we visited the church, the pillars of which are most sedulously supplied with periodical coats of whitewash, to heighten the effect produced by the building!!! We believe it—*i. e.* the whitewash—is not appreciated. On the boss, next the eastern end of the church, is this device: within a circle, a book, upon it the square and compasses. At the western end of the church, as at present used, but in reality at the western end of the choir, opposite the little chapel pointed out as the aisle of St. Catherine, where the gallant and chivalrous James IV., shortly before the battle of Flodden, is represented by Sir Walter Scott paying his devotions "with sackcloth shirt and iron belt, and eyes with sorrow streaming,"





—on a boss may be seen this figure.

The conversation with our rosy-faced guide having been strictly gossiping, we cannot, without breach of confidence, do more than allude to King Crispin's chair, and the seat which her Majesty was intended to occupy on her first visit to Scotland.

Digitized by Google

"She just gaed through the toun, but a' folk like to see where she *was* to sit."

"Insula parva situ, sed rebus
Maxima gestis
Africæ et Europæ ac Asiæ
Contermina, Pauli
Hospes, et Alborum Procerum
Gratissima mater."

Adieu.

To the Lodge of Malta these few pages are gratefully inscribed, as "diggings" in Masonic matters by a young minor, lately a member of the Lodge St. John and St. Paul, Valetta. In the words of Burns:—

"May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine."

Chatham, 25th February, 1853. M

THE MASON'S FAREWELL.*

While far, far away from my native land,
To feel the warm "grip" from a Craftsman's hand,
And to hear the "word," and to see the "sign,"
Will strangely quicken this pulse of mine:
For I know full well that a friend is near,
To whisper a word in th' "attentive ear,"
And to "walk barefoot" 'neath a winter's sky,
To aid a Brother of the "mystic tie."

We've met on the "Level,"
We'll part on the "Square,"
For prized as the sunlight
My Brothers, you are.

'Tis a long farewell I must quickly say,
For the cares of life bid me haste away,
But I leave my heart, and a tear-drop, too,
As a pledge that I'm ever a Mason true,
And will toil with the "Craft" till I yield my breath
To a gavel-blow from the hand of death.
'Tis a kind farewell I must quickly speak
While the scalding tears course down my cheek.

God bless you, my Brothers,
It pains me to part—
You're dear as the life-drops
Which visit my heart.

* Boston (U.S.) *F. M. Monthly Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSALITY OF SUPERSTITION.

" In old time of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons spoken great honour,
All was this land fulfilled of Faerie;
The Elf-Queen, with her joly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion, as I rede,—
I speke of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see no elves eno."
Wife of Bath's tale.—CHAUCER.

" The eye works
Unto the timid thought,—and the thought paints
Forms from the mire of conscience, will-o'-wisps
To dazzle sober reason."
OLD PLAY.

THE intrinsic unity and identity of the tendencies of the human mind is in no way better exemplified than by the universality of superstition. From the infancy of creation to our own era, mankind has been found straining after things not seen, and a compound exertion of curiosity and credulity has given rise in all ages to a constant development of the marvellous. Superstition appears in every country, clime, and nation; and though to a casual observer its external aspect may vary with time, place, and people, the attentive inquirer into the annals of past ages, as he brings down his researches to modern date, finds that there has been not only an universal tendency, but also a traditionary creed as to the unseen world—varied, no doubt, by exterior causes, by national character, climate, and peculiar natural scenery—weakened, doubtless by the influence of civilization, of education, and of revealed truth—but still, though uneven in its course and weakened in vigour, essentially the same stream that sprung from the mental constitution of the primæval world.

Credulity was instrumental in bringing about the fall of mankind—and could we peruse a record of the outcast first-born and his posterity, what extravagance of delusion might we not expect it to detail? In the absence of such account, knowing nothing more definitively, than that corruption at length wrought the destruction of the antediluvian world, we turn to the superstitions of a people described to us with much minuteness, and whose customs and mode of life, illustrated as they are

Digitized by Google

by relics of their physical existence, possess the most powerful interest; both as making the singularity of their genius and their influence over the cotemporary world.

The question of early superstition becomes one of religious sentiment. The necessity of attributing the works of creation, and of providence to a ruling power or powers, and the natural principle of reverence, gave rise to idolatry—the result of the incapacity of an unenlightened race to appreciate anything beyond the material world. Hence, among the Egyptians, arose the worship of the sun and moon, the deities Osiris and Isis, with that of oxen of various kinds, as exemplified in the golden calf raised up at the very foot of the sacred mountain, by the strangely perverse race, who had derived their customs from the land of their captivity. Hence the adoration of the fertilising hill, and its indweller the crocodile, both objects of the deepest reverence. Egypt was the parent clime of almost every species of pagan superstition. Learning, too, was there; but, agreeably to the experience of later days, scientific acquirement alone was unable to guard against delusion concerning the supernatural, nor to steer safely through an ocean of charms, omens, dream-prophesyings, days of good and ill promise, and the vagaries of magical art.

Later on we find the elegant and accomplished Greek no less superstitious than his forerunner. The Greeks, as well as Romans, placed unbounded faith in divination, and in the prophetic nature of comets—and, guided by poetic fancy, gave birth to the beautiful mythologies which are subject of admiration to the scholar. The distinctive features of the Greek and Roman superstition became, however, obliterated upon the Gothic conquest. Subsequently to this epoch all the superstition of Western Europe, or nearly so, is traceable either to ancient pagan ceremonies, or to the more recent elements of Gothic or Scandinavian origin.

The Scandinavian mythology bears several points of correspondence with that of the classics. The Grecian Elysium is represented in the northern Walhalla. The inhabitants of the latter region were supposed to employ themselves in drinking mead and feasting on the wild boar, during the intervals of their chief avocation, that of ferocious combat—bravery being the highest attribute of a Scandinavian deity. Jupiter is found in Odin—both supreme and warlike beings. Odin appears to have been a real person, mighty in arms, and deified after death; but whose authentic and fabulous actions have been undistinguishably amalgamated. The Roman war-god, Mars, is reproduced in Thor, the god of thunder—armed with a

Digitized by Google

hammer which never missed its aim, and which invariably returned to the death-dealing hand that had hurled it forth. The northern gods, from whom we derive our days of the week, were also similar to certain deities of the Greeks. Nixas, a Baltic deity, was probably derived from the classic Neptune, and is conjectured to have occasioned the appellation of *Old Nick*, fraught with such an especial terror to sailors. Add to this, that the gigantic Titans find their parallel in the wild idea of northern mythology, which identified Odin with the earth, its rocks being his bones, its soil his flesh, the ocean his blood, and the heavens his skull, upheld at the corners by four dwarfs—and we have sufficient ground to question whether the Asiatic founders of Scandinavian faith might not have derived it from the Greeks and Romans.*

The decline of this system took place in the eleventh century, and our islands were cleared of it internally (having shared it in common with Western Europe), although it was retained still in remote parts of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. The Anglo-Saxon customs differed materially from those which they succeeded, although worship of the heavenly bodies form part of the Saxon religious creed. The belief in Elves, allied in nature to the Persian Peri and the Grecian Naiads and Dryads (deities of the ocean and the groves), arose at this epoch—and we enter the region where modern superstition, such as more nearly concerns ourselves, may be said to have commenced. The origin of Fairies in our country took place with the Celts; these, we shall notice subsequently. About 600 A.D., the more gross and palpable forms of idolatry and superstition were dispelled by Christian truth. Canute forbad the worship of fire and flood, wells, stones, and trees; and endeavoured to dissipate the awe with which the idea of phantoms and death-spells were regarded. Before, however, entering upon the later period in our own land, which will necessitate some detail, let us notice the striking features of pagan worship in other parts of the world.

Lowest in the scale of nations without the light of revelation, stand the Central and West African negroes, who revere inanimate objects, pieces of wood, stone, or toys of various kinds, under the name of *fetishes*. Brahmanism, with the complicated Hindoo mythology, of which Vishnu and Siva stand at the

* It is difficult to decide, especially as to races of whose origin we know little, whether their superstitions resembling those of previous date have been derived or not; the similitude may possibly arise from the similarity of natural mental tendency. The powahs of America, and snake-god of Mexico and Peru, are examples of untraceable superstition.

Digitized by Google

head, is a higher creed. Ascending from a purer form, that of Boodhism, we have Lamaism, embodying more of priestcraft—and, finally, we reach Mahometanism; which system, of pagan belief, most resembles the faith in one true and only God. It is not the purpose here to discuss at length these various systems; indeed, the Suttee, where the Hindoo wife is burnt upon the husband's funeral pile—the multitude who flock to the Ganges, and incur risk of death in the hope of curing their diseases—the devoted suspended in agonies for the recovery of a lost caste, will be generally familiar to the reader. It is believed that seventy thousand beings have been sacrificed to the Suttee since 1756, the date of the establishment of British power in India; but, owing to the exertions of the Governor-General, Lord Bentinck, similar catastrophes have been in a great measure prevented in our possessions. A case occurred very shortly before these steps were taken, in which a rajah's funeral was honoured by the burning of his eight-and-twenty wives.

In our West India colonies the most severe legislative enactments have been made to suppress the negro witchcraft called *Obi*, or *Obeah*. Any one who desires to be revenged upon a foe, compiles a ball of leaves, earth from a grave, egg-shells, alligators' and serpents' skin, and other mystic ingredients, which he secrets in his victim's house. The discoverer sinks beneath the terrors of a superstitious fear, and begins to experience the fatal effects of the spell which he believes to be upon him. When such result is not apparent, secret poison is commonly administered, which effects the desired object, and preserves the reputation of the Obeah sorcerer. This practice was brought into notice upon an insurrection of the Gold-coast negroes at Jamaica, in 1760, when it was found that an old man of their number had administered the Fetiche or solemn oath to the insurgents, accompanied with a magical compound for the purpose of rendering them secure against external injury. So firmly rooted was this practice, that severe punishments, year after year, failed to do away with it. It has been conjectured that the *Obi* is connected with the worship of *Oboui*, the evil deity of the Africans—the term signifying serpent, and derived from the old scriptural serpent, Satan. According to this view the origin of negro sorcery, and of our own, is evidently identical, a supposition which some other facts render probable. For instance, the sorcerers of Brazil, transported there to slavery from Africa, impart virtue to green beads, or *contas verdas*, which are worn round the neck by the Brazilian colonists, for the purpose of preservation from evil of

Digitized by Google

all kinds. The Mandingo priest (who is a Mahometan) is a seller of these charms, which are known as gree-grees, or *gris-gris*—and very similar in both nature and efficacy to the European amulet or talisman. Again, Koster, during his travels in Brazil, found a negro, who was stated to have the power of changing himself, on occasions, into a wolf-man, or *lobas-nomen*; and Captain Beaver states, that on questioning an African negro of similar pretensions, was told, "that he could change himself into an alligator, and had often done it." This idea corresponds with the *loups-garoux* of the French, the war-wolves, wolf-men of the Germans, and similar European superstitions. Many of these have been introduced into Africa and America by the agency of the Portuguese.

The *fetish*, which is a distinctive mark of negro worship, is a kind of domestic god or idol—a stuffed bird, head of a beast, or other grotesque object, being selected as a tutelary power, and made the centre of adoration. This may have its origin, for anything we know to the contrary, in the very remotest antiquity. The Mexican priests anoint themselves with a preparation of tobacco for the purpose of holding communication with their deity—a custom allied to that of European sorcery. Belonging to the South-Sea Islanders is a distinct and complete system of mythology, the priests of which system are termed *Areois*, and are prohibited from rearing children, although not condemned to celibacy; this has proved the cause of a vast amount of infanticide, or infant sacrifices, among them. Possession by devils and sorcery are both believed in; but it is not easy to say whence these superstitions may have arisen. In many places they have a custom, among others, of cutting off their hair at funeral ceremonies,—a usage not unlike those of other races, and to which, or a similar one, Moses alluded when he delivered the injunction, "Ye shall not cut yourselves, nor make any baldness between your eyes for the dead."

To return to the superstitions of European countries; a few illustrations may be adduced of the antiquity of several prominent features of popular belief. Witchcraft originated at Rome, and after the rise of Christianity was made punishable by the magistracy, the sorcerer's power (which, being derived from the gods, had been hitherto considered meritorious) becoming attributable to Satan, and, consequently, highly criminal. This belief, as well as that in demons of all kinds, prevailed in Europe until the seventeenth century; and our islands, with certain other remote localities, retained it until even a later period. It gained strength from the fifth to the fifteenth century, when the devil is said to have lectured in a cap and gown

Digitized by Google

at Salamanca, and his residence was known to be at a certain house in Milan! Luther was prone to these vagaries, and indulged the idea that his Satanic majesty was in the habit of stealing nuts during the night. Bulls were issued against witchcraft by Pope Innocent in 1484, Alexander VI. in 1494, Leo X. in 1521, and Adrian VI. in 1522. Persecution spread very rapidly in Spain, France, Italy, and Northern Germany, to which latter country Pope Innocent's bull referred chiefly, and in which alone the number of executions exceeded one hundred thousand. The original ground of witch-trial is stated to have been the text in Exodus, which states "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" of course, however, the *witch*, as well as prophet, magician, and all supernaturals mentioned in Scripture are not to be taken as indicating the same thing as does the modern term. Statutes were enacted against sorcery in England by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The Scottish Solomon was a personal investigator of many cases; and in the first year of his combined reign proclaimed, that "any one that shall use, practise, or exercise an invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any purpose; or take up any dead maw, &c., such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death"—a production of pedagogic minuteness worthy of its author. Shortly after this the fever of persecution spread rapidly over England. In a curious tract, entitled "Round about our Coal Fire," occurs the following description of a witch: "She must be a haggard old woman, living in a little rotten cottage under a hill, by a wood side, and must be frequently spinning at the door. She must have a black cat, two or three broomsticks, an imp or two, and two or three diabolical teats to suckle her imps. She must be of so dry a nature, that if you fling her into a river she will not sink —so hard, then, is her fate, that if she does not drown she must be burnt, as many have been within the memory of man." An English poet thus alludes to the forced confessions of the wretched victims of this barbarous delusion:—

> "Thus, witches
> Possessed, even in their death deluded, say
> They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in egg-shells
> Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons—
> Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles
> All in a night."

And how were these brought to conviction? By personal marks, to discover which they were pricked, shaven, and variously tortured. Mr. John Bell, minister, of Gladsmuir, says,

Digitized by Google

"I myself have them, like blemish spots, somewhat hard and withal insensible, so that it did not bleed when I pricked it." In "News from Scotland," 1591, we read, that having tormented a suspected witch with "the pilliwinkles upon her fingers, which is a grievous torture, and binding or wrenching her head with a cord or rope, which is a most cruel torture also, they, upon search, found the enemy's mark to be in the fore crag, or fore part of her throat."

King James, in his "Dæmonologie," mentions the then prevalent notion, that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that by roasting thereof, the person that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness." The historian Andrews describes the same belief. "The credulity of the age attributed the death of Ferdinand, earl of Derby, who was poisoned in the reign of Elizabeth, to witchcraft. The disease was odd, and operated as a perpetual emetic; and a waxen image, with hair like that of the earl, found in his chamber, reduced every suspicion to certainty."

Daniel, in one of his sonnets, says,—

> "The slie inchanter, when to work his will
> And secret wrong on some forspoken wight,
> Frames wax, in form to represent aright
> The poor unwitting wretch he meanes to kill;
> And pricks the image framed by magick's skill,
> Whereby to vex the partie day and night."

Sometimes this image was cut also out of mandrake or briary root.

A less than mortal revenge was sometimes sufficient for the malignity of the witch. Causing a victim to swallow and vomit pins and crooked nails, drying up cows, or hindering beer from working, were milder substitutes. The desirable properties, with that of self-conversion into a hare or a cat, are among the remaining characteristics of this fantastic race.

The early part of the seventeenth century was the great period of witch-trials, although, as we shall find, there are cases on record so late as our own century. During the sitting of the Long Parliament numberless executions took place, many upon the most frivolous charges. In 1613 the attention of the country was excited by the famous Lancashire witches. Regarding this bewitched county, we may remark, *en passant*, that so late as 1810 a custom existed at Longridge Fell, and probably in other districts, termed "lating witches," consisting of a procession carrying lighted candles across the moors in the direction of Lancaster; which, provided the candles were not

Digitized by Google

extinguished, secured immunity from the evil influence of witchcraft.

To guard against such noxious practices, however, arose the class termed witchfinders. In 1649 a Scotchman examined thirty accused women in the Town-hall of Newcastle, most of whom he condemned; and subsequently carried his trade into other parts of Northumberland, receiving £3 for every witch convicted. This man confessed at the gallows that he had caused the death of two hundred and seventy women in England and Scotland. During the following eighty years these wretches became more numerous and better organized, and went about the country as regular practitioners. Brand, in his description of Banff, gives the following account of one of this class:—"It is the good fortune of this country to be provided with an anti-conjuror that defeats both them and their sable patron in their combined efforts. His fame is widely diffused, and wherever he goes, *crescit eundo*. If the spouse is jealous of her husband, he is consulted. If a near connection lies confined to the bed of sickness, it is in vain to expect relief without the balsamic medicine of the anti-conjuror. If a person happens to be deprived of his senses, the deranged cells of the brains must be adjusted by his magic charms. If a farmer loses his cattle, the houses must be sprinkled with water by him. In searching for latent mischief, this gentleman never fails to find little parcels of heterogenous ingredients lurking in the walls, consisting of the legs of mice and the wings of bats; all the work of the witches."

In the year 1751, an old woman was drowned as a sorceress at Mailston-green, Tring. The chief actor in this affair, and who collected money among the spectators of the sight, was hung in chains for the murder. In 1823 three were arraigned at the Taunton assizes for assaulting Ann Burgess, a reputed witch, whom they accused of bewitching the daughter of one of them. Again, in 1825, one Isaac Stebbings was "swam for a wizard" (being so adjudged by a cunning man of the neighbourhood), in the presence of hundreds of people. The particulars of this occurrence appeared in the *Times* of July 19th of that year.

Comment is needless on such facts as these; but who will say that the spirit which tended to belief in sorcery is not still in existence; or that the same blind credulity has not, for example, been manifested by the ignorant classes in our own day, when they have been led to credit the mystical prophetic inspirations of Johanna Southcote, with the divinations of Nixon and Mother Shipton? Who will say that it is extinct, or that the

Digitized by Google

hour of its extinction is ever to arrive until the natural impulses of humanity are controlled by the voice of cultivated reason; until the utilitarian spirit shall, throughout the land, have swamped the extensive waste of the world of imagination? And further, no one will say that we are not to hasten forward such a period. None will weigh the decline of faith in our semi-superstitious holiday customs and bright fairy imaginings, against the fatal consequences of such a branch of superstitious belief as has just been brought under consideration.

To return to the connection between modern and ancient pagan superstition. The Romans placed great reliance upon certain days of good and ill omen, and upon astrological climacterics; the *Fasti* of Ovid treats of the former exclusively; and the belief appears to have been one of universal influence. The fishermen of the Baltic suspend all operations during the interval between the feasts of All Saints and St. Martin—they would otherwise, according to their notions, take no fish during the remainder of the year. Their women never sew on Ash-Wednesday, because so doing would induce diseases to cattle. By abstaining from the use of fire on St. Laurence's-day, they are secure from conflagration through all the year. In Livonia, as we learn from a Riga journal of 1822, the faith in lucky and unlucky days was still undiminished. The people would not hunt on St. Mark's nor St. Catherine's-day, under fear of losing success in sport during the whole season. This reminds us of a superstition among the farmers of North Wales, who would not hold a team on St. Mark's-day, apprehending that loss of oxen would certainly ensue. In Livonia, again, there is a general dislike to settle bargains, and sometimes to dress children, or do other such offices, on a Friday; if they receive visits on a Thursday, it portends a continuation of disagreeable visitors for a week ensuing. The vulgar prepossession against Friday among our countrymen has originated with reference to the crucifixion, accompanied by the idea that on that day evil spirits would be likely to have especial liberty of action.

To return to the shores of the Baltic. If a fire occurs, a black hen is thrown into the flames, by way of stopping its progress. This custom is evidently a remnant of the expiatory sacrifices to a malevolent deity, derived from pagan rites; in fact, many of these customs are directly connected with their ancient mythology.

The belief in certain auspicious days has been occasionally strengthened by coincidences. Thus, on April 6th Alexander was born; on an anniversary of that day he conquered Darius; on another he died. On April 6th the emperor Caracalla was born.

Digitized by Google

On a Wednesday was born Pope Sixtus V.; on the same day made a monk, a general of his order, created cardinal, elected pope, and on that day was inaugurated. Thursday, again, was fatal to Henry VIII. and his posterity; he died, as did King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, on that day of the week. On the feast of Pentecost Henry III. was born, made king of Poland, and succeeded his brother, Charles IX.

In Scotland it is considered unfortunate to marry in May, which month is favourable to enchantments. At this time maidens place a snail on a slate, which, by crawling, traces out the initial letter of their future husband's name. Many ceremonies were attached to certain days of this month, and originated the choosing a king and queen of May to preside over such rites. Childermas, or Innocent's-day, was deemed unlucky for marriage. The coronation of Edward IV. was postponed till after this day. In Logierait, Perthshire, so late as 1818, a firm belief was entertained that the day of the week upon which the 14th of May chanced to fall, would prove unlucky throughout the rest of the year; and in 1828, the idea was prevalent in Banff, that on the 12th of the same month, spirits might be seen dancing on the waters of the Avon, and that on that day they made universal havoc among the poultry and cattle of the farmers of that shire.

Again, the power of foretelling future events, either by inspiration of individuals or by presage drawn from certain natural phenomena, has been a favourite matter of superstitious credulity in all ages of the world's history. The prophetic power of the inspired scriptural ancients, found a distorted reflection in pagan countries, and in their own also. After the return of the Jews from Babylon, they abandoned themselves to a system of divination founded in sorcery, as evinced by the Talmud, which abounds with mystic rites; and is still looked upon with veneration almost amounting to idolatry. The rabbins interpreted dreams and cured diseases after the model of Zoroaster, not of Moses; and consulted the stars and the operative agency of spirits. The Jews still practise singular ceremonies of a traditionary kind at births and marriages. The Cabala contains directions for rendering spirits visible, for the purposes of divination by combinations of various texts and words. Thus, the five Hebrew letters of which the name Satan is formed, constitute the number 364. It is believed that he is on this account unable to injure them by false accusation, except on one out of the 365 days of the year. Divination and sorcery, then, come into action to determine and guard against this day of Satanic license.

Digitized by Google

The Greeks used the Castalian and other fountains for prophetic purposes. The Patreans sought for information as to the results of sickness, from the form taken by water upon the smooth surface of a mirror. The inhabitants of Laconia derived omens from the sinking or swimming of cakes of bread. Among the Romans the great system of divination was that of augury from the flight of birds, derived from the Egyptians. Observations were taken from a certain eminence, and at a particular season; and, among other birds, consecrated chickens were kept for the purposes of augury. The Romans sacrificed a brown dog at Canicula, which was to the Sirius, derived from the Egyptians, who considered the dog-star as prophetic, inasmuch as it forewarned them of the season of the overflowing of the Nile. The Aruspices, who divined events from inspection of the entrails of beasts, were founded by Romulus, and formed an order which was frequently consulted by the Senate, and which, as well as that of the augurs, professed to interpret the oracles. The Roman people also drew prognostics of impending evil from comets and eclipses.

The Druids foretold events by the bubbling of water when stirred by them with a branch of oak; and pretended to learn the future from the motion of the logan, or rocking stone, of which some remain still in Devonshire and Cornwall. In these counties many Druidical customs still exist, which have without doubt been retained from the period of Celtic domination. Thus, Cornishmen consult the spirit of the well at Madern respecting their future destiny; a similar notion to the Druidical divination from wells and fountains. And since, then, Druids were a branch of the Persian Magi, we must conclude, in addition, that in our western counties superstitions are still to be found which owe their origin to Eastern antiquity. We may be allowed here to quote from Mr. Whitaker the following remarks on Druidism:—"There was something in this species of heathenism that was well calculated to arrest the attention and impress the mind. The rudely majestic circle of stones in their temples, the enormous cromlech, the massy logan, the huge carnedde, and the magnificent amphitheatre of woods, would all very strongly lay hold upon that religious thoughtfulness of soul which has ever been so natural to man amid all the wrecks of humanity—the monument of his former perfection!"

The ancient church writers, moreover, inform us that the early Christians drew omens from such occurrences as sneezing at certain critical times, meeting animals on a threshold, or a blind or lame person. The Devonshire peasantry think it very

Digitized by Google

unlucky, at the present day, to meet a hare across the road. Vagaries these, only a shade less wild than that of the ancient augurs—though neither forming a distinct creed, nor elevated to the purpose of divination in state government, as of old. In the earlier ages of Christianity, it was (for further example) a general superstition that the moon could be dragged down from the skies, and forced to deposit a foam upon the earth, by means of incantations—the foam being collected by the sorcerers for their use. This was believed to be the cause of the eclipse; at which period, it was customary to assemble and make violent noises to prevent the queen of night from hearing the spells of her seducers. According to Pietro della Valle, the Persians keep up the same custom to the present time. But this is a digression from the subject before us. Events are foretold by the Chinese according to the position in which certain pieces of wood fall, which their divines have tossed in the air. The priests of the sect called Tao-tse, are both augurs and fortune-tellers. In the augury of China rooks are deemed unlucky, which corresponds with the notion of other nations. In the Sandwich Islands, oracular speeches are delivered by the king from a frame of wicker-work—accompanied by convulsions and paroxysms extremely similar to those of the Western oracles. At Tahiti augury by birds is practised, with divination in cases of theft—bearing many points of resemblance to that of Rome. In Madagascar, also, divination is performed by means of a sort of table resembling a chess-board, divided into sixty-four squares. This practise is termed *Sikidy*.

Ancient augury has undoubtedly left its traces in the traditional legends and proverbs of later years. Thus, the stork, important at Rome, and much revered for its wisdom and piety by the Egyptians, is still believed by common people to indicate prosperity to any house on which it settles. In 1685, a book was published on the "Magick of Persia," with an account of the annual appearance at spring-time of a host of storks by the river Xanthus; these did battle with a battalion of carnivorous birds stationed across the water. If the storks conquered, fruits and corn were to be abundant; if the crows and vultures were victorious, oxen were to be multiplied.

The tendency to belief in supernatural communication by visible tokens is, too, exemplified by the universality of the practice of judicial astrology and trial by ordeal—as in the case of touching the body of a murdered person, in order to discover the assassin by the flow of blood. Modern instances are not wanting of a similar nature. It is a country practice for young girls to throw hemp-seed over their shoulders, at Midsummer

Digitized by Google

Eve, expecting that the image of their future husband will appear and gather it.

Gay, in one of his pastorals, says—

> "At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
> But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
> I scattered round the seed on every side,
> And three times in a trembling accent cried:
> 'This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
> Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
> I straight looked back, and if my eyes speak truth,
> With his keen scythe behind me came the youth."

A similar interesting experiment was performed by burning nuts, as described by the same poet—

> "Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
> And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
> This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
> That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd;
> As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
> For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow."

Among the ignorant, a bible and key, and various other means of divination, are partially believed in still.

Examples of presages which have arisen from phenomena of nature are to be found in the "seers" of the Highlands and Western Isles, the "wraiths" of the Lowlands (known as *swarths* in Cumberland, and as *waffs* in Northumberland), and the Irish "fetches." These have often originated in mirages caused by atmospheric refraction. The seer is to be considered as in general the deceived, and not the deceiver—since Dr. Johnson testifies that their prophecies are to a considerable extent involuntary, and that no profit is sought or expected. The Ode, on the "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," by Collins, has the following on this class of prophets—

> "How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross
> With their own vision oft astonished droop,
> When, o'er the wat'ry strath or quaggy moss,
> They see the gliding ghosts' unbodied troop.
> Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
> Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
> Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
> And rosy health, shall soon lamented die."

A minister in Ross says of his parishioners in 1792—"with them the belief of the second-sight is general." Waldron tells us, that the inhabitants of the Isle of Man had faith in the appearing of the funeral procession of the fated party, to the seer, before death; and that his own servants were in the habit of anticipating his return, unknown to them, by having

Digitized by Google

the table spread to receive him. The ancients had a similar faith as to invisible spiritual communication. They believed that notice of misfortune was given to mortals by a supernatural terror which seized them, emanating from the universal deity, Pan—what we should term, using the derived expression, a *panic* fear.

The mirage, alleged as the true cause of this second-sight, has been a prolific source of superstition. The Sicilians regard the brilliant palaces exhibited by the Fata Morgana at Messina, as the dwelling of the Fairy Morgana; an idea which modern scientific explanations have failed in eradicating. Similar appearances occur at the Lakes of Killarney; and, like the Sicilians, the Irish regard them as miraculous. Among the seers, the supposed faculty of second-sight is known as *Faisch*, in the Earse tongue, and has been received for centuries in the Hebrides. It is considered as a relic of Druidism, which has survived the removal of that system to Denmark and Sweden.

Signs, as well as seasons, are far from being neglected by the lower orders among ourselves. Sailors are a superstitious class, placing faith in omens and spirits. To lose a mop is unlucky, or to drown a cat, on board ship. Children bring luck, but whistling is most dangerous. The latter idea prevails also among miners, who never on any account whistle, or allow visitors so to do, below ground.

But we must recur once more to the main-thread of our subject. Another kind of universally-exhibited superstition, is that of faith in amulets and charms, both to produce and to ward off evils. Passing over scriptural instances, we have the authority of Galen, who mentions their use B.C. 630; and Josephus records them as common among the Jews, being known as *kamea*. The *phylacteries* of the Greeks were amulets. An edict, forbidding their use, was put forth by the Emperor Caracalla at Rome. The Druids used the mistletoe as a preservative against poison, and believed in the power of the herb *selago* to cure sore eyes and many other evils, when used as a charm.* Pliny recommends a chaplet of laurel or a seal-skin, as a protection from lightning. The famous Seepenny, still preserved in Lanarkshire, came from Palestine in the fourteenth

* It is worthy of remark, that the Persians cut twigs of *Ghez*, with a peculiar consecrated knife, resembling the golden sickle used by the Druids at the ceremony of cutting the mistletoe. Candidates for the British throne had recourse, too, to a fatal stone; and, similarly, among the Persians the *Artizoe* was used. This goes to confirm the Persian origin of British Druidism.

Digitized by Google

century; it is used by dipping it into water, which becomes efficacious in curing diseased cattle. This is probably the only memorial of the crusades preserved in this country. Lord Bacon believed in the virtue of a bone-ring to secure the wearer against dangers at sea, and to inspire him with courage. In many parts of England charms are implicitly relied on. Hydrophobia, cramp, and ague have their cure in herbs carried about the person, by an eel-skin worn round the leg, and by sticks laid crosswise on the floor. The curing of warts is a subject which has given rise to innumerable charms; prepared, like those of old, with reference to the heavenly bodies. The preservative agency of rue and bayleaf, was and still is, commonly believed in. In "Hamlet" we have, "There's rue for you, and there's some for me. We may call it herb of grace on Sundays." In the old play of the "White Devil," Cornelia says,—

> "Reach the bays:
> I'll tie a garland here about his head;
> 'Twill keep my boy from lightning."

Farmers in Scotland fasten boughs of honey-suckle and mountain-ash on their cow-houses on the 2nd of May, to preserve their cattle against witchcraft; and a custom exists of splitting a bough of the latter tree, through which children are drawn. This process is supposed to impart to them strength and vigour. The Scottish peasantry used to tie twigs of ash to their cows' tails to protect them from sorcerers. In 1647, Hill writes, in his "Natural and Artificial Conclusions," that house-leeks are very efficacious in guarding houses against storms and lightning; and in many parts of the country, cottagers still plant them on their roofs for this purpose. In the Western Islands, women used groundsel as a charm against the abstraction of their cream and milk by malevolent beings. The Irish were found to use a certain stone as an amulet, to rub for the cure of a venomous bite; and in 1826, an old woman at Falkirk got her living by the sale of a gruel, termed Skaith-saw, an antidote to the potency of a "blink from an ill-ee." Again, in Iona is to be seen a stone, at which an address to the Holy Trinity is offered, accompanied with thrice touching, by the mariners, in order that they may steer successfully. Uncouth as such observance may seem, it is paralleled by a custom of Suffolk, mentioned by Grose. "An abortive calf is buried in a highway; this ceremony ensures freedom from abortion in the produce of all animals which travel across the road in question."

Amulets are now used among the Copts, Arabians, Syrians, and all nations west of the Ganges. The African gree-grees have before been mentioned; the Mahometan charms are very

Digitized by Google

similar; and to them and nature is left the cure of all diseases, a system arising out of their faith in predestination. In Samothracia, the famous talismans are set in rings, and were considered as infallible. The Maltese use peculiar petrifactions, which are believed to be eyes of serpents, and which, used by suspension in water, are certain preventives of poison: this is a tradition from the miraculous handling of the viper by St. Paul when wrecked upon that island. Talismans are still in favour with the Spanish and Portuguese, and are very much venerated by the Jews. The Chinese use one consisting of old copper-coins fastened together on a string. The Madagascar islanders make use of charms resembling the *fetish* deities, to guard against a variety of disasters.

Love-charms were known to the Pagans, who bruised poppy-flowers in their hand to divine their chance of gaining the heart of the object of affection. In 1640, Dr. Ferrand describes a similar custom in use among country-girls.

The accusation against Othello, in reference to Desdemona, runs thus—

> "Thou hast practised on her with foul charms;
> Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
> That waken motion.
> She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted,
> By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks."

Some rural charms are extremely simple. The following, against being benighted in travel, occurs in Herrick's "Hesperides"—

> "If ye fear to be affrighted,
> When ye are by chance benighted;
> In your pocket, for a trust,
> Carry nothing but a crust:
> For that holie piece of bread
> Charmes the danger and the dread."

Among all our varieties of superstition, that of *Fairies* is the most poetical and beautiful—allied to the delightful fancies of the East, as embodied in its charming fictional literature. The Fairy of our clime is doubtless of the same family and parentage as the Persian Peri and the Arabian Genie; and we may further compare our Imp, or Witch, with the Evil genius, or Jinn, and our *Devil* with the Ghoul, of Eastern nativity. In Eastern fiction, moreover, Gemiestan answers to our Fairy-land. The Chaldeans, Egyptians, and all nations of the East, referred natural effects, which were to them unaccountable by other means, to the agency of demons presiding over rivers, mountains, animals, and herbs; as we find now in other countries, where the Greenlander, unsuccessful in fishing, the Huron in

Digitized by Google

hunting, or the Hottentot labouring under bodily ailment, each without delay invoke the assistance of the respective presiding spirit. This belief in invisible agents has been with us derived from antiquity, and is to be found in Devonshire and Cornwall, as well as in certain parts of Scotland and Ireland—while the romantic superstitions of other parts of the island have been brought subsequently from the East by pilgrims and crusaders. In our western villages many ceremonies are performed by the vulgar in honour of brooks and wells, and Cornishmen invoke the assistance of the spirit Brownie upon the occasion of the swarming of bees. Plenty of "spriggian" still continue to delude benighted wanderers, and discover hidden treasures. In the Western Isles sacrifices were annually made to the genius of the ocean, until the close of the last century, reminding one of the deification of the Ganges by the Hindoos, and the Arabs, who, like their ancestors, the Ishmaelites, reverenced fountains and springs.

Not many years since, every family of distinction in the Shetland Isles possessed a Brownie, resembling the Robin Goodfellow of English poetry, who would condescend to perform any piece of menial labour laid out for him, for the accompanying recompense of a bowl of cream. The Irish Banshie is in many respects similar to the Brownie, although his services are of a loftier and more heroic nature. The *cluricaune* of Ireland was an equally common, and more harmless sprite. In Ireland many customs and beliefs exist of Norse origin, as well as those from other sources. In this island and the Highlands, elf-shots are much regarded; these are triangular arrow-headed flints, believed to have power to inflict mortal wounds without breaking the skin, and to be the weapons of fairy elves.

> "There every herd, by sad experience knows
> How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
> When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
> Or stretched on earth the heart-smit heifers lie."

In Wales, a race similar to the Brownies exist, called Knockers, from their method of indicating to the miners the direction of the veins of lead and silver ore. Waldron says, that the monks of the Isle of Man asserted that their island was peopled by Fairies, and exhibit a ledge of rock, called the Fairy Saddle, on which the tiny impalpables sit at eve, in garments of pale-green. The fabulous sea-nymphs, known as mermaids, were also generally believed in during the seventeenth century.

Fairy rings, or bright circles on the grass, have given rise to much superstition. Shakspeare represents the Fairies as

Digitized by Google

"dancing on ringlets to the whistling wind." George Smith (the painter, of Chichester), refers to them in the following lines:—

> "Some say the screech-owl, at each midnight hour,
> Awakes the fairies in yon ancient tower:
> Their nightly dancing ring I always dread,
> Nor let my sheep within that circle tread;
> Where round and round, all night in moonlight fair,
> They dance to some strange music in the air."

Drayton says, in allusion to the Fairies,—

> "They in their courses make that round,
> In meadows and in marshes found,
> Of them so called the fairy ground."

The old pagan worship of Baal, and lighting fires in honour of the sun, has also, strange to say, found its way down to modern times. The Irish light bonfires at the four great annual Druidical festivals; and we learn from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795, that upon that held at the summer solstice, men, women, and children actually passed through the flames, as a preservative process. In Scotland the same customs existed twenty years ago, at Peebles, under the name of Bel-tane, or Baal-fire; in Lanark, and also at a town in Perthshire, near which were two temples of upright stones, used in the ceremonial, the peculiar rights of which very much resembled those used by the Romans in Palilia. In the Isle of Skye midnight fires and dances are kept up in June. In many parts of the Highlands, in some Welsh villages, and in the counties of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Gloucester, bonfires are still made at midsummer, exhibiting in the attendant ceremonies something of deprecatory feeling, and doubtless are vestiges of Celtic sacrifice to the evil genius Arimanes. The *Edinburgh Review* for 1813 states that at Lödingen, in Norway, similar customs are perpetuated on the 24th June.

In Hitchin's "History of Cornwall," a very striking circumstance is recorded, which illustrates this subject. About 1800, an ignorant farmer, after consulting with some of his neighbours to prevent the recurrence of several severe losses of cattle, actually burned alive, by their advice, the finest calf upon his farm, as a good-will offering. In Arnot's "Edinburgh" of 1594, we also find that the elders of the Scottish Church had used every exertion, without effect, to stop a custom prevalent among the husbandmen, of leaving a portion of land uncropped and untilled year after year. This was a peace offering, that the remainder might prove fertile; it was dedicated to Satan, and was termed the "gude man's croft," or landlord's acre.

Digitized by Google

The various ceremonies attached to religious and general festivals among ourselves will be found to present many features resembling those of pagan superstition and ordinary observance. The Romans, like us, made presents, visits, and congratulations on New Year's-day. Mr. Fosbrooke, in his "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," describes a piece of Roman pottery, the inscription being, "a happy new year to you." New year's gifts were continued under the emperors, until stopped by Claudius. St. Valentine's-day originated in certain Roman customs at the feast of *Lupercalia*, in the month of February. Light-bearing at Candlemas is an ancient pagan ceremony. Collop-Monday, the last day of feasting previous to Lent, corresponds with the feast of Bacchus at Rome, on the same period. At Eton it was customary to write Latin verses on Bacchus on this day. From the Saxon goddess Eastre, whose festival was held in April, we retain the term Easter. The decking of churches with evergreens at Christmas is, too, a heathen practice, who placed them as a refuge for sylvan spirits during the winter. The misletoe, indicative of universal privilege, nay, even our very mince-pie, is to be referred to similar origin; the latter being considered to have in view the varied eastern spices brought at this season by the star-led magi. The practice of choosing a king and queen on Twelfth-night is derived from the Greeks and Romans, who, on the festival days of Saturn, occurring at this time, drew for the king of Saturnalia by lot. The leek, worn by the Welsh on St. David's-day, was an object of worship among the Egyptians, and is found on the head of Osiris in their hieroglyphics. It was also among the Druids, from whom it is conjectured it has been handed down to the Welsh, a symbol in honour of Cendven or Ceres. Leeks were worshipped anciently at Ascalon, whence, curiously enough, our modern term, "scallion." Sir Walter Scott says that the custom of saying "God bless you," when a person happens to sneeze, is derived from the fact that during the plague at Athens, sternutation indicated a crisis, and gave hope of recovery.

It may not be out of place to quote, in connection with the subjects of this paper, some remarks from the pen of Miss Martineau, who, after instancing the tendency of the religious ascetic to superstition, as evinced in the Highlands by the dread of playing even a hymn tune on the piano on Sunday, and by Wesley, who opened his Bible to light upon texts, continues:— "The ascetic who glories in having put away the superstitions of the licentious form, has superstitions of his own. He has more or less belief in judgments, in retributive evils, arbitrarily inflicted. The chief difference between his superstition and

Digitized by Google

that of the licentious form of religion, lies in the spirit from which they emanate. Those of the ascetic arise from the spirit of fear; those of the heathen, perhaps, equally from the spirit of love and the spirit of fear." In illustration of the latter is the disposition to provide for the comfort and prosperity of the dead in their unseen life. The Norwegians lay the warrior's horse, armour, and weapons beside him. The Hindoos burn the widow. The Malabar Indians release caged birds on the newly-made grave, to sanction the flight of the soul; and other instances might be cited to the same effect, not excluding some which have given birth to customs observed among our ignorant countrymen upon christenings, births, and marriages.

The faith in the prophetic nature of dreams, fostered by the astrologers and almanac-mongers of later days, has been justly considered as a delusive and dangerous manifestation of superstition. All that can be allowed, as to the much disputed nature of dreaming, is that the intellectual faculties may be in an exalted state of activity during sleep. Be the cause of dreams whatever it may, or the impressions which they leave on the mind ever so powerful, they never ought to create anxiety and solicitude, nor be converted into presages and predictions at variance with the dictates of cool reason and sober judgment. The ancients believed them to be a medium of seeking instruction from the gods; hence sleeping-chambers were attached to their temples, as at Epidaurus and Oropos. Among the Greeks the god Æsculapius was thought to be the sender of dreams, and the tablets in his temple at Cos attested the beneficial results which had ensued from dreams sent by him to the sick. The process of receiving these dreams was called incubation, and is mentioned by Pomponius Mela as existing in the interior of Africa, where the savages laid themselves down on the graves of their ancestors, to induce oracular dreams. The practice was in use also among the Egyptians.

The limits of the present paper prevent further detail of the various branches of universal superstitious belief. Enough, however, has been adduced to place the subject fairly open, and suggest fields for further investigation. As to the importance of the topic, the fact that such men as Tacitus, Melancthon, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Dryden, were all superstitious, is answer sufficient; and as to its extent, it may be truly said, that in this boundless tract, strewn with all the blossoms of all philosophy, the human observer may wander for ever.

Digitized by Google

THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.*

FROM an author sitting down to write afresh the history of a country or nation in remote ages (schoolbooks, whether for children of an infant or a riper age, and mere compilations of course excepted) we have a right to look for either the statement of new facts which his own researches have brought to light, and the production of fresh evidence, or he may propose to himself the task of explaining what has been already discovered in a more conclusive and satisfactory manner with that terseness and force of language the most suitable garb for the grave and severe Clio; in it she most easily captivates her listeners.

The annals and fates of the military orders which sprang immediately from the Crusades, have been repeatedly written; and the controversies regarding their origin, and almost every period of their progress, or of those extinct, their dissolution, have occasioned the deepest research and exercised very masterly pens: we have disinterred concerning them, from musty chronicles and mouldering parchments, probably nearly every fact which the *insouciance* (I may use a French term, as our carelessness does not adequately express the idea) of our ancestors had left to be gleaned.

The constitution of the Templars and Hospitallers is naturally embraced in every history of the Crusades and the ephemeral kingdom they founded in Jerusalem, both militias being, as Gibbon justly remarks, "its firmest bulwarks," and so intermixed are their operations, their victories, and defeats that the history of one cannot be given without materially involving that of its rival, till the cruel extinction of the knights of the temple of Solomon left those of the hospital the undivided field in which their subsequent heroism was well witnessed and acknowledged by Europe, in the successive change of their titles to Knights of Rhodes and Chevaliers of Malta, the scenes of their valour and bravery.

The author of the work before us falls, perhaps unconsciously, into this practice, for though the Hospitallers are avowedly his

* The History of the Holy, Military, Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights Hospitallers, Knights Templars, Knights of Rhodes, Knights of Malta, by John Taaffe, Knight Commander of the Order, and Author of "Adelais." In four vols. 8vo. Hope and Co., London, 1852.

Digitized by Google

theme, even his title is evidence in point, where we find "The History of St. John of Jerusalem, *or* Knights Hospitallers, Knights Templars, Knights of Rhodes, Knights of Malta;" so that from the copulative conjunction an inexperienced reader would be almost induced to believe that the Templars were but a section or a synonym of the principal denomination.

In his first two chapters our gallant chevalier gives a succinct review of the state of Europe, in which we were rather startled by the fact, that all the great and good deeds of these times are to be ascribed to the Normans, and a Norman is found in every hero (p. 3). "That noble-minded nation, who usually take the lead wherever there is anything of great or good to be undertaken." Danes or Normans are either precisely a single people, or at most, varieties of one race in different places and periods.

On his historic ground he treads against fearful odds; in our language, for facts and for style, against Hume, Gibbon, Mills; in other countries he must face, to mention only a few, in Germany, Wilken; in France, Raynouard and Grouvelle, for the Templars; and if he admit their guilt, Dupuy with Nicolai and Herder in Germany, and that most whimsical of calumniators, Joseph Von Hammer, now Baron of Purgstall, followed by Clarkson in Billing's History of the Temple Church. But on his principal theme and favourite Order of the Hospitallers he has to encounter the Abbé Vertot, himself a host, and for the more recent period, Boisgelin to 1804; what remains subsequently to be told may be summed up nearly in the efforts of the author (vol. iv., p. 228) to induce a son of the Archduke Charles to become Grand Master, and an almost eleemosynary petition for the old gentlemen who now compose the Order, located with their present luogo-tenente Colloredo in the ancient Embassy at Rome (p. 227): "And equitable it is, and pious and fitting, that younger members, wherever stationed, should squeeze their means a little for the purpose of rendering the age of their superiors as pleasing and as honourable as possible."

It is at the third chapter that the author takes up the proper subject of this history. After the capture of Jerusalem, 15th July, 1099 (this important date is wanting in the book), we have, as the next subject of interest, naturally the foundation of his Order, and if we go more fully into his details on it, we do so because he advocates in the absence of any certain relation, a theory totally different from the best and official historiographers, even from Vertot, who undertook his valuable compilation at the desire of the Grand Chapter of the Order, and with

Digitized by Google

every aid from its archives. In a periodical, therefore, which avowedly professes the greatest interest in these knights at all periods of their existence, a protest against his opinions should be entered without any possible delay.

Towards the end of the preceding chapter is the usual and admitted story of Gerard de Avesnes, taken from Albertus Aquensis, of Aix la Chapelle, not Aix in Provence, as more generally believed (Bronsgar Gesta Dei per Francos, vol. i., p. 281), whom Godfrey of Boulogne has given as a hostage for the terms of a truce to a small place called Assur, by our author, but by the careful Wilken (Geschichte der Kreuzzüge, vol. ii., p. 18), Arsof. The inhabitants of the place broke the truce, and Godfrey had to invest it with his army. The besieged tied the young man—emphatically, our author tells us (p. 129), called "*Duke Godfrey's young friend*,"—to a mast, and exposed him on the walls to the arrows of his own comrades, and when Godfrey was obliged to relinquish the siege, he left the field with the impression that the youth had died either by Christian arms or the tortures of the Infidels. After the truce had been restored, to the great joy of Godfrey, his young friend rode into Jerusalem perfectly unhurt on an Arabian charger, and invested by the Pasha of Ascalon, to whom he had been remitted by the people of Assur, clothed with a khelat or a robe of honour (quodam die idem præses et ammiraldus Ascalonis Gerardum de præsidio Avennis ab omni plaga curatum honorifice vestibus indutum et equo optimo impositum, duci Christianissimo Jerusalem dono remisit). The Duke Godfrey, now king, conferred on the youth, in recompense of the fears and entreaties which he had given vent to on the mast, carefully recorded by the historian, the fief of Abraham on the Dead Sea, in his new dominions, besides a largesse of five hundred marks.

That the founder of the Hospitallers was named Gerard is certain, and the general and received opinion on the first rise of this Order is that it was charitable and eleemosynary *only*. The receipt of two pieces of gold from every pilgrim before he could worship at the holy places was a sufficient inducement to relax Moslem intolerance, even if the Koran had not permitted the alternative of conversion or tribute to all unbelievers; and our view, founded on reason, and the natural bias of mankind, is confirmed by the contemporary evidence of William Archbishop of Tyre and Jacob Vitriacus, both of whom had personally visited Jerusalem; nor is it therefore wonderful that we find other and frequent concurrence in their testimony. A monk named Bernard found along the valley of Jeosophat, A.D. 680, a regular convent of Benedictines with twelve dwellings, and

Digitized by Google

ample revenues arising from fields, vineyards, and orchards, which, at the time of the Crusades had risen to considerable importance. But even within the city, merchants from Amalphi had built a residence scarcely a stone's throw from the holy sepulchre, which must have been considerable, for Vitriacus tells us it occupied an entire quarter of the area within the walls, to which was shortly after added, from the tolerance or cupidity of the Pasha, a church or chapel, called from its invocation, and to distinguish it as exclusively dedicated to the ritual of the West, *St. Maria de Latina.* In this hospital the abbot had numerous monks, who, besides the usual duties of the choir, received poor pilgrims for support, and those wounded by roving bands of Curds on their road, for cure and medical succour, and when the number of pilgrims increased beyond the adequacy of the first *xenodochium,* a second was built as a filial, also furnished with its chapel, dedicated and distinguished by its invocation to *St. John Elemon* (the charitable), Patriarch of Alexandria, whose fame was then widely spread in the East. A pilgrim of the name of Gerard had arrived, some say from Provence, but others with greater probability from Amalphi, and dedicated his life to the service of charity, so that at the date of the occupation of the holy city by the Christians, they found him (a striking instance of Mahommedan tolerance) governor or *prepositus* of the original *xenodochium,* and possibly this same Gerard (but in that age it was a favourite name, as the reader will find if he count the number adduced in the *Index Generalis* to Baronius' Annals), who, under the title of abbot, bore a crucifix before the Christian van at the battle of Joppa, in 1101; a sacred burthen, which, however, totally precludes the idea of a warrior.

It will not be necessary here to repeat the accounts of this hospital and its foundation (from 1830 edit. of Dugdale's Monasticon, vol. iv. part ii., p. 788), except that as they seem to have been unknown to all continental writers, and to our author, they give therefore additional corroboration to the existence of hospitals or reception-houses for poor or wounded pilgrims from the West at Jerusalem, and at the date of its capture. The first is from an old MS. in the possession of Gilbert North, in 1652; and the second from the Cotton Collect. (Otho, B. 3, fol. 189), which, notwithstanding their discursiveness and barbarous Latin, are amusing; as where Judas Machabæus in the first is claimed as the founder of this military priesthood and the hospital as his residence. Sometimes the relation verges near impiety, as when it fixes on the same location for the scene where Christ first appears to his disciples after his ascen-

Digitized by Google

sion, and reproved the unbelief of Thomas. Gerard is even introduced by name, though sometimes joined with Conrad, as having experienced the common Catholic miracle of these loaves, which he daily threw from the walls amongst the famishing Christian besiegers, being turned into stones when it was necessary to deceive the Caliph by a fraudulent miracle. The second Cottonian account is less tainted with puerility, and in a better style, confirming in most respects the accounts of the venerable contemporaries before mentioned.

The fact, therefore, of the existence of a hospital from which the Order, under the subsequent invocation of St. John the Baptist, took its rise (as indeed its earliest and usual name of Hospitallers implies) seems certain. The Order afterwards received, in addition to its charitable duties, a belligerent vocation, and the question is, when did this change take place? The general reply is, on the accession of the first GRAND MASTER, Raymond du Puy, in 1018. Gibbon says (Edit. Milman, vol. xi., p. 88, note), "William of Tyre (lxviii., 34, 35) relates the ignoble origin and early insolence of the Hospitallers, who soon deserted the humble patron St. John the Eleemosynary for the more august character of St. John the Baptist (see the ineffectual struggle of Pagi Critica, A.D. 1099, No. 14, p. 18). They assumed the profession of arms about the year 1120."

Mills (Hist. Crusades, vol. i., p. 351), says, "The exact year when the Order took a military character is not settled. Vertot argues that it must have occurred before 1130, for the services of the Hospitallers are mentioned in a bull of that date. True, but the distinction of Knights and serving Brothers was not known till the year 1153, in the short pontificate of Anastasius IV."

Such is a very summary and consolidated account of the principal arguments and authorities for the humble and tolerated origin of the subsequently famous priestly militia of St. John, agreed in by the best foreign and native, by the most industrious and acute historians, and founded upon contemporary testimony of personal witnesses.

Yet all this our author denies. According to his account and in his first two chapters, which however are unfortunately entirely without the cited authorities in which his subsequent ones abound, (p. 129) "from deserters met at Ramla, not one Latin male or female had remained in Jerusalem;" (p. 180) "Fact is, no Latin inhabitant had been tolerated in Jerusalem for the last half century;" and p. 172 we have the following rather strong language, after asserting that neither the Templars nor any other Military Order then existed, "nor in those first twelve

Digitized by Google

years were there any other Knights mentioned than the Hospitallers of St. John, that is; St. John the Baptist, for as to the almsgiver (Elemon) *it is all a humbug*, nor the least worthy discussion."

So far our author negatively; his affirmations are that his Order was, *ab initio*, a military and fighting one; that the Gerard mentioned by Albertus Aquensis was the identical Gerard mentioned as *prepositus* of the hospital, and subsequently called abbot; that the title *prepositus* (p. 185), was equal to the kingly dignity: "It was then confessedly a royal title, and equivalent to a recognition of sovereignty, as in after ages it is insignificant, *but at that time it was as said.*"

Upon such showing, when Raymond du Puy took the title of GRAND MASTER, he must have descended from the highest social position to one much inferior. The name of Gerard of Avesnes is tortured (p. 174) through "Anonia, Hainault, or Avesne, or Amaicu, or Dell'monte," to make him a Fleming, and consequently, as the author chooses to class them, one of his favourite Normans. Gerard's other title, (noticed p. 185) of "Servant of Christ's Poor" means, "Protector of Crusaders, and of Christian Pilgrims." The name of *Fra* (brother) given to Gerard's associates is thus disposed of: "*Fra* has often changed its meaning. There was a time when it meant *knight*, and that time was Gerard's, so he applied it to his companions." The idea that there had been another Gerard, a native of Amalphi, and therefore most likely to have been placed by his townfolk in the presidency of the hospital they had built, is treated with the utmost contempt. Our author's strongest proof, however, is endeavoured to be deduced from a charter by Godfrey of Bouillon, of which the original is lost, but of which three old copies are brought in the appendix (Nos. xix., xx., xxi.), by which the donor confers on the hospital a certain grant, which, if it could be brought in conformity with the dotation mentioned by Alb. Aquensis, as given to Gerard de Avesne for the danger he had undergone at Assur, would be very favourable to his argument, that this Gerrard and the *prepositus*, or abbot of the hospital, were one and the same person. Unfortunately for him all three copies are either silent on the important particular of the name of the donation or they vary in its title. Of the first, No. xix., from Bosio, the author only gives the beginning; if more exist we may presume it would not serve the writer's purpose, or he would have produced it. The second copy, from the Imperial Library at Vienna, is without any mention of the place; and the third, No. xxi., from the Vatican, expresses it in old French, "Une maison fondée sur monalem

Digitized by Google

abryele mon boure en la froide montagne." It is rather, therefore, disingenuous in our author when (vol. i., p. 153) he gives us a translation of this deed (the next page acknowledging in a note that its date can only be gathered from a context) in the following terms: "I give to the said House of the Hospital and all the Brethren within it, an habitation built on the *monale*, called Wood Mount, in the cold mountain (in Sicily) and of the Castle of S. Abraham (near Bethlehem), and I make this my donation in the year 1100." We cannot find anything corroborative in the appendix of authorities to which we are referred, and therefore if the confession of the author in the paragraph immediately following: "There are many mistakes in the deed as come down to us, and as it could not have been written by Godfrey,"—be admitted, it may also fully be so for this translation. Our author has, it must be confessed, a somewhat novel standard of the value of evidence, as may be seen a few lines farther: "Circumstantiality is a dangerous thing, and he that hazards it may lose his credit as an historian; leaving himself open to the accusation of dealing rather in fancies than realities, because he could not be present." And yet just before, from p. 148 to p. 153, we have an imaginary conversation hazarded, perhaps copied from Paoli, with Tancred, and the martyred Gerard lying hamstrung (whom Albert Aquensis brought back on horseback, and unhurt), and with Godfrey, "all Normans, all three:" in it a supposititious deed and the entire statutes of the Order are given *in extenso*; here we find the exact day on which Gerard was sent as hostage to the Infidels, which our author discovers to be (authority not cited)—12th August, 1099, "was truly the commencement of the military order; so let it be a holy memorial to all ages of the founder of all, to which I (Godfrey) here consent."

These opinions, perhaps fortunately for the Chevalier Taaffe, are not original. They were first promulgated by A. Bosio (Istoria della Militia de S. Giovanni Gerosolimitano, fol. Rom. 1594—1621, and a second edition, 1684), who is particularly strenuous for the Order of which he was secretary, and who tells us, cap. xvi. p. 349, "*Nel torto manifesto che l'immortale beato Gerard ha ricevuto dagli storici*," &c.; in which he was followed by the two Paolis. In 1781, the nephew published a ponderous quarto, exclusively dedicated to the same theme, as evinced by the heading of his fifth chapter (p. 116): "*La religione d'e cavalieri ospetalrj cominció e fu sempre militare.*" This is the guide principally followed by our author, in all the plenitude of Italian superlatives and hyperbole, and whom (vol. i., p. 269), lamenting that the death of both had brought thus prematurely

Digitized by Google

their labours to an end, we find him taking leave of as "my best guides, the mild, intelligent, and most conscientious." These two works, and Pagi in his notes to Baronius (1099), whose "ineffectual struggle" to displace the Elemon we have already introduced from Gibbon, all priests, Italians, and Hospitallers, are those alone on whom our author could rely, and from which he could copy. As the latter, they possibly have been tempted by the contemptuous silence of the Archbishop of Tyre, in regard to their Order, to discredit his facts, and belie his character, and, as a consequence, to disbelieve every historian who corroborated or followed him; as the two former, when this Order had lost all but Italian support, the endeavour to prove that it had been sovereign and military from its commencement, can only be looked upon as the refuge of wounded pride, and a revenge for diminished resources.

One curious point is only slightly and incidentally noticed in the four volumes before us, namely, that the Order is now divided into two unequal portions; by far the largest is Protestant, giving no allegiance, owing no duties, and paying no responses to the head or treasury of the Catholic faction. His Majesty of Prussia disposed of all the dignities and commanderies in his dominions, according to his absolute will, and though the revolutionary violence of 1848 threatened to extinguish even this dimmed light of the votaries of the Baptist, it is understood that Frederic William IV. is himself too much imbued with the fondness of fatherland for ribbons and titles, not to take the first opportunity of re-establishing it on the previous footing. It is, however, amusing to remark the shifts and subterfuges by which the Protestant historians of that kingdom seek to uphold all the old usances and customs of the Order, whilst all its oaths and vows are necessarily and systematically broken. Dithmer, Professor at Frankfort on the Oder, in his History of Orders in general, and of St. John in particular (1724, 4to), may be pardoned his dulness elsewhere, and the abominable German of his period, for the proof his special pleading offers of the ease by which even noble minds may be warped, when interest and emoluments offer the temptation. The oath is sworn to be true to the Order of St. John, and its meaning is taken to be restricted to the Prussian tongue. The vow of chastity is argued only to reach the *castitas conjugalis;* and those of poverty, obedience, and continual warfare against Infidels, are passed with little or no notice, as if unworthy of refutation. From his verbiage and antiquated diction it is not always easy to comprehend his arguments, but what seems to be intended to gloss over the

Digitized by Google

last omission may be taken as a specimen: he argues, that as truces were agreed upon, even by the Crusaders, with the Infidels, that a perpetual warfare is not necessary, and thence he skips to the rather illogical conclusion, that, therefore, fighting is altogether needless. The History of Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonicks, in reference to each other, and their submission or rejection of Papal authority, has yet to find its historian in our language, which, if written by a diligent and accurate Protestant annalist, would be an excellent work, and if such a writer could be found, would deserve the support and encouragement of all the confraternities which have sprung from them.

As we cannot, unfortunately, find much to praise in the facts and details given by our author, it would be consolatory to praise the form and apparel in which they are presented to us; but even on this minor qualification in a writer, can we, as conscientious critics, fail not to note our censure. True it is, the author frequently and candidly disclaims the graces and elegancies of the pen. Vol. iv., p. 232, he says, "Elegancies of language in this work there are none; if ever they came into my head I was quickly obliged to throw them out of it:" and *ibid.* p. 181, "and if I obtain little attention, impute it not so much to any wilful backwardness in me, but rather to nature, which has not gifted me—I do not say with eloquence, for of that, indeed, I have none, as you well know, but of the common faculty of relating plain facts clearly." Yet, notwithstanding this modesty, there are certain limits of writing and diction, at the present day, which no author is allowed to pass with impunity. Expressions that would disgrace a schoolboy's first theme, phrases culled from the streets, and vernacular vulgarisms, cannot now be tolerated in works that aspire to the dignity of history, and that such may be found in our author's tomes, besides some specimens in the quotations already given, the following selections, pretty much at random from the first volume, will sufficiently bear out our censure:—

"The unfortunate priest forced to participate in the sure destruction and disgrace of such a *squad*."—p. 91.

"The first *squad*, to whom I will not do Cromwell's *wildest* the injustice to compare them."—p. 96.

"Kings were *shelved* for a while."—p. 93.

"The heir-apparent of England *jumped* to pledge Normandy."—p. 94.

"Which did not prevent his army to *thin*."—p. 118.

"One basis to both the assize order and the conduct of several of the Crusade, who returning to Europe as the Duke of Brittany, the Count of Flanders (more particularly perhaps in France, but also in England, whence Henry the First's Charter, and in Germany Lothaire's), these

Digitized by Google

lords coming home from the first Crusade, affranchised, *chartered*, or otherwise softened the institutions of feudalism."—p. 169.

We give the whole sentence, without pretending to comprehend it or many others in the work.

"Gerard knew how to take the ball *at the hop*."—p. 244.

We would charitably take, p. 91, *reign* for *rein*, and vol. ii. p. 217, *breaches* for *breeches*, as typographical blunders, had we not experienced the general fidelity of London compositors; but *ohe! jam satis*, should it be desirable, we could increase this anthology tenfold.

In taking our leave of the author, we recommend him, when in future he rushes into print, in the first place to secure better guides for his facts and deductions, and in the second, to request some friend or practised writer to examine and correct his manuscript, that his work may be presented to the public in moderately decent and respectable apparel.

W. B.

THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE "VIXEN."

And so I bought a yacht.

I never mounted a horse without a sensation of dread, an internal acknowledgment that I had much rather not; I never pulled a trigger without closing both eyes; and I never went to Gravesend by water without a qualm. Yet I have just taken a hunting-box at Melton. I have nine horses there, the exploits of which make me shudder when I reflect upon them; and I have rented a moor in Scotland which is capable of carrying five guns. Perhaps you will ask me, why I did anything so repugnant to my feelings? Have you, at any period of your life, come into the possession of six thousand a year? I take it for granted, that the majority of readers have not had this misfortune, so I feel called upon to explain.

My dear reader, you have doubtless heard that property has its duties as well as its rights. I never understood the real meaning of this dogma, until from a clerkship in my uncle's bank in Colchester I became, by his sudden death, the proprietor of two hundred thousand pounds in Consols. Simple and inexperienced, I thought I had nothing to do but to spend my six

Digitized by Google

thousand a year freely; but I had not enjoyed my revenue for six weeks, when accident introduced me to Mr. Tom Venture. When this gentleman discovered that I had just arrived in London, with a large fortune, and without any acquaintances in town, he instantly invested his sympathies in my forlorn condition, and placed at my command his cab, his stables, and his purse. I had not embellished my existence with his friendship for more than two days, when I was astounded at the extent of his knowledge of the *art of living*, as he called it. He seemed to know everything and everybody. I felt an insignificance I cannot explain, when his conversation discovered to me how very unfit I was to undertake the expenditure of six thousand a year; I had no notion of what was expected from me, and I became painfully alive to the absurdity of my position. I found that I must immediately change my hotel, as it was a bad address. I was very comfortable with the good and kind people, who had done all in their power to make me feel at home; their bills were very reasonable, and I experienced a sensation of regret in parting with them; but what was I to do? their house was a bad address, and a man with six thousand a year cannot afford to have a bad address. Day by day I learned from Venture new requirements, of which I had not the slightest idea. It was by these means that I became possessed of a moor in Scotland, and a kennel at Melton.

When I found myself gazetted as a sporting man, I began to feel the desperation of my position. I resolved in my mind a thousand ways and means to avoid the humiliating result which the exercise of my enforced functions would entail upon me. I even contemplated, at one moment, a sudden disappearance—in fact, running away.

One morning, while I was engaged in planning an escape from my destiny, Venture, who had mounted my stable, rented my moor, and who had become my almoner-general, entered my room at Fenton's, and announced to me that the *Vixen* was for sale.

"The *Vixen*," I exclaimed; "don't you think I have animals enough without purchasing a mare whose name sufficiently indicates her temper?"

"Nonsense," said Tom; "have you not heard of the *Vixen;* the celebrated *Vixen* who beat the American schooner last summer? She's the fastest cutter in the yacht squadron. I have just heard that her owner, Lord Fitzmizen, will take a bribe to part with her; here's a chance for you to get into the Royal Yacht Club which must not be lost."

"Do you really think so?"

Digitized by Google

"Think so?" said Tom; "a fellow with six thousand a year, and not in the Yacht Club; I never heard of such a thing. In fact, I have bid for her on your account."

A thought flashed across me, what an escape from the hunting season!

"Two thousand pounds is the figure; Fitzmizen won't take a shilling less, nor would he accept that except from my recommendation of you. She is found in every stick and stitch, crew and all, complete. Fitz. leaves even his wines and cigars on board, for I bargained that we were to have her as she floats. She carries six guns."

"Guns," said I, "what for?"

"Oh, for form—you know, it looks well. It is the usual thing."

I consented. The bargain was struck. That afternoon I wrote a cheque for two thousand pounds. And so I bought a yacht.

The manifest preference I immediately exhibited for nautical pursuits, induced Venture to turn his administrative abilities to forward my desire to spend the autumn and winter in a yachting excursion. We consulted about our party; of whom was it to consist? When I say consulted, I beg the reader's pardon, I mean I asked Tom whom I was to invite.

While we were discussing this topic, the waiter entered my room and handed Venture a card.

"Darcy," cried Tom, leaping up, "the very man; show him in, waiter."

"Ah, Tom, ye robber!" exclaimed a rich Milesian voice, which seemed to come from the ceiling of the room. I looked up, and beheld the voluminous visage of Patrick Darcy, stooping under the lintel of the door. As he stood, with the little waiter before his huge form, they looked like one of the small steeples of St. Paul's trying to intercept a view of the dome.

The waiter turned round, indignant at this unceremonious intrusion, but before a word of objection could escape his lips, Darcy's gigantic hand was on his head. He was bent down, while another Titanic *manus* was applied to his nether man, and in the attitude of a battering ram, he shot between the extended legs of the Irish colossus, who, having thus ejected him, closed the door. This feat we greeted with a roar of laughter, in which Darcy joined in his peculiar way; his eyes brimming over with fun; every dimple in his red, but handsome face, full of humour; his mouth extended with a laugh, but not a sound escaping from it.

"How are ye, children?" said he, "you are at breakfast I

Digitized by Google

see; I punished a sirloin at eight this morning, but if you would give me a cup of tea, and ordher a lump or two of Wenham Lake ice—that's the tipple!"

"Pat," said Tom, while I rang the bell, "what do you say to a cruise for six months in the Mediterranean? Newcome here has just bought the *Vixen*, and we are making up a party; will you be one?"

"Is it me?—ah, now, Tom, what would I go to sea for? Didn't I upset a wherry full of ladies last week at Teddington? Fortunately it was not out of my depth; and there the darlings were sticking about me like cockles, as I walked ashore with my cargo." And Pat opened his mouth with a silent laugh.

"You shall go as the ballast," said Tom, "and you can help to trim the vessel."

"Oh, be the piper, I'll go!" said Darcy, "and it would be a charity to press Fin Lawless. I have just left him at Knightsbridge; he has got leave of absence for six months, and he is going to spend them in Italy."

"What!" said I, "has not Fin managed to forget Donna Catarina?"

"No," replied Tom, "he is as mad as ever about her. His heart became entangled in the legs of the Spanish danseuse; she jilted him for a Hungarian count, and Fin has had an attack of the pip."

"Yes," said Pat, "he is dying of an *entrechat rentré*; he has got a violent Bolero, and goes into evaporation at the sight of a high comb, or the sound of a pair of castanets."

"We'll cure him," replied Tom; "a course of sea sickness is sovereign for complaints of the heart."

"Then our party will be complete," said I. "There's you, Phineas, Pat Darcy, and myself."

"Here's to our six months' swim," cried Pat, as he drained a slop-basinful of iced tea.

Lawless consented readily, and on the 8th of August we sat in the balcony of the hotel at Cowes sipping our evening coffee, and criticising the build of the *Vixen*, whose graceful, wandlike mast and low hull dipped and curtsied to the glistening waves that lifted her on their crests. Our baggage had been safely stowed away; I had seen my yacht-master, who reported all ready for sea, and Tom had given orders for sailing at sundown. The waters of the little creek were shining like molten gold as we sauntered down to the pier-head, and watched the boat shoot from the cutter's side; in a few strokes it shot to the pier, and the oars were tossed up in true man-of-war style. How I admired the ease with which Tom established himself in the

Digitized by Google

stern-sheets; I endeavoured to imitate him, but my emulation was rewarded by a pitch head foremost into the pit of the stomach of the stroke oar. My mishap was recovered by a laugh, and we soon stood upon the snow-white deck of the *Vixen*. I was astonished at the scrupulous neatness of everything. My crew, consisting of twelve of the finest men I ever beheld, looked like so many editions of William in "Black-eyed Susan." I felt a sense of personal security when I scanned their noble limbs and hardy features. I cast my eyes aloft, and there too all was so neat and so methodical, that I stood lost in admiration. Oh, thought I, it is quite impossible that anybody can suffer from sea-sickness on board such an elegant turnout as this!

"Anything wrong aloft, sir?" inquired an anxious voice beside me; it was my yacht-master, Mr. Boom, who had mistaken my gaze of delight for one of criticism.

"No, no, Mr. Boom; it is quite right," said I, as I made my escape to the cabin, where I found Tom inspecting, while Darcy was seated on the floor. If I was astonished by the neatness on deck, I was less prepared for the luxury of the cabins. The vessel being a yacht of the largest size, newly built on the American model, was as roomy in the poop as she was sharp and contracted in the bows. The ceiling of the little saloon was painted on Watteau panelling: the beauty and purity of the colouring redeemed the meretricious nature of the subjects. The beadings were in dead gold, and the walls were mirrors set in arabesque columns, and curtained with crimson satin drapery. A gilt table was at one end of the room, around three sides of which was fashioned a kind of couch in crimson satin. Above the table swung a gilt lamp, the carpet was a rich green Aubusson, manufactured to fit the cabin, with the word "Vixen" worked into each of the corners, and the cypher of the Royal Yacht Club forming an ornament in the centre. The sleeping cabins were furnished with similar taste; indeed, I could not conceive by what ingenuity so much expense could have been crammed into so small a space. While I was all abroad with admiration, Tom was quite at home. He rummaged, examined, and finally made himself acquainted with everything, so that the little nigger whom I had purchased with the turnout, and who acted as factotum, steward, cook, and cabin-boy, looked from Tom to me, and from me to Tom, in evident doubt as to which was his master.

"Sundown is going to fire, sir," shouted Mr. Boom down the hatchway. We hurried on deck. Tom scanned the preparations with his eye, and turning to Natty Boom, who stood

Digitized by Google

beside me, expressed his satisfaction, and signified that he would command the manœuvre. Boom looked to me, I nodded, for I hoped to catch Tom tripping. "Confound the fellow," said I to myself, "he can't know everything." But I was mistaken—he did.

A few words from Tom sent the crew flying in various directions, some to the capstan, others to the shrouds. The men exchanged looks, in which I fancied I discovered surprise, not unmixed with derision. After a moment's pause, another word of command, and the capstan was heaved until the prow of the cutter was nearly perpendicular to her anchor. Tom turned to observe the bastion from whence the evening gun was to be fired, and almost at the same moment a puff of smoke, and the simultaneous lowering of the station-flag, announced sundown. A rapid command from Tom was executed with such precision, that ere my exclamation of surprise was ejaculated, a cloud of snow-white canvas spread over every spar of the little vessel; her rigging seemed to open like a fan, and bending gracefully to leeward, she tripped her anchor, which was instantly raised to the deck. Tom turned on his heel, and took his stand beside the helmsman, while the crew assembled near the capstan, and directing looks of palpable admiration towards Venture, who had executed the manœuvre in a manner to excite their hearty surprise and approbation.

The silence was for a moment unbroken, except by the rush of waters cleft by the cutwater of the vessel as she clipped through the waves. A sensation of pride, of springy delight, took possession of me as I congratulated myself on being the possessor of such a craft. My lucubrations were suddenly invaded by a lachrymose voice repeating the lines on Childe Harold—his farewell to the shores of England. It was Lawless. The long-legged guardsman, pale and love-sick, was established on the breech of a gun. Since the desertion of Catarina he had trained the ends of his moustaches downwards, to give a dreary effect to his countenance, and he had managed to establish a kind of limp and forlorn air upon his whole figure, which made him appear as if he had been lately drenched in misery, and was dripping with sentiment. Fin, as he was called, being the short for Phineas, had the peculiarity of being unable to pronounce the letter *r*, which he always turned into a *w*.

We listened to the end of the first verse of his recitation, to which Tom gravely added this burthen: Ri too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral, ri tal looral lay!

Fin resolutely continued the second verse, hoping that the vigour of his diction would obtain a gentle hearing; but Pat

Digitized by Google

and I had received the wink, and at the conclusion we all gave him the ri-too-ral in chorus, which effectually extinguished his romance. Pat and I were enjoying a hearty laugh at Fin's expense, when a sudden order from Tom threw up the craft on a short tack: not expecting the manœuvre, as the vessel reeled over, the mainsail boom caught Pat and me, and sent us head over heels into the lee scuppers.

"Vewy good, Tom," shouted Fin; "those wascals understand poetwy as little as they do yachting."

"Look out," cried Venture; "we are just rounding the Needles, and we shall meet a sea or two."

I looked at Pat, and Pat looked at me; determined not to be taken by surprise this time, we both lay down on the deck, to keep clear of the spars.

"Are you all snug?" asked Tom.

"All right," cried Pat; "divil burn ye, ye marauder, I'll be bail ye won't catch us this time."

At this moment the cutter swung round the rocks with her head to the open sea; rising upon the first wave, she sank into the trough, but not having obtained her pitch, she ran her bows clean under the following wave, and shipped a tremendous sea. I was for a minute completely under water, and when I rose it was to discover Tom seated on the boom to which he had sprung to avoid the drenching, which left Fin, Pat, and me like three drowned rats, panting and sputtering.

"Tom, I'll remember ye, mind that," shouted Pat. "Oh, holy Paul, here's another;" and another sea swept us from stem to stern.

"Mr. Boom, sir," I gasped, when I recovered my breath, "Mr. Boom, I say, what's the meaning of this? What is the boat about, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Boom. "The *Wixen* is a wixen, sir, and that's it. She's a wet un, sir, and alwus was. She carries so much canvas aloft, ye see, sir, she can't help christening herself."

I was about to reply, when a sudden qualm admonished me of the approach of that foe who is no respecter of persons. I crept to the hatchway; it was closed; I kicked at it, and Masinissa, the nigger factotum, opened it so suddenly, that I pitched into the cabin with more precipitation than I desired.

"Oo, massa," cried the boy, whom I had capsized, "tank you, sa, um berra much oblige." Down came Pat, like a roll of thunder; the boy jumped aside to avoid the human avalanche. "Iss, massa," he continued, "berra much oblige, for if dat big

Digitized by Google

gemulman had capsize a poor nigga, he nebba dror nubber cork."

I did not speak, but drew off my clothes; my boots were soaked and wet, so, as they resisted every effort, I cut them off my feet with a penknife, and rolled into my berth. Pat imitated me, and Fin shortly afterwards followed suit. In half an hour I began to repent that I had purchased a yacht.

Dead silence reigned in our little cabin. I dared not speak, I felt that the exertion would afford my dread enemy a chance. The cutter laboured, rose, fell, rocked, pitched, and spun round; a light perspiration gathered around my eyelids,—the sure precursor of the demon of nausea.

"Oh, murdher," cried a faint voice, "oh, if I ever get out of this!"

"That wascal, Tom," sighed Fin, in a powerless and resigned tone, "he is doing it on purpose. I have been out before, but I nev—"

The rest of the sentence was buried in a spasmodic ejaculation, more easily conceived than gracefully described. Pat and I uttered a low imprecation on Fin, resisted manfully, but in vain. In five minutes that elegant cabin was a scene of much mortal agony. Oh! that dreadful heave, which carries one perpendicularly up, and then suddenly the berth seems to sink under the sufferer, who cannot feel his own weight. And then that indescribable smell which pervades every vessel, a combination of new wood, varnish, bilge-water, and paint, forming a compound emetic inhalation, which every reader will recognize by the name of the concentrated essence of cabin.

"Peter, dear," sighed a small voice, in which I could scarcely recognize the tones of Darcy, "Peter, I've an idaya. I've a murdherin' notion. It's my belief that Tom has assured our lives before we started, and the villain has taken us out on the speculation of one of us turning up trumps. There is not sixpen'orth of life in yours truly."

"Oh, Catawina, Catawina!" drawled Fin, "I'm vewy glad she never saw me in this degwading condition."

"Well, lads," cried Tom, swinging down the ladder, "we are scudding along with a lively breeze; we have every stitch set, and the boat leaps from wave to wave like a bird. It is near ten o'clock, what do you say to supper?"

"Oh!" groaned we in a faded chorus.

"Just as you like; here, young Sambo, get me a grilled fowl, and some brandy-and-water to follow."

"Oh!" repeated the chorus, in a tone of deep remonstrance

Digitized by Google

and reproach; but Tom was inexorable, and the only respite he would accord us, was to finish his brandy-and-water on deck, and spare us the fumes of his cigar. By midnight sleep relieved our agonies, and when I awoke in the morning, the easy gliding of the craft announced our arrival in some still water. I rose, and dressing myself with the assistance of Masinissa, crawled upon deck. It was a bright morning, scarcely a ripple dimmed the glassy surface of the sea, which extended to our left, while on the right rose the green and brown shores of the island of Guernsey.

In a few minutes we were all assembled on deck to watch our approach to the harbour of St. Pierre, where we soon dropped our anchor. We took a bath, prescribed by Tom, which consisted in tying one end of a rope round the body under the armpits, the other end being secured to the bulwarks, and leaping overboard, the spare line being run out, you seize it with your hands, and a slight pull instantly brings you to the surface, where you remain as long as may be pleasant, then you climb into the boat, which is lowered, to serve as a dressing-room; during this operation an awning was spread over the deck, a table was laid, and all the luxuries of a sea breakfast displayed.

"Peter," said Tom, rubbing his hands, "that young nigger is a treasure; he is a black diamond; he cooks like an angel. Here, sir, own brother to Topsy, breakfast!"

Masinissa fully justified Tom's good opinion. Some Scotch collops were exquisite, and a dish of turtle cutlets stopped Darcy's mouth, while Lawless forgot Catarina in paying his addresses to a *suprême de volaille*. Tom was in his glory; I never knew him so great.

"This *cotelette aux petits pois* is eminently deserving of recommendation," said he; "young Coalhole, you deserve to be knighted for this; I shall confer upon you the order of Calatrava when they vote me emperor of California."

"This dish is made with pweserved peas," observed Lawless; "why did you not send the boat ashore, and get some gween peas?"

"Fin, you are a swab," replied Tom, as he put a lump of preserved milk into his coffee; "what's the fun of yachting if you do not take to regular sea fare?"

I must confess I thought that Fin was right, and that green peas and fresh milk were both cheaper, more reasonable, and better than vegetables which tasted of the tin, and milk which tasted of nothing at all. However, I had recovered my pride with my appetite and health, and did not like to dissent from Tom. After a hearty breakfast we began to discuss our

Digitized by Google

future movements, for we had started without any object or destination, and Guernsey may be looked upon as the rendezvous of our resolutions. Darcy proposed a cruise round the coast of Kerry, Lawless was pressing for a visit to Lisbon or Cadiz, where Catarina was engaged, Tom was for the Greek Archipelago, I was for returning to Cowes, but this suggestion was instantly negatived; we therefore wrote the names of each spot on slips of paper, and Masinissa drew our fate from Tom's hat. It was Cadiz.

By two o'clock we were spanking along; the distant shores of Brittany were dimly visible in the warm haze which edged the horizon on our left; while the island of Jersey, far behind us, was sinking into the ocean. The setting sun gilded the pinnacles of a clump of rocks on our left, which, Mr. Boom informed us, was La Feuillée. By midnight we weathered Cape Ushant, and as we turned in I heard with no little trepidation that we were fairly in the terrible Bay of Biscay. Providence, however, belied, for once, the ill-favoured reputation of this inhospitable spot. For five days a gentle easterly wind blew steadily, and Cape Ortegal rose out of the sea on our larboard bow, after a passage which Mr. Boom and Tom agreed to consider nothing short of miraculous. We slipped along the western coast of Portugal, passing Vigo and Oporto, and we were discussing the question of a passing visit to Lisbon over our dinner as we scudded under the shores of the Estramadura, when a sudden veering of the wind to the south-west settled the dispute, for in an hour it blew half a gale. The sky to windward assumed the leaden hue which betokens mischief, and in spite of Tom's entreaties and jeers, I took the command out of his hands on this occasion, and ordered the *Vixen* into the nearest port. The alacrity with which my yacht-master, Mr. Boom, obeyed, convinced me that I was right; the helm was put down, and we sprang on with a fearful speed before the freshening gale. On our larboard bow was a nest of islets, called the Berlenga, while right a-head the huge breakers were roaring up the rugged steeps of the Farilhoens rocks. I looked around, and gathered from the silence and grave countenances of the crew that there was more danger in our position than we landsmen apprehended. On we flew towards the foaming rocks; I fancied that I could hear the roar of the breakers as they sparkled in the lurid light of the setting sun. Natty Boom stood beside the helm, glancing occasionally at the stiff canvas, and anon deigning to cast a look towards the shore. I did not like to speak, but I felt every drop of blood in my veins stood still. Suddenly the yacht-master gave an order—as

Digitized by Google

quickly it was executed; the vessel spun round on her heel, and clawed off the shore on a starboard tack.

"Admirable," shouted Tom, "there is no rig like a cutter for creeping off a lee-shore."

I did not exactly know what that meant; but I agreed that the cutter was a wonderful thing. Another stretch took us to the coast, which was anxiously examined by Mr. Boom.

"The Arnoya River," said he, "must be hereabouts; that headland on our starboard-quarter is Piniche, and yonder mountain inland is Mount Junto. The tide is high by this time, and there should be water enough to take us over the bar." Here Boom applied the glass to his eye, and examined the coast towards which we were carcering obliquely. "Port your helm," he cried suddenly, "port it is," replied the helmsman, and sure enough port it was, for in twenty minutes, flying like a mad creature before the storm which had now thrown off all disguise, the *Vixen* dashed between two low headlands that form the mouth of the river Arnoya, and leaping the bar, glided smoothly up the smooth waters of the inlet.

"Egad, Peter, you were right," exclaimed Tom, as at that moment a distant peal of thunder muttered along the western horizon.

"Now, gentlemen," observed Mr. Boom, "this sou-wester has set in for just three days. I know that wind as well as if we had been brought up together; if you will take my advice you will take a run ashore. There's a town over there, sou-east by south, called Ovidos; from there to Lisbon is about fifty miles overland. We can ride here till the weather bates, and carry the *Vixen* into the Tagus to meet you."

We agreed that Boom had hit on a good idea, so, bundling a few necessaries into the boat, we were soon speeding up the river, with directions to land at the spot where the high road from Coimbra to Lisbon crossed the stream. From this place half an hour's walk brought us to Ovidos. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night as we entered the town, as it was called, but which, in the darkness, we could never have identified as such, had it not been for the smell. Having knocked at the only house in which we discovered a light, we found to our satisfaction that it was the grand posada. Our delight was somewhat diminished by the intelligence that there was not a room to be had. What was to be done?—we had not time to discuss that, for a few gigantic drops of rain heralded the storm, which in a moment burst over us. Fin, who managed to scrape together a little Spanish, made the little roly-poly host comprehend our difficulty, when, after much palaver, we were offered

Digitized by Google

a spare loft, which was usually occupied by the muleteers. In half an hour we were seated in this unsavoury chamber, endeavouring to sup on a fowl which looked, as Tom justly observed, to have a cross of the greyhound in its breed, and had evidently been boiled in oil.

"Ah, there's one comfort," cried Darcy, displaying his huge limbs over the floor, and composing himself to rest, "there's one mighty satisfaction I have, there's no cook can spoil sleep. I can get that pure in any country."

"And this is the native countwy of Catawina," said Fin; "I bweathe the same air with her. I shall dweam that her gweat eyes are fixed upon me. Ah! what luxuwy!"

"Hold your cater-wauling, Fin, and let me go to sleep," roared Tom. Fin muttered some plaintive remonstrance, to which Tom replied by an imprecation. Darcy cut into the conversation with a snore like a trombone, and we all sank into slumber. I had not slept ten minutes, when I was awakened by what seemed to be a leakage in the roof. I heard the drops of water pattering on the floor, and some fell on the boat-cloak which served me as a coverlet. The leak appeared to gain on the roof rapidly, for it seemed at length to rain a shower into the loft. Fortunately, I had brought with me an umbrella, designed to keep off the sun, and silently opening it, I established myself securely under its cover. I laid down, therefore, snug enough, while I listened to the peppering drops which resounded upon my silken roof. I had nearly enfolded myself in the arms of Morpheus once more, when a shout from Darcy brought us all up to our feet.

"What's the matter?" we all cried, while Pat delivered himself of a volley of expletives. The alarm was not without cause; for by the light of the lantern which we had fortunately left burning, we discovered that the floor was alive with a myriad of enormous bugs. The vermin, secreted in the roof, but attracted by the viands and the light, had dropped in thousands from above, and this was the shower which I had mistaken for rain, and from which I had endeavoured to protect myself with my umbrella. Let me not attempt to describe that dreadful night, and with what gratitude we greeted the first rays of morning. We escaped from Ovidos after an early breakfast, and when we had secured mules to convey us to Lisbon.

An unexpected pleasure now awaited us, which amply repaid us for our night of suffering. On the road to Lisbon from Ovidos, every foot of the way is historic ground to the English traveller. First we had to pass Roliça, Vimiera, Torres Vedras, and Cintra. Here Fin was of great use to us; he had the

Digitized by Google

peninsular campaign by heart. The man who accompanied our mules, half guide half muleteer, making altogether a vagabond of the choicest description, proved to be an inestimable source of amusement. He had served in Lisbon as *valet de place* to the English and French travellers who visited the city, and had consequently picked up a little of each language, which, mixed with Portuguese, formed a general compound, by means of which he was equally intelligible to a native of either country. No sooner had Fin fought the battle of Roliça for us, than in stepped little Miguel with the volley of oaths, with which he started every sentence,—

"*Santa Madré de Mille Carajo! ce senor* makes *una grande erreur*. The battle del Roliça was fought par Portugal contre la France. Los Inglesi were nos ally."

Such we found to be the general belief in Spain and Portugal, and not confined to the lower classes alone. All those victories achieved in the peninsular war, are gravely ascribed by every Spaniard to the prowess of his country, and chronicled as such in modern Spanish history. Roliça was the field of a second battle, therefore, between Fin and Miguel, which they had not decided when we arrived at Vimiera. Here each combatant brought up new forces. Fin felt called on to support the claims of the British army, and little Mig. was equally determined not to give in one inch of glory. He interlarded Fin's descriptions with shouts, execrations, and performed the most rabid antics when he found our attention fixed on Fin's discourse. At first he admitted that the English had something to do in the engagement, then he declared that they were only an army of observation, and, lastly, swore in round terms, that they ran away. The extraordinary contortions into which he threw himself, when he failed to express by words the contempt he felt for Fin's narrative, kept the rest of the party in peals of laughter, until Lawless contented himself with retiring in silence behind his moustaches. The first night we passed at Torres Vedras, but being anxious to reach Cintra, we rose at Wellington marching time, that is, one hour before the dawn, and reached that Portuguese paradise in time to breakfast. We spent the day in viewing the neighbourhood, which is really one of the loveliest spots in the world: allowing two hours to elapse after dinner, just as the sun was dipping her lower limb in the distant Atlantic, we started for Lisbon on a moonlight ride. On our right stretched the celebrated bay, quivering with the silver beams of heaven, and spotted over with craft of every rig. The sound of a distant gun, followed rapidly by others, made us turn round towards the Fort San Juliao, which was

Digitized by Google

almost concealed from our view by the smoke of the salute fired, as we supposed, in honour of some event. A flash from seaward directed our attention to the presence of five vessels of war which had escaped our notice.

"An English squadron for a hundred," shouted Tom, "and a rear-admiral; I can just see the flag on the mizen."

The salute had been performed with due observance, and the five huge vessels were holding their way grandly towards the still waters of the bay, when six little faint reports were heard, but following so oddly after the thunder of the great guns, that we all burst into a shout of laughter. Between the castle and the men-of-war, a cutter slipped in her puny form, and firing her pop-guns right and left, seemed to accept in her own favour the salutes from the fleet and the fortress.

"Why, confound that rascal Boom," said Tom, "there he is with the *Vixen*."

We were not surprised at the appearance of the yacht, as the weather had abated with a change of wind to the north-west. We arrived in Lisbon at midnight; and Tom, who knew everything, did not fail in conducting us to the best hotel. Scarcely had we established ourselves in the coffee-room around a table, smoking with an admirable supper, than we discovered that the arrival of the fleet had brought appalling news. A piratical attack had been made upon an English schooner off the coast of Morocco, and every soul on board had been murdered. Finding that a party of naval officers had just come ashore, and were staying in the hotel, we despatched an invitation to their room to join our table; it was accepted, and the Freemasonry instantly established between Englishmen abroad, as remarkable as the reserve which rules their chance intercourse at home, made us old friends before the cloth was removed. From our guests we learned, that an English schooner yacht had been waiting outside the Straits of Gibraltar for a fair wind; a north-east gale had induced her to run down the coast of Morocco for shelter, where, by some accident, she ran upon a bank near Agadi, a Moorish seaport about a hundred miles below Mogador. When the natives discovered her distress, three armed galleys issued from the neighbouring river Sous, in trying to gain a refuge in which the schooner had met with her disaster. Until the sea had abated, these ugly looking strangers continued to ply their sweeps, and hovered round the fated yacht, over which the waves were making a clear breach. The strength and excellent build of the vessel, however, held her together until the tide, which, fortunately, was at its spring, rose sufficiently to carry her into shoal water within the bar of the river. She was now

Digitized by Google

completely imprisoned, or docked in a kind of miniature roads from which there was no escape; nor were the designs of her neighbours now beyond suspicion, for, uttering a loud yell, the three galleys pounced upon the schooner, and in another instant the Moors swarmed upon her deck.

This scene was witnessed by a merchant brig, whose attention was first drawn to the disaster of the schooner by her guns and her dismasted appearance. The brig, which was bound to Malaga from Sierra Leone, took a hazardous tack inshore, to afford what aid it might to the sufferer. Having witnessed the piratical attack of the galleys, and being manned with a bare crew of five men, the master bore away for Gibraltar, where, in passing, he gave his intelligence. The admiral instantly despatched the steamer *Nemesis* to the spot, where no signs were at first visible of the unhappy schooner. The boats, however, were manned, with orders to proceed up the river Sous.

Two hours before daylight the launch and the cutter pulled away from the steamer, crossed the river-bar in safety, and disappeared amidst the dense jungle which concealed, while it denoted, the mouth of the stream; in an hour they re-appeared, bringing with them the news that they had discovered the schooner embedded in the mud of the river bank; she had been towed up the stream, and, aided by the spring-tide, the pirates had run her into a kind of forest which bordered the river, and where she lay wedged in between the trees as hard and fast as if she had been on the stocks. On searching the vessel she was found thoroughly gutted and rifled; the luxurious fittings of the cabins were torn down, the floors of which were deluged in blood. In the fore-cabin was discovered the body of a gentleman, a deep gash divided the back of his head obliquely; the weapon had severed the backbone at its junction with the neck. This was the only thing the Moors had left on board, with the exception of a small Skye terrier, which was found lying beside its master, with scarcely strength to whine. It had been for five days without food. The body was transferred on board the steamer, and carried to Gibraltar for identification.

"But what was the name of the yacht?" said Tom.

"The *Skylark*," replied our informant, who was the second lieutenant, and had been in command of the boats on the occasion. "She was a roomy, nicely-built craft enough; we have searched the lists of the different yacht clubs, but we do not see the register of any such vessel."

"And what do you suppose became of the rest of the crew?" said I.

"Well!" replied the lieutenant, "there is a ready grave for

Digitized by Google

their bodies in the maws of the ground sharks, hundreds of which we saw lingering around the spot; I suppose they scented the young fellow we found in the fore-cabin."

I shuddered. Sea-sickness is not the only apprehension that attends a cruise.

"It appears," continued the officer, "that this schooner sailed from Lisbon about five weeks ago, and as the crew spent some time in the harbour, it was thought that by bringing the body here it might be identified; it has been brought ashore, and to-morrow will be deposited at the British Consulate; when, should it turn out to be some one of importance, perhaps we shall receive orders from home to go to Mogador, and know the reason why."

"You say you have brought the body ashore," said Tom; "where is it now?"

"Up-stairs," replied the lieutenant.

"Up-stairs!" we rose with one accord; and I confess I turned pale. The story had interested, although it terrified me; but the presence, almost the contact, of this victim, seemed to bring the scene to my very eyes.

We were silent for a moment, when Tom asked if it were possible to see the corpse.

"Certainly," replied the surgeon, who was one of the party; "it is under my charge for the present. To-morrow, indeed, it must be publicly exhibited, to invite recognition. Come, I will show you the way."

All rose, except myself; an inexpressible terror, a feeling of paralysing presentiment withheld me. After pausing a moment, and directing a glance of invitation towards me, the party left the room.

I sat alone; for the first time in my life I was in the presence of a terrible calamity, and I felt that which I candidly attributed to cowardice. The picture of the murder rose up before me; I saw the unhappy, helpless crew hewn down, and cast overboard without mercy; I beheld every hideous detail until the vessel was left alone with the rustling trees, manned by that solitary corpse, into whose pallid face the wiry little dog gazed with that wondering, intelligent eye; and then he would bark, and whine, or start away with a quick bound of joy, thinking to attract by his merriment the wonted caress or cheering word; but not receiving either, the poor brute would stand awhile uncertain, then slowly creep to his master's head, and lying down beside it, wait for death.

A loud whine awoke me with a start of terror from my reverie; on the floor before me, and gazing into my face, sat a

Digitized by Google

small dust-coloured Scotch terrier. As he caught my eye, he leaped up, and placing his paws upon my knee, looked at me, as much as to say, "Don't you know me?" I patted the animal, who uttered in reply a low whine, and ran towards the door, when it stopped and looked back. Seeing I did not move, it returned, and again repeated the same manœuvre. I know not whether it was the fascination of terror which possessed me, but I rose mechanically, and taking up a candle, advanced towards the door: the dog trotted before me, passed down the corridor, and leading me up the grand staircase, ran down a side passage; down which I looked, but hesitated to follow—a whine from the far extremity spoke so beseechingly, that I followed on, and discovered a second and smaller staircase, up which I mounted, and found myself in the roof of the building—here, before a low door, my guide stopped and scratched with his foot—the door was opened by Pat Darcy. In the centre of the low room were grouped the naval officers and my companions. Their eyes were fixed upon a long oaken packing-case, which occupied a rude table. My eyes involuntarily were drawn to the spot, when the candle held by the surgeon illuminated the face of the murdered man. As I looked, the features seemed to grow familiar to me. A cold perspiration burst from me at every pore, an invisible influence drew me to the side of the shell, and I gazed upon the features of the dead. He was a youth of not more than four-and-twenty, his fair and silken hair was tinged with his blood, his lip curling with a contempt as it were of death itself, revealed teeth of ivory whiteness. As I gazed, the features seemed to relax in their rigidity. I saw before me a boy of thirteen, the playmate of many and many a distant hour; I saw the young but stalwart form raised to protect his timid chum from the tyranny of many a school despot; I feel his arm round my neck, and his kisses on my tears, when the news arrived, one day, of my mother's death. A hot sob rises to my throat, it is choked by terror, and I gaze on in a delirium of grief and wonder.

"Gentlemen," I said at last, "it is needless to expose this body for recognition; it is Redmond Selwood, the son of the vicar of Long Eaton in Suffolk."

"Ha, are you certain?" asked the surgeon.

"Yes, sir," I replied; "he was my schoolfellow: we have not met for twelve years, but there are persons one can never forget." My voice sunk into a whisper; I turned round and quitted the room.

"The son of a country clergyman," observed the doctor;

Digitized by Google

"pooh! we shall hear no more of it. He had better be buried to-morrow."

I returned to the coffee-room, and resumed my seat. My companions returned; I heard their voices, but my senses appeared to be blocked up by my emotion. The past, the far-past rose up before me, and many a scene that lay forgotten in my memory passed in review, but none were unassociated with Redmond Selwood. By degrees, my feelings seemed to descend from my brain to my heart, but they left behind a resolution, a thirst for which I could not account, so strange was it to my nature. I felt an insatiable desire to revenge the death of my schoolfellow. The words of the naval surgeon rang in my ears, —"The son of a country clergyman; pooh! we shall hear no more of it." I set my teeth hard and rose up. Darcy and Fin had gone to bed. Tom, with his legs on one chair and his body on another, had gone to sleep smoking a cigar. I hesitated for a moment, and looked down to collect my resolution; my eyes met those of the little Scotch terrier.

"Tom," said I: he started up. "Tom, awake yourself, I want to speak to you, I want to ask you a question."

He took a draught of brandy and water, rubbed his eyes, and intimated his readiness to reply.

"Tom," I continued; "we are sixteen men on board my yatch."

"Sixteen, counting you," replied Tom, who had been greatly annoyed at the terror I had exhibited before the naval officers.

"Well, Tom; say fifteen and me. Now suppose that—ahem, I say—Tom—if I were to put it to them—that is—if I wanted to run down to the scene of this murder to rescue the schooner and chastise these pirates, how many of my crew would consent to go?"

Tom's eyes grew to the size of cab-wheels as I proceeded, at last he leaped up.

"By Jove, Peter, there's more pluck in you than I gave you credit for. Give me your hand—I respect you—I don't know your dead friend, but he looks as if he had been first chop, and by Mahomet we will give the Moorish robbers a peppering—leave it to me,—we'll wait upon them."

We remained all night discussing our plans. We only discovered one obstacle; we did not know whether we were justified in carrying private war into the dominions of the emperor of Morocco. This idea did not trouble Tom much, who would have carried war or anything else into the dominions of the fiend, if he had a mind; but as owner of the vessel, I applied to his

Digitized by Google

invention for an excuse. He promised an excellent one, and I was satisfied.

At nine o'clock on the following morning we were aboard the *Vixen*, and by midday we had got clear of the Tagus. It was on that same evening, abreast of Cape St. Vincent, that we judged it necessary to impart our views to the crew. After communicating with Darcy and Fin, and receiving their hearty adherence, the men were called aft. They had heard most of the particulars at Lisbon, but Tom, who never lost an opportunity of making a speech, gave them the yarn with great eloquence. As he proceeded, I watched the faces of my crew, and saw, with satisfaction, that they were ripening towards my object. A few muttered curses and threats rewarded Tom as he concluded, but I shall never forget the gaze of astonishment with which they hailed my proposal, which he left me to make in person. When I had finished, Natty asked to withdraw and consult a bit; I consented, and they retired to the fore-deck. In five minutes they returned, and Mr. Boom, as spokesman, gave in their resolution to stand by the yacht to the last splinter. In an hour every man was preparing for the dangerous service upon which he had volunteered. Tom ordered an inspection of our arms. We found that we had six brass guns, carrying six-pound balls, twenty cutlasses, four rifles, a stand of twenty muskets, eight pair of pistols, and six revolvers. With such an arsenal each man might be armed to the teeth. Our powder was loose, so three of the men were set to manufacturing musket and pistol cartridges, while, as it was found that the cutlasses were quite new and unground, Masinissa was established beside a gun-carriage, with a whetstone, grinding the weapons. Fin occupied himself in making hand-grenades. The conduct of the expedition devolved upon Tom, and I must confess I began to look with desperate anxiety upon his progress. On the third day we had arrived within sight of Mogador, we were now almost close to the scene of our attempt. Mr. Boom and Tom had been engaged for hours over a chart of the coast, and at last they seemed to have arrived at their object. The signs of the weather were consulted, and on the afternoon of the following day the helm was suddenly put up, and ere sundown we were within two miles of the shore, creeping lazily along.

Mr. Boom was sweeping the coast with his glass, when, suddenly, he handed it to Tom, and directed his attention to a dark spot in the landscape, about fifteen or twenty miles a head. Tom examined it carefully, and it was decided that our destination was at hand. It was a moonlight night as we dropped our anchor off the mouth of the river; the men were ordered below,

Digitized by Google

and we lay so close to the shore that our deck must have been clearly visible from the low mounds which, thickly covered with trees, fringed the treacherous coast at this spot. A deathlike silence reigned. There was not a ripple on the sea. "If they be in the neighbourhood," remarked Mr. Boom, "the warmint won't shew afore dark—the moon will set at a quarter arter twelve. Then, keep a sharp look-out."

"Be the piper!" whispered Darcy, "I saw something. Whisht! look, look there, to the right of the clump of mango trees. I saw a gleam like the moon would make on a musket-barrel."

"There's something more evident," said I, as I directed their attention to a thin column of smoke that rose from the right bank of the river.

"You are vewy wight," answered Fin; "the wascals are cooking their supper. Now, I have an idea, if Natty, Masinissa, and two of the men remain to work the guns, we four, and the remaining ten fellows, might land, just after dark, behind yonder point, which is above their village, we can watch their movements, and if the galleys put out, they will take in them all their available force; and once clear of the shore, we can fire their nest, and then advance under cover of the wood to the mouth of the river; by which means we shall take the wascals with musketwy in the wear, and annoy them vewy much when they retweat before the guns of the *Vixen*, which they will do—these wobbers are always curs."

This plan met with such approbation that the command was given to Fin. The boat was ready at the side of the vessel farthest from the shore, the oars were muffled, and the arms laid ready. At half-past twelve, amidst the deepest gloom, we descended one by one, and not a word was exchanged until our keel was heard to grate lightly on the sandy beach. Fin, having taken his bearings, directed our advance towards the spot where we had observed a kind of wooded knoll, from which we hoped to look over the spot where we presumed the Arab encampment was situated. The underwood was so dense that our progress was necessarily slow, and I began to doubt if Fin had not mistaken the direction of the hill; at the same moment, however, I felt that our path was on the ascent, when a low ejaculation from Darcy brought us to a halt. He had discovered a narrow pathway which crossed our direction, but evidently led to the summit. We now made way with more ease, and in a few minutes we stood on the brow of a slight eminence, overlooking a small dell and some half-mile of the river bank.

Fin was right. Nestled in one corner of the dell were about

Digitized by Google

fifteen or twenty huts, made in part with trees, and, in some cases, with canvas. Seven or eight camels were tethered beside the huts, as we could see by the light of a small fire, around which were standing thirty or forty Arabs fully equipped after their barbarous fashion. This group was about four hundred yards from where we stood; they appeared to be listening attentively to an old man who was seated cross-legged beside the fire, and whose gestures indicated that he was speaking of our vessel, as his arm was held directed towards the spot where we presumed the *Vixen* lay.

Nearly an hour elapsed before we observed any move on the part of the Moors; one of the party then took a lighted brand from the fire and proceeded across the dell, followed by the rest of the group; as they passed before the fire, Darcy counted them; they were thirty-nine, which would give exactly thirteen to each galley. Led by the Arab with the brand, they crossed the dell, and disappeared into the wood on the right. Tom volunteered to follow and watch their movements, while we advanced cautiously to the encampment. It was agreed that when the galleys had cleared the bar, and were within half-range of the *Vixen's* guns, Tom should fire a blue light, four of which we were provided with: this was to be our signal for the destruction of the pirate's nest, and also a beacon whereby we might join Tom at the mouth of the river. Our scout departed, and we disposed ourselves, as silently as possible, just within the wood which hemmed in the huts. While thus employed, one of the men was stung by some reptile, the pain of which caused him to utter a slight cry. An instant after, the canvas door of the largest tent was thrown back and the form of a gigantic negro stepped out into the fire-light. He stood for a moment, and then addressed some words to the old man by the fire, who pointed in the direction where Darcy and I stood concealed behind a low brushwood.

The negro advanced towards us, pausing from time to time to listen.

"Whist," said Darcy in a whisper to me, "mind me now, Pether; if that black fellow passes me, he must be sent to his father, the devil, mind that; oh, Moses, he's comin—look now, Pether dear, it will all depend on your hand; when you see me clip him about the wind, don't say a prayer for his soul, but just dhrive your cutlash through a vital part; not too hard though, or maybe you'd pink me. Here he comes;—are you ready?" "Yes," I replied, holding my breath hard, and gripping the hilt of my cutlass; but I prayed with all my heart that the negro would retrace his steps. He came on, however. I was

Digitized by Google

three paces behind Darcy, who was crouching in the underwood. The black passed within a foot of him, and scarcely had he done so, when he discovered his peril, for he turned sharply and grappled with his foe. Neither uttered a sound; but the crashing of the brushwood proved the desperation of the struggle. The negro was a man of tremendous dimensions, but still no match for the Irish Hercules, whose immense hand had taken possession of his throat. They fell: in a few moments Darcy rose. "Have you killed him, Darcy?" said Fin, who had come up by this time.

"He'll never live to say I did it, Fin," replied Darcy; "but see—the alarm is given."

Darcy's encounter had, indeed, betrayed the proximity of danger;—the camp was afoot. At this moment, a livid light was visible on our right, above the tops of the trees. It was Tom's signal. An exclamation burst from the small crowd of Arabs left in the tents.

"Steady," said Fin, in a low voice; "fire low, and be ready with your hand-grenades; now—fire!"

A rattling volley was the reply. A yell burst from the knot of Arabs, half of whom lay writhing on the ground. We dashed out of our concealment, and advanced upon the encampment. Arrived at the distance of twenty or thirty yards, we sent our hand-grenades whizzing into the air: they fell amidst the tents and huts, amongst which they spread the most fearful havoc. Snatching a brand from the fire, Darcy hurled it upon the roof of the principal tent, which was instantly in flames. The remainder of this nest of robbers kindled rapidly, and as we took our way across the dell the whole place was in flames.

A gun from the *Vixen* now warned us that the more important game was playing. Another and another followed; we greeted each with a hearty cheer, as we sprung across the wood, now rendered as light as day by the conflagration and the blue lights which we lighted and threw down from time to time. We soon reached the mouth of the river, when an extraordinary scene presented itself. About a mile out lay the *Vixen;* a Bengal light was burning over her stern, by which I could see Boom and his three associates running out a gun. One galley had disappeared; her fragments were visible as they rose and fell on the rippling waters; the other two were pulling with all their force, and making for the river's mouth. A roar and a burst of flame came from the *Vixen;* the ball struck the foremost boat, and grazed her side, ripping away her bulwarks. She did not sink, however, although she evidently could scarcely keep afloat. The Arabs pulled like demons, and steered direct

Digitized by Google

for the bank where we were stationed. "Let them come well in," said Fin, "five-and-twenty yards, not more; then, may Heaven have mercy on their souls, for in this world they must expect none."

At about thirty yards they received our volley; what its effect might have been no one could tell, for when the smoke had cleared away the galley had foundered, and not a mortal soul was visible. The third boat, in which there remained about five men, pulled for the opposite bank of the river, and landed under a galling fire from our party; although out of point-blank range of the muskets, our rifles reached them. We had previously determined to take no prisoners, for, as Tom justly observed, we might have to account for them.

Returning to our boat by the shore, which the ebbing tide had left clear, we launched her with considerable difficulty, and half an hour afterwards, I was not sorry to find myself once more on board the *Vixen*.

The next morning, Tom having very providently calculated our visit for the day of a spring-tide, we again manned the boat, and pulled up the river. We discovered the schooner exactly as described by the lieutenant of the *Nemesis*, and without much trouble drew her out into the stream. At the ebb-tide she was towed down the river, and brought over the bar. Her broken spars were found where they had been washed ashore, and Mr. Boom managed to rig out a jury-mast, and we supplied her with a spare sail from our vessel. Taking advantage of a light west wind, we succeeded in piloting the *Skylark* into Funchal. She was then fitted with new spars, and I put five of our men into her, with directions to deliver her at Southampton, and then to join me at Cadiz. We kept company as far as the Straits, where we parted, and that evening I landed at Cadiz.

"Well," said I to my companions, as after dinner we seated ourselves in the balcony of our hotel—before us lay my craft, with that impudent expression inseparable from a minute vessel in the trim of a man-of-war—"well, my friends, what do you think of the first cruise of the *Vixen?*"

Digitized by Google

M. MICHELET ON FREEMASONRY.

It is at all times pleasing to our better feelings, as well as gratifying to our vanity, to find a favourite principle of our own recognized by those whose name is great in the intellectual world. It is no less agreeable to us, during our search after knowledge, to find the antiquity of the study we pursue, and its influence on the humanization of our race, established and corroborated by the profound and varied erudition of the scholar and the historian. For both these reasons, the "History of France" of M. Michelet has an especial claim on the notice of the Masonic Craft; but as a demonstration of its influence, a series of proofs in which the value of the facts is only equalled by the poetical genius which has combined them into one great whole, and which, while teaching the absurdity of looking upon architecture as a dry and tedious science, as a science disconnected with human feelings, and merely mechanical in its effects and operations, has at the same time taught us to penetrate deeply into the recesses of the past, and to watch the progress of man's grand struggle after the beauty of outward form, and the greater moral beauty of which the human soul is the receptacle.

It is an especial feature in M. Michelet's style, that he duly looks upon facts as the parts of a whole, and that, whether in the events of history, or in the architecture of a church, he always seeks for a reason founded on the state of the human mind at the period in question. Although the exuberance of a poetical fancy will at all times evince some tendency to run riot, we can but press the hearty force and zeal of M. Michelet's broad historical painting in contrast to the listlessness of such writers as Lingard, whose professed avoidance of the "Philosophy of History" is, nevertheless, no guarantee for their impartiality.

But it is with M. Michelet's remarks on Gothic architecture, and its Masonic associations, that we are at present concerned. I shall, for obvious reasons, not attempt in the passages I quote, to avoid entering into disquisitions on the Masonic import of certain allusions, freely persuaded that they will be readily appreciated by every Master Mason, whom they alone concern.

After a most spirited defence of the manner in which ceremonies and symbols, now degenerated into obscurity and ridicule, *once* served as the most efficient experiments of the sublime

Digitized by Google

mysteries of man's life, death, and redemption, we come to the following passage :—

"Touch these stones *with cautious tread, step lightly* over these flags—all are bleeding and suffering still. A great mystery is being enacted here. All around I see death, and am tempted to weep. Yet may not this immortal death, whose image art inscribes in a *flowery vegetation*, this flower of the soul, this direct part of the world, which nature denotes with her leaves and her roses, may it not be, under a funereal form, life and love?"

The Masonic student will quickly recognize in the above passage, some of the most solemn of those symbolical acts and objects which it is his privilege alone to understand. Equally significant are the following words :—

"The solemn and holy comedy revolves with its divine drama according to the natural drama played by the sun and stars. It proceeds from life to death, from the incarnation to the passion, and thence to the resurrection, whilst nature turns from winter to spring. When the sower has buried the grain in the earth, to bear there the snow and the frost, God buries himself in human life, in a mortal body, and plunges the body into the grave. Fear not, the grain will spring up from the earth, life from the tomb, God from nature. With the breath of spring the spirit will breathe. When the last cloud shall have fled in the transfigured sky, you descry the ascension."

Passing over some observations, teeming with eloquence and with a warmth of imagination almost beyond praise, M. Michelet procceds to speak of the wondrous manner in which "the impassioned vegetation of the spirit, which must, one would think, have thrown out at random its capriciously luxurious phantasies, should have been developed under *a regular law*." The following observations on the "number and rythm of divine geometry," deserve our best attention :—

"This geometry of beauty burst brilliantly forth in the type of Gothic architecture in the cathedral of Cologne ; it is a regular body which has grown in the proportion proper to it, with the regularity of crystals. The cross of this normal church is strictly deduced from the figure by which Euclid constructs the equilateral triangle : this triangle, the principle of the normal ogive, may be inscribed within the arcs of the arches, or vaults; and it thus keeps the ogive equally removed from the unseemly meagreness of the sharp-pointed windows of the north, and from the heavy flatness of the Byzantine arcades. The numbers ten and twelve, with their subdivisors and multiples, are the guiding measures of the whole edifice. Ten is the human number, that of the fingers ; twelve the divine, the astronomical number—add seven to these, in honour of the seven planets. In the towers, and throughout the building, the inferior parts are modelled on the square, and are subdivided into the octagon ; the superior, modelled on the triangle, exfoliate into the hexagon and the dodecagon. The column presents the proportions of the Doric order in the relation of its diameter to its height; and its height, in conformity with the principle laid down by Vitruvius and Pliny is equal to the width of the arcade. Thus, the traditions of antiquity are preserved in this type of Gothic architecture.

Digitized by Google

"The arcade, thrown from one pillar to another, is fifty feet wide. This number is repeated throughout the building, and is the measure of the height of the columns. The side aisles are half the width of the arcade; the façade is thrice its width. The entire length of the edifice is thrice its entire breadth; or, in other words, is nine times the width of the arcade. The breadth of the whole church is equal to the length of the choir, and of the nave, and to the height of the middle of the roof. The length is to the height as 2 to 5. Finally, the arcade and the side-aisles are repeated externally, in the counterfoils and buttresses which support the edifice. Seven, the number of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and of the sacraments, is the number of the chapels of the choir; and twice seven that of the columns by which it is supported.

"This predilection for mystical numbers occurs in all the churches. The cathedral of Reims has seven entrances, and both it and the cathedral of Chartres have seven chapels round the choir. The choir of Notre Dame at Paris has seven arcades. The cross-aisle is 144 feet long (16 times 9) and 42 feet wide (6 times 7), which is likewise the width of one of the towers, and the diameter of one of the large roses. The towers of Notre Dame are 204 feet high (17 times 12). It has 297 columns ($297 \div 3 = 99$; which, divided by $3 = 33$; which, too, divided by $3 = 11$) and 45 chapels (5×9). The belfry, which rose above the cross-aisle, was 104 feet high, the same height as the chief arch of the roof. The Church of Notre-Dame at Reims is 408 long in the clear ($408 \div 2$ gives 204, the height of the towers of Notre-Dame at Paris; $204 \div 17 = 12$). The Church of Notre Dame at Chartres is $396 \div 6 = 66$, which, divided by $2 = 33 = 3 \times 11$). The naves of St. Ouen, at Rouen, and of the cathedrals of Strasbourg and of Chartres are all three of equal lengths (244 feet). The Saint Chapelle, at Paris is 110 feet high ($100 + 10 = 11$), 110 feet long, and 27 feet (the third power of 3) wide.

"To whom belonged this science of numbers, this divine mathematics? To no mortal man did it belong, but to the Church of God. Under the shadow of the Church, in chapters and in monasteries, the secret was transmitted, together with instruction in the mysteries of Christianity. The Church alone could accomplish these miracles of architecture. She would often summon a whole people to complete a monument. A hundred thousand men laboured at once on that of Strasbourg, and such was their zeal, that they did not suffer night to interrupt their work, but continued it by torchlight. Often too, the Church would lavish centuries on the slow accomplishment of a perfect work. Renaud de Montauban bore stones for the building of Cologne cathedral, and to this day it is in process of erection. Such patient strength was all triumphant."

The solution to the means by which this wondrous combition of conceptive genius and systematic execution was realized, seems to be early traced to the fact that the most illustrious bishops of the middle ages were highly skilled in architecture, both as regards its theory and practice. The ten abbots who succeeded Marc d'Argent were each in his turn "master of the works," or, as Sir Christopher Wren calls it, "warden," during the construction of St. Ouen, at Rouen. Nor need we go far for examples, as long as the glorious memory of William of Wykeham is treasured up in the noble structures that to this day adorn Oxford and Winchester.

Digitized by Google

But the existence of a *peculiar class* of men, possessed of the secrets of that art which has alone rendered a tangible and lasting homage to the Creator, is splendidly set forth in the following thoroughly Masonic passage, a passage which no worthy Brother of the Craft can read without being impressed with a deep sense of the grand principles on which our present symbolical system has been founded,—a passage which shows the veil of holy mystery in which the origin of the Craft is involved, and which, although spoken by this author chiefly with reference to German art, derives corroboration from the study of emblems throughout the world:—

"Here the middle age brought forth golden souls, who have passed away unknown and unnoticed, fair souls at once puerile and profound, who have hardly entertained the idea that they belonged to time, who have never quitted the bosom of eternity, and have suffered the world to flow on before them without seeing in its stormy waves any other colour than heaven's own azure. What were their names? Who can tell them! All that is known is, that they were of that obscure and vast association which has spread in every direction. They had their Lodges at Cologne and at Strasbourg. Their sign, as ancient as Germany herself, was the hammer of Thor. With the Pagan hammer, sanctified in their Christian hands, they continued through the world the great work of the new temple, a renewal of the temple of Solomon. With what care they worked, obscure as they were, and lost in the general body, can only be learned by examining the most out-of-the-way and inaccessible points of the cathedrals which they built. Ascend to those aerial deserts, to the last points of the spires, where the slater only mounts in fear and trembling, you will often find, left to God's eye alone, and visited but by the ever-blowing wind, some delicately executed piece of workmanship, some masterpiece of art and of sculpture, in carving which the pious workman has consumed his life. Not a name is on it, not a mark, not a letter; he would have thought it so much taken from the glory of God. He has worked for God only, for the health of his soul."

After a passing allusion to St. Catherine, the patron saint of the Masons, "who is seen with her geometric wheel, her mysterious rose, on the ground-floor of Cologne cathedral," M. Michelet proceeds to lament over the degradation of the pure Gothic, at the same time pointing out, with marvellous acuteness, the psychological reasons which rendered such changes necessary.

As variety of matter is an object of importance in a periodical, I shall defer my notice of M. Michelet's valuable remarks on the "Templars" till the next number, meanwhile recommending his work heartily to the study of all who would satisfy themselves of the deep import of their Masonic obligations, and of the connection of the symbolism of the present day with the practice of the past.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE EDITOR *does not hold himself responsible for any opinions entertained by Correspondents.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,—

I HAVE dined frequently at the Freemason's Tavern, and am much struck with the continued dingy and uncleanly appearance of the Hall; I was in hopes that the improved condition of the management would have been reflected on the paintings and ornaments of that portion of the building; for however much reason we may have to be delighted with the improvement in the kitchen, cellar, and that *serviceable* corps, the waiters, yet I think we should not rest satisfied there, but have our entire house put in order, and rendered what, from its locality and resources, it ought to be—the leading tavern of the metropolis.

The present lessees appear to be carrying out their parts of the covenant effectively and efficiently; and it is no less the duty than the interest of the Craft to co-operate with them in raising and maintaining the character of the establishment; and I very respectfully submit to the members (individually and collectively) of the Board of General Purposes to give some consideration to the subject. I am sure that I only express the views of a large portion of the Brethren, more especially of the Lodges and Chapters, together with the various public bodies who meet at the tavern, in proposing the following question, and request the favour of the Board for its solution: — The Freemason's Tavern being the place where a large portion of the literary, scientific, and other public bodies, celebrate their annual festivals, on which occasion the most eminent and distinguished persons from other nations are present, as members or visitors, should it not be a duty and pride to keep in ornamental appearance the place of their reception, and not give them an opportunity to remark that the English are very hospitable, and have magnificent associations, but no conception of keeping in respectable order the place where such associations meet on public occasions?

The lessees have a very limited right to the use of the Hall. I observe, that for the last year they have paid, *in addition to the regular rent*, a sum of nearly 100*l.* for extra lettings. Could not the amount of such extra lettings be almost, if not quite, sufficient to

Digitized by Google

keep in ornamental repair the property of "The Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the Grand Lodge of England?" Very many of the Fraternity would be glad of the opinion of the Board of General Purposes, including

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

W. B.

MASONRY IN BATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

A SHORT time since I was in Bath, in my way from Torquay to Oxford; and during my stay at the Castle hotel, I was induced to visit the Lodge held there. After supper (which was served in the best style, and was unexceptionable), when the members had retired, I gathered from my host, Bro. Temple, several particulars relative to the state of Masonry in Bath, some of which, added to information from other sources, will form the subject of this communication.

In days gone by, Bath boasted of three Lodges, to two of which Chapters were attached, viz., the Royal Cumberland, No. 48 Lodge and Chapter; the Royal Sussex, No. 61 Lodge and Chapter; and more recently, the Lodge of Honour, No. 528.

There was also an Encampment of Knights Templar. As time rolled on, the sun of Masonry seemed to hide itself beneath the clouds of various untoward circumstances, and cast a shadow over the prospects of the Craft. The Encampment was broken up; the Royal Sussex Lodge and Chapter became virtually dead; for though they have not given up their Warrant, yet they have not held a meeting for some years. Then the attendance of Brethren at the Lodge of Honour became rare, and like the visits of those heavenly beings, which are said to be "few and far between;" and the Lodge was only kept alive by a most excellent Mason and worthy man, Bro. Hodges, who fanned the expiring spark, added fresh fuel, and finally was rewarded by seeing the fire of Masonry, not only rekindle and revive, but blaze forth in the most gratifying manner. The Brethren of this Lodge, to mark the sense they entertained of the services he had rendered, and their appreciation of his unwearying exertions in the cause, last year presented him with a P.M.'s Jewel; but far beyond this will be the inward satisfaction which such a Brother Mason must feel, at being permitted, by the G.A.O.T.U., to assist in bringing about a work so beneficial to his fellow men; and it affords a striking lesson to all, but more especially to our younger Brethren, how much may be effected by patience, diligence, and devotion to our Order.

The Lodge of Honour thus resuscitated, is now amongst the best working Lodges of the Province, and enrolls amongst its members some of the highest and most distinguished Brethren in the Craft, including

Digitized by Google

three P.G.M.'s; lately they have held their meetings at a Brother's rooms, in rather an out-of-the-way situation, where they went when the Royal Sussex Lodge ceased to contribute towards the Masonic Hall; but now, the various Lodges, Chapters, and Encampments have combined, and again taken their old room in the Corridor, and are fitting it up for the exclusive purpose of Freemasonry. The manifest advantage of having a room solely devoted to Masonry, where rehearsals, lectures, and meetings of all kinds can be held, is most important to the good working of the Lodge; and from the sight I had of the room, I consider it one of the best Masonic Halls I have seen, and eminently suited for the purpose; and I may venture to predict, that Masonry must, and will, flourish within its walls.

About twelve months since, several members of the Lodge of Honour united to get a warrant for a Chapter to be attached to their Lodge; their petition received the favourable consideration of G.C., and the Tynte Chapter was started under the most favourable auspices, which I understand still continue; and it is now in as flourishing a state as its most sanguine well-wishers can desire. Previous to its establishment, in consequence of the Royal Sussex Chapter not working, there remained only the Royal Cumberland, in which those Brethren desirous of completing their Degrees in Masonry could be exalted to the Royal Arch; so that most of the Tynte Chapter also belong to the Royal Cumberland, by which a good attendance at both, on their evenings of meeting, is generally secured. The Royal Cumberland Lodge and Chapter have, for some time past, been most kindly and gratuitously accommodated with a room in which to hold their meetings by Bro. Temple, greatly to his inconvenience, but who, for the sake of his Lodge and Chapter, and for the good of the cause, has used every exertion to promote their interests. The working of this Lodge promises fair to be very commendable. I was present at one of their meetings; and though they were assisted by some Brethren of another Lodge, yet the intelligence of the younger members, as well as their apparent zeal, will be soon rendered available to the working of the Lodge without any such assistance; they will also feel the advantages of the space which the new room will afford for the ceremonies; and I doubt not, if I am again permitted to visit them, that the difference will be striking.

On the 19th of last November an Encampment was consecrated here, the particulars of which will be found in the *Freemason's Quarterly Magazine* for December, page 528. This was especially requisite in this part of the country; for, between Birmingham, or Oxford, and Exeter, there was no Encampment in which Companions anxious to receive the Degree of Knights Templar could be installed. Of course, I except the Encampment held at Bristol, named the Baldwyn, which not being recognised by G.C., and acting in opposition to, and in open defiance of, its authority, cannot be reckoned as a legitimate Encampment, in which any Companion, who is not a member of a Bristol Chapter, and consequently attached to the locality, would like to be installed; in fact, those who are driven

Digitized by Google

there, from not having any other near, now gladly join the new establishment in Bath; and by subscribing to the authority of G.C., and the S.G.M. Col. Tynte, become legitimate Knights of this ancient Order.

I understand that there are several candidates for installation at their next meeting, in February; and I hope to be able to visit them on that occasion; and if so, to report on their proceedings from personal observation. At present the Bladud Encampment have only received a Warrant for the Knight Templar Degree; but there is no doubt that in a short time they will apply for one to enable them to confer the Rose Croix. One thing is certain, that they have enrolled, as members and Officers, men and Masons who are most energetic in the cause,—Knights who have been well tried, and have arrived at the highest Degrees that are conferred by G.C.; so that under such discipline and guidance, there is an almost certainty that this Encampment will be one of the most useful and flourishing in England.

I have now endeavoured to give some slight sketch of the prospects of Masonry in Bath; and I sincerely hope I may soon have another opportunity of visiting, and making a prolonged stay with my Brethren in that city, who add to their other Masonic virtues, that of hospitality in the highest degree.—I am, Sir and Brother, Your obedient Servant,

VISITOR.

MASONRY IN FRANCE.

Monsieur et très cher frère Rédacteur,—

La presse maçonnique n'est pas plus libre, en France, que la presse politique, et si quelques sages avertissements peuvent arrivér au G.M. actuel de l'Ordre, il en aura, sans doute, obligation au recueil le plus complet d'utiles documents sur notre importante Société, c'est-à-dire, au *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine.*

Dès 1847, l'esprit de démocratie, qui s'était introduit dans le monde profane et tourmentait l'administration des affaires publiques, s'était glissé dans la maçonnerie, par la réapparition dans l'ordre des F.F. Pagnerre, Altaroche, Blaize, etc.; qui étaient devenus membres du G. O. On crut céder aux exigeances des temps en abolissant les officiers du G. O., qui, jusqu'alors, avaient été composés des maçons les plus anciens, les plus instruits, et les plus propres à conserver les traditions. On décida que, désormais, le G. O. ne serait plus composé que des deputés des loges, et que chacun d'eux ne pourrait représenter plus d'une loge.

Certes, il y avait alors quelque chose à faire, car les députés jusques-là, n'avaient été que des muets inutiles, et il était nécessaire de fonder un pouvoir pour contrebalancer celui des officiers, qui était, quelquefois, trop absolu. Mais en introduisant, d'un seul coup, le système représentatif absolu, comme élément de pouvoir

Digitized by Google

législatif et judiciare, on detruisait les traditions, on amenait la confusion. D'un autre côté, les députés devant être pris à Paris, et les atteliers de la capitale n'étant pas les mieux composés, sous le rapport de l'instruction, on s'exposait à introduire, dans l'admistration, des instruments incapables et faciles à devenir la proie des intrigants.

Après la revolution de 1848, les hommes avancés se jetèrent dans la maçonnerie, espérant y trouver un élément de succès dans leurs vues. Les Pagnerre, les Altaroche, les Blaize étaient déjà disparus, parceque les affaires de l'etat, à la tête desquelles ils étaient enfin parvenus, absorbaient tous leurs instants. Des hommes plus obscurs espérèrent se servir d'un semblable marche-pied.

La promulgation de la nouvelle constitution et la révolution operée dans le G. O., servirent merveilleusment leurs projets. On vit arriver, parmi les nouveaux députés un F. Périer, référendaire à la Cour des Comptes, dont les opinions étaient avancées ; un F. Hubert, jeune maçon gascon, qui avait tout pour *pousser partout* comme disait le bon Henri IV. Ces deux hommes se lièrant bientôt très-étroitement et cherchèrent à recomposer le G. O., le premier dans l'interêt de son complice, et le second dans un but spéculatif.

Comme les plupart des anciens officiers avaient obtenu des députations, on ne put faire les élections comme on l'espérait ; aussi, la session actuelle du G. O., qui expire au mois de Mars prochain, n'est elle pas aussi mauvaise qu'on l'aurait voulu.

On fut obligé de laisser à la Présidence le F. Desanlis, avocat ; homme d'Ordre, de fortune, et de dévouement au bien publique ; l'orateur fut le F. Wentz, avocat, doué également des plus brilliantes qualités maçonniques et civiles ; mais le F. Périer parvint à se faire nommer Secrétaire-Général, et il devenait une haute puissance par ses fonctoins.

Il y avait, alors, comme chef du Secrétaire, le F. Félix Pillot, maçon de la plus haute Science, qui avait plus de vingt années d'éxercises et que imprimait la meilleur direction aux travaux. Le F. Pillot était dévoué à l'Ordre, et adversaire de toutes les révolutions, de tous les révolutionnaires ; il tenait en ses mains toutes les affaires du G. O. ; et il eût été difficile, sous son administration,— d'imprimer une tendance politique à la maçonnerie.

Aussi, les confédérés se contentèrent-ils, dans les premier temps, de poser des jalons pour l'avenir. Les F.F. Pèrier et Hubert introduisirent dans l'Ordre les F.F. Cæsar Bertholon, Clément Schœlcher, Theodore Bai, Ranjat, Lavergne, Lesseps, Napoléon Galloir, Richard du Cantal, Curvier, Détours, presque tous membres de la Montagne ; ils espéraient s'en faire des protecteurs, et ils avaient d'ailleurs toutes leurs sympathies.

Le F. Hubert quitta, un instant, la partie en 1849 ; il fut nommé conseiller de Préfecture à Bourges et crut son avenir assuré ; mais il ne resta que trois mois dans cette position, et personne ne connait les causes de sa destitution.

Revenu à Paris, il se remit à l'œuvre avec le F. Périer, sur lequel

Digitized by Google

il prit un empire absolu, et ce dernier tenta de l'introduire dans l'administration du G. O., afin de s'en assurer l'exploitation, il lui donna entrée dans le bureau du F. Pillot. Celui-ci, inquiet de l'avenir de l'ordre; voyant, avec peine, les efforts qu'on faisait pour s'en emparer; craignant qu'on ne parvînt à lui faire perdre sa place, tomba malade et mourut, presque subitement, en Fevrier, 1851.

Cette perte etait fatale pour le G. O., mais elle donnait occasion au F. Périer de placer son patronné.

Plusieurs F.F. se présentèrent pour solliciter l'emploi de chef du secretariat; un seul pouvait etre redoutable, parcequ'il avait des droits et une capacité reconnus, c'était le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, maçon depuis plus de trente années, ayant étudié spécialement la maçonnerie, la connaissant sous toutes ses faces, dans tous ses rites, et qui seul pourait prétendre à une si difficile succession. Le F. Leblanc de Marconnay n'avait jamais été l'homme des révolutions; il n'avait pas caché ses principes d'ordre et de fidélité au pouvoir gouvernemental. Le F. Hubert s'était lié avec le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, et celui-ci, avec cette franchise qui le distinque, s'était empréssé de lui donner toutes les instructions dont il pouvait avoir besoin.

Le choix d'un chef du Sécrétariat au G. O., est une chose très-délicate: il faut un F. capable, instruit, zélé, et n'ayant en vue que l'existence de la maçonnerie, par conséquent son complet détachement de toute préoccupation religieuse et politique.

Le F. Desanlis était toujours President, ou plutôt G. M. (car il n'y avait pas, alors, de G. M. du G. O.); il avait vu, avec peine, les tentatives faites par les meneurs pour donner un caractère politique à la maçonnerie; mais, confiant dans la rectitude du F. Pillot, il avait consenti à garder la direction de l'Ordre. Après le F. Pillot, il n'y avait qu'un F. sur lequel le F. Desanlis pût s'en reposer, c'était le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, et il l'avait déclaré franchement.

Il fallait donc triompher du F. Desanlis, et l'on prit tous ses soins à arriver à ce premier succès. On fit nommer une commission pour examiner les candidats, et on fit promettre aux membres de cette commission de voter pour celui que la majorité aurait désigné. On travailla la commission, et la majorité décida que le F. Hubert serait le premier candidat présenté, tandis que le F. Leblanc de Marconnay ne passerait que le second.

Comme on était encore incertain de la nomination, et qu'on craignait l'influence de la réputation maçonnique du F. du Marconnay, on décida que le chef du Sécrétariat ne serait plus, à l'avenir membre du G. O., et ne pourrait prendre la parole dans les séances.

Le F. Hubert ne resta pas oisif; il alla voir tous les membres du G. O., pour solliciter leurs voix, et eût la perfidie de maltraiter son concurrent, auquel il avait écrit tant de lettres louangeuses alors qu'il ne comptait sur la vacance de la place. Aux uns il peignit le F. de Marconnay comme un légitimiste déterminé; pour les autres, c'etait un Bonapartiste; pour d'autres, un démocrate; enfin, il alla jusqu'à exploiter le scandale de la diffamation. De son côté, le F. de

Digitized by Google

Marconnay, fort de ses droits et de son savoir, ne crut point devoir faire de démarches auxquelles son caractère ne pouvait se ployer.

Le jour de l'épreuve arriva. Le F. Hubert obtint 61 voix, et le F. de Marconnay 23. Le premier devint donc, chef du Sécrétariat, et le second resta simple membre du G. O. Cette décision fut renduo le 5 avril 1851, et le F. Hubert entra de suite en fonctions.

Le chef du Sécrétariat, Hubert, et son protecteur le Sécrétaire-Général, Perrier, s'etaient ainsi rendus maîtres de toute l'administration; ils voulaient faire nommer un adjoint au G. M., et jetèrent les yeux sur le F. Ronjat. Le F. Desanlis voyant qu'il allait être responsable d'une administration qui tournait au rouge; voyant que l'homme, sur lequel il comptait pour empêcher ces abus, avait échoué, donna sa démission, et le G. O. resta livré aux meneurs.

Les évènements du 2 décembre 1851 arrivèrent. Le 4 décembre le G. O. devait tenir une assemblée ordinaire. Quelques membres seulement s'y rendirent; quelques F.F. étaient exaspérés; ils parlaient de protestations contre ces qu'ils appelaient le coup d'état du Président de la République; mais le plus grand nombre se retira, et les mécontents restèrent seuls sans échos.

Quinze jours après, les choses étaient changées: deux membres du G. O., dans la loge desquels se trouvait le F. Claude, Sécrétaire du Prince Murat, firent comprendre aux F.F. Périer et Hubert que la maçonnerie était perdue si elle ne se raccrochait à l'ordre de choses existantes, et qu'il fallait nommer le Prince à l'office de G. O., afin de donner des garanties au gouvernement.

Le F. Hubert, en homme habile, sentit quel parti il pourrait tirer d'un G. M. chez lequel il pourrait s'insinuer, et que la protection du cousin du chef de l'Etat pourrait victorieusement remplacer celles de membres de l'Assemblée qu'il avait recherchie tant qu'il avait cru que ce parti aurait le dessus.

Le F. Hubert devint Napoléoniste, comme s'il n'avait jamais fait autre chose, et plus il avait d'antécèdents à faire oublier, plus il se montra chaud dans ses nouvelles poursuites.

Le Prince Murat fut nommé sans opposition, car presque tous les membres du G. O. étaient partisans sincères du gouvernement, et le peu qui lui étaient opposés n'osèrent exprimer leur pensée.

M. Desanlis, qui vit qu'il y avait, alors, à la tête de l'ordre, un homme sur lesquel il pourait s'appuyer pour faire le bien, se remit sur les rangs pour redevenir President du G. O., représentant du G. M. Les F.F. Hubert et Périer, qui redoutant la franchise, l'expérience, et la solidité de principes de ce F., mirent tout en usage pour le faire échouer. Par leurs intrigues, le F. Desanlis succomba de quelques voix, et l'on nomma le F. Brugnot, honnete homme, sans doute, mais sans capacités, sans position, sans énergie, qui devait être, et qui fut leur instrument pour tout ce qu'ils entendaient faire.

Il s'etablit, alors, une lutte entre les F.F. Hubert et Périer pour s'emparer de l'esprit du Prince. Le F. Hubert, plus délie que son compétiteur, obtint la préférence, et ce chef du bureau, qui ne devait

Digitized by Google

être que l'instrument des grands officiers, en devînt le maître absolu. Il régna sans partage, là ou il ne devait être qu'un serviteur à gages, et réussit à perdre son bienfaiteur, le F. Périer, dans l'esprit du Prince. Le F. Périer n'a d'autre tort, dans tout celà, que d'avoir placé sa confiance dans un ambitieux, qui fait servis tout le monde de marche pied à ses projets de désorganisation du corps qui lui donne du pain, et qui est, sans doute, un jésuite en robe-courte.

De là s'est suivi un système de mesures illégales qui ont fait murmurer tout le monde, et qui ont porté le mécontentement parmi les loges de l'obédience; mais, à toutes les représentations, le F. Hubert a mis le nom et la volonté du Prince en avant, et ce dernier, entièrement abusé, a résisté à toutes les objections qu'on a pu lui faire contre les empiètements de pouvoir du F. Hubert.

Les choses en sont arrivées à un point intolérable; le G. O. est réduit a l'inaction, et toutes les mesures qu'on veut faire passer, sans obstacles, sont prises au nom du conseil du G. M., ce qui est une violation de la constitution. Les finances sont dépensées sans contrôle; les rentrées qui, en 1851, ont été plus fortes que jamais, puisqu'elles se sont montées à plus de 48,000f., ont été dépattées par les dépenses malgré les efforts de la commission des finances.

Pour couronner l'œuvre, et afin d'avoir probablement une plus grande masse de fonds en maniement, on a mis dans l'esprit du Prince de faire un Temple, à Paris, pour le G. O. et pour les loges de la capitale. Sous ce prêtexte, on a mis des impôtes sur les initiations, sur les grades, sur les maçons, dont les loges de province se plaignent avec raison, et qu'une grand partie d'entre elles refusera de payer. Les droits actuels du G. O. sont de plus du triple de ce qu'ils étaient sous l'empire, où la maçonnerie comptait les hommes de richesses et de position dans son sein.

On vient d'envoyer, et sans consulter le G. O., par la seule decision illégale du conseil de G. M., 25 inspecteurs qui sont payés 8f. par jour, pour visiter toutes les loges de la province et les engager à prendre des actions dans le nouveau temple. Il est certain que peu de maçons se laisseront aller à cette demande et que la conception échouera.

Le temple qu'on veut acquérir consiste dans une maison, Rue Cadet, No. 16. Le contrat d'acquisition est signé, conditionnellement, par le prince et deux ou trois membres du G. O.; le prix est de 450,000f, mais il faudra dépenser 150,000f. pour l'approprier à l'usage des atteliers et du G. O. Si, au mois de Janvier prochain, 150,000f., ne sont pas payés, le contrat sera résilié, et le propriétaire recevra 10,000f. d'indemnité.

On parle de renverser la Consitution, de supprimer les députés des loges, et de gouverner avec le seul conseil de G. M., dont le F. Hubert serait l'âme et l'impulsion. Si celà avait lieu, il est probable que la plupart des loges se retireraient de l'obedience du G. O., et qu'il en serait formé un autre, qui introduirait un schisme de plus dans la maçonnerie Française.

Le prince est doué d'excellentes qualités; il veut faire le bien;

Digitized by Google

mais il est facheux qu'arrivant dans un ordre dont il ne connaissait pas l'importance et les besoins, il n'aît pas cherché à s'entourer des hommes qui lui présentaient le plus de garanties, tels que les F.F. Desanlis, Janin, Bertrand, de St. Jean, Morand, Garon, Piquenot, Boisson, Portalier, Mongenot, Wenty, Fauiltrier, Jobert, Chiloret, Veixer, Bailly, d'Arragon, Clement d'Anglebert, Maubané, Contro, Leraller, et de bien d'autres encore, qui seraient à même de lui donne des conseilles aussi fructueux que désintéressés. S'il s'etait enquis, à l'autorité compétente, des hommes qui mangent au ratelier de la police secrète, il n'est pas probable qu'il en êut été la dupe, car on peut se servir des espions, mais on n'en fait point ses amis.

Tel est l'état des choses en France, et j'ai présumé que ces détails intéresseraient les maçons de ce pays, si amis de la légalité, si prudemment dirigés par les maçons honorables qui composent le gouvernement maçonnique.

[*Translation.*]

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

The Masonic press in France is no more free than the press political, and if any wholesome truths can be conveyed to the actual G. O. of the Order it will be doubtless owing to the more complete collection of useful documents concerning our important Society contained in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine.*

Since 1847, the spirit of democracy which had introduced itself into the profane world, and troubled the administration of public affairs, had also glided into Masonry, by the reappearance in the Order of the Bros. Pagnerre, Altaroche, Blaize, &c., who had become members of the G.O. It was intended to give way to the exigencies of the times in removing those Officers of the G.O., the oldest, the best instructed, and the fittest to preserve its traditions. It was decided that henceforward the G.O. should be composed only of deputies from the Lodges, and that every one of them could only represent a single Lodge.

Truly, there would then be something to do, for hitherto the deputies had been only useless dummies, and it was necessary to create a power to counterbalance that of the officers, occasionally too absolute. But in bringing in all at once an entire representative system as the element of legislative and judicial power was to destroy the traditions of the Order, and to introduce confusion. On the other hand, the deputies, before being brought to Paris, and its working Lodges being not in the best condition on the point of instruction, great risk was run of filling the administration with inadequate instruments ready to become the prey of the designing.

After the the revolution of 1848, our fast men threw themselves upon Masonry, hoping to find in it an element for success in their views. The Pagnerres, the Altaroches, the Blaizes had already disappeared, for the affairs of the State, at the head of which they had at last arrived, absorbed all their time. Men still more obscure hoped to tread in their steps.

The promulgation of the new constitution, and the revolution effected in the G.O., aided wonderfully their schemes. Amongst the new deputies was one Bro. Perier, referendary of the Chamber of Accounts, whose opinions were very advanced; one Bro. Hubert, a young Gascon Mason, who had, as good Henry IV. used to say, "*every thing to gain every thing.*" These two persons confederated themselves most intimately, and endeavoured to reconstruct the Order: the first in the interest of his accomplice, the second in the hopes of what might turn up.

As the majority of the old Officers had received proxies, the elections could not be managed as was exactly wished; so that the actual session of the G.O., which expires the following March, has not been so bad as was expected.

They were obliged to leave Bro. Desanlis, solicitor, in the Presidential Chair: a Conservative of fortune and devotion to the general good. Bro. Wentz, solicitor,

Digitized by Google

of the most brilliant attainments, Masonic as well as civil, was chosen Orator; but Bro. Perier succeeded in getting himself named Secretary-General, and derived a high authority from its functions.

The Chief in the Secretary's Office was then Felix Pillot, high in the science of Masonry, with twenty years' working experience, and who gave the best direction to its labours. F. Pillot was devoted to the Order, and adverse to all revolutions and revolutionaries; he held in his hand all the movements of the Order, and it would have been difficult under his administration to have infused into it any political bias.

The confederates, therefore, at first contented themselves with placing marks for future operations. The Bros. Perier and Hubert introduced into the Order the Bros. Cæsar Bertholon, Clement Schœlcher, Theodore Bai, Ranjat, Lavergne, Lesseps, Napoleon Galloir, Richard du Cantal, Curvier, Détours, nearly all members of the Montagne: they hoped to gain in them protectors, and they otherwise had all their sympathies.

Bro. Hubert left the party for a time in 1849, having been named councillor to the Prefecture at Bourges, and believing his advent was come: but he remained only three months in this office, and the cause of his retirement was never known.

On his return to Paris he fastened himself upon Bro. Perier, over whom he obtained an absolute command, and the latter endeavoured to introduce him into the administration of the G.O., to insure by that means its explosion: he gave him a place in the office of Bro. Pillot. The latter, ill at ease for the prospects of the Order, seeing with alarm the efforts made to gain the command over it, and fearing that he should not be able to retain his Office, sickened, and died suddenly, in February, 1851.

This loss was fatal to the G.O., for it gave Bro. Perier the opportunity of fixing his *protégé*.

Many Brothers presented themselves as candidates for the Cheiftainship of the Secretariat: one alone was formidable, because he had claims and an acknowledged fitness for the office; this was Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, a Mason of thirty years' standing; having made Masonry an especial study, knowing its forms and all its rites, he alone was worthy of being brought forward for such an important office. Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay had never been mixed up with revolutions: he never had swerved from the principles of order and attachment to the ruling powers. Bro. Hubert had attached himself to Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, who, with the liberality which distinguished him, was anxious to give him all the instruction he stood so much in need of.

The choice of a Chief of the Secretariat of the G.O. is a very delicate matter: he ought to be a Brother, intelligent, skilled, zealous, with nothing in view but the continuance of Masonry, consequently with a perfect freedom from every other tie, religious or political.

Bro. Desanlis still remained President, or rather G.M. (for at that time there was no G.M. of the G.O.); he had seen with sorrow the endeavours of the intriguers to fasten upon Masonry a political character; but, confiding in the staightforwardness of Bro. Pillot, he had consented to hold the government of the Order. After Bro. Pillot there was only one Brother on whom Bro. Desanlis could rely, this was Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, and this he had openly avowed.

It was necessary, therefore, to triumph over Bro. Desanlis, and every means were essayed to gain this first step. A commission was nominated to examine the candidates, and a promise was made to this commission to vote for the candidate their majority should indicate. This commission was operated on, and it decided that Bro. Hubert should be presented as first candidate, whilst Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay was only placed second.

Whilst the nomination was undecided, and the Masonic influence of Bro. de Marconnay was feared, it had been resolved that the Chief of the Secretariat should for the future be no longer a member of the G. O., nor have a voice in its sittings.

Bro. Hubert was not idle: he went the round of the members of the G. O. to solicit their votes, and had the meanness to traduce his competitor, to whom he

Digitized by Google

had written such eulogistic letters before he had calculated upon a vacancy in the office. To some he painted Bro. de Marconnay as a determined legitimist; for others he was a Bonapartist, and again a Socialist: in short, he went the most violent lengths of defamation. Bro. de Marconnay, on his side, strong in his claims and his acquirements, thought it unnecessary to take steps which his character would not allow him to use.

The day of election arrived. Bro. Hubert obtained 61 votes, and Bro. de Marconnay 23. The first, therefore, became Chief of the Secretariat, and the second remained simple member of the G. O. This decision was come to on the 5th of April, 1851, and Bro. Hubert in consequence entered on his duties.

This Chief of the Secretariat and his Protector-General Perier were thus become masters of the entire administration; they wished to give the G. M. a coadjutor, and cast their eyes on Bro. Ronjat. Bro. Desanlis, not wishing to be responsible for an administration which was *reddening* fast, and seeing that the man on whom he had counted for stemming abuses had lost his election, gave in his resignation, and the G. O. was left entirely to the intriguants.

The events of the 2nd of December succeeded. On the 4th the G. O. ought to have held a regular sitting; few of the members attended. Some of the Brothers were enraged: they spoke of protestations against what they called "*le coup d'état*" of the President of the Republic; but the majority retired, and the malcontents remained solely without an echo.

Fifteen days afterwards matters had changed. Two members of the G. O., in the Lodge of which Bro. Claude, secretary of Prince Murat, was a member, gave Bros. Perier and Hubert to understand that Masonry was lost if they did not bend to the existing order of things, and that they ought to nominate the Prince to the office of G. M. to give guarantees to the Government.

Bro. Hubert, like an adroit subject, seeing the path he had to take to insinuate himself with the G. M., and that the protection of a cousin of the Emperor might replace to advantage that of the members of an assembly whom he had courted as long as he thought they had the upper hand, became a Napoleonist, as if he had never been anything else, and the more he had to forget in his antecedents, the more he showed himself lukewarm towards his new pursuits.

Prince Murat was nominated without opposition, for most of the members of the G. O. were sincere partisans of the Government, and the few opposed to it did not dare to express their sentiments.

Bro. Desanlis, seeing that there was now a man at the head of the Order from whom he could hope for support for his beneficial plans, put himself on the list for re-election as President of the G. O. substitute of the G. M. Bros. Hubert and Perier, fearing the straightforwardness, the experience, and inflexibility of principle in this Brother, set every engine to work to make him lose the election. By their management, Bro. Desanlis was ousted by a few votes, and Bro. Brugnot was chosen; a very respectable man, certainly, but who, without capacity, position, or energy, might be expected, and who certainly became the mere tool for all this pair wished him to perform.

A rivalry subsequently took place between Bros. Hubert and Perier for gaining possession of the mind of the Prince. Bro. Hubert, more pliant than his competitor, obtained the preference, and the head-clerk in our bureau, who ought never to have been anything but the instrument of its officers, became their absolute master. He reigned now without control where he ought to have been a mere salaried subordinate, and succeeded in poisoning the mind of the Prince against his benefactor. No other blame can attach to Bro. Perier throughout this affair than to have placed his confidence on a party who sought to make every one the steps of a ladder from which he could carry out his projects of disorganization through an Order which had given him bread, and who is certainly but a Jesuit in plain clothes.

He afterwards followed a system of illegal measures which have made every one murmur, and which have strewn disaffection through all the Lodges in our connection; but to all representations Bro. Hubert has pushed forward the name and will of the Prince, and the latter, completely abused, has resisted all the objec-

Digitized by Google

tions that were made to him against the abnormal acts of Bro. Hubert's power.

Things have arrived at a point that is intolerable; the G. O. is reduced to a nonentity, and all the measures that are wished to be carried without difficulty are taken in the name of the Council of the G. M., which is a violation of the Order. The finances are distributed without control, and the receipts, which in 1851 were the largest known, since they exceeded 48,000 fr., have been frittered away by the expenses, notwithstanding the opposing efforts of the Committee of Finance.

To crown their work, and possibly to have larger funds to play with, it has been suggested to the mind of the Prince to found a Temple in Paris for the G. O. and the Lodges of the capital. Under this pretext, dues have been levied on the Initiations, on the Degrees on Masons, of which the Provincial Lodges, with reason, complain, and which a large portion of them will refuse to pay. The dues of the G. O. are triple what they were under the empire, when Masonry reckoned men of wealth and influence amongst its members.

They are about to send, without consulting the G. O., and from the sole illegal decision of the Council of the G. M., twenty-five salaried inspectors, at 8 fr. per diem, to visit all the Provincial Lodges, and to engage them to take shares in the new Temple. It is certain that few Masons will come into the proposition, and that the scheme will be abortive.

The site which it is wished to obtain for the Temple is a house, No. 16, Rue Cadet. The contract for the purchase is signed, provisionally, by the Prince and two or three members of the G. O.; the price is fixed at 450,000 fr., but a further outlay of 150,000 fr. will be necessary to fit it for the purposes of the Lodges and the G. O. If in the month of February next 150,000 fr. are not paid down, the contract is to be annulled, and the owner to receive 10,000 fr. indemnity.

They speak of overturning the Constitution, of suppressing the Deputies of the Lodges, and of governing solely by the Council of the G. M., of which Bro. Hubert will be the soul and movement. If this take place, it is probable that the greatest number of Lodges will withdraw their adhesions to the G. O., and this will introduce a fresh schism into French Masonry.

The Prince is endowed with excellent qualities; he wishes to act rightly, but it is mortifying that, placed in an Order of which he can know neither the importance nor the necessities, he should not have endeavoured to surround himself with men who could have offered guarantees, such as Bros. Desanlis, Janin, Bertrand, De St. Jean, Moraud, Garon, Piquenot, Boisson, Portalier, Mongenot, Wenty, Fauiltnier, Jobert, Chilerot, Veixer, Bailly, d'Arragon, Clement d'Anglebert, Maubané, Contro, Leraller, and many others, who would at least have given him advice as advantageous as disinterested. Had he inquired of the competent authority about persons who feed from the police manger, it is not probable that he would have become their dupe; for one may make use of spies without making them into friends.

Such is the state of matters in France; and I have supposed that these details will be interesting to the Masons of a country, the friend of legality and its Masonic government, so prudently directed by honourable Masons at its head.

Digitized by Google

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *February* 2, 1853.

Present.—M. E. Comp. R. Alston, as Z.; W. F. Beadon, as H.; R. G. Alston, as J.; W. H. White, as E.; J. Hodgkinson, as N.: H. L. Crohn, P. Soj.; C. Baumer, 1st Assist. Soj.; T. R. White, Assist. Soj.; F. Pattison, P. Assist. Soj.; E. H. Patten, P. Sword Bearer; G. W. K. Potter, P. Sword Bearer; B. Lawrence, P. Stand. Bearer; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. Stand. Bearer; T. Tombleson, P. Stand. Bearer; G. Leach, Dir. of Cerem.; R. Gibson, P. Dir. of Cerem.; J. B. King, P. Dir. of Cerem.; T. Parkinson, P. Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. Leveau, P. Dir. of Cerem.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and approved.

On petitions regularly signed and recommended, Charters were granted for Chapters, to be attached to Lodges as follows, viz.:—

To the Lodge, No. 214, Quebec; to the Lodge, No. 461, Bermuda; to the Lodge, No. 463, Northampton; to the Lodge, No. 817, Bocking.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *March* 2, 1853.

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M. on the throne; R. W. Rowland Alston, Prov. G.M. for Essex, as D.G.M.; R. W. The Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, *M.P.* as S. G. W.; T. A. Mitchell, *M.P.*, as S.G.W.; W. Tucker, Prov. G. M. for Dorsetshire; A. Dobie, Prov. G. M. for Surrey, and G. R.; J. J. Hammond, Prov. G. M. for Jersey and Guernsey; H. C. Vernon (P. S. G. W.), Prov. G. M. for Worcestershire; R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W.; Hon. G. O'Callaghan, P.J.G.W.; W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W.; J. Pattison, P.J.G.W.; R. Davis, P.J.G.W.; Chev. B. Hebeler (P.S.G.W.), Rep. from G. L. of Berlin; V. W. Revs. J. E. Cox and E. Moore,

Digitized by Google

G. Chaplains; W. H. White, G. Sec.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from the G. L. of Hamburgh; J. Hodgkinson, S. G. D.; W. F. White, J. G. D.; B. Lawrence, P.J.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D.; C. Baumer, P.J.G.D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. S. G. D.; L. Chandler, P. J. G. D.; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; L. Thompson, P.J.G.D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; J. Nelson, P.S.G.D.; G. W. K. Potter, P.J.G.D.; T. R. White, P.S.G.D.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cer.; G. Leach, G.S.B.; J. Masson, P.G.S.B.: G. P. de Rhé Phillipe, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.; H. B. Webb, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B.; F. W. Breitling, G. Pursuiv.; Rev. W. J. Carver, Rep. from G. L. Massachusetts; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The Regulations of Grand Lodge having been read by the G. Sec., the minutes of the last Quarterly Communication were read and confirmed.

RE-ELECTION OF THE GRAND MASTER.

Bro. TAYLOR rose, and in an eloquent speech proposed the re-election of the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, as G. M. of Masons for the ensuing year.

Bro. JONES seconded the proposition, and expressed in the warmest terms of eulogium the pleasure he felt in taking part in the re-election of a noble Brother, who had served the Craft so long and so well.

The proposition was carried by acclamation; and his Lordship having been proclaimed in due form, rose and tendered his thanks to the Grand Lodge for this additional mark of their confidence, assuring them that he had the interests of the Craft warmly at heart, and that it was his great desire to promote its usefulness and extend its operations.

Bro. J. Tomkyns was unanimously re-elected Grand Treasurer, and proclaimed.

The Report of the Board of Benevolence for December, January, and February was read; when, on the recommendation of the Lodge of the December, it was proposed and seconded, that the sum of 30*l.* be granted to Kezia Brewster, widow of Edward Brewster, late of the Lodge 109, London. Upon this an amendment was proposed, by Bro. John Savage, and duly seconded, to the effect that 50*l.* be granted to the said widow, instead of 30*l.*, which being put, passed in the affirmative.

On the recommendation of the Lodge of Benevolence for February, and on motion duly made and seconded, it was resolved, "That the sum of 30*l.* be granted for the relief of Elizabeth, widow of the late Edward Chunnah, of Lodge 651, Chester."

Digitized by Google

The Report of the Board of General Purposes was read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes.

Bro. R. G. ALSTON, as President of the Board of General Purposes, moved the approval of the Report, relating to the decision of the Board in the case of the election of a W. M. of the Castle Lodge, No. 36, upon which Bro. W. B. Packwood, W.M., had given notice of appeal to Grand Lodge.

Upon this proposition considerable discussion ensued, and lasted beyond the hour of eleven o'clock, when the Grand Lodge confirmed the decision of the Board of General Purposes, by a very large and almost unanimous majority.

The Board of General Purposes having laid before Grand Lodge a list of Lodges, which, being more than five years in arrear up to Christmas, 1851, had been written to by order of the Board, and from which no reply had been received, it was ordered that summonses be sent to such Lodges, to show cause at the next Quarterly Communication why their warrants should not be declared forfeited.

All business being concluded, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.



THE Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the Ancient and Accepted Rite for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, held a solemn Convocation of the higher Degrees of the Order, at their Grand East, Freemason's Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 10th day of February, A. D. 1853, for the purpose of conferring the distinguished rank of Kts. K. H. of the 30th Degree on several eminent Brethren. The Convocation was attended by many of the most illustrious members of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

The Most Puissant Sov. Commander Dr. Leeson occupied the throne. He was supported in the Senate by the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, Henry Udall, the Grand Treasurer of the H. E., and P. G. Capt., and one of the committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, William Tucker, the Grand Almoner of the H. E., Prov. Grand Master, Prov. Grand Superintendent, and Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Dorsetshire; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, J. A. D. Cox, Grand Registrar and one

Digitized by Google

of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knight Templars; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, Henry Emly, Grand Chancellor and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars; the Ill. Sov. Prince of the R. S., of the 32nd Degree, Col. Vernon, Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Staffordshire, and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Matthew Dawes, Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Lancashire, and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, J. N. Tomkyns; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Thomas Ward (Newcastle-under-Lyne); the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Frederick Dee; the Ill. Bro. Ed. S. Snell, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. P. Fischer, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles Goolden, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles J. Vyne (of Bath), Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Beaumont Cole, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Frederick Wether, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. W. Jones, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Gooch, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Evans, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Sir John G. Reeve de la Pole, Bart., Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythesea (of Bath), Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. S. Stephens, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Albert Hudson Royds, of Rochdale, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Richard Henry Goolden, M. D., Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Henry Holbrooke, Liverpool, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree, &c., &c.

The Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order gave the grand and beautiful ceremony of the Order, assisted in various parts of it by his Ill. Brethren W. Tucker, J. A. D. Cox, Col. Vernon, Matthew Dawes, Cole, and Evans.

The important post of Grand Marshal was intrusted to the Ill. Bro. Tomkyns. The accolade of the Degree was conferred by the M. P. Sov. Commander, assisted by the members of his Supreme Council.

After the Installation had been concluded, the Most Puissant Commander, Dr. Leeson, delivered a most interesting lecture on the history of the Order, tracing the higher Degrees of Freemasonry to the earliest times, in this country, and showing how they were introduced and spread over the continent of Europe, from England, until the complete establishment of the present government of the Order, in the institution of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree. This highly instructive lecture was listened to with great attention by the Ill. Brethren present. After the lecture, the Council of the 30th Degree was closed by the M. P. Commander, in ancient and solemn form.

The members of "The High Grades Union," which is composed

Digitized by Google

exclusively of Brethren who have attained the rank of the 30th Degree, then proceeded to ballot for several Brethren who had been previously proposed, and their names sent in the circulars calling the meeting; it being a bye-law of "The High Grades Union," that none but Brethren who have dined at one of the banquets of the Union are eligible for election into that body. A Brother, therefore, who has attained the rank of the 30th Degree, is admitted to dine once before joining, that the Brethren may the better become acquainted with him, before he goes through the ordeal of the ballot. This business being concluded, the Brethren adjourned to the banquet; the Most Puissant Commander presiding. After the usual loyal toasts, followed by the national anthem, had been given, the M. P. Commander proposed the healths of the members of the Supreme Councils of Ireland and Scotland, presided over by the Dukes of Leinster and Athole; which toasts were received with great Masonic regard.

The M. P. Commander then gave the healths of the members of the two American Supreme Councils; that for the Southern division, at Charlestown, and that for the Northern division, at Boston,—lately removed there from New York. He alluded particularly to the position of the English Council in relation to the Northern American Council, and the many bonds that bound them together in brotherly love and esteem. This toast was, as usual, received with great Masonic regard.

The Ill. Sov. Inspector Bro. Tucker then rose and said, that he had the great pleasure of proposing the health of a Brother whom none present could fail to hold in deep regard, viz., their M. P. Commander, Dr. Leeson. His extensive knowledge of the various Degrees of the Order—exhibited, indeed, in an especial manner to day, in the lecture which had so delighted them—was well known to all whom he was now addressing. When we witness (said Bro. Tucker), his talent and learning, and the great care and study bestowed by him in collecting, investigating, and proving the correctness of the valuable documents in his possession relating to the *whole* of the Masonic Degrees; and his extreme anxiety to keep up and promulgate a knowledge thereof, we cannot but feel the greatest obligations to him. For myself, I solemnly declare I do; as I have long felt that the Symbolic or Craft Degrees in Masonry *will not alone, at the present day, satisfy inquiring minds.* An opportunity is now afforded in the Supreme Council of England and Wales, presided over by their illustrious friend, of obtaining a perfect knowledge of the Masonic System. Cordially and enthusiastically, then, Ill. Brethren, let us unite in drinking his health as a man and a Mason. (The toast was drank with the most affectionate regard.)

The M. P. Commander, Dr. Leeson, returned thanks to the following effect: I am quite certain, Brethren, you will believe me when I assure you, that I can only say, I *wish* to deserve your good opinions. In doing what I have done for these Degrees, which has been to exert myself as far as my ability enables me to do, to put

Digitized by Google

them in their true position, I am repaid by your very kind acknowledgments of my humble services. I feel it a duty incumbent on me to *promote* the Order. Seeing around me so many eminent Masons, I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure it affords me in saying, that this is a proud day for Masonry in Great Britain. As long as I have the power, I shall continue to propagate the true principles and tenets of the high Degrees which we this day meet to commemorate. I thank my Ill. Brother for the kind expressions in which he has introduced my name to your notice, and, in conclusion, return my warmest thanks to every one of you for your undeviating kindness; he then added, Ill. Brethren, I have to request you to fill your glasses—bumpers—to the toast of my kind assistants in the Supreme Council, without whose aid I cannot hope to succeed in my endeavours. I call on you, then, to drink to the health of the members of the Sov. Grand Council of England and Wales, coupling with that toast the name of Bro. Henry Udall. And in mentioning the *name* of the Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order, I cannot refrain from expressing the great obligation I am under to *him*. I could not dare to hold the office I do, were it not that I feel myself confident at all times of his valuable assistance and support. My Bro. Tucker has greatly assisted me; it is only necessary to mention the name of Bro. Tucker—it speaks for itself. We all know his skill and industry in his position as Prov. Grand Master for Dorsetshire, and the benefit that the ineffable Degrees have received in the provinces through his fostering care; and I am sure he has the interests of the Order deeply at heart. Brethren, we have present likewise with us to-day two other Sov. Grand Inspectors-General, to whom I am much indebted for assistance in my position; viz., Bros. Cox and Emly. I feel I have reason to look forward to a very good result from the united exertions and ability of my friends the members of the Council, to whom I have alluded, and also the absent members. (He then proposed the healths of Bros. Udall, Tucker, Cox, Emly, and the rest of the members of the Grand Council.)

The GRAND TREASURER said,—Most Puissant Commander, it would ill become us to defer the opportunity of immediately expressing our great pleasure in meeting yourself and the Brethren of these high Degrees to-day, and of tendering our thanks for the kind feelings with which our names have been welcomed in this brilliant assembly of highly instructed Freemasons. Personally we thank you, Sir, for the lecture delivered to-day, which must have convinced every Brother who heard it of the importance, the value, and the necessity for meetings like the present. I am glad to be able to state that I hear from all quarters continued good wishes and acknowledgment of the success of this Supreme Council. In fact, in no other meeting are such Masons got together from all parts of England. One of our chief objects is beginning to work its way—that of giving a *higher tone* to Freemasonry in the provinces. No one ever doubted that much might be done to effect this; but until the establishment of this

Digitized by Google

Supreme Council, nothing practical had been attempted to bring about so desirable a result. I hope, however, we shall have good reports to this effect from the Chapters of Rose Croix, which we have established. In truth, our Convocation to-day, has shown by some marked evidence, the desire in the provinces to support the best interests of the Order. Encouraged by the good opinion expressed at such meetings as these, we shall at all times give you, Sir, the best assistance in our power to promulgate, in their purity, the high Degrees of the Order. Having said this, I have only now to thank you again, for myself and those friends with whom my name was mentioned, and to wish you all happiness and success.

The Sov. COMMANDER then said—As members of the 33rd Degree, we are greatly dependent on the Princes of the Royal Secret. We look forward to them to recruit our strength. Our kind and highly-gifted friend present, Col. Vernon, is a portion of that valuable body. His zeal and abilities as a Mason are so well known in the provinces and in London, that it would be idle in any one, in such a company as this, to attempt to add to his Masonic fame. We have great gratification in possessing his friendship and support. I now call on you to drink the health of Col. Vernon and the Princes of the Royal Secret.

Col. VERNON said,—Most Puissant, in returning thanks for the Princes of the Royal Secret, I much regret the absence of another Brother of that rank; one well known and esteemed by all of you, and than whom a more excellent man and Mason I know not. I am sure his heart is with us; and that, if possible, he would have been present this evening. On my own behalf, I thank you sincerely for your kind expressions of regard for me; and beg to repeat what I have always said, that some of my pleasantest moments in Freemasonry have been spent in the High Grades Union. I have been much attached to Freemasonry since I entered the Order, and my best efforts shall be used to promote its prosperity and propagate its true principles. In our endeavour to carry out the objects of the high Masonic Degrees, we have been studious in maintaining the constitutions of Freemasonry; neither infringing on other authorities nor permitting any to infringe upon us. Our progress for this and other reasons has been certain and sure.

The COMMANDER then proposed the healths of the Ill. members of the 31st Degree present, viz., Bros. Tomkins, Dawes, Dee, and Ward, thanking them for their assistance.

The Ill. Bro. TOMKINS returned thanks, saying that their best exertions would be devoted to the interests of the Order.

The M.P. COMMANDER then rose and said,—Ill. Brethren, it is now my pleasing duty to propose the healths of the newly-installed Ill. Brethren. I shall, however, divide them into the London and country members. Of the London members I shall first speak. I feel assured our Brethren will not regret the step they have taken, but that they will find that in connecting themselves more intimately than they had previously done with the Supreme Council of England,

Digitized by Google

whose object is the propagation of the pure principles of Freemasonry, that to them this will be a day too of pleasing remembrance; and worthy, according to the customs of antiquity, to be marked with a white stone. Brethren, I request you to drink to the healths of Bro. Dr. Goolden and the Ill. Brethren living in London, who have this day been installed.

Dr. GOOLDEN said,—Most Puissant, I had hoped that one more able than myself would have been called on; but as you have been pleased to mention my name first, I, on behalf of my Brethren and myself return thanks for the honour conferred on us. I do assure you that we are highly pleased at being introduced into this distinguished Degree of the Order; and that the manner in which the important ceremonies were given, as well as the valuable secrets imparted to us this day, will leave a lasting impression on our minds, leading us, as they do, to a more extended knowledge of the mysteries of Freemasonry.

The M.P. COMMANDER then said,—Ill. Brethren, I have now to speak of our country members, whom we have this day advanced to this rank. We have great pleasure in thus advancing them; and feel assured that, when they meet in their Chapters of Rose Croix, they will be the more earnest, from having attained this high Degree, of maintaining in its purity that most interesting Degree. I propose the health of Sir John De la Pole, Bart., and the country members.

The Ill. Bro. Sir JOHN DE LA POLE, Bart., returned thanks.—He stated he had been many years connected with the Order; and every new advancement he got in it only further convinced him of the noble principles on which Freemasonry was founded. He felt delighted with the meeting, as well for its social character as for the Masonic intelligence displayed.

The Ill. GRAND TREASURER rose to propose the health of the Clergy of the Order, who had attained the rank of the 30th Degree. All Degrees of Freemasonry, he said, were much indebted to the learning exhibited by the clergy, in defending the Order. In the Supreme Council we have Dr. Oliver, the historian of Freemasonry, to whom we are all, as Masons, much indebted. He is not with us. His advanced age precludes him from coming to London. We have many others; but I will associate with my proposal the name of the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythesea, not only well known in the West, but highly respected by all who know him. Such men as these support Masonry in this country. How different, however, is it in some countries. The investigation of truth is one of the leading attributes of Freemasonry. Truth itself is on our pillar that upholds the Order. Then we may well claim the English clergy as our allies. To an institution so founded a free clergy could not object. I thank them for their support; and am assured they will exert themselves and use their influence more than ever in extending the beneficial effects of our ancient and honourable institution. I propose the health of the Rev. George Bythesea, and our Brethren the clergy of the Order.

Digitized by Google

The Rev. GEORGE BYTHESEA said,—Most Puissant Commander and Brethren, on behalf of the clergy I have to express my sincere thanks for the favourable opinion you entertain for them as a body, as shown by the way in which you have received the speech of the Ill. Bro. Udall. I assure you it affords me great pleasure in being able to attest the truth of what has been stated respecting them. I am happy to say that the clergy are the firmest supporters of Freemasonry. It is an institution deserving of support and countenance. I have been a Mason nearly forty years, having had the honour of being initiated in the year 1818. I may fairly, then, be considered competent to give an opinion as to its advantages, and to have formed a correct judgment as to its principles and objects. I have always supported Freemasonry; and after what I have this day witnessed, shall, if possible, give it increased support. I am I believe the oldest Mason present; and my zeal for the Order at no time exceeded what I entertain for it at this moment. With increased knowledge I feel renewed attachment, and shall always remember with pleasure the fraternal meeting we have had this day.

The COMMANDER then proposed the health of Ill. Bro. Emly, the Treasurer of the High Grades Union, and thanks to him for the attention he paid to their interests.

The Ill. Bro. EMLY returned thanks, giving a satisfactory account as to the funds, and other matters highly interesting to the High Grades Union.

The M.P. COMMANDER then proposed the health of the members of the 30th Degree then present.

The Ill. Bro. SNELL returned thanks, and said that the members of the 30th Degree would always be ready to discharge whatever duties might be required of them by the Supreme Council cheerfully and to the best of their ability.

The last Masonic toast was then given, and the M.P. Commander left the chair.

The next meeting of the High Grades Union is fixed by the bye-laws for the last day of April, but as that day falls on a Saturday, which is very inconvenient to members living in the country, it is expected it will be held on Friday, the 29th of April; on which occasion the Supreme Council will hold a Convocation of the Order, and confer the rank of Knights K.H. of the 30th Degree.

*** To prevent mistakes, our country Brethren are informed that all petitions for Warrants for Chapters of Rose Croix, &c. (without which that sublime Degree cannot be conferred), should be addressed to Davyd W. Nash, Esq., Secretary-General of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales, &c., Freemason's Hall, London. To whom, also, all applications should be made in writing for admission into the higher Degrees of the Order.

Digitized by Google

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

THE anniversary festival of this Institution was celebrated by a very elegant dinner, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday evening, March 9th, the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M., presiding, supported by about 200 of the Brethren.

The object of the Institution is, to receive under its protection the sons of indigent and deceased Brethren, to provide them with decent clothing, and to afford them an education adapted to the situation in life they are most probably destined to occupy, and inculcate such religious instruction as may be conformable to the tenets of their parents, and, ultimately, to apprentice them to suitable trades. The Institution is founded on the true principles of Masonic charity. Children of all religious denominations, and wherever resident, are eligible to be admitted as candidates, from the age of seven to ten, provided their fathers have been Masons three years, duly registered in the Grand Lodge books, and have continued subscribing members to a Lodge for two years. 748 children have been clothed and educated by the charity, and seventy boys are admitted by the Institution on the establishment.

At the present moment great exertions are being made for the purpose of building a school-house for the reception of part of the children, whilst, at the same time, due care is to be taken that the great basis of religious equality on which the Charity is founded shall never be lost sight of.

At this Festival the M. W. G. M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland presided, and was supported by Bros. Lord Dudley Stuart, S. G. W.; Rowland Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex; Bro. J. J. Hammond, Prov. G.M. for Jersey and Guernsey; Bro. Pestonjee Ramojee, Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chap.; R. G. Alston, J. F. Beadon, F. B. Alston, P. G. Wardens; S. Tomkins, G. Treasurer; W.H. White, G. Secretary; J. Hodgkinson, S. G. D.; W. F. White, J. G. D.; Dr. Rowe, L. Chandler, G. W. K. Potter, and T. R. White, P. G. Deacons; G. Leach, G. S. B.; R. J. Spiers, J. L. Evans, and E. H. Patten, P. G. S. Bearers; R. Gibson, D. P. G. M. for Berks; J. H. Luxmore, P. S. G. W. for Devonshire; J. B. Gibson, Prov. G. Secretary, Berks; T. Best, Prov. G. Registrar, Oxford; Herbert Lloyd, President of the Board of Stewards; and about 200 of the Brethren.

Bro. Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chaplain, having said grace, the Brethren sat down to one of those sumptuous banquets, which the lessees of Freemasons' Hall, Bros. Watson, Coggan, and Banks, are in the daily habit, we might say, of conducting with that degree of liberality and excellence, which never fails to secure the cordial approbation of the guests, and reflects the utmost credit on the establishment. When we state that this banquet embraced all the delicacies of the season, with a variety of the choicest wines, and was succeeded by a dessert

Digitized by Google

equally excellent, and that the arrangements were perfect in every respect, it will convey some idea of an entertainment that was well worthy of the occasion which gave rise to it.

Upon the removal of the cloth, grace was sung by Miss Ransford, Miss Bassano, Miss Williams, Bros. Ransford, G. Perren, and Shoubridge; Bro. W. E. Ransford presiding at the piano-forte.

The M.W. GRAND MASTER rose, and said that they all anticipated the toast which he was about to propose, and it was one which all classes of this country drank with peculiar delight and satisfaction, but none more so than the Order, over which he had the honour to preside. It was unnecessary to say one word to recommend the toast to their notice, because it was one which was appreciated by every Englishman, and ought to be appreciated by Masons more than by most classes, because Her Majesty was most munificent in all her dealings with all classes of her subjects; and when he told them she was a subscriber and life-governor to the Boys' School, and a subscriber to the Girls' School, it was needless for him to say more than beg them to join with him in drinking health, long life, and happiness to Her Majesty the Queen (loud cheers).

The National anthem was then sung by the professional vocalists, Miss Ransford singing the last verse in exquisite style.

The M.W. GRAND MASTER said, that the next toast which he had to give them was, "His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." In giving that toast, although they had not the honour of recognising His Royal Highness Prince Albert as one of their Order, still he followed those pursuits which were most congenial to Masons, inasmuch as he was a liberal patroniser of science, and the arts (cheers). They indulged the hope, however, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would follow the example of his progenitors, and become, in the course of time, a member of their Order (cheers).

Glee, "Hail, Royal Heir of England."

Bro. ROWLAND GARDINER ALSTON said it had been the pleasure of the Board of Stewards to commit to him the duty of proposing the next toast, and he should perform that task with as unmingled satisfaction as they would drink it, although he could but feel that he could not do justice to its merits. The toast, which he was about to propose, was that of the President of the Institution which they were met to support this day, the Most W. G. Master (cheers). In common with many other Brethren, he, Bro. Alston, had laboured for some time to advance this Institution, and there was no higher or richer reward he desired than that which he experienced in finding the M.W.G.M. at their head, presiding over this meeting. The noble Lord, who had so worthily presided over the Craft for several years, had enjoyed in that high station the affection, the confidence, and respect of every member, who had had the opportunity of knowing how well he deserved their good opinion. In every relation of life he had shown himself deserving of respect; no one knew him better than he (Bro. Alston) did, and no one carried out more thoroughly the principles of Masonry in ordinary life than his Lordship, and no one deserved a more cordial reception from the Craft generally than he did (cheers). They would drink to his health and prosperity, and pay him every compliment which words and hands could pay; but he would ask them, should they not do more than this? Could they not make a better return for the great services, which he had so long rendered them? Was it not in their power to make a return, which would endure when he and they were no more? It was, most assuredly, within their power, by exerting themselves in favour of this Institution, the great object of which was to establish a school, in which the sons of their less fortunate Brethren might be educated, fed, clothed, and watched, so as to make them good and honest men, and enable them to take part in the business of life. It was in supporting such an Institution that they would raise the most glorious testimonial to the M. W. G. M., the Earl of Zetland, who felt so deep an interest in it. He (Bro. Alston) felt assured that he should

Digitized by Google

not ask in vain from this assembly, but that his appeal would meet with a ready response from all; for they were met to support an Institution purely and unquestionably Masonic in its character, because it fostered and received all who needed its assistance. The great object of that Institution was, to be a father to the fatherless; and in supporting it, would they not be building the most glorious monument to their noble President? would they not prove in the most unqualified manner their respect for the noble Lord, if they exerted themselves, and by their liberality this night made the period of his rule over the Craft the period of obtaining that which his Lordship so much desired to see accomplished? There was no doubt that the result of this night would make a great step towards that end; and he was sure that the M.W.G.M. would receive it with greater delight and gratification than the most enthusiastic manner in which they could drink to him health, long life, and happiness, and every blessing of which he was so well deserving (loud cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said he begged them to accept his grateful thanks for the kind manner in which they had received the toast presented to them by his worthy Brother, Rowland Gardiner Alston. He entirely agreed with all that he had said with regard to this Institution, and assured them, that as far as he was concerned, it was a great satisfaction to him to find that any exertion of his had, in the slightest degree, conduced to the great object which they all had in view, namely, the establishing of an Institution for the benefit of the orphans of their own Brethren. He was, however, quite sure that the motive inducing them to support this Institution would be irrespective of any feeling towards himself; the motive was far too great to be influenced by any individual whatever, and however much he rejoiced in promoting this establishment, he was quite sure that the hearts of his Brother Masons acted from purely noble and Masonic views. It was particularly gratifying to find that during the time he had had the honour of presiding over the Craft, all the Masonic charities were improving, and likely to assume a more important aspect, and to have much more usefulness in them. He attributed that to no merit of his own, but to the progress making throughout society generally; for there was, not only in the Masonic body, but among all classes, a progressive movement in everything with regard to the subject of education. That he considered to be a movement more likely to conduce to the prosperity and well-being of this country than any that could be made; in the bringing up of the younger members of society, the views as to their instruction were more enlarged than they used to be; and he was confident that the general tone and feeling of this country tended to that end. It was unnecessary to go into the merits of the Boys' School, but he did think that a great improvement would be made when they had an establishment, where the boys could be educated under the superintendence of a master, who would watch over their welfare, and he had no doubt that the education would then be conducted in a much superior manner than it had been hitherto. He trusted that all the Masonic charities were progressing, and from all that he had heard from the Provinces, he was satisfied that there was a feeling of anxiety to unite with the Brethren of the metropolis, to forward the great works undertaken by the Brethren of the Grand Lodge. He again thanked them for the reception which they had given him, and assured them that as long as he had the honour of presiding over the Craft, he should feel it a duty incumbent upon him to forward the best interests of the Order; for his anxious wish was, to do every thing in his power, as long as his health permitted, to carry out every noble object which Masons could desire (cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said that the toast which he was now about to propose was that of the Earl of Yarborough, the D. G. M., and the present and past Officers of Grand Lodge. In the first place, he must inform them with regret, that he had received a letter from the D. G. M. stating that he intended being present, but owing to a severe attack of influenza was unable to do so, notwithstanding that he had felt it was incumbent for him to be present. He, the M.W.G.M., would take the opportunity of reminding them, that the sum of 500*l.* had been voted for the sustentation of the Boys' School, and that that vote had been confirmed at the last Grand Lodge. In consequence of that proceeding,

Digitized by Google

he had purchased in the Three per Cent. Reduced the 500*l.* voted, and vested it in the names of the D. G. M. Lord Yarborough, Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, C. Scott, Esq., and the Treasurer. From that they would see that no time had been lost in carrying into effect the intentions of Grand Lodge. They would understand that that fund would not go towards the building, but for the sustentation of it, when it was completed. He trusted that they would follow the example of the Grand Lodge, and show that the Brethren did take up the subject with the greatest liberality and cordiality (cheers).

Lord DUDLEY STUART said, in rising to return thanks for the toast which they had just been pleased to drink to the D.G.M. and the past and present Officers of Grand Lodge, he regretted that it had fallen to his lot to make the acknowledgments due to them. He regretted that the D. G. M was not able to be present on this occasion; his absence was much lamented by the noble Lord, and was a source of the greatest regret to themselves. Lord Yarborough came up a long distance from the country for the special purpose of being present at this Festival, and having seen him himself this morning he was able to confirm that he was prevented attending by severe indisposition. He (Lord Dudley Stuart), therefore, must endeavour to express to them, on behalf of the D. G. M. and the Grand Officers, his thanks for the honour which they had done them. He was sure that they were all very much indebted to the Brethren present, and encouraged by this mark of their kindness to proceed in the discharge of their duties. He could not help expressing the gratification he felt in having the privilege of being present on this great occasion; he called it a great occasion, when men and Masons were assembled together as they were this evening, to carry out an object so eminently Masonic. He begged to direct their attention to the circular of the Boys' School, where it would be seen that its objects were such as deserved the sympathy, and ought to command the support of all who desired the well-being of their fellow creatures; because it there stated, "That the object of this Institution was to receive under its protection the sons of indigent and deceased Brethren, to provide them with decent clothing, and to afford them an education adapted to the situation in life they are most probably destined to occupy, and to inculcate such religious instructions as may be conformable to the tenets of their parents, and, ultimately, to apprentice them to suitable trades." There they had every thing which could be possibly desired; for these children were clothed, educated, and brought up as useful members of society, and placed out in situations where they might work out an honourable independence for themselves; and, at the same time, be brought up in those religious tenets which their parents approved of. This was as it ought to be; for there was nothing of an exclusive, sectarian, or a narrow description (cheers); but this Institution, proceeding on the broad and universal principles of Masonry, embraced all that required its assistance. He was sure that it would meet with support among those present, and that they would make it their business to recommend it to others when they left this room. In the present day, the attention of statesmen of the highest position was directed more than ever it used to be to the subject of education, because it was generally felt, that to make men happy was to train them up in the way they should go: and if that were the general feeling, surely it behoved them, as Masons, to further it, and to assist to the utmost that Institution where education would be dispensed by them in a more generous, a more liberal, and a more extended spirit (cheers). If any thing were wanting to show that there was a growing anxiety among some of the Craft for the Boys' School, it would be found in the Report; from which he learned, that in 1850, the donations and subscriptions amounted to 471*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; in 1851, to 720*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.*; and in 1852, to 1109*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; thus showing, that within the last three years the amount had been nearly trebled (cheers). He trusted that the result of this evening would surpass that of previous years, and that the earnestness and enthusiasm of the Brethren would go far beyond what they had ever before seen. He acknowledged with great pleasure and gratification the assistance rendered by the M.W.G.M., not only on the behalf of this, but of all their charitable institutions. He had referred to the Girls' School, which was progressing in a way which it was most cheering to behold, and he (Lord Dudley Stuart) had the good fortune to be

Digitized by Google

present at the inauguration of the Girls' School at Wandsworth, in August last, and it appeared to him to be everything that could be desired. He heartily wished to see a similar building for the boys, and he trusted that the day would soon come when they might see that accomplished, and assured them it would afford him great pleasure to co-operate in every way towards that purpose (cheers). It always afforded him great pride and happiness to co-operate in every good object such as had brought them together on this occasion (loud cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER proposed the healths of the Vice-Presidents of the Institution (cheers).

Bro. ROWLAND ALSTON, P. G. M. for Essex, said he was sorry that he was the only Vice-President present. He felt grateful to the Brethren assembled, and to thank them was a pleasure; but to do so in so public a manner was to him difficult, and not pleasant. Long as he had been associated with the Masonic body, and often as he had attended these great Festivals, he had never heard any individual introduce so well, to his mind, the objects, claims, and results of this Charity, or so well explained them, as they had been by the noble Lord who had preceded him; and certainly no one had done more to advance them. It had been stated by the M.W.G.M., that this country was far in advance of former years in respect to education; and he was satisfied, that if thirty years ago persons had been told that science would accomplish what it had done in almost every department, they would not have believed it. In the same way, it was difficult to believe that the annual sum raised for this school a few years ago was less than 300*l.*, but now reached 1,100*l.*; which was one of the most convincing proofs that in Masonry great advances had been made. In conclusion, he urged them to promote this object to the utmost of their power; and hoped that they would display such a spirit of liberality and generosity on this occasion as to make it certain that the undertaking might be carried out in the course of next year (cheers).

The M.W. GRAND MASTER begged to call attention to the next toast,—"The Treasurer and Chairman of the Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and Prosperity to the Institution" (cheers). In the first place, he regretted the unavoidable absence of Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, their Treasurer; it was unnecessary to dilate on his merits, because it was well known to all that he possessed a hand and heart that were always open to melting charity (cheers). As to the Chairman, he need scarcely allude to Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston, with whom originated the project of the building for this great Institution, which they hoped to raise, and which would do more good and honour to Masonry than anything that had ever been devised, except the Girls' School. The merit of this was mainly due to Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston; and he felt sure that all who attended this day to further the best interests of this Institution, would have great delight in drinking success and prosperity to the Masonic Institution for Boys (loud cheers).

Bro. R. G. ALSTON said, that the absence of the Treasurer, which they all regretted, and the coupling of his name with the last toast, necessarily called on him to return thanks. In the name of the Treasurer he would say a few words; but he would not take up their time at any length, because they well knew how Bro. Cabbell had served this charity, and how great and noble a supporter he was of all charities, and more especially of the Masonic charities. He had communicated his regret in being unable to be present; but although he was absent in person, he was present in spirit; for he had sent his usual liberal annual donation of ten guineas, making his twenty-fifth (loud cheers). He would say for himself (Bro. Alston) still fewer words; and though delightful it was to be spoken of by the M.W.G.M., whose good opinion every one must value, he could assure them, that any labour or exertion which he had given to this Institution, were ten times repaid by seeing his Lordship in the Chair on this occasion (cheers). With regard to the Institution itself, it was of immense importance to Masonry, because it was founded upon the broadest principles; and he did not believe that since the world began any Institution had been projected more in accordance with the spirit of Freemasonry than this upon which he had felt it to be his duty

Digitized by Google

to address them. This Institution had been carried on without any change for half a century; but times and circumstances had altered, and things were not now as they used to be. He impressed upon them that teaching by itself was but a small part of education; and that what was most wanted was the control and discipline of a master to watch over the children, and to lay the foundation for good and true men. He would remind them, that the great majority of boys thrown on their care were those whose parents had known better days; and his anxious desire was that they should have the power of elevating those boys, and giving them such an education as would fit them to recover their original position; and he could not conceive a nobler object, or that there was a better mode of achieving it, than by the means proposed (cheers).

The boys at present educated and clothed in the London district at the expense of the Institution were then introduced; and, accompanied by the Stewards, passed twice round the Hall, amid the cheering of the Brethren. The boys looked remarkably healthy; and their neat dress, and clean and cheerful appearance, afforded infinite delight. They were then ranged in front of the M.W.G.M., when Bro. R. G. Alston said, the pleasing duty had again fallen to his lot of presenting to the M.W.G.M. the boys at present under the charge of the Institution, and more especially those who, by their good conduct and proficiency, had entitled themselves to prizes. The boys had been examined by himself and the Grand Chaplain for seven hours; and in the French department they had been examined by M. Delille, one of the first professors of that language, who stated that they had acquitted themselves remarkably well. He (Bro. Alston) would read the Report, which had been made to the Committee:—

To the Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

Brethren,—We beg to report that, agreeably to your instructions, we have this day examined all the boys within the London district, and we have great pleasure in expressing our entire satisfaction at their appearance and demeanour, as well as at their general progress—many of them showing attainments which would be highly creditable to older boys.

We adjudge the prizes as follows:—1st writing, Henry James Timbs; 2nd or junior ditto, George Bruhl Daly. 1st history, Albert Goodrich; 2nd or junior ditto, George J. M'Donald Crichton. 1st geography and general information, Francis O'Brien; 2nd or junior ditto, William Prentice Howlett. 1st arithmetic, Robert Shackell and William Charles Speight, *equal;* 2nd or junior ditto, William Prentice Howlett. We highly commend—Holt, Manger, and Robinson. We commend—Deighton, N. Gray, Hill, Mackay, Roberts, and Vine.

It is but justice to make special mention of William Prentice Howlett, who, though little more than eleven years old, has attained the highest prizes his age allowed, in geography and general information and arithmetic, and was scarcely inferior to his successful competitor in writing and history.

In the French examination M. Delille with great kindness gave us the aid of his attendance, and we gratefully acknowledge the service thus rendered to the Institution, by a gentleman so distinguished and respected; for the result of the examination we call your attention to the Report he has been good enough to furnish,* but we must observe with much pleasure that whereas last year only

* 32, Ely-place, Holborn, London, 3rd March, 1853.

Sir,—This afternoon, I examined ten pupils at the Masonic Institution for Boys, in the French department of their education. Considering the age of the pupils, and the short time they had devoted to the study of French, I find their proficiency satisfactory, and I am particularly pleased with the excellent disposition they

Digitized by Google

three boys presented themselves for examination in this most useful branch of education, *ten* did so on the present occasion.

Freemasons' Hall, ROWLAND GARDINER ALSTON, P.J.G.W.
March 4th, 1853. JOHN EDMUND COX, G.C.

The M.W. GRAND MASTER then presented Henry James Timbs with the silver medal for writing, and afterwards handed the other prizes, consisting of books elegantly bound, to the other successful competitors, addressing each in suitable and encouraging terms. The boys then passed round the Hall once more, and on retiring were loaded with fruit, the remains of the dessert. The M. W. G. M. said, that highly gratified as they must have been with what they had seen of the boys, there were two other Charities which they must not lose sight of, namely, the Royal Freemasons' Girls' School, and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Fund, for Aged Freemasons and their Widows, prosperity to which he now begged to propose (cheers).

The subscription-lists having been handed in, the Secretary, Bro. Thiselton, read them to the company. Among the subscriptions and donations were,—

	£	s.	d.
Her Majesty the Queen, *ann.*	10	10	0
The Earl of Zetland, M. W. Grand Master	10	10	0
Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, S. G. W.	10	10	0
Bro. William Henry White	5	5	0
Bro. Edward Gillman ..	10	11	0
Bro. Rev. Octavius Ogle ..	5	5	0
A free gift from a Prov.G.L.	3	3	0
Bro. J. A. L. Barnard ..	10	10	0
Bro. John Symonds	10	10	0
Bro. Harrison Chilton ..	10	10	0
Bro. L. Sterne	10	10	0
Bro. J. C. K. Purnell ..	10	10	0
Bro. Robert J. Clarke ..	5	5	0
Bro. P. F. Dart	10	10	0
Bro. Henry Earle	42	0	0
Bro. Francis Crew	10	10	0
Bro. Captain Simmons ..	10	10	0
Bro. G. W. K. Potter ..	5	5	0
The Grand Masters Lodge, *ann.*	5	5	0
Mrs. George Leach	5	5	0
Bro. J. H. Dart	5	5	0
Bro. Daniel Gooch	10	10	0
Bro. W. Brown ..	5	5	0
The Middlesex Lodge, *ann.*	5	5	0
Bro. Joseph A. Joseph ..	10	10	0
Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, M.P.	10	10	0
Bro. Samuel Tomkins ..	10	10	0
Bro. Edward Warwick ..	10	10	0
Bro. Richard Martin ..	10	10	0
Bro. J. Feetum	5	5	0
Bro. Thomas S. Howell ..	10	10	0
Bro. T. R. White	5	5	0
Bro. Frederick Adlard ..	5	5	0
The Royal York Lodge, No. 7	5	5	0
Bro. W. F. Beadon	52	10	0
Bro. John Hervey	10	10	0
Bro. Thomas Lucas	5	5	0
Bro. George Barrett ..	21	0	0
The Jerusalem Lodge ..	5	5	0
Bro. George H. Saunders ..	5	5	0
Bro. Alexander Brogden ..	5	5	0
Bro. Herbert Lloyd ..	10	10	0
The Tuscan Lodge	10	10	0
Bro. George Cox	10	10	0
The Stability Lodge of Instruction	5	0	0
Bro. Andrew Holman ..	10	10	0
Bro. Richard Banks ..	10	10	0
Bro. John Ingram Travers ..	10	10	0
The Lodge of Friendship ..	10	10	0
Bro. Robert Gibson	10	10	0
Bro. James Harmor ..	5	5	0
A free gift from the Lodge of Fidelity, No. 364, Leeds	8	8	0
Bro. Charles Lee	5	5	0
Bro. J. W. H. Richardson ..	10	10	0
Bro. W. Perkin	5	5	0

---

evince for further improvement. The result of the examination according to my list of good marks, shows the following order of merit:—Holt, 1st prize; Speight, 2nd prize; honourable mentions—Gray and O'Brien.

With sincere good wishes for the prosperity of the Masonic Institution.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. U. Thiselton, Esq. C. DELILLE.

Digitized by Google

	£	s.	d.
Bro. William Johnson ..	10	10	0
Bro. Levy	5	5	0
Bro. Andrew M'Callan ..	5	5	0
The Committee Dinner Club of the Masonic Institution for Boys	5	5	0
Bro. George Howard ..	21	0	0
The Royal Jubilee Lodge ..	5	5	0
The Lodge of United Pilgrims, Lodge of Instruction	10	10	0
Bro. John Francis White ..	42	0	0
The Jordan Lodge	5	5	0
The Jerusalem Chapter ..	5	5	0
Bro. William Foster White	52	10	0
The St. Paul's Lodge ..	10	10	0
Bro. John Hodgkinson ..	42	0	0
An old friend of the Charity	5	5	0
Bro. William Harvey ..	5	5	0
Bro. H. Barringer . ..	5	5	0
Bro. Charles Wilson ..	5	5	0
Bro. Robert Harry Sparks..	5	5	0
Bro. J. Watson	5	5	0
Bro. John S. Hobbs ..	5	5	0
Bro. J. E. Green	5	5	0
Bro. E. Randell	5	5	0
Bro. Golding Bird	5	5	0
Bro. M. Costa	5	5	0
The Bank of England Lodge	5	5	0
	£825	11	0
Other Subscriptions ..	225	0	0
Making a total of	£1,050	11	0

The M.W. GRAND MASTER said, he had great gratification in announcing that the sum total of the subscriptions already put down to-night (one list being wanting) was 1,040*l.* 11*s.* (much cheering).

The ladies in the gallery, who had been watching the proceedings with great interest, then left, and proceeded to the glee-room.

The M.W. GRAND MASTER then proposed, "The Auditors and the Members of the Committee of the Institution" (cheers).

Br. BARRAT briefly responded to the toast, assuring the Brethren that the Committee were most anxious to promote the interests of the Order, and their services might at all times be relied on (cheers).

The M.W. GRAND MASTER said they were deprived of the pleasure of drinking one toast, because their proceedings had been so unusually long that they had driven away the ladies, to whom they sincerely wished health and happiness (cheers). He would, therefore, now call their attention to a most important toast, and to join with him in drinking most cordially to the Board of Stewards (cheers). They were especially bound to do honour to that toast, for among the many Festivals over which he had presided, he had never been present at one which had passed off so satisfactorily (cheers). It had been eminently successful in their great object, the charity, and the amount of subscription exceeded by 100*l.* that of any former occasion (cheers). In the next place, he thanked the Stewards for providing so excellent a dinner, the enjoyment of which was increased by their good management, whereby perfect order was maintained; the music was excellent, and enjoyed by every one present, and no interruption of any sort or kind had occurred to mar the festivities of the evening. It was with no ordinary satisfaction that he stated these things, because he thought they were eminently calculated to forward the interests of Masonry, and it was at all times desirable that good order should be maintained, because it tended to promote that good feeling and those social enjoyments which had been strikingly exhibited on the present occasion. For all this they were mainly indebted to the Board of Stewards, and he begged that the Brethren would cordially join with him in paying due honour to the toast (loud cheers).

Bro. H. L. LOYD responded to the toast, and said that theirs had been a very pleasing duty this evening, because the M.W.G.M. had filled the chair, and the Brethren had supported him in a way that had never been surpassed. It was always a source of satisfaction to know that any efforts were successful, and it was particularly gratifying to them on the present occasion; they had succeeded in obtaining that order which sometimes had been wanting on former occasions, and it was satisfactory to them to know that they had done their duty, and that those

Digitized by Google

duties had been appreciated. He would not detain them longer than to thank them for the kind reception which they had given them, and for the excellent manner in which they had responded to their efforts (cheers).

Bro. R. G. ALSTON begged to remind them that while they were assembled here to-day to aid this great object, there was in another large town an equally numerous party assembled for the same purpose; for at Huddersfield 200 of the Brethren were meeting at the same time to promote the building of the Boys' School. It was a matter of exceeding interest that 200 Brethren should be assembled there and 200 here at the same moment for the self-same purpose (cheers).

The M. W. G. M. then quitted the Chair; and the Brethren having partaken of tea and coffee, joined the ladies in the glee-room, where Miss Ransford, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Bassano gave a crowning finish to one of the most successful festivals that was ever held within the walls of the Freemasons' Hall.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction that we are enabled to announce the receipt of 50*l.* from the Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 735, CANTON, China, in aid of the building fund of the "Royal Masonic Institution for Boys." The announcement, conveyed to Bro. R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W., and Chairman of the Committee, in answer to his appeal, by a letter from the Sec. of the Royal Sussex Lodge, dated Jan. 24th, 1853, unfortunately did not arrive in sufficient time to be announced at the Festival. We therefore avail ourselves of this opportunity to make known to the Craft one of the most splendid and liberal instances of Masonic charity and feeling on record.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

IN reporting the Anniversary Dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, it affords us much pleasure to notice the support given to this excellent Institution by several of our distinguished Masonic Brethren, as the undermentioned list will show.

The Anniversary Festival of the Artists' Benevolent Fund was held on Saturday, 19th March, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. It was announced that the Chair would be taken by the Earl of Yarborough, but his lordship was obliged to leave town on business of importance, and at the last moment Mr. Rowland G. Alston undertook the duties of Chairman. The Artists' Benevolent Fund was established in 1810, and obtained a royal charter of incorporation in 1827. It consists of two separate and distinct branches,—the Artists' Annuity Fund, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund,—the latter of which extends relief to the widows and orphans of Artists. During the past year a sum of £723 15s. has been paid to forty-nine widows of artists, and a further sum of £147 10s. to thirty-one orphans. The total receipts of the past year arising from subscriptions, donations, and the dividend upon £21,000 stock, amounted to £1,438 17s. 3d., and after all disbursements a balance of about £250 remained in the hands of the bankers. In consequence of the early

Digitized by Google

period of the year at which the festival took place, and the absence from town of many members of both houses of the Legislature, and other patrons of the arts, during the Easter recess, the attendance was not so numerous as usual; but the friends and supporters of the charity who attended made up in enthusiasm and liberality in the amount of their pecuniary donations for the paucity of numbers. Among those who were present we observed Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.; David Roberts, R.A.; Richard H. Solly, F.R.S.; George Dod, M.P.; E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; Henry Weekes, A.R.A.; Jas. F. Willmore, A.R.A.; Capt. S. H. Lee; Messrs. F. W. Beadon, J. Henderson, J. H. Mann, John Dickenson, John Auldjo, H. Twining; Dr. Thompson, Dr. Rowland, &c., and about eighty other gentlemen. The entertainment and wines appeared to give general satisfaction. A musical party, under the direction of Mr. Genge, gave zest and variety to the festive assemblage, and the duties of toastmaster were, as usual, efficiently discharged by Mr. Harker.

In proposing the usual introductory toasts, the Chairman paid a well-merited and happily-timed compliment to the Prince Consort, for his judicious and liberal patronage of the arts in this country, and was induced to augur well from this circumstance for the future prosperity and encouragement of native talent. The "Army and the Navy" was responded to by Captain Lee, and

The CHAIRMAN then gave the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund." He believed there was no institution of the metropolis more peculiarly deserving of the patronage and support of all lovers of art than that which he had now the honour of advocating. Independently of the claims of artists themselves upon their support, it was well known by all who had studied the history of the world for three thousand years back, that the more the arts were promoted and fostered, the more the people were civilized, and humanized, and elevated, and the more the interests of society in general were promoted. All those whose labours tended to advance the arts were, upon high moral grounds, entitled to their gratitude and respect; but it was well known that, however great the genius of the artist might be, and however highly appreciated, he was not always fortunate enough to obtain, during his lifetime, the pecuniary reward to which he was entitled. He might instance the cases of Hogarth and of Titian in proof of this, and after years of study and exertion the artist was probably compelled to leave those he held most dear to him to the sympathy and the benevolence of the public. He was sure it was unnecessary for him to say more to induce them to give a liberal support to an institution which, so far as its means would allow it, gave relief to the widows and orphans of deceased artists. The toast was drank with much enthusiasm.

Mr. DAVID ROBERTS gave "The health of the Chairman," and in the course of his address observed that at no period in the history of art in that country was it so largely or so liberally patronised.

Mr. ALSTON returned thanks, and gave "The Royal Academy,"

Digitized by Google

pointing out the many distinguished artists who were members of that body, and whose works need not fear comparison with those of the modern artists of any other country in the world.

Sir W. C. Ross spoke on behalf of the Royal Academy, expressing the gratification it gave himself and other members to assist at so interesting a festival as the present.

The next toast was, "Prosperity to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution," which was responded to by Mr. MANN, who complained of the somewhat anomalous position of art in England, so far as regards the patronage of the State. They had every day instances of literary men receiving pensions from the Crown. The army and navy, the bar and the pulpit, all received emoluments from the State, and in every walk of life higher rewards awaited men than in the department of art, even where their works entitle them to a place in the temple of Fame. But, if all could not find niches in the temple of Fame, all could enter into the temple of Benevolence, and promote the cause of charity by their contributions to the Artists' Fund.

The CHAIRMAN then gave "The Artists' Annuity Fund," and "The Art-Union of London," after which, the Secretary, Mr. THISELTON, read the list of contributions received during the evening, which, including her Majesty's annual donation of a hundred guineas, amounted to the sum of £350. Some other toasts were afterwards given from the Chair, and the company separated about eleven o'clock.

METROPOLITAN.

GRAND STEWARDS' LODGE.—The half-yearly "public meeting" of this Lodge was held on Wednesday, the 16th March, in the Temple, Freemasons' Hall, on which occasion the following members attended and worked the first Lecture:—Bros. J. N. Tomkyns, W.M. *p. t.*; H. Giraud, P.M.; J. A. D. Cox, S.W. *p.t.*; J. Blake, J.W.; F. Burgess, S.D.; W. Johnson, J.D. Amongst the other members of the Lodge present was the veteran Bro. Baumer, and amongst the visitors, Bros. W. H. White, G.S.; J. Rule, P.G.P.; Robinson, Gillman, Marillier, and about forty other Brethren belonging to various Lodges.

The work was most admirably performed in the following order:—

First and second Sections	.....	By Bro. F. Burgess.
Third	.....	By Bro. W. Johnson.
Fourth	.....	By Bro. J. Blake.
Fifth	.....	By Bro. J. A. D. Cox.
Sixth	.....	By Bro. F. Burgess.
and Seventh	.....	By Bro. W. Johnson.

Digitized by Google

The accuracy of "the work" was acknowledged by all the Brethren present, and most especially that of the W.M., Bro. J. N. Tomkyns, (who was most unexpectedly called upon to preside, on account of the unavoidable absence of the W.M. Bro. Hodgkinson, G.S.D.), to whom a vote of thanks, as well as to the Lodge, was proposed, at the close of the proceedings, by Bro. Marillier, seconded by Bro. Gillman, and carried unanimously.

GRAND MASTERS' LODGE, No. 1.—At the meeting of this Lodge on Monday, March 21, an unusual number of visitors, chiefly consisting of the present and past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge, were assembled to welcome the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., who had accepted an invitation to attend, amongst whom were Bros. F. Dundas, *M.P.*, P.S.G.W.; R. G. Alston, P.J.G.W.; the Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C.; W. H. White, G. Sec.; J. Hodgkinson, S.G.D.; W. F. White, J.G.D.; —Rowe, P.S.G.D.; J. King, P.J.G.D.; — Nelson, P.S.G.D.; L. Thompson, P.J.G.D.; T. Chapman, G.D. of Cer.; G. Leach, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; P. de Rhé Phillipe, P.G.S.B.,&c.,&c. Amongst the members of the Lodge supporting the W.M., Bro. Blake, were Bros. A. Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey, and G. R.; the Rev. J. W. Gleadall, P. G. C.; G. H. K. Potter, P.G.J.D. (S.W.), and many other Brethren. The M.W. the G.M. was received upon entering the Lodge with the usual honours, and with every expression of esteem, respect, and brotherly love. The Lodge having been closed, the Brethren retired to "refreshment," at which peace, harmony, and unanimity prevailed. The M. W. the G. M. took occasion to thank the W.M. of the Grand Masters' Lodge for the compliment that had been paid to himself, and acknowledged, in the most gratifying terms, the pleasure which his visit had afforded to himself, no less than to the other present and past Grand Officers, who had joined him in this reciprocation of fraternal amity and goodwill.

ROYAL SOMERSET HOUSE AND INVERNESS LODGE, No. 4.—At the meeting of this Lodge, on the 28th Feb., a very splendid and costly silver claret-jug was presented to the late W.M., Bro. Joseph A. Joseph, by the members of the Lodge, to mark the sense they entertained of his exertions on behalf of the Lodge, and of his conduct as W.M. during the years 1851—1852. Bro. Joseph presented to the Lodge an exceedingly elegantly-designed charity-box, intended to be passed round to receive the contributions of the members at each of their meetings, and in presenting it expressed a hope that this Lodge, which has been so long celebrated for its antiquity, (being one of the two Lodges which are entitled to work without a Warrant of Constitution), conviviality, and musicial proficiency, would henceforth be as well known for its exertions in the cause of charity. We were happy to see so numerous an attendance of members of the Lodge, and to hear that through the indefatigable exertions of Bro. Joseph and the Past Masters, the Lodge has

Digitized by Google

entirely emerged from the cloud which for a short time overhung it, and promises again to shine forth with the brilliancy which distinguished its best days. Bro. G. F. La Serre, who was installed W.M. on this occasion, bids fair to follow honourably in the footsteps of the late W.M.; and from the manner in which he conducted the working, and afterwards presided at the banquet, we augur for him a brilliant and prosperous rule.

Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 40.—This Lodge held its first annual meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, 28th January, when, although there was a somewhat unusual amount of business, it was most ably performed by Bro. W. H. Absolon, W.M., in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the Brethren, amongst whom were Bro. Hervey, P.M., No. 7, and Vice-President of the Board of General Purposes; Bro. Somers, P.M., No. 225; Bro. Webster, W.M., of No. 275; Bro. Keys, Bro. Pask, Bro. Warwick, Bro. Fenton, and many other distinguished members of the Craft, amounting to nearly forty.

This Lodge but a short time back could boast but of few members; yet of late years, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Bro. the Rev. W. A. Hill, Bro. N. Layton Hadley, and some others (who, duly impressed with the dignity and high importance of Freemasonry, have been untiring in their exertions for its welfare), it has taken a prominent position, from the efficient manner in which the ceremonies are performed, as well from the support it gives to the Masonic Charities, as also for the number of its members.

The business commenced with the initiation of Mr. A. H. Rixon, after which Bro. Robert Phillips was raised to the third Degree; when, it being the evening for Installation, Bro. E. Ellwood was duly presented, approved, and installed in the important office of W.M.

The Brethren afterwards proceeded to partake of an elegant banquet, provided for them by Bros. Watson, Coggan, and Banks; and in the course of the evening many complimentary addresses were made, the visitors speaking in terms of the highest eulogium of the manner in which Bro. W. H. Absolon had gone through the business of the Lodge, and expressing their satisfaction in knowing that the members of the Mount Moriah had voted him a handsome and valuable Jewel, in testimony of their appreciation of his services during the last three years. Bro. W. H. Absolon was for some time Hon. Secretary of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, where he earned for himself the kindest regards of the numerous Brethren, who attend there for instruction; and where, under the able tuition of Bro. Hervey and Bro. S. B. Wilson, he acquired that knowledge of Freemasonry, which he now employs so ably and so creditably to himself, and with such great advantage to the members of his Lodge.

The newly appointed Officers were,—Bro. Skeggs, S.W.; Bro. Ovam, J.W.; Bro. Hadley, Treasurer; Bro. the Rev. W. A. Hill, Secretary; Bro. Cooke, S.D.; Bro. Wye, S.D.; Bro. T. Martin, J.G.; and Bro. G. Elwood, D.C.

Digitized by Google

The working of Bro. Ovam is well deserving of being mentioned; and should the other Officers devote a similar attention to the acquirement of a knowledge of Masonry as he has done, this Lodge bids fair to occupy a prominent position amongst those, who pride themselves in carrying through the business with a strict regard to correctness of phraseology used in working the ceremonies.

The Brethren passed a delightful evening, under the presidency of Bro. E. Ellwood, the newly-installed Master, and separated at an early hour, highly gratified with the entertainment afforded them.

Eastern Star Lodge, 112, Wade's Arms Tavern, East India Road, Poplar, 12th January, 1853.—Bro. Geo. Corner was installed Master of this respectable Lodge by his brother-in-law, the W. Bro. Thos. Vesper, P.M. of 212 and 812, in the presence of twelve installed Masters. His Officers for the year are,—Bros. W. Eaver, S.W.; North, J.W.; Fuller, P.M., Treasurer; Thos. Vesper, Hon. Sec.; Grimes, S.D.; Hammond, J.D.; Dunstan and Ellim, Stewards; Sturdy, J.G.; Hookey, Tyler. For exertions in promoting the interests of the Lodge, while presiding over it in the years 1851 and 1852, and also Freemasonry in general, the Brethren voted to their W. Bro. Wm. Wentworth Davis, P.M., a Service of Plate, and P.M. Jewel, the latter of gold, provided by Bros. Vesper and Corner. By means of this Lodge Freemasonry is much on the increase at the eastern extremity of London.

Bank of England Lodge, No. 329.—The Brethren of this Lodge, at their meeting in December last, to show the high sense they entertain of the valuable services rendered to the Craft by their W. M., and as a mark of the personal esteem, with which he is regarded by every member of the Lodge, did him and themselves the honour of re-electing Bro. Michael Costa to preside over them for another year; and at their meeting on the 13th of January last, Bro. Costa was accordingly re-installed in the Chair, and received the warm congratulations of his Masonic friends, including several members of the Grand Lodge, who were present on the occasion, amongst whom was the Grand Chaplain, Bro. the Rev. J. E. Cox.

Bro. Costa, to commemorate the event, has since (at the meeting of the Brethren on the 10th of February), presented to the Lodge a pair of valuable Globes, of noble dimensions, elegantly mounted on carved and polished oak stands, corresponding in design with the very handsome chairs and pedestals presented by himself and Bro. R. Costa on former occasions.

This splendid present was duly acknowledged by a vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation; and the Bank of England Lodge, in addition to its other attractions, is now certainly one of the most elegantly and appropriately furnished Lodges in the order—worthy of the charitable Masons who meet in it, and who have just voted from the benevolent fund the sum of £10 to the afflicted widow and fatherless children of the late Bro. Toller, who was so barbarously murdered in the month of February last, near Ilford, in Essex.

Digitized by Google

YARBOROUGH LODGE, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, East, 6th January, 1853.—Bro. Thos. Edwd. Davis was this day installed Master of this influential and numerous Lodge, by its founder, the W. Bro. Thomas Vesper, P.M. and Sec., in a board of eighteen Provincials, hailing from various Lodges. The following Brethren were appointed and invested Officers for the year:—Simmonds, S.W.; Edinger, J.W.; W. W. Davis (P.M., 112), Treasurer; Thos. Vesper, P.M. Secretary; W. Vesper, S.D.; Ansel, J.D.; Michelli, Interpreter; Hamptan, D.C.; Gardner, J.G.; Watts and Crisp, Stewards; Hookey, Tyler.

The Brethren voted the sum of ten guineas to purchase a testimonial of respect, to be presented to their late Master Bro. Jno. Gray Henry—a Silver Salver, with a suitable inscription, provided by Bros. Vesper and Corner. There was also much work in all the three Degrees; and the day was closed in conviviality and perfect harmony.

A Tomb has been erected at Stepney Churchyard, Middlesex, between the principal entrance-gates and the western door of the church, to the memory of Bro. Marquard. The following is a copy of the Inscription:—

THE BRETHREN OF THE
YARBOROUGH LODGE, 812,
OF
FREEMASONS,
ERECTED THIS TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT
TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR LAMENTED
BRO. CORT HENRY MARQUARD, J.W.
OF THE LODGE,
AND SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE K DIVISION OF POLICE.
OBIT. SEPT. MDCCCLII, ÆTAT. XLVIII.

THE PRYER TESTIMONIAL FUND.—The subscriptions to this fund have amounted to £400., and Bros. Bellamy Webb, S. H. Lee, and J. Elliot have been appointed trustees, for the application of this sum for the benefit of the orphan children of the much esteemed and lamented Bro. Thomas Pryer, 33rd Deg., &c. &c.

ROYAL ARCH.

CHAPTER OF FIDELITY, No. 3.—*4th March*, 1853.—This chapter, under the able guidance of the M. E. the First Principal J. N. Tomkyns, a Companion whose worth and esteem has only to be known to be appreciated, added to its numbers two joining Companions and two Exaltations, Bros. J. W. Figg and Jevanjee Pestonjee; the latter, a Parsee (initiated in Lodge Industry and Perseverance, No. 126, Calcutta), was very much gratified and impressed with the ceremony, and expressed his sentiments in a short but appropriate speech, after

Digitized by Google

his health had been drunk, accompanied with the other noviciate. A handsome Past First Principal's Jewel was presented, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter, to the immediate Past Z., Companion R. Spencer, as a mark of their esteem and respect, and for services rendered to the Chapter.

YARBOROUGH CHAPTER, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, East, 20th January, 1853.—The ceremony of installation was ably conducted by Ex-Comp. Geo. Biggs, P.G.D.C. and P.Z. of this Chapter, and of No. 169. The following are the Officers for the year:—Ex-Comp. Wynne, Z.; Ex-Comp. Wm. Wentworth Davis, H.; Ex-Comp. Tuxford, J.; Ex-Comp. Purday (P.Z. 169) E.; Ex-Comp. Thos. E. Davis, N.; &c. &c.

The Companions retired to a banquet provided by their worthy host, Comp. Williams, in his usual excellent and liberal style.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—CROSS OF CHRIST ENCAMPMENT.—The roll of this Encampment, meeting under the direction of the Grand Conclave of England, was called on Friday, March 18th, at Radley's Hotel, when the following Sir Knts. answered to their names:—Goldsworthy, Baumer, Spencer, the Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C. of the G.L. of England, P.E.C.'s; M. Costa, E.C.; R. Costa, E.C. elect; Moseley, and W. F. White. After the usual routine of business of the Encampment, Sir Kt. M. Costa, E.C., vacated the Chair, when Sir Kt. R. Costa, in the unavoidable absence of Lieut.-Col. Vernon, P.E.C., was regularly installed by Sir Kt. the Rev. J. E. Cox. The E.C. R. Costa, having been duly acknowledged in ancient form, and having appointed his Officers for the ensuing year, the Encampment was closed. In the course of the evening's proceedings the sum of 8*l.* 8*s.* from the funds of the Encampment was voted to Sir Kt. Whittaker, formerly a member, who has from misfortune been reduced to seek sustenance from the Royal Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and their Widows.

PROVINCIAL.

DEVONSHIRE.

PLYMOUTH.—A Meeting of Lodge Fortitude, No. 122, was held in December last, to instal Bro. Killingly (a dispensation having been granted by the P. G. M. for Devon, to enable the worthy host to take the Chair). The ceremony of Installation was most ably performed by that excellent working Brother, P. M. Doidge, whose great zeal and respect for the Craft in general cannot be surpassed.

Digitized by Google

On St. John's Day, the W.M. Bro. J. Killingly appointed his Officers: Bro. Pomeroy, S. W.; Bro. Phillips, J. W.; Bro. Franklyn, S. D.; Bro. May, J. D.; Bro. Bulgin, R. N. I. G. Bro. Rogers was again elected Tyler, on whom some high encomiums were paid him for his excellent conduct during the many years he has tyled the Lodge. The Brethren of the Lodge, with many visitors, dined on St. John's Day.

DORSETSHIRE.

WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.—On Friday, the 24th Dec., the day appointed for electing a W. M. for the ensuing year, the Brethren of the All Souls' Lodge assembled at the Masonic Hall, when Brother Richard Hare, the late W. M., was unanimously re-elected to that important office. On Wednesday, Dec. 29th, they again assembled, to celebrate the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, when the re-elected W. M. appointed the following Brethren his Officers for the ensuing year:—Bro. J. B. Harvey, S. W.; C. Robertson, J. W.; C. Besant, jun., Sec.; W. Bryant, S. D.; — Hibbs, J. D.; C. Smith, J. G.; W. Coleman, S.; J. Sansom, S.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

NEATH.—A large party of the Members of the excellent Institution of Freemasons, belonging to the Cambrian Lodge, No. 472, at Neath, and the Indefatigable Lodge, No. 288, Swansea, assembled at the Masonic Hall, Neath, on Tuesday, the 30th of January, to assist at the Inauguration of the Portrait of Bro. Francis D. Michael, of Swansea, for which he sat at the special request of the Cambrian Lodge. It appears that the cause of Freemasonry has been under deep obligations to Bro. Michael for his obliging readiness to communicate his great store of knowledge of the subject, and for his unwearied exertions during a period of forty years. We congratulate both parties on the kind and brotherly feeling exhibited on this occasion, and we trust that Bro. Michael will live long to enjoy the satisfaction which this event must have occasioned him. Bro. C. H. Toplis was the artist selected on this occasion, and he fully justified the confidence placed in his talent.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CHELTENHAM.—*Foundation Lodge.*—The following Officers have been appointed for the year ensuing:—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Burlton, C.B. (Provincial Grand Master of Bengal), W. M.; G. F. Newmarch, S. W.; the Rev. E. H. Bayley, M.A., J. W.; the Rev. T. A. Southwood, M.A., Chaplain; R. J. Ticehurst, Treasurer; R. M. Coley, M.D., Secretary; W. H. Gwinnett, S. D.; T. G. Palmer, J. D.; W. H. Tyrrell, B.A., I. G.; George Atkins, Steward.

Brother Major Ellis, who has held the office of Secretary of this Lodge for the last twelve years, having felt compelled by failing health to retire from office, a vote of thanks and a jewel were awarded to him by acclamation, at the meeting of the Lodge, on St. John's Day, 1852.

Digitized by Google

LANCASHIRE.

LIVERPOOL.—At the meeting of the Ancient Union Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, 245, on Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, Brother Hand was installed Worshipful Master, with Brother Richard Shaw as Senior, and Brother T. N. Simpson as Junior Warden. There were four initiations. We are gratified to learn that a motion, proposed by the Worshipful Master, was carried, dispensing with the banquet on the occasion of each meeting; and we have reason to believe that the funds of the Lodge, which will be saved by this retrenchment, are to be appropriated to useful and charitable purposes, calculated to increase the repute of the Fraternity.

MANCHESTER.—The following address was lately voted to Bro. Joseph Moody, by the Brethren of the Lodge of Virtue, No. 177; and has been accompanied with a purse of *eighty guineas!* Although some time has elapsed since the vote took place, we gladly accede to the request, which has been made to us, to give such an instance of the benevolence of Masons publicity:—

To Bro. Joseph John Moody, P.M.P., Prov. G.J.W., Cheshire; Prov. G.J.D., Lincolnshire, &c. &c. The Free and Accepted Masons, constituting the Lodge of Virtue, No. 177, held at Manchester, under due Warrant, greeting.

WHEREAS, dear Sir and Bro., we learn that it is your immediate intention to take up your residence in Australia, we, the Master, Officers, and Brethren of this Lodge, do hereby express our grateful sense of the numerous and continuous services which you have rendered unto Masonry during many years, and particularly unto this Lodge, of which you are a member.

In your uniform conduct as a Brother we recognize the truth of the principle, that to be a good Mason, it is indispensable also to be a good man. The exercise of probity, temperance, prudence, and benevolence, in common life, has been carried by you into Masonry. So also in your person, the acquisition of knowledge and the efficacy of truth are alike characteristic of a good Mason and a good man. These virtues, linked together by the social ties of sound fellowship and philanthropy, have creditably characterized your path in Masonry, as well as in the course of ordinary life. We feel that your mastery of all that tends to a knowledge of the Art, and the readiness with which you have always communicated that knowledge to your younger or less instructed Brethren, merit our warmest gratitude. And we are proud to bear testimony, that it was at your suggestion that a course of lectures has been commenced in this Lodge, by which the character and tendency of Masonry cannot fail to be advanced and developed; and that the opening lecture, delivered by yourself, exhibited great research, sound learning, and the full knowledge arising from a recondite and practical familiarity with the history and mysteries of the Art.

Convinced, therefore, that you have personally done much "for the good of Masonry," as enjoined by your obligations, grieving that the Lodge will henceforth lose, by your departure, one of its most shining lights, and assured, that in the new and distant sphere of your exertions, Masonry will continue to have the advantage of your co-operation and support, we conclude by fraternally and affectionately expressing our sincere sorrow at your approaching departure, with an earnest hope and prayer that your integrity, industry, and acquirements, under the guiding and sustaining blessing of the Great Architect of the universe, may advance your worldly prosperity and condition, by the continuance of high character, good health, and domestic happiness, and the attainment of competence, and all other worldly blessings, which make smooth and pleasant the rugged path of life.

Given in a Lodge of Emergency, specially holden therefor, on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of Masonry, five thousand eight hundred and fifty-

Digitized by Google

two, and in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, under the seal of this Lodge, and signed by the Master, Officers, and Brethren.

ROYAL ARCH.—The companions of the Tudor Chapter held their Annual Meeting on Monday, Feb. 21st, when Comp. W. H. Fletcher was installed as First Principal, the ceremony being performed in a very beautiful manner by P. Z. R. Holt, I. G. Blackburne was installed Second, and Thomas Mattinson Third Principal, by P. Z. I. Gaitskell. Comp. J. S. Hague was appointed S. E.; Comp. J. Bainford, S. N. and Trea.; Comp. D. Evans, P. Soj.; Comps. R. Clegg, and H. Greaves, Ass. Sojs.; Comp. J. Harrison and S. Barnes, Stewards; Comp. A. Milnes, Organist; Comp. U. Shaw, Jan.

Comp. Holt, P. Z., was elected an honorary member of the Chapter, which is progressing very favourably, twelve members having been admitted since its consecration in January, last year.

OLDHAM.—On Wednesday, the 23rd February, the Brethren of the Lodge of Friendship, 344, Oldham, held their annual Festival of St. John in that town. Notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather during the evening, about forty Brethren sat down to a sumptuous repast, provided by the worthy host, Mr. Wm. Hegenbottom. The evening's entertainment was presided over by Bro. Geo. Blackburne, W.M., who, after the usual Masonic toasts, presented to Bro. Gaitskell, P.M., a splendid gold watch, chain, and ring. The watch bears the following inscription:—

Presented to Bro. Isaac Gaitskell, P.M., of the Lodge of Friendship, 344, P.G., J.D., E.L., and P.Z. of the Tudor Chapter, Oldham, by his Masonic Brethren, and R.A. Companions, in testimony of his zeal and assiduity in promoting the interests of Freemasonry, and as a memento of their fraternal affection.—Oldham, Feb. 23rd, 1853.

The Chairman in his speech remarked, that he (Bro. Gaitskell) had in a great measure been the means of resuscitating this Lodge from a low ebb to be one of the best Lodges in the Province.

Bro. GAITSKELL, in returning thanks, said,—"My dear Brethren, I assure you I receive your valuable token of regard with deep gratitude, and I beg you will individually and collectively accept my warmest and best thanks. The indulgence—the great and uniform kindness I have always received from you—and the warm interest you have, many of you, manifested for my welfare, and the prosperity of our Lodge, have amply recompensed me for any efforts I have ever made; and I am aware, and feel sensibly, that no conduct of mine merited such a further reward. I assure you it is no slight satisfaction to me, to think that my humble endeavours have remotely contributed to raise our Lodge from a state of utter prostration, to the enviable position of being acknowledged as inferior to few in the Province; and that such is the fact we have the testimony of our worthy D.P.G.M. I trust it may long continue to maintain its position. The *system* we practise is a noble one, and though many of the Brethren more closely follow its precepts, yet none more admire it than myself. May it flourish in every quarter of the globe—become instrumental in dispensing the light of knowledge—aiding the strength of reason—diffusing the beauties of virtue—and lessening the aggregate of human vice, misery, want, and woe! Founded on the purest principles of piety and virtue, let it teach us to measure our conduct by the *line* of rectitude, to *square* our actions by the principles of morality, and to guide our conversation, and our very thoughts, within the *compass* of propriety. Thus shall we learn to be meek, patient, humble, and resigned. Thus shall we learn to rule and subdue our passions, the excess of which disorders and deforms the very soul! and when

Digitized by Google

we have thus performed our duty as men and Masons, we may calmly and patiently await the arrival of our final summons to the Grand Lodge above. Brethren, I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, which I cannot adequately acknowledge, and which no conduct of mine can ever cancel. I beg again to thank you for this valuable additional testimonial of your esteem, and I assure you that it, and the truly amiable and Masonic remarks of our very worthy Master, shall not fall upon me unheeded; but that my future conduct shall evince that I appreciate and am not wholly undeserving of your regard."

This is the second valuable token of their esteem, with which Bro. Gaitskell has been honoured by the Brethren, they having a short time previously presented him with a splendid set of Provincial clothing.

The following Brethren were appointed Officers of the Lodge for 1853:—

Bro. J. G. Blackburne, W. M.; Bro. W. H. Fletcher, P. M.; Bro. D. Evans, Lect. M.; Bro. B. Rowland, S. W.; Bro. J. S. Hague, J. M.; Bro. J. Bainford, Chap.; Bro. T. Mattinson, Trea.; Bro. W. Hudson, Sec.; Bros. H. Greaves and W. Blackburne, Dea.; Bro. I. Gaitskell, M. C.; Bro. R. Greaves, Org.; Bros. J. Brierly and J. Lees, Stew.; Bro. J. H. Hayes, I. G.; U. Shaw, Tiler.

The evening passed off in a most entertaining and satisfactory manner, and was enlivened by various songs, glees, &c., sung by members, several of which displayed considerable talent, and well sustained the musical talent for which this part of Lancashire is deservedly noted.

SALFORD.—*Annual Masonic Ball.*—The annual Masonic ball, in aid of the fund for establishing a Masonic Female Orphan Charity for the Province of East Lancashire, was held at the Town-Hall, Salford, on Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, under the usual distinguished patronage. About 250 ladies and gentlemen were present, the latter in full Masonic clothing, and dancing was continued with great spirit until half-past four o'clock on the following morning, to Horabin's quadrille band. The splendid band of the 1st Royal Dragoons, by the kind permission of Major Yorke, was in attendance, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

NORFOLK.

YARMOUTH.—For some considerable time past the number of Brethren connected with this Order has been very small, and for the last twelve months the Yarmouth Lodge has been closed; but a short time since, several Brethren, favourable to the promotion of Masonic principles, determined on endeavouring to revive the interest of the Order, and on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25, the Brethren dined at the Duke's Head Inn, on the occasion of installing Bro. Oswald Diver as Worshipful Master. Gentlemen from every Lodge in the district were present, and the evening was passed in the most harmonious and agreeable manner, every arrangement of the host (Bro. Plumb) being of the most superior character.

Digitized by Google

OXFORDSHIRE.

OXFORD.—The following Lecture was delivered at a Meeting of the United Lodge of Instruction, on Saturday, February 19, by Bro. the Rev. T. A. BUCKLEY:—

It has doubtless occurred to many Brethren here present, that the constant recurrence of Architectural Terms in our ceremonies requires some deeper explanation than the slight and sketchy one furnished in the words of those ceremonies. The defect is partially remedied in the authorized Lectures, in which a good many useful details will be found; but the object of the present observations is to attempt to show how naturally such a metaphorical use of terms has sprung up, and how well supported it is by the practice of antiquity.

The lapse of time, says Preston, — the ruthless hand of ignorance, and the devastations of war, have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of antiquity, on which the utmost exertions of human genius have been employed. Even the temple of Solomon, so spacious and magnificent, and constructed by so many celebrated artists, escaped not the unsparing ravages of barbarous force; Freemasonry, notwithstanding, has still survived. The attentive ear receives the sound from the instructive tongue, and the sacred mysteries are safely lodged in the repository of faithful hearts. Tools and implements of architecture (symbols the most expressive!) are selected by the Fraternity, to imprint on the memory serious and solemn truths; and thus the excellent tenets of the institution are transmitted unimpaired, under circumstances precarious, and even adverse, through a succession of ages.—*Preston*, pp. 1, 4.

So also it is well observed by Sir Christopher Wren, that—

Architecture has its political use; public buildings being the ornament of a country; it establishes a nation, draws people and commerce; makes the people love their native country, which is assuredly the original of all great actions in a commonwealth. The emulation of the cities of Greece was the true cause of their greatness. The obstinate valour of the Jews, occasioned by the love of their temple, was a cement that held together that people for many ages, through infinite changes. The care of public decency and convenience was a great cause of the establishment of the Low Countries, and of many cities in the world. Modern Rome subsists still by the ruins and imitations of the old; as does Jerusalem, by the Temple of the Sepulchre, and other remains of Helena's zeal.—*Parentalia*, p. 351.

In the explanation given of the tools of an Entered Apprentice, it is observed that, as speculative and not operative Masons, we are required to apply a control to our own minds analogous to that which the tools of the Mason exercise over the rough material he would fain shapen and adorn. In other words, as the Masons of old did rear that matchless temple which King Solomon erected to the honour of God, so ought we to build up our bodies as "temples of the living God."*

The following passage from a Masonic work, published early in the present century, is so excellently illustrative of this meaning, that I will not apologize for quoting it:—

Operative Masonry raised that temple which was the glory of every age, till (through iniquity) its glory (like Adam's at the fall) was levelled in the dust.

But moral Masonry pulls down the altars of vice, and on their ruins raises temples to virtue, that will outlive the day of doom, survive the reign of time,

* 2 Cor. vi. 16.

Digitized by Google

outshine the sun, and flourish amid the wrecks of sinking worlds. Temples, whose foundations (when the earth shall quake, and the mountains are no more found) shall never be shaken, for (when the earth and the very heavens shall depart as a scroll) these shall for ever stand, for they are founded on the adamantine rocks of truth and virtue.

Let every Brother of us, then (like our great and venerable Nehemiah of old, when raising the ramparts round Zion), set stoutly and manfully about laying the foot-stone of, and raising this our moral fabric, and putting the cope-stone to this our temple of Zion, whose summit is to reach not to heaven only, but to the heaven of heavens.—*An Introduction to Freemasonry*, London, 1819, p. 111, sqq.

I cannot produce a stronger instance of the prevalence of this usage, as applied to moral improvement, than the word "edify." In the New Testament the word is *οἰκοδομέω*, which is rendered by *ædifico* in Latin. Now both these words, like our own "edify," originally meant *to build*, or *construct;* but so completely has the metaphorical use supplanted the original sense, that the English word is now only used in the sense of *improving* or *instructing*. It would be useless to instance the many passages in the New Testament, in which "edification" is inculcated as a motive to be borne in view in all our undertakings. Suffice it to say, that Christian men are there considered as so many parts of a great whole, as "pillars in the temple of their God,"* and that by the right instruction and edification of each individual, we do gradually add to the stock of precious materials, and build up an *edifice* of human souls,—an offering more grateful to the great Architect on high, than the most wondrous work of practical handicraft.

Again; as the building of the first temple was a symbol of the Jews' confidence in the promises of Jehovah,—as the rebuilding of that temple denoted the revival of hopes which they had lost by their derelictions from God,—so it was natural that, under a new dispensation, similar types should be applied to the efforts of mankind to build up the neglected fabric of their redemption; for, although Jewish Masons must necessarily take exception at the Christian features of our ritual, yet, even according to their own *anticipations* of that Messiah whom we believe to have already been enshrined in the flesh, the same language will hold good.

So much, then, for the general principle which connects Christian and Masonic morality with the language of architecture. Let me now point out a few details, illustrating them by such parallels as the limited time I have been able to give to the preparation of this paper has suggested.

But I will first give you a somewhat amusing specimen of popular objections to Masonic symbolism, taken from that most celebrated of literary periodicals, the "Grub Street Journal," Feb. 8, 1732.

In the first place, I verily believe, and so do a great many more, that there are in the Masons' Society several, nay, a very great number of Brethren, who are not Euclidical enough to comprehend an intricate mathematical demonstration, or even a geometrical definition. Neither are they instructed by their trades, such as are before hinted at; nor can it appear by their performances, that they are

* Rev. iii. 12.

Digitized by Google

taught in the Lodges *to hew, square, mould stone, lay a level, or raise a perpendicular*. How, then, can they be rightly said to be Masons? In what part of this science can they be skilled? Is a drawer a Mason, because he keeps his reckoning *square*? or a tinker, because he rings his kettle by *rule*? If a lawyer can *compass* his cause, or a bookseller erect *monumental* volumes; if a porter stand strong as a Colossus, and an apothecary can temper his electuarial *mortars and cements*, to a new frame, and, as it were, rebuild our animal edifices, yet cannot I perceive the least tincture of Vitruvianisms, Euclidism, or Burlingtonism, in any of these.

This is very funny, no doubt; but geometrical symbols have always, even in savage nations, formed a favourite means of illustrating qualities and attributes. An upright line was as familiar an illustration of honesty and straightforwardness, as a crooked one was of the reverse. A circle, from its completeness of form, and possibly from its affinity to the shape of the heavenly bodies, as viewed by us, became an emblem of perfection and of eternity; while the sphere, from its still greater completeness and uniformity, was regarded as the fitting form for the soul after death. Thus Plutarch, in his book "On the late punishments of the guilty by the Deity," describes the souls of men as encased in a bright luminous bubble.

Again; Pythagoras considered the *cube* an excellent representative of a perfect man, and his "man of four angles" has been repeated by Plato, Julian, Hierocles, and other writers. I may as well observe, that the Oxford term, "a brick," although doubtless highly expressive of every virtue, from preaching down to riding a steeple-chase, can scarcely be regarded as a translation of the language of Pythagoras. Unfortunately, bricks are oblong, not cubical.

A "smooth, *round*" man is an expression used by Horace in a like sense, not however denoting one polished in the sense of the Greek word τρίμμα, which is an Aristophanic equivalent for the English "scamp" or "pettifogger."

But if we come to metaphors derived from the various parts of a building, examples would be infinite. Need I set forth the beautiful analogy so often drawn between "the house we live in," and the habitations which we rear as a further protection for that wondrous structure?

The following lines, from a Masonic poem, by R. C. Mudge, published at Weymouth, in 1819, are so full of illustrations of this application of architectural metaphors, and so generally instructive, that I trust the prolixity of the quotation will be excused.

> Sublime the stately fabric will appear,
> Whilst all the Glorious Architect revere;
> The cornice, with its ornamented vase,
> The noble temple, on its solid base;
> The well-constructed arch, the fluted pile,
> The massy column, or the vaulted aisle;
> Delighted see the lofty tower's height,
> Its acme soars beyond the reach of sight;
> The ladder's mystic shade, immensely long;
> The fretted roof, in native vigour strong;
> Combining beauties, in each order chaste,
> Display the workman's skill and polish'd taste.

Digitized by Google

The pavement's tesselated border view,
Or mark the graceful frieze, with silver hue;
Let then your captivated sense admire
The sable cloister, or the pointed spire;
The hollow niche, or venerable dome,
The grand piazza, or the silent tomb;
The ancient fathers' dedicated saint;
The variegated windows' matchless paint.
Seek then what's lost—by *Masonry* unfold
The faithful records which the archives hold.
Within our reach each useful art we bring,
When borne on faithful hope's o'erspreading wing;
Soon shall the mind's mysterious glass point out
The deep intrenchment, or the strong redoubt;
The rising turret, or the enfilade,
The careful watchword, and the night parade;
The sloping rampart, and the horrid steep,
The wide o'erwhelming moat, immensely deep;
The guarded loop-hole, or defensive mound,
The shaded valley, or the rising ground.
Here, then, we stop, *and moralize the whole*,
T' enrich the mind, and elevate the soul;
No prejudices here we ever know,
And merit is alike in high or low.
A sentimental concord we display,
The rising temple of religion's sway;
Each sober tongue the sacred truth conveys,
While virtue to the world its worth displays.
Man's tutor'd mind, with gratitude array'd,
More rich will shine, by bless'd Masonic aid;
Adorning emblems beautify the heart,
Deriving succour from the *royal art;*
The stately edifice of *faith* will rise,
When *hope* shall lift you to the azure skies;
Soon shall soft *charity* her temple form,
To shield the wretched from the raging storm;
While strong redoubts her gen'rous train will plant,
To shelter poverty from pining want.
Thus wisdom shall the happy column grace,
While *strength* and *beauty* form its modest base;
Brotherly love, relief, and *truth* serene,
Shall then adorn and beautify the scene.
Seclusive, in their dormitory cell,
The *triple graces* never wish to dwell;
But by gradations, moving into form,
Teach man his duty wisely to perform.

I trust, hereafter, to point out the connection between Gothic art and Catholic symbolism, and the Masonic symbols employed by those mysterious architects, who, formed into guilds, regularly organized and governed, travelled from country to country, rearing structures, many of which defy the ingenuity of modern geometricians to solve the problem of their construction. I will, however, quote a remarkable passage on this "living morality of stone," from a writer, no less great as an historian than energetic in his enthusiasm for Masonry.

Digitized by Google

Mons. Michelet, in his "History of France" (p. 274), writes to the following effect:—

Art, action, drama, are strangers to matter. For inert matter to become spirit, action, art; for it to become human and put on flesh, it must be subdued, it must suffer. It must allow itself to be divided, torn, beaten, sculptured, changed. It must endure the hammer, the chisel, the anvil; must cry, hiss, groan. This is its passion. Read in the English ballad of the *death of John Barleycorn*, what he suffers under the flail, the kiln, and the vat. Just so, the grape in the wine-press. The wine-press is often in the shape of the cross of the Son of man. Man, grape, barley-corn, all acquire under torture their highest form; heretofore, gross and material, they become spirit. The stone also breathes and gains a soul under the artist's hand, who calls life out of it. Well is the sculptor named, in the middle age, *magister de vivis lapidibus* ("the master of living stones").

When our greatest poet spoke of "sermons in stones," he, perhaps unconsciously, presented to us the concentration of Masonic symbolism, as applied to our lives and characters. Viewed under the guidance and through the medium of the Masonic art, every structure becomes a standing lesson of morality, a permanent monument of those virtues which should ever be the objects of our imitation.

Oxford, *Feb.* 26, 1853.—During the last week there has been a very large gathering of the fraternity from London and the provinces to celebrate the anniversaries of the Apollo University Lodge, and the Knight Templar encampment of Cœur-de-Lion, as well as to attend the meetings of the Prov. Grand Lodge of Oxfordshire, of the Alfred City Lodge, and the Royal Arch Chapter.

Owing to the celebrity which Oxford has attained for the perfect working of the various degrees, and to the widely-extended connections of many of the members of the Lodges in Oxford, a large number of Brethren, many from distant provinces, and of high eminence in the Craft, were assembled. The first meeting was on Monday, when the Alfred Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was convened, and the large number of nine candidates were admitted to this exalted degree. Bros. Spiers, Thomas, Rev. E. Moore, and Beach officiated as Z. H. J. and P. S., and both candidates and visitors expressed their great gratification at the manner in which this very beautiful ceremony was performed. On Tuesday the Knight Templar encampment of Cœur-de-Lion was held, and four R. A. Masons were admitted as Knights of the Order, and were much delighted with the degrees. This being the day for the installation of their chief, Sir Knight the Rev. C. Pettat, who had been previously elected to that office, was duly installed as Eminent Commander for the ensuing year. Bros. Beach (Christ Church) and Best (Magdalen) were appointed Captains, and Rev. W. Bousfield, Prelate. A very choice and elegant dinner closed the proceedings of this day, which gave the greatest satisfaction to the chosen few, who were qualified to partake in its enjoyment.

On Wednesday a Lodge of emergency was held by the Brethren of the Apollo Lodge for the initiation of two members of the University, and in the evening the regular meeting of the Alfred City

Digitized by Google

Lodge was convened. A very large number of the Brethren of both Lodges and many distinguished visitors attended. The W. M., Bro. Dudley, Mayor of Oxford, presided, and John Fisher, Esq., who had been duly elected, was regularly initiated. A private subscription had been commenced at the previous Lodge, to present Past Steward Jewels to Bros. Townsend and Fraser, in testimony of the esteem of their Brethren, and as an acknowledgment of their valuable services. These Jewels were presented in the Lodge, and were duly acknowledged by their recipients. The Sen. Warden of the Lodge, Bro. Randall, took the occasion of the very full meeting present, to call the attention of the Brethren to the case of a distressed Brother, who having been in prosperous circumstances, was now, by the pressure of adversity, reduced to the necessity of appealing to his Brother Masons and the public, to enable him to proceed with his wife and family of eight children to Australia. The appeal thus made to the sympathy of the Brethren was not in vain. The W. M. commenced by a subscription of £5. A like sum was voted from the funds of the Lodge, and the same amount was promised from the Prov. Grand Lodge, and also from the funds of the Apollo Lodge. The private subscriptions of the members of the Lodges were also very liberally promised; and fully did the Brethren prove on this occasion, that "the mystic tie" of Freemasonry is a bond of love and charity, which binds man to man with those truly fraternal feelings which neither poverty on the one hand, nor rank and riches on the other, can ever separate.

On Thursday morning the Prov. Grand Lodge was held at twelve o'clock, the Rt. W. the Prov. G. M. the Rev. C. J. Ridley, presiding. The usual business was transacted, the most gratifying of which was, the voting a very large portion of the funds to the purposes of charity. Besides the annual subscriptions to the many excellent Masonic charities in London, sums were voted to the Radcliffe Infirmary, the Medical Dispensary, the Blue Coat Boys' School, the Clothing Fund, and other Oxford charities.

The Rt. W. Prov. G. M. then appointed and invested his Officers for the year as follows:—

Br. Beach (Christ Church), Prov. G. Sen. W.; Br. Martin, Jun. W.; Br. Rev. P. H. Nind (Christ Church), Chaplain; Br. J. C. Dudley (the Mayor), Registrar; Br. Rev. Octavius Ogle, Secretary; Br. R. P. Blake, Treasurer; Br. Capt. Bowyer, Sen. Deacon; Br. J. Thorp, Jun. Deacon; Br. Malcolm (Christ Church), Superintendent of Works; Br. J. T. Hester, Director of Ceremonies; Br. Harrison (Brazenose College), Assist. Direct. of Ceremonies; Br. Fraser, Sword Bearer; Br. Bossom, Pursuivant; Brs. Taunton, Ashley (Oriel), Pickard (Christ Church), Baker, Rev. Vernon Blake, and Sidebotham, Stewards.

The Provincial Grand Lodge was then closed in due form.

At four in the afternoon the Brethren re-assembled to install the W. M. for the ensuing year, Br. Best, P. Prov. G. Registrar, of Magdalen College. This very impressive ceremony was admirably

Digitized by Google

performed by Br. Beach, the retiring Master, and the assembled Brethren greeted their newly-installed Master according to the ancient forms in the Craft.

The W. M. then appointed and invested his officers.

Br. the Rev. O. Ogle (Fellow of Lincoln College), Sen. Warden; Br. Malcolm (Christ Church), Jun. Warden; Br. Rev. T. A. Buckley (Christ Church), Chaplain; Br. Harrison (B. N. C.), Secretary; Br. W. Thompson, Treasurer; Br. Pickard (Christ Church), Sen. Deacon; Br. Ashley (Oriel), Jun. Deacon; Br. Biber (Merton), Director of Ceremonies; Br. Kerr (Merton), Inner Guard; Brs. Hon. T. L. Powys and Gordon (Christ Church), Stewards.

At six o'clock the Brethren, to the number of nearly a hundred, sat down to a very sumptuous dinner, provided by the Treasurer, Br. Thompson, whose skill and taste as a caterer for such large assemblies can hardly be surpassed. The W. M., Br. Best, presided, and was supported by the Rt. W. the Prov. G. Masters of Oxfordshire, Dorsetshire, Jersey, Guernsey, and Bengal; Col. Vernon, P. Prov. Sen. G. Warden (Stafford); Br. Moore, P.M., G. Chaplain; Br. Spiers, P.G. Sword Bearer; Capt. Bowyer, W.M. elect of the Cherwell (Banbury) Lodge; Br. Atkins, W. M. of Lodge No. 317; Br. De Bernardy, Dep. Prov. G. M. (Monmouthshire); Br. Kain, Prov. G. Sec. (Worcestershire); Br. Cantelon, P. M. from Melbourne, Australia; Br. Rev. C. R. Pettat, W. M. elect of the Churchill Lodge; Br. Thiselton, Sec. to Freemasons' Boys' School; Brs. Vernon, Blake, Hayward, and other members of the Banbury Lodge, and a large number of the Past Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the Alfred Lodge.

On the removal of the cloth the W. M. begged to propose that toast which was the first in every well-regulated society, and more especially among Masons, who had always been distinguished for their loyalty to the Sovereign and attachment to the throne (cheers). He called on the Brethren to assist him in doing honour to "The Queen and the Craft."

The W. M. then proposed, in complimentary terms, the health of the Grand Master the Earl of Zetland, and adverted to his zeal for Masonry, his watchful care over the Provinces, and the deep interest, which he took in all the Masonic charities (cheers).

The W. M. proposed as the next toast, "The Earl of Yarborough, the Deputy Grand Master, and the past and present Grand Officers," and remarked that it was very gratifying to have had at different times so many Grand Officers selected from this Province; among them were one of the present Grand Chaplains, Bro. Rev. E. Moore, and the Past Grand Sword Bearer, Br. R. J. Spiers. It was no less complimentary to the Province than it was to those Brethren to be selected for such high and distinguished offices, and the admirable manner in which they had fulfilled their respective duties justified the choice which the G. M. had made (cheers).

Br. the Rev. E. Moore said he rose on behalf of the officers of the Grand Lodge to thank them for the hearty and flattering manner, in

Digitized by Google

which they had been pleased to receive the toast proposed by the W.M. He could assure them that it was the anxious wish of the Officers of the Grand Lodge to maintain the dignity and reputation of the Craft, and he could bear testimony to the urbanity of the G. M., and had always derived great pleasure when he presided. The G. M. was distinguished for his zeal for Masonry, and for uniform kindness to the Craft, and it would be difficult to find one, who could fill more efficiently and satisfactorily the high office which he held (cheers).

Br. SPIERS being loudly called, briefly remarked that he hoped that other Brethren would stand by their side as Grand Officers, and that they would show that the interests of the Provinces were dear to their hearts as well as the interests of Freemasonry in general (cheers).

The W. M. begged to propose the health of one, with whom all in the Province of Oxford were intimately connected; it was one to whom they were deeply indebted, and who, on account of his zeal and interest in Masonry, had earned a reputation, not only in this Province, but throughout England. It was the health of the Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire; and the flourishing state of his Province testified the zeal which he had displayed and the estimation in which he was held (cheers).

The Prov. G. M. said he could not but thank them deeply for the compliment which they had paid him, and assured them that it afforded him great pleasure to see Masonry in this Province so successful, for he had great reason to say that it was so. The compliment paid him on that account was not therefore a false one; but how far his endeavours had contributed to the advancement of Masonry in this Province it was not for him to say; but he was bound to say that he was much indebted to those Brethren, who had filled offices in the Prov. Grand Lodge. He wished that he could double the honours at his disposal, for it would have afforded him great pleasure if he could have invested many other excellent Masons with offices, for which they were so well qualified. He trusted, however, that he had exercised on this, as he had endeavoured to do on every occasion, the utmost impartiality, and selected Brethren, who would fulfil their respective offices in a manner that would be creditable to themselves and to the Province. He congratulated the Brethren on the presence of so many distinguished Masons from different parts of the world, and he felt that it was an honour paid to himself and the Province to have the company of the Prov. Grand Masters of the Channel Islands and of Bengal, as well as of other distinguished Brethren from various Provinces, and of a Past Master from Melbourne in Australia (cheers). He hailed their presence with great delight, and it afforded the best evidence that their mission here was one of peace, and their object to spread happiness around (cheers). Before resuming his seat, he claimed the privilege of proposing the health of their Worshipful Master, whom he had long known as an energetic and active Mason, well worthy of the high office which he now held, and most anxious at all times to advance the interests of the Order (much cheering).

The W. M., in returning thanks for the kind and flattering manner, with which they had received the last toast, assured them that in undertaking the office of Master of this Lodge he was well aware of the heavy responsibility resting on his shoulders; and if it had not been for the kind assurances of assistance, not only from the Past Masters of his own Lodge, but of the Alfred Lodge likewise, nothing would have induced him to accept this high and honourable office. It was by the cordial assistance which he could rely upon having from these Brethren, that he hoped to discharge the duties of Worshipful Master, and to leave the fair fame of this Lodge untarnished (cheers).

The W.M. then called on the Brethren to drink to the health of two Brethren, who

Digitized by Google

had come from a long distance to share in the festivity of the present occasion. He alluded to the Prov. Grand Masters of the Channel Islands and of Bengal. It always afforded them great gratification to see Brethren from distant Provinces, but how much more so was it when they saw two distinguished Brothers from such remote countries as Bengal and Jersey and Guernsey! He hoped that, on their return to their respective lands, they would carry back a good impression of Masonry in this country, and be impressed with the conviction that it was carried out here as it ought to be (cheers).

Bro. HAMMOND, Prov. G. M. of the Channel Islands, in responding to the toast, observed that ingratitude was one of the worst feelings that man could inherit, or allow to enter into his bosom, and he felt on this occasion that, were he not immediately to rise to respond to the toast, he should be indeed ungrateful, after the kind reception which they had given him. He came amongst them on this occasion as a perfect stranger, but they had received him in every sense as a Brother; and he could only assure them that, if at any time they paid a visit to the Provinces of Jersey and Guernsey, they would find as hearty and as kindly reception from all his Brethren there, as they had been pleased to give to him. As to his having left a warmer climate,—although the Channel Islands might be so in one respect, still the warmth of the reception, which they had given him was sufficient to thaw and soften down the coldness of their English clime. As he found the task of returning thanks for himself to be one which he could not fulfil even to his own satisfaction, he would not undertake to answer for the Prov. G. M. of Bengal, but leave him the pleasurable opportunity of making his own acknowledgments (laughter and cheers).

The Prov. G. M. of Bengal said that their excellent W. M. had insinuated that he had come all the way from Bengal to visit this Lodge; but, although such was not the case, he could assure them that, had he done so, he should have been amply repaid by the pleasure which he had experienced in being present at a meeting like this. He was deeply sensible of the compliment which they had paid him, and was very glad to have this opportunity of expressing to them how highly gratified he was, not only with their hospitality, but with the brotherly and cordial reception which they had given him, and he could truly say that for the last three days he had been enjoying himself in right Masonic style at the festive boards of the Knights Templars' Encampment of Cœur de Lion, the Apollo Lodge, and the more private gatherings of his Masonic Brethren. He could not fail to regard it as a compliment paid to that body of Masons, over whom he had the honour to preside in Bengal, and it afforded him the greatest possible gratification to receive so cordial a welcome from Brethren, from whom he had hitherto been separated by the boundless ocean; he should not fail to communicate to the Brethren of his own Province the kind reception which he had experienced, and he was sure that they would feel that it was a compliment paid to them, and appreciate it as a token of right good-will (cheers). He had been a Mason upwards of thirty-two years, twenty-eight of which had been passed in Bengal; and it was within the walls of a Masonic Lodge that he had spent some of the happiest hours of his existence, and formed the most valuable and enduring friendships. He was proud to say that his Brethren there had given him unmistakable proofs of their kindness and confidence, for he had received from them testimonials which graced his tables, and which emanated from a body of men whose munificence in their charity was unbounded; in proof of which, he might mention that in one Lodge a grant of 150*l.* was voted in aid of the distressed Irish, and in a second Lodge the sum of 80*l.* The Prov. Grand Lodge of Bengal voted 80*l.* for the same purpose, and 50*l.* for a similar object (cheers). He had felt the greatest gratification in visiting this University, and was delighted to witness the admirable working of the Brethren in the Lodge; and he was no less gratified to find that the working, which they carried out in Bengal, was precisely similar to that which he had witnessed in this most classic and refined locality. In conclusion, he begged to say, on behalf of his Brethren in Bengal, that they were a body of men entitled to every honour which could be shown them, and he should take the first opportunity of telling them how he had been received, and he felt assured that they would send back their hearty greetings for the prosperity of the Craft at Oxford (cheering).

Digitized by Google

The Prov. G. M. said that the Brethren of the Apollo Lodge having purchased a Past Master's Jewel for presentation to their retiring Master Bro. Beach, he had been requested to present it. Addressing Bro. Beach, the Prov. G. M. said: "In presenting to you this Past Master's Jewel, I do not scruple to say that no one is more worthy to receive such a token, for in all the points essential for the Master of a Lodge, you have highly distinguished yourself, and I cannot but consider it to be a great kindness on the part of the members of the Apollo Lodge to allow me to present this to you. I beg you to accept of this Jewel; and it is not only my individual opinion, but the unanimous and undivided opinion of the Lodge, that you are not only most worthy of it, but one of the best working, active, and industrious Masons in the whole Province."

The Jewel, which was of elegant design and exquisite workmanship, bore the following inscription:—

"To Bro. W. W. B. Beach, Pro. S. G. W. This Jewel is presented by the Brethren of the Apollo Masonic Lodge, No. 460, to mark their high esteem of his private worth, and the great skill and ability which he has displayed in the discharge of his duty as Worshipful Master during the past year.—Feb. 24th, 1853." (Much cheering.)

Bro. BEACH begged to thank the Brethren in the first place for the cordial reception which they had given to his name, and in the next place to assure them that his heart overflowed with gratitude for the token of their good-will in the presentation of a Past Master's Jewel on the close of his year of office. He felt, however, that he had done nothing to merit this token beyond having presided to the best of his poor ability; and he should regret giving up the Chair which he had had the honour to fill during the past year, and in which he had received so much kindness and support, did he not feel assured that under the auspices of the distinguished Brother whom he had had the pleasure of installing, the interests of Masonry and the reputation of the Province would be advanced. In thanking them for this token, he could assure them that it would be worn by him through life as a memorial of their kind regard, and with grateful feelings towards the Apollo Lodge, in which he had received his Masonic education,—in which he had been brought from darkness to light,—and in which he had received knowledge that he desired to propagate to others. He saw on that Jewel the two great lights in Masonry, and they would be monitors to him to direct his life by the principles of the third; and he could assure them that, whenever he placed it on his breast, there would beat beneath a heart not ungrateful for their kindness, or indifferent to their individual and general interests. The presence of the Prov. Grand Master of Bengal brought again to his notice the fact that Masonry, like the rising sun, first dawned in the East, and, coeval with that, had been brought to Europe and to England; and, notwithstanding hundreds of years had passed away, the landmarks remained the same, and so long as they upheld them, so long would they be respected among men. He would take this opportunity of thanking every Brother of the Apollo Lodge for the support given to him, and of thanking more especially his Officers, who had so readily accepted office in order to assist him. He would also tender his grateful thanks to the Brethren of the Alfred Lodge, and he trusted that he had been successful in preserving the cordial feeling which existed between the two Lodges, and if he had handed down the same mutual feeling as had always prevailed, it would be very gratifying to him. In conclusion, he begged to assure the members of the Apollo Lodge, that whenever they required any assistance which it was in his power to give, he should be most happy to render it, and that their welfare would always be near his heart. He could not resume his seat without thanking the Prov. G. M. for his uniform kindness to him, and for his flattering address in presenting to him this valuable Jewel in the name of the Apollo Lodge (cheers).

The W. M. then proposed "The Health of the Dep. Prov. G. M. of Monmouthshire."

Bro. DE BERNARDY returned thanks, and after adverting to the hospitable reception which had been given him, said he would not detain them further than

Digitized by Google

to state that the tongue of good report had been heard in favour of the Masonry of this Province, and his visit to it had only served to confirm it, and to satisfy him that it was sober and honest truth (cheers).

The W. M. proposed "The Healths of Bro. Col. Vernon and the other Visiting Brethren."

Bro. Col. VERNON responded to the toast, and said that himself and the Visiting Brethren were not only impressed by the admirable manner in which the business had been conducted, but by the cordial feeling which prevailed. The truly Masonic and hospitable feeling evinced towards them would long remain in their remembrance, and the mention of the Province of Oxford would not fail in future to awaken pleasurable associations, and the sincerest wishes for their happiness and prosperity (cheers).

The W. M. called on the Brethren to do honour to the toast of "The W. Masters of the Churchill and Cherwell Lodges."

Bro. the Rev. C. R. PETTAT, as the senior officer present of the Churchill Lodge, returned thanks, and said that the Brethren looked up to the Alfred and Apollo Lodges with great affection and respect, because they knew them to be the fountain-head from which they took their source; they would endeavour to profit by their example in the carrying on the business of their Lodge, and in the maintenance of those principles which would advance its interests, as well as those of the Craft at large. He begged to remind them that the anniversary festival of the Churchill Lodge would be held at Newnham in June, when every Brother who would attend might rely upon meeting with a hearty welcome (cheers).

Bro. Captain BOWYER, W. M. elect of the Cherwell Lodge, said he rose to respond to the toast with considerable interest, for he felt extremely the responsibility of taking the office of W. M., especially as he knew so little of the Lodge; but, from what he had already seen of it, he was sure that it did no discredit to its parents. It had emanated from the Alfred and Apollo Lodges of Oxford, and might be truly regarded as their scion; it had been watched over by them with parental care, and he felt that the office which he was about to take would be rendered less responsible, because he knew that he should receive every assistance at their hands whenever he required it. Their first anniversary would take place on the 28th instant, and he hoped to see as many of the Brethren as could make it convenient to attend, when he would insure them a hearty welcome, and a special train on their return (cheers).

Bro. BEACH proposed "The Healths of the newly-initiated Brethren," and remarked, that during the past year he had initiated forty-three Brethren, which was a circumstance that any Lodge might be well proud of, and any Master look back upon with pride and satisfaction (cheers).

The W. M. proposed "Success to the Masonic Charities," and coupled with the toast the name of Bro. Thiselton, who he said had for a number of years acted as Secretary to the Boys' School, and rendered good service in carrying out the objects of that Institution (cheers).

Bro. THISELTON responded to the toast, and observed that they were so conversant with the Masonic Charities, that it was unnecessary for him to dilate on their value and importance. With regard to the Girls' School, that was obtaining every support which that noble Institution deserved; for, in every sense of the word, it maintained, educated, and protected the daughters of reduced Brethren of the Craft. With respect to the Boys' School, it might perhaps be necessary for him to say a few words; he had been connected with it for twenty-six years, and it was a truly Masonic Institution, for it educated the boys of parents of every denomination. Much as had already been effected, still the improved views with regard to education led many influential Brethren to wish that the benefits might be greatly extended, and as they had funded a considerable property, it had been considered

Digitized by Google

necessary to have a building where a certain number of boys might be boarded and educated, and they were anxious to carry that out. It might, however, be said that if they had good funds, why not lay them out in that way? But they could not do so, because, as it would be diverting them out of their natural course, it would be necessary to go into the Court of Chancery to obtain power to do so. It was considered, however, that the only fair way of obtaining what they wished was by appropriating the supplies of every year in this way,—namely, for one half to be applied to the building fund, and the other half to general purposes. As they were enabled to put by 700*l.* a year, they would, in the course of five or six years, obtain sufficient to do that for which the Earl of Zetland and Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston were anxious, and they wished to avoid forcing themselves on the Craft, because they knew that the claims upon them were large. The Masonic Annuity Fund deserved the notice of the Craft at large, because it was impossible to know the turn of fortune, or how they might be affected themselves, and need the benefit of that fund in years to come; and therefore he hoped that they should not hear that it had fallen short in its object, namely, the support of decayed Freemasons. He felt highly honoured in coming to Oxford to meet so cordial a reception; and it was indeed a pride and pleasure to visit a Province where so much good had been done towards Masonry by the Lodges in Oxford.

The W. M. proposed "The Health of his Officers," coupling with the toast the name of Bro. Ogle, Sen. Warden.

Bro. OGLE replied to the toast, and remarked that he had seen a visible change in Masonry, which had become a reality, and he could not refrain from noticing the progress which it had made under the guidance of Bro. Beach, who carried out its leading principles in ordinary life, and enforced by example the precepts, which he inculcated in Lodge—rectitude of life, and uniformity of conduct. He could assure the W. M. that in carrying out the accurate working of the Lodge they would gladly assist, and he promised on his own part, as well as on the part of his Brother Officers, to do so.

Too much commendation cannot be bestowed on the W. M., Bro. Best, for the admirable manner in which he discharged the very onerous duties of President over so large and important an assemblage. His free, hearty, and thoroughly English manner had long since won for him the esteem of all, who made his acquaintance during his college career, but few expected to find the dignified manner, the ready tact, and free natural eloquence, which he so eminently displayed on this occasion. Under such a chairman, and with the enlivening addition of several excellent duets and songs, it is not to be wondered at that the hour of twelve, the usual time of separating, surprised a still numerous party. The expressions of pleasure and satisfaction at the happy termination of the day were universal, and most sincere and cordial were the wishes for a happy and prosperous year to the Apollo Lodge and its excellent Master.

BANBURY. — On Monday, the 8th Feb., the first Anniversary of the Cherwell Lodge was celebrated at the Red Lion Hotel, at which a large number of Brethren from Oxford, Deddington, and other places in the neighbourhood were present. Some ceremonies were performed in the morning by Bro. Beach, and in the afternoon Bro. Capt. Bowyer, P. M., of the Lodge of Harmony, Richmond, and Prov. Sen. Grand Deacon of Oxfordshire, who had been unanimously elected at the previous Lodge, was duly installed as W. M. for the ensuing year. Bro. Spiers., P. M., P. G. Sword Bearer, performed this beautiful and impressive ceremony in a manner which gave

Digitized by Google

the greatest gratification to all who heard it. This being the first opportunity that the majority of the Banbury Brethren had had of witnessing the installation of the Master of a Lodge, there was in consequence a large attendance, and very strong interest in the ceremony and the occasion was evinced by all present. The W. M., after having been duly greeted by the Brethren, next appointed and invested his officers in the following order:—Bro. the Rev. Vernon Blake, Sen. Warden; Bro. Aplin, Jun. Warden; Bro. the Rev. C. R. Paul, P. M., Chaplain; Bro. Rolls, Treasurer; Bro. Looker, Sec.; Bros. Churchill and Hayward, Deacons; Bro. Harrison, Organist; Bro. Perry, Director of Ceremonies; Bro. Stutterd, Inner Guard. The newly-appointed officers commenced their duties by taking part in the ceremony of initiation, and the very able and efficient manner in which they each performed their part in the ceremony showed, that though young as they all were in Freemasonry, they duly appreciated its beauty and excellence; and that few as their opportunities of observation had been, they had well studied their parts, and by diligent attention were likely to attain to a perfection in working, which would be a credit to them, and an example which might be profitably copied by others. The ceremony was most impressively and beautifully performed by the W. M., who gave on this occasion the fullest evidence of a thorough knowledge of the duties of his high office, and fully justified the commendations which were bestowed on him by all present. At five o'clock the Brethren, numbering about forty, sat down to a very excellent dinner, so well arranged and served as to give the greatest possible satisfaction to the guests. The W. M. presided, and was supported by the Rt. W. the Prov. G. M. of Oxfordshire, Bro. the Rev C. Ridley; the Prov. Sen. G. Warden, Bro. Beach, P. M.; Bro. Spiers, P. G. Sword Bearer; Bro. Martin, P. M. of the Alfred Lodge, Oxford; and several Members of the Apollo and Alfred Oxford Lodges.

On the removal of the cloth, the W. M. gave "The Queen and the Craft;" afterwards, "The Grand Master of England, the Earl of Zetland," paying a deserved tribute to this distinguished Brother for his zeal in the cause of Masonry.

In proposing "The Deputy Grand Master of England, the Earl of Yarborough, and the past and present Grand Officers," the W. M. made especial reference to Bro. Spiers, P. G. S. B., who, he said, had rendered most essential service, not only to the Cherwell Lodge, but to the Province generally, and who for Masonic knowledge, zeal, and ability, could not be surpassed (cheers).

Bro. SPIERS returned thanks on behalf of Lord Yarborough and the *other* Grand Officers, and expressed his grateful acknowledgments for the compliment which they had paid them; and, as their representative, could assure them that it was to him a delightful sight to see so large a gathering of influential Masons assembled on this happy occasion. But for the many Masonic meetings last week in Oxford there would doubtless have been more of the Brethren present on this occasion. They rejoiced to find that in the good old town of Banbury so *influential* and prosperous a Lodge had been established for twelve months, and it was a most gratifying thing to see that gentlemen of various ranks had joined the Order, and

Digitized by Google

were so cordially uniting to advance its interests. He congratulated them on having during the past year so distinguished a Master as Bro. Paul; and the success which had attended the establishment of the Cherwell Lodge could not be otherwise than highly gratifying to all who had taken part in it. It was scarcely fifteen months ago when a few Brethren met at his (Bro. Spiers's) house to consider a plan for establishing a Lodge in this town. They laid down their lines and plans, and submitted them to the Prov. G.M., who right nobly performed his part, for he not only consecrated the Lodge, but felt so deep an interest in it that he attended the anniversary to witness the success which had attended the establishment of this Lodge. He (Bro. Spiers) begged next, as the representative of Grand Lodge, to congratulate them on having in the Chair this year so excellent a Master as Bro. Bowyer; the experience which he had had in distinguished London Lodges gave every promise of success, besides which he resided in the neighbourhood, and no one had entered into the cause with greater earnestness. He (Bro. Spiers) would only express a hope that this might be a stepping-stone to a higher position in the Craft, for one who so worthily filled the office of W.M. was well qualified to be an officer of Grand Lodge. Amid these congratulations he (Bro. Spiers) must not forget his next duty, namely, to remind them that some of the Brethren had by their acceptance of office become privileged from this day to attend the communications of Grand Lodge. He would also call their attention to an occasion which would afford them an opportunity for the exercise of their charity: on Wednesday week the Festival of the Boys' School would take place, at Freemasons' Hall in London, when he earnestly hoped that every one who could, would make it convenient to attend, and he would insure them a very happy day, in addition to the satisfaction of having rendered an essential service to an invaluable charity. He could speak of the value and benefit of that school from personal observation, and was enabled also to say that the son of a Brother in this province was at this moment participating in its advantages. He would not longer detain them, except to assure them that as a Prov. G. Officer he felt interested in the character of the Province, and, while he thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, he assured them that he was most anxious to do his duty, and to possess the good opinion of the Brethren of his native Province (cheers).

The W.M. then proposed the health of the Prov. G.M. for Oxfordshire, Bro. Rev. C. J. Ridley, who, he said, had won the affection and esteem of every Brother in the Province, not only by the ability with which he presided over it, and by the services he had rendered Masonry, but equally by the kindness and consideration, with which he treated every one who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. He (the W.M.) rejoiced in being brought into closer connection with him by being appointed one of his Officers (cheers).

The Prov. GRAND MASTER thanked them for the way in which they had received the toast, and the W.M. for the kind manner in which he had proposed it, and said how far he had deserved the compliments that had been paid him it was not for him to judge; but this he could say, he had endeavoured to do his duty as Prov. G.M., and trusted that he should never relax any effort in continuing to do so. He had a vivid recollection of the very agreeable day which he spent last year on the consecration of this Lodge, and of the gratification which he derived in meeting the Brethren in that room, which was one of the best he ever met with, for it was not only perfect in form, but those who worked in it were excellent Masons. He had also a strong recollection of an admirable banquet on that occasion, and he was glad to find that on this they had not forgotten that feature of the day's enjoyment, but had given a repetition of it. It was scarcely necessary to remind those who belonged to Banbury that about 400 years ago there were divers contests and disputes in this town and neighbourhood, and direful collisions between the houses of York and Lancaster; nothing but wars, and that greatest curse, civil war, then prevailed. In this immediate neighbourhood the two parties bearing the emblems of York and Lancaster were brought into collision, and one, the White Rose, might well blush for the misery which it wrought, while the Red Rose might turn pale for the bloodshed which it caused. But happily such times and scenes no longer existed, and where these contests once prevailed the sound of the hammer and the

Digitized by Google

anvil was heard instead of the turmoil of war; and, in the place of the sabre and the sword, the steam-engine was exerting its giant powers in the extension of knowledge, science, commerce, and other advantages to the town of Banbury and its neighbourhood, and would, he trusted, continue to do so, and to spread intelligence and happiness in various ways. If they combined with that the advantages of Freemasonry, surely they were doing that which would lead to good results in the way of extending information, promoting good-will and concord among men, and cementing a bond of union, of which they might well be proud. He trusted that Freemasonry had taken deep root in Banbury, and that, like the banyan-tree in India, it would grow to a great age, throwing out branches, which, shooting into the earth, grew into goodly trees and flourished around the parent stem. That was the principle of Masonry, and they desired to extend from the Prov. G. Lodge such off-shoots as would take root and thrive, maintaining its connection with the Lodge from which it emanated, and shedding honour on it as the Cherwell Lodge, which might be considered as its daughter, and emulating the example of the Alfred and Apollo Lodges, which were its sister Lodges (cheers).

The Prov. GRAND MASTER again rose, and proposed the health of the W. M., who, he said, had filled a similar office for two consecutive years in the Lodge of Harmony at Richmond, where his ability, courtesy, and true Masonic conduct gained him the confidence and esteem of his Brethren. He came to this Province with a high character, and he (the Prov. G.M.) had the greatest confidence that he would prove himself worthy of every mark of respect, and do all that he could to deserve it. He could not forget also the fact that they were this day indebted to the W.M. for the champagne, and he could only regard that as another earnest of his desire to contribute to the happiness of those around him (loud cheers).

The W.M. said he was quite sure that under all circumstances they would not expect him to express his feelings in a manner commensurate with the honour which they had conferred upon him, because he felt inadequate to do so. He could only say that he would endeavour to deserve all that had been said of him, and that it should be his aim to reach as far as he could the high character of a Worshipful Master as described to them by the Prov. G.M. He confessed that when he accepted the high office of W.M. of this Lodge, and much as he appreciated the honour, he entered upon it with some difficulty, and apprehended that he was entering a young Lodge, where much would be expected and required of him; but he rejoiced to find that although it was a young Lodge, it could boast of Brethren competent to fulfil every office, to render him every assistance, and to make his duties less onerous. Their admirable working in the Lodge, and kind consideration towards himself, had removed any apprehension from his mind, and induced him to hope that by their co-operation he might be able to fulfil the office of W.M. with some advantage to the Lodge. He congratulated those who had laid the foundation of this Lodge, and now had the gratification of watching the progress of its structure, and assured them that nothing should be wanting on his part to extend its usefulness and increase its stability (cheers.)

The W.M. then proposed "Prosperity to the Alfred City Lodge of Oxford," for which the W. M. Bro. Martin briefly returned thanks.

The W.M. then proposed "Prosperity to the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford," and after adverting to the cordial feeling existing between the University and City Lodges, which he said was delightful to witness, and afforded a striking example of the good effects of Masonry, begged to couple with the toast the name of Bro. Beach, whom he regarded as one of the most accomplished Masons of his age throughout the Craft (cheers).

Bro. BEACH returned thanks, and, after explaining the unavoidable absence of the W.M. of the Apollo Lodge, remarked that it appeared but a short time ago when they met to consecrate this Lodge, which had already reached to such a proud pre-eminence, and boasted of such an array of good working Masons as he

Digitized by Google

had the gratification of meeting on this occasion. He could not refrain from paying a tribute of praise to the W.M. of the last year, who had presided over the Lodge with so much ability, and in his own person and conduct given the best illustration of the principles and excellence of Masonry. He congratulated them also on the installation of so excellent a Brother to succeed him in the Chair, for he felt assured that under his auspices the principles of Freemasonry would be carried out to the fullest extent (cheers).

The W.M. then proposed "The newly Initiated Brethren," after which the Entered Apprentice's song was given with excellent effect by Bro. Spiers.

Bro. COOKE responded to the toast, and remarked that he had long desired to join the Fraternity, but had delayed doing so until he had seen the working of it, and having had that opportunity, he rejoiced in saying that it was founded on principles which every one must admire. He regarded the introduction of Masonry into Banbury as a great boon; it had already produced many very beneficial effects, and he doubted not would continue to do so to an increased extent. He was proud in being a member of so ancient and honourable a Fraternity, and although he was at present but an infant in Masonry, he hoped as he grew in strength to grow in knowledge and wisdom (cheers).

The W.M. proposed "The Officers of the Cherwell Lodge," and complimented them on the admirable manner in which they conducted the working, and which any Lodge might well be proud of. He felt that especial thanks were due to Bro. Rev. Vernon Blake, his Sen. Warden, who he did not hesitate to say was one of the most skilful young Masons that he had ever met with. He had relieved him (the W.M.) of much trouble, and enabled him to perform his duties in a more efficient manner than he could otherwise have done; all the arrangements of this meeting had been made and carried out by him, and it was unnecessary to do more than call attention to the admirable manner in which everything had been conducted (cheers).

Bro. BLAKE, in responding to the toast, remarked that it was indeed with peculiar feelings of interest that he occupied the proud position of S.W. of the Cherwell Lodge; he said, proud position, because he could not but echo the sentiment expressed with reference to one not present this day, the W.M. of the last year, to whom they looked with pride and satisfaction, as a friend and as a Brother. When, but twelve months since, chiefly through his instrumentality, Freemasonry was introduced into this town, Bro. Paul met with many difficulties in the common prejudices of the uninitiated, but he trusted firmly and hopefully to its intrinsic merits, and under the care and guidance of the Prov. G.M. he launched on the sea of Masonry his well-built ship the Cherwell. They had lost the services of their late W.M.; but he hoped they had caught a little of the spirit which fired him, and he (the W.M.) trusted that he would be regarded by them as a beacon, and be cheered on by his example in the fulfilment of their duties. To their present W.M. let them add their vote of thanks for taking the Chair, for it was a proud thing for the Lodge to have so good a man to preside over it, and they might trustfully and hopefully anticipate that he would emulate the example of his predecessor. In conclusion he would assure the W.M. and the Brethren that the Officers would do all in their power to uphold the fair fame of the Cherwell, and in the emphatic words of Bro. Plowman's striking song, he would say with the utmost sincerity and earnestness:

"God bless the good ship Cherwell!
God speed her on her way!
May she the truths of Masonry
To many a heart convey!"

At this stage of the proceedings the Brethren from Oxford were obliged to leave, in consequence of the Railway company not having put on a special train, as they had been instructed to do, and it was accordingly necessary for them to proceed to Oxford by an omnibus with four horses, in order to get within the College walls before

Digitized by Google

twelve o'clock. Although this had the effect of diminishing the party, the festivities were prolonged, and under the excellent Chairmanship of the respected W.M. a most agreeable evening was spent, and the only expression of regret was that, which was once given vent to by an Irishman, namely, that such delightful anniversaries occurred but once a year. The energy and ability, which the W.M. had displayed in the Lodge were equally manifest in his manner of performing the duties of president, and the evening passed most merrily. The Banbury Brethren must consider themselves most fortunate in having gained so worthy and efficient a successor to their late Master, Bro. Paul, to whose zeal and energy they are indebted for their great success hitherto. From the high social position of Bro. Captain Bowyer, and the great ability which he evidently possesses and will use in their behalf, there can be no doubt that a bright future is in store for this young Lodge, and that even now, in their second year only, they may be said to be independent of that aid, which they have hitherto received from their Oxford Brethren.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

BATH.—The Lodge of Honour, No. 528, met on the 14th of March, at the Masonic Hall, Corridor, Bath, and inaugurated the room by two initiations. The attendance was very numerous, including some of the P. G. Officers and the P. G. Master of Worcestershire, as well as visitors from other Lodges. The ceremony was well performed by the W. M., Bro. Dr. Falconer.

SOUTH WALES.

CARMARTHEN.—*Saint Peter's Lodge.*—We are happy to record a true example of Masonic spirit, emanating from this Lodge. Our old friend Bro. Ribbans, during his ten years' residence at Carmarthen, has laboured hard to keep this Lodge together, and on the 22nd of January last, witnessed a genuine spirit exercised, under the able Mastership of Brother Fitzwilliams, the Barrister on this Circuit, in the vote of ten guineas from their funds, towards making the W. M. for the time being a Life Governor of the Royal F. M. School for Girls. This is what we wish to urge upon the leading members of every Lodge in the kingdom, and we hope and trust that all the charities will experience the best attention from the Craft, so as to increase the blessings, which such Institutions are calculated to bestow. Bro. Fitzwilliams is ably supported by his Wardens, the S. W. being Bro. Johnes, the Judge of the Small Debts Court, and J. W. Bro. Wm. Davies, R.N., of Trawsmawr.

WILTSHIRE.

SALISBURY.—At the monthly meeting of the Lodge of Elias de Dereham, held at the White Hart Hotel on Wednesday, the 12th of January, the government of the Lodge for the year ensuing was organized as under:—Bro. P. P. Cother, W. M.; Dr. Hewson, S. W.; T. J. Holloway, J. W.; T. Pain, Treasurer; C. M. Lee, S. D.;

Digitized by Google

Beverley Robinson, J. D.; J. Sutton, J. G.; and Triniman, Tyler. The ruling gavel has fallen into good hands, and we believe the zeal of the new Master will tend to increase both the strength and efficiency of the Lodge, in which he will be ably seconded by his zealous Wardens.

YORKSHIRE.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On Wednesday, March 9, the Brethren of the Huddersfield Lodge, No. 367, and the Lodge of Truth, No. 763, gave a grand Freemasons' *soirée*, exclusively for Freemasons and ladies, in the Freemasons' Hall, Kirkgate, the object being to promote the interests of the building fund connected with the Freemasons' Boys' School, an establishment which cannot be too highly appreciated by the Craft, and the proceeds of the present *soirée* were devoted to that purpose. It was under the patronage of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, R. W. D. G. M.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Mexborough, R. W. P. G. M. for West Yorkshire; the Right Worshipful Bro. Charles Lee, D. P. G. M. for West Yorksire; Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston, promoter of the Boys' School; Bro. Richard Carter, trustee to the Boys' School. The Right Worshipful Brother Charles Lee, D. P. G. M., occupied the Chair, and the Brethren appeared in full Masonic costume. About 300 ladies and Brethren attended, and at six o'clock sat down to an excellent tea, provided gratuitously by sixteen of the uninitiated part of the company. Bro. Lee made an excellent speech in favour of the object they had met to promote, and Bro. Carter Lee, the promoter of the Boys' School, also ably advocated the claims of the Institution, which is established to educate the orphans of deceased Masons.

HULL.—The "Minerva" Lodge, No. 311, since the advent of the present year, have introduced a course of lectures in their Lodge illustrative of the science of Freemasonry.

The first of the series, "On the Masonic Apron," was delivered on the 23rd of January last by Bro. C. R. Codd, and has been ably followed by Bro. J. Crompton "On the Symbols," tracing the connection between the ancient and modern mysteries.

The attendances have shown the interest taken by the Craft in this experiment, and it is intended to continue the lectures at intervals of a month.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—The flourishing town of Middlesborough, among the many valuable institutions formed to promote the well-being of its inhabitants, has added thereto a Masonic Lodge.

Application for a warrant having been made to the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of England, his Lordship was pleased to accede to the request, and with the permission of his Lordship, Bro. A. A. Leveau proceeded to Middlesborough, on Tuesday, the 13th of December, to constitute and consecrate the New Lodge.

Digitized by Google

On Wednesday, the 14th, the principal officers and members from Lodges in the Provinces of York, Durham, and surrounding towns, amounting to between sixty and seventy, assembled in the new and beautiful Lodge-room, lately erected at the Railway Hotel by Bro. Watson (who was initiated in the building erected by him, and that day consecrated).

The ceremony of constituting, dedicating, and consecrating, was performed by Bro. Leveau in his accustomed impressive and effective manner; that ceremony occupied nearly two hours; Bro. Reid, W. M., being already an installed Master, was then inducted into the Chair, and having appointed and invested his officers, after a suitable address from the Consecrating Master, the ceremony of initiation was commenced.

Five gentlemen of the town of Middlesborough were admitted into the sublime mysteries of the Order.

The Lodge was closed at five o'clock, and the Brethren then partook of a very sumptuous banquet, prepared by Bro. Watson. Amongst the Brethren present were Bros. Levean, of London, the Consecrating Master; E. C. E. Hopkins, P. G. D. C. for the North and East Ridings; R. W. Hollon, P. G., Treasurer; J. Clark, W. M., Cleveland Lodge; W. Graham, Jun. W. M., Tees Lodge; O. Trenchman, W. M., St. Helena Lodge, &c.

The usual Masonic and Loyal toasts were given and responded to in due form; and after an evening spent in delightful harmony, the Brethren retired to their respective homes well pleased at the prospects opened to the town of Middlesborough.

This is the third Lodge consecrated in the North and East Riding by Bro. Leveau within the last four or five years.

TEMPLARISM.—BATH.—On Friday, the 25th of February, the Bladud Encampment, situated at Bath, held their second meeting at the Castle Hotel, the repairs in the Masonic Hall not being sufficiently completed for their accommodation. It was numerously attended, and the following companions were installed Sir Kts. of the Order:—W. Cowdry, No. 528; W. Doveton, 528; J. Shadwell, 528; W. Byers Sealy, 528; J. Browne, 48.

The ceremony was impressively performed by the E. C. Sir Kt. Rev. G. Bythesea, assisted by his officers, who were well acquainted with their various duties, and performed them with that steadiness which adds so much to the beauty of this imposing ceremony. In the course of the evening three Sir Kts. from the Baldwin Encampment of Bristol craved admission, but on their declining to sign a declaration, acknowledging the authority of Grand Conclave, they were courteously but firmly refused admission by the E. C.,* on which they sent in a protest. When the business of the evening was finished, the Sir Kts. partook of supper, served in the usual style of excellence, for which Bro. Temple is so justly famed.

* Under article 20 of the Statutes of Masonic Knights Templar in England and Wales.

Digitized by Google

SCOTLAND.

ABERDEEN.—*Centenary of St. Machar's Lodge.*—The Brethren of St. Machar's Lodge, No. 54, celebrated the Centenary of their connection with the G. Lodge of Scotland on Tuesday, March 1st. The Lodge met in the Hall, 115, Union Street, at 3 P.M., and having been opened in due form, an appropriate service was performed.

The oration was delivered by the Rev. Bro. Wallis, of No. 93, in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Bro. Cordiner, the chaplain of the Lodge. It was an eloquent address on the subject of Charity, which was listened to throughout by the Brethren with the most marked attention.

The service being concluded, the Lodge was closed; and the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, which was held within Bro. Robertson's (Royal) Hotel. Besides the Brethren of St. Machar's Lodge, there were present the Prov. Grand Master and other Office-bearers of the Prov. G. Lodge, and representatives from the following Lodges:—Aberdeen, No. 34; St. Nicholas, No. 93; St. Andrew's, No. 110; Old Aberdeen, No. 164; and St. George's, No. 190.

Dinner being concluded, the Lodge was opened, and being called to refreshment, the W. M., Bro. Ramage, gave, in succession, "The Queen;" "Prince Albert; Albert, Prince of Wales; and the rest of the Royal Family."

The W. M. then, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed "The Craft."

The W. M. next gave "The Grand Lodge of Scotland;" and expressed his satisfaction that there was now a prospect of the Grand Lodge acquiring suitable premises in Edinburgh, the want of which had hitherto been found a serious inconvenience.

The Prov. G. M., as a member of the Grand Lodge, returned thanks, stating that the Grand Lodge had done, and would do, everything in its power to further the progress of Masonry.

The P. M., Bro. Rettie, then proposed "The Grand Lodges of England and Ireland."

The W. M. proposed "The Health of Bro. Hadden, R. W. Prov. G. M. of the Aberdeen City Province."

Bro. Hadden returned thanks.

The W. M. next gave "Prosperity to the Aberdeen Lodge, No. 34," the oldest Lodge in Aberdeen—whose records date so far back as 1540.

Bro. Smith, S. W., No. 34, returned thanks.

The Prov. G. M. proposed "Prosperity to St. Machar's Lodge," commenting on the changes it had undergone, and the high character it had always held for strict and accurate working.

The W. M. returned thanks.

The W. M. gave "The Memory of our Departed Brethren."—Drunk in solemn silence.

Digitized by Google

The W. M. then proposed, in succession, the different Lodges present, according to their seniority, for which the respective Masters returned thanks.

A number of other toasts were given, as "The Stranger Brethren," "The Chairman," "The Chaplain," "The Wardens," "The Past Master, Bro. Rettie," "The Proxy Master Bro. Jones," "The Ladies," &c.

Several Masonic toasts were interspersed among the preceding; a variety of excellent songs sung; and the Brethren enjoyed themselves in full Masonic hilarity till *past high time*, when they were called again to labour, and the Lodge closed in due form.

Aberdeen, 14th February, 1853.

At the annual meeting of St. George's Lodge of Freemasons, No. 190, holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, which took place on the 27th of Dec. last (St. John's Day), after the election of office-bearers, the Brethren retired to refreshment. The newly-elected R. W. M., Robert S. Houston, occupied the Chair, when he addressed the Brethren as follows:—

BRETHREN, the duty which, on this occasion, has devolved on me, is one which I am sorry has not fallen to the lot of some party more adequate to do it justice than I am. However, it is one which fortunately requires no preface from me, the merits of the Brother, whom I am now about to address, being well known to each and all of us. About two years ago, when, from circumstances which it would be useless now to refer to, our Lodge was in such a state as almost to hazard its existence, we were fortunate enough to secure the able services of this Brother, whose assiduous and untiring zeal in the discharge of his office has raised our Lodge to its present prosperous state; and while he has been at the helm, as he has now been for a considerable period, our Lodge has sailed triumphantly through the billows of adversity, and is now safely moored in the harbour of progressive prosperity; and we fondly trust that we shall be able to hand it down to our successors as prosperous, if not more so, than when it was handed to us: thus it shall stand, an enduring monument of the energy and assiduity of our worthy P.M. In every office he has filled in the Lodge, we have always found him ready and prompt to further our interests; his gentlemanly deportment, his urbanity of manner, his knowledge of Freemasonry, and the zeal, with which he has endeavoured to promote it amongst us, have, I am sure, endeared him to us all. Now, while Bro. Jamieson has so ably and successfully discharged the duties attendant on his important office as Master of this Lodge, and as he has now retired, we have done but our duty when we have provided this small token of our regard for him. And now, Bro. Jamieson, deputed by the members of St. George's Lodge, I have the very great pleasure of presenting you with this silver snuff-box, which bears the following inscription: "Presented to Bro. John Jamieson by the members of the St. George's Lodge, No. 190, as a token of respect for him, as their R.W.M. Aberdeen, 27th December, 1852." This small token of our regard for you, Sir, is to mark our unqualified approbation of your conduct as Master of this Lodge, and as a mark of our gratitude for your very valuable services to us as a Lodge; and while it does this, you will also, I hope, look upon it as the silent, but really sincere and true symbol of our warmest well-wishes towards you and yours for your future prosperity in this life. In conclusion, then, we, the members of St. George's Lodge, cordially and sincerely wish you happiness and success in all your present and future undertakings.

The Past Master Jamieson replied in the following terms:—

R.W. SIR, you have certainly intended and succeeded in giving me a surprise; and it is impossible, filled as my mind is at this moment with varied emotions, adequately to return you thanks for this substantial, this valued proof of your

Digitized by Google

fraternal regard. I feel the more difficulty in doing so, because honours have been, by your kindness, conferred upon me for which I have never been able to make so suitable a return as I could wish to have done: you have paid me a compliment which I feel I can scarcely merit; but if any is due, my Brethren ought to have it with me, for all have been zealous for the prosperity of our Lodge.

For four years I have held the office of Master in this Lodge, the two latter of which you have been pleased more particularly to refer to. This, then, is a mark of confidence and trust which demands from every Brother thus elevated the faithful performance, to the best of his ability, of the duties attached to the office; and if, during the time I have held office, I may have been successful in promoting harmony and good-feeling, or in imparting a knowledge of Freemasonry amongst us, I felt a pleasure in doing so, because you have supported my efforts for this desirable object. I may have had opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of Freemasonry which many of you did not possess, and if I have availed myself of those opportunities, it was not only for my own information, but also to enable me to impart it to those over whom I was placed, being deeply anxious that every member of this Lodge, as well as members of other Lodges who might choose to attend, should have such amount of knowledge of Freemasonry as that, wherever his lot in life might afterwards be cast, he might be so able to acquit himself as to reflect credit on the Lodge in which he was first admitted a member, or which afforded him instruction. Aware of the value of knowledge myself, I have been solicitous that my Brethren might participate with equal advantage, if they chose to avail themselves of it; and if what I have endeavoured to communicate be beneficial and useful to those who have received it, my most sanguine wishes are realized. In this I had no other aim in view beyond that of conscientiously performing my duty; your approval of my conduct at the time I should quit it being an ample reward. Never did I imagine, nor was I vain enough to think, that a simple act of duty on my part would have been, by the fraternal regard of my Brethren, magnified into one of service, and the result so handsome a present as has now been tendered me at my termination of office.

To you, then, my older Brethren,—you who witnessed my first admission, and whose successive votes have placed me in the position I lately quitted, and whose friendly and fraternal regard—notwithstanding my many short-comings—has never for a moment abated towards me, and who now, as the keystone of that friendship, have contributed to this memorial—to you this debt of gratitude is due and is tendered, not with the formality of lip-service, but from the deepest recesses of a heart fully alive to your continued kindness.

To younger members, and to those I have assisted to admit within the Masonic bond, to you also my grateful and warmest thanks are due and are given; that you with our more limited acquaintance should, in conjunction with your older Brethren, have deemed me worthy of contributing to this token, is to me a source of sincere pleasure. I do not know the extent of obligation I owe you individually, because, till now, I have been kept in ignorance of your proceedings; had I known in time I certainly would have interfered, deeming your approbation of my conduct sufficient reward. Think not, however, I undervalue this proof of your esteem; on the contrary, I prize it the more highly. No gift to me could be more valuable, coming as it does from a body of men I so deeply esteem, and with whom I have been so long and so intimately connected; and believe me, I fully appreciate the delicacy of your proceedings, while it is pleasing to reflect, that to judge from its value, I have more true friends here than ever I anticipated.

I have been enthusiastic in favour of Freemasonry because I love it, and have felt its influences on my mind; its antiquity has a claim to our respect. In no human institution is there so wide a range for the cultivation of those virtues that elevate the mind as in the Masonic. It was the birthplace of those arts and sciences that now illuminate the world. Its principles are love to God, the Author of our being, and love to our fellow-man. The virtues recommended for our rule and walk through life, and which we ought to practise, are benevolence, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, honour, mercy, faith, hope, and charity. Those virtues, if we act up to them, will tend to make us wiser and better men, to live peaceably with all men, and prepare us for another and better world.

Digitized by Google

Impressed with those ideas, my aim, as your Master, has been to bring our minds into harmony with those principles we profess. To rule with mildness, because more in accordance with our Masonic usages; and a proof that this was the proper step is afforded me this night. I have not been able to accomplish all I could wish; but if my advice or instruction can be of any benefit to you, my successor, or the Lodge, it will always be cheerfully given. And to all who aspire to office I would say, in this token of your regard for me to-night there is a spur for industry. Circumstances may prevent your filling the offices I have done, yet by acquiring the necessary knowledge to fit you, you will have a feeling of satisfaction; while my earnest and fervent wish is, that we may continue so to cultivate a true Masonic regard for each other as will prove the best test of our stability and success, and prove before the world that there is more in Freemasonry than the name.

I share with you, Sir, in the hope in our future prosperity, and cordially thank you and the rest of my Brethren for your wishes for my future welfare, and sincerely hope that no act of mine in after-life will place me in a lower position in your esteem than I at present enjoy. I left the chair of this Lodge deeply grateful for your kindness, and now bear with me a proof of your esteem, the remembrance of which, so long as I live, will never be effaced from my memory.

It is needless to add, that after the usual loyal and Masonic toasts, and a night spent in true fraternal enjoyment, the parties separated, delighted with the evening's proceedings.

TAIN. — *St. Duthus Lodge.* — The election of the office-bearers took place as usual on St. John's Day, when the appointments were as follows: — Bros. W. H. Murray, of Geanies, W. M.; D. Munro, Depute Master; Ken. Murray, Past Depute Master; Thomas Flint, Senior Warden; William Ross, Junior Warden; Wm. Ross, Treasurer; James Christie, Secretary; William Murray, Senior Deacon; W. R. Ross, Junior Deacon; John Ross, Senior Steward; John Mackay, Junior Steward; and Charles G. C. Christie, of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, Proxy Master for the Lodge, at the Grand Lodge of Scotland. This flourishing institution has been now in existence about 100 years, and at present it numbers 140 benefit members and 40 honorary members, besides 30 Royal Arch Masons in connection with the Lodge. As a benefit society, the advantages from it are very considerable. The sum of £87 was paid on St. John's-day to thirty-four widows and annuitants.

FORT-WILLIAM.—*Ball, &c.*—The members of the Fort-William Lodge of Freemasons met in their room on the 27th of Dec., being St. John's Day. From the state of the weather, they did not walk in procession through the village, as usual in former years. They, however, marched in a body to church, when their Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Macintyre, delivered an excellent discourse. After the service, the Brethren returned to their Lodge, and shortly after sat down to a substantial and well-served dinner—Dr. Crichton, the R. W. M., in the Chair. There was a pretty fair attendance, including James Macgregor, Esq., D. M.; Bro. Wm. Taylor, S. W.; Bro. J. Rankine, J. W. The evening was spent in the harmonious manner so conspicuous among the Brethren of the mystic tie. The Masons gave their usual ball on Friday evening. It was very well attended, and

Digitized by Google

sustained the high standing of its predecessors. The party did not separate till a late hour; and the whole arrangements passed off with great *éclat*.

NAIRN.—*St. Ninian's Operative Lodge.*—The annual meeting of this Lodge was held in Low's Hotel on the evening of Monday, St. John's Day, when the following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—John Wilson, R. W. M.; Alex. Dallas, S. W.; John Mackintosh, Treas.; Alexander Ross, Steward and Key-Keeper; Charles Macwatt, Clerk. The usual business of the Lodge was then transacted in a satisfactory manner, and the meeting separated.

FORRES.—*St. Lawrence Lodge.*—This Lodge met on St. John's Day, and after transacting the ordinary business, elected the following office-bearers for next year:—Right Worshipful Master, Thomas Davidson; Depute Master, John Fraser; Substitute Master, Wm. Sclanders; Senior Warden, William Kelly; Junior Warden, R. Davidson; Senior Deacon, G. Smith; Junior Deacon, A. Leitch; Treasurer, A. Williamson; Secretary, J. G. Manford; Grand Steward, William Fraser.

St. John's Operative Lodge.—This Lodge met on the festival of their patron, and transacted the usual annual business. They afterwards elected office-bearers, as follows:—R. W. M., John Bezeck; S. W., Joseph Dunbar; J. W., Alex. Batchen; Dep. M., Thomas Ferrier; Treasurer, John Fraser.

ELGIN.—*Kilmolymock Lodge.*—The annual meeting of the above Lodge took place on St. John's Day, when there was a numerous attendance of the Brethren, and the following office-bearers were elected:—R. W. M., William Smith, Lossiemouth; Dep. M., John Rutledge, jun., Elgin; S. W., Robert Mackenzie; J. W., William Arnott; Chaplain, John Murdoch; Sec., James Sutherland; Treas., Robert Gill.

IRELAND.

ARMAGH.—On St. John's Day, the Freemasons of the ancient city dined together in the Lodge Rooms, according to the usual custom. The Worshipful Master, Bro. M. M'Neale Johnston, performed the duties of the Chair with his usual tact and ability, and was ably supported by Bro. Robert Gamble Wallace, of the Belfast Bank, who occupied the vice-chair. A numerous and respectable party partook of a most sumptuous entertainment, provided by Mr. William Bright in his customary style of superior purveyance. A number of strangers were present on the occasion, and felt highly delighted with the hospitality of the Armagh Brotherhood. The usual loyal

Digitized by Google

and Masonic toasts were given and duly responded to, and the members of the Craft separated, after an unusually happy and agreeable reunion. From the prosperous condition of Freemasonry in Armagh, it is confidently expected that the erection of the proposed Masonic Hall will shortly be undertaken, with every prospect of its being both an ornament to the city and creditable to the old and time-honoured institution.

DUNDALK.—The Duke of Leinster, as G. M. of Ireland, has fixed on a site (now occupied by a stage-coach yard) for the new Masonic Hall to be erected at Dundalk.

NORTH MUNSTER, *November* 6, 1852.—North Munster Provincial Grand Lodge met to elect officers for 1853, at the Freemasons' Hall, Cecil-street, Limerick. The Ill. M. Furnell, Sov. Grand Ins. Gen. 33rd, R. W. P. G. M.; H. W. Massy, K.H. 30th, Dep.-Pr. G. M.; Capt. S. A. Dickson, P. M., Pr. S. G. Warden; William F. Holland, P. G. R. C., Pr. Junr. G. Warden; Revs. W. Eyre Massy and W. Fry, Pr. G. Chaplains; G. Furnell, Pr. G. Tr. and Sec.; R. B. Corneille, Pr. G. S. Deacon; W. Williams, Pr. G. Junr. Deacon; Illust. Frère Bugnot, Garaat d'Amitié près le G. Orient de France.

LIMERICK, *January* 8, 1853.—The Union Lodge, No. 13, met on the 8th inst., at the Freemasons' Hall, Cecil-street, for the Installation of officers to celebrate their festival. At high noon the Provincial Grand Master, Bro. M. Furnell, inducted Bros. W. Williams, Master; J. Massy, Senr. Warden; Capt. Walnutt, Junr. Warden; R. H. Mason, Junr. Deacon; Dr. Murphy, Junr. Guard. Lodge adjourned to six o'clock, when the reunion at the festive board tended to enhance the mystic and enthusiastic bond to which social rational enjoyment adds such an unalloyed zest, guarded by the moral and happy influences integral to the ancient and sublime association. The *cuisine* of Mr. Moore justly merited high encomiums, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was not a vacant seat at the table.

The Worshipful Master, W. Tamsett, presided at 73 Lodge on St. John's Day. Peace, love, and harmony were distinguishing features of the Craft, who mustered remarkably strong on the festive occasion. Officers appointed to No. 73, Eden Lodge—W. Tamsett, W. Master; Mr. Merrick, Senr. Warden; Mr. Guest, Junr. Warden; J. Bassett, Senr. Deacon; David Johnston, Junr. Deacon; Wm. Peacocke, Secretary; Capt. Jervis, Treasurer; Rev. T. Elmes, Chaplain.

The Desmond Lodge, 202, Newcastle, met on St. John's day for the election of officers:—Bros. Curling, W. M.; Hon. Deane, S. W.; Bolster, S. W.; Gun, S. D.; Leahy, J. D.; Lanauze, Tr., and Evans, Sec. The festival in the evening was supplied in best manner, and was attended by several visitors from 49, 13, and 50.

LONDONDERRY.—Monday, Dec. 27th, being St. John's Day, the Brethren of "the mystic tie" dined together in the Masonic Hall.

Digitized by Google

Owing to the severity of the weather, there were very few of the country members in attendance. The chair was filled by Bro. Alexander Grant, D. G. Master, in the absence of Sir Jas. Stewart, the Prov. Grand Master. When the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts given, the following Masonic toasts were proposed in succession :—

"The Craft."

"The Grand Masters of Ireland, England, and Scotland."

"The Provincial Grand Master" was next proposed by the Chairman, and received with much enthusiasm.

The Master of Lodge 69 then proposed "The health of Bro. Grant, Deputy Provincial Grand Master" (cheers).

Bro. GRANT rose and responded as follows :—Gratifying as the expressions of your esteem and feelings towards me always are, still the recurrence of the period which calls forth the reiteration of them, tends to remind me that the tide of time flows on with an unvarying steadiness of motion, and this night tells us that another of its circling waves has rolled on towards the ocean of eternity, leaving us all nearer to our final rest. Though this onward rush of years warns us of our mortality, it at the same time impresses on our mind the fact that the mission of Masonry is not ended, and that our responsibilities are neither diminished, superseded, nor suspended; for we, its present guardians, have a work to accomplish, so that we may leave behind us, for the guidance of future generations, as they may successively greet the light, the indisputable fact that Masonry is benevolence, embracing in its extent the wants of the body, as well as the wants and capabilities of the soul, and thereby constituting the very perfection of charity, affecting us in its twofold relationship as regards time and eternity; for, while with one hand it relieves bodily suffering, and lights up a milder sun, which dissipates from the overcast sky the clouds of misfortune, with the other it impresses with a powerful energy on the heart the purest doctrines of morality: teaching that life without virtue is but loss in all its stages; warning us to shun ambition, which never yet imparted consolation to the breaking spirit; that wealth, unless rightly used, brings but envy on its possessor; in short, that the glory of this world is but as the explosion of a volcano, resplendent, beautiful to gaze on, but a brightness soon to be swallowed up in death, but at the same time breathing into the soul the holiest aspirations of undying faith, and thereby kindling a blissful hope of a glorious immortality. For nearly nineteen hundred years has history chronicled the onward parallel course of Christianity and Masonry; and though we may record a thousand causes, both antagonistic and co-operative, which have combined to produce the wonderful improvements, even in our own time, that have been brought to bear on the great framework of society, to none does Christianity more willingly or more cheerfully award her share in producing these vast results than to Masonry. Ay, Masonry, which in geometrical proportions adjusted the ark to the flood; which was mysteriously communicated to Jacob in Padanaram; which constituted the basis of the league between Solomon, king of Israel, and Hiram, king of Tyre; and which was consummated by the presence and aid of Hiram, the widow's son, at the building of the Temple; which made the captives a brotherhood in Babylon; which was heard in the sound of the gavel in the quarries of Zeradatha; which was read in the strange characters on the stone gathered from the rubbish; which constituted the council for Zerubbabel, Haggai, and Joshua, at the re-edification of the Temple; which awoke the long slumbering echoes in the wilderness of Judea; which was evoked to life in the *logos* of the Almoner; which has survived the destruction of two Temples; has witnessed the burial of patriarch and prophet, and now links its immortality to the car of the Gospel. After this, Brethren, will it be denied that the sphere of Masonry is as broad as humanity itself? Consequently, where the true interests of man are to be found, there should the Mason be in his round of duties; and in what more appropriate way, I would ask, can those interests be better or more

Digitized by Google

effectually accomplished or supported than by imparting education in this direction? I am happy to say a move has been made—all honour to the worthy Brother who first introduced the subject; and may all success attend the efforts of the noble-hearted Brethren who are maturing measures, the tendency of which will be to afford education to the children of deceased Masons of the province, at the expense of the Fraternity. Often, indeed, do we find it recorded in the history of the world, that the naked have been clothed, the hungry fed, and the homeless sheltered beneath some overarching dome of charity; while far too seldom do we find the hand of moral benevolence extended to dissipate the darkness, or neutralize the bane of ignorance. I am aware the good work you contemplate cannot be begun or accomplished without encountering many and serious difficulties; but, let it be encouraging to you to look even prospectively at the result of your undertaking, you will see the good you devise ends not here, but will reach to far-off generations. Go on, then; and the good work once accomplished, your reward will be, that memory will cause you to look back on the difficulties you have surmounted with a joy that will know no pause, with hope that will not admit a doubt, because you may rest assured that numbers yet unborn will reap the benefit of your exertions, and bless your memory, when you sleep peacefully and quietly in the grave. Let us then, my Brethren, both individually and collectively, render our assistance toward the promotion and completion of this noble undertaking; and when accomplished, we will have achieved a victory without a battle, a crown without a conflict (great cheering).

CORK.—The Annual Spring Ball, in favour of the funds of the Masonic Orphan Asylum, came off on the 16th March, at the Imperial Hotel. The ball-room was brilliantly lighted with numerous candelabra, and the walls tastefully decorated with the flags of the numerous Masonic Lodges. The Brethren themselves mustered in tolerably large numbers, and presented a goodly array as they advanced in procession to open the Ball. The spectacle when the company had assembled was at once brilliant and imposing. There were two military bands stationed in the gallery, those of the 39th regiment, and the 7th dragoon guards, and played several quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes, with considerable effect during the progress of the Ball. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, and was kept up with spirit until near morning.

JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

MASONIC FUNERAL.—The following ceremonies were performed at the funeral of Bro. Francis Levens, late of Lodge No. 302, St. Helier, Jersey, on Wednesday, 10th of November, A.D. 1852, A.L. 5852:—The body lay in Masonic state at the temporary Lodge Room, at the Queen's Assembly Rooms, Belmont Road, from ten o'clock till twelve. The Prov. G. Lodge of Jersey and the Farmers' Lodge, with other Lodges of the Province, and visiting Brethren, proceeded with the business of the Masonic funeral in the temporary Lodge Room at twelve o'clock, which being concluded, the R. W.

Digitized by Google

Prov. G. M. adjourned the Lodge, and proceeded to the place of interment in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION:

Band of music.
Tyler of the Junior Lodge, with a drawn sword.
Visiting Brethren, two and two.
The Justice Lodge, No. 34 (Irish Registry).
The Junior Lodge in the Province, preceded by its banner, in the following order:—
Members of Lodges.
Inner Guard.
Junior Deacon.
Senior Deacon.
Treasurer.
Secretary.
Junior Warden.
Senior Warden.
Past Master.
W. Master.
Tyler.
Brethren of the other Lodges, in similar order according to seniority, the Juniors preceding.
The Brethren of Farmers' Lodge, No. 302, bearing a sprig of acacia in their right hands, the banner of the Lodge, ornamented with black crape, preceding the Brethren.
The Provincial Grand Lodge.
The P. G. Pursuivant.
The P. G. Organist.
The P. G. Superintendent of Works.
The P. G. Director of Ceremonies.
The P. G. A. Director of Ceremonies.
The Grand Secretary, with a wand.
Past P. G. Registrar.
P. G. Registrar.
The P. G. Treasurer.
The Past P. G. G. Wardens.
The Past P. G. S. Wardens.
Visitors of Distinction.
The Corinthian Light, borne by a Master Mason.
The Column of Junior Grand Warden, borne by a Master Mason.
The Junior Grand Warden, with plumb rule.
P. G. Steward. Banner of the Grand Lodge. P. G. Steward.
The Doric Light, borne by a Master Mason.
The Column of S. G. Warden, borne by a Master Mason.
The Senior Grand Warden, with the Level.
The Junior Grand Deacon.
The Banner of the Deputy Grand Master.
Deputy Grand Master, with square.
The Ionic Light, borne by a Master Mason.
The Terrestrial and Celestial Globes, carried by Master Masons.
A Past Master, bearing the Mallet of the P. G. Master.
P. G. Steward. { The Standards of J. J. Hammond, Esq., as P. G. M. of Jersey and Guernsey. } P. G. Steward.
P. G. Sword Bearer, with Sword of State.
P. G. Steward. The R. W. Provincial Grand Master. P. G. Steward.
S. G. Deacon.
THE HOLY BIBLE,
on a cushion covered with black cloth, with the square and compasses thereon, carried by the Senior Member of Farmers' Lodge, No. 302.

Digitized by Google

P. G. Chaplain, in clerical robes.
The Curate of St. Helier.
The Parish Clerk.
The R. A. clothing of the deceased, borne on cushions by two Royal Arch Masons, in R. A. clothing.
THE BODY,
with the regalia of the deceased, a sprig of acacia, and two swords crossed on the coffin.
Pall Bearers, Royal Arch Masons.
Chief Mourner.
Assistant Mourners.
P. G. Tyler, with drawn sword.

The following was the order of proceeding prior to the funeral procession:—The Lodge was opened at twelve o'clock. The body was placed in the centre, and there laid in state from ten o'clock till twelve. The Brethren of the several Lodges were arranged under their banners in the order of procession, as they severally arrived after twelve o'clock. The Masonic funeral service commenced with an anthem. The R. W. P. G. M. rehearsed that portion of Scripture beginning, "What man is he that liveth." The Grand Honours were given in the usual form. The organ played a solemn dirge, whilst the R. W. Prov. G. M. strewed the herbs and flowers in ancient and accustomed form. The R. W. Prov. G. M. took the sacred roll in his hand and repeated the usual invocation. The Brethren then repeated, "God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." The P. G. M. deposited the sacred roll, and said the usual invocation. The Brethren then answered "The will of God is accomplished." The Grand Honours were given three times. A prayer was offered by the R. W. P. G. M., after which a Masonic hymn was sung.

At the close of the funeral service the following Oration was delivered by the R. W. P. G. M.:—

BRETHREN,—We here view a striking instance of the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of all human pursuits. The last offices paid to the dead are only useful as lectures to the living. From them we are to derive instruction, and consider every solemnity of this kind as a summons to prepare for our approaching dissolution. Notwithstanding the various mementoes of mortality we daily meet; notwithstanding death has established his empire over all the works of nature; yet, through some unaccountable infatuation, we are apt to forget we are born to die. We go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, until we are suddenly alarmed at the approach of death when we least expect him, perhaps in an hour which, amidst the gaieties of life, we probably conclude to be the meridian of our existence. What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth, or the charms of beauty, when nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes on the last scene, view life stripped of her ornaments, and exposed to her natural meanness; you will then be convinced of the futility of those empty delusions, for in the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks levelled, and all distinctions done away. But, whilst we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our departed Brother, let charity incline us to cast a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and not withhold from his memory the praises which his virtue claims, but suffer the apologies of human nature to plead on his behalf. Perfection on earth has never been attained; the wisest as well as the best of men have erred. His meritorious actions alone it is our duty to imitate, and from his weaknesses derive instruction. Let the present example excite our most serious thoughts, and strengthen our resolution for amendment.

Digitized by Google

Life being uncertain, and all earthly pursuits vain, let us no longer postpone the important concerns of preparing for eternity, but embrace the present moment, whilst time and opportunity offer, to prepare for that great change, when all the pleasures of this world shall cease to delight, and the reflections of a religious and virtuous life will yield our only comfort and consolation. Our expectations will not then be frustrated, nor shall we be hurried unprepared into the presence of an all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, and from whose dread tribunal no culprit can escape. Let us, while in this stage of existence, support with propriety our profession, advert to the nature of our solemnities, and pursue with assiduity the sacred tenets of our Order. With becoming reverence, let us supplicate the Divine Aid, and insure the favour of that great I AM, whose goodness and power know no bounds; and when the awful moment shall arrive that we are about to prosecute our journey, be it soon or be it late, we may be enabled to prosecute that journey without dread or apprehension, to that far-distant country from whence no traveller returns. By the light of the Divine countenance we may be enabled to pass through those gloomy mansions where all things are forgotten, and when arraigned at the bar of Divine Justice, we may hope that judgment will be given in our favour, and that we shall receive our reward in the possession of an immortal inheritance, where joy flows in one continual stream, and no mound can check its course.

May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love—So mote it be.

May we profess what is good, and always act up to our profession—So mote it be.

May the Lord bless us, and prosper us; and may all our good intentions be crowned with success—So mote it be.

The P. G. Sec. and the W. M. of the Farmers' Lodge broke their wands over the grave, whilst the R. W. Prov. G. M. repeated

"Glory be to God on the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men."—Answer—So mote it be.

Brethren,—From time immemorial it has been a custom among the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a Brother on his death-bed, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, and to deposit his remains with the usual formalities. In obedience to that custom, and at the request of our deceased Brother, we are here assembled in the character of Masons, to resign his body to the earth from whence it came, and to offer up to his memory before the world the last sad tribute of our fraternal affection, thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem, and our inviolable attachment to the principles of the Order. With all proper respect to the established customs of the country in which we live; with due deference to our superiors in Church and State; and with unlimited good-will to all mankind; we appear clothed as Masons, and publicly express our submission to good order and government, and our wish to serve the general interests of mankind. Invested with the badge of eminence, we humbly bow to the Universal Parent, implore his blessing on all our zealous endeavours to extend peace and good-will, and earnestly pray for his grace to enable us to persevere in the principles of piety and virtue. The Great Creator having been pleased out of his mercy to remove our Brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory life to a scene of eternal duration, thereby to weaken the chain with which we are united, *man to man*, may we who survive him, anticipating and approaching dissolution, be now closely cemented in the ties of union and friendship; and during the short space allotted for our present existence, usefully and wisely to employ that time in the reciprocal intercourse of kind and friendly acts, and mutually promote the interest and welfare of each other. Unto the grave we resign the body of our deceased friend and Brother, there to remain until the general resurrection, in favourable expectation that his immortal soul will then partake of the joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the commencement of the world. And may Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, extend his mercy towards him and all of us, and crown our hopes with everlasting bliss in the expanded realms of a boundless eternity. This we beg for the honour of his name, to whom be honour and glory, now and for ever.—So mote it be.

Digitized by Google

The duties of R. W. P. G. M. on the occasion were very onerous, but excellently performed. The prayers and orations were delivered with much solemnity and impressive effect.

Each Member of the Farmers' Lodge, No. 302, to which the deceased belonged, carried in his hand a white wand, displaying a bow of crape, the usual sign of mourning.

Through the kindness of the Superintendent of the Government Works, the services of the St. Catherine's band were given on the occasion, and, by its excellent performances, added greatly to the solemnity.

Much credit is due to P. M. J. Baker, who was both undertaker and conductor of ceremonies, and to his able management it was owing that the whole of the procession was so well conducted.

The service in the church, as well as at the grave, was performed by V. W. Bro. Chas. Marett, P. G. C., Rector of St. Clement's. The beautiful anthem, "Vital Spark" was admirably sung during the church service by a portion of the choir and several amateurs, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Fentum.

Upwards of a hundred Masons attended to pay their last respects to a deceased Brother.

Pursuant to an unanimous resolution of the Farmers' Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 302, a vote of thanks was presented to the R. W. Prov. G. M., J. J. Hammond, Esq., at Samarés Manor House, on Friday evening last, by a deputation from that Lodge.

The deputation was received by the Prov. G. Stewards, headed by Bro. Nott, P. G. Dir. of Cerem., and escorted to the R. W. P. G. M., who was attended by the G. Officers of the Province, the G. Chaplain of Guernsey, and the W. Masters of all the Lodges in the Province, except one, unavoidably absent on his professional duties. Several others of the Brothers were present on this interesting occasion.

The W. M. of the Lodge (Bro. Radcliffe) then advanced and said,—

RIGHT W. SIR,—The duty that devolves on me this evening, I can assure you, I scarcely feel myself competent to fulfil. However, I hope you will take the will for the deed, as we are not all gifted with the same talent, and that fluency of language which we are accustomed to hear from some of our Brethren present, and which I only wish had fallen to me. However, Right W. Sir, as it has fallen to my lot, I will endeavour to discharge that duty to the best of my weak abilities; that duty is, Right W. Sir, to present to you this evening a small token of respect voted to you by the Farmers' Lodge, some short time since, when there was a Committee of that Lodge appointed to word the same and agree on some respectful mode of presenting it to you. That Committee, having completed their labours, now wait on you, Right W. Sir, to present you this vote of thanks, as a token of respect for the very able and efficient manner in which you headed and conducted the funeral obsequies of our late Bro. Francis Levens, on the 10th of November last. I am very sorry to say, Right W. Sir, that it is not in the power of the Farmers' Lodge, at present, to present you with something more valuable. Although small, Right W. Sir, I feel confident that our testimonial will be received with that same feeling as if it were something more substantial. Therefore, Right W. Sir, without any further ceremony or preface, I now present to you this vote of thanks, unanimously adopted at Farmers' Lodge on Monday, the 6th of December. And I do hope and trust, Right W. Sir, that *this* may be the cause of our being united

Digitized by Google

stronger together than ever we have been, and that from this very day all dissensions among Masons in the Province may end and terminate for ever, and that, should any differences of opinion arise among the Brethren in this Province, you, Right W. Sir, will step forward and endeavour, with your sound judgment and kind intervention, to allay and quell the same; that we may be enabled to go hand in hand, and work together with love and harmony, as Brothers ought to do. I now resign, Right W. Sir, into your hands, this vote of thanks; and I only hope and trust that, should your services be required on any future similar occasion, you will come forward with the same generous feeling as you did on the last occasion; and I can assure you that the Brethren in this Province will be always ready to assist you in carrying out your views in furtherance of Masonry in general, and in this island in particular.

At the conclusion of his address, Bro. Radcliffe presented the vote of thanks most skilfully and artistically emblazoned on vellum by Bro. Adams, and inclosed in a very handsome gilt frame.

The R. W. P. G. M. returned thanks, saying,—

My dear Sir, and Worshipful Brother,—I cannot find words adequate to enable me to unburden my breast of those feelings which now agitate it; to acknowledge, in suitable language, the kind, handsome, and truly fraternal address, presented me by the Lodge over which you have the honour of presiding. If my humble exertions on the melancholy occasion referred to, met with the approval of Farmers' Lodge, believe me the sentiments expressed will be a still greater stimulant to encourage me in carrying out that which has always been dear to me, namely, the welfare of Masonry in this island. As the welfare of any society is best preserved by the unity of its members, let us, one and all, strive to act up to those principles inculcated in a Masons' Lodge; let us all labour together in such a manner as to prove to the world that Masonry is not a vain thing, but a great instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to bring about such a moral renovation as shall at length give another aspect to our world, and finally unite the people of every tongue and kindred into one common brotherhood—one affectionate family.

The Brethren were afterwards very hospitably entertained by their worthy Host.

INDIA.

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE, MADRAS.—At a quarterly Communication, holden at the "Masonic Hall" of Lodge Pilgrims of Light, Mount Road, at half-past six, P.M., on Tuesday, the 21st of December, A.D. 1852, A. L. 5852. Present—M. W. Bros. R. H. Williamson, G. M.; W. B. W. P. Macdonald, S. G. W; A. M. Ritchie, J. G. W.; A. S. Partridge, G. Tr.; J. Ouchterlony, G. Reg.; J. Maskell, D. G. Sec.; C. A. Roberts, As. S. G. D.; J. G. Laurence, J. G. D.; A. J. Greenlaw, G. D. of C.; P. Coultrup, G. S. B.; J. Brock, G. Tyler, and the representatives of the undermentioned Lodges:—Perfect Unanimity, Nos. 175 (1); Social Friendship, 326 (2); Rock, 325 (5); Universal Charity, 340 (6); Pilgrims of Light, 831 (7).

The Provincial Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn invocation of God's blessing.

The Proceedings of the quarterly Communication of the 7th of

Digitized by Google

July, 1852, and of the Special Meeting of the 6th of November, 1852, were read.

Before confirming the minutes, the S. G. W. wished to know whether it was proper that the speeches made in Grand Lodge should be printed in the Proceedings. The D. G. S. explained that such was the practice with the Grand Lodge of England, and which had been followed at the Provincial Grand Lodge ever since the Proceedings were ordered to be printed. The J. G. W. confirmed the statement of the D. G. S. regarding the practice in England, but observed that before the Proceedings were printed, they were submitted for the approval of the Grand Master, who had the right of striking out such portions as it was not thought advisable to print. The D. G. S. replied that this was also the course pursued here, and that none of the proceedings were issued until they had been approved by the Grand Master, or in his absence by the D. G. M. The minutes of the last two Meetings were then confirmed.

The D. G. S. reported that the Presidency Lodges,—viz., *Perfect Unanimity, Social Friendship, Universal Charity,* and *Pilgrims of Light,* had forwarded their Returns and payments to 31st of December, 1852; that lodge *Rock,* Trichinopoly, and *St. Andrew,* Kamptee, had submitted theirs to 30th of September, 1852, and were not consequently in arrears; that Lodge *Faith, Hope, and Charity,* Ootacamund, was in arrears for 18 months, or since 30th of June, 1851; that Lodge *St. John,* Secunderabad, was also 12 months in arrears, or from 31st December, 1851; and lastly, that the G. S. believed that the *Cantonment* Lodge, Bangalore, had again become dormant.

The Grand Master expressed his regret that *Faith, Hope, and Charity,* and *St. John,* were so much in arrears; he would, however, take no special notice of the matter, as the Worshipful Masters of those Lodges would observe from the printed proceedings of this evening that their Lodges were in default, which would, he trusted, be the means of inducing them at once to transmit their Returns and payments.

The Grand Treasurer produced his accounts, which were read and approved, and exhibited the following balances.

In favour of Grand Lodge	Rs.	30	5	0
In favour of G. M. C. Fund . . .	„	174	12	5
In favour of Suspense Account . .	„	707	4	0

W. B. Ouchterlony, as President of the Committee of the Grand Masonic Charity Fund, read the Report, which was ordered to be recorded on the Proceedings of Grand Lodge.

The Grand Master then laid before the Grand Lodge a letter which he had received from Bro. (Doctor) Key, suggesting that a Masonic Sermon should be preached on St. John's Day this year, in aid of the funds of the Friend-in-Need Society.

Several Members of Grand Lodge delivered their sentiments on the subject. The feeling appeared to be against having a Charity Sermon preached to the fraternity, and the principal arguments adduced against it were as follows. In former years most of the

Digitized by Google

Lodges had large surplus funds, from which donations were liberally given. At the present day neither the Grand Lodge, nor any of the Subordinate Lodges, had any Cash balances; any aid that might therefore be bestowed would have to be given from individual contributions of the Brethren. It was remarked that most of the Brethren had, in their private capacities, assisted the Friend-in-Need Society — that Sermons were also to be preached in the several Churches to which they belonged in aid of the same Charity—and that to make a further and special call upon them as Masons would not be desirable. Under these circumstances, it was urged that if a Sermon was preached, the amount contributed by the small body of Masons would be so insignificant, as probably to cause some invidious reflection upon the Craft. On the whole, therefore, it was deemed unadvisable to have any procession or sermon this year.

The Grand Master observed that the sentiments of the majority of the Brethren present appeared to be unfavourable to Bro. Key's proposition; but he requested the representatives of the Subordinate Lodges present to lay it before their respective Lodges, when any representations they might wish to make would receive due consideration.

A ballot was next taken for a Grand Treasurer for the ensuing year, and on its termination, W. B. Patridge was declared to be duly re-elected to that office, the majority of votes being in his favour.

The Grand Master was pleased to appoint the undermentioned Brethren to be Grand Officers for the ensuing year:—R. W. Bro. J. Ouchterlony, D. G. M.; W. Bros. A. M. Ritchie, S. G. W.; A. J. Greenlaw, J. G. W.; W. A. Serle, G. Registrar; H. Taylor, B. C. L., G. Chaplain; W. Glover, G. Secretary; J. Maskell, D. G. S.; P. Coultrup, G. S. D.; G. Snelgrove, G. J. D.; M. M'Dowell, G. D. of C.; G. M. A. Storey, G. S. B.; J. Brock, G. Tyler.

The following is a list of Stewards for the ensuing year, nominated by the Presidency Lodges: — Lodges "Perfect Unanimity," Bros. J. W. Sherman and H. C. Roberts; "Social Friendship," J. A. Hicken and R. D. Dansey; "Universal Charity," G. Lewis and J. T. Greatorex; "Pilgrims of Light," G. Williams and R. T. Laurence.

The Grand Master then adverted to the Brethren whom he had appointed to assist him in conducting the duties of Grand Lodge during the ensuing year. He was happy to see among the representatives of the several Lodges present so many of the principal Masons of Madras, from whom he could select his officers. He felt certain, from what he knew of those whom he had appointed, that he was justified in looking forward to a very efficient Grand Lodge, and to its duties being conducted with the zeal, harmony, and Masonic feeling, which had hitherto characterized them.

There being no other business, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form.

Digitized by Google

COLONIAL.

ANTIGUA.—The Brethren met at their Lodge Rooms, on St. John's Day, in the forenoon, for the purpose of proceeding in a body to the Cathedral. The attendance was not so numerous as had been expected, probably in consequence of the occasion falling on a Monday (which is usually a busy day, and which in the present instance succeeded two holidays), but was sufficient to make a most imposing appearance. The procession, to and from the church, was headed by the excellent band of the 67th regiment, whose performances have elicited great and merited praise. The exceedingly unfavourable state of the weather prevented many from attending the church; the collection, consequently, was not so large as it would otherwise have been; it will, nevertheless, prove of valuable assistance to the local charities in aid of which it was contributed. As usual, the crowd was immense; but the discipline of the police force, whose most respectable appearance and conduct reflected credit on the superintendent, preserved as much order and decorum as could possibly have been expected.

Upon the return of the procession to the Lodge Rooms, the Brethren proceeded to the performance of the interesting and impressive ceremonies attending the installation of the Master and Officers of the Lodge for the ensuing year. These ceremonies occupied the better part of the afternoon. The Staff of the Lodge thus established stands as follows:—

Bro. J. L. Thomas, Royal Engineers, W. M.; Bro. F. S. Jewett, Sen. W.; Bro. J. Graham, 67th Regiment, Jun. W.; Bro. Rev. J. Curtin, Chap.; Bro. I. G. Glenny, Treas.; Bro. P. Horsford, Sec.; Bro. C. H. Curtis, Reg.; Bro. Dr. F. G. O'Kearny, Sen. D.; Bro. G. W. Norman, Jun. D.; Bro. John Shervington, Dir. of Cerem.; Bro. Daniel Wright, Inn. G.; Bros. Alex. Mac Farlane and C. J. Evans, Stewards.

Subsequently to the performance of the ceremonies of Installation, the thanks of the Brethren were unanimously awarded to the Rev. James Curtin for the excellent Sermon he had preached; to Lieut. Col. Brooks, of the 67th, for his kindness in giving the use of the splendid band of his regiment for the occasion; and to the Rev. Mr. Baum, of the Moravian Mission, for most ably presiding at the organ in the Cathedral. In the evening, the Brethren assembled at a grand banquet in the large hall at the Lodge-rooms. The late W. M. Bro. Shervington, on retiring from the Chair of the Lodge, delivered the following address:—

BROTHER OFFICERS AND MEMBERS,—On retiring from this Chair twelve months ago, on the anniversary of one of our patrons, St. John the Evangelist, the occu-

Digitized by Google

pation of which, by your kind election and re-election, I had been honoured with for the two preceding years, I little thought it probable that it would have devolved upon me, on the recurrence of the day, again to address you from this position. In December last, you did this Lodge good service, Brethren, and consulted the interests of the Fraternity, when you installed as Master, and as my successor in office, the talented, much-esteemed, and ever-to-be respected Bro. Richard Dowse, at that time staff-surgeon of the garrison of this island. Fully persuaded as we all were of the advantages to be derived from such a valuable acquisition to our Lodge, we entertained the hope of his being amongst us, at all events, for the full term of his election; but, alas! ere a few months elapsed, orders emanating from the authorities of that honourable profession to which the doctor is attached, frustrated that hope, by removing him hence to a distant military station. But even that short control, Brethren, effected vast improvement in our working. Our present state of efficiency, as far as it has gone, and the additional lights we now enjoy, are in a great measure attributable to the efforts of, and the instruction received from, our beloved though absent Brother. What otherwise, indeed, could have been looked for from him, who had occupied the Chair of the Albany Lodge, No. 176, with so much honour to himself and benefit to the Craft? I feel assured that I only echo the sentiments of each member of the Lodge who knows the estimable qualities and high deserts of our late and zealous Master, in declaring, that we can feel no greater pleasure than in hearing of the health and happiness of himself and family wherever he or they may be, though oceans roll between us. As the military duties of Bro. Dowse constrained him to leave us, he, with much kindness, distinguished me by his recommendation that I should take the Chair for the unexpired term of his presidency. To his proposition the Lodge unanimously consented; and this, Brethren, is one among the many other acts of your fraternal regard, which places me under an additional obligation, and for which I pray you to receive my best acknowledgments. While a portion of my preceding remarks shows that the Lodge has much to regret from one of the occurrences of the year just about being closed, there are yet some relieving circumstances to which I shall now advert,—one of which is the advance of Masonry in Antigua; another, the choice you have made in the election of a Master for the ensuing year. When, in December, 1849, you spontaneously placed me here, our Lodge numbered eighteen Brethren; on relinquishing the Chair in December last, that number had increased beyond forty, and on retiring this day our members exceed sixty. These facts are sufficient to prove that Masonry is making—as it always did and always will—its onward course, notwithstanding the efforts of its detractors—for these have existed in all ages and in all countries. But, Brethren, bear with the slurs and insinuations of its impotent enemies, and consider, that as there is no society exempt from such, so should we feel no surprise at them from the uninitiated. Look upon these as you would on the silly man who, to discover how the ball made its exit from the mouth of a cannon at the moment of its discharge, applied both eyes to the muzzle—the forfeiture of his head would be the result of his ignorance—and console yourselves with the reflection, that although we venture nothing in the way of reproof, yet the success of those who would stop the progress of Masonry will be equal to the disappointment of the short-sighted courtiers of Canute, who regarded his power as uncontrollable, and all things as obedient to *his* will. He, to reprove them, commanded the sea to retire, exclaiming, "The land upon which I sit is mine, I charge thee, therefore, to approach no farther, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign." The advance of the waters, however, soon proved their ignorance, and convinced them of their folly. Thus showing, then, the present position of the Lodge, the number of its enrolled members, and the futility of any attempt to check its progress, it remains with the Brethren to deliberate upon the propriety or expediency of petitioning at some suitable time for the granting of a second charter for this island. Judicious has been your choice of Bro. Thomas as Master for the coming year. Independently of his standing as second officer in the Lodge for the last twelve months, his acquirements in Masonic knowledge so often exemplified here, the instruction gained by him from his close connection with the worthy Bro. Dowse, by whom he had been initiated, together with his attachment to and zeal in the cause,—all these point to him as in every respect a fit

Digitized by Google

and proper person to be placed at the head of our affairs. I feel assured of his receiving from you all the assistance in your power in the performance of his duties commensurate with his own anxious desire for the good of the Craft, and for the extension of its operations. The year just closed has been a stirring one with us as regards admissions and preferments, there having been in that time thirty initiations, thirty-four advancements to the second, and thirty-two to the third Degree, leaving no opportunity or leisure for Lodges of instruction and for lectures; but after the press of business now about being closed, arrangements will doubtless be shortly made to take up those desirable objects. It may not be inopportune, while so many recently initiated Brethren are congregated, to take up some few points in connection with the Fraternity. There are many of these extant in the writings of eminent authors, among them Doctor Anderson, in his "History and Constitution of Masonry," in the works of the Rev. G. Oliver, *D.D.*, —Moore, Carnegie, and other Brethren: two or three of these I shall briefly quote. "The end, the moral, and the purport of Masonry is to subdue our passions, *not* to do our will, to make daily progress in a laudable art, and to promote morality and humanity." "Masonry is a science confined to no particular country, but extends over the whole terrestrial globe,—wherever arts flourish, there it flourishes also. Add to this, that by secret and inviolate signs carefully preserved, it becomes an universal language. Hence many advantages are gained, — the distant Chinese, the wild Arab, and the American savage will embrace a Brother Briton." "Speculative Masonry is so far interwoven with religion, as to lay us under the strongest obligations to pay that rational homage to the Deity which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness. It leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of Creation, and inspires them with the most exalted ideas of the perfections of the Divine Creator." "Masonry being found in all nations, the Brethren are taught, as far as religious or political tenets are concerned, to leave each Brother to his own particular opinions, by whatever names, religions, or persuasions they may be distinguished. Thus Masonry is the centre of their union, and the happy means of conciliating persons that otherwise must have remained at a perpetual distance, being constituted in such a manner as to forbid the introduction of startling facts or unacceptable doctrines which may cause disputes or divisions to arise among a Brotherhood, who profess to be cemented by the indissoluble chain of Brotherly love." We are not so absurd or egotistical, Brethren, as to assume the axiom that all Masons are good men, and hold fast the principles of the Order; this would be indeed beyond what is seen in every other association. It has been truly written, that "all are not Christians who profess the faith;" so neither are all Masons who wear the badge. But it behoves us always to keep in mind our Masonic engagements, remembering that the Square is emblematical of the rectitude of our dealings with our fellowmen,—squaring our actions by the rule of right and justice; and the Compasses, to circumscribe all our transactions, bringing them within the bounds of prudence and honour. In a word, Brethren, you will permit me to paraphrase one of the last declarations of the most illustrious of England's naval heroes, and exclaim,—Masonry expects every Brother to do his duty.

BERMUDA.—On Monday, the 27th December, the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons celebrated the occasion by a public ceremony and worship. It being the arrangement of the several Lodges of these islands to celebrate the holy day in regular turn, it became the duty of St. George's Lodge, No. 200, on this occasion. The weather was remarkably fine, and a large concourse of spectators from the various parishes was present. At high noon, the procession, marshalled by Bro. P. M. Roxburgh, and preceded by the splendid band of H. M.'s 56th regiment (which had been kindly granted by Col. Eden for the purpose), commenced to leave the Lodge-room in the following order:—

Digitized by Google

Loyalty Lodge, No. 461, from Ireland Island.
Bro. Howes, W. M. pro tem.
Atlantic Phœnix Lodge, No. 271, from Hamilton.
Bro. C. M. Conyers, W. M.
Visiting and Sojourning Brethren.
Past Masters.
St. George's Lodge, No. 200.
Bro. W. C. Hyland, W.M.
Prov. G. M. Joseph S. Hunter, Esq. *M. D.*, with his Deputy,
Past Deputy, Chaplain, and
Standard Bearer.

On reaching St. Peter's Church the procession halted, faced inwards, and entered in inverted order; the devotional services of the day were performed by Bro. Mantach, Chap. of Lodge, No. 271; and Bro. the Rev. Robert Hoare, Chap. of the Grand Lodge, delivered a most elaborate and edifying discourse from 1 Cor. xiii. 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, inculcating *that* love and charity, without which unity and harmony can never prevail amongst any order of mankind, especially amongst those of the Royal Craft. The services of the choir were conducted by Mr. Thompson, organist of St. Peter's Church, and reflected great credit for the efficient manner in which he had trained it. The "Te Deum," and Oliver's anthem, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity," were never given in a happier style in these islands.

On leaving the Church, the procession formed in a similar manner as on quitting the Lodge, and taking a different route, reached the Lodge-room about half-past three, P.M. At five o'clock about fifty of the Brethren sat down to a most sumptuous repast, furnished by Bro. Mitchell.

The Brethren of "Loyalty Lodge," No. 461, assembled on the evening of the 23rd December, at their Lodge-room, Ireland Island, for the purpose of installing the W. M. and Officers for the ensuing year. In the absence, unavoidable from severe indisposition, of the W.M. elect, Bro. Searle was installed as proxy for him. The Officers appointed are as follows:—

Bro. Capt. W. H. Jervis, R. N., P. M., W. M.; Bro. Cole, S. W.; Bro. Lieut. Whitmore, R. E., J. W.; Bro. Heney, P. M., Sec.; Bro. Calder, Treas.; Bro. Manghan, S. D.; Bro. Dempsey, J. D.; Bro. Guest, P. M., I. G.; Bro. Cuniffe, Tyler.

BAHAMAS.—NASSAU, N. P.—*The Royal Victoria Lodge*, No. 649, installed its Officers for the year 1853, on the 27th December, 1852.

Bro. Gustave Benouard, Vice-Consul for France, P. M. of said Lodge for 1848, was elected and installed as W. M.

HAMILTON.—The members of "The Lodge of Strict Observance," and a number of visiting Brethren of "The Barton" and "St. John's Lodge," met at the Masonic Hall, in this city, on the 27th Dec., for the purpose of Installing their Officers for the ensuing Masonic year. Prior to the Installation, the Worshipful Past Master presented a very handsome silver snuff-box to Bro. John Harris, on his retiring

Digitized by Google

from the office of Secretary, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Bro. John Harris, by the Lodge of Strict Observance of Free and Accepted Masons, as a recognition of his zeal as Secretary for the past two years. Hamilton, C. W., Dec. 27th, 1852,"—to which Bro. Harris made a suitable reply, after which the following Brethren were installed as officers for the ensuing year, viz.—W. Bros. Lieut.-Colonel M'Dougall, W. M.; Richard Bull, P. M.; John Brown, S. W.; John Harris, J. W.; Dr. Lundy, Chaplain; Richard Benner, Treasurer; A. D. M'Dougall, Secretary; Samuel Pollard, S. D.; John L. Swift, J. D.; William Bellhouse, M. of C.; James Gibson and Edward Clarke, Stewards; William Wright, J. G.; John Morrison, T.

After the officers had been installed, the Worshipful Master presented to the Past Master an elegant Past Master's Jewel, and in doing so made the following remarks:—

BROTHER BULL,—The first duty that has devolved upon me, as Master of the Lodge of Strict Observance, is one, the performance of which affords me the greatest possible degree of pleasure. At the request of the Brethren, I now present you with this Past Master's Jewel, as an acknowledgment of their appreciation of your services, as Worshipful Master for the past three years. Although the intrinsic value of the gift is but trifling, and not at all an equivalent for your untiring exertions, and the many and valuable services rendered by you to the Lodge, yet, the spirit in which it is given, will, I trust, enhance its value in your estimation. That the Great Architect of the Universe may long spare you to wear it, and to be an ornament alike to this Lodge and the Craft, is the sincere and heartfelt prayer, not only of myself, but I feel assured, of every Brother present.

Bro. Bull acknowledged the gift with much feeling.

The Brethren then adjourned to Bro. Davidson's City Hotel, where a sumptuous repast awaited their arrival.

Previous to the Installation of the officers of the Strict Observance, a new Lodge was opened in this city, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, named St. John's Lodge, No. —, when the following officers were duly installed:—Bros. T. B. Harris, W. M.; A. Booker, Jun., S. W.; J. W. Kerr, J. W.; D. M'Rae, Treasurer; H. Langdon, Secretary; T. C. Clark, S. D.; Geo. F. Thomas, J. G.

FOREIGN.

CHINA.

Projected Ceremony on Laying the Foundation-stone of a New Masonic Hall.—Tuesday, the 1st of February, was appointed for laying, with due ceremony, the foundation-stone of a Masonic Hall in Hong-Kong; a building the want of which has been, on several occasions, of serious inconvenience to the Fraternity. The site of the intended hall, on the Inland Lot, No. 34, just below St. Paul's College, is as central as can well be, and the plans, prepared by Mr.

Digitized by Google

Surveyor-General Cleverly, S.W. of the Zetland Lodge, give promise of an erection that will prove a unique ornament to our city. The Prov. Grand Master, and Officers of the Grand Lodge of China, with the Masters, Past Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the two southern Lodges, will convene at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, the ceremony taking place at noon. To complete the day's festivity, the Zetland Lodge have issued numerous invitations for a ball at the Club House, of which we hope to furnish a full account in due time, the meeting being taken advantage of to present to the R. W. Samuel Rawson, P. G. M., a valuable token of the esteem in which he is held by the Brethren in Hong-Kong.—Dated *January 26th*, 1853.—*Extracted from the Overland "Friend of China."*

BIRTH.

On the 9th Dec. 1852, at St. George's, Bermuda, the lady of Bro. Lieut. M. S. Whitmore, Royal Engineers (J.W. of 461), of a daughter.

DEATHS.

BRO. THE HON. GEORGE HENRY BURT.

Died, in the island of St. Kitt's, West Indies, Oct. 9, the Hon. George Henry Burt, Speaker of the House of Assembly of that island for twenty years, and Surveyor-General of Roads. At a Meeting of the General Committee of the Mount Olive Lodge (No. 336—241), held on the 12th Oct., it was resolved "that, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, who had for many years so ably presided over the Brethren as Worshipful Master, the Lodge-room be hung in black until the next annual election on St. John's Day."

BRO. JOHN T. VAUGHAN.

Died, Dec. 1852, at the residence of Mr. John F. Brown, Falmouth, Jamaica, to which he had been removed for the benefit of medical advice, Mr. John T. Vaughan, many years overseer, but at the time of his decease lessee, of Sunderland estate, in this parish. He was the youngest son of the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, formerly Custos of St. James. The regret experienced by the relations and friends of the deceased, may in some measure be arrived at from the universal testimonial of respect bestowed on his remains, which were followed to the grave by upwards of one hundred of the most respectable inhabitants of Montego Bay and its vicinity, preceded by the officers and members of the Friendly Lodge, who, in deep mourning, and wearing their insignia, joined the procession, and imparted an affecting solemnity to the mournful occasion. The body was received at the entrance of the churchyard by the Rev. Mr. Moore, while the Brethren opened their ranks to permit the coffin of their deceased Brother to pass between them, and after the beautiful service of the Church was performed, the Worshipful Master, A. Isaacs, supported by P.Ms. Thomas Watson and Richard I. Foster, advanced to the head of the grave and went through the impressive funeral service, comprising a prayer and exhortation. At the conclusion of the prayers and responses, Masonic honours were given, and each Brother cast into the grave his left-hand glove, accompanied by a sprig of myrtle, emblematic of eternity. The scroll recording the birth, Masonic initiation, passing, and raising, of the deceased Brother, was then placed upon the coffin, and the concluding oration was delivered, when the Brethren left the churchyard in the same order that they had entered it. The deceased through life exhibited in every relation a thorough knowledge of his duties to society. His manners were pleasing, his conduct upright, and his integrity undoubted. His age was thirty-seven.

Digitized by Google

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, by *the first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

BERMUDA.—ROYAL CRAFT.—We shall only be too glad to be favoured with contributions as proposed. Pressure upon our columns prevents an insertion of all the favours this month received.

DEVONPORT.—C. M. A.—The subject of your communication is better suited to "*Notes and Queries*," than to this publication.

A COLONIAL CORRESPONDENT.—An influential Brother, to whom we committed your inquiries for reply, has unfortunately mislaid them. If, however, you will oblige us with a repetition of the questions requiring elucidation, we will transmit a reply privately to your address.

HUDDERSFIELD.—J. B. junr.—We were not aware of the existence of such a publication; a translation might be useful.

GRAND LODGE.—INQUIRER.—The breach of privilege was too positive to be overlooked. If the M.W. the G.M. had followed the *literal* direction of the law, expulsion must have immediately ensued. "Judgment," however, was "tempered with mercy." More than this we would not say upon a very painful subject.

BOYS' SCHOOL.—A.—Doubtless! We have not the slightest doubt that Rev. Brethren would only be too glad to augment the proposed Building Fund by preaching in its behalf.

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.—The report is too good to be true.

IRELAND.—REPRESENTATIVE.—We believe that a fit and proper person will soon be nominated to the G. L. of England.

———.—REPORTS OF G. L.—No reports of the G. L. of Ireland are permitted to be printed, published, or circulated.

GIRLS' SCHOOL.—H. P.—The children were removed about two months since.

CANADA WEST.—WELCOME.—An allusion to the circumstance will be found in our Introductory article.

OFFICERS FOR 1853-1854.—Z. T.—We have not the slightest idea, and if we had, we should not satisfy curiosity. Time will prove. This much, however, we may say, that no change will this year take place as to the G.S.B.

ROYAL ARCH.—N.—The Chapter has been guilty of an informality; but it is not sufficiently serious to have incurred the suspension of the unwillingly offending Companions.

A WEST INDIA COMPANION had better write to head-quarters.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.—BATH.—The E. C. was decidedly right in his ruling. The Bristol Sir Kts. may date their privileges long before the re-establishment of G.C.; but unless they conform to its resolutions, they have no claim to share in the privileges of such Encampments as are under its jurisdiction.

———.—.BIRMINGHAM.—An Encampment was consecrated about three years ago.

ROSE-CROIX.—J. V.—The higher Degrees are much in vogue on the *Continent*, and without this particular Degree it is scarcely possible to enjoy any privilege.

Digitized by Google

THE

FREEMASONS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE 30, 1853.

THE INCREASE OF FREEMASONRY.

"We are certainly in the highest condition of prosperity in this State; but whether our very prosperity does not contain the elements of destruction, is a grave question. My own opinion is, that we are driving along recklessly, and that the 'inner door' of our temple is not properly guarded. In our great anxiety to swell our numbers, we witness 'suspension of the By-Laws'—'cases of emergency,' and see or hear of initiations in the morning, when at sun-down the evening before it was not known that the initiated were petitioners. You speak monthly to thousands of our Brotherhood, and I urge you to continue your voice and influence against this ruinous practice. Too many new Lodges are created, and too many persons are admitted into them, and that in too great haste. The word 'emergency,' is doing great mischief wherever it is found inserted in the By-Laws of our Lodges."—*Boston* (U. S.) *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine, April*, 1853.

That Freemasonry is on the increase all over the world cannot be questioned. Wherever we look, east or west, north or south, the same scene meets our eye, the same fact is reported. In the United States, as may be perceived from the above observations, the rapidity of the growth of the Order, and the increase of its funds, are becoming matters of serious consideration; for as the Brother, who hazards the opinion set out in those observations, rightly observes, such prosperity may turn out to be the prelude to its destruction.

It must be confessed that the growth of Freemasonry in this country is not less rapid than in America, and other parts of the world. The returns, which are periodically made to the Grand Lodge, announce a considerable accumulation of funds, bespeaking an increase of membership unparalleled in the history of the Order. The funds could not be so largely augmented, unless initiations had become more frequent than heretofore, and were not a greater number of persons pressing into the various Lodges, which abound throughout the country, the

Digitized by Google

greater part of which, it is to be feared, are not in such good working order as they were in former years, though they may be very anxious to promulgate the principles of the Craft.

That Masonry may advance in this country is our ardent aspiration; that its pure principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, may be diffused to the utmost extent, commensurate with the blessings which such principles cannot but produce, every well-wisher to the Order must desire; but it is very questionable to our minds whether rapid increase of membership is tending to these ends. The members who are annually "made" are no criterion that it will be so; nay, on the contrary, they tend to confirm our fears, that ruin or disaster may accrue more speedily than some seem to imagine, unless a check be put upon the growing disposition to bring "the popular world" more largely within the precincts of the Fraternity than it was once permitted to be. It is one of the fixed rules of the Craft, that "the tongue of good report should be heard" in favour of *all*, who desire to enlist under its banners. It is essential to the very life of the Order, that "strict care and due examination" should be had that no unworthy person be permitted to pass the portals of a Lodge. It is imperative, according to the Constitutions, that no person should solicit his friends to become Craftsmen, or offer any inducement to lead them to suppose it would be for their benefit to undergo the process of initiation.

Now, there can be no question—with pain do we say it—that in too many instances there is not sufficient inquiry made into the character of persons who offer themselves for membership, and that that searching investigation into character and respectability, which the rules and regulations of Masonry require, is not insisted upon as it ought to be. We are well aware that the proceedings of the Grand Lodge are much more in accordance with the spirit of our ancient Order than they were some few years ago; but, although this is the case, we cannot but view with apprehension certain indications that have of late been apparent, that proper investigation had not been made into the reputation of some, who now take part in the business of the Craft. We know that in many of the Provinces the same indications are appearing, and that some of the wisest and the best Masons of the Grand Lodges of those Provinces are beginning to think that the time is come when advice should be tendered to the various Craft Lodges to be both circumspect and cautious, lest they be taken unawares in acceding to propositions for membership, which, once consented to, may be the cause of future, if not of immediate, pain and disquietude.

Digitized by Google

It is also a matter of deep regret, that by far too many of those, who have been admitted into Freemasonry of late years, think too much of the social entertainment of "refreshment," than of "the work" which has to be performed. Working Brethren are the few; social Brethren are the many; and we shrink not from the assertion that the latter do far more injury to the Order than good. It was not by these processes that Masonry grew and flourished in this country. Nay, so far from its being so, the palmiest period of its existence was when the plainest "refreshment" was allowed, when "the work" was the chief attraction, and when the Brethren, one and all, hastened to be present at the opening of a Lodge, to take part in all its proceedings, and to continue to fulfil their duties to its close. Lodges which still insist upon these proceedings are not the largest, in point of numbers, *but they are the best;* although they may contribute less to the funds of Grand Lodge than others, where their by-laws are less strict, by fees for initiation, yet they do much more to uphold and maintain the landmarks of the Order, and to preserve those time-honoured traditions, which centuries have neither abolished nor impaired.

We often hear terms of congratulation made use of to the effect, that Freemasonry is so largely on the increase; and we have often marvelled much to find that growth of membership is considered as a test of sure and certain progress. But to quote the words of the periodical, to which we have already referred,—

"They mistake the nature of the Masonic Institution, who estimate its strength by its numbers, or measure its prosperity by the length of the roll of its initiates. These are not the standards by which either the one or the other is to be determined. *Its strength is in its principles, and its prosperity in the character of its members.* Its principles are strong only as they are rightly interpreted and truthfully applied. A good principle in the hands of a bad man, may be applied to vicious purposes, and become an instrument of evil. The bad perverts and destroys the good. On the contrary, a good principle receives strength and vitality in the hands of the virtuous and prudent. The former may deceive and prosper for a season; but in the latter only are to be found the true elements of a certain and permanent prosperity. The one is true, the other false. One will involve our Institution in dishonour, if not in ruin,—the other will command for it the silence of the bad, and the confidence of the good. Between these we are to choose. If we would keep our principles in the hands of good men, and thus secure their purity, and the consequent prosperity of our Institution, we must permit none but men of honourable character, of tried principles, and inflexible integrity, to pass within the doors of our Lodges. Our established usages must be observed—our laws enforced. There is no other rule of safety."

Not many years ago, it was thought discreditable by the

Digitized by Google

many to be in membership with Freemasonry. Things have changed in this respect, as in many others. Now "the popular world," having witnessed the benevolence of the Order, having seen all its Institutions, save one,* flourishing, and remarking that the Anniversary Festivals produce a large accumulation of funds, begin "to speak well of us;" and from speaking well—the process not being difficult whereby initiation may be had,—haste for admission is engendered, and out of this haste harm too often arises, which neither time nor circumstance may be able to rectify.

It is a fact, which the books of the Grand Lodge will testify, that more Masons have this year been made, up to the present time, than in the whole twelve months of any past year,—and that the desire to add to their numbers, seems to be becoming a *mania*, not only in London, but throughout the Provinces. The money, which this disposition brings to the Order, cannot but be considerable; yet money is not its chief good; it may be accumulated much too dearly, if it tend, as we fear it may, to a looseness of practice, and a derogation of the laws and well-defined usages of the Institution. Feeling this to be a fact, which cannot be too carefully considered, we would entreat our Brethren, in all parts of the United Kingdom, to lay these further observations of our American Brother to heart, for whilst they depict the dangers to which Masonry is now exposed, no less in this part of the globe, than beyond the broad Atlantic, they speak with a voice of warning, that ought not to be uttered in vain, and which may obviate the peril which —we cannot hide it from ourselves—has within itself all the elements for the destruction of one of the noblest and best Institutions, which the world has ever seen :—

"A prosperity based on a culpable disregard of the conservative rules of safety, does indeed 'contain the elements of destruction,'—elements which must, as an inevitable consequence, if nurtured and warmed into life, sooner or later manifest themselves in the depreciation of the character, the influence, and high social and moral position which our Institution has attained and pre-eminently enjoys. Its bitterest enemies can ask no more ample assurance of a speedy and certain realization of their worst hopes and desires, than that the 'ancient barriers,' which, century after century, have protected it against the insidious approaches of the unworthy, and preserved its altar-fires unquenched, shall be broken down and destroyed. If this calamity is ever to befal it, it can only happen through the reckless instrumentality of indiscreet and over-zealous friendship. While it has nothing to fear from the assaults of its enemies without, it has much to apprehend from the indiscretion of its friends within. This truth is emblazoned upon every page of its history, and should be received as the voice of the past, speaking to the present."

* The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution at Croydon.

Digitized by Google

A FEW WORDS ON BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

By Bro. Rev. Theodore Alois Buckley, *M.A.*, *F.S.A.*

We cannot require any apology for introducing a subject of such universal interest as the one which heads this article. Not only does its close connection with the principles and practice of Masonry render it most suitable to our columns, but its influence upon the well-being and security of mankind at large gives it a high claim upon the notice of all who would cherish that benevolence which is due from man to his fellow, as well as those who believe that to take some care for the future is the best guarantee for the prudence and rectitude of our present conduct.

The relative positions of the professional man and the mechanic, although widely different in the educational demands they make, and in the influences they exert upon society, are nevertheless painfully similar in the misfortunes to which both are subject. Although in every profession there are a certain number of prizes, and a certain number of people fortunate enough to obtain them, there are a far larger proportion of the practitioners of art and science, whose ability never extends beyond mere usefulness, or whose success is inadequate to anything like the realizing of a competency for their families. This difficulty has been felt long since, and it is to the laudable desire of rendering man independent, at least to some extent, of the freaks of fortune, that we may trace the foundation of so many insurance and other combination societies.

But the whole theory of insurance is so well known to our readers, that it need not now detain us. It will be more profitable to consider some of the other societies in which the principle of combination is healthily exemplified, and to trace the broad outlines of difference between the ancient guilds and our modern clubs and Benefit Societies.

It is to the possession of some common talent or means of livelihood that we must perhaps trace the whole theory of the existence of such societies. To prevent undue depreciation of the profits accruing from their hard work, and to withstand any innovations in the practice of their craft, it would be natural that, in an age where both arts and professions were limited in number and in the perfection of their working, those who felt

Digitized by Google

conscious of their superiority in any department should have felt a jealous interest in keeping the secrets of their success as far removed as possible from profane eyes. The traditions of Masonic secrecy in respect to the construction of certain buildings are a strong, and, it may be said, unquestionable example of this cautious preservation of an art from the prying gaze of the outer world. But let us look awhile at the early history of another race, scarcely less important in their influence in civilization, and equally resolute and exclusive in the maintenance of their inward organization and secrecy.

Sir Francis Palgrave, in his delightful real romance of the Middle Ages, the "Merchant and Friar," has given us an admirable sketch of the Painters' Guild, from which we gladly make an extract. Let us first, however, listen to his preliminary remarks on the general character of these mediæval associations:—

"Religion was the foundation of the guild; divine worship the laws of the association. Superstition and credulity were intermixed with holy forms and ordinances; yet the light of heaven pierced through the darkness. The members were constantly reminded that it was not to the contrivances of the wit, or the strength of the labouring hand, that man owes his daily bread. Industry, they were taught, might be the appointed means, but God's providence the only source of our subsistence; its increase the result of His blessing, not of our frugality; the alms, the testimony of our gratitude to Him from whom the bounty, unmerited and undeserved, is obtained. Imperfect as these institutions may have been, how much better calculated were they than our own to ameliorate the condition of the lower and lowest orders of the community! The modern operative belongs to a degraded, and therefore to a hostile order. His feelings, views, interests, all are, or are sedulously represented to him as being, in dire opposition to the manufacturer, the cotton-lord, the capitalist, whom he considers as his tyrant and his enemy. But in the old time, the workman was the '*Brother*,' the '*Companion*,' the '*Gesell*,' of his employer, perhaps poorer in purse, inferior in station, younger in age, but all united by the most kind and social bonds. They repeated the same creed; met in the same church; lighted their lamp before the same altar; feasted at the same board. Thus constituted they the elements of that Burgher aristocracy which equally withstood the levelling anarchy of the infuriated peasantry, and yet at the same time assisted in destroying the abuses which had sprung out of the servitude of the soil.

"After the scattering of the Roman empire, and until the thirteenth century, these societies, subsequently so influential, had subsisted, with very few exceptions, by usage and prescription, rarely deriving any protection from the State. Indeed, we find that attempts were occasionally made to suppress these Trade Societies, whose growing power excited the vigilance, possibly the jealousy, of the sovereign. These efforts did not succeed. In such cases, force is of no avail. The quicksilver divides beneath the pressure, but the globules run together again as soon as the pressure is removed. Voluntary combinations of all kinds are not unfrequently decomposed by their internal fermentations and discord; but no external and adverse force, short of the complete dispersion or total

Digitized by Google

extermination of the individuals, can kill the life that is in them. Not only did the Guilds baffle all the adverse edicts and denunciations, but they continued steadily to advance, obtaining not merely the toleration but the favour of the State; and from the thirteenth century, these associations, which had hitherto been governed by their private regulations, obtained full sanction of their ordinances from those authorities who could render them coercive according to the law."*

That there was a permanent vitality inherent in a society thus based upon deep religious motives, as well as upon the most tender regard for personal and mutual security, cannot be matter of doubt. The Craftsman looked upon the implements of his trade not merely as the means of obtaining his own existence, but was taught to look upon that very existence as a privilege, as a something for which he was bound to render an equivalent, either by protection afforded to his Brothers in the same department, or by such works as were creditable to the whole body of which he felt himself a member, and with whose soundness he felt his own welfare indissolubly connected. Moreover, the link between the employer and the employed was riveted far closer than in these days, when to be "above one's business" is too often the highest aim of the manufacturer or superior tradesman.

And the very existence of these Guilds, like that of Freemasonry, was a problem. We might have asked with M. Michelet, "whence came they?" In fact, they had a natural birth in the heart of man, yearning for some means of uniting himself with his fellow, struggling to realize by combination that success and perfection which belongs not to the single-handed worker. To preserve a proper respect for their art, it was necessary to protect it from the innovations of pretenders; there was, so to say, a kind of mysterious copyright in these systems of design and reproduction, which, even despite their frequent quaintness and whimsicality, render the art-efforts of the Middle Ages still models for admiration and imitation.

I will now "take another leaf" out of the good book just quoted, and give Sir Francis Palgrave's clever sketch of the "Constitutions" of the "Painters' Craft:"—

"Do you, reader, listen attentively to their words, for the monk of Croyland has extracted them from 'Liber Ordinationum,' and I doubt if you have ever had an opportunity of hearing them before.

"Humbly, we good men of the Painters' Craft, of the Guild of St. Luke, beseech your worships to confirm the ordinances, by common assent made, for the advancement of our trade, and the prevention of fraud and falsehood in our praiseworthy mystery.

"Imprimis.—That no Craftsman shall use or employ other colours than

* Merchant and Friar, ch. iii.

Digitized by Google

such as be good and fine: good synople, good azure, good verdigrease, good vermilion, or other good body colours, mixed and tempered with oil, and no brazil, indigo, or other of the last-mentioned sort and kind."

"It pleases their worships," said the Recorder.

"Item.—That no good men of this Craft of the Painters shall entice away another man's apprentice or servant.

"It pleases their worships.

"Item.—That no stranger, not being a Brother of this Guild, shall work at his trade until he hath made gree to my Lord the Mayor for his entry into the liberty of this city; and hath caused himself to be put in frank-pledge, and hath become buxom (*i. e.* submissive) to our Guild, and paid two shillings towards the sustenance of our poor."

The Masonic reader will be at no loss to recognise many common points between these simple laws of commercial morality and the constitutions of the greater Craft; let us, however, just take a glimpse at the influence of this Guild upon one of the noblest branches of art—I mean painting.

Some people will stare when they hear Sir Francis assert, that "without any disrespect to any other public body, he is bound to assert that this same company is undoubtedly the real, true, and genuine Royal Academy of England." Be it remembered, that art, deriving its very life-springs from nature, must have the simplest of beginnings. The rudest imitations, whether of the human form, or of those objects which most frequently meet the eye in the intercourse of ordinary life, must, even when found on the rocks of the Wady-Mousa, or in the rudest decorations of an Otaheite canoe, be looked upon as sacred emblems of the infancy of that art, which is now the best and truest medium for preserving the memory of what we once cherished, and creating new sources of delight by its vivid, living portrayal of things long since gone from this earth. Despite the simplicity of the Painters' Guild, "albeit," as Sir Francis pleasantly observes, "the main occupation of the Freemen at the present day be that useful application of the art which is usually called into action in company with the plasterers and the whitewashers," still we find that her virgin majesty Elizabeth, disgusted with the maudlin representations of her countenance by "cowans" to the art, was pleased, like Alexander the Great, to grant an especial monopoly of the right of delineating her fair features to the Worshipful Company of Paper-stainers. A Kneller, a Reynolds, and many another since their time, have not disdained being enrolled among these conservatives of the privileges of art.

Art in those days was far more scarce than it is at present; but the admiration it obtained sprang more naturally from the feelings of the people than it does at the present time. Sir Francis speaks with strong feelings on this subject: "Now,"

Digitized by Google

he observes, "art is factitious; it is extraneous,—superinduced upon our social relations, and not arising from them. It has no real affinity to our mode of being. It is the forced and sickly flower of the conservatory, not the vigorous product of the soil. It has no hold upon the multitude, no connection with the *mind* of our utilitarian era."

He then proceeds to give a curious and interesting illustration of the close alliance between political and artistic feeling in the Middle Ages, with which our Masonic readers will doubtless agree, heart and soul:—

"In the Roman 'Province' of Gaul, where the successes of the municipal authorities was uninterrupted, however uncouth and barbaric the union of the several portions of the building may be, yet in each moulding and capital, taken distinctly and severally, a Roman feeling is preserved. *There is an evident transmission of doctrine* from the previous ages. In the first case, the untaught stone-hewer copied the object which he saw; in the second, the instructed Mason practised what he was taught; and imperfect as his attempts may have been, the contrast between the productions is extreme, and indicates, even to the eye, the difference between the legal characters of the communities."

In reference to oil painting, the same writer continues:—

"The peculiar manipulations required seem to have been but little known out of the Fraternity; and this circumstance may be in some measure explained by recollecting, that in these Guilds all the more important and essential processes were concealed as mysteries in the strict sense of the term. Theory and practice were conjoined. During the earlier periods, the hereditary character of the handicraft must have greatly assisted in preventing the profane from withdrawing the veil. Other means were practised for the purpose of keeping the secrets of the trade, and defending the monopoly. Oaths, awe-inspiring ceremonies, initiations—sometimes terrific, sometimes painful or ludicrous. Here the candidate trembled beneath the arch of steel, the sword suspended over his head. There, unless his agility preserved him, the incipient workman enjoyed the full application of the lash of the cart-whip.

"Even in this our age of triumphant publicity, some curious vestiges of this ancient system may be traced. 'The gentleman who reports for our paper,' at whose presence every other door stands open, has never been able to obtain the slightest insight into the proceedings of the Lodge of Cosmopolite Freedom, No. 658, meeting at the Yorkshire Stingo, Gray's Inn-lane; the same being the true and legitimate scion, as my intended quarto will show, of the Masons' Company of London. The aspirant, admitted into the Worshipful Company of Cooks, binds himself, under a heavy penalty, not to reveal to any stranger the secret of raising puff-paste—a fruitless precaution, since the *arcanum* is entirely in the possession of every publisher in town. And *Io Scrittore* having, in pure, unsuspecting, guileless innocence, put a question to the worthy Prime Warden of the Plumbers' Company, respecting the proportions of the alloy of tin and bismuth employed by the Beadle, the official superintendent of their metallurgic operations, in the process of 'sealing solder,' I found myself as completely baffled by the resolute silence with which the interrogatory was received, as if I had sought to know the ingredients

Digitized by Google

of the powder of projection, from the Grand Master of the Rosicrucian Fraternity."*

I make no apology for transferring these pithy and deep-thought remarks to these pages; but I would now wish, by way of contrast, to take a brief view of some of the Benefit Societies, which, far less mysterious and solemn in their constitution, are nevertheless fraught with so much benefit to mankind, that, manifold as may be their deficiencies, we can never hope or wish to see them superseded.

It may be said that Benefit Societies too often open a way for the entrance of the idle and indolent; that many men, whose real claims to sympathy or relief are little else than their own incapacity and misconduct, fatten upon the savings and contributions of the industrious, and live a kind of "free and easy existence," wandering from town to town, and relying for such existence upon the weak goodnature of those who are willing to recognise some mysterious pledge of affinity. Such is certainly the case sometimes; but we should be sorry to believe that it is at all universal, or, indeed, of such frequent occurrence as to constitute even a tangible balance of exceptions. Generally speaking, the very fact that all benefit accruing depends upon the regularity with which the subscriptions, small or large, are paid, is an ample motive for being regular in other respects. And although, for this very reason, the well-to-do members of such a society are at once its most regular supporters, and at the same time the least likely to draw upon its funds, still, human misfortune knows no distinction of persons, and the faithful and upright president of such a society has frequently, after a long course of years devoted to its support, found himself, by a sudden reverse, thrown back upon the world, with nought to cling to save that pillar of charity and brotherly love which he had himself assisted to rear and support in honour and integrity.

The *convivial* portion of Masonry, and of all associations of a "mutual-benefit" character, often excites ridicule and abuse. We might reply in the words of Milton—

> "Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
> Labour, as to debar us when we need
> Refreshment, whether food, or talk between—
> Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
> Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow."

But there *is* too much eating and drinking in some lodges; not that we despise what Dr. Johnson held so dearly—a good dinner; not that we are sceptical as to the germs of many a kind act being conceived when the soul has been, to use an Hibernianism,

* Merchant and Friar, pp. 164, sqq.

Digitized by Google

"*watered* with the juice of the grape;" but there is in this country a taste for sumptuousness which is strangely at variance either with personal comfort or with the quieter hospitality of our neighbours on the Continent. It will be remembered, however, that the members of the more expensive lodges are generally men of considerable substance; that a good dinner would probably await them at home, without the trouble of going to lodge; and that in England, nothing is done well without a little eating and drinking.

But there is a serious evil attendant on the lower class of Benefit Societies,—we mean the number of public-house meetings with which their proceedings are mixed up, and the consequent drain (in more senses than one) upon the funds of the society, to say nothing of the moral injury sustained. Mr. Albert Smith gives a brisk sketch of some such a meeting in a country town:—

"Hitherto, 'Club Day' had been the great festival. On that anniversary the men wore blue bows on their hats, and marched all about the village, with a band, and a banner inscribed, 'Let brotherly love prevail,' which it always did until after dinner, when the fighting commenced for the evening, and the brothers laboured under notions that they were all right, and not going to be put upon by nobody. Their wives then haunted the 'Red Lion' in great distress; and the doctor was constantly called up all night long to broken heads."*

This is severe, but it is too often strictly the truth. It were to be wished that the actual business of such societies could be separated from public-houses, and that the Town Hall or Vestry Room, or in those villages where both those buildings are wanting, the house of some respectable private person, could be made the centre of these benevolent transactions. Where we are certain of the integrity of the principle, it becomes the more painful to find that the practice not only falls short of the intention, but it is glaringly inconsistent with its realization. We know the charms—dangerous charms—of the village alehouse, and we would rather see half a dozen "brethren," of whatever order, club, or society you will, meet quietly at each other's houses, than provoke contempt by a "demonstration" ending in riot and inebriety.

Of late years, the number of Benefit Societies has increased to an extent which would seem incredible, did we not at the same time know the corresponding increase of Life Assurances, Guarantee and Loan Associations. Not a profession, trade, or grade, is without some medium by which its members may com-

* Pottleton Legacy, ch. xi.

Digitized by Google

bine for their mutual interest. In some cases the societies are in their infancy; their number of members and their funds are consequently small; but there is scarcely a man of practical common sense who will venture to deny the utility of their institution. But here we must remark, that the *financial* position of such societies does not meet with the attention that its importance demands.

Let us take an example. A bank fails; ten to one but that bank has been intrusted with the subscriptions, stored up from means more or less scanty, of three or four Benefit Societies. The consequences are shocking. Age, sickness, nay, death itself, is defrauded of its dues. Whether the weekly pence, or the large subscription paid monthly or quarterly, have been lost in the common ruin, it is a bitter, a cruel loss. And yet there is a strange want of care in the disposal and placing out of the funds of those societies, which is constantly leading to failure.

Another mischief is, that the subscriptions to some of these "lodges" are far too low to enable them to work securely. In other words, too much interest is given for too little principal, and if many members are suddenly compelled to draw upon its funds, bankruptcy and stoppage of payment are the infallible consequences. Nothing but the most careful calculation as to members, probable drawbacks, nature of investment, and a host of such details, together with the most thorough knowledge of the whole principles of Life Assurance, will give the least idea of the difficulty of rendering such an association really a safe refuge for the distressed, but provident householder.

A word, too, respecting the medical department of these associations. It cannot be supposed that five shillings per annum *can be* a remuneration for a competent medical man; and yet such, and sometimes less, is the stipend paid by the club for each member on its books. Now it is true, that many of the members may not require the surgeon's aid during a whole twelvemonth, and that the losses incurred by the attendance on one patient may be made good by the small requisitions of another. But we know from frequent conversations with medical men that this is far from being the case. Such situations are only accepted by the new and scarcely fledged practitioner, who hopes to make them the nucleus of a better connection. Hence these clubs are perpetually changing their medical officer; and it too often happens, that the obvious incompetency of the "doctor" to the club, renders other, and more expensive aid, necessary.

In these cases, overcheapness is the mistake. It is very well to tempt the poor man into provident habits by extreme lowness of charge; but if you undertake what must prove a loss, you

Digitized by Google

are doing him no kindness. In fact, the whole theory of Benefit Societies wants careful study and revision, and it will only be when men have comprehended the very deepest principles of their organization, that they will have any right to expect real efficiency in their working management.

We might here enlarge greatly upon the book clubs, which are doing so much good in the humblest and most neglected localities; we might extend our notice to the "Mechanics' Institutes," which bid fair to develop a new race of practical thinkers, and still better, of thoughtful practitioners; for all these associations, whether for the worldly or intellectual advantages of mankind, may be fairly classed among "Benefit Societies;" but we would rather stimulate our readers to think upon these great and important subjects, than weary them by a tedious renumeration of well-known details. It is because we think so well of Benefit Societies, that we wish to see them better; it is because we believe they are capable of improvement, and willing to improve, that we offer these few hints for their consideration.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A FREEMASON.

—— Sic me servavit Apollo.

Not many weeks after the interview which I have recorded in the last number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, my friend W—— started for Vienna, and on his arrival he was immediately appointed a cadet in a dashing hussar regiment, which was then quartered at Milan. After remaining in the Austrian capital about a fortnight, during which time he was a frequent guest at the house of his friend Bro. Bertram, he received orders to join his regiment in Lombardy, and soon found himself at head-quarters, where the veteran Radetsky was commander-in-chief of the Imperial troops. His letters to me at this period were very amusing, and his accounts of Italian society and the manner in which he spent his time, though of course not so interesting to the general reader, were always welcome to me, as bearing upon the personal history of one for whom I entertained so high a regard. One incident among many occurs to me, as I write, and tends to show the feeling which so commonly prevails in the Austrian army with reference

Digitized by Google

to this country. The custom of having military "messes" does not exist in any foreign service, I believe, and certainly not in that of Austria; so that the officers of the different corps dine as they please, at the *tables-d'hôte* or *restaurants* of the various towns, as will have been often remarked by those of my readers who are well versed in the scenes of foreign travel. On one occasion, whilst W—— was yet a military cadet, he had dined with some friends, and as they were discussing their coffee, the conversation happened to turn on England. Our form of government, social economy, and military system were freely canvassed, and some remarks were at length advanced highly derogatory to the dignity of the latter, which W——, as an Englishman, could not allow to pass unnoticed. Each party warmed with their subject, and soon the whole English nation was denounced by the Austrian patriot in terms of unmeasured insolence and contempt. The result, as might have been expected, was an appeal to arms, and my friend carried to his grave, among many honourable scars won on the field of battle, the marks of his first sword-wound gained in the defence of his own country's cause. After the duel was over, his antagonist was fain to acknowledge that he had formed an erroneous idea of an Englishman's military prowess.

Every one will remember the political agitation which ushered in the commencement of the year of grace 1848, and how each successive post was wont to bring fresh tidings of some new revolution commenced, some throne tottering, or some royal house consigned to be the propitiatory victim of the rapacious goddess of liberty. The outbreak of the 24th February in Paris was the signal for a general convulsion, and Europe has scarcely yet recovered from the effects of that universal excitement. It does not come within the province of these pages to discuss the merits of the great questions which then arose between the people and the governments of the great continental states, and I shall only remark *en passant*, that the great cause of failure on the part of those who embraced the liberal side may be fairly attributed to their own folly, and eagerness to grasp more than was consistent with either justice or prudence. The events of those two memorable years, 1848 and 1849, may serve as a useful lesson to all who would plunge their country into anarchy and confusion without first sitting down to count the cost, and consider whether they are not running the risk of losing all the privileges they possess, by a rash attempt to gain, under the name of liberty, what too frequently ends in a degenerate license. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe more alive to the attacks of revolutionary impulse than Italy; the

Digitized by Google

slightest spark is sufficient to kindle a flame of enthusiasm in behalf of liberty from the Alps to the Mediterranean; and nowhere does this feeling exist more strongly than in the Lombardic portion of the Austrian empire. Accordingly, the example of Paris was soon followed at Milan, and it is in connection with the revolt at this latter city that the most singular and interesting of my friend W——'s Masonic adventures occurred.

The operations of the malcontents, it will be remembered, were at first highly successful; and it was deemed prudent by Field Marshal Radetsky to withdraw the troops altogether from the city, and encamp outside the walls. At this time W—— was serving as a corporal, and in that capacity he had been intrusted with a very small guard to take care of the inmates of one of the military hospitals. His little troop did not exceed some twenty men, and the intelligence that the army had retired from the city, and that the insurgents were completely triumphant, must have been somewhat startling to the corporal and his band. My friend had been always famous for decision of character; he did not make up his mind too hastily on a subject, but rather kept in view the old maxim which he had learned from Cicero, "*Priusquam incipias, consulto; et ubi consulueris, maturè facto, opus est;*" and thus he generally acquired a pretty correct notion of the matter in hand, and commonly arrived at a prudent conclusion. In the present instance, he soon perceived that resistance was out of the question; to attempt anything of the sort, he plainly saw, would be but to sacrifice his own life and that of his men without gaining any equivalent advantage for the cause which he represented. Thus resolved, he next began to consider what was the most prudent course to adopt, and whether there was any possible chance of being able to rejoin the troops outside the city. Things certainly looked very unpropitious, but at all events he did not despair for himself of being able to accomplish his object. He summoned his men, spoke his mind plainly, and advised them all to do what they could for themselves, having first taken every precaution for the safety and comfort of the invalids. Having done this, he stripped off his uniform, manufactured an impromptu republican cockade, and joined in the loud chorus of the excited citizens, "*Popolo, Popolo, muoiano i tiranni!*"

After parading round the city for some time, an unwilling partisan of the insurgent people, and even assisting at times in the construction of the different barricades—those favourite fortifications of all revolutionary commanders—W—— began to think that it was time to attempt his escape; but in vain did

Digitized by Google

he exert every effort of his imagination; no device seemed in any degree feasible, and as it was not merely a question of comparative risks, but of apparent impossibility, the prospects of success were most gloomy. He was, however, determined at all hazards to give the slip to his new allies, and if his death should be the result of his resolution, he knew that at least he should be performing his duty, and that the charge of cowardice or desertion could never be imputed to him. Many an anxious hour passed without any symptoms of his being able to accomplish his object, and numerous were the projects which he conceived without any chance of ever being able to realize one of them. At length, however, he came to the gate which was nearest to the position occupied by the Imperial troops, and outside of which a barricade had been thrown up as an additional security. At this point, he determined, if possible, to escape from his unpleasant predicament; and trusting to his cockade, and his loud vociferations in favour of *la libertà*, he commenced operations. It so happened that just as he arrived at the gate to which I have alluded, a fresh detachment of volunteers was being marched through it to reinforce the men on the barricade. Here was an opportunity not to be lost; and it was not difficult, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, to pass through with the crowd unnoticed. Accordingly, the corporal in disguise, to his great delight, soon found himself outside the gate. One difficulty was overcome, and the next object to be compassed was to pass over the barricade, and gain the Imperial camp. This was no such easy matter; a formidable array of armed patriots guarded the barricade on every side with the utmost vigilance, and to attempt an escape would have been as hopeless as it would have inevitably been the certain signal for instant death. W—— was not an object of any particular attraction on the barricade, as his dress was of the latest revolutionary fashion, and he busied himself in strengthening the outworks of the fortification in common with the rest. Still his mind, as may be supposed, was not working quite in unison with his hands, and he was constantly on the look out for a fair opportunity to "slip his cable" and run for his life. Fortune, however, did not appear to favour his design, and at last he determined to summon up all his *nonchalance* and get quietly over the barricade as though he were about to perform some particular duty, taking the chance of being stopped or not.

This was a somewhat desperate measure, but in such circumstances it is useless to weigh too closely the comparative chances of success or failure, and a daring resolution is often rewarded by complete victory—*Fortes fortuna juvat.* He had advanced

Digitized by Google

to the extreme top of the barricade, and was just going to commence his descent, when a fierce burly-looking Milanese accosted him, and asked where he was going, and what was his business: this man at once assumed a tone of command and an air of authority, which convinced my friend that he was intrusted with some important charge by the insurgent chiefs. It was no easy matter to return a satisfactory reply to the interrogatories of this stern official, whose suspicions were evidently aroused, and who clearly implied by his look and manner that he intended to deal in a very summary manner with any opposition which might be offered to his commands. W—— was at a loss for a moment, and his embarrassment was increased by the fear that his accent, though very good for a foreigner, might strike the practised ear of a native as something different from that of a genuine Italian. He hesitated, and the same involuntary impulse (for the thought had never occurred to him before since the commencement of his troubles) which was on a former occasion of such eminent service to him, flashed across his mind, and in a sort of hopeless despair, whilst expecting almost every moment to be his last, he made the sign of distress to the Milanese, whose countenance immediately relaxed, as he answered the appeal of his Brother in Masonic terms.

This circumstance of course led to an explanation, and a few minutes sufficed to make W——'s new acquaintance *au courant* of his unpleasant situation. After listening to my friend's story with great attention, the sturdy republican shook his head gravely, as though he considered the case a desperate one, and even, perhaps, beyond the limits of his power to control. However, he asked him a few questions as to what he wished to do, and then desired him to stand aside, and wait for his return. These were, indeed, anxious moments for poor W——, who, although he had every confidence in the Masonic intentions of his newly-found Brother, could not help imagining that perhaps, after all, patriotism might prevail in the heart of the Milanese, and he might thereby be tempted to sacrifice a Brother on the altar of his country. But W—— did not estimate Masonic virtue by a sufficiently high standard; even the experience of his adventure at Paris, and, still more, the generous conduct of Brother Bertram at Vienna, had failed to teach him how deep is the source from whence flow the sentiments engendered by that mystic tie of Brotherhood, which owns no distinction of race or nation, but comprehends within its ample sphere the whole great family of mankind, and sheds its mild and benevolent influence alike over every quarter of the habitable globe. The Milanese walked along the top of the barricade for some little

Digitized by Google

way, until he came to a point where was stationed an elderly man, who held a telescope in his hand, and was quietly surveying the Imperial camp. He looked with apparent sagacity on the scene before him, and seemed calculating the chances of success in case an assault were made upon the city. On the approach of his comrade he desisted from his scrutiny, and W—— soon saw these two men engaged in close and animated conversation; he could not doubt of the subject which engrossed their attention, and as he watched the excited gestures of the elder speaker, he trembled to think that his life or death seemed dependent on his will. The younger man was evidently, by his demeanour, in a subordinate position to the elder, who turned out afterwards to be the generalissimo of the insurgent forces. After an eager debate of some minutes, W—— perceived his Brother Mason returning towards him, and, as may be imagined, his anxiety was wrought up to the highest possible pitch.

"I have done all I can for you," said the Milanese, "but I had some trouble with the old man yonder; he is a good Mason, and is always willing to help a Brother, but his patriotism very nearly got the better of him to-day: however, he has agreed to allow you to pass unmolested, but all that we can possibly guarantee is that you shall leave the barricade in safety, and then you must take to your heels, and do the best you can for yourself; if our fellows fire upon you, we cannot help it. And I must tell you, moreover, that had you not revealed yourself to me as a Brother when you did, I should have cut you down for attempting to get over the barricade without any order for that purpose. Go, now, my Brother, and may you reach in safety your destination at the camp!"

The two Brethren shook hands; W—— poured out his grateful thanks in a few hurried words, and in five minutes he had gained the outer base of the barricade, and was preparing to start. One bound was sufficient to carry him into the plain beyond, and my readers must imagine him running at the top of his speed towards the Imperial camp. He had not gone many paces before the watchful eye of some indignant republican perceived him, and soon a whole volley of musketry informed him, in no very civil or pleasant terms, that he was discovered. Whiz, bang, whiz, came the bullets peppering down on him as thick as hailstones, and the faster he ran, the nearer the balls seemed to come. One penetrated his hat, another passed through the leg of his trousers, just grazing the skin in the slightest degree possible, and yet, by the merciful interposition of Providence, he escaped unhurt, and soon found himself beyond the range of the Italian musketry. So far all

Digitized by Google

was well; but he had not yet reached the goal of his troubles, and he was very nearly illustrating in his own person the old proverb of "out of the frying-pan into the fire." He had escaped the shots of the Milanese, he had now to brave the fire of the Austrian sentinels. My readers will remember that W—— was all this time attired in full revolutionary garb, and a large tricolour cockade fastened in his hat naturally pointed him out as an unmistakeable emissary from the insurgent city. Accordingly, the sentinel who was placed at the first outpost of the camp, on seeing so apparently dangerous a character approaching the Imperial lines, fired at my unfortunate friend, happily without effect, and finding this produced no impression, he gave an alarm, which caused a smart volley from the troops. W—— perceiving his danger, and remembering that he wore the emblem of revolution in his hat, tore off the cockade, and waved a white handkerchief in token of his desire to parley with the sentinels. He was now at no great distance from the outpost, and as soon as he reached the confines of the camp, he surrendered himself a prisoner, and requested to be conducted at once to the presence of Radetsky. The Field Marshal, though at first not quite disposed to give implicit belief to my friend's story, soon remembered his personal appearance, and the fact of his having had a special letter of recommendation to him on joining his regiment. This at once re-assured him, and after inquiring as to the strength and disposition of the insurgent forces, and informing himself, as far as possible, of what W—— had heard and seen during his temporary alliance with the Milanese, he complimented him very highly on the courage and prudence which he had displayed, and concluded by making out his commission as an officer at once. This was, of course, highly gratifying to W——, who was delighted to find himself again in the midst of his comrades, many of whom he amused not a little by a recapitulation of all his adventures since the troops had evacuated the city.

It may be well to remark, that I received all the particulars of the incident here related directly from my friend himself, so that there can be no doubt of the correctness of what has been above stated. Perhaps the most singular feature in the whole story is the fact to which I alluded in the last number—viz.: that Masonry is wholly proscribed throughout every part of the Austrian dominions; and yet here were found two Masons who fully acted up to the spirit of the craft, under circumstances, too, of a very peculiar nature, and we may very reasonably infer that they were not the only representatives of the Order in the city of Milan. Hence we may learn how comparatively useless

Digitized by Google

are those various engines of police which constitute so important a feature in the administration of most of the continental governments, and how much overrated is their vaunted excellence in the detection of offences against the law. True it is, indeed, that the sun never sets on Masonry; and the good seed will always flourish, no matter what the soil may be, in spite of the denunciations and proscriptions of ignorant statesmen and bigoted lawgivers.

* * * * * * *

During the memorable campaigns of the years 1848 and 1849, when the last struggle for Italian liberty was again doomed to end in binding still firmer the shackles of Austrian domination round the neck of that devoted country, my friend W—— was engaged in several battles, and on more than one occasion signalized himself in the field not only by many feats of personal prowess, but also by the display of so much tact and judgment that he soon gained the favourable notice of his superior officers, and earned the well-merited reward of a rapid promotion. It were to be wished, perhaps, that his exertions had been devoted to a better cause; but this must be understood, that his own sympathies were wholly enlisted on the side for which he fought; his political principles were always of a high Tory cast, and many a good-humoured discussion have I held with him on the subject,—the only one, I believe, on which we did not think alike. However, it is some consolation to know that this difference of opinion never for one moment interrupted the harmony of a friendship which I must ever look back upon as one of the few bright pages of life, that written, as it were, in characters of gold, shed a halo of happy recollections round the past, and soften down the rude asperities of a cold and heartless world. It is not my intention to assume the part of a chronicler, or to inflict upon the readers of this *Magazine* a detailed account of the marchings and counter-marchings of Field Marshal Radetsky and his Sardinian adversary; but as I think one or two little incidents which happened to my friend during the war may not be uninteresting, I shall record them for the benefit of those who, having gone so far into his history, may like to learn something more of his military career.

W—— was never backward in incurring danger; if there was anything like a "forlorn hope" to be led, or any service required which called for a more than ordinary share of courage and energy, he was always among the first to volunteer for it. The day after the battle of ——, which had resulted, as usual, in a complete victory on the part of the Austrians, W—— was sent with a few men to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy,

Digitized by Google

who had retreated the evening after the battle, and taken up a new position some twelve or fifteen miles off. He started with his little troop in great spirits, and felt doubtless very important at being employed on so delicate a service. They trotted along through a very picturesque and fertile country, till they came in sight of the enemy's advanced posts, where, under cover of a friendly little thicket, they were able to make their observations without being seen by the Piedmontese videttes. After a careful survey, W—— and his men tied up their horses and proceeded to refresh themselves, as best as they could, with such provisions as their ration-bags afforded. This done, they remounted, and were soon *en route* to join the main body of the army. It was now growing dusk, and the young commander disposed his men so as best to guard against any unforeseen and sudden attack. He well knew that the peasantry of the country were all either openly or secretly in favour of the Piedmontese cause, which they identified with their own; so that, although the reconnoitring party were traversing a portion of country included in the Austrian territory, they were in reality surrounded by hostile natives, who hated the very name of the empire to which they belonged; and to escape from the dominion of which was now their best and dearest hope. Accordingly, every care was taken to provide for whatever contingencies might happen. The twilight was fast melting into the obscurity of night as they approached a deep glen, through which lay the road to the Austrian camp. They had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when a sharp crack was heard, which most unmistakeably proceeded from some unfriendly rifle, but which produced no other effect than to create an extra degree of vigilance on the part of the little troop. The ball passed harmlessly along, and but little notice was taken of the circumstance. I may here remark, that the Lombard peasants had acquired a singular facility of using a sort of sling, which seldom failed of producing the most deadly effect; the missile thus projected was either a large stone, or occasionally a sort of barbed spear, which occasioned great annoyance to the Austrian soldiers. The Piedmontese army numbered comparatively few regular soldiers, the bulk of their forces being composed of raw levies of peasantry, badly drilled, and worse armed; and though their zeal for nationality and their hatred of the Austrians doubtless occasioned many isolated feats of valour, yet they were soon found to be wholly incompetent to resist the discipline and experience of veteran troops. The glen through which W—— and his men had now to pass was about a mile in length, and the farther they advanced, the thicker became the wood

Digitized by Google

which bordered the narrow and winding pathway. It was with difficulty that even two troopers could ride abreast, and occasionally the whole body was forced to break into single file.

The little party had now reached the centre of the glen; it was perfectly dark, as the feeble light of the moon was quite inadequate to penetrate the mass of foliage which hedged them in on every side. W—— was beginning to congratulate himself on having passed the worst of it, and was expecting to gain the open country in a very short time, when suddenly another crack was heard louder than the first, and one of the troopers fell from his horse a lifeless corpse; a large stone, hurled with a deadly aim, from one of the slings to which I have alluded, had in another instant felled a second man to the ground; and it was now quite apparent that they had fallen into an ambuscade. It was difficult to determine how to act under such circumstances, as they could not see their enemy, and to advance or halt seemed equally dangerous. W—— was somewhat at a loss what to do; but, after some consideration, he determined at all events to push forward, and get out of the glen as soon as possible. Whatever might be the nature of their unknown enemy, it was very certain that his own men would have a far better chance in the open country, as they were unable to do anything for their defence in such a position as they were then in. Accordingly he gave the word to advance, enjoining at the same time a strict watch to be kept on every side. The obscurity of the night, however, rendered any precaution of this sort almost useless, as they were quite unable to pierce the interior of the glen; whilst their adversaries derived the benefit of an occasional gleam of moonlight reflected from the spears and helmets of the soldiers. They trotted on as briskly as the rough state of the road would permit, and had but a very short way to go to reach the end of the glen, when two simultaneous shots told of the danger still hovering about them, and put two more troopers *hors de combat*. This sharp-shooting practice was naturally very irritating to W—— and his men, as they were unable to return the compliment in any way. However they dashed on, and soon the distant glimmer of the moon over the country beyond the glen notified that they were nearly at the end of it. And now it became necessary to provide for any attack which might be made as they emerged into the open plain, where at first, if not duly prepared, they might be taken at a disadvantage. The little troop had lost four men, which reduced their strength considerably, and they had no idea of what force they might possibly have to encounter before they reached the camp. At length the glen was past, and W—— drew up his men to reconnoitre their

Digitized by Google

position. The moon shone out at intervals, but occasionally a driving mass of dark cloud rendered the surrounding objects wholly invisible. For some minutes W—— strained his eyes in vain on all sides—nothing was to be seen; and he was on the point of giving the word to advance, intending to make for the army, from which they were now about five miles distant, with all speed.

As, however, he was going to speak, another rifle-shot whizzed by him, and grazed the arm of the trooper at his side. At the same moment the moon broke forth from the clouds, and he discovered, at a little distance in their rear, a dark mass which, though well concealed by the shadow of the glen, proved, on closer investigation, to be a party of Sardinian horse, reinforced, apparently, by some of the disaffected peasantry, who were always glad of an opportunity to manifest their hatred of Austrian rule. From the position which they had taken up it was evident that their intention had been to attack the Austrians in the rear, as they were advancing towards the main body; and very probably they would have succeeded in cutting them off, but for the over-zealous animosity of one of the peasantry, who could not restrain himself from taking a pop at what he considered his "natural enemy." This circumstance, of course, disclosed the whole plan, and each party could not fail of knowing that they were in the presence of hostile troops. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to make the best disposition of his little force that the case would admit of, and prepare for a desperate struggle. So far as W—— was able to judge in the darkness of the night, the Sardinians were very much superior in point of numbers, but he had been before engaged against a force numerically better than his own with complete success, and he was not therefore discouraged at this circumstance on the present occasion. Whether they relied on this advantage, or whether the commander of the party was unable to restrain the impetuosity of the peasants, the first move was made by the Piedmontese, and W——, seeing that they intended an immediate attack, prepared to give them a warm reception. I shall not weary my readers with all the details of the desperate encounter which ensued, and which lasted for nearly three hours, until the gray dawn of morning broke upon the small remaining fragments of the hostile bands. Suffice it to say, that at the close of the engagement there remained but W—— and two troopers on one side, and seven on the other. A fierce and deadly combat between these parties then raged for some time, with doubtful success; during which, W—— received a fearful wound in his neck, from the thrust of a lance, so near to the jugular vein that he was afterwards told by the surgeon that

Digitized by Google

attended him that his life was saved but by a hair's breadth, so near was the wound to that fatal region. The final issue of the affair was, that after some time, one Sardinian soldier and three peasants surrendered themselves at discretion to W—— and his only remaining trooper, and were conducted in triumph to the Austrian camp. The matter was soon bruited about the army, and W——, faint from loss of blood, and suffering great agony from the inflammation attending his wound, was conducted to the tent of Radetsky, to report the whole story to the General. It is needless to say how much his conduct was eulogised by the veteran Field Marshal, who immediately promoted him a step in his regiment, and promised to represent his gallant and courageous conduct to the Minister of war at Vienna. W——'s wound was of so serious a nature as to preclude him entirely from performing his usual duties for some time, and he was sent to a neighbouring town, where, in the family of an Italian lady, he received every comfort and attendance that his necessities demanded. Under good medical advice, and the maternal care of this excellent old dame, the invalid, after a tedious confinement, at length began to progress towards recovery. The kindness which he received under this hospitable roof made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and I have often heard him speak in the most affectionate terms of the benevolent Signora B——. The old lady, who was a devout Catholic, had masses said for his conversion; and, on his quitting her house, she gave him a ring, and made him promise to correspond with her in future,—which he was constantly in the habit of doing up to the time of his death.

Cured of his wound, and invigorated by rest and kind treatment, W—— returned to his regiment, and served through the rest of the Italian campaign with credit to himself and satisfaction to all his superior officers. At the conclusion of the war, he obtained leave to visit his native country; and it was during his stay in England on that occasion, that I learned, for the most part, an account of what has been here related. After he had spent about three months amongst his friends (during which time he sustained the loss of his venerable and beloved father), he was again called to the active duties of his profession, and his regiment was ordered to Hungary, where the war was then raging in all its fury. Had I been engaged in writing a military memoir, instead of "Masonic Episodes," I might have swelled these pages to an unwarrantable length; but, as I fear my readers will be already weary of so much matter that is not strictly Masonic, I must hasten to the conclusion of this paper. The Hungarian effort in the cause of liberty resulted, as is well

Digitized by Google

known, in the same despotic triumph that marked the struggle for Italian independence; and, by the aid of Russian interference, the House of Hapsburgh contrived to maintain its sovereignty over the Maygar race. The cessation of this contest afforded some respite to the military operations of the Austrians, and W—— was again enabled to return to England, on leave of absence.

A happy sojourn amongst his friends was, however, destined to end in a melancholy catastrophe, and the brave soldier and generous brother was soon summoned from the scenes of earthly glory, to take his place in that Grand Lodge above, where all good Masons shall be again reunited to work out, in endless harmony, the gracious purposes of the Great Architect of the Universe. An accidental pistol-shot rendered necessary the amputation of one of his fingers; and, though for some days the wound progressed most favourably, at length symptoms of lock-jaw set in, and, after forty-eight hours of the intensest sufferings, death released him from his agony, and terminated the short career of my excellent and beloved friend. It were but painful to myself, and scarcely of sufficient interest for my readers, to raise again the curtain which has fallen for ever on the distressing scenes that closed his earthly course; but it will ever be to me a source of sincere gratification and thankfulness that I was permitted to see the last of poor W—— in life,—his sorrowing mother and myself, with one attendant, being the only persons who witnessed the flight of his immortal spirit to those realms of bliss where it is the hope of all to meet once more, and "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Digitized by Google

THE COUNTESS AND THE SERF.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is well known to all who are conversant with the history of Poland, that in its days of pride and power it boasted of few names more lofty or more honoured than that of Zamoiski. Even so recently as the eighteenth century, the head of this illustrious house possessed upwards of ten thousand vassals, but his disposition was so gentle and benign that he was rather a friend than a master to those over whom he had thus been called upon to rule. Favoured by nature as eminently as by fortune, the count wooed and won a daughter of the illustrious race of Czartoriski, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and whose extraordinary beauty was a proverb throughout the whole country. Great, therefore, were the rejoicings among his friends and kinsmen when, at the termination of a year of marriage, the brilliant countess was about to become a mother; but the sun of promise which had dawned so brightly was destined to set in tears—a child was indeed born, but Zamoiski in the same hour found himself a widower.

The wife of a serf on his estates, who had at the same period given birth to a son, was intrusted with the care of the young countess, and was at once domesticated with her infant in the castle of the bereaved noble; who, grateful to the zealous peasant for the affection which she lavished on his motherless child, in his turn overlooked the disparity of their several stations, and divided his mournful caresses between his own heiress and the humble offspring of her devoted nurse.

So signal an honour in a land where the tillers of the soil were at that period regarded rather as beasts of burthen than as fellow-creatures, could not fail to win the heart of the humble foster-mother; and throughout the whole period of her infancy the Countess Anna remained unconscious of the loss which she had sustained, obliterated as it was by the ceaseless tenderness of her devoted attendant. The two children were nursed and tended together; and, by the express directions of the generous Zamoiski, no distinction was made between them.

"You are now the mother of my Anna," he said, when the grateful woman would have removed her boy from his arms;

* A tale of past times in Poland.

Digitized by Google

"to you I owe it that the grave did not bereave me of both my treasures, and she shall be a sister to your son. This she must learn from me."

He was, of course, obeyed; and thus the wealthy heiress and the vassal's penniless child grew on side by side, sharing the same sports, and partaking of the same indulgences.

They had attained their eighth year, when a sister of the count, who had made an imprudent marriage, and been early widowed, sank beneath her sorrows, and, in dying, bequeathed to the affection of her only brother a fair girl, for whom she earnestly implored his protection. The appeal was not made in vain; Zamoiski welcomed the lovely little orphan with a father's tenderness; and thenceforward the three children became almost equally dear to him.

So extreme a concession on his part elicited both comment and expostulation from his fellow nobles, but the count disregarded their prejudices; truly withered in heart, he only seemed to live again in the caresses of the three little beings over whom he watched with all a father's fondness. The dawning beauty of the two cousins, and the precocious intellect of their adopted brother, alike interested his best feelings; and when—after having shared the instructions of the several masters to whom Zamoiski had confided the education of his daughter and his niece—the young Ivan had attained to a sufficient age, Zamoiski generously entered his young favourite at the college of Wilna, where he was to remain three years in order to complete his studies.

The parting between the children was affectionate and sad. Anna and Eudoxia wept in each other's arms, but the boy turned aside to wipe away the rebel tears which would not be suppressed.

"Three years soon pass, dear sisters," he said, as he strove to clasp them both together in his arms; "and when they are over I shall return to the castle, and you will love me better, far better, than now."

The girls replied only by a fresh burst of grief.

"Now," resumed the manly lad, struggling against the agitation which was gaining upon him: "now, we are only children, but at the end of those three years I shall be able to protect you in danger as well as my lord the count. Our studies will be over, and we shall be constantly together. You, dear sister, will take your guitar, and Eudoxia will call to memory her choicest songs, while I replace old Valerian, the boatman, on the lake by moonlight. Think, too, of our wild rides along the crests of the mountain range, where they say that we are yet too young and unskilful to venture; and through the recesses of the dim pine

Digitized by Google

woods, chasing the flickering sunbeams that shimmer like golden rain amid the boughs."

"If these three long years were only gone," sobbed out the Countess Anna.

"Nay, nay," said Zamoiski as he strained her to his heart: "such a wish is idle, my own darling; and remember that both you and your dear cousin will have much to do in order not to shame the learned student of Wilna when he returns to us."

And the three years did pass: and at their close Ivan returned to the proud halls of Zamoiski perfected in person as well as mind; and with a high and noble bearing which caused even the count himself to forget the obscurity of his origin, and to welcome him rather as a son than as a dependant. No wonder, therefore, that the two artless girls, who were strangers to the world and its prejudices, bestowed no thought upon the invidious distinctions of birth and rank which must have separated them for ever from the playmate of their youth, but gave free vent to the sisterly affection which led them to exult in the matured perfections of their restored companion. All his visions were realized, for Zamoiski had the most unbounded confidence in the prudence as well as the attachment of his favourite; and the young party were seldom separated, save when the duties enforced upon Ivan by the indulgence of the count (who, ere long, wearied by the dull routine of business, confided to him the administration of his extensive estates), compelled the young man to devote a portion of his time to this important trust. Richly was he, however, repaid for the occasional privation by the enthusiatic commendations of his adopted father, and the increased respect with which he was regarded on all sides; while the force of habit was so great that he looked upon the two beautiful girls with whom he was thus brought into almost hourly contact simply as dear and cherished sisters, over whom he was bound to watch with unceasing tenderness and care; and if at times he was conscious of a superior affection for the Countess Anna, he regarded it merely as a consequence of the fact that they had in infancy derived their common sustenance from the same maternal bosom. Happy in the present, he scarcely wasted a thought upon the future; but, divided between duty and affection, lived on as if unconscious that he was the denizen of a world of chance and change; and that clouds might gather even in a sky as bright and as sunny as that which spread above him and about him like a thing immortal and immutable.

Far otherwise was it, however, with the two fair cousins. They had no cares, no duties, no avocations, to distract their

Digitized by Google

thoughts from their own feelings. Their world was in their heart; nor was it long ere each became conscious that she had peopled it exclusively with one image. The conviction nevertheless grew slowly, and produced a totally dissimilar effect upon them. The Countess Anna, at once the darling and the heiress of her wealthy and noble father, was impetuous, reckless, and irritable under opposition, while Zamoiski had unconsciously fostered rather than checked these qualities so dangerous to the happiness of her sex; joyous in her joy, he had never found courage to contradict her will where he foresaw that his contradiction would entail suffering on his darling; to have brought tears to her bright eyes would have wrung his own heart; and it is consequently scarcely wonderful that the young countess saw herself surrounded by submission. Her will was law throughout the castle; and even her *brother* and her cousin never suffered their own inclinations or wishes to interfere with her expressed or implied pleasure. This tacit and universal obedience to her caprices had grown with her growth; and she was so habituated to it that it passed unobserved, and consequently unfelt by the spoiled child of fortune, to whose character it meanwhile imparted a dangerous self-reliance and self-value, which destroyed much of that beautiful softness and sympathy of feeling that are among the most graceful attributes of woman. None, however, felt the want of these; for in the life of retirement and luxury which the latent regrets and the splendid habits of Zamoiski had led him to adopt, it was so easy and so natural to bow before the laughing tyranny of the bright creature whose glad voice and beaming countenance were music and sunshine to all with whom she came into contact, that her charm was universally acknowledged, and her claim never contested. A word of expostulation, had that word been uttered in time —an earnest warning, had that warning been breathed by one whom she loved—might have changed the whole current of her destiny; but unhappily for the young countess that word was never uttered, that warning was never given; and thus she lived on, unaware of the depth of the precipice upon whose brink she stood.

Perhaps no more striking contrast could be found than that which existed between the two cousins. The daughter of Zamoiski had never known another mother than her nurse, and no single regret bound her to the past: while Eudoxia was in very truth the child of sorrow. An orphan even in her childhood, she could yet remember the tear-dimmed eyes of her last parent, and the heavy mourning garments in which she had been attired when the gentle face and the fond smile were hidden

Digitized by Google

from her for ever, and she became the inmate of a new and strange home. It is true that, as we have already stated, she was received in that new home with tenderness and love, but the memory of the past still haunted her like a dark and vague dream, and threw a shadow of sadness over her character. Even while sharing with her cousin in the caresses of Zamoiski, she shrank from invading the rights of her buoyant and fearless playmate, and was conscious that she possessed no equal claim to his affection; and this conviction, which rendered her timid and reserved as a child, far from becoming weakened by time, grew stronger as she contrasted the imperious self-possession of Anna with her own painful sense of helplessness and dependence, and induced a coldness and sadness of manner which somewhat marred the extraordinary beauty by which she was distinguished. In his hours of joyousness, Ivan was solely occupied by his foster-sister; her ready laugh and answering jest doubled every enjoyment, and lent a new impetus to every pleasure; but when occasionally some adverse circumstance cast a gloom over his spirit, he sought for sympathy from her cousin. Eudoxia could understand and feel for him, and in those moments she seemed dearer to him than Anna; but as the cloud passed by, and the sunshine streamed once more across his path, he turned again to the bright smile which wooed him back to his allegiance, and Eudoxia was, if not forgotten, at least partially overlooked. It sufficed, however, that the shade should deepen upon the brow of the fair orphan to bring Ivan to her feet; he did not pause to ask himself whence he derived the power of restoring her to cheerfulness; he only felt glad and proud to find that he possessed it; and thus, alternately occupied with the two cousins, his devotion excited no alarm or suspicion in the count, who was as reckless of the future as the three inexperienced beings who formed his world.

Thus were things situated at the castle when Zamoiski suddenly announced his intention of visiting the estates of the Countess Eudoxia, which had been committed to the guardianship of a hired steward, in order to ascertain how he had acquitted himself of his trust; and as his absence must extend to an entire month, which he declared himself unable to pass without the society of at least one of his children, he desired Ivan to make the necessary arrangements, and to bear him company.

Two days afterwards the travellers commenced their journey; and they had no sooner disappeared than the young countess wiped away her tears, and pressing her lips to the pale cheek of her cousin, exclaimed gaily, "We have no time to weep, Eu-

Digitized by Google

doxia; we must be busy. The day of their return is fixed. A month will soon pass over. This is not such a parting as when Ivan left us for that horrid Wilna. That was for three long years, while this is only for four short weeks. Yes, Eudoxia, we will be busy, and welcome them back with the gayest festival that the old schloss has seen since we were children. We have but few neighbours, it is true, but they must all be here; and we will have music, and flowers, and good cheer: and the serfs shall dance on the sward by moonlight; and we will make our truants confess that they have seen nothing so bright or so beautiful since they left us. Is it not a delightful project? And will they not find us charming, attired in white, with garlands on our heads, like twin châtelaines?"

The orphan returned the kiss, and forced a smile; but the sorrow of the parting was yet too recent for her to enter with the same zest as her volatile cousin into the anticipated delights of a re-union, although she strove to seem as enchanted with the coming *fête* as though it were to take place on the morrow; and ere long the two girls were rapidly passing from room to room, devising a thousand plans, issuing a thousand orders; and urging the attendants to despatch, with as much eagerness as though a whole month were not to intervene before their intentions could be realized.

Long ere the appointed time all was consequently prepared; and then, indeed, the days became weary and tedious to the anxious watchers, Anna constantly declaring that she would never again permit her father to leave her a prisoner in the castle; and Eudoxia secretly wishing that she had not possessed estates which rendered the absence of Ivan necessary to her interests. Amid these murmurs and regrets, however, the hours sped on, and the long-wished-for morning dawned. A busy day it was in the castle of Zamoiski; before noon the guests began to arrive, and the rattle of wheels and the trampling of horses were loud in the courtyard, while the flower-decked saloons were gay with greetings and laughter, although the travellers were not expected before nightfall.

As the twilight deepened, the windows of the schloss, which stood upon the slope of a mountain, were brilliantly illuminated; and the clustered lights were gloriously reflected on the bosom of a vast lake which bathed the foot of the heights: while every eye was turned towards the road by which the count and his train were expected to arrive. At length two individuals were discerned advancing at a rapid pace towards the castle, and the quick eye of Anna at once distinguished the figures of her father and Ivan, who in their eagerness to reach home had out-

Digitized by Google

ridden their attendants. Hasty orders were issued for the banquet; and the great gates were already flung back, while the vassals who were stationed with torches at the entrance of the court, held them aloft, and thus shed a broad light along the causeway, which rendered every object distinctly visible.

Fearful was the sight which it ere long revealed. Hurrying onward at the utmost speed of his horse, Zamoiski dashed among a herd of oxen which were slowly making their way towards the lake, when one of the unwieldly animals, scared by his approach, suddenly swerved, and buried his horns in the flanks of the noble beast upon which he rode; when the latter, rearing violently in its agony, fell back, and rolled rapidly down the steep road into the lake, dragging his rider with him. In an instant Ivan was on his feet; and another minute had scarcely elapsed ere he had plunged into the water, and was dashing out in pursuit of his benefactor. The enterprise was, however, both dangerous and difficult, as the foot of the count was entangled in the stirrup; and the wounded horse, maddened with pain, was swimming towards the centre of the lake; while Ivan, encumbered by the weight of his riding-dress, lost way rapidly. At length, just as his strength was beginning to fail, the horse, exhausted by loss of blood, shivered heavily, and beat the water without advancing further; and then the heroic young man, profiting by the momentary pause, clutched the foot of the count, forcing it from the stirrup, while, clinging convulsively to the mantle of Zamoiski, who was insensible, he held him above the water until both were rescued by a boat which had been hastily sent to their assistance.

Neither the daughter nor the niece of the unhappy count received him on the threshold of the stately home which had been so gaily decked for his return; neither was aware that he had been saved by the devotion of his adopted son; terror had paralyzed their faculties, and they had been carried senseless to their respective chambers. Meanwhile the count's physician hastened to employ every remedy which could be devised for the restoration of his beloved patron; but he became ere long painfully convinced that all human efforts were vain, and that the life of Zamoiski was rapidly ebbing away. This fatal intelligence having been conveyed to the castle guests, they slowly departed; and in a short time the afflicted family were left alone. The lights which still gleamed from the windows of the schloss were extinguished, the garlands were torn down from the walls; the vassals were dismissed to their homes at the foot of the mountain; and darkness and silence held undisputed sway over the recently festive edifice.

Digitized by Google

Returning consciousness brought with it only an increase of suffering to the bereaved cousins; who, as they sat locked in each other's arms, eagerly demanded the presence of Ivan; but it was long ere he could obey the summons. Utterly exhausted alike by cold, fatigue, and anguish, the unhappy young man had himself required the cares of the friendly physician, and had only been aroused to fresh exertion by a knowledge of the count's precarious state. Then, however, he forgot his own sufferings in those of the helpless girls who were so soon to be left desolate, and hastened to their presence to mingle his tears with theirs, and to vow to them a life-long devotion.

Towards midnight Zamoiski for the first time awoke from his trance; and as his eyes wandered anxiously round the chamber, he faintly uttered the names of Anna, Eudoxia, and Ivan. In a few moments they were all kneeling beside him; and a powerful restorative having been administered to the sick man, he succeeded in raising himself in his bed, and in grasping the hand of his adopted son.

"Ivan," he whispered hoarsely, "to you I confide my beloved children—be to them all, and more than I could have been—I know your secret—there is no distinction of birth and rank in the grave—I—you—Anna." By a convulsive effort he joined the hands of his daughter and his vassal, as the words trembled upon his lips; and then, with a faint sigh, he fell back upon his pillow, and expired.

There was silence for a time in the death-room. Deep grief has no voice; and here was grief indeed! We will not dwell upon the dreary days that succeeded, or on the agony with which the bereaved ones saw Zamoiski, the tender father, the generous friend, and the indulgent master, laid to rest in the vault of his ancestors. Enough that Time, that mysterious comforter, gradually brought back calm to their hearts; and that they began once more to look into a future, which had, during the first violence of their anguish, appeared blotted out for ever.

Throughout an entire year the cousins lived in absolute seclusion, refusing even to receive the visits of their most valued friends; and during that dreary period the society and devotion of Ivan was all in all to them, although his presence was at times a source of embarrassment to both. Anna had not failed to interpret the dying words of her father in accordance with her own secret wishes, nor did she hesitate to evince towards her foster-brother a marked preference, by which she believed that he must feel alike honoured and happy; but still, although the earnest attentions of Ivan were unceasing to both cousins, he carefully avoided all exclusive demonstrations towards either, as

Digitized by Google

though he feared or hesitated to advance a claim which might be disavowed. This excess of prudence did not fail, however, after a time, to wound the pride and weary the patience of the young heiress, who complained to her cousin, in a moment of irritation, of the coldness of their adopted brother, whom she regarded, as she frankly declared, in the light of her future husband, since such had been the will of the deceased count.

Poor Eudoxia, who had until this period unconsciously cherished a hope that the proud spirit of the wealthy and high-born heiress would lead her to reject the hand of one of her own vassals, and that thus she should be left free to bestow her own upon Ivan, was ill fitted to receive such a confidence; but, struggling against her emotion, she drove back the tears that sought to fall, and in trembling accents inquired if Anna were quite sure that she should not one day regret the sacrifice which such an union must involve.

The young countess bent her eyes earnestly upon the speaker; and then in a tone which fell hard and harsh on the ears of her companion, retorted by another question.

"And you, Eudoxia, had my father joined your hand to that of Ivan, should you have deemed the sacrifice too great which was demanded of you?"

"I know not how to answer," was the low reply; "I am not the heiress of Zamoiski."

"Were I the heiress of a kingdom," said Anna resolutely, "I would gladly share my throne with Ivan, as I shall ere long share my wealth and rank; nor have I forgotten that I must find my best recompense for the concession, in the knowledge that our union will have secured the freedom of my long-loved and adopted brother."

"It will be indeed a glorious conviction," murmured Eudoxia; "and sufficient of itself to insure your happiness. Forgive me, my dear countess, if I doubted even for a moment the greatness of your nature."

Thenceforward the whole bearing of Eudoxia became changed. While she yet hoped, she had avoided Ivan, and with true womanly delicacy sought to conceal the passion which had grown up within her heart; but now, when she felt that all was over, and that she must in future regard him only as the husband of another, she roused herself into greater cheerfulness, and evinced a more marked interest in his tastes and avocations; even resuming towards him the unembarrassed manner and affectionate regard of her earlier years. Irritated and alarmed by the prolonged silence of Ivan, the Countess Anna observed, first with surprise, and ultimately with jealousy, this unexpected

Digitized by Google

revolution in the feelings of her cousin; but, too proud for reproach or complaint, she made no comment upon the circumstance save to her confidential attendant; who, with the ready spirit of intrigue common to her class, became ere long a zealous and untiring spy upon the movements of the unsuspicious Eudoxia. Nor was it long ere her watchfulness was amply rewarded, and that with flashing eye and heightened colour, she presented herself before her anxious mistress.

"Madam," she exclaimed vehemently, as she closed the door of the chamber carefully behind her; "You are betrayed!"

"What mean you, Catherine?" demanded the Countess Anna, rising hastily from her seat.

"They met this morning at daybreak, in a sheltered part of the garden, while the very servants of the castle were yet sleeping."

"How know you this?"

"I had been told of the appointment; but although, in my eagerness to serve you, I had forborne to seek my bed, I was yet too late to witness their first meeting; but I saw enough to prove that you were betrayed."

"You saw—what?"

"I saw him kneeling at her feet; I heard him implore her to recall her words—and then, after the pause of a moment, I saw her raise him from the earth, and embrace him, as she uttered a few words in so low a tone that I could not catch their meaning."

"Enough, Catherine," said the young countess sternly; "you have served me well, and shall have no occasion to repent your zeal. I may be wronged, but I am not powerless, and may yet revenge the injury."

The opportunity of vengeance presented itself only too soon.

For some days the attendants of the Countess Eudoxia had been busily engaged in preparing the travelling-carriage of their mistress, and in arranging relays for a journey of considerable length; but she had remained silent as to her intention of leaving the castle which had so long been her home, until one evening as she stood beside her cousin, who was watching the sunset at an open window, she suddenly wound her arm about her waist, and said, in a voice choked with emotion: "My dear cousin, my more than sister, I must leave you to-morrow; I trust only for a short time, although I am unable to fix the precise period of my return. The Countess Sophia Dalgouriska, the only relative save yourself whom I possess in this world, is dangerously ill, and desires to see me before she dies. I cannot, of course, hesitate to obey so solemn a summons, and I have

Digitized by Google

consequently decided on setting forth at daybreak. I shall be accompanied only by a few of my attendants, and Ivan has promised during my absence to superintend the other servants whom I shall leave with you. Farewell, then, and do not forget me, for be assured that no human heart beats with more earnest affection than my own."

As she ceased speaking, Eudoxia threw herself upon the bosom of her cousin, and wept aloud; but the embrace of Anna was cold and constrained. So violent an exhibition of emotion upon so slight an occasion as a temporary absence, appeared to her already prejudiced mind to be uncalled for and suspicious; the blood rushed to her heart, and curdled there. The meeting in the garden recurred vividly to her memory; and as she swept her hand across her throbbing brow, she felt convinced that she had penetrated the secret of her cousin's excessive agitation. Ivan and Eudoxia were about to fly together; and this pretended summons to a distant death-bed was the first scene in the drama of deceit which they had concerted.

Overwhelmed by her own emotion, Eudoxia did not remark the shudder with which her cousin released herself from her hold, nor the unnatural harshness of the accents in which she uttered her leave-taking. Her own heart was full to overflowing; and as she left the apartment she thought only of the cheerless future which was about to open upon her.

When she found herself alone, Anna stood for an instant gazing vacantly before her, like one who is still under the oppression of a heavy dream; and then, with a slow and measured step, she sought her own chamber, where she closeted herself with her woman.

"You are right, Catherine," she said bitterly, as she turned towards a mirror, into which she looked long and earnestly; "her fatal beauty has wrecked all my happiness—and yet—" and she smiled a strange wild smile of mingled scorn and anguish—"surely the daughter of his lord was fair enough to mate with the serf Ivan. But this is idle—what I have to say to you is soon told. You were not deceived when you told me that I was betrayed. My affection, and that of my father, is about to be repaid by the most foul ingratitude. I have been the dupe of two false hearts; but it is not yet too late. Follow them, Catherine; follow them like their shadow; lose not an action nor a word; discover their most hidden thoughts, if you would save me from madness. You shall have gold—freedom—all that you can ask; but save me from this worst and bitterest anguish."

In another moment her attendant had disappeared, while the

Digitized by Google

wretched girl threw herself into a seat to weep; and as the tears fell fast upon her burning cheeks, she recalled, with an agony that shook her frame like an ague-fit, all the proofs of affection which Ivan had lavished upon herself from their childhood even to that very hour; for, silent as he had been as to his hopes and feelings, never for a moment had he ceased to evince towards her the passionate attachment of an absorbing love. These memories, however, served only to embitter her excited spirit, regarding them as she did at that moment as the mere subterfuges of a false heart, seeking to work out its own selfish ends; and it was consequently with a false and fatal thirst for vengeance that she awaited the return of her messenger.

"Tell me all!" she exclaimed, as Catherine at length stood beside her. "All! Do not spare me one detail. I am prepared for your recital be it what it may. Have you seen them?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"In the same spot where they last met, and where they have met for many mornings past."

"Did you hear what was said between them?"

"I heard all that you will care to know, although I was somewhat tardy at my post. When I reached my hiding-place, he was again on his knees before the countess, and held in his hand an open paper, which he was imploring of her to take back. 'Nothing can change my determination,' said your cousin; 'it is immutable. Be prudent; you have pledged your word, and I rely upon your promise. In three days we shall have nothing to conceal.'"

"In three days," murmured the Countess Anna abstractedly.

"'At the altar,' pursued Madame Eudoxia, 'I will liberate you from your oath, but until then my cousin must know nothing of our projects.' Ivan then endeavoured to induce her to delay her departure were it only for a single day, but the countess was resolved. 'My dear Ivan,' she said, as she pressed his hand in hers; 'to-morrow at daybreak we shall both be free.' And then they wept, madam, as though their joy was troubled by some feeling of remorse or sorrow; and as they prepared to separate, Ivan carefully placed the paper in his breast, saying as he did so, 'There, my dear Eudoxia, it shall rest, together with our secret, and the earnest affection which I have vowed to you. Fear not, your confidence in my devotion has not been misplaced, and will endure while life lasts.' 'Farewell, Ivan,' responded your cousin; 'do not suffer any one to awaken Anna to-morrow morning, for I feel that should we again meet, my secret would escape me; and my heart

Digitized by Google

would break if I were compelled to impart it with my own lips.' After this, madam, they parted; and I hastened back, as day was beginning to dawn, and I was fearful of discovery."

Anna listened no longer. She had heard enough—more than enough; and her anguish yielded for a time to the most bitter scorn. The desire of revenge grew every moment more strong within her; she felt no fatigue, for the spirit had overmastered the body; and thus she sat until she became assured that the moment of Eudoxia's departure was at hand. After listening for a brief space, which sufficed to assure her that it was indeed the voice of Ivan which she heard beneath her window, the young countess rose, and looked out. Another moment's delay, and her whole destiny, as well as that of those upon whom she fixed her earnest gaze, might have been changed; but this was not to be; and with a pale cheek and compressed lips she saw her cousin withdraw herself from the embrace of her presumed lover, to whom, as she prepared to enter the carriage, she gave a small casket, which he immediately raised to his lips.

By a sudden and uncontrollable impulse the Countess Zamoiska rushed from her chamber, hurriedly descended the great staircase, and made her way to the courtyard, determined to surprise the traitors in the very moment of their treason; but she was too late; the coach had passed the gates, and was already midway of the descent; while Ivan, whose tears had not yet ceased to flow, was gazing regretfully upon the departing equipage. "Anna!" exclaimed the young man, as she suddenly stood beside him, "my dear Anna, why are you here? We had hoped to spare you this trial."

"No doubt," was the cold reply, as the countess fixed her tearless eyes upon his countenance, while a smile of bitter irony quivered about her mouth; "I can well believe that at such a moment my presence was not desired; but although your plans were ably combined, I have not been your dupe; and I am here, somewhat too late it may be, to convince you of the fact; to frustrate your perfidious project; and to express to yourself at least, the contempt and aversion with which I shall henceforth regard you both."

"Anna!" exclaimed the young man in an accent of sad but still haughty reproach; "Is it indeed to me that you address such words?"

"And wherefore not?" demanded the countess, with a sudden assumption of stern dignity, by which her whole person became metamorphosed; "Am I compelled to smooth my sentences for the ear of Ivan Ivanowitch? Yes, it is to you I speak; it is you

Digitized by Google

whom I command immediately to deliver up to me the casket placed in your hands by my cousin."

"Anna—my dear Anna"—expostulated her astonished listener; "what can be the meaning of this emotion—this violence? Have you forgotten that we are surrounded by servants who can overhear your words? Let us withdraw into the castle, I entreat of you, where you can more fitly inform me of the subject of your anger."

"I have nothing to conceal, sir," was the retort of the countess; "nor do I see cause to inconvenience myself for my own menials. Once more I desire that you will give me the casket —I command it—and you will disobey me at your peril."

"You have adopted a singular mode of persuasion, madam," replied the young man; "and one which would of itself have prevented my compliance, even had I not bound myself by an oath to retain the casket in my own possession."

"You refuse, then?"

"Have I not told you that my word is pledged?"

"Ivan Ivanowitch!" exclaimed the infuriated girl, whose suspicions were strengthened by this resolute opposition, and whose passion had at length totally overmastered her reason; "Ivan Ivanowitch, you are a traitor—you have repaid trust by perfidy, and generosity by wrong; you have forgotten that you are a slave."

"A slave!" shouted the unhappy youth, as he sprang closer to her side; "a *slave*, Anna! what words are these? The favour of your dead father has made me your equal."

Loud and bitter was the laugh of the excited countess. "*You!*" she exclaimed vehemently, "You the equal of Zamoiski's daughter? What madness is this? I repeat it, you are a slave —*my* slave. Ah! you had forgotten this when you so recklessly braved my displeasure. Recall it now to your recollection. Can you show me any document to prove that you are a free man? You are a serf, Ivan Ivanowitch—a rebellious serf, who dares to dispute the will of his mistress, and as such shall you suffer for your crime. Seize him!" she continued to the servants, who, bewildered by what was passing before them, stood trembling and motionless; "tear from him the casket which he carries in his bosom, and give him a hundred stripes for his disobedience. He who brings me the casket, and inflicts the punishment, shall receive twenty ducats of gold."

A moment of hesitation followed, but no more. In our free and happy country it is difficult, almost impossible, to comprehend the degree of passive obedience to which the peasantry of

Digitized by Google

Russia and Poland had been reduced by their feudal tyrants; and thus, although the former favour and authority enjoyed by the wretched Ivan paralyzed the movements of the menials for an instant, they no sooner met the proud and menacing eyes of their suzerain lady than they prepared to execute her orders. It is probable, moreover, that there were some among them who could not contemplate without a cruel satisfaction the degradation of one who, from their equal, had become their master; while others were eager to obtain the promised reward; suffice it that the unresisting young man was seized by the rude hands of those who but an hour previously had been the unquestioning agents of his will; and that ere long, having been deprived of the cherished casket, Ivan Ivanowitch stood before his fellow-serfs a degraded man who had writhed beneath the whip.

He uttered no expostulation; no complaint. His cheek was deadly pale, and his head bent upon his breast, as though he shrank beneath the light of heaven; and thus he passed from the court into the castle, and escaped from the gaze of his tormentors.

And the countess had also retired to her apartment as she heard the heavy fall of the lash. Tottering like one attacked by sudden palsy, she had fallen on her knees before a portrait of her father, as if, now that the tempest of passion had spent itself, to ask pardon for her cruelty. Years long passed rose up before her. She remembered how in infancy the fond and fearless boy, her father's adopted son, her own foster-brother, had been alike her playmate and her brother. She remembered how in youth the graceful and gallant scholar, escaped from the restraints of college life, and restored to the affections of his patron, had directed her studies, and formed her tastes; and she trembled as she knelt, and covered her eyes with her hands as if to shut out the frown, which in the agitation of the moment, she dreaded to see darken the benignant countenance upon the canvas. But then came other memories; the beauty of her cousin rose up before her; old jealousies revived; and springing to her feet in the eager hope of finding her justification in the coveted casket, she breathlessly wrenched it open.

Greatly had she sinned, but in a few brief moments, Ivan—him whom she had so fondly loved, and so foully outraged—was revenged; and as she sat with the contents of the box scattered about her, her eyes distended, and her lips apart, as though they had severed in the attempt to emit a scream which found no utterance, she presented the very picture of heartstruck despair.

The first objects which had fallen into her hands were her own portrait suspended by a chain of hair which she had herself

Digitized by Google

given, long years ago, to her orphan cousin; while beneath these lay some title-deeds, and a letter in the hand-writing of Eudoxia, bearing her own address; and that was all. With quivering fingers she opened the packet which was to reveal the mystery of the past. A cloud passed before her eyes, her pulses throbbed almost to bursting, but she could brook no longer suspense.

"My own Anna"—thus ran the letter—"I will not, I dare not, tell you how long and how bitterly I have suffered; nor how deeply I reproach myself for an involuntary injury done to you, my more than sister. I loved Ivan; there were even moments when I was selfish enough to hope that he might one day return my love; but you will forgive me when you learn how resolutely I have striven to expiate my offence. Upbraid me not; it were needless, for my own reproaches are almost more than I can bear. You will see me no more. My strength failed before the prospect of a prolonged struggle; and when this reaches you I shall be the inmate of a cloister. I have the pledge of Ivan—and when did he ever falsify his word?—that he will withhold this my farewell until even your affection cannot avail to change my destiny. May you be happy together! Heaven has fitted you for each other—he all honour, you all generous devotion. You are wealthy, yet for my sake you will not reject the worldly riches which would be useless to me in the narrow cell of a convent. If I restore to you the gifts of former days, the dearest treasures of my heart, I do so to prove to you that I am now dead to all earthly ties and affections. Do not let one memory of me sadden the bright existence which awaits you; but remember me only as one who is vowed to Heaven, and who looks to be reunited to you in eternity."

"Bring him to me!" shrieked the wretched young countess, as after an interval of speechless agony, she once more bounded to her feet, and rushed from the apartment. "Where is Ivan Ivanowitch? He who shall conduct him hither on the instant shall be free for life."

But every effort was vain. Ivan had disappeared. Maddened by rage and despair, he had escaped into the forest, where during several days and nights he wandered, sleepless and without food, forcing his way through the tangled underwood, and braving the wild beasts in their lairs. Frightful were the visions of his solitude, as delirious from want and exhaustion, he still pressed onward, aimless and reckless; pursued even to the deepest recesses of the forest by the ceaseless echo of the lash! The winds howled dismally about him; the growl of the bear, and the hooting of the owl, were loud beside his path, but he heard them not, while

Digitized by Google

there fell incessantly upon his tortured ear the dull monotonous sound of the degrading knout. Suddenly he paused in his mad career, and a laugh rang up to Heaven more fearful than a scream. He had just remembered that although a stricken slave he was still free to die. To die—to be at peace—to defy the malice of his tyrant; for in his delirium the wretched victim saw only an executioner in her whom he had once so fondly loved. That should be his vengeance! And yet she might not know that he had freed himself; she might never learn that he was beyond her power, and was her slave no longer. He would not die in the dark forest to pamper the beasts of prey. He would not pass away without wringing the proud heart which had written its ownership upon his frame in characters of blood. He would not be hunted through the district as a runaway, seeking to defraud his mistress of her rights—she should see him die—and with another discordant laugh which scared the wild birds in the branches, he hurriedly made his way through the forest, and directed his course towards the castle.

It was night, but a lamp still burned in the chamber of the countess. Midnight pealed from the belfry long ere the wanderer reached a postern gate of which he possessed the key; yet still the dull and shaded light gleamed on. Ivan kept his eye fixed upon it as he advanced, until it was hidden by the external wall of the building, and then cautiously effecting an entrance into the court, he hurried to his chamber. All was dark there; but Ivan did not hesitate an instant. Traversing the floor with a firm and sure tread, he approached the high mantel, and took down from over it a pair of costly pistols, which had been given to him by Zamoiski; they were loaded; and placing them in his breast, he retraced his steps until he stood upon the threshold of the chamber appropriated to the countess. The wretched girl was seated near a table with her forehead clasped in her hands, to control the agonizing throbs of her burning temples; but even overwhelmed as she was by grief, her quick ear nevertheless caught the sound of footsteps, and she started up, demanding wildly: "Have you found him at last? Is he here?"

"He is here," said Ivan, advancing into the apartment, his long hair matted and dripping with the night dew, his clothes torn and disordered, and with a bright and fierce light in his eye before which the young countess shrank appalled; "he is here, in order that you may once more feast upon his agony." As he spoke, he drew forth a pistol, which he was about to dis-

Digitized by Google

charge into his bosom, when Anna, flinging herself upon him, beat down his arm.

"Your opposition is idle," said Ivan gloomily; "your commands avail no longer. You have destroyed my honour, and I will not leave your work incomplete. I might revenge myself more criminally, for your life is in my hands; but you are safe. Live on, under the burthen of your conscience. Live on, to remember that the man whom you once loved, died before your eyes with the brand of the lash upon him; and to feel that the thongs which eat into his flesh may ere long gnaw into your own heart."

The countess dropped upon her knees, and clung to him with frantic violence, but he flung her off.

"Ivan, dear Ivan, listen to me—" shrieked the miserable girl; "one moment, only one moment; and then let us die together."

"Speak," was the harsh reply; "I listen."

"Ivan," resumed the trembling voice; "by all that you hold most sacred—by the memory of your dead parents—of that one who was our common mother—renounce your frightful purpose. Your adopted sister, your affianced wife, kneels before you, guilty, most guilty, but repentant—she implores your pardon—she beseeches you to live. Ivan, do I sue for the first time in vain?"

"You do. You are fair, very fair, Countess Zamoiska; too fair to kneel at the feet of one who has bent beneath the lash, and whose slavery you have written in blows upon his flesh. Where was the memory of our common mother, of our betrothal, when your voice uttered the sentence of degradation? By you I was condemned to a life of ignominy; but I am not dastard enough to accept the burthen."

"I shall partake that ignominy, Ivan, if I become your wife."

"My wife!" exclaimed the young man, in an accent of irrepressible emotion; "Mine! Do you then believe me to be so despicable as to suffer the daughter of my noble benefactor, the princely Zamoiski, to link her fate with that of a smitten serf? No, madam, you have disgraced my body, but you cannot degrade my soul. I remember," he added with sudden sadness, as he swept his hand across his pallid brow: "yes, I remember—for every word that you uttered on that fatal morning was burnt into my brain as by a heated iron,—I remember that you taunted me with the bitter fact that the lord count, your father, had never freed me—that I had no document to prove me beyond your power—and you were right—for my benefactor believed that it

Digitized by Google

was written upon your heart, and that I had found freedom in your affection. Talk no more then of an union with the nameless and degraded serf. Believe me you would one day blush to have mated yourself so basely. I came here, not as a suitor, but as a desperate man—to die."

"Ivan!" again shrieked the countess, as she rushed towards him, but she was repelled by his outstretched arm, and fell to the earth, fainting. The report of a pistol rang at the same instant through the castle; the attendants flocked from all sides to the chamber of their mistress; but their haste availed nothing. Ivan lay beside his foster-sister, dead; and her white dress was dabbled with his blood.

While this tragedy was enacting at the schloss of Zamoiski, the unhappy Countess Eudoxia had suffered the keenest pangs of mental anguish. In the excitement of her heroic resolve she had believed herself to be resigned to her fate; but when all was over, and she had parted from Ivan for ever, the factitious force of self-abnegation gave way, and as she pursued her dreary journey towards Wilna, she abandoned herself to all the violence of despair.

"How soon shall I be forgotten!" she murmured; "and yet I loved them both so tenderly—I would have laid down my life to save them one pang—and am I not about to do it? Is not the cloister a living death, whose monotony is second only to that of the tomb; I cannot bear it!" she pursued, trembling with a febrile emotion which aroused her own terror: "I feel that I shall go mad if I thus separate myself from all the interests of my fellow-beings. I could not support the silence, the uselessness, the dull and dreary succession of aimless and featureless days, to which I must be condemned. No; if I would ever regain the peace that I have lost, I must tread a rougher path than that which leads from the convent-cell to the grave. I must look on suffering more visible, if not more poignant than my own; I must feel that I have not lived wholly in vain. And I can do this; the haunts of pain and misery are soon found, and there will I minister; and when long months have worn away, and that sympathy in the sorrows of others has taught me to control my own, then will I once more trust myself to look upon the happiness of those from whom I am now severed; and learn to be thankful for their felicity, even although my own hopes are blighted for ever."

In accordance with this resolution the Countess Eudoxia, on her arrival at Wilna, dismissed the few attendants by whom she had been accompanied on her journey; and bestowed upon each his freedom, on the sole condition that he should not return to

Digitized by Google

the castle of Zamoiski before the expiration of a year, or betray *to* any one the place of her retreat; but they had no sooner *de*parted, and left their young and timid mistress alone and unknown in the midst of a great city, than the heart of Eudoxia quailed within her; and hastily snatching up a veil, she hurried to a neighbouring chapel to supplicate for strength to fulfil her purpose, and to overcome the fatal passion by which her youth had been embittered. As she prayed, she gradually became more calm; and the shades of twilight had no sooner began to darken through the sacred edifice, than, rising from her knees, she turned her trembling steps towards a conventual-looking building which she had observed when on her way to the city.

"They will surely not refuse me at least shelter for the night," she murmured to herself, as the sound of the bell rang through the courts of the edifice, and a slow step became audible.

"Here, my child! Do you ask shelter here?" was the astonished rejoinder of the porter who kept the door; "you must be a stranger in Wilna, or you would know that this is a madhouse, founded not long since by a Polish lady, whose daughter was distraught. This is no place for one so young and frail as you. You must go further."

"Oh! say not so!" exclaimed the agitated girl; "I am stronger than I seem. You know not, sir, how much I have already borne; how much I must still bear. I have found the haven that I sought. Heaven has directed my steps hither; and this shall henceforth be my home."

The kindly official would have expostulated, but Eudoxia calmly and earnestly declared her resolution to devote the remainder of her life to the care of the sick; and demanded to be conducted to the principal officer of the institution, to whom she repeated her desire to adopt the garb, and perform the duties of a Sister of Charity.

"But not here, madam—not here," urged her listener, as he looked compassionately upon the poor young creature, so lovely in her despair: "you know not,—you cannot guess to what horrors you would be exposed. I dare not refuse your services, for we have great need of them; but still I would advise—I would entreat——"

The countess waved her hand with one of those habitual gestures of command which at once betrayed her rank to the keen and searching eyes which were riveted upon her.

"Enough, sir, enough," she said decisively; "your intention is kind, but will not avail. You have need of me, and I am here."

Digitized by Google

No further opposition was attempted; and on the morrow Sister Eudoxia entered upon her new and frightful duties. Madness in all its myriad forms was about her; and yet she did not shrink. The most menial offices elicited no expression of disgust; the most harassing demands upor her patience failed to exhaust it; while so gentle and winning was her sway, that when some weeks had elapsed, she became the cherished object of many an aching heart, and the idol of many a distempered fancy. Once more, indeed, she was fated to feel a thrill of happiness; and that was near the close of a year of cares and watchfulness, when she saw a fair girl restored to her family and to society, and heard the hitherto hopeless cure attributed to her own judicious and loving rule. Often, as she stood by the empty bed, after the departure of her interesting and grateful patient, did the stricken woman bless that Providence which had enabled her to benefit a fellow-creature; and with renewed zeal did she devote herself to the well-being of the other unfortunates by whom she was still surrounded.

On one bright morning, when she was wandering through the sunny alleys of the garden, and endeavouring to interest her mindless charges in the green leaves, the clustering blossoms, and the sights and sounds of spring, she was suddenly summoned to the receiving-hall, where she was met by the director of the house; who, with more than ordinary anxiety, bespoke her good offices for a young girl who had been found wandering through the city streets, and exhibiting the most melancholy evidences of confirmed insanity.

As Eudoxia approached the stranger, who, sweeping away the long and tangled hair which fell over her face, fixed upon her a pair of fierce but haggard eyes, she grew pale, and faltered; but, instantly recovering her self-possession, she murmured, "No, no; it is impossible! *She* is at home, and happy. Those are not the mild and loving eyes of my sweet cousin. Have I not yet learnt to curb this wayward heart? but must every strange face upon which I look remind me either of Anna or of Ivan?"

"Ivan!" echoed the maniac, crouching low upon her seat; "Who talks of Ivan? Bring him hither. He is my slave. Twenty ducats of gold to those who shall deliver to me the casket that he carries in his bosom, and repay his disobedience by the lash."

"Speak, woman!" shrieked Eudoxia, as she seized the stranger violently by the arm; "what is the meaning of those words? Who are you?"

"That is my secret," said the wretched girl, as she glared savagely upon her captor; "I had once a name—a proud name;

Digitized by Google

but he refused to share it, and I cast it off. How could I endure to bear it when Ivan had blasted it with his hate?"

Our story is nearly told. It was, indeed, the once fair and haughty Countess Zamoiska, who now shrank, timid and trembling, before the gaze of her horror-stricken cousin,—her dress stained and travel-worn, her cheeks sunken, and her whole frame wasted by the fever of disease. On recovering from the death-like swoon into which she had fallen when repelled by Ivan, the first object upon which her eyes rested was the lifeless and disfigured countenance of her victim; and the shock had at once unseated her reason. For months she had remained in her paternal home, under the care of a distant and needy relative, who had volunteered the painful charge; at times, plunged in deep and passive despair—helpless, powerless, and motionless; and at others, the prey of wild and frantic delirium. A long period of calm, and apparent unconsciousness, had at length deceived her guardian, who had left her for a brief period unwatched; and of this short interval the wretched girl had profited so cunningly, that when her absence from her chamber was discovered, she had already succeeded in effecting her escape from the castle,—when, some vague memory, as it was surmised, linking the idea of Wilna to that of Ivan, she had made her way to the city, where she was seeking him when she was discovered.

On the following morning, a party of the serfs who had been despatched in pursuit of the unhappy fugitive, arrived to claim her at the hands of her protectors; and from them Eudoxia learnt the miserable history of the past. No marvel that for many days she shrank from her wretched and guilty cousin, and abandoned herself to all the agonies of her crushed and outraged spirit. Could she again clasp the sacrilegious hand which had been raised against him whom she had herself so long looked upon as the noblest creature upon earth? Could she again press to her own the heart which had conceived so foul a crime? She deemed it impossible. But Eudoxia at length relented, as she was led to the gloomy cell of her unhappy relative during one of her intervals of comparative lucidity. She heard her agonizing accents of self-accusation and self-loathing; she witnessed her tears; she remembered what they had once been to each other; and, releasing herself from the supporting arm of her guide, she flung herself upon the floor beside the sufferer, folded her tenderly to her breast, and called her by her name in a voice which trembled with its intensity of emotion.

On the succeeding day the cousins left Wilna under an efficient guard, and made their melancholy way to the castle

Digitized by Google

of Zamoiski; and, long years afterwards, with blended terror and respect, the peasants of the district watched, as they passed before the gloomy walls of the silent schloss, the figures of two pale and faded women, who occasionally appeared at a window: or might be dimly descried in their wanderings through the neglected gardens by the gleaming of their white draperies among the entangled foliage.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. HELEN'S.

If there were giants on the earth in the days of old, there were as surely heroes whose fame was acquired by an unostentatious endeavour to promote the welfare and happiness of their fellow-creatures. Peace on earth and good-will to men, was the motto of the banner under which they won the bright lustre of their good name. After all it is a victory to achieve the reputation of having done good deeds. To be good is to be great. Not all the triumphs of Alexander were sufficient to satiate the desire of winning yet another and another conquest. But to bequeath to posterity the rich inheritance of a good name, is indeed to leave a legacy of high value; one which no time can sully or destroy. The term "worthy" is as old as the hills, and is derived from a Saxon word signifying desert or merit. It used to be said in times long since passed that there were nine worthies in the world; of these three were Christians, Arthur of Britain, Charles the Great of France, and Godfrey of Bouillon. Let us be sure, however, that this is an order which does not limit the number of its knights; their body is a far more numerous one than our critical niceties would oftentimes allow, and its stars and ribbons are none the less valuable, albeit, their colour and appearance wear a feeble and, at times, scarcely perceptible gloss. It is remarkable how zealously men, whose grand object in life seems to have consisted in the pursuit of good, have followed out their wise designs, and benevolent intentions, through evil report, through good report, to the final goal where their gentle ambition rested. Great souls worthy of all honour. No lets or hindrances, no stumbling-blocks or impediments, had power to check their wise career. What they intended to do, that they did, aye, and did it well too. Not with bated breath, and tired limbs, but with bold and resolute spirit,

Digitized by Google

earnest in the right—confident in the hope that posterity would reap the benefit of their exertions—with true zeal many of our forefathers strove to do good; and thus it has happened that we in our large reflecting age and practical will have recognised their labours, and justly learned to appreciate their utility. It does not require any very extensive knowledge of the vast town of London to arrive at the conclusion that many of its noble charities and excellent institutions for the pursuit of learning and commerce owe their origin to some founder whose virtues made themselves thus strikingly manifest. Foremost amongst these worthies of the highest class are the merchants, or *staplers*, as many of them were wont to be called. It would seem to have been a maxim with them to have given to the poor and to do good, as a means of thank-offering to Providence for the bounty bestowed on them. That which had been so freely given was as freely distributed to their more needy brethren. A lofty principle, and one ever to be respected, and it is with no small interest that we view the works they have left behind them, and it should be with no trivial feeling of gratitude for their exertions that we should approach the consideration of the struggles and difficulties they encountered in their glorious path of usefulness. For they toiled at a time when but little was known of the great outlying countries far away; and when the modern easy appliances of land and sea transit were undiscovered. Men had not arrived to so great an extent of perfection in the arts and sciences. It is well for us, in these our days of progress, that all the landmarks of the past have not been swept away in the changes which so constantly overwhelm us on all sides. It is well for us, once in a way, to quit the busy hive, and take a stroll in some quiet nook where one or more of these landmarks yet remain. In a turning out of Bishopsgate-street, and situated between a row of trees, St. Helen's Church arrests the antiquarian's further movement, and invites an examination of the old and very remarkable tombs contained within its walls. Its external aspect is peculiar; for two distinct naves of two separate churches are joined together, with a curious little turret at the point of junction. The history of this strange architectural feature is as follows: Helena, who was the mother of the Great Constantine, had a church dedicated to her, and built on this spot; and some short while before Henry III. ascended the throne, a priory of black nuns was founded by the king's goldsmith, to which a church for their especial use was added. At the dissolution of monasteries and nunneries, in the reign of Henry VIII., this priory was surrendered in due form to the king's officers, and in sub-

Digitized by Google

sequent years the party-wall of either church was taken down, and the two structures thrown into one. It is recorded that Sir Thomas Gresham, as a recompense for the permission given for the erection of his tomb, had promised to leave a sum of money for the construction of a handsome steeple, but at his death no provision was found in his will for the purpose. So it remains, and it is a fortunate occurrence that this church should have been one of the few which escaped the great fire which devastated the metropolis in Charles II.'s reign, for it is replete with interest, and possesses many very noble monuments of the illustrious dead. Here lie the last earthly remains of several worthies of the days of old; and here stand, in good preservation, the interesting memorials which were constructed to their honour. The oldest and most interesting is the tomb of Sir John Crosby and his wife, erected at the end of the fifteenth century, and one of the finest examples of that period. It is an altar-tomb, and is on the left hand side of the altar; there are two whole-length recumbent figures in alabaster on the top. Sir John is in armour, with a mantle and collar, the latter consisting of roses and suns alternately arranged, and his hair is parted, and closely shorn, as the custom then was. The lady is habited in a very close-fitting gown, with a collar of roses round her neck. At their feet are two dogs. Nothing can exceed the mastery of sculpture as displayed in these effigies; even the very principle and pathos of repose has been caught, and is exquisitely portrayed on the calm and tranquil faces. It is worth something to see this beautiful relic of ancient art by moonlight. The spectator, be he ever so little gifted with the fine phrenzy of the poet's eye, might almost expect to see the two forms become animated, and glide about the ghostly precincts of the solemn edifice. The inscription states:

"Orate pro animabus, Johannis Crosby, Militis Ald. atque tempore vitae majoris staple Ville Caleis, et Agnetis Uxoris suæ, ac Thomae Richardi, Johannis, Margaratae et Johannae, Liberorum ejusdem Johannis Crosby, Militis. Ille obiit MCCCCLXXV et illa MCCCCLXVI, quorum animabus propitietur Deus."

Sir John Crosby was a great benefactor to the city of London, for it is recorded in the chronicles of Holinshed, that he gave money for the repairs of the old London Wall, and for a tower on London Bridge, as well as sundry alms to the poor prisoners, and to the various charities. He was sheriff in 1470, and was knighted in the following year by the king, Edward IV., for suppressing Fauconbridge's attempt at insurrection. He built Crosby Hall, on land the property of St. Helen's Priory, and it is an old saying that the Hall was

Digitized by Google

the highest house in London. In it also, tradition states, that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, once dwelt, and therein planned the murder of his nephews in the Tower. It was the abode of Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, and author of the "Utopia," of Sir John Spencer, and several foreign ambassadors. It is also stated that Sir John derived his name from having been found, when a child, *by a cross*, but this is in all probability a vulgar error, as we find the name of Crosby in the subsidy rolls of the sheriffs of London, and in other documents, proving a family of that name to have been wealthy before the reign of Edward IV. He was a most zealous adherent of the fortunes of the house of York, and was engaged upon divers occasions on certain political transactions, requiring care and attention. Although he belonged to the Company of Grocers, he never occupied the civic chair. He was twice married, and left one only son, at whose death his family became extinct. Loyal and devoted to his sovereign, he left behind him a name honourable as well as noble; and as we gaze upon his costly monument, we are proud to enrol him as one of the truest sons of Old England, and to recognise him as a veritable chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

A mural tablet, on the right hand side of the altar, is dedicated to the memory of one Sir Andrew Judd, who was lord mayor in the year 1550, and who kept his mayoralty in a mansion which was then standing on the west of Crosby Hall. This gentleman was a great traveller, and did such wonders in the shape of roving about, as to have them recorded in his epitaph. The tablet is surmounted by the family arms, beneath are Corinthian pillars, supporting a gilt canopy, under which are kneeling figures of the knight and one of his wives, though which of the three we are not told. The inscription is not written in the most choice English, and is somewhat obscure. The poetry is not exactly Tennysonian or Byronic, but as Shakspeare says, if it "is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." Here it is in a double column:—

To Russia and Muscova
To Spayne Gynny without fable
Traveld he by Land and Sea
Bothe Mayre of London and Staple
The Commenwelthe he norished
So worthelie in all his daies
That each state full well him loved
To his perpetuall prayes
Three wives he had one was Mary
Fower sunes one mayde had he by her
Annys had none by him truly
By Dame Mary had one dowghtier
Thus in the month of September
A thousand fyve hundred fyftey
And eight died this worthie staplar
Worshypynge his posterytye.

This is not the only monument he left behind him, however,

Digitized by Google

for near to the church are the almshouses, which he bequeathed for the habitation and provisionment of six poor people, having given certain lands to the Skinner's Company, from the proceeds of which, this benefaction is supplied. This is indeed making a good end of it. *Exegi monumentum ære perennius,* might have been happily chosen for his knightly motto.

A most highly-decorated altar-tomb occupies a large space immediately in front of the tribute to the last named worthy: as an old writer truly describes, it is a goodly tomb; "of fair proportions, and of high design." Sir William Pickering, who was not more celebrated for his accomplishments as a scholar and an artist, than for his wit in policy and his skill as a general on the field of battle, might well deserve to be so perpetuated. He lived in the stirring times of four Tudor sovereigns, and honourably served them all; he was in more than one of the victories achieved by the soldiers of Henry VIII., and went as Edward VI.'s ambassador to the court of France.

In Mary's reign he attended in the same capacity at the German courts; and in her sister Elizabeth's he was ambassador and councillor as well. Strype, in his famous "Annals," describes him as a most polished courtier, very skilful in warfare and the arts, learned and honourable, and indeed as one of the most estimable gentlemen of his age. He was much attached to the Maiden Queen, and it has even been said of him that he was a suitor for her hand. That she received him into high favour, and bestowed high offices and places of confidence upon him, is certainly as true as that he both wisely and ably fulfilled their duties. This noble knight is represented in a recumbent effigy, attired in the full dress of the period. A very stately and imposing presence, such as he must have appeared in his habit as he lived. All those sumptuous dresses which the researches of our historians and archæological inquirers have made us so familiar with, appear to have been exceeded in the gorgeous apparelling of this doughty chevalier. The panoply of arms, and knightly equipment, are represented in their most striking detail; and the canopy, with double arches over the figure, gives a proportionate amount of grandeur to the sculptor's design. The hair cut short, the beard fully developed, the small ruff, and the trunk hose, are all very characteristic of the Elizabethan period, and are an excellent illustration of the forms and fashions of the gentlemen of the sixteenth century. The inscription is in Latin, and records that this magnificent specimen of old art was placed here by the executors of Sir William Pickering's last testament and will. It also sets forth his services to the crown, and gives other particulars concerning him. Of the

Digitized by Google

special grace and favour in which he was held by the four monarchs he served, all annalists of the age make mention.

The tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham claims, in right of its proximity, the next notice: it is a very simple altar-tomb, with black marble slab, and fluted sides of party-coloured marbles, surrounded by an iron railing, which was substituted a few years since for a more delicate material, so corroded by decay as to have become worse than useless. This tomb was erected during his lifetime, but then had no inscription. In the year 1736 it was deemed prudent to supply this deficiency, and accordingly these few words were inscribed on the top :—

Sr Thomas Gresham Knight
bury^d^ Decem^br^ the 15th 1579.

A large window adjoins this memorial, and contains, amongst other armorial bearings, those of this most excellent man. Of him it is impossible to speak too highly; his charity, good sense, and elevated understanding, lift him to the very highest position in the annals of the metropolis. He was one of the first to prove that a desire for the promotion of learning, of skill in the arts and sciences, and zeal in the advancement of religion, are not inseparable from the ordinary traffic of trade. He was a merchant-prince in every sense of the word, and a sincere patriot. In his many negotiations with the merchants at Antwerp, and other towns in the Low Countries, he succeeded in establishing English credit on the highest footing. The death of his only son affected him greatly, and was one reason for the interest he took in establishing a Royal Exchange. Until the year 1567 there was no edifice of the kind in our city, and it is to the earnestness and diligence of this most intelligent knight, that London was indebted for so useful a building. Gresham College was instituted and endowed by him, professorships of divinity, astronomy, music, &c., were appointed, and there is no doubt that the Royal Society originated in Sir Thomas Gresham's house, for the very earliest meetings of that learned body were therein held. He was much esteemed by Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth (was knighted by the latter sovereign), and was mainly instrumental in obtaining loans for them, and preserving their credit with foreign princes. He was a witness of two remarkable historical events: one, the abdication of Charles V. in favour of his son Philip, at Brussels; the other, the first council of our Queen Elizabeth, at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, where she received the intelligence of her sister's death. In addition to his other liberal gifts, he founded some almshouses, and contributed very munificently to the hospitals and institutions for relieving the indi-

Digitized by Google

gent. During his residence abroad, he was always alive to the interests of his country, and exerted his active spirit constantly in its behoof. We are assured by all his contemporaries that he was very highly esteemed for his probity and commercial talents. He died suddenly, in the prime of his days, and passed away full of honours, lamented by all who knew him.

On the north wall we find a tribute to the memory of William Bond, an alderman and sheriff, also a great traveller and adventurous merchant, who died in 1576. Thus speaks his epitaph:—

Flos mercatorum
quos terra Britanna creavit
Ecce sub hoc tumulo
Gulielmus Bondus humatur
Ille mari multum
passus per saxa per undas
Vitavit Patrias
Peregrinis mercibus oras,
Magnanimum Græci
mirantur Jasona vates
Aurea de gelido
retulit quia vellera Phasi
Græcia docta face
Graii concedite vates
Hic jacet Argolico
Mercator Jasone major
Vellera multa tulit
magis aurea vellere Phryxi
Et freta multa scidit
magis ardua Phasidos undis
Hei mihi quod nullo
mors est superabilis auro
Flos mercatorum
Gulielmus Bondus humatur.

He is represented with his wife and children kneeling, in the old sepulchral fashion; and adjacent to this carving is a monumental trophy of a military sort, to his son Martin, who was a celebrated captain in the train-bands, and who highly distinguished himself by his zeal and preparation for the expected coming of the Spanish Armada. A tent is shown, half-open, with the city warrior clad in armour, all ready for the field; on the outside, groups of soldiers are standing about, and a servant with a horse, apparently for the use of his master, is in an attitude of expectation. Here, then, we have one of Elizabeth's trusty captains, who was reviewed by her at the camp at Tilbury.

A monument to Sir John Spencer, who filled the office of lord mayor in the year 1594, is on a wall on the south side of the church; it was erected by Lord Compton, afterwards Earl

Digitized by Google

of Northampton, who married Spencer's sole daughter and heiress. He was an excellent chief magistrate, and did wondrous service in equipping thirty-eight ships, fully fitted and supplied for defending the country against the Spanish invaders. He also managed, in conjunction with others, to have all the Spanish bills of exchange protested, and thus materially harassed the operations of the king, Philip of Spain. He was a millionaire, and went in the city under the soubriquet of "Rich Spencer;"—so great was the wealth he left behind, that it is said to have turned the brain of its inheritor, the aforesaid Lord Compton. The great poet who lived in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth, most appositely says, in reference to riches,—

> "O reason not the need; our basest beggars
> Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
> Allow not nature more than nature needs."

Applicable as these lines are to Lord Compton's case, they remain an axiom for all future generations, and show how keen Shakspeare's intellect was. During his mayoralty, Spencer purchased Crosby Place, and gave many very sumptuous entertainments within its walls, masques and festivals succeeded one another in rapid succession, and many a gay court-gallant wended his way through the city streets to partake the noble hospitalities of "Rich Spencer." His zeal in applying the vigorous powers of a masculine understanding on behalf of his country's welfare, won for him the highest encomiums which his fellow-citizens could bestow, and he descended to the grave both beloved and honoured by all men. Few persons who visit the very ancient church which holds all that is mortal of so honest a man, and so true a patriot, would be led to ponder on the times when the Spanish aggression threatened to destroy the blessings circling round the hearths and homes of our forefathers. Yet to "Rich Spencer," and some other excellent citizens, England owed much of her safety, and it was by their happily-chosen efforts and sound judgment that Spain ceased to threaten the peacefulness of our shores by any new hostile demonstration, after her monstrous armada was dispersed and destroyed by God's special providence.

The most curious monument in the entire building is one closely adjacent to "Rich Spencer's;" it is an altar-tomb of stately proportions and handsome elevation, and was erected to the memory of Sir Julius Cæsar, who died in 1636, a superannuated Master of the Rolls. The material of which this relic is composed seems durable enough to last for some centuries yet to come, but the bad usage of man has done more to compass its destruction than any of those stealthy ravages of the great

Digitized by Google

destroyer, Time. The black marble slab, which covers the tomb, is cracked and defaced, and appears at some time or other to have been battered about in a very irreverent manner. This very singular memorial was wrought by one Nicholas Stone, who was paid one hundred guineas for his work; it is scarcely necessary to add that, in the time of its execution, this was an enormous sum, and testifies by its magnitude to the high consideration in which Sir Julius's surviving friends held his memory. The epitaph is cut in the exact similitude of a piece of parchment, with a regular official seal appendant to it, and by this deed he resigns his life to his Maker whenever it shall please God to summon him away from earth. It concludes with stating: "In cujus rei testimonium manum meam et sigillum apposui." The name of this good knight and true does not often appear in the old London records, but it is stated of him that his love for his profession followed him in all his undertakings, and even survived when he had ceased to practise it. Undoubtedly it is the mark and attribute of earnest spirit, when the last thoughts of an active mind are clothed in technical language, and are made to assimilate with the customary sayings and doings of a busy lifetime. It is scarcely worth while to make more than a passing remark on the large square block of masonry which is dignified by the name of Bancroft's Mausoleum. Richard Bancroft, whose mortal remains lie within it, is said to have been a rapacious man, and to have left much of his wealth to found an almshouse and school in the Mile End Road, as some relief to his conscience. An alabaster tomb, near what is now the principal entrance to the church, is dedicated to a Freemason, William Kerwin, and to his wife Magdalen. The inscription which alludes to him runs thus:—

Here lieth the body of WILLIAM KERWIN
of this citie, Free Mason,
who departed this life the 26 day of Decemb : 1594.
Ædibus Attalicis
Londinum qui decoravi
Exiguum tribuunt
Hanc mihi fata domum.
Me duce surgebant
Aliis regalia tecta
Me duce conficitur
Ossibus urna meis.

The other sides of the monument are occupied with inscriptions to his spouse and family. William Kerwin was the upright artificer of his own fortune, and played no mean part in the transactions of the famous era in which he lived. In conjunction with some of those adventurous subjects who so loyally

Digitized by Google

rallied round the throne of the great and wise Elizabeth, he proved himself of essential service in laying the foundation of her future peace and prosperity. He was a most worthy member of the Craft, and deserves to be held in the highest estimation by all good Masons. In after years his daughter Joyce, who became Mistress Featly, went to the expense of adorning the windows of the south aisle with stained glass, and at the same time repaired such portions of her father's tomb as had suffered from decay and neglect. Not very distant from Kerwin's tomb is a memorial to one Alderman Robinson, a merchant of the staple, who died in 1599. It is of strange construction, and is so fashioned as to resemble two long trunks; but this peculiarity is alluded to in the epitaph wherein, after stating, "That the Glasse of his life held 70 yeeres and then ranne out. To live long and happy is an honour; but to dye happy a greater glory,"—it goes on to say that both his wife and himself aspired to this excellent termination of their earthly career, and that, "Heaven no doubt had their soules and this house of stone their bodies, where they sleepe in peace, till the summons of a glorious resurrection wakens them." There is oftentimes a world of forcible meaning, and just and sound observations, hidden in the quaint and obsolete phraseology of the mediæval ages. Contrasted with the tame and laboured inscriptions to deceased friends which are to be seen in the various cemeteries and modern graveyards at the present time, these antique letterings appear to great advantage. Sincerity prevails amidst all the apparent conceit, and gives an air of truth to the fanciful expressions which are so abundantly scattered in the records of the dear departed. In this most interesting church many tributes of affection, of a real and earnest nature, are to be found, and no portion of its walls is altogether devoid of such tender offerings. One feature of great antiquarian mark is a long row of elaborately-carved seats, placed against the wall, for the use of the nuns; and a still greater relic of the conventional character of the church may be seen near the large window which lights the tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham: it is a beautiful niche, with open arches, through which the nuns, on particular occasions and at certain seasons, were accustomed to hear mass from the crypt below. Two knights of the name of Sanctlo were interred somewhere near this spot, but no surviving friend or kindsman has held them in sufficient reverence to leave to posterity any monumental trophy to record their deeds or emblazon their virtues. In the Tudor dynasty knighthood was a great honour, the order of baronets was unknown, and the man who was deemed fit for so high an

Digitized by Google

elevation was regarded as having achieved the most exalted title that merit could lay claim to. Dark as the middle ages have been called, and deeply in arrear as regards the amount of knowledge and education possessed by the people at large, there is yet evidence extant that honours and largesses of all kinds were not profusely scattered, either as bribes to quiet unruly subjects, or presents to gratify the vanity of favourite courtiers. It is wonderful to reflect what was accomplished in the progress of the arts, and even in the necessary strategy and conduct of war. In the reign of Elizabeth there arose a complete galaxy of honourable men, who attained the distinguished rank of knighthood. One of these heroes is said to have made a solemn vow to present himself annually before the queen, and there and then to offer himself as her true and leal champion and protector, till age disabled him from putting on his armour, and from active life. Such is recorded of Sir Henry Lee. But professions of this nature were not uncommon, and not by words only, but by deeds, did these gallant spirits win for themselves the spurs and sword of knighthood. Time passes, and changes, with the wand of an enchanter, the scenes of by-gone days; but grateful as we are, and ought to be, for the manifold blessings of peace, and the increasing feeling of refinement growing amongst us, it may still be permitted to us to cast our fancies for an hour's dreaming on the prowess of the knights of old.

Digitized by Google

ON SYMBOLS AND SYMBOLISM,

MORE ESPECIALLY ON THOSE OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ORDER OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

"Every mode of religion, to make a deep impression on the human mind, must exercise our obedience by enjoining practices for which we can assign no reason, and must acquire our esteem by inculcating moral duties analogous to the doctrines of our own hearts. The religion of Zoroaster was abundantly provided with the former, and possessed a sufficient portion of the latter."—GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, ch. viii.

OF all the senses the eye offers by far the easiest and most satisfactory access to the understanding. Pictorial representations of objects are therefore the most agreeable and the most efficient to impress objects on the memory, and to fix them in the mind. Even incorporate or supernatural ideas will best engage the attention when represented to the observer by some figure having a real, or fancied, or conventional resemblance to it. A pictured open eye may be well supposed to stand for watchfulness or care; the open hand portrays the liberal mind; the serpent is conventionally esteemed subtle, and therefore typifies cunning; the dove is its antitype, to signify innocence. This is one of the principal reasons for the use of symbols, though there is a second cause why they so generally obtain in Masonry, which will be hereafter touched on.

Before, however, entering on the discussion of any subject of curiosity or interest, it is useful and necessary to have a clear idea of its nature, and of the meaning of the terms used.

The word *symbol* is composed of two Greek ones, συν βαλλειν, which literally mean a placing together two things for contrast or juxtaposition. The next process of our reasoning faculty is the identifying one of these two objects thus collated by the other, whence in the onward progress of ratiocination the notion of *representation* only, pure and simple, follows; more especially of things occult by those familiar, of ideas by sensible objects, or, in fact, pictorial metaphors by which the original thought is rendered more clear or more attractive.

Of the first description of symbolism the following may serve as a modern instance. In Germany, before any operative is allowed to set up for himself in business as master, particularly in the handicrafts, he is required to give proof of ability in his art. For lock or gun smiths the test is usually to make two

Digitized by Google

guns or locks, so exactly alike in all their parts that when they are afterwards taken to pieces by the eldermen of the guild or *Amt*, and the pieces blended or *thrown together* indiscriminately, the aspirant to the mastership is to connect them so as again to form two equally perfect guns or locks as before.

This process is exactly expressed by the above Greek words συν βαλλειν, casting together; and the two new objects are two perfect *symbola* in the literal and most recondite meaning of the word, the one exactly *representing* the other.

As, however, in nature and every-day life no two objects are found the *perfect* antitypes or fellows one of the other, approximations are taken, the nearest the party using them can imagine or discover, and the nearer or the more remote the reality is depictured by the symbol, the readier will be its reception and recognition by the multitude or the contrary.

Under the general denomination of Symbols, may be classed as subordinate divisions the following:—

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 beat*, and thence, deductively, an impression made by beating or punching at a matrix; also the stamps which such matrices offer, whence printers call their metal letters types, though formed by casting in steel moulds: and thence, also figuratively, any picture becomes a type, and even any imaginative or figurative description may be adduced as a type. Its use in a biblical or sacred sense is most general, though perhaps there it would be better designated by the compound archetype or prototype.

2. *Emblems* and *Devices* differ in this, that the former are properly always coupled with some general moral apothegm, whilst the *device* is merely personal, and mostly refers only to some individual, frequently but as the rebus of the name of its wearer or inventor. An example will best illustrate the difference. We have whole books in which the author has taxed his ingenuity to join to different pictorial images suitable moral or significant mottoes, by Quarles and others, and in three ponderous folios, published at Prague, by Typotius, under the title "Symbola Rom. Pontificum, Imperatorum Regum, Principum, &c. &c." through every range of dignitaries. The *devices* of our kings are examples of the latter kind, but have been mostly misunderstood by our commentators on regal heraldry, Dallaway and Willement, because they could not condescend to the puerilities

Digitized by Google

of our ancestors in these matters. When the Duke of Richmond, son of Jasper Tudor, ascended the English throne after defeating Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth Field, by the title of Henry VII., he, or his counsellors, in looking round for an object by which his family name of Tudor might be expressed in a similar jingle of sound, could hit upon none better than the *closed portcullis*, which as a *to-door*, or *door to* or *shut*, came sufficiently near his name to serve to mark the personality of the monarch: and it is from no other than this simple assonance that the portcullis is mixed up even in our historical and state cognizances: hence it figures on the collars of the chief judges of the realm: heads the royal proclamations, and legalizes the weights and measures of all the loyal lieges of her Majesty. But though so childish have been the *devices* of all our monarchs, on which a curious and interesting account might be written, our subject and space will only permit us to adduce additionally that of the unfortunate son of the Black Prince, Richard II. This monarch, it is well known, nearly rebuilt Westminster Hall, and a string course or frieze runs round its interior, and may be seen at any time, at about half the height of the wall; in this every alternate figure is a hind or hart in various attitudes, but in all, when first put up (as the device is still found in illuminations in grand blazon), with the antlers, ducal neck-coronet, massive chain, hoofs, and genitals of the animal all gold, in heraldic phraseology *or*, so that it must necessarily be regarded as a *rich-hart* (Richard); and so personal was this device or badge to this ill-starred Richard, that we learn from Willement (p. 20), that the usurping Bolingbroke sent James d'Artois, a devoted adherent of the deposed monarch, to the block, because he resolutely refused to lay aside this mark of his devotion to his deposed master, and would not divest himself of the livery and *name* of his king.

3. *Signs* are in so far distinguishable from *Marks*, inasmuch as the former are recognitions perceivable through any of the senses, whilst 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 perceived in the dark through the organ of feeling: communicated through a nosegay or the peculiar aroma of a scent-jar: by a trumpet, or from some concerted tastes. *Token* is much the same as *Sign*, the latter from the Latin *signare*, used either objectively of a person signing, or subjectively of the thing signified: but, as drawn from the pure well of Saxon undefiled, the former as *to ken*, or *to know*, is much the more preferable word.

There is, however, no doubt that in general practice and

Digitized by Google

common parlance these terms are often confounded; and we shall, having first stated our views of their difference, here treat of the established signs, marks, and tokens of our Order, under their more generic denomination of *Symbols*.

By these we understand such demonstrations patent to the mind through some of the senses, as have been agreed upon by our own or other societies, ancient or modern, for the recognition of their members, in whatsoever country or at whatsoever time they may meet. It is obvious, therefore, that to effect their purpose, they must be simple and secret: the first, because their universal application demands facility and ease: the more elaborate the token the greater obstacle would be thrown into the means of recognition by persons of different countries and language; the obstructions to communication would be heaped up, and the impediments perhaps preclusive. It is, therefore, in the exceeding simplicity of the original symbols of our Order, the base on which the grand edifice of Masonry is built, that their great beauty is found, combined with their practical utility. Where could three tokens be discovered so elegantly simple, yet so expressive, as the *Level*, the *Square*, the *Compass*; of such universal application, yet, upon mere exhibition, understood by the meanest capacities? so interwoven by their use and service as mere words in our language that, when we utter such expressions as—to "walk upon the level;" to "act upon the square;" to "keep within compass;" the mind is scarcely conscious of them as metaphorical abstractions. When Horace immortalized the Roman lady of his affection by his elegant praise, "*simplex munditiis*," he fully characterized the three leading Masonic symbols in their great excellencies, simplicity, and beauty.

But independent of simplicity, they must, to effect their purpose, be also *secret*, or at least have a conventional meaning—not patent to the world at large, and yet so easily communicable to the initiated, that their tender and acknowledgment be imperceptible to the laity, if this word be allowed me, to signify the whole of mankind without the pale of the Order. Some signs and tokens may have an open meaning for the public, and an exoteric, recondite, and improved sense to the initiated Brother, to whom they are communicated in their several degrees in every properly conducted Lodge.

The very name of a society imports some common bond of union, some distinction by which it is severed from the rest of the nation or the world. The Latin root is undoubtedly the verb *secare*, to cut off from or to separate. That this distinction in Masonry should be secret, the end and purposes of the

Digitized by Google

Society, which are charity and brotherly love, necessarily imply. An indiscriminate charity is impossible. It is, therefore, wisely determined that every aspirant for the Order should undergo examination of character and morals by his neighbours and fellow-citizens; and, if found worthy, on admission have imparted to him certain signs and recognitions by which he may distinguish any one who has submitted to, and undergone a similar ordeal. We must wait till the whole world be united in one common chain of this charity and brotherly love, before we can lay open our badges of stricter union and fellowship. In a Lodge at Hamburg, many years since, on the great anniversary, an ode was performed, of which the beautiful words were written by the Grand Master of the Lodge of Unity at Nüremburg, a visitor, of which one verse was,—

> "Wenn alle verbunden was kann uns noch scheiden,
> Dann wollen wir gern uns des Zeichens entkleiden."
>
> What can then divide us when all are united,
> Then willingly will of our signs we be lighted.

The charity of the Order may be compared to a stream, which, when dammed and confined within its banks and proper limits, is useful and beneficial compared with the same body of water allowed to spread uncontrolledly over the adjoining meadows and plains. In the latter case it runs great risk of becoming a mere stagnant water, perhaps a pernicious swamp.

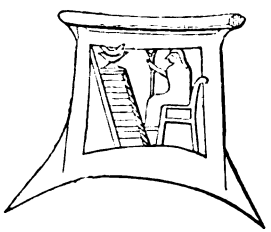
In a publication open to the world, it would be incongruous to explain or descant upon the hidden meanings of the Mason's Signs, Grips, and Passwords; but as many are taken or have descended from older societies, and been, even in antiquity, the objects of much conjecture and learned disquisition, a review and consideration of some of the principal ones, from observations and facts hitherto unknown to British Masons, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine.*

The Ladder.

Jacob's vision (Gen. xxviii. 11—22) of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and Jehovah speaking words of comfort and assurance to the troubled mortal below, would be a sufficient authority for the introduction of this emblem into the rituals and observances of the Order, from the imports which the best commentators have put upon it. Stackhouse's words on this revelation deserve great attention:—"The promise which God made from the top of the ladder, relates chiefly to his covenant with Abraham. The analogy of the thing may lead us to believe that this ladder was designed for a type and emblem of the

Digitized by Google

covenant of grace, which was in force from the time of man's first apostacy at the incarnation of our Saviour." And Jacob's declaration,—"How dreadful is this place: this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven," must forcibly induce every Brother, at the sight of so remarkable and consistent a token, to render the spot on which he finds it, by his own conduct and life, equal to the ancient Bethel. But as in condescending to commune with man the divine Providence must necessarily use figures and speech on a level with our limited capacities, it is not derogatory to the supernatural appearance to believe that an object was exhibited to the inward sight of the patriarch, with which he may have been previously familiar in the heathen surrounding kingdoms and the rites which he must frequently have witnessed. For in the vast provinces of Persia, in the rituals of the Magi and Zoroaster, in the caverned cathedrals of Kerefta and Lake Van, the birth-place of their prophet, the ladder is found variously depicted, with seldom less than eight or more than twelve spells, which seem to indicate the different grades of initiation, or mystery, which we know existed under the denomination of various animals in the secret and mysterious rites of Mithras. It is not our present purpose to follow these, which, for antiquity, had many points in common with modern Freemasonry; but from an Etrurian bas-relief on the handle of a vase copied from an engraving in a work by the learned Micali, it would seem that very similar mysteries must have prevailed in ancient Etruria; for we see there the crow perched upon the top of a ladder of seven steps. Nor is this a solitary instance on the curious monuments exhumed from the grave-rooms of this early civilized people. In the great collection of Etrurian vases in the Antiquarium, at Berlin, this emblem occurs repeatedly. No. 1,009 has a ladder of ten steps; No. 1,011 one of eight steps, and the lituus; No. 1,019 one of seven steps; No. 11,123 one of twelve, beneath a centaur; in No. 1,022 a figure holds one of eight steps; and finally, in No. 1,012 is the emblem with a similar number, but unmistakably Mithriatic. In the same collection is a bronze or iron bas-relief with all the Mithriatic emblems, and amongst them the ladder peculiarly prominent; as also casts from a set of separate mystic emblems, with a perfect ladder, of which we could learn from the attendant nothing further than that it was believed the originals had gone to England. We cannot, however, close



Digitized by Google

these notes on the ladder without adverting to the remarkable coincidence, that the magic *spell* should also designate the steps of the ladder. In Gray's fine lyric, "The Descent of Odin:"—

> "Facing to the northern clime,
> Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme,
> Thrice pronounc'd in accents dread
> The thrilling verse that wakes the dead.
> Prophetess, my *spell* obey,
> Once again arise, and say
> Who th' avenger of his guilt?
> By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?"

This use of the word, independently of the mythic character of the ladder in all countries, has partly arisen from the circumstance, that the first runes, perhaps the first alphabetic characters, were written upon triangular pieces of beech or other smooth wood, whence the Welsh triads; and the only term the Germans have for an alphabetical letter is *Buch-stabe*, or *Beech-staff*, exactly describing the Staffordshire clogs, which latterly were only in use as almanacks: but curious and beautiful specimens of differing application are given of such rune-staffs in Olaf Worm's "Fasti Danici." It is from this suitable form, and perhaps from their actual use as steps in an initiatory ladder, that the name of spell has now been transferred to the steps of any ladder whatsoever; and it may appear childish, but it is confirmatory, that the same name is or was given before the general introduction of lucifers, to the papers prepared in smoking cabarets and tabagies for lighting the pipes of their customers, only because originally they were *strips* of an inflammatory wood. That spell, as splint or splitter, is irrespective of size we may learn from our German neighbours, whose language, once identical with our own, still is, for the common and domestic usages—persons and things—particularly on a comparison with the patois and technicals of both countries, in many respects the same. On board their ships the windlass is called *Spelle;* and its action, and the labour required for its use, is the most probable origin of the curious English expression of "*taking a spell*" at anything, particularly on shipboard—at the wheel, the pumps, &c. From the sanctity or dread of these spells arises also the common superstition, according to Grose, that it is unlucky to walk under a ladder, as disrespectful to the afflatus supposed to reside in the steps; and if the dream-books never gave any more irrational solutions of our sleeping thoughts than in the instance of a ladder, which it is unlucky to have gone down, and therefore lucky to have ascended in our sleep, we might give these prognostications

Digitized by Google

greater credit for a light species of philosophy than their other expositions will permit. The *rationale* of superstition is a curious and interesting study, which properly pursued, with an extended view over other countries as well as our own, opens some of the best inlets into the recesses of our humanity.

The Pentagram or Pentalpha and the Hexagon.

Fig. A.

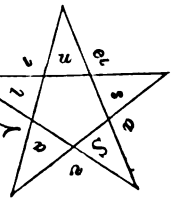
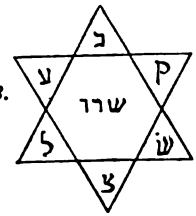


Fig. B.



As the hexagon (Fig. B) has been often confounded with the pentagon, it may be necessary before we consider the latter, to mention that the hexagon has nothing in common* with it but

* Since the above was written, we are happy to find the same idea in the excellent paper on Ancient Mason's Marks, in the last number of the *F. M. Q. M.* p. 97, though we cannot consider the pentalpha as a mason's mark, at least operatively, and there is nothing in the instances there adduced, to militate against what we have advanced.

True mason's marks are merely the cyphers of operative workmen, to distinguish their own performances, and perhaps the most ancient are those on the side of a stone quarry of red freestone, near Rochlitz, in Saxony, which has now been worked from the time Germany became an empire, if the curious marks on two columns in an ancient Roman quarry of the Odinswald, in the grand duchy of Hesse, be not rather mason's marks than Marcomannic runes, for which Slavonic historians are desirous of vindicating them. Their great diversity (the Runic alphabet was confined to sixteen letters) seems to preclude an alphabetic character, whilst a certain general congruity appears to indicate some common idea, perhaps a brotherhood in the parties who carved them. Their best description, with good engravings, is found in the "Slavonic Archæologist," Wolanski, vol. i. p. 57.

The most modern mason's marks we have seen are on the walls of an orangery, at Dresden, erected within the century, and last used as a place of assembly by the ephemeral Saxon parliament, in 1848. Nearly every stone toward the street has its distinct and elaborate mark.

The practice of operative masons in using such marks may have given rise to the analogous custom of merchants, who had similar cyphers engraven on their seals, and subsequently stamped on their bales and merchandise. They also fixed the same figures on the fronts of their residences and warehouses, as is still shown in the totally-ruined old city of Wisby, in the island of Gothland, once famous for its trade and mercantile code of laws, which being copied by the Bretons of the islands of Rè and Oleron, were adopted by Richard I. into the English maritime code, and still influence the decisions of many of our admiralty judges.

Digitized by Google

the angular combinations. The hexagon originates in the caballa of the Jews, who thought it when affixed on buildings, a sure preventative against fires. Hence it was usual to affix it where fires frequently happened, as in brew-houses. This origin, exactly like that of the chequers in England, was in process of time forgotten, so that it is looked upon in Nüremberg and many other places of Upper Germany, merely as the sign of a beer-house or inn. It might be taken as an excellent device by one of the numerous new fire insurance companies.

The pentagon (Fig. A) is the only one recognised in antiquity, and is particularly prominent in the rites and mysteries of the British and Gaulish Druids: it is found very significantly on British and Gaulish coins, *beneath the feet* of the sacred and mythic horse, equally as frequently as the sacred *wheel*, the type of the *Jule* festival. It was considered by them as the symbol of salvation, of safety, of luck. As this it is still figured on the lintels and posts of stables and out-houses on the continent, to keep the witches from the horses and cattle. In Germany this figure is most generally known still as *Truten-fuss*, literally "Druid's-foot." Büchner ("History of Bavaria," p. 123) relates on this subject the following facts, from personal experience; its date is Ernalgen, 1837:—

"The pentalpha of the Druids, with *υγιεια* (in the outward) and *salus* (in the inner angles, as in Fig. A), in German Druidsfoot, has kept its hold amongst the common people in Germany to the present day. I saw about thirty years ago, such five-cornered figures, made from the rind of consecrated palms, with crosses made of similar rind, placed at the corners of cornfields, and hung over the doors of the cow-sheds."

Sharing the fate of all succumbing creeds, the holy and sacred office of the Druids has now sunk to the name of a witch or sorcerer: *Trute, Trute, Saüdreck*—Witch, witch, pigdirt—is the highest ebullition of verbal anger to which a Suabian peasant can rise. It also represents the nightmare. Grimm ("Deutsche Sagen," No. 80):—

"If you say to the nightmare, *Trud, komm Morgen, so will ich borgen*—Witch, if you come to-morrow, why then I will borrow (lend is rather meant),—for then the nightmare leaves you and some one comes in the morning to borrow something; or if you call to the nightmare, *Come to-morrow and truck with me*, the person who sent it must come to you. Büchner's "History of Bavaria," note 231, adds—that the next morning a

From the excellent nature of the stone in which these marks are carved, and the dryness of the climate, travellers assure us that whole streets of ruins may be traversed with these merchant's cyphers over the doors, as perfect almost as when freshly cut. The same principle induced the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, when they had conquered Rhodes, to fix their heraldic cyphers or coats over the entrances to their hotels, and they may still be seen, where not defaced by the Turks, in pristine beauty.

Digitized by Google

shrivelled old crone appears and begs lamentably for bread, and gets beaten most unmercifully, and turned out of doors as the old witch or nightmare."

This pentagon was, however, not only the Druidical but the Pythagorean symbol (Grimm, "Deutsche Mythol." p. 400, note, where it is also *Alp-fuss, Alp-kreuz*, elf-foot, elf-cross), and seems to have been known to the most ancient nations of antiquity. Mone ("Geschichte des Nordischen Heidenthums") tells us it was found on a figure of Anubis; and as the Templars are the general recipients of what is strange and wonderful in Germany, one of these figures of immense size is placed on a circular compartment of the steeple of the principal church at Hanover, whence even the best historians of the town attribute the building to the Templars, though the foundations of the church were not laid until thirty or forty years after the cruel and unmerited extinction of that order. This is not the only instance in which the curious symbol is brought in contact with the Templar order. Nicolai, in his "Essay on the Accusations brought against Templars" (Berlin, 1782), says, in reference to the questions put, on the accusation of the order, to Brother Raimond Rubei (Dupuy, p. 216) concerning the figure of the Baphomet, who answered, "Idem que les autres pour l'adoration de l'idole: ubi erat depicta figura Baffometi," at p. 137:—

"What properly was the sign of the Baffomet, 'figura Baffometi,' which was depicted on the breast of the bust representing the Creator, cannot be exactly determined. I will give my supposition, which for a supposition I believe extremely probable. I believe it to have been the Pythagorean pentagon (Fünfeck) of health and prosperity:" He adduces a gnostic emblem on which it, in common with the five points of fellowship, the square, and many signs and tokens, is found, and then continues:— 'It is well known how holy this figure was considered, and that the Gnostics had much in common with the Pythagoreans. From the prayers which the soul shall recite, according to the diagram of the Ophite-worshippers, when they on their return to God are stopped by the Archons, and their purity has to be examined, it appears that these serpent-worshippers believed they must produce a token that they had been clean on earth. I believe that this token was also the holy pentagon, the sign of their initiation (τελειας βαφης μετεος). The soul greets (*vide* Origenis Opera, cura De la Rue, vol. i. p. 54), on its first departure from the world, the first power, saying, '*I come from thence* PURE, a portion of the light of the Son and Father.' To prove this she must show, as also to every Archon she passes, her sign (συμβολον). To the principal of the Archons, Jaldabaoth, she says, 'Greatest and seventh Archon of the Logos, Subarchon of the spirit (νους), I offer to thee, the through Father and Son perfected work (of creation), in this figure, the sign of life.' She then addresses the Jao, 'To thee I now offer just the same sign, figured as the νους.' She then goes to the Sabaoth, saying, 'Archon of the fifth permission, Lord Sabaoth, proclaimer of the law of the creation, perfected by thy kindness, *By the power of the most mighty fifth number, let me pass.* See here the crime-

Digitized by Google

cleared sign of thy art (the creation), which has been passed by all the previous Archons in the form of this sign, *a body absolved by five.*' Nicolai continues, 'My belief is, that the Pythagorean pentagon cannot be clearer shown, as it is always the sign of increase and prosperity. After the soul has shown this figure thrice, she needs for the succeeding Archon, Astopheus, no farther sign, but addresses him confidently, 'Let me pass, thou seest one initiated.' It is evident from this that the initiated amongst the Gnostics, the same who enjoyed the famous gnostic εκλογην (election) used a pentagon as symbol of their perfection, which the soul here has to produce at three places to show she is perfect. Farther I cannot now pursue this subject, which is worthy of closer examination."

So far Nicolai, whom I have translated literally, not only for his account of the pentagon, but also as the original source whence Joseph von Hammer (by the testamentary kindness of an English lady, afterwards baron and owner of the estate of Purgstall) drew the whole of his curious work *Mysterium Baphometis revelatum,* published in his sixth volume of "Fund-Gruben des Orients" ("Mines de l'Orient"). In this work the most horrible crimes, the greatest atrocities are endeavoured to be proved against the entire order of the Knights Templars by the most fanciful and inconclusive proofs of sculptures, coins, paintings, &c. or the most illogical and far-fetched arguments and citations. We do not know of any detailed account and refutation of this singularly ludicrous work. Mr. Clarkson, we think, in his "Appendix to Billing's History of the Temple," has made a *réchauffé* of some of these accusations, which he endeavours to substantiate by portions of the architectural features and ornaments of the Temple Church; but churches innumerable with similar combinations may be found that had never the slightest connexion with the maligned order of the Templars; and Grymbald's Crypt at Oxford, and the ruins of Glendaloch, in "Ledwich's Ireland," would furnish capitals of pillars much more suitable to their purpose, could they bring them into connexion with Templar preceptories; and this has been as little done for Von Hammer's great *cheval de bataille,* the church at Schöngrabern, in Bohemia.

To revert, however, to the pentalpha as Druid's-foot or mark: a very substantial reason exists for this denomination. The Druids had a particular and distinguishing dress. We generally see in representations of them (Montfauçon, &c.) a lower tunic, reaching to the middle of the thigh, sometimes to the knee, fastened in front, and over that an ample-folded mantle; in some figures both reach to the feet, and give them the appearance of female habiliments. These were distinguished by tints of *six* different colours, as discriminating marks of their office. The highest civil dignitaries were, on the contrary, not allowed to

Digitized by Google

wear more than *four* different colours on their dress. Vergobretus is the only instance of the prince blazoning *seven* colours, to signify his supreme power, for this seems really to have been a species of heraldry, but it may be accounted for that he had been consecrated by the Druids, or it may have occurred at the period when the ecclesiastical began to succumb to the civil authority. As signs of office, they bore in their hand a white staff (*slatau drui' each*), which on one hand has degenerated to the magician's and harlequin's wand, and on the other, designates the highest regal officers of the realm, as the earl-marshal, the great chamberlain; and shortened, becomes the grand aspiration of every military hero in the marshal's staff. They wore differing species of buttons, to distinguish the differing grades of the order (exactly similar to the practice of mandarins, in China, at the present day); and the *ovis serpentum*, the famed serpent's egg, worked in gold on their mantle, was the cognizance especially confined to the Archdruid. In many representations Druids are figured with the horned moon in their hands, as she is seen six days after the full; and in some with a cornucopia or horn of plenty, with a full moon shining over it; but however varied in other respects, in dress and attributes, one emblem is common to every grade and representation, *this is the exact pentalpha or pentagon upon their shoes.* Schedius, "De Diis Germanorum" (p. 281), goes so far as to say that their shoes were made of wood in the form of a pentagon, regular French sabots, in this strange and inconvenient shape.

"Plutarchus in quæst. Rom. author est Romanos nobiles in calceamentis lunulas gessisse, tecte ut docerent quod sicut auscultare Luna vult præstantiori et esse secundaria, respectans assidue juxta Parmenidem, solis radios—sic et Druydæ sapientissimi homines, quo a plebe separentur *singularis formæ calceis usi sunt. Namque ex ligno constabant et pentagoni erant.* Unde et calceamentum hoc philosophicum figura mathematica *'der drudden Fuss.'*"

This connection with the feet and the situation in which the pentagon is found on British coins, at the horse's feet, would connect it with the superstition of the *horse-shoe*, which having descended to us from the Romans, has spread into every country in Europe. In Berlin the writer once occupied apartments in which no less than three of these charms were nailed on the threshold, and in Temme's "Volksagen von Pommern," he tells us that the sailors in that province invariably nail a horse-shoe (one found preferred) to the mast, to preserve the ship from lightning; but this universal faith ramifies into so many different branches that a mere transient notice could not exhaust the subject.

If we look to the reason of this great veneration of the pent-

Digitized by Google

alpha we shall discover, perhaps, the best reason in its formation by and into angles, which it has in common with the famous triquetra as exhibited in the Legs of Man, of Sicily and Malta, as well as in the cross, but more especially in the *crux ansata*, the handled cross, thus  , which is also found on a number of British and Gaulish coins,* on Etrurian vases, amongst the sculptured hieroglyphics of Egypt, but more especially as the predominant emblem of the great northern god Thor, from whose constant use of it as his hammer a literary friend once wittily remarked he ought to be considered as the first geologist, and whose action must have been something akin to the boomerang of the Australians, as it always returned to his hand when thrown by him to a distance. On the subject of the potency of all angles in witchcraft and sorcery, we can scarce do better than adduce some of Dr. Wm. Bell's remarks in answer to an inquiry as to the arms of the Legs of Man on a Manx halfpenny, with the motto: "Stabit quocumque jaceris," in "Notes and Queries" (vol. vii. p. 239), with further reference to his little work of *Puck*, just published by himself. After referring to the great potency of all cutting edged and pointed tools, and the necessary progress of ratiocination in transferring their physical action to metaphysical power, he shows how, under the Greek name *Chele*, the human angle or fork was seized for the purposes of superstition, adducing from *Saxo Grammaticus* a dialogue in which Bearcus is instructed by Ruta how he can obtain sight of the otherwise invisible Odin, passing in the air as "*der wilde Jäger.*"

Bearco. At nunc ille ubi sit qui vulgo dicitur Othin
Armipotens uno semper contentus ocello;
Dic mihi, Ruta, precor usquam si conspicis illum?
Ruta. Adde oculum proprius, et *nostras prospice chelas.*
Ante sacraturus victrici lumina signo,
Si vis presentem tuto cognoscere Martem.
Bearco. Sic potero horrendum Frigæ spectare maritum, &c.

"So boys in the north put their heads between their legs to see the devil looking over Lincoln; and I am indebted to a mention of my Shakspeare's *Puck*, and his folk-lore, in the *Maidstone Journal*, for the proof that this belief still exists in Ireland, from an anecdote told by Curran, who, in the absence of a währ-wolf on which to try its efficacy, would prove it on a large mastiff, by walking backwards to it in this posture, while the animal made such a grip at the poor barrister's hinder region that Curran was unable to sit with any gratification to himself for some weeks after."

---

* In Micali's "Engravings," Eur. vol. v. taf. 28, the black angel of death holds it somewhat like the toy windmills now given to children.

Digitized by Google

So far Dr. Bell; but he might have shown from the word *tuto,* in the last line but one, that to do this in *safety* it was a necessary preliminary to protect the eye (*sacraturus,* as in a Roman Catholic country, by the fourfold sign of the cross) by the *victrici signo,* being no other than the *crux ansata.* And the Doctor might have adduced the *harrow* of the husbandman, from its numerous points and angles, as peculiarly adapted to exercise its anti-magical potency against the invisible world. Numerous instances might be adduced: Dr. Bell (p. 79) mentions some, but a still more curious one is found in Ertsch and Grüber's "Encyclopedie," in a course of publication for the last forty years, under the head of *Gabelreiten* (Fork-riding), from the pen of F. Wächter, where to see "*den wilden Jäger,*" the wild huntsman of Weber's Freischütz, pass, and to have double power he seats himself under *two* harrows, and having attained his purpose has some difficulty to extricate himself again, not having used the precautionary sign.

Being upon the subject of these German forks or gabels, (*vide* "Jamieson's Dictionary," s. v. *Gavelock*), permit me to explain in a few short words the meaning of the term and custom of the hitherto dark interpretation of the Kent *Gavel-kind,* a word peculiarly German, as the practice of a community of lands is equally in use there as south of the Thames. We find *Gabel* already in Wächter as *dividere* from the nature of the fork, either subjectively as divided in itself, or objectively as causing a division of other things. In the provincial dialects of Lower Germany, *Kabel-wiese,* also written *Gabel-wiese,* is a common meadow of which parts are yearly appropriated by lot to differing farmsteads, and the harder form *kabeln,* means in general to distribute by lots; whence the transition was easy to an equal distribution generally of freeholds amongst claimants. The substitution of *v* for *b* in *Gavel* for *Gabel,* requires no notice to the philologist.

The Tau or T.

This *Tau,* or crutch, is a very widely-extended and ancient symbol.

It is found frequently in the hands of various Egyptian gods, and called there the Key of the Nile.

Many of the visionary commentators of the Apocalypse, for want of a more fitting emblem, have fixed on this sign as the seal to which St. John alludes (chap. vii. v. 2—4).

2. And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God, and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea.

Digitized by Google

3. Saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God on their foreheads.

4. And I heard the number of them which were sealed, and *there were* sealed an hundred *and* forty *and* four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel.

And in a series of some of the earliest and scarcest etchings, the illustrations of this biblical book by Jean Duvet, the first French engraver, this scene is curiously represented by an immense multitude kneeling, on whose foreheads the angel is employed in affixing this Tau, like a Brahminical sign.

Some adduce it from the Lingam of the Hindoos, or the Phallus of the Greeks or Romans, to whom it was sacred, as typifying the universal generative and productive power of nature. And prevalent, therefore, as its veneration was throughout the eastern world, we need not wonder that the Jews, in their proneness to idolatry, and their running after strange gods, should have embraced the same superstition, degenerating equally with them into the most libidinous and obscene practices and symbols. It is no doubt this form of idolatry, which Asa (1 Kings, chap. xv. v. 13) is said to have extirpated, and for which he removed his mother from being queen, and more than probably, therefore, high priestess of rites, which had much of the impurity of the worship of Thammuz, at Antioch, or of the Bona Dea at Rome. In Palestine, this idol had the name of Mephlezeth, but its form is believed to have been the *Tau*, and reprehended also by Ezechiel (chap. xx.), as derived from the Egyptians. Its identity with this figure as the Roman Phallus, is evident from Catullus (Epigram xx.), who uses the word *crux* to express it:—

—— Hoc tibi expedit,
Parata namque *crux* sine arte mentula.

It is found very prominent on some mythic figures, with inscriptions in a corrupt Arabic, of which engravings are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1755, p. 144. Being copied into the *Curiositäten*, a periodical of miscellaneous literature, published at Weimar, by Vulpius, the brother-in-law of Göthe, these were eagerly enlisted by Joseph von Hammer, in the work above mentioned, as most damning proofs of Templar impiety; though it would have been well to have first proved them genuine, as they are not without great suspicion of alchymistical forgeries. Dupuy had already fixed on the Tau as the Templar emblem, and Von Hammer follows him, though in opposition to the opinion of Nicolai, which we have already adduced, and to whom in most other respects he pays great deference. Von Hammer's words are, "figura phalli sub forma T est verus character

Digitized by Google

Baphometi fronti ejusdem expressus." The illogical nature of his conclusions may also be deduced from the following example: Baphomet, according to his interpretation, is Baphos-Mete, the Baptism of *mete* or *knowledge;* and as in the latter word this T is a principal letter, it stands for the word *mete* itself: "Hoc T igitur character Baphometis et sic ut pars pro toto instrumentum vitæ et sapientiæ genetricem significabat."

It is, however, open to very great doubt whether this famed symbol had ever any connection whatsoever with the order of the Templars. Hollar's etching in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," with a mystic cross upon a staff, rests, I believe, upon no authentic cotemporary authority, though it has received a warrant of truth from the great archæologist Scott, in the beautiful fiction of "Ivanhoe," chap. viii. "On an elevated seat directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the mystic staff, which bore the symbol of the order."

But even if the Tau were incontestably proved the impure emblem that Von Hammer would have us believe, it would prove nothing against the order, at all events in connection with this staff, which, as figured by Dugdale, is a symbol drawn from the deepest recesses of Hindoo theogony; it is the famous *chatra* or *wheel* exhibited in one of the manifold hands of almost every Indian deity celebrated in the Vedas and worshipped by Brahmins. This wheel, without its two initial aspirates *w* and *h*, was transferred by colonies from those eastern climes, when they migrated to the north, into their language and country, as *Ule, Gule, Jule,* the great festival of their opening year, at once a thanksgiving for past benefits, and a confident hope of the future.

This Gule-feast was, we know, the grand celebration of the god Thor, under the name of Baal, of which the Beltine superstitions still prevalent in Scotland and Ireland give verbal evidence, and which even the substitution of the great Christian festival of Christmas has not been able entirely to supersede.

It would, therefore, be consolatory to all good Masons if the purity of their ritual and of conjoined societies could be proved unstained by an emblem of which both origin and significance, as in the Tau, are so equivocal. Of its universality, however, besides the proofs already given, another very remarkable instance may be given. In Stephen's "Travels in Central America" we find the Tau emblem ornamenting the edifices of the ruined cities of Palenque: those enigmatical remains of an unknown people and period, whose accounts have to be thoroughly investigated before we can be said to know the true history of our globe or the progress of mankind in origin and civilization.

Digitized by Google

But however we should be disinclined to attribute this emblem to the Templars, there can be no doubt that, whether from misconception or otherwise, it was used by the Christian church; from its particular form as a crutch, the friars who bore it in the order of Mercy, or Redemptorists, so-called from their principal aim being the relief of Christian captives from slavery, were denominated *Crouched* or *Crutched Friars*, and have left their designation to the well-known locality in London.

Münter, bishop of Copenhagen, the discoverer of the original statutes of the Templars in the Vatican, says, in his "Symbola Veteris Ecclesiæ:" "Paulinus Nolanus Episcopus XXIV. ad Leverum (p. 165)—Christus—in sacramento crucis, cujus figura per literam Græcam Tau, numero tricentorum, exprimitur, adversarios principis debellavit:" and having surveyed Italy he continues (p. 20), adducing these two figures of old Danish





coins: "Sed relicta Italia alias Occidentis regiones perlustrabimus hujus literæ. Antiquissimi erant numi inter tumultus civiles, Christophoro II. rege procul dubio cusi, quorum duos anecdotos lectori ob oculos sistemus, neglectis tam obversis quæ crucem simplicem atque quadratam, in numis nostris sæpe obviam habent, et ne quis suspicetur hosce numos a Templariis signatos fuisse, unum hoc monemus, Templarios in septentrione nostro nunquam sedes tenuisse."

It may finally be allowed to remark, that this truncated cross is borne as an heraldic emblem by the family of *Drury* or Drewry (*vide* Gage, "Suffolk," Tringhoe, hundred Hawstead: plate of seals, No. 607, p. 436; and No. 4, p. 476; and brasses, p. 460 and 468). Whether as an intimation of their origin, like their name, from the ancient Druids, or from whatever other cause I know not; certain it is that this ancient priesthood has left still enduring marks of their possession in the territorial designations of numerous places in England:* Stanton Drew, in Somersetshire, has still a large Druidical circle pretty entire;

* On the 19th of last month (June) the Suffolk Institute of Archæology and Natural History, intended to proceed from Bury St. Edmunds, under the direction of their Honorary Secretary, Samuel Tymms, Esq., to the locality of Hawstead Church and Place, "the remains of the seat of the Drurys," where Papers would be read, but it was necessary to proceed to press before it could be ascertained whether any new light was thrown upon the history of this doubtless ancient family.

Digitized by Google

and perhaps Chew Magna, in that neighbourhood, with a similar temple, would be better written Drew Magna. In France, Dreux, the chief seat of the Gaulic Druids, still retains its ancient name almost intact; and in Germany numerous places still carry unmistakable evidence of the presence and power of Druids beyond the Rhine, notwithstanding the assertion of Bishop Percy, that this race of priests never obtained there: such names are remarkably frequent along the German portion of Adrian's wall, Irudenheim, Hohen-Trudening, Wasser-Trudning, &c. &c. The various topics of St. Graal, or Sang real, with the search for its lost *names*, and the recovery of the forgotten *word;* the Ark, cista, or *mystica Vannus Iacchi;* the monumental figures of cross-legged knights, and many other subjects curious in themselves and interesting to the Craft, must be reserved to another number. Δ Δ

A RELIC OF THE PRETENDER.

From the Courrier du Pas-de-Calais.

Count du Hamel, prefect of this department, has just found an authentic copy, in parchment, of a charter emanating from Charles Edward, the Pretender, and bearing date the 15th of February, 1745, establishing at Arras a Sovereign, Primatial, and Metropolitan Chapter of Rosicrucian Freemasons. The Count has presented the document to the general archives of the department. It declares that "Charles-Edward, King-pretender of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland," wishing to testify his gratitude to the Artesian Masons of Arras for the numerous marks of kindness which they, in conjunction with the officers of the garrison of Arras, had shown him during a residence of six months which he had made in that town has thought fit to create the said Chapter of Freemasons, under the distinctive title of Jacobite-Scotland, to be governed by the knights Lagneau and Robespierre, advocates; Hazard and his two sons, physicians; Lucel, upholsterer; and Cellier, clock-maker, giving them authority not only to make knights, but even to create a Chapter in whatever town they may think fit. The document is signed "Charles Edward Stewart," and countersigned "Lord Deberkley, Secretary." The Robespierre mentioned in the charter was grandfather of the infamous member of the Committee of Public Safety during the Reign of Terror.

Digitized by Google

ELEANORA ULFELD.

READER, do you know Hans Andersen? Perhaps not, for Fame is capricious as to the flowers she culls abroad, and the names she sounds in English ears. But perhaps you do. You may have read his "Improvisatore," with its vivid pictures of Italy and an artist's life, or his "Bilderbuch ohne Bilder," in which he has presented to the mental eye a series of sketches sweet as an infant's breath, pure as the pale luminary that sheds her light on them, and yet taking hold of both imagination and heart, as a strong man is led captive by the tiny fingers of his babe. Nay, you may be more deeply read, you may know by heart those most charming of all fairy tales, over which old and young hang with equal delight, and beside which the mention of *Musæus* or the *Cabinet des Fées* is frivolous and impertinent, our Scottish border lore is wild and barbarous, and even Croker's "Fairy Legends" are plebeian, and have a smack of whiskey about them. Perhaps you were at Dresden last winter, and knew the simple, child-loving man, and may have seen princesses listen with delight to the "Fir-tree," or children to the touching history of the "Tin Soldier," so tender and so true. There you have undoubtedly read "Holger Danske." Now I will not, as some men would, launch forth into a digression, and from a digression into a parallel, and from a parallel into a dissertation, and from a dissertation into a disquisition *de omnibus rebus et quibusdem aliis*. I will not give the history of Holger Danske, nor compare him with the long-lost Arthur of England, Sebastian of Portugal, with Frederic Barbarossa, the three Tells, or the twelfth Imaum; I will not discuss the exact method of their preservation, nor the exact mode of their reappearance, I will pass over the seven young men of Ephesus—in fact, I merely mention these things that you may know what I *could* tell you, and be thankful either for what you do get or for what you are spared. But if you have read "Holger Danske" you will know, and if you have not you must be told, that an old old shipwright—"How old, grandmamma? as old as you?"—"A great deal older, my dear"—was gazing on his own work, a figure-head of Holger Danske, with the Danish arms on his shield, and as he looked at the red hearts in that ancient coat of arms, they became brighter and brighter, until one detached itself in flame, and led him into a narrow dreary dungeon. There sat a prisoner, a

Digitized by Google

woman of whom women may be proud, Eleanora Ulfeld—" and the flame became as it were a rose, and blossomed on her heart —on her's, the noblest and best of Danish women. ' Yes, that is one of the hearts in Denmark's shield,' said the old grandfather." Now, reader, were I to require you to confess how often you have acted upon and how often you have broken that golden rule which your mother and your tutor both gave you, " always to understand what you read," as a gentleman and a man of honour, would you not be obliged to confess? But you remind me that confession should be *auricular*. I am happy to see you are fashionable in your sentiments, so I will deal with you as I would be done by. I will not take it for granted that you are ignorant of anything, for that would not be civil. How could *I* be wiser than you? nay, how can I be so wise? for *you* may be the Lord Chancellor himself and the Archbishop of Canterbury all in one; but I will act as if you had answered with M. Jourdain—" *Oui, oui, je sais; mais fais comme si je ne savais pas,*"—and I will tell you the whole history of Eleanora Ulfeld.

Once upon a time there was a king, Christiern IV. of Denmark, who a proper time after the death of his queen was desirous of marrying again; but reflecting that princes and princesses are precious, and therefore costly, having a sufficiency of royal children to secure the succession, and perhaps thinking that as he had married once for reasons of state he might justly marry a second time for reasons of his own, and, over and above all, happening just then to fall in love with a very beautiful damsel, named Christina Munck, the daughter of a gentleman in Jutland, he there and then married her. Hereupon his biographer enlarges much on the wise economy of this measure, wishing to prove (he, the said author, being an old Dryasdust, doubtless thought a fair face a most insufficient reason for marrying any one,) that his majesty was guided solely by maxims of the soundest policy and most long-headed prudence in taking this step. And there's no saying, if Christina's eyes were like some eyes that one may gaze into a whole summer-day, that is if the long silky lashes will let you, and yet never know the full depth of affection, and honesty, and truth which they express; and there are mouths which tell of a sweetness of temper, as undeniably as a rose reveals its own perfume; and there are noses—but noses are not such sure ground to go upon—the one I am thinking of is a little, yes, a *little retroussé*, it is as full of mischief—but let the nose be passed over, and, discussing the eyes and the mouth *sub rosâ*, we aver, *ex cathedrâ*, that it is the wisest thing in the world to marry on

Digitized by Google

account of a fair face in some cases. Sir, it can be proved, man is not a thing of shreds and patches, he is an harmonious and homogenous creation; and just as you know the amount of the whole by knowing the amount of the smallest fraction thereof, and just as a single long-drawn note reveals to the educated ear the quality of a voice, so does the smallest portion of the human form reveal (*to the philosophic observer*) the character of the whole man, both mind and body; so does the most trifling action bear the impress of the whole character of the being who has done it; and thus, to those who can read these indications, is the tip of a rosy ear, nay, one of her auburn hairs, or one stroke of her pen, or one stitch (see that it be not a cross-stitch) of her needle, sufficient to authorize an immediate demand in marriage founded on the highest principles of reason. I use the feminine pronoun, because it were not perhaps to be desired that the fairer sex should attain to *such* accuracy of discernment. They have quite enough already. No, no, thinking on these subjects might give them wrinkles, so I proceed. King Christiern married Christina Munck, and in due course of time she brought him thirteen children, who, to the great advantage of the privy purse when they were little, and of the budget when they were big, were *not* princes and princesses, so that there was no need of three tiers of governesses and governors for each of the little personages, or for ladies-in-waiting for little girls who have just got into frocks, or aides-de-camp for little boys who have just got out of them. And yet Christina Munck was a wife, and her children might honour their mother. Such were the advantages of a morganatic marriage—disquisition and digression the second *not* inflicted on the reader touching the origin of the term *morganatic*, with "ane briefe inquirie whether it doth come from the Hie Dutch, '*nach der moder gen*,' or no," all forborne. The fairest and most promising of all these children was Eleanora Christina, born at Friedricksburg, in Iceland, July 22nd, 1621. She was the darling of her royal father, and having every advantage of education, in spite, or perhaps in *consequence*, of the want of three tiers of governesses, she grew up the most accomplished woman in Denmark. She spoke German, French, Spanish, and Italian; she had no common skill in painting, music, and poetry; and she had a generosity and honesty of character, a gentleness, patience, and piety, which would have ennobled the most plebeian maiden in the kingdom.

Now, there was a certain noble and patriarchal Syndicus Ulfeld, whose picture may be still seen seated at table with the virtuous matron his wife, and twenty, or four-and-twenty (we forget which) of their children, half boys and half girls, as if

Digitized by Google

they had been paired off for a country dance—but that is an anachronism, for country dances were not yet known,—but corantos or brawls will do as well, and many a brawl the boys of that family danced before the world had done with them. Every one knows the history of a large family of noble birth—there are two or three wild ones and two or three steady ones, some rise at home, and some abroad,—one gets killed at this siege, another in that battle,—one probably becomes rich, another a Papist. One of the youngest of this family was Corfitz, a Kammerjunker, or page of his majesty. Dame Christina had by this time been made a countess, and of course, German and Danish fashion, all her children shared the title. The little countess Eleanor was then a sweet child of seven, whom her parents thought proper to betroth to young Corfitz, a handsome, wilful boy of twelve. A brother page of his had had the assurance to make love to the little maiden, who repulsed him with due dignity, having already bestowed her small virgin heart (if such a heart as hers ever could be small) on Corfitz. Hence jealousies, quarrels, and enmity in due form between the rivals, an enmity at which grown men smiled and ladies laughed, but which found a fitting soil in the bosom of the rejected suitor, and expanded in after years into a perfect upas-tree of hatred. In the mean time it was thought proper that the young bridegroom should travel. He went to Paris, where his tutor left him in the lurch; he went to Germany, and distinguished himself in battle. One of his brothers had already been made a count of the empire for his services, and the younger one distinguished himself so much that he at last returned to Denmark armed with such letters of recommendation to the king that Christiern himself reconciled him to his father. Why, what had he done? It is not so easy to tell when one has only a friendly biographer to rely on. What if there had been a slight mistake as to which was the nominative case in that simple phrase, "The tutor left Corfitz." Thus much we know, he was a brave, daring, headstrong youth, full of talent and wilfulness, and it was not very difficult for such a one to get into disgrace, or to get out of it.

His little bride had been holding a steadier course, though perhaps as brave a one. She had grown from childhood to girlhood, and was apparently as precocious in person as in mind, for at twelve years of age (when most little girls are mere bread-and-butter misses—creatures that you would take on your knee, instead of kneeling to them, and offer them hearts of gingerbread instead of your own)—a prince of the house of Saxony wooed her for his bride. Christiern IV. was naturally pleased at

Digitized by Google

the prospect of so great a marriage for his daughter—one that a real princess would have been glad of. Her mother strongly advised her to accept it, but, no; she had given her troth, and nought could make her break it, and the brave young duke of Saxony returned home from his bootless errand a sadder, if not a wiser man. Four years after this she became the wife of Corfitz Ulfeld. Honours were showered upon the young pair, and happy as a wife and mother, Eleanora seemed likely to pass her life in prosperity. Her first sorrow was the disgrace of her mother. Himself an unfaithful husband, Christiern IV. accused his wife of the same crime. It is difficult to say what degree of credit is to be given to the accusation, which was supported chiefly by the evidence of unprincipled persons, who *may* have perjured themselves out of malice, and who may have borne true witness out of revenge; but Christina was deprived of all her honours, reduced to the plain title of Madame Munck, and separated from the king. Perhaps Christiern did not read fair faces rightly, did not know when he saw one truly fair, but mistook fine proportions and skin-deep beauty for real loveliness. Indeed, we have no great opinion of him, seeing he was the same king of Denmark (brother of Anne of Denmark) at whose feet the queen of Sheba fell; both their majesties (*i. e.* our "brother of Denmark" and the said queen of Sheba), with the British Solomon to boot, being *vino ciboque pleni, i. e.* in plain English, helplessly drunk.—*Vide* Jesse and Miss Strickland.

In course of time Christiern was gathered to his fathers, dying in 1648. Strange whispers arose of endeavours on Corfitz Ulfeld's part to set aside the crown prince in favour of the Countess Eleanor; but Frederick III. ascended the throne, and for a time things went as prosperously as ever with Ulfeld and his fair countess. True, she and the other half brothers and sisters of the present king laid claim to honours that were denied them, but Corfitz was continued in posts of the highest trust, and employed as ambassador on more than one occasion. Two incidents of their lives deserve notice, as they brought forth bitter fruit afterwards. Sophia Amelia, the queen of Frederick III., by birth a princess of Brunswick Lüneburg, entertained a violent jealousy of her accomplished and beautiful sister-in-law. The daughter of the houses of Este and Guelph perhaps disliked the relationship, while the attractions of Eleanora threw the queen, in spite of her exalted position, into the shade. But a solemnity drew nigh, in which, at any rate, she would be the first. The coronation was soon to take place, and the court jeweller, Lyngbye, expended all his skill in producing a crown worthy of her majesty. When finished, moved by a

Digitized by Google

natural curiosity, the Countess Eleanora went to the jeweller's to see it. So did probably many another lady, to whom no harm happened. But the Countess Eleanora was so near the throne, that she felt as a privileged person in all pertaining to it, and raising the gorgeous crown, placed it on her own fair head. Perhaps a moment of gratified vanity at seeing how well it became her caused a too hasty movement—perhaps her hand trembled at the thought of a father, who, with all his faults, was devoted to her,—if the first, it was severely punished; if the latter, one sad moment was the cause of many others: be it as it may, for once in her life Eleanora was awkward—the crown fell to the ground, and one fine jewel was shattered. The jeweller related the fact to the queen, who never either forgot or forgave it.

Some time after this, Corfitz was an ambassador, Charles II. of England was an exile, and in deep poverty. The Dane supplied him with money, and he acknowledged the debt in a Latin epistle to his royal kinsman Frederick III., written many years after, dated Coloniæ Agrippinæ, 11th November, 1655. We shall see how this was repaid.

The Countess Eleanora brought her husband ten children, and harmony and love seem ever to have existed between them. His old brother-page and boy-rival was now become his brother-in-law, having married a sister of Eleanora's; but his enmity was as strong as ever. A wild accusation was brought against Corfitz of endeavouring to poison the king. It was supported by the testimony of a wretched woman, who accused him at the same time of infidelity to his wife—an accusation that Eleanora herself, with all her servants, were able to disprove. The woman was convicted of perjury, and punished accordingly, and Corfitz was rash enough to seek the influence of the Swedish king to support him in Denmark. How long would M. Guizot remain in office if Queen Victoria's influence were openly exerted to maintain him there? The support of Sweden injured Count Ulfeld's cause more than all his enemies in Denmark. The Danish nobles were at that time so powerful, and stood so stiffly on their rights, privileges, and exemption from taxes, that they were daily becoming more obnoxious both to the king and commons; and some years later (1660), an unparalleled revolution took place, in which the clergy and people united in declaring the crown hereditary and absolute, thus enabling the sovereign to bring his refractory nobility into order. You may imagine, therefore, that so haughty a man as Corfitz, of so high a caste, and so determined a prince as Frederick III., with so spiteful a queen at his elbow, were not likely to continue at peace very

Digitized by Google

long when once a hostile power had been called in as mediator between them. Ulfeld seems undoubtedly to have entered into plots against the king. He went to Sweden, and was received with the most marked distinction by the eccentric daughter of the heroic Gustavus. Christina openly drove in the same carriage with him, and when accusations against him were presented to her by the Danish ambassador, she herself undertook his defence. Fraülein Eleanora* was at this time lodging in the palace at Stockholm. She had remained in Denmark for some time after her husband had gone to Sweden, but finding her personal safety menaced, she was obliged to disguise herself in male apparel, and in this manner escaped to Sweden, where Christina, whether as much delighted at her arrival as she appeared to be, or not, thought proper to receive her with every mark of attention. At last, the ambassador, who seems to have been a man of great firmness, required the queen to dismiss Ulfeld from her court. She required him publicly to accuse Ulfeld, promising that the latter should not be permitted to answer, which it seems the ambassador thought would be inconsistent with his sovereign's dignity, and after promising all that the ambassador wished, she ordered her carriage, and——asked Count Ulfeld to take a drive with her. No sooner did the Danish ambassador hear of this mark of the queen's favour to Ulfeld, which certainly looked very little as if she really intended to dismiss him from her presence the following day, than he flew to her and utterly refused to appear at the audience which she had appointed for the morrow. Christina appears to have been possessed with a determination to put a public slight on her good brother of Denmark, and without caring at what price she purchased that pleasure. She therefore spared neither promises nor assurances to prevail on the ambassador to come to her court the next day. Poor man! what could he do? You cannot doubt the word of a lady or a queen,—at any rate you cannot act as if you did;—still, a sturdy Northman is not exactly the person you can persuade to disbelieve his own senses. He was superstitious enough to believe in *facts*, and the fact immediately before his mind was, that her Scandinavian majesty had been seen parading through the city in animated converse with a man whom she protested she was about to dismiss from her presence. With a heavy heart the ambassador went home; with a heavy heart he proceeded to court the next morning, "as an ox goeth to the slaughter," and with much of the inward

* Miss Eleanor, as in honour of her royal birth she was quaintly styled, even after her marriage.

Digitized by Google

feelings of a man who foresees that his nose is about to be pulled, without the possibility of either preventing the catastrophe, or avenging the insult.

Instead of her majesty and a few chosen councillors, the luckless ambassador finds a crowded court, amid which he soon spies Corfitz Ulfeld looking as confident and lordly as if there were no thought of banishing him from the sunshine of the palace. With some difficulty the wary diplomatist is brought to state his accusation against his contumacious countryman. Christina listens, waves her hand, all exit is barred,—and the ambassador compelled to listen to a lengthy written defence of Ulfeld, contrary to all the stipulations he had made, and Christina had guaranteed.

Would that the ambassador had written his autobiography! Did he ever put faith in woman again?

It is said that with his hand on his sword he forced his way from that perfidious court.

But Christina, too, was about to 'flit,' and her successor had no such friendship for Ulfeld as to risk a war in his behalf. The count and his family went to Holland and soon experienced that most common of all wants—a want of money. You remember that Charles II. had been in the same miserable predicament. He was now seated on the throne, and able, one would think, to pay his debts. For some reason or other it was thought best that the Countess Eleanor should proceed to England instead of her husband, and there delicately remind his majesty of former obligations. She did so. You have no great opinion of Charles II., have you? You look on him as a man without conscience, morals, or honour? Of course you do. Who but Dr. Pusey does not? But you have got to learn all he was capable of. A noble and virtuous woman, a near relation of his own, comes to him in her hour of need. She has left a husband and ten children in exile, her husband has just been condemned to death, only Denmark cannot get at him, and her children are banished for ever from their native land. This is in 1663. She is not quite in her prime of beauty, but her spotless character has been tried, and a right-minded man would have honored her more now than when, in all the freshness of youthful loveliness, she was the delight of the court of Denmark. She comes and meekly whispers to the merry monarch, "We were kind to you in former days, will you not remember it and do us justice now?" *Charles denied the debt.* The mean-spirited king, the dishonest man! Why, he ought rather to have *invented* one, or offered a free gift, worthy of the suppliant. Eleanor could not afford to give up all hopes of justice. She

Digitized by Google

lingered on with hope delayed until, on the demand of the Danish minister, she was arrested on the free soil of Britain, arrested by the connivance of the king under whose supremacy she thought herself in safety, and thus a stranger, an exile, a lady, a kinswoman, a friend and a benefactress, was betrayed—basely betrayed. Words are wasted on such a *thing* as Charles —*non ragionam di lui*—he is almost beneath the scorn of an English gentleman. Eleanora had not learnt all she had to learn of the villany and meanness of human beings. She was brought to Copenhagen, where she had once shone a star, and where scores of her kinsfolk and former friends were dressing, visiting, and paying their court to the queen, and never thinking of the poor captive. If Charles was the *ne plus ultrà* of baseness and treachery in man, Sophia Amelia was unequalled in the depth of her female spite and vengeance. At her special order Eleanora was divested of the clothes she wore, and meaner apparel given to her, her pearls and jewels taken from her, and she was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination as to the designs of her husband, of which she knew nothing. When ocular proof was given her in his own handwriting of his criminal intentions, the shock produced a long and dangerous illness, *during which* she was thrown into the Blue Tower, one of the worst dungeons of the city. There in a cell with no window but a very small one in the roof, a stove with no pipe to it, so that she was suffocated with smoke, and so bare of even the most common necessaries that she was obliged to use a sharp bone for a knife, did she languish for two-and-twenty tedious years. And yet she did *not* languish, she did not pine away. She was separated from her husband, but perhaps that was not so great an affliction as it seems. I cannot think Corfitz was worthy of her. His very concealment of all treasonable designs from her knowledge showed he was conscious that she was a higher and better nature than himself. I am half sorry she did not take the Duke of Saxony, but then she would have been a Duchess of Saxony, and nothing more. Now, as Eleanora Ulfeld, I will show you what she was. She was separated from her children, she was deprived of her rank (no slight deprivation even to the wise and good), she was treated as the meanest criminal. She was in her forty-second year when first imprisoned, and it was well for her that the fiery heart of youth was somewhat tamed before her captivity began. Three men of modern days have shown us the life, nay more, the heart of the prisoner—Silvio Pellico, Maroncelli, and Andryane. All came out saddened and sobered, but the passionate Italian was far less changed than the impetuous lively Frenchman. France is

Digitized by Google

the youngest of nations. She has the fire, the impetuosity, the vanity, the petulance of youth, its impatience of restraint, and its incapacity for endurance. Andryane entered the Spielberg about his twentieth year: he left it ten years after, forlorn and grey, an old man before his time, at a period of life when most men feel themselves at the very outset of their career. The iron had entered into his soul.

Maroncelli left it a cripple, but his mind and spirit were unbroken; he composed a hymn while preparations were making to amputate his leg, and exiled after his release, he speaks of hobbling on his "poor crutches" over the stones of Paris with a cheerfulness, and writes of tyranny and oppression with a spirit, which must convince you, my dear Clement Wenceslaus,* Fürst von Metternich, that you made a great mistake if you thought that a dungeon would quell all spirits. The remedy is good, but it is no more universally efficacious than the water-cure. Eleanora was twice as long in captivity as the Italian patriots, and the only advantage she had that I can discover, was the hope of release. She was not condemned for any fixed period, and her *brother* was on the throne. She must have hoped, yet "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." So that was a doubtful advantage. Never was the line "My mind to me a palace is," better exemplified than in Eleanora Ulfeld. She scratched little poems with a bit of glass on the walls and furniture of her prison; by-the-by, did ever any one write poems who was thoroughly prosperous? Men write when they are in love, which at best is a state of "hubble, bubble, toil and trouble," and we have known instances where marriage, though only sealing and strengthening the love (as it *ought* to do), has yet put an effectual tourniquet on the poetic vein, which has been again opened by the temporary absence of the wife, and closed again by her return, doubtless because the sweet reality satisfied both heart and imagination, and left no want of either unsupplied. Find me half a dozen poets who were contented men, and I will give up my theory. Holberg, who is so entitled to pronounce canons of criticism, places the Countess Eleanora among the best poets of her time. With a little machine of her own making she contrived to manufacture narrow ribands, one of which was long preserved by an attached dependant, together with the chicken bones, of which the primitive little weaving-machine was chiefly made. From a painting of her own, of life-size, she embroidered a portrait of her royal brother; but although still shown as a masterpiece, it seems to have had

* (Clement! most misnamed of mortals.)

Digitized by Google

no effect in softening the heart of Frederick III. She also wrote a work on celebrated women, called "Preis der Heldinnen," or, "The Praise of Heroines," little thinking that she herself would be enrolled by after-ages in the foremost rank of heroines. Her cheerfulness is said to have been invariable; and as a proof of it, it is related that she composed a comedy, which after her release was acted in her own house. Still, with all this spirit and energy, and more, with all her patience, and *that* must have come from a higher source than even her own noble nature,* I take that invariable cheerfulness to have been a mere *façon de parler*.

We all know how Madame Roland, by her fearless demeanour, her lofty courage, and unbending spirit, diffused fresh strength into all her companions in misfortune; but her faithful servant revealed that, when alone, she would "stand weeping at the window, and then dry her eyes, and come and speak cheerfully to you at the grating." And so Eleanora did. Her jailers saw nothing but patience, cheerfulness, and courage; but the walls of the prison and the silent hours of the night would have told another tale. Was she not far from all she loved—buried alive, as it were—shut out from all life, except her own? Her husband died in exile during her imprisonment. Whatever were his faults, he was the husband of her youth; how could she forget him? That invariable cheerfulness, take my word for it, was stained with many a tear. Her tyrant brother, Frederick III., died also (1670). Old recollections, and his very harshness to her afterwards, must have wrung tears from her eyes for him too. Sad, that the deep, heavy toll, which resounded through the city, should have brought *hope* to the captive in the dungeon,

* I cannot forbear quoting the following beautiful description of the Apostle, who after being scourged and set in the stocks, at "midnight sang praises to God." An order had arrived to bring the Galilean prisoner to the emperor's judgment-hall. The soldiers arrived, and he went away cheerily with them—the old weather-beaten man—without his cloak, for he had left it at Troas; without his friends, for he had left them behind at his own hired house; as forlorn as ever prisoner stood before Cæsar. And how was it in that dim and dangerous presence-chamber, with that wolf upon the judgment-seat, and those blood-hounds all around him, with none but pagans present, and not one believing friend to bear thee company,—how was it, O Paul! that in such an hour of peril, instead of pleading not guilty, and falling down on suppliant knees, thou didst commit the very crime they charged against thee—the crime of loyalty to Jesus, and urge Christ's claims upon Cæsar? Why, *the secret of this strange courage* was, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all forsook me. Notwithstanding THE LORD STOOD WITH ME AND STRENGTHENED ME." With this support you need fear neither the stake nor the dungeon.—Hamilton, *Mount of Olives*.

Digitized by Google

and that captive a sister. But it was a hope doomed to be deceived. Sophia Amelia's hatred, and power for evil, remained undiminished during the reign of her son. She appears to have been one of those persons whose very wickedness wins them power; and no wonder, considering *who* is the "Prince of this world." Frederick III. was gone to answer for his own deeds, among which, this treatment of an innocent sister must have formed a fearful item; but, during his lifetime, just think what it must have been to have had such a wife—a Mephistopheles in petticoats—always at one's elbow! It gars me grew.

The new king, Christiern V., had a young wife, with whom I have not the honour of being much acquainted; but this I know, that she exerted herself in favour of the poor captive, whom she had never seen: but the beneficent fairy was forced to succumb to the malignant one. La Bruyère says—"Un homme aime son gendre, aime sa bru; une femme aime son gendre et n'aime point sa bru;" and Sophia Amelia Carabosse was the very woman to exemplify this maxim. Probably, the young queen, who had stepped into her former place, was little less obnoxious in her eyes than her hapless sister-in-law; and it requires all one's recollection of the unbounded influence of a mother, of the effect of early prejudices, and of the difficulty with which truth finds access to a sovereign's ear, to enable one to find any excuse for Christiern V. for being led by his mother to do wrong, instead of by his wife to do right. "Why did he not listen to his wife?" asks a young lady reader. Ah! that is just the difficulty. Why do not men *always* listen to their wives?

We can fancy the zeal which opposition would lend to compassion—how all the ladies of the young queen would be, to a woman, on the side of Eleanora—how her beauty and fascinations, which could no longer rival theirs, would be dwelt upon, and her sufferings lamented over—how Queen Charlotte Amelia would listen to all the tales they could bring her of the cruelty, jealousy, envy, and ugliness of her august mother-in-law, and how she would feel it her duty to check the conversation, as "not proper," just when the fair narrator had nothing more to tell. Even his Majesty was pouted at, behind his back; and deservedly so, say we. But that Queen Charlotte's zeal was far from being prompted chiefly by opposition to her Carabosse mother-in-law is shown by the fact, that although she failed in procuring Eleanora's release so long as the queen-dowager lived, yet she did all that she could. She had the prison window made larger, and a pipe was put to the stove.

Now, when people wish to do a good deed from bad motives,

Digitized by Google

vanity, ostentation, or the spirit of opposition, they are very apt to say, "If I cannot get it done as I wish, I shall give it up; it's not *my* fault;"—being inwardly greatly pleased at heaping another fault on their adversary's head. So did not Charlotte Amelia; neither did she relax in her efforts: for no sooner did Sophia Amelia depart this life—a good riddance, thinks I, though it may not be proper to say so—fifteen years after the death of her husband, than the long-looked-for day of freedom came to Eleanora. The queen-dowager (what a difference there is in queen-dowagers!) died Feb. 20th, 1685, and the Countess Eleanora left her gloomy prison May 19th of the same year,—whereat I am ready to jump for joy. At *which* event, pray? Oh, at either, or both.

It was now recognised by all that Eleanora never had had the smallest share in her husband's designs. The Castle of Mariboe was given to her, with an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year; and the sentence of banishment against her children was repealed. This is what is commonly called "tardy justice,"—a thing that is oftentimes of far more importance for the doer's sake than for him to whom it is done; for the power of man to injure is far beyond his powers of making reparation. In *this* world, injustice is often as fixed as Fate. Eleanora came out of prison an aged woman, of sixty-four. Who could give her back two-and-twenty years of her life? Her husband had died, and she was not by him. Her children had grown up, and married, and suffered, deprived of a mother's care and a mother's love; and she of the deep happiness of bestowing both. What could compensate her for the loss of all the endearing associations that would have bound her to the hearts of her own offspring? That youth would not have been so wild—this daughter would have made a happier choice—that little one's life might have been saved—had a mother's eye watched over them. Her eldest daughter—the one who most resembled herself—had married a gentleman of Flanders, named De Cassette, was now a widow, and took up her abode under her mother's roof during the thirteen years which formed the quiet evening of the Countess Eleanora's checkered life. Eleanora Ulfeld breathed her last earthly sigh in 1698, at the age of seventy-seven.

Digitized by Google

THE PRISON-FLOWER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"The favorite and the flower."—BYRON.

For years I had been captive, and alone;
My heart had withered—and I sighed to know
That of all those who lov'd me once, not one
Was near to solace and to soothe me now;
I was alone, and hopeless—for long years
My portion had been bitterness and tears!
I fought, and fail'd—on Battle's ghastly plain
I had exchang'd the weapon for the chain.
What, though they slew me not? I died no less
To hope, to glory, and to happiness.
My only joy was memory—not a spot
O'er which my steps had wander'd, wild and free—
Oh! not a look or tone was now forgot,
Where kindliness and love had welcom'd me!
I learnt to note the seasons as they passed;
I dwelt in thought on Spring's sweet buds and flowers,
And many a halo o'er my soul was cast,
As in such visions sped my captive hours.
I knew, too, when the summer birds were loud,
When roses blossom'd, and when moons were full;
I knew it, though my coop'd-up soul was bow'd;
Though I look'd not on things so beautiful;
I mused on Autumn's golden grains, and fruits,
Her leafy forests, and her sunny streams;
And on the magic sound of lovers' flutes,
Echo'd in many a maiden's gentlest dreams.
I shiver'd beneath Winter's biting blast,
E'en in my narrow cell—in this alone
Of all the changes over Nature cast,
I still partook—as drearily and lone,
I listen'd to the gusty winds, which swept
Across the troubled sky, like spirit-moans;
And then I turn'd upon my straw, and wept,
Or answer'd every peal with heart-wrung groans.

II.

Time wore away,—I sicken'd, and forgot
To trace his steps: all was alike to me—
I sank beneath my dark and cheerless lot,
And spent whole months in cold, blank apathy;
I did not deem that I could feel again,
In common with my kind, or joy, or pain—

Digitized by Google

I did not know myself. My gaoler came,
A cold, stern man—he murmured out my name,
In tones he meant for gentle—it was long
Since even a semblance of such gentleness,
Forced as it was, had come to melt and bless—
My frame was feeble, though my soul was strong,
And I wept out of very joy to hear
Such accents glad my unaccustom'd ear.
There was a casement in my narrow cell,
Where faint, and painfully, day's glorious light,
In slender threads, as if in mockery, fell,
To show me when the world beyond was bright.
My gaoler brought a gift—oh! that the proud
Could know, amid the baubles which they prize,
But half the feelings that sprang forth to crowd
My gladden'd soul with their wild ecstasies;—
It was a simple flower, not yet half blown,
Inearth'd and healthful—'twas a boon to me!
A something I could love—could tend—*my own*—
Companion of my lone captivity.
I gazed upon the leaves all fresh and green;
I knelt before it as a holy thing;
It brought back thoughts of all that once had been,
Ere life's first bloom had felt the withering
Of care and sorrow, and the icy clasp
Of grief had blighted joy. With trembling grasp
I bore it to the dim and sickly light;
I watch'd it for whole hours; and oft at night
I saw it in my dreams—it shared with me
The water, and the day-beam—I had nought
I prized like these; and I was joy'd to see,
That from this slender boon my blossom caught
Strength, health, and beauty, and vitality.

III.

How I remember it—that blissful hour—
When first I look'd upon the *open'd* flower!
I gazed, I wept, I drank its perfum'd breath—
I fear'd to touch it, lest my touch should fade
And wither it at once—I thought of death,
Death to my fairy-bloom—my prison guest—
My only friend—my beautiful—my best;—
Oh! what a gala to my heart it made,
To see the tinted flow'ret, bright and clear,
All scent and beauty, live and blossom *here!*
Here, where for years I had beheld but gloom,
And sadness, and despondency; to see
This vision rise within my living tomb;
Oh! it was hope, and joy, and light to me!
I thought of long-forgotten scenes—of dreams
I had of late fear'd in my midnight hours;
I had again a thousand glorious gleams
Of a world lost to me—of birds and bowers—
Of waving forests, and of sunny streams—

Digitized by Google

I look'd upon the bright and breathing thing,
And half forgot my heart's slow withering!

IV.

That night I sank upon my rustling straw,
And smiled amid my prayer—I did not prove
Such utter loneliness of soul—I saw
That I had something still which I could love.
That simple flower!—it seem'd to fill my cell,
With beauty and with perfume like a spell!

V.

Stranger! what boots it I should tell thee more?
The blossom wither'd in that prison air;
Ere many days the scent and bloom were o'er,
And leaf by leaf it fell, and perish'd there!
Aye, perished to the root,—flower, leaf, and stem!
Oh! had there been but some poor traces left,
I had not been so utterly bereft,
For still I might have nurs'd and cherish'd them!
But no—it faded—died—I was alone—
The only thing of beauty which for years
Had smiled on my captivity, was gone.
I ask ye not to pity me—with tears
I wept that blossom. In your heart's gay pride,
You have cast many a fairer flower aside,
Nor graced it with a thought. You cannot tell
My hopes, my feelings in that narrow cell,
With this alone to love. Enough, it died!

* * * * * *

Will you now ask me why I love the flowers?
Why amid perfum'd bloom I spend my hours?
My hair was gray when Freedom smiled on me;
My lov'd ones knew me not:—I turn'd to see
If *Nature*, too, had chang'd;—I found her gay,
With all the leaves, and scents, and buds of May:
I made my home among them.

* * * * * *

N.B.—The author of this little poem considers it due to herself to assure her readers that it was written several years before the exquisite tale of M. de Santine, "La Picciola," was published; the original idea being so remarkably similar as to involve a suspicion of plagiarism, from which she trusts to be exonerated by this disclaimer.

Digitized by Google

OLDEN HOLIDAY CUSTOMS.

"I tell of festivals, and fairs, and plays,
Of merriment, and mirth, and bonfire blaze;
I tell of Christmas mummings, new year's day,
Of twelfth-night king and queen, and children's play.
I tell of Valentines, and true love's knots,
Of omens, cunning men, and drawing lots.
I tell of maypoles, hock-carts, wassail, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes."

HERRICK.

"Invenies illic et festa domestica vobis?"—OVID.

THERE are few men so determinedly utilitarian as not to meditate with interest upon their time-honoured national observances; whether they regard them as living memorials of generations long since swept away, or in a more homely point of view, as habitudes imbibed from infancy, forming part and parcel of our mundane existence, and cherished for their power of alike recalling and preserving wholesome and humanising associations. But there are also few so mediæval, or so poetically antiquarian, as to desire their restitution and continuation. We do not desire now to discuss (far less with a view to its decision) the question as to the retention of old customs, since it appears to be one of opinion merely, and to depend upon the view taken of the ground, upon which retention or rejection is to be made. If that ground be the origin and intent of an individual custom, the matter may be readily decided; and it was guided by this view that the Puritans in their hot fanaticism attempted to abolish such popular amusements as exhibited traces of a Pagan or Romish origin. But although these amusements might, among our Romish forefathers, have been a means of transmitting religious error to succeeding ages, there can be little hesitation in admitting that modern holiday observances have no influence upon the popular faith, and are perpetuated without any connection with matters of doctrine. We find from history, moreover, that observances strong in the affections of the people, were ever with difficulty rooted out by force of argument concerning their origin. The causes which have been, and are, chiefly instrumental in bringing them into desuetude, are radical changes in the tendencies of the people, and the requirements of general convenience. Thus, the most practical man of the

Digitized by Google

age feels not the slightest compunction in suspending his mistletoe or holly at its accustomed season, no matter to what Druidical or other Pagan ceremonials it may be referred, although he would doubtless strenuously oppose the re-erection of the Maypole in the Strand, or (though from no stronger conviction of its heathen source, or intrinsic unworthiness) the celebration of harvest and its accompanying doings, on the summit of Cornhill.

The elements of change which all society contains within itself, mainly effect the decline of old customs. To this we must submit, however, the lover of the antique, or the admirer of poetic sentiment, may regret the loss of his favourite ceremonials as they, one by one, die away to exist only in the annals of the past. Bacon, upon this point, speaks very decidedly:—"Custom is the law of fools—a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as innovation; and they that reverence too much old times are a scorn to the new."

But although their performance is no more, their interest remains for us, and is perhaps strengthened by their desuetude. Were apology required for our subject, we may easily assure ourselves, too, of its importance as well as its interest. Old customs, to the casual observer merely quaint, supply in many cases the absence of historical record, or confirm that which we possess, by showing the connexion of races, illustrating national character and tendencies, and moral and social condition, or by helping to connect the religion, philosophy, or folly of one age, with that of the succeeding. Indeed, in early ages, they were the means adopted to transmit the knowledge of remarkable events from generation to generation. Even such customs as are so remote as to be untraceable, and do not exhibit historical connection, are useful in observing the manifestation of human intellect. This is equally true of such as are, or are not, in use. The bone dug up by the geologist unfolds to his scrutinizing inquiry the structure and functions of the living animal.

We may here extract a passage from a work entitled the *Sketch-book*, published thirty years ago:—"These customs resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, still clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel from which it has derived so many of its themes—as the ivy winds its rich foliage round the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure."

Digitized by Google

It is proposed to restrict the present paper to the consideration of customs known in our own country as attached to public, or prominent occasions, occasionally giving illustrations by reference to those of other nations. And they will be found to form, in the aggregate, a living chapter in the history of the middle ages; and one whose influence was retained in many cases to a very late period.

To begin with the new year, then, its opening is marked by usages of considerable antiquity. The Romans were accustomed to present New Year's gifts to the senators, which gave rise in course of time to much abuse, and was abolished by various decrees. The practice of presentations among relatives and friends has been continued uninterruptedly from early ages, and has existed among the most distinct races of mankind. Naogeorgus, an old Roman poet, writes thus on the subject:—

"The next to this is new year's day, whereon to every friend,
They costly presents in do bring, and new year's gifts do send.
Then gifts the husband gives his wife, and father eke the child;
And master on his man bestows the like with favour mild.
And good beginning of the year they wish, and wish again,
According to the ancient guise of heathen people vain."

The modern Jews, however, so far deviate from this "ancient guise" as to wish one another a happy new year on the first day of the Jewish month Tisri.

In Elizabeth's reign New Year's gifts were much in vogue. In old records frequent mention is made of gloves as favourite presents, at that day articles of no inconsiderable luxury and costliness. To their then consequence we no doubt owe the custom of presenting gloves at marriage and funeral ceremonies. The other commodities used for the same purpose we may conjecture to resemble those recounted by Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale:"

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfumes for a lady's chamber."

A singular custom exists in Yorkshire upon New Year's Eve, called Hagman Heigh. The hagman, or woodcutter, accompanied by rabble, goes from house to house begging alms and reciting barbarous verses. At Christmas time, wood was chiefly used as fuel for heating ovens, which accounts for the usage. In Yorkshire the term "*hagg*" still signifies "a wood."

To remote antiquity, also, we must look for the origin of the succeeding customs of Twelfth-day. The Greeks and Romans

Digitized by Google

held revels at this season, at which they elected temporary sovereigns, who may have given rise to our Twelfth-night king and queen. A similar custom has since prevailed in most parts of Europe, and is still perpetuated in France and Germany. It is quaintly alluded to in Herrick's "Hesperides:"—

> "Now, now the time comes
> With the cake full of plums,
> When bean's the king and the sport here;
> Besides we must know
> The pea also
> Must revel as queen of the court here."

In Gloucestershire, the farmer and servants assemble in a field on the vigil of this day, when a large cake, having a central hole, is provided. This, with much observance, is placed on the horn of an ox, who is then tickled, in order that in casting about his head, he may hurl the cake to a distance. Should it fall behind the animal, the omen is favourable to the mistress of the farm: if before, to the bailiff himself. Cumbrian rustics celebrate Twelfth-nights by a supper, consisting of *lobscouse*—a dish of fried beef, potatoes, and onions—and a liquor, termed "pousoudie," composed of ale, sugar, and nutmeg, with roasted apples—in short, the anciently admired beverage, "lamb's-wool."

At Brough, in Westmoreland, a holly, or ash tree, with a burning torch attached to each branch, is, or used to be, paraded through the town on this night, accompanied by bands of music. It is not improbably derived from a procession of boughs for altar decorations, in commemoration of the offerings of the Magi. Some suppose that the king-choosing at this season has reference to these three ancient Eastern kings, traditionally known as Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar.

In days of chivalry, advantage was taken of this period for the celebration of tournaments and other entertainments.

According to an old work, the first Monday after Twelfth-day was called Plough Monday:—"because on that day they doe first begin to plough; and it is called Plowlick Monday by the husbandmen in Norfolk." On this point may be noticed that Tarquinius Priscus instituted, among the ancients, the Compitalia, which belong to the month of January, and formed a period of rest for the servants, when the labours of ploughing were over, at which time they celebrated them by themselves.

Following the calendar, we next notice Shrovetide, at which season two distinct customs appeared. One, a sport of great barbarity, does not now characterize Shrovetide—the other, a

Digitized by Google

harmless observance, is still continued, namely, the practice of pancake eating. This is a very old ceremony, and was used in the Greek church, whence we probably derive it. Shakespeare alludes to it: "as fit as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, or a morris for May-day." Hakluyt says, that "the Russes make great cheer with pancakes in Lent." At the present time it is certain that the custom is regarded chiefly in a gastronomical point of view, and that the cakes are annually consumed without any precise idea of their meaning. They are variously known as pancakes, fritters, or, in Hertfordshire, dough-nuts. Shrove Monday was likewise dedicated to the consumption of steaks cut from salted meats, whence known as Collop Monday. Collops is a term in very general use in the north of England for this kind of meat.

In olden times a great bell was rung at Shrovetide to call people to confession, and this was also known as the pancake bell. The following account of it was written by Taylor, the water poet, two centuries ago:—"In the morning the whole kingdom is in quiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is generally before nine; then there is a bell rung, called the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie: then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks doe mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall, magicall inchantments; and then they put it, by little and little, into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Styx, or Phlegethon), until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the forme of a flip-jacke, called a pancake, which ominous incantation the people doe devour very greedily."

The pancake bell recalls an usage of about twenty years since at Hoddesden, in Herts. A curfew bell was rung at four in the morning, and again at eight in the evening; between these hours only were pancakes made or eaten, and the restriction was looked upon as solemnly binding.

In Scotland, pancakes are not made by the lower orders generally. The national crowdie takes its precedence on this as on other occasions. The origin of the pancake is not very clearly ascertained, but is supposed to be some similar preparation in honour of the goddess Fornax, during the celebration of the heathen Fornacalia, in memory of the primitive methods of making bread before the use of heated ovens.

Allusion has been made to the cruelties anciently fashionable at Shrovetide. Such were those perpetrated by hurling wooden

Digitized by Google

staves at cocks securely tied to a post. A foreigner gives his impression of the cause of these barbarities, by writing, that "the English eat a certain cake on Shrove Tuesday, upon which they run mad, and kill their poor cocks." The origin of cock-throwing is uncertain. It was practised at Heston, in Middlesex, as late as 1791. Cock-fighting, a parallel atrocity, is accounted for according to history. Themistocles, marching against the Persians, beheld two of these determined warriors in the heat of battle, and thereupon pointed out to his Athenian soldiery their indomitable courage. The Athenians were victorious; and Themistocles gave order that an annual cock-fight should be held in commemoration of the encounter they had witnessed. No record, however, of the sport occurs in this country before the year 1191. A far more genial game was in use at Kingston, Teddington, Twickenham, and the neighbourhood, on Shrove Tuesday, there termed Foot-ball day. The whole lower class of population were engaged at foot-ball, which, though free from the imputation of cruelty, appears to have been otherwise objectionable, since every window in these parishes was nailed up for the occasion. It has been now discontinued for several years.

With St. Valentine's day our theme is changed. Its modern observances, though of late degenerated, are too well known to need comment. On this day, according to an old proverb, birds begin to choose their mates. The oft-quoted bard alludes to this saying when he writes,—

> "St. Valentine is past—
> Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

The following lines are worth quoting, in description of the amatory epistolary performances executed on St. Valentine's day:—

> "Now each fond youth who e'er essayed
> An effort in the tinkling trade
> Resumes to-day—and writes and blots
> About true love and true love's knots:
> And opens veins in ladies' hearts,
> (Or *steels* 'em) with two criss-cross darts.
> There must be two—
> Stuck through and through
> His own; and to secure 'em better,
> He doubles up his single letter—
> Type of his state
> (Perchance a hostage
> To double fate)—
> For single postage;
> Emblem of his and my cupidity,
> With p'raps like happy end—stupidity."

Digitized by Google

If another extract may be pardoned, we will take from the "Monthly Magazine" for 1827, a legend principally accounting for the observance of this day:—

"From Britain's realm in olden time
By the strong power of truth sublime,
The Pagan rites were banished;
And spite of Greek and Roman lore
Each god and goddess, famed of yore,
From grove and altar vanished.
And they (as sure became them best)
To Austin and Paulinius' hest,
Obediently submitted;
And left the land without delay,
Save Cupid, who still held a sway,
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted."

The saints, finding he cannot be removed from British shores, imprison him in a convent, where he appears a most unsaintly inmate in the eyes of the votaries. This obstacle he, however, overcomes:

"For, by his brightest dart, the elf
Affirm'd, he had turn'd saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter;
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks and playful wiles,
Beneath a bishop's mitre.
The Christians reared the boy a shrine,
And youths invoked Saint Valentine,
To bless their annual passion;
And maidens still his name revere,
And smiling hail his day each year,
A day to village lovers dear,
Though saints are out of fashion."

Leaving St. Valentine to listen to his invokers, we pass on to Care or Carling Sunday, the second before Easter, and known by that name in the north of England. It is usual to fry grey peas in butter, which are eaten with pepper and salt in their hard state. The writer lately saw enormous dishes of this unenticing commodity consumed in Northumberland. It is generally given away by publicans to their customers, who believe that if they do not partake of it, nothing will go well with them during the year. This is, no doubt, a venerable custom. In an old Roman calendar, it is observed that on this day "a dole is made of soft beans." At funerals, too, religious use was made of beans. Pliny says that Pythagoras interdicted the eating of pulse, because "beans contained the souls of the dead."

Maundy, also called Shere, Thursday is still dedicated to the distribution of royal alms to the poor. It is the last Thursday before Easter, and supposed to derive its name either from

Digitized by Google

Christ's mandate to his followers to break bread in his memory, or, more probably, from the Saxon *maund*, a basket, or offering contained therein. Anciently, the sovereign washed and kissed the feet of a number of poor, corresponding to the number of years of his age—a ceremony performed by Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich. James II. was the last monarch who did this in person. The following account of the washing and alms-giving is from a newspaper, dating 1727:—"Thursday being Maundy-Thursday, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York performed the ceremony of washing the feet of a certain number of poor at Whitehall, in imitation of Our Saviour's example of humility. The charity bestowed on this occasion to each lazar is—woollen cloth for one suit, linen for two shirts, six penny loaves of bread, fish in wooden platters, a quart bottle of wine, and two red leather purses, one with as many single pence as the king is years old, and the other with as many shillings as years of his reign." In German Catholic countries, this observance is termed "Fuss-wasching"—feet-washing—and used to be performed by the emperor and empress, at Vienna. Though our English sovereigns have disused the washing, the alms still continue to be bestowed.

We have hitherto made *food* a prominent feature in holiday celebrations; and we must still bring forward the hot-cross bun, so universally consumed on Good-Friday. The hot-cross bun is derived from the consecrated cake presented every seventh day to the Gods, in the ancient Arkite temples. These were purchased at the entrance of the temples, and were called in Greek, *boun*. Diogenes Laertius describes the sacred liba as composed of fine flour and honey. They may have had a retrospect to the Jewish paschal unleavened bread of old.

The season of Easter was at one time one of unbounded licence and cruelty towards the Jews. Charlemagne permitted by law the inhabitants of Toulouse to box the ears of any Jew they might meet, as a mark of scorn and contempt—a permission which was fully used, and productive of considerable cruelty. This custom was subsequently put a stop to, and, in its place, a tax imposed, for the good of the church of Saint Saturnin. The stoning of Jews was permitted during the holy week in France. An old chronicler relates that Aimeric, Viscount de Rochechouard, having visited Toulouse, the chapter of St. Etienne, in order to do him honour, appointed his chaplain, Hughes, to beat a Jew,—a service so zealously performed, that the victim's brains were dashed out, and he expired on the spot. In England, Easter was marked by usages, not of so much cruelty, but evincing a popular feeling against

Digitized by Google

the Jew, of derision and uncharitableness. A gammon of bacon was eaten on Easter-day. In some places this may still be retained, together with a singular custom of bringing to table what was termed a red-herring riding on horseback; that is, set up in a corn salad to resemble the act of riding. In Northumberland and Cumberland, it is customary to stain parboiled eggs with infusions of various colours, with which many games are played in the open air. These are termed *pace* or, vulgarly, *paste* eggs, and seem to be indisputably derived from the paschal offerings. Eggs may have been selected at the close of Lent as they were food prohibited during its continuance. They were used in the Greek Church in its Easter ceremonials. Among the ancients, the egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the Supreme Divinity.

We now come to the first of April, the fool-making on which day has puzzled antiquarians to decide confidently as to its origin. The term used in the north of England for the victim is an April *gowk*, i. e. cuckoo; in France, where the custom prevails, he is denominated, "*un poisson d'Avril*," an April fish. The signification of the latter title is not understood. In Provence, every one, rich and poor, used on this day to dine on a kind of peas, peculiar to the country, called *pois chiches*; and it was customary to send novices to the convent of the Chartreux to beg for these peas of the fathers, whose patience ultimately becoming exhausted, upon too numerous applications, it was well if the bearer did not receive back his dish in the shape of a missile, in place of the bounty demanded.

The Romans held a feast of fools, relative to which a passage occurs in Plutarch:—"Why do they call the Quirinalia the feast of fools? Either because they allowed this day (as Juba tells us) to those who could not ascertain their own tribes, or because they permitted those tribes who had missed the celebration of Fornacalia in their proper tribes, along with the rest of the people, either out of negligence, absence, or ignorance, to hold their festival apart on this day. April the 1st, however, is not the only day dedicated to fool-making. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1791, we find that the first of May was, in the north of England, marked in a similar way. At this time, the "May gosling," it is stated, "was made as eagerly as an April noddy, or noodle."

The now rapidly declining observances on May-day originated about 250 B.C. The Romans held dances, and offered flowers, in honour of Flora, from the 28th April to the 1st May. The peculiar character of this festival has been best preserved at Lynn, in Norfolk, owing to the Roman colony at that place. A

Digitized by Google

garland is made of hoops, gaily covered with flowers, and is carried about the town with dances, shouting, and music, accompanied by a large doll, attached to a staff, and also decorated with flowers, but which conveys no allusion to the minds of the revellers. This was celebrated with great pomp previous to the Reformation, but declined afterwards, an order having been given to effect its separation from claim on the corporation support. It partly regained favour at the Restoration, but never recovered the blow it received from the Commonwealth. Fanaticism, both of pulpit and press, attacked it; in 1661 was published by Thos. Hall, B.D., a scarce tract, entitled "Funebria Floræ," in which May-day games are assailed, under the form of a dialogue, representing the indictment of the goddess Flora.

A few words about Maypoles:—

"And hark, the bagpipe summons on the green
(The jocund bagpipe that awaketh sport)
The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,
Around the flower-*crowned* Maypole quick resort,
The gods of pleasure here have fixed their court;
Quick on the wing the flying moments seize,
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short—
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze."

Of course the stream of Puritan vehemence was directed against this popular sport, as well as the other games of the season. An edict of the Long Parliament, in 1644, runs thus:—"And because the profanation of the Lord's Day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by Maypoles (a heathenish vanity generally abused to superstitious wickedness), the Lords and Commons do further order and ordain, that all and singular Maypoles that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables, borsholders, tything men, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes where the same be. The said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said Maypoles be taken down." They did not fall, however, unlamented. The author of "Palmodia" thought that

"Happy the age and harmlesse were the dayes
(For then true love and amity were found)
When every village did a Maypole raise,
And Whitsun ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty yonkers in a rout
With merry lasses danced the rod about;
Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,
And poor men fared the better for their feasts—
Alas! poor Maypoles! what should be the cause
That you were almost banished from the earth,
Who never were rebellious to the laws?
Your greatest crime was honest, harmless mirth!"

Digitized by Google

After the Restoration, these offending poles were once more allowed to be erected. Notwithstanding, in 1658, Sir Aston Cokain writes :—

> "The zelots here are grown so ignorant
> That they mistake wakes for some ancient saint;
> They else would keep that feast; for though they all
> Would be called saints here, none in heaven they call;
> Besides, they Maypoles hate with all their soul—
> I think because a Cardinal was a *Pole.*"

Stow gives an account of an old Maypole set up in Basing Lane, termed "Gerard's Hall Maypole," fabled to be the jousting staff of Gerard, a giant. Imagine, reader, the consternation of a dapper city clerk, issuing forth on this once festive day to his business calls, and encountering such an emblem of popular merriment in the heart of his every-day perambulations. From a newspaper of May, 1718, I extract the account of the downfal of the *last* Maypole :—"The Maypole in the Strand* is taken down, which was some time since pawned at the "Five Bells" tavern, near the new church; it is sold outright, it seems, by the great men in the neighbourhood, and sent into Essex." This was to Wanstead, to Sir Isaac Newton, who had begged it for a stand to his large telescope.†

* This Maypole was erected a door or two westward from Catharine-street.

† The Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in Leadenhall-street, was so named from a Maypole which was set up before the south door, stated to be "higher than the church steeple." Space will not permit us to say anything of the May and Morris dancers, who are of the same family as the Irish mummers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Digitized by Google

SI J'ETAIS ROI.

Farewell! farewell, fair Geraldine!
I heed not what you say,
The frown upon that lofty brow
Fills me with no dismay;
But singing through the orchard crofts,
I take my cheerful way.

It is not that I love thee less,
Or that thou art less dear,
Thy cheeks no rosy hue have lost,
Thine eyes as bright appear:
But scorn is cold, and anger vain,
And Love stoops not to fear.

Love ever was a rover, yet
He seeketh heart's content;
Disdain and slights, or courtly gests,
On him are idly bent;
The yoke he bears is light and free,
Though still for service meant.

True tribute have I paid to thee,
And pledg'd thee as mine own;
The gentle light o'er all my life,
Whose lustre ever shone,
When earth was dim, and all her stars
Quench'd utterly and gone.

I free thee from thy vows, and swear
Beside this crystal stream,
By every flower, whose fragrant breath
Unlocks Hope's golden dream,
That thou for matchless beauty art
A queen for poet's theme.

And if I were, on lordly throne,
A monarch fam'd and great,
With courtesies, and sovereign smiles,
For those who watch and wait,
No other queen than thou shouldst be
The partner of my state.

But not for me,—my lowly path
Is by no mountain side;
I wander in no palace halls,
Where lords and ladies glide;
Kind faces greet me where I move,
And loving hearts confide.

So fare thee well, for aye and aye,
Exultant Geraldine!
And wheresoe'er thy lot be cast,
A happy life be thine:
If I were king, perchance thou wouldst
More graciously incline.

W. BRAILSFORD.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE EDITOR *does not hold himself responsible for any opinions entertained by Correspondents.*]

MASONRY IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

Hamburg, May 15th, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

TRUSTING that a short review and account of the Masonic Lodges of Germany and some other continental countries, to about 1850, may not be without interest to many of the readers of your valuable Masonic Miscellany, I beg to hand you the following list:—

PRUSSIA.—It was decisive for the establishment of the Order in Germany that Frederick II. (the Great) was admitted a Mason, when only crown prince, in 1733, at Brunswick, by a deputation from the Hamburg Lodge; immediately on ascending the throne he caused Lodges to be erected; and that his successor, Frederick William II., by an ordinance, dated 20th Oct., 1798, granted to every Lodge within the limits of the Prussian monarchy, aggregated to any of the three Grand Lodges in Berlin, the privileges of Corporations. These three Grand Lodges are,—

1. *The Great National Mother Lodge of the Three Globes* (zu den drei Weltkugeln), sprung, in 1744, from the St. John's Lodge aux Trois Globes, of 1740.

2. *The Royal York Lodge of Friendship* (zur Freundschaft), founded in 1752, and declared a Grand Lodge in 1798.

3. *The Great Territorial Lodge of Germany* (Die grosse Landesloge von Teutschland), founded in 1770, and raised 30th Nov., 1773, to a Grand Orient. Since then, this Lodge is favoured not only with the protection, but with the kindest solicitude from this family of great princes. Frederick William II. was himself a Mason. His successor, Frederick William III., was not initiated, but gave utterance to a sublime and influential declaration at a very critical moment for the Order, and permitted his second son William, the present Prince Royal of Prussia, to receive the degrees; and he now, in consequence, occupies the Protectorate of the Order within the entire range of the king his brother's dominions, and of the influence of the G. O. Beneath his ægis the Order flourishes, spite of the efforts of some obscurants; in proof of which we adduce his threat to retire if the

Digitized by Google

proposal to exclude Israelites from the Lodges was persevered in. In every town of Prussia of any consideration, flourishing Lodges are in active operation. At Halberstadt they have purchased the buildings of a dissolved nunnery, which is worthily fitted up.

In the kingdom of SAXONY the Order has never been formally recognised by the state, but is tolerated silently and without obstruction. The earliest Lodge *of the Three White Eagles* (zu den drei weissen Adlern) is said to have been founded by Graf Ratowsky, but the accounts concerning it are defective, for after the death of the Elector Christian, a persecution was dreaded, and many documents were partly burnt, partly hidden. The Lodge of *the Three Swans*, afterwards of *the Three Swords*, was founded in 1741.

In the same year the Lodge *Minerva* was founded at Leipsig; Masonic meetings having been established there since 1736, without any proper charter. Many other places followed; Nossen in 1744; Bautzen, in the Lausitz, in 1802, &c. The Mother Lodge is remarkable for the extent of her charities: viz., the Orphan Institution, in the Frederic, or new town of Dresden; the Sunday School at Leipsig, &c. Graf Ratowsky was chosen as first Grand Master. In the year 1812 a union of Saxon Lodges was effectuated, under the name of the *Great Territorial Lodge of Saxony* (die grosse Landesloge zu Sachsen), to which every Lodge in the country belongs, excepting two in Leipsig, and one in the dukedom of Saxe-Meinungen.

In the smaller SAXON DUKEDOMS, the Masonic Order took also early root, and flourished kindly under the protection of its gallant princes, many of whom were incorporated into the Order.

In the dukedom of MEINUNGEN was founded as early as 1741, under the auspices of Duke Karl Frederick, the Lodge *Aux trois Boussoles* (it was the fashion then to speak at the German courts exclusively French), but which was dissolved the year following, on the death of the prince. In the year 1774, the Lodge *Charlotte of the Three Pinks* (Loge Charlotte zu den drei Nelken) was founded, and flourished exceedingly upon the admission of the two young dukes Karl and George.

In furtherance of the charitable purposes of the Order, this Lodge founded a school-seminary for preceptors, and recently the Bernard's Help (Bernardshülfe), an orphanage.

In the dukedom ALTENBURG, the Lodge *Archimedes of the Three Delineating Boards* (zu den drei Reissbrettern), whose Constitution Book of 1803, is a classic work in Masonry.

In the grand-dukedom WEIMAR, 1767, the Lodge *Amitié*, and in lieu of it, 1771, the Lodge *Amalia* was founded, and in 1778, in Eisenach, a filial called the *Caroline*. The great spirits who ornamented this little Athens, Göthe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, &c. &c., were members of this Lodge. Amongst the beautiful fugitive poems of the first of these *coryphées*, are some beautiful Masonic sonnets. But earlier in 1762, the first Lodge worked at Jena, as *of the Three Roses* (zu den drei Rosen), then, in 1807, Augusta of the Crowned

Digitized by Google

Hope (Augusta zur gekrönten Hoffnung), both of which have decayed.

In the dukedom HILDBURGHAUSEN, the Lodge *Karl of the Wreath of Rue* (Karl zum Rautenkranze) was founded in 1787. As this sprig of rue, thrown across the black and yellow bars of the escutcheon, is the principal cognizance of all the Saxon houses, and will consequently be an inheritance of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, from Prince Albert; and as the Order may entertain hopes that the young and promising prince, when of sufficiently ripe age, will tread in the steps of his royal and ducal ancestry, and join and patronize our Order, we may expect new-founded Lodges in England to fix upon this denomination; it would therefore be a subject well worthy the inquiry, to learn whence this curious bearing took its origin: the subject has engaged the attention of some of the most profound German heralds and archæologists, but it is too long for explanation at present.

In the dukedom of SAXE COBURG-GOTHA, Masonry has lately sprung into new life, by the founding, in 1816, of the Lodge Ernst for Truth, Friendship, and Right (Ernst für Wahrheit, Freundschaft, und Recht).

In Hamburg, Schröder, the famous dramatist and manager, first carried back the observances of the Order, which had been previously conducted, according to the strictest ancient rules, into the principles of the earliest English Grand Lodge, and worked out the simple and valuable ritual called after his name, and which many working Lodges have received as their guide. He founded also two hospitals, for the better description of invalids, who pay small sums for their nursing and diet. In 1811 he withdrew the Hamburg Grand Lodge from its unity with, and dependence upon, England.

In Frankfort-on-the-Main, the first Lodge of the Three Thistles (zu den drei Disteln) was founded in 1742, and in 1766 there was constituted from London, a Provincial Lodge for Franken and Upper and Lower Rhine. All these ceased after the death of G. M. Gogel, and a union was effectuated with the provincial Lodge in Wetzlar, for the founding the Mother Lodge of the *Eclectic Union* (des eclectischen Bundes), which took for its motto, "Tolerance, and the removal of all Mysticism and Sectary-feeling." Of the two Lodges founded in Frankfort, by the Jews, one stands under English observance, the other under the G.O. of France.

In AUSTRIA, Freemasonry was first introduced in 1744, and strictly forbidden by Maria Theresa in 1764, because the G. M. had refused to communicate to her the secrets of the Order; but on the representations of her husband, Franz I. of Luxemburg, again tolerated, and since 1st Dec. 1785, under certain conditions, acknowledged and protected by the liberal Joseph II. Grand Lodges were then formed at Wien and Prague.

Leopold II. (1790) and Franz II. renewed the interdictions, and the latter made a proposition, in 1794, to the Imperial diet at Regensburg, to prohibit the Order throughout Germany. This, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, as the deputies of Prussia, Hanover, and Brunswick opposed the motion, did not pass. Since 1801, every one in the Austrian service must abjure the Order for ever.

We find the Order also early established in BAVARIA, as a Lodge is said to have been established at Manheim (then a Bavarian city) as early as 1737. Later on, in 1766, a Scotch Lodge was constituted under the protection of Prince Frederick of Pfalz-Zweibrücken (Deux Ponts) by Frenchmen, under the title *Charles de l' Union;* from which proceeded, in 1778, *Charles of Unity* (Karl zur Einigkeit), as the Mother Lodge of working tabernacles (Bauhütten) at Landau and Kaiserslautern.

This Union came into great discredit from the abuse of its forms by the Illuminati. It was, with them, strictly prohibited the 2nd March, 1784, by a severe edict, and the 16th August of the year following, entirely abolished and prohibited. His successor, the subsequent King Maximilian, renewed this prohibition in 1799; but when, in 1807, he received cession of the principalities of Anspach and Baireuth from Prussia, he permitted the continuance of the existing Lodges, but with the proviso that all persons in the service of the crown should abjure the Order or relinquish their places. And so it is at present; but it is to be hoped that Louis, who has shown himself the warm friend and admirer of all the arts, will at length acknowledge the ROYAL* one. Freemasonry was planted in Baireuth as early as 1740, by the Margraf of Baireuth, who had been initiated by his brother-in-law, Frederic the Great, and whose sister he had married. The Order still flourishes there in a Grand Lodge *of the Sun* (zur Sonne), besides which there are lodges in Nürnberg, Fürth, Frankenthal, Hof, Regensburg (Ratisbon), and Erlangen.

In BADEN, after Manheim had been joined to her territory, the *Lodge of Unity* (zur Einigkeit), which had been closed by the Elector Karl Theodor in 1806, was not only re-opened by the Grand Duke, but also a G. O. erected under the G. M. Prince Karl von Isenburg.

In 1813 a prohibition was published against all secret societies, without exception, in consequence of which the Lodge at Manheim remained closed till 24th August, 1846, when it and another at Karlsruhe were again opened, 24th June, 1847, in consequence of a government authority.

In WURTEMBERG some early-founded Lodges were at first tolerated, namely, *Karl of the Three Cedars* (zu den drei Cedern), but closed in 1784 by a government decree; but in 1836 again called to labour with the sanction of his present majesty.

In HESSEN CASSEL the Order had early, if not a *locus standi*, at least a permissive existence. The Landgraf Frederic was, in 1780, by the Great National Lodge of the United Netherlands, on account of his great services to them, chosen their protector. Under the

* This was written before his abdication. It is feared his young successor is not sufficiently liberal to inspire hope.

Digitized by Google

intrusive King Jerome, brother of Napoleon, a Grand Lodge of the kingdom of Westphalia was established in Cassel, dependent on the G. O. in France.

In HESSEN DARMSTADT the Landgraf Ludwig VIII. endeavoured by every means in his power to disseminate the Order in his dominions. Prince Ludwig George Karl was Supreme Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Germany at Berlin, and co-founder of the *Philalethen*, in Paris.

In 1846 differences that arose on the Eclectic Order at Frankfort-on-the-Main, were the cause that three previous filials, *John the Evangelist of Unity* (Johannes der Evangelist zur Eintracht), at Darmstadt; *the United Friends* (die vereinigten Freunde), in Mainz; and *Karl to the Rising Light* (Karl zum aufgehenden Lichte), in Frankfort-on-the-Main, formed a new Grand Lodge in Darmstadt; *the Great Orders-Lodge of Unity* (grosse Bundesloge zur Eintracht), over which the Grand Duke assumed the presidency.

In BRUNSWICK the Order was located as early as 1744, when the Lodge of *the Crowned Column* (zur gekrönten Säule) was founded, and it has remained ever since under the fostering auspices of her princes. Since 1770 this city was the seat of the direction of the strictest observance.

Frederic August, too, of Brunswick Luneburg, deserved much credit from the Order; and the Prince Maximilian Joseph Leopold, Master of the Lodge *of the Upright Heart* (zum aufrichtigen Herzen), in Frankfort, in the Order, died in true Masonic manner, when, on the 27th of April, 1785, he was drowned in an attempt to save the lives of a family of toll-collectors on the bridge, which had been broken down and destroyed by the ice and inundation of the river: this heroic action has been the theme for the pen of many of the best German poets, and the engravings representing the transaction are a favorite ornament in the houses of the Marks peasantry. A large and prosperous gymnasium, in Brunswick, is a striking proof of the activity of the Brethren there.

In HANOVER, with the exception of the partially Catholic diocese of Hildesheim, whose bishops have from time to time brought into operation the papal bulls against the Order, it has enjoyed toleration and protection. The first meetings are said to have taken place as early as 1730. In 1755 one of the first Grand Lodges in Germany was established there from London, which still flourishes, and enjoyed the special protection of his late Majesty Ernest August (Duke of Cumberland), as their Grand Master.

In MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN the first Lodge was founded from Hamburg, in 1754, and for the sister dukedom MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ in 1777. The Grand Duke Karl Ludwig (1816) was an enthusiastic supporter of the Order. In Schwerin there exists at present the Lodge *Harpocrates of the Morning Dawn* (Harpocrates zur Morgenröthe); in New Brandenburg the Lodge of *the Peace Society* (zum Friedensbunde), since 1815. In Luxemburg, since 1821, the Lodge *Blücher of the Wahlstatt*. In Oldenburg they have,

Digitized by Google

since 1776, founded the Lodge of the *Golden Stag* (zum goldenen Hirsch); though that founded in 1752, called *Abel*, has fallen in. In Bernburg there flourishes the Lodge *Alexius of Constancy* (zur Beständigkeit) since 1817.

In ANHALT DESSAU the Lodge at Zerbst is closed.

In the principalities of REUS we observe at present only a single Lodge, founded in 1803 from Altenburg, as a Deputation Lodge, but in 1804 acknowledged independent, under the title *Archimedes of the Eternal Union* (zum ewigen Bunde). It is very active and enjoys the protection of Henry LXXII. Prince Reus von Plauen, since 1828.

In RUDOLSTADT the Lodge of *the Standing Lion* (zum stehenden Löwen), founded in 1785, is closed. For WALDECK a Lodge was opened in 1842, at Arolsen.

In BREMEN the Lodge of *the Three Anchors* (zu den drei Ankern) was founded in 1744, and the Lodge of the Oilbranch (zum Oehlzweig) is still in activity. In LUBECK the Lodges of the *Cornucopia* (zum Füllhorn) and of the *Globe* (zur Weltkugel), labour incessantly since 1772 and 1778 respectively.

This is a succinct review of Masonic beginnings and operations in Fatherland, to a comparatively recent date; if it prove interesting to your readers, I should be able to follow it up for the following number, with some general remarks on the spirit actually animating the Lodges; with remarks on the ritual introduced by Schröder and its variations from what the Germans call the strict observance, which is in fact but according to the Constitution Book of the Grand Lodge of England. I shall also by that time have been able to receive the latest intelligence of the Scandinavian Lodges; and as I believe you have but very imperfect accounts of the existing and discontinued Lodges in Turkey, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, I will add some curious facts I have collected on the subject.

You will observe that in every case of the name of a Lodge I have not only given a translation of its title, but also the German original, so that it may serve as a partial guide to any Brother searching out one of them on his travels.

Dear Sir and Brother, yours sincerely,

G. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

May 23rd, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

IT appears, from much conversation had with several Brethren, and from what I have seen of the working of Provincial Lodges, that while all the essential principles of the Craft are maintained, still the necessary formalities are not preserved with that purity which is desirable, and ought certainly to exist. This conviction has induced me to forward to you the following remarks, which,

Digitized by Google

if acceptable, you will perhaps kindly insert in the next number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine.* I propose briefly to advert to the kind of variations which seem to prevail in Provincial Lodges, without of course entering into any detail; and then suggest means by which a uniformity of working may be attained, and how those means might be applied to the furtherance of the object in view.

The variations I have alluded to are two in number. The first, in phraseology; and the second, in certain formalities, both in excess and in character highly objectionable. A question, perhaps, may arise as to the necessity of great exactitude in phraseology; it is certainly deserving of cultivation, but the absence of such exactness is, I apprehend, an error undeserving of serious censure. The plain and simple, but still impressive ceremonies of Craft-Masonry, which appear to be the proper ones, are, when well conducted, sufficient to make a lasting impression on the mind, and bear subsequent reflection; they are not so numerous as likely to be forgotten, or to lead to confusion. I am of opinion that the simpler the formalities, and the fewer, consistent with a definite illustration of the matter in hand, should be the object of every W.M. in the regulation of a Lodge. In the next place, the character of some of what I am disposed to regard as ceremonies in excess, is very reprehensible, not to say absurd. There is a certain histrionic air thrown about them so truly ludicrous, as to savour more of the taste of the manager of some inferior country theatre than of Brethren cognizant of the bearings and dignity of Freemasonry. While it may be stated, and with truth, that the essential features of Masonry are still displayed, yet it cannot be denied that these features do not gain that notice, or hold their proper place in proceedings which are open to the objections I have stated. If the appeal to the senses be made more powerful than that to the intellect, much benefit will be lost; and when the proceedings are retraced in quiet seclusion, if the former should appear to prevail, a false impression of Masonry will have been made, and an erroneous judgment of its value probably formed. Now, it is with a hope of aiding a uniformity of working, of checking the wanderings of some too imaginative spirits, that I would propose the appointment of visitors to Lodges. There might be one visitor to each Province. If the Province be a large one, then let it be divided, and two visitors elected. The election of the visitors should be by the members of each Lodge in the Province. The names of all visitors should, immediately on election, be forwarded by the P.G.S. to the G.S., and from the list comprising the whole of the names of the visitors elected for the different Provinces should be selected, by the Board of General Purposes, the visitors of each Province; for *in no case* should a visitor visit the Lodges by which he has been elected.

It should be the duty of the visitor to visit each Lodge in the Province he is appointed to by G.L. *at least* once in the year; and he should forward a report to each Quarterly Communication of G.L.,

Digitized by Google

stating what Lodges he has visited during the past quarter, and in what condition he has found them. He should have power to regulate the working of the Lodges in his Province, so as to render it uniform; and furthermore, he should have the power to examine the minutes of every Lodge in his Province, in order to see that the proceedings of the Lodge have been conducted in accordance with the general Constitutions of the Order, and with the by-laws of the Lodge itself. It would be his duty specially to report on any neglect of the duties due from Lodges to G.L., without waiting for the time of delivering the usual Quarterly Report. The visitors themselves should meet once a year at least, for the purpose of deciding any such questions as might naturally arise from the nature of their duties; and failing to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, they might appeal to the Board of General Purposes for a final decision.

There yet remains one more point for consideration. The office of visitor would be an onerous one; it would also entail expense. Should it be a salaried office or not? I am disposed to say it should be; and I would suggest that the pecuniary remuneration should be fixed for each Province, having reference to the number of Lodges it contains, with travelling expenses; and that the sum paid be disbursed one-half by G.L. and the other half by the P.G.L. I apprehend, that by the proposed system, many Lodges would be preserved in healthy activity, which would otherwise be but in a sickly condition; that an impulse would be given to Masonry such as it has not felt for many years; and lastly, that the funds of G.L. and P.G.L. would find all dues more regularly and satisfactorily forwarded to them than has hitherto been the case.

There is also another means, by which not only a uniformity of working might be aided, but a great and invaluable boon conferred upon Lodges generally; I refer to the introduction of a regular system of lectures on Masonry. How few are aware of the history of Masonry; how few, of the vast number of interesting publications on the subject; how few, in a word, know anything of the literature and philosophy of Masonry; and how many have imagined that there was nothing more for them to learn after they had reached to the degree of P.M. Of many a Brother it may be truly said—viewed in the aspect just pointed out—that Masonry is almost as great a mystery to him as it is to those who never saw the light. He is like a man living in a country who is unacquainted with the spirit and nature of its laws, while enjoying its privileges and discharging a moiety of his duties as a citizen. How many regard the outward adornment of material, rather than the beautifying of the inward and spiritual Mason; how many busy themselves in the consideration of the ichnography of the temple, but miss to perceive, or fail to imitate the spirit of the founder, and the objects of its elevation! I trust these remarks will be received with kindness and examined with candour. Should they attract the notice of older and more skilled Masons, I trust they will consider them well before rejecting them. If they lead to good it will be a source of gratification; if

Digitized by Google

they fail to excite notice, still the attempt cannot, it is believed, be regarded as unworthy.

I am, dear Sir and Brother, fraternally yours,

ELIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

Quebec, Canada, May 14th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I HAVE perused in your number for April, with much pleasure, your observations relative to the "*Independence Movement*" on the part of the P.G. Lodge of *Canada West*. The proposition did not originate in the good motive represented, but owing to an antagonism existing between certain Grand Officers and Lodges. If the G.L. of England were to listen to the request, a strong protest would be entered against any extension to this portion of the Province. I have no hesitation in declaring that, should the prestige of "Old England" be taken from us, membership with the Craft here would cease to be desirable.

The G.L. of England has been exceedingly liberal, and the pretext of "delay as regards communication" is humbug. The fees are very low indeed payable to England; but the ruinously high rates fixed by the Prov. G.L. itself have diffused a very general feeling of dissatisfaction, and very naturally so.

Perhaps you are not aware that, instead of the British N. A. colonies being charged according to the Book of Constitutions, they are assessed in the terms of a most liberal Resolution of Grand Lodge, dated the 7th of June, 1826, still in force, and a copy of which I send.* I think, after perusing it, you will agree with me,

* The following is the Resolution to which our Correspondent refers :—

At a Quarterly Communication, holden at Freemasons' Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 7th of June, 1826—

IT WAS RESOLVED AND ORDERED,

"That, in consideration of peculiar circumstances, which have been represented on behalf of the Lodges in the province of Upper Canada, and which are considered to apply to many other Lodges in His Majesty's North American territories, wherein Prov. Grand Masters have been appointed, and Prov. Grand Lodges constituted, under the authority of this Grand Lodge; and further, in consideration of the expediency of establishing, in such Masonic Provinces, a regular system of Provincial registry, as well as with a view of obtaining more regular returns of the Masons initiated in such Lodges, it be

RESOLVED,

"1st.—That, in the different Masonic Provinces and Districts, within His Majesty's North American territories, the registering fees shall be (in lieu of those at present required by the Constitution), for a Mason made in any Lodge, or for a Mason heretofore made, and not yet registered, the sum of ten shillings, current money of the said Provinces, or two Spanish milled dollars; and for a Mason previously registered in one Lodge joining another Lodge, the sum of five shillings, current money aforesaid, or one such milled dollar; such fees to entitle Masons, in such cases, to the benefit of registry in the books of this Grand Lodge, as well as in those of the Prov. Grand Lodge.

"2d.—That the Master of each Lodge shall be answerable for the collection,

Digitized by Google

that the remarks of our *Yankee Friend* at Boston are quite uncalled for.

The Boston editor, of course, penned his remarks in ignorance; but the cause must be a bad one that requires *American* bolstering.

I remain, my dear Sir and Brother,

Fraternally yours,

A.P.G. MASTER, Quebec and Three Rivers.

MASONRY IN FRANCE.

AUX MAÇONS DE FRANCE.

Paris, le 25 Avril, 1853.

MES TRES-CHERS FRERES,—

LE 25 Avril, 1851, le Grand-Orient de France, réuni en Assemblée générale, me désignait Chef du Secrétariat-Général de l'Ordre par soixante-et-un suffrages sur quatre-vingt-dix votants.

Vous savez si, depuis cette époque, je n'ai pas consacré tout ce que j'avais de dévouement et d'intelligence, pour le bien et la prospérité de notre Institution.

Nous avons traversé ensemble des jours difficiles pour la Maçonnerie, et aucun de nous n'a failli à l'apostolat que nous avions embrassé.

Je comptais rester quelque temps encore, sentinelle avancée, dans cette lutte que nous soutenons pour le progrès de l'humanité, l'amélioration morale de nos FF.

Je m'étais trompé.

Le 12 Avril, Député, je crus que, quoique Chef du Secrétariat, je ne relevais que de ma conscience.

Il s'agissait de former la liste de présentation des Candidats à la Présidence du G.O.

---

safe keeping, and regular transmission of these fees, once at the least in each year, to the Prov. Grand Treasurer in each Masonic province or district, together with proper lists of the members of such Lodge in duplicate, *one* copy of which shall be transmitted to the Grand Secretaries of this Grand Lodge, and *the other* shall be deposited with the Prov. Grand Registrar.

"3d.—That one equal moiety of the amount of such fees shall, once at the least in each year, be remitted by such Prov. Grand Treasurer to the Grand Secretaries of this Grand Lodge, together with the said lists of the members of Lodges, in order to their names being registered in the books of the Grand Lodge; and that the other equal moiety of the said amounts be applied in such manner as each such Prov. Grand Lodge shall direct, to defray the expense of the provincial registry. But that these payments shall not entitle Brethren to receive Grand Lodge certificates, but that Brethren requiring such certificates must pay, in addition, the sum of 6*s.* 6*d.*"

At a Quarterly Communication, holden at Freemasons' Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 6th September, 1826, the above Resolutions were confirmed.

Extracted from the Minutes,

WILLIAM H. WHITE, } G. Secs.
EDWARD HARPER, }

Digitized by Google

Je donnai ma voix à ceux des Maçons qui me parurent réunir, à un degré eminent, les qualités nécessaires pour remplir dignement et loyalement le mandat de Président du Sénat Maçonnique.

Sans doute, j'eus le tort grave de ne m'inspirer que de ma conscience.

J'avais, à ce qu'il paraît, oublié un nom ! ! ! Ma voix seule aurait-elle suffi pour le faire porter sur la liste des Candidats ?...

Je ne pouvais avoir cette prétention.

Le 20, j'étais révoqué.

Je ne m'élèverai pas contre le coup qui m'atteint ; je respecte le Grand Maître dans l'exercice de ses prérogatives.

Mais en me retirant, j'ai le droit de le dire, la décision qui m'a arraché brusquement à mes fonctions n'est point méritée.

Elle n'interrompra pas, je l'espère bien, les relations intimes et maç. que j'avais avec vous, mes FF. ; elles s'étaient nouées avant que je fusse Chef du Secrétariat ; elles se continueront, par le sentiment de confiance qui les avait fait naître, malgré que je ne sois plus Chef du Secrétariat.

Nous parlerons encore de cette Maçonnerie que nous aimons tant, désirant que toutes les mesures prises, même celle qui me frappe, profitent à l'Ordre, et aident à mener à bonne fin cette œuvre si importante de l'édification du Temple de la Maçonnerie Française : cette œuvre si bien commencée, et qui, je l'espère, continuera et s'achèvera sans encombre, pour la gloire et la consolidation de notre Ordre.

HUBERT, 33e.,
Député auprès du G.O.
Avenue de l'Oratoire, 20, à Paris.

Avenue de l'Observatoire, 20.

Je présente mes amitiés et mes souvenirs au digne Fr. le Redr. de *F. M. Q. M.*, et lui aurai un gré infini de faire paraître cette circulaire dans son estimable revue.

Son dévoué Fr.
HUBERT.

[*Translation.*]

TO THE MASONS OF FRANCE.

MY VERY DEAR BRETHREN,—

On the 25th of April, 1851, the Grand Orient of France met in General Convocation, nominated me as the head of the Secretary-General Office of the Order by 61 votes, amongst 90 voters. You know whether, since that event, I have not consecrated whatever devotion and intelligence I possess for the welfare and prosperity of our Institution. We have worked together during difficult times for Masonry, and not one of us has been faithless to the charge which we have undertaken. I expected to remain for some time to come at the outposts, in the struggle which we maintain for the progress of humanity and the moral amelioration of our Brethren : I have been mistaken. On the 12th of April, I

Digitized by Google

thought, although I was the chief officer of the Secretaryship, I might discharge the dictates of my conscience as a member. The question of forming the list for the presentation of candidates for the Presidentship of the Grand Orient arose. I voted for such Masons as appeared to me to combine in an eminent degree the necessary qualifications for worthily and loyally fulfilling the commands of the President of the Masonic Council. Doubtless I was very wrong in acting according to my conscience. I had, as it appeared, forgotten one name!!! But could my vote be alone sufficient to place it upon the list of candidates? . . . I could have no such pretension. On the 20th I was dismissed. I shall offer no resistance to the blow which awaited me; I respect the Grand Master in the exercise of his prerogative. But in retiring, I have the right to say, that the decision which has so suddenly deprived me of my office is undeserved. I sincerely hope it will not interrupt those intimate Masonic regards, which have, my Brethren, existed between us; they were formed before I was head of the Secretary's department; they will last, from the very confidence which produced them, in spite of my being no longer in that office. Let us only speak of that Masonry, which we all love so much, desiring that every measure, no less than that which has fallen upon myself, may be of advantage to the Order, and aid in bringing that important work of building the Temple of French Masonry to a happy termination; and which, I hope, will be continued and completed without hindrance to the glory and consolidation of our Order.

HUBERT, 33°,
Member of the G.O.
Avenue de l'Oratoire, 20, Paris.

Avenue de l'Observatoire, 20.

I present my regards and remembrances to the worthy Brother, the editor of the *F. M. Q. M.*, and shall be infinitely obliged if he will permit this circular to appear in his excellent review.

Your faithful Brother,
HUBERT.

We copy the following article with reference to Bro. Hubert's letter from *Le Franc-Maçon* for the month of May,—a periodical most ably conducted at Paris, by Bro. Dechevaux-Dumesnil, 30°, and well deserving the consideration and support of our English, Scotch, and Irish Brethren:—

"*Circulaire du Grand-Maître à l'occasion de la Lettre-circulaire du Frère Hubert—'Respect à l'Ordre, et respect au Grand-Maître.'*

"Nous n'aurions point inséré la P. du F. Eugène-Esprit Hubert, mais cette réponse à son sujet nous a fait un devoir presque de la faire connaître à nos lecteurs, ainsi que la communication du prince Lucien Murat aux Ateliers et aux Francs-Maçons de l'Obédience. Heureux que nous sommes de n'être pas dans la nécessité de faire

Digitized by Google

aucun commentaire sur ces deux pièces maçonniques. D'ailleurs, les égards que l'on doit à l'homme tombé, et le respect que tout bon Franc-Maçon doit à notre Grand-Maître, nous font un devoir sacré et bien doux à remplir de les publier sans remarque aucune. Devons-nous ajouter que les Loges ont fait la lecture de ces plis et que si on avait suivi l'exemple de notre ami, le R. F. docteur Rattier de la *Persévérante-Amitié*, nul Atel. n'aurait vu la planche du F. Hubert, simple Franc-Maçon, et ni alors, sans doute, la circulaire du Grand-Maître de l'Ordre.

"' *Grand Orient de France. Sup. Cons. pour la France et les Possessions Françaises. Le G. M. de l'Ordre Maç. en France aux Présidents des At. et à tous les Maç.*

"' S. S. S.

"' TT. CC. F.— O. de Paris, le 2 Mai, 1853.

"' En me plaçant à la tête de la Maç., vous m'avez imposé une tâche difficile à remplir; je le savais, et pourtant je n'ai pas reculé, car j'avais confiance dans mes intentions, qui avaient pour but de régénérer la F. M., de la faire sortir de l'apathie dans laquelle elle était tombée, et de réveiller enfin dans le cœur de chaque M. le feu sacré prêt à s'éteindre.

"' J'avais compris que, pour accomplir cette œuvre difficile, il fallait être unis, car l'union fait la force; j'avais donc rassemblé autour de moi tous ceux dont les bons conseils et l'expérience pouvaient m'aider à mener cette grande œuvre à bonne fin.

"' Déjà toutes les difficultés semblaient aplanies; le T. Ill. F. Desanlis, appelé à la dignité de 2e G. M. Adj., était venu, par son expérience et sa salutaire influence parmi ceux qui ont su l'apprécier depuis de longues années, me porter un puissant appui.

"' Tout-à-coup une entrave sérieuse est venue mettre un obstacle aux projets d'union que nous désirions voir régner parmi les membres du G. O.

"' Le chef du secrétariat, agent salarié, et qui par cela même ne doit être que l'instrument passif des volontés de ses chefs, ayant malheureusement, par l'absence d'un G. M., et par la trop grande confiance, je ne crains pas de le dire, de ceux qui auraient dû le remplacer, contracté l'habitude de tout diriger à sa guise, d'être seul en rapport avec les At. des provinces, et en un mot, connaissant les fils qui nous rattachent les uns aux autres, les ayant tous dans les mains, a voulu se servir de l'influence que sa position lui donnait, pour se venger des personnes qui étaient par leurs fonctions chargées d'examiner ses actes, en les éliminant du Conseil du G. M. par des intrigues ourdies aux élections. Nous avons respecté les nominations faites par le G. O., mais nous avons révoqué le F. Hubert.

"' Désirant marcher avec le concours de la Maç. tout entière, nous vous rappelons les articles 9 et 10 de la Constitution, qui vous imposent le devoir de vous faire représenter au G. O. immédiatement, si vous ne l'êtes déjà, car aujourd'hui, sur plus de 150 députés dont devrait se composer le Sénat Maç., il y en a à peine 70.

Digitized by Google

" 'Je ne saurais également trop appeler votre attention sur la nécessité où se trouvent les At. de n'être représentés que par des Maç. qui leur sont connus et dont ils sont sûrs; sans quoi, au lieu de travailler au bien et à la prospérité de l'Ordre, les At. ne travaillent qu'à fomenter la désunion et l'intrigue au sein du G. O., et de hautes et importantes questions font place à des intérêts futiles et personnels.

" 'Je vous rappelle aussi que, pour la régularité, vous ne devez envoyer votre correspondance qu'à l'adresse du Grand Orient, rue Cadet, No. 16.

" 'Réunissez-vous donc pour ne former qu'une seule volonté, n'ayez qu'un seul but—la gloire et la prospérité de notre Ordre.

" 'Recevez, TT. CC. FF., l'assurance de mes sentiments fraternels.

" '*Le Grand-Maître,*

" 'PRINCE L. MURAT, 33°.

" '9 Mai.

" '*P.S.* Cette planche avait été déposée par moi entre les mains du 2e G. M. Adj. avant mon départ, avec invitation de ne la faire imprimer qu'à mon retour, ne désirant rien faire avec précipitation. Le F. Hubert a eu probablement connaissance de mes intentions, et s'est permis d'adresser une Circulaire aux Loges; je viens de donner l'ordre qu'il soit traduit devant le Conseil, en vertu des articles 42 et 62, titre 3 de la Constitution, pensant que c'est la meilleure réponse à faire. L. M.' "

[*Translation.*]

The Grand Master's Circular upon the occasion of the Circular-Letter from Bro. Hubert—"Honour to the Order, and Honour to the Grand Master."

We should not have inserted the letter from Bro. Eugène-Esprit Hubert, but this reply to its contents has made it appear no less than a duty to introduce it to our readers, as well as the communication of Prince Lucien Murat to the Craft, and the Freemasons of the Lodge of Obedience. We are happy not to feel obliged to make any comments upon these two Masonic effusions, as consideration for a fallen man, and the respect that every good Freemason owes to his Grand Master, render it a sacred duty, and at the same time one agreeable to our feelings, to publish them without remark. May we add, that the Lodges have read the letters enclosed, and that if they had followed the example of our friend the R. F., Dr. Rattier, of La Persévérante-Amitié, not one of them would have seen Bro. Hubert's appeal, or the Grand Master's circular.

Grand Orient of France. Sup. Cons. of France, and of the French Possessions. The Grand Master of the Masonic Order in France to the Masters of Lodges and all Masons.

S. S. S.

MY DEAR BRETHREN, Orient of Paris, May 2nd, 1853.

In placing me at the head of Freemasonry you have imposed on me a difficult task. I am fully aware of this, nevertheless I do not shrink; confident in the sincerity of my intentions, whose only object was to regenerate Freemasonry, to arouse it from the apathy into which it had fallen, and, in short, to revive in the heart of each Mason the sacred light about to become extinguished.

I perfectly understood that in order to accomplish this difficult task, it was necessary to be united, for union is power; I therefore rallied around me all

Digitized by Google

those whose wise counsel and experience might aid me in carrying on this grand work to a successful issue. Obstacles had already begun to yield, for among those who lent me the aid of their powerful support was the Ill. F. Desanlis, who had been elevated to the dignity of 2nd G.M., and whose experience and influence had borne the test of years, when suddenly a serious impediment presented itself to the union which we so warmly desired to see prevail among the members of the G.O.

The chief in the Secretary's office, a paid agent, and who, therefore, should only have been the passive instrument of the will of his superiors, having unfortunately through the absence of a G.M. (and also, I do not scruple to say, the undue confidence on the part of those who should have taken his place), been in the habit of directing everything according to his own will, of being in communication with the Lodges of the province; in short, understanding the ties which bound us to each other, and having them all in his hands, this man was desirous of employing the influence afforded him by his position, in revenging himself upon those persons who were charged to examine his proceedings, and procuring their exclusion from the Council of the G.M. by means of intrigues contrived with reference to the elections. We have respected the nominations of the G.O., but we have reversed that of Bro. Hubert. Desiring to act with the entire co-operation of Freemasons, we call to your notice the 9th and 10th articles of the Constitution, which imposes upon you immediately the duty of causing yourselves to be represented in the G.O. if you are not so already; for, at the present time, out of the 150 deputies who ought to compose the Masonic Senate, there are scarcely seventy to be found. I cannot too forcibly call your attention to the necessity of the Craft being represented by Masons who are known to them, and of whom they are consequently certain; without this, instead of working for the welfare and prosperity of the Order, the Lodges will only labour to foment disunion and intrigue among the members of the Grand Orient, and high and important questions will give place to insignificant and personal interests. I must also remind you that correctly all communications should be addressed to the Grand Orient, Rue Cadet, No. 16.

Let me entreat you, therefore, to unite in our desire—to have but one object—the glory and prosperity of our Order.

Accept, my dear Brethren, the expression of my fraternal sentiments,

The Grand Master,

PRINCE L. MURAT, 33°.

P.S. This paper had been placed by me in the hands of the 2nd G.M. Adj. before my departure, with a request that it should not be printed before my return, as I desired that nothing should be done hastily. Bro. Hubert probably learned my intentions, and therefore addressed a circular to the Lodges; I have just given orders that it should be translated before the Council, in virtue of the 42nd and 63rd article, Act 3, of the Constitution, thinking that to be the best answer to be made to it.

Digitized by Google

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *May* 4, 1853.

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, Z.; Rowland Alston, as H.; A. Dobie, as J.; W. H. White, E.; R. G. Alston, as N.; H. L. Crohn, P. Soj.; C. Baumer, as Assist. Soj.; J. B. King, as Assist. Soj.; F. Pattison, P. Assist. Soj.; J. Hodgkinson, Sword Bearer; B. Lawrence, P. Stand. Bearer; J. Havers, P. Stand. Bearer; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. Stand. Bearer; T. Tombleson, P. Stand. Bearer; G. Leach, Dir. of Cerem.; L. Chandler, Dir. of Cerem.; T. Parkinson, Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. Le Veau, Dir. of Cerem.; G. Biggs, Dir. of Cerem.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and approved.

The following Grand Officers were appointed:—

Z., The Earl of Zetland; H., the Earl of Yarborough; J., Rowland Alston; E., William H. White; N., William F. Beadon; P. Soj., Henry L. Crohn; 1st Assist. Soj., Lord Londsborough; 2nd Assist. Soj., Henry Stuart, *M.P.*; Treasurer, Samuel Tomkins; Registrar, Alexander Dobie; Sword Bearer, Richard H. Giraud; Standard Bearer, Henry Faudel; Dir. of Cerem., Rev. John E. Cox; Organist, Michael Costa; Janitor, Thomas Barton.

The following Companions were appointed as the Committee of General Purposes:—

A. Dobie, President; R. G. Alston; F. Pattison; Thos. Parkinson; W. F. White; T. Tombleson; H. Faudel; H. L. Crohn; J. Biggs.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL, *April* 27, 1853.

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M., on the throne: R. W. H. R. Lewis, Prov. G. M. Sumatra, as D. G. M.; Benj. Bond Cabbell, *M.P.*, P. J. G. W., as S. G. W.; Fred. Pattison,

Digitized by Google

P.J.G.W., as J.G.W.; A. Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey, and G.R.; Lieut.-Col. Burlton, P.G.M. for Bengal; T. W. Fleming, P.G.M. for the Isle of Wight; C. P. Cooper, *Q.C.*, P.G.M. for Kent; H. R. Willet, P.J.G.W.; R. Hollond, P.J.G.W.; R. G. Alston, P.J.G.W.; Hon. G. O'Callaghan, P.J.G.W.; T. Dundas, *M.P.*, P.J.G.W.; R. Davis, P. J. G.W.; V. W. Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chaplain; Rev. W. Fallofeild, P.G.C.; S. Tomkins, G. Treas.; W. H. White, G. Sec.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. for the G. L. of Hamburgh; J. Hodgkinson, S.G.D.; W. F. White, J.G.D.; J. S. Gaskoin, P.S.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D.; C. Baumer, P.J.G.D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P.S.G.D.; L. Chandler, P.J.G.D.; G. R. Rowe, P.S.G.D.; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; L. Thompson, P.J.G.D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; J. B. King, P. J. G. D.; P. Hardwick, G. Sup. of Works; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cerem.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cerem.; G. Leach, G.S.B.; J. Masson, P.G.S.B.; G. P. de Rhé Phillipe, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.; H. B. Webb, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B.; M. Costa, G. Organist; F. W. Breitling, G. Pursuiv.; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The minutes of the last Quarterly Communication as to the election of the M.W.G.M. and G.T. were read and confirmed; whereupon the Right Hon. Thomas Dundas, Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas, of Aske, in the county of York, Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, &c. &c. &c., was proclaimed Grand Master of Masons.

The M.W. the G. M. was then pleased to nominate and appoint the following Brethren Grand Officers for the year, who were invested and proclaimed accordingly:—

The Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M.; the Right Hon. Lord Londesborough, S.G.W.; H. Stuart, *M.P.*, J.G.W.; S. Tomkins, G. Tr.; the Revs. J. E. Cox and E. Moore, Chaplains; A. Dobie (Prov. G.M. for Surrey), G.R.; W. H. White, G.S.; H. L. Cröhn (Rep. from G.L. of Hamburgh), G.S. for German Correspondence; R. H. Geraud, S.G.D.; G. Leach, J.G.D.; P. Hardwick, G. Sup. of Works; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cer.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Works; A. A. Le Veau, G.S.B.; M. Costa, G.O.; F. W. Breitling, G. Pursuiv.; T. Barton, Tyler.

The Lodges appointing Grand Stewards having made a return to the M. W. the G.M. of the Brethren proposed for the ensuing year, and his lordship having approved them, they were presented and approved accordingly, viz:—

Henry Earle . . .	Grand Master's Lodge, No. 1.
Frederick Cooke . . .	Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2.
C. Locock Webb . . .	Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, No. 4.

Digitized by Google

Edward H. Snell . . .	St. George's and Corner Stone Lodge, No. 5.
Augustus H. Novelli . .	Lodge of Friendship, No. 6.
Francis D. M. Dawson . .	British Lodge, No. 8.
William Leuchars . .	Tuscan Lodge, No. 14.
Thomas Taylor . . .	Lodge of Emulation, No. 21.
Richard Banks . . .	Globe Lodge, No. 23.
William Gregory Smith .	Castle Lodge of Harmony, No. 27.
Thomas Brook . . .	St. Alban's Lodge, No. 32.
Joseph Skilbeck . . .	Old Union Lodge, No. 54.
James Morris . . .	Lodge of Felicity, No. 66.
William Major . . .	Lodge of Peace and Harmony, No. 72.
John Henry Johnstone .	Lodge of Regularity, No. 108.
Alexander G. Campbell .	Shakspeare Lodge, No. 116.
William Simpson . . .	Jerusalem Lodge, No. 233.
Archibald J. Brunton . .	Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 324.

The Grand Lodge was then closed in ample form; and the Brethren then proceeded to

THE GRAND BANQUET.

The banquet took place immediately after the closing of the Grand Lodge, and was attended by about 300 of the Brethren.

The M.W. the G.M. presided. The usual procession having gone twice round the Great Hall, the Brethren went to their seats, and grace having been said by Bro. the Rev. J. E. Cox, the Grand Chaplain, the Brethren sat down, to, we will venture to say, one of the best dinners ever provided for this grand occasion.

The cloth having been removed, a musical grace was sung by the professional Brethren, under the able direction of Bro. Costa, the Grand Organist.

The Grand Master then rose, and in addressing the assembled Brethren, said he was sure they would anticipate the toast he was about to propose, and that they would drink it with more than usual enthusiasm, when they recollected that Her Majesty had only lately recovered from her confinement. He would therefore propose that they should, on that account, drink the health of Her Majesty, if possible, with more than their usual good wishes.

The toast was responded to with great cheering.

The National Anthem was then sung with great effect: Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Williams taking the solo parts.

The Grand Master next gave the health of Prince Albert, Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

This toast was drunk with great applause.

Bro. H. R. Lewis, P.G.M., of Sumatra, and acting on this occasion as D.G.M., then rose and said, that he would occupy the attention of the Brethren but for a very few minutes, although he had a

Digitized by Google

duty to perform towards the nobleman who had now the honour of presiding over them (cheers). He was sure, when he said that the toast was "The health of the M.W. the G.M.," that he should obtain their attention as well as a most cordial reception (cheers). The gratifying manner in which his lordship had been received when he entered the Hall, proved to him that they were indeed sensible of the excellent manner which the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Zetland had performed his duties for the last ten years. They owed a debt of gratitude indeed to his lordship, not only for the manner in which he had presided over them, but for the kind assistance which he had invariably rendered to all the Masonic charities (cheers). He was persuaded they appreciated him for his high honour and charitable feeling, which could not be enhanced by anything he could say; he therefore called upon them to drink health, happiness, and prosperity, to the Earl of Zetland, their M.W.G.M.

The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

The GRAND MASTER, when silence was restored, begged the Brethren to accept his grateful thanks for the kind manner in which they had responded to the toast which had been proposed by his worthy Bro. Lewis. He had so often experienced their kindness and so frequently had occasion to return them thanks, that they would hardly think it possible he could alter his language in expressing the gratitude he experienced for such manifestations of their goodwill. This was the eleventh time that they had done him the honor of placing him in the proud position he then filled (cheers). During that long period he had continually experienced the warm regard of the Craft, and had received the greatest assistance from the Grand Officers, as well as the confidence of every individual of the Order. Notwithstanding, he acknowledged that his duties were arduous, and that a great deal of business was imposed upon him, yet he could assure them by their invariable co-operation that business became a pleasure to him (cheers). It was most gratifying to him to know that during the time he had had the honor of presiding over the Craft, the Masonic charities had greatly increased in prosperity (cheers); as he considered charity to be the key-stone of Masonry (cheers); as he considered that charity was above all their other duties, he was happy to say that duty had been responded to by every Brother most cordially and liberally; and it was therefore doubly gratifying to him to know that the charities had not only greatly increased in prosperity and were more liberally supported than they had been in former times, but that the recipients of their bounty were more efficiently relieved (cheers) than they had ever been at any former period. He would not detain them, as he knew they were about to enjoy some most excellent music, but they would accept his grateful thanks for their past good feeling, and so long as he had health and strength to perform the duties of the office, which their kindness imposed upon him, he would do so with cheerfulness and to the best of his ability.

The next toast was, "The Grand Master of Scotland and Ireland."

Digitized by Google

Song by Miss Williams, "Can I e'er forget thee," which was sung with such delicacy as to call for an encore.

The GRAND MASTER now rose and said, that he had a toast to propose, which he was sure they would all drink with the greatest cordiality. In the first place he had to make an excuse for the absence of the D.G.M. He need not enter into particulars of the cause of the D.G.M. not being present; but when he said that his absence was occasioned by peculiar family arrangements, he felt satisfied such an excuse would be sufficient. He (the G.M.) had himself thought the excuse quite sufficient, and he knew the Brethren would take his word for it, and that they would not be the less inclined to drink the D.G.M.'s good health; coupled with his name, however, he should propose that which would also be deserving of their best attention; for he was convinced they would receive with great cordiality the names of the Brethren officiating to-day as Grand Officers, not only on account of the situation they held in the Grand Lodge, but also in consideration of the position they filled in society. He would propose the health of the D.G.M., the Grand Wardens for the year, and the other Grand Officers; and he would especially particularize Bro. Lord Londesborough, who would respond to the toast (great applause).

Lord LONDESBOROUGH, G.S.W., begged to return his cordial thanks for the manner in which the names of the D.G.M. and the Officers of the G.L. had been received and drunk. For himself, he should merely say, that the M.W. the G.M. might easily have selected a Brother, who would more efficiently have performed the duties of his office; but although this was certainly the case, he would give way to none in a desire to carry out the beautiful theories and noble precepts of the Order (great cheering).

The GRAND MASTER then said, the toast he was about to propose would, he knew, be responded to most cordially. He would give them "The Provincial Grand Masters" (cheers). Happily he saw a great many present to-day, and he asked the Brethren to give them the reception they so well deserved, and none more so than Bro. Dobie, P.G.M. for Surrey, who would respond to the toast (cheers).

Bro. DOBIE, G.R., begged to return thanks for the P.G.M's. Although he was a junior in that rank, yet he would always obey the call of the G.M., and he trusted they would all remember the duty they also owed to the G.M., and that unity and brotherhood were the bonds of the Society. He could bear testimony to what had been stated by the G.M., that Freemasonry had flourished more under his reign than under that of any other M.W.G.M. They would not forget the words of the G.S.W., that the principles of the Craft were "to love one another." He trusted the day was gone by when that maxim was not adhered to, and that true unity now existed (cheers). The P.G.M's. were always desirous to discharge their duties, and in doing so they could not have a better example than their G.M.; and they could not have a greater incentive to exertion than the appro-

Digitized by Google

bation of the Brethren. He could assure them that the P.G.M's. were anxious to do all they could in their respective Provinces for the benefit of the Craft.

The GRAND MASTER was quite sure they would be anxious to do justice to the toast that he was about to propose, and which every Brother would consider to be applicable to himself. The toast was the great mainstay of Masonry, and one which he was happy to say they had supported for many years past in the most liberal and handsome manner. He would give them "The Masonic Charities" (loud applause). In giving that toast he begged to call to the recollection of the Brethren, that the Festival of the Girls' School would take place on that day three weeks, the 18th of May, when he trusted there would be a large attendance, and that they would be prepared to support that noble Institution in even a more liberal manner than heretofore, because they were aware that the Trustees had found it necessary to lay out a large sum of money in erecting a new school-house, which he believed to be much more calculated for the health and welfare of the children than the premises they had lately occupied; but in consequence of the large outlay, great expenses had been incurred; he knew, however, that when an appeal was made to them they would respond to it. The 18th of May, he would again remind them, was the day on which the Festival would take place. He would now give them "The Masonic Charities;" and with that toast he begged to couple the name of Bro. Benjamin Bond Cabbell (loud cheers).

Bro. Benjamin Bond CABBELL said that, called upon as he was, unexpectedly, to acknowledge the compliment they had paid to the humble individual before them, as well as manifesting their regard for the charities which were inseparably connected with their Order, he hoped they would allow him to acknowledge the very deep and lively interest they took in those charities, which he trusted would still be continued by all the Brethren, knowing, as they did, that those charities were amongst the very best land-marks of Freemasonry (cheers). Their noble chairman had explained to them the early approach of the Festival of the Girls' School, and he might inform them of the deep interest his lordship took in that institution, and of his intention to preside at their Festival (cheers). It was unnecessary for him to make any observations with a view of exciting their feelings, but he was anxious to make one remark, that those who had felt an interest in, and had taken the burden of managing the Institution, had attempted, as far as they were able, to show to the world that they were anxious to give to the orphan daughters of those who might have been near and dear to them in life, but who had been left unprovided for in a wide, dark, and cold world, an opportunity of regaining that position, which they had lost by the death of those who had brought them into existence, with whom they had been in the habit of mixing on these happy occasions, with whom they had spent many happy hours, with whom they had interchanged senti-

Digitized by Google

ments of Brotherly love and unity, to whose offspring they must all feel bound to give such an education as would restore them to their original place in society. They would all admit that education was of the greatest importance, but they must not forget that as education spread far and wide, that that education, which would have placed them in their proper sphere many years past, would not now suffice, but that something more perfect and efficient was required. He would not detain them longer; he was only anxious, as an humble individual representing their charities, to assure them that those who undertook their management, were anxious to carry out the desires and wishes of the Brethren by whom they were supported; but he must express a hope that they would have a large meeting on the 18th of May, to support the M.W. the G.M. in his anxiety and desire to carry out those precepts, which he had always considered to be, as he had already said, amongst the best land-marks of the Order (cheers).

The GRAND MASTER said, that although late in the evening, he was sure that the toast he was about to propose would meet with their unqualified approbation, and he trusted they would receive it with that honor which it so eminently deserved; he need scarcely say to them that a toast more deserving of their notice could not be given. The toast was "The Ladies in the gallery." (Loud cheers.) In proposing that toast he scarcely thought it necessary to call to their attention the high honor shown them when the ladies took part in their proceedings; but he saw they already manifested the high estimation they entertained of their presence. He was quite sure that it was of the utmost advantage to the Brethren that the ladies should do them this high honour, for they well knew the influence of their bright eyes in preserving the order of the meeting (cheers.) He begged to propose the health of "The Ladies in the gallery" (loud cheers).

This toast having been most rapturously received, and responded to, the ladies retired, when

The GRAND MASTER said that he had once, and only once, more to ask their attention—the toast was one to which he was sure they would feel proud to do the greatest honor. Every Brother present would bear testimony to the excellent manner in which the Festival had been conducted, to the admirable fare which had been provided, and the good order which had prevailed (cheers), through the exertions of the Grand Stewards (cheers), who had endeavoured in every way to provide for their comfort and happiness. They would have much pleasure in expressing to them their best thanks for the great trouble they had taken; he therefore called upon them to drink a bumper to the health of the Grand Stewards. (Loud cheering).

Bro. EATON, as the President of the Grand Stewards, could assure the Brethren that they were extremely gratified if they had arranged the Festival to their satisfaction; if it met with their approbation the Grand Stewards were amply repaid. He begged to thank them

Digitized by Google

for the kind manner in which they had been pleased to notice the toast (cheers).

The GRAND MASTER now left the hall and joined the ladies in the glee-room.

We must conclude our report of this grand festival by attempting to do an act of justice. We have seldom known a Grand Festival go off better in every respect; there was not a single failure; everything was conducted in the best possible manner; the Brethren were orderly, quiet, and obedient to the H. of the G.M.; the musical arrangements were superb, under Bro. Costa's direction; the viands were of the best; and, as if to throw a halo around the whole scene, the gallery was filled with elegantly-dressed ladies. May all our Masonic Festivals in future be like this! *So mote it be!*

ESPECIAL MEETING, *May* 11, 1853.

Present.—Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., on the throne; Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M.; R.W. F. Pattison, P.J.G.W. as S.G.W; R.W. H. Stuart, *M.P.*, P.J.G.W. J.G.W; Right Hon. the Earl Fortescue, Prov. G.M., Devon; W. Tucker, Prov. G.M., Dorset; A. Dobie, Prov. G.M., Surrey, and G.R.; R. G. Alston, P.G.W.; V.W. Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C.; Rev. E. Moore, G.C.; Rev. J. W. Gleadall, P.G.C; W. H. White, G.S.; H. L. Crohn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from G.L. Hamburgh; R. H. Geraud, S.G.D.; G. Leach, J.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; G. W. K. Potter, P.J.G.D.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. Le Veau, G.S.B.; J. Masson, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B; H. B. Webb, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; F. W. Breitley, G.P.; Rev. W. J. Carver, Rep. from G.L. Massachusetts; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Especial Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The business, for which the Special Grand Lodge was called, related to a dispute in the Province of Devon, with reference to a decision of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. W. the Earl of Fortescue, which had been rescinded by a previous Grand Lodge. After considerable discussion, and a very lengthened debate, in which many Brethren took part, the decision of the Grand Lodge was rescinded, and that of the R.W. the Prov. G.M. for Devon confirmed.

All business being concluded, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form and with solemn prayer, and adjourned.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *June* 1, 1853.

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M.W. G. M., on the throne; the Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M.; R.W. F. Pattison, P.J.G.W., as S.G.W.; H. Stuart, *M.P.*, J.G.W.;

Digitized by Google

R. Alston (P.S.G.W.), Prov G.M. for Essex; A. Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey and G.K.; S. Rawson, Prov. G.M. for China; J. Fawcett, Prov. G.M. for Durham; H.C. Vernon (P.S.G.W.), Prov. G.M. for Worcestershire; C. P. Cooper, *Q.C.*, Prov. G.M. for Kent; W. H. Smith, P.J.G.W.; R. G. Alston, P.J.G.W.; W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W.; the Revs. J. E. Cox and E. Moore, G. Cs.; W. H. White, G. Sec.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from the G. L. of Hamburgh; R. H. Giraud, S. G. D.; G. Leach, J.G.D.; S. C. Norris P.S.G.D.; J. C. McMullen, P.J.G.D.; C. Baumer, P.J.G.D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P.S.G.D.; G. R. Rowe, P.S.G.D.; T. Parkinson, P. J. G. D.; L. Thompson, P. J. G. D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J. G.D.; J. Nelson, P.S. G.D.; G W. K. Potter, P.J.G.D.; T. R. White, P.S.G.D.; J. Hodgkinson, P.S.G.D.; B. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cerem.; W. T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. Le Veau G. S. B.; G. P. de Rhé Philipe, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B.; F. W. Breitling, G.P.; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The G. L. was opened in ample form and with solemn prayer.

The minutes of the last Quarterly Communication of the Grand Festival, and of the Especial Grand Lodge, were severally read and confirmed.

Bro. J. H. Townend, P.M. of the Castle Lodge, rose to prefer a charge against Bro. W. B. Packwood, W. M. of the same Lodge. Considerable discussion arose upon this charge, which was at length suspended by a proposition of Bro. Dobie, seconded by Bro. the Rev. J. E. Cox, "That it should be referred to the Board of General Purposes for examination, and to be reported upon at the next Quarterly Communication."

After discussion, Bro. R. H. Townend was summoned before the G.L., and having apologized for his commission of a breach of privilege at the Quarterly Communication for March, was restored to his Masonic functions.

A report of the list of country Lodges, summoned to show cause why they should not be erased for non-payment of dues to the G.L., was read, and ordered to be entered upon the minutes.

The Report of the Board of Benevolence for March, April, and May, was read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes.

The Report of the Board of General Purposes was read, and ordered to be received and entered on the minutes.

Upon a motion made and seconded, it was ordered that "A copy of the Laws, as proposed to be amended, be laid before the G.L. at an Especial Meeting; and that a fair copy of the Book of Constitutions do lie at the office of the G. Sec. for the perusal of members of the G.L., until the meeting of the Special G.L."

The Report of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and their Widows was then read, and ordered to be entered upon the minutes.

Digitized by Google

This being the period fixed for the appointment of the Board of General Purposes, a list of the names of the several Masters and Past Masters put in nomination was printed and delivered to the members of the G.L. upon their entrance into the Hall, and eight Brethren having been appointed, four by the M.W. the G.M., and four by the G.L., they collected the balloting lists, and afterwards retired for the purpose of casting up, and ascertaining the numbers for the respective candidates.

The Brethren having performed their duties, now returned, and announced the result of the ballot. The Board of General Purposes will therefore consist, for the ensuing year, 1353-4, of the following Brethren, viz.:—R.W. R. G. Alston, President; H. R. Lewis; A. Dobie; W. F. Beadon; Rev. J. E. Cox; H. L. Crohn; J. B. King; Thos. Parkinson; J. L. Evans; R. W. Jennings; E. H. Patten, nominated by the M. W. the G. M.

Masters:—E. Ellwood, No. 40; D. Gooch, 453; H. Lloyd, 14; G. Plucknett, 70; E. S. Snell, 5; J. N. Tomkins, 72; W. Young, 11. Past Masters:—A. Attwood, No. 212; John Barnes, 30; N. Bradford, 54; G. Barrett, 188; H. Faudel, 113; J. Hervey, 7; J. Symonds, 275; elected by the Grand Lodge.

The following were declared of the Committee of Management of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for aged Freemasons and their widows.

Nominated by the M.W. the Grand Master:—H. R. Lewis, Prov. G.M. for Sumatra; A. Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey, G.R.; R. G. Alston, P.J.G.W.; F. Pattison, P.J.G.W.; R. Davis, P.J. G.W.; Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chaplain; W. H. White, G. Secretary; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.

Elected by the Grand Lodge:—J. T. Archer, P.M., No. 108; H. S. Cooper, P.M., 276; T. Gole, P.M., 18; George Marriott, P.M., 12; J. Smith, P.M., 9; J. Symonds, P.M., 275; J. Taylor, P. M., 21; T. Tombleson, P.M., 25; J. N. Tomkins, P.M., 72; W. L. Wright, P.M., 329.

Elected by the Subscribers:—J. N. Bainbridge, *M.D.*, P.M., No. 329; Lieut. Hill, *R.N.*, P.M., 212; J. Leach, P.M., 109; Louis Lemanski, P.M., 778; H. Lloyd, W.M., 14; W. Stephenson, P.M., 14; J. Stohwasser, W.M., 8; J. Vink, P.M., 66; G. Wackerbarth, P.M., 66; J. F. White, P.M., 36.

All business being concluded, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form and with solemn prayer, and adjourned.

Especial Meeting, *June* 22, 1853.

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M., as G.M.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Fortescue, Prov. G.M. for Devon, as D.G.M.; R. W. William F. Beadon, as S.G.W.; H. Stewart, *M.P.*, J.G.W.; Rowland Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex; W. Stewart, Prov. G. M. for Herts; Alexander Dobie, Prov. G.M. for

Digitized by Google

Surrey, and G.K.; S. Rawson, Prov. G.M. for China; C. P. Cooper, *Q.C.*, Prov. G.M. for Kent; Lt. Col. Burlton, P. Prov. G.M. for Bengal; Rowland Galston, P.J.G.W.; Arthur E. Campbell, P.J.G.W.; Fred. Pattison, P.J.G.W.; V. W. Rev. J. E. Cox, and E. Moore, G. Chapls.; W. W. White, G.S.; H. L. Crohn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. for G. Lo. of Hamburgh; W. R. Giraud, S.G.D.; G. Leach, J.G.D.; B. Lawrence, P.S.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D.; C. Baumer, P.J.G.D.; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; J. Nelson, P.S.G.D.; G. W. K. Potter, P.J.G.D.; T. R. White, P.S.G.D.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cerem.; Thony Chapman, Asst. G. Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. le Veau, G.S.B.; J. Mapin, P.G.S.Br.; G. P. D. R. Philipe, P.G.S.Br.; R. J. Spiers, P.S.G.Br.; F. W. Breitling, G.P.; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens, of the Grand Steward's Lodge, and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Grand Lodge was opened in due form and with solemn prayer.

The business of the evening, which occupied several hours, was "to consider and decide upon the various alterations and amendments proposed to be made in the Laws and Regulations as contained in the present edition of the Book of Constitutions, that the same, if approved, may be embodied in the new edition which the Grand Lodge has ordered to be printed."

About half the proposed revisions were carried with the addition of a few amendments. It having, however, been found that it would be impossible to go through the entire book, the R. W. the Deputy G.M. expressed his intention of summoning another Especial Grand Lodge for Tuesday, the 8th August, when the revision might be completed.

The G. L. was then closed in due form and with solemn prayer.

GRAND CONCLAVE OF MASONIC KNIGHTS TEMPLAR,

HELD ON FRIDAY, *May* 13, 1853.

Present.—Sir Knt. Col. Chas. K. K. Tynte, M.E. and S.G.M.; Wm. Stuart, the Very High and Eminent D.G.M.; Rev. E. Moore, G.P.; Maj. F. C. Robb, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Hants; Rev. J. Huysche, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Devon; Wm. Tucker, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Dorset; Col. G. A. Vernon, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Staffordshire; H. H. Burchell, 1st G. Capt.; H. Udall, 2nd G. Capt.; J. Masson, Past G. Capt.; R. J. Spiers, Past G. Capt.; H. Emly, G. Chancellor; J. H. Law, G. Vice-Chancellor; G. Wackerbarth, G. Tr.; W. H. Reece, G. Chamb.; J. N.

Digitized by Google

Tomkins, 1st G. Ex.; John Elliot, 2nd G. Ex.; Edwd. T. Snell, 1st G. Aide-de-Camp; F. Dee, 2nd G. Aide-de-Camp; Rev. C. H. Pettatt, 1st G. Capt. of Lines; Capt. Maher, G. Sword Bearer, and several other Sir Knts.

The Grand Conclave was opened in due form, and with solemn prayer.

The M.E. and S.G.M. directed alms to be collected, pursuant to the Statutes of the Order, and the G. Prelate delivered the customary exhortation.

The minutes of the last Grand Conclave were read and approved.

The following Report of the Committee for General Purposes was read:—

"*To the Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of the Royal, Exalted, Religious, and Military Order of Masonic Knights Templar in England and Wales, the Grand Officers, and Knights in Grand Conclave assembled.*

"Your Committee beg leave to report:—

"That pursuant to the resolution of the last Grand Conclave they have considered the propositions made by the Committee for General Purposes for the last year, in regard to the Jewels to be worn by the Prov. Grand Commanders, and by the Officers of the Grand Conclave, Prov. Grand Conclaves, and private Encampments, and the Collars and Ribbons by which they are to be suspended; and beg leave to recommend:—

"That the Jewel to be worn by the Dep. Grand Master be a red Cross, three inches long, similar to that worn by the Grand Master, but omitting the middle bar.

"That the Jewel to be worn by the Prov. Grand Commanders be of the pattern produced, to which the D.G.M. has affixed his initials, and that the device in the centre be either enamel or any other material in gold or gilt metal.

"That the Jewels to be worn by the Officers of the Grand Conclave, and also of private Encampments, be a red Cross *patée* three inches in diameter, with a white circle in the centre one inch and a quarter in diameter. The emblem, or device, or name of Office to be placed on the circle.

"That the Jewels to be worn by the Officers of the Grand Conclave be enamel, in gold or gilt metal.

"That the Jewels to be worn by P. G. Officers, and also by Officers and Past Officers of Prov. Grand Conclaves, and also by Officers and Past Officers of private Encampments, be either enamel, or any other material in gold or gilt metal.

"That the emblems or devices on the Jewels worn by the following Officers of the Grand Conclave, and Prov. Grand Conclaves, be as follows:—

Grand Prior	The Patriarchal Staff and Crosier, *en saltire.*
Grand Sub-Prior	The Patriarchal Staff.

Digitized by Google

Grand Prelate	The Crosier.
Grand Captains	Cross Swords.
Grand Chancellor and Grand Vice-Chancellor . . .	The Purse.
Grand Registrar	The Scroll.
Grand Treasurer	Cross Keys.
Grand Chamberlain	Gold Key erect.
Grand Standard-Bearers . .	Beauceant Banner, and White Banner with red Cross *patée, en saltire.*
Grand Director of Ceremonies.	Cross Wands.
Grand Sword-Bearer. . . .	Sword erect.

"That the emblems or devices on the Jewels worn by the Prelate, Captains, Registrar, Treasurer, and Standard-Bearers of private Encampments be similar to those on the Jewels worn by the same respective Officers of the Grand Conclave.

"That on the Jewels worn by the following Officers of the Grand Conclave, and Prov. Grand Conclaves, the names of their respective Offices be written on the circle in old English characters, viz.:—The Grand Hospitaller, The Grand Experts, The Grand Almoner, The Grand Aides de Camp, The Grand Captain of the Lines, The Grand Heralds, The Grand Organist, and The Grand Banner-Bearer.

"That on the Jewels worn by the following Officers of private Encampments the names of their respective Offices be written on the circle in old English characters, viz.:—The Expert, Almoner, Captain of Lines, and Heralds.

"That on the Jewels worn by Past Officers of the Grand Conclave, of Prov. Grand Conclaves, and of private Encampments, the word 'Past,' in old English letters, be written on the circle over the emblem, or device, or name of Office.

"That the Jewels worn by Officers of the Grand Conclave, Prov. Grand Commanders, and Past Officers of the Grand Conclave, be suspended from collars of black watered ribbon, four inches wide, intersected with three white stripes.

"That the Jewels worn by other Prov. Grand Officers and Past Prov. Grand Officers, be suspended from collars of black watered ribbon, four inches wide, intersected with one white stripe in the middle.

"That the Jewels worn by Officers of private Encampments, and Past Officers of private Encampments, be suspended from collars of black watered ribbon, four inches wide.

"That the Cross *patée*, and Patriarchal Cross, worn by Knights, be red, and either enamel or any other material, in gold or gilt metal, and be suspended by white watered ribbon.

"That the Star worn by Knights be of silver, with seven points, and have a Passion Cross in a circle in the centre, with the motto 'In hoc signo vinces' around the circle.

"That the Guard of the Sword worn by Knights, be two isosceles triangles. The handle of the Sword worn by Grand Officers and

Digitized by Google

Past Grand Officers, and by Prov. Grand Officers and Past Prov. Grand Officers, be gilt; and that worn by other Knights, be black.

"That the Grand-Chancellor, and Grand Vice-Chancellor, and Grand-Registrar, be entitled to wear sashes or baldrics of black watered ribbon, four inches wide, intersected with three white stripes.

"Your Committee have also, pursuant to the Resolution of the last Grand Conclave, revised the Statutes of the Order. A draft of the new Statutes, proposed by the Committee, will be presented to the Grand Conclave by the M. E. and S. G. M. This draft has been the subject of frequent and attentive consideration on the part of the M. E. and S. G. M. and your Committee.

"Your Committee beg to report that they have examined the Grand Treasurer's accounts and find the same correct. It appears that the receipts during the past year amount to 132*l.* 6s. 3d., which added to the balance in the Treasurer's hands at the commencement of the year (which was 330*l.* 19s. 5½d.) amounts to 463*l.* 5s. 8½d., out of which there have been made during the past year payments to the amount of 145*l.* 17s. 6½d., leaving a balance in favour of the Grand Conclave of 317*l.* 8s. 2d. Although the Committee have it not in their power to congratulate the Grand Conclave on an increased balance in the hands of the Treasurer at the end of the present year, yet they are happy to say, that the Order is in a very flourishing state and gradually increasing; and that the diminution of the balance in the hands of the Treasurer has arisen from the expenses of carrying into effect the resolution of the last Grand Conclave; and the Committee anticipate a further considerable reduction of the balance in the Treasurer's hands, if the Grand Conclave should approve of the recommendations of the Committee in regard to the jewels, and authorize the Committee to provide jewels accordingly. Your Committee beg also to report that the Grand Conclave has not at present any furniture, and that the providing of such furniture will occasion a very considerable outlay. In order to assist in providing the Grand Conclave with the necessary funds to purchase the requisite Jewels, Paraphernalia, and Furniture, and also in order to secure a greater punctuality and regularity in Encampments in making their annual returns, your Committee beg to recommend further—

"That there shall be paid to the funds of the Grand Conclave by every encampment, on or before the 31st day of March in every year, an annual sum of one shilling for each member of such encampment. And that this annual sum shall not be payable for any member for the year in which he shall have been first registered a member of such encampment.

"And as a wish has been expressed by many Grand Officers, and Past Grand Officers, to have some diploma of their respective ranks, your Committee further recommend—

"That the Grand Chancellor be empowered to issue to such Knights as shall require it, a diploma of his rank in the Grand Conclave, and that the fee on such diploma be 7s. 6d.

"It having been stated to your Committee, that there is not an

Digitized by Google

uniformity in the ceremony of installation of an Eminent Commander in the chair, your Committee further recommend—

"That it be referred to a Committee, consisting of the Prov. Grand Commanders, Sir Knights Auldjo, Goldsworthy, Spiers, Shuttleworth, and the Grand Chancellor, to settle the ritual for the installation of an Eminent Commander—three to be a quorum.

"And your Committee beg leave further to state, that after a careful consideration of the several matters recommended in this report, they are of opinion that the adoption of these recommendations will conduce to the dignity and importance of the Order.

"HENRY EMLY,
"Grand Chancellor."

Sir Knt. Spiers, Past 2nd G. Capt., moved that the Report of the Committee be received, and entered on the minutes; and the same having been duly seconded, was agreed to accordingly.

The M.E. and S.G.M. then moved, "That the several recommendations made by the Committee in their Report be adopted;" and that motion was duly seconded; and after very considerable discussion on some of the recommendations, the motion of the M.E. and S.G.M. was unanimously agreed to.

It was then moved and seconded, and resolved, "That it be referred to the Committee for General Purposes for the ensuing year to provide Jewels for the Officers of the Grand Conclave, and to adopt such measures for that purpose as the Committee shall think proper."

The M.E. and S.G.M. then presented the draft of the Statutes referred to in the Report of the Committee; and recommended the Grand Conclave at once to adopt them.

After very considerable discussion on the propriety of printing and circulating the proposed new Statutes amongst the Order prior to their being adopted, and deferring the decision upon them until the next Grand Conclave, it was moved by Sir Knt. Huysche, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Devon, "That the Statutes, as revised by the Committee for General Purposes, and now presented by the M.E. and S.G.M., be at once adopted and promulgated amongst the Order;" and Sir Knt. Tucker, Very Eminent Prov. G.C. for Dorset, having seconded that motion, it was agreed to unanimously.

The M.E. and S.G.M. then proposed "That the G. Chancellor and G. Vice-Chancellor shall be paid a salary of 25*l.* per annum each;" which was seconded by the Very High and Eminent D.G.M.; whereupon, before the motion was put, the G. Chancellor, and G. Vice-Chancellor both expressed their thanks to the Grand Master for his kind intentions, but declined respectfully to accept any salary for their services.

Sir Knt. Luxmore, Past 2nd G. Capt. proposed, "That the thanks of the Grand Conclave be given to the G. Chancellor and G. Vice-Chancellor, for the very excellent and courteous manner in which they have performed the arduous duties of their respective offices,

Digitized by Google

and for the very handsome manner in which they have declined any remuneration for their services;" and the same having been seconded by the Very High and Eminent D.G.M., was agreed to unanimously.

The G. Chancellor then read a petition from Sir Knt. Chas. James Whitaker, late of the Cross of Christ Encampment; whereupon it was proposed and seconded, and after some discussion agreed to, "That the G. Almoner do, out of the fund in his hands, pay 3*l.* to Sir Knt. Chas. James Whitaker."

Sir Knt. H. Udall proposed Sir Knt. G. Wackerbarth as Treasurer for the year ensuing; and the proposition having been duly seconded, Sir Knt. G. Wackerbarth was unanimously elected Treasurer for the year ensuing, and proclaimed accordingly.

The M.E. and S.G.M. then appointed the following Officers for the year ensuing, viz.:—Dep. G.M. W. Sir Knt. Stuart; G. Prior, Sir Knt. B.B. Cabbell; G. Sub-Prior, Sir Knt. John Carnac Morris; G. Prelate, Sir Knt. Rev. Edwd. Moore; 1st G. Capt., Sir Knt. W. Stuart, Jun.; 2nd G. Capt., Sir Knt. Capt. A. Q. Hopper; G. Chancellor, Sir Knt. H. Emly; G. Vice-Chancellor, Sir Knt. J. H. Law; G. Reg., Sir Knt. J. A. D. Cox; G. Chamb., Sir Knt. Rev. G. Bythesea; G. Hospit., Sir Knt. Edw. Goodenough; 1st. G. Ex., Sir Knt. T. Ward; 2nd G. Ex., Sir Knt. Thos. Best; 1st. G.S.B., Sir Knt. W. Beach; 2nd G.S.B., Sir Knt. C.W. Hoffman; G. Almoner, Sir Knt. M. H. Shuttleworth; G. D. of Cer., Sir Knt. R. Dover; 1st G. Aide-de-Camp, Sir Knt. Edw. T. Snell; 2nd G. Aide-de-Camp, Sir Knt. J. Bradley; 1st G. Capt. of Lines, Sir Knt. Rev. C. H. Pettatt; 2nd G. Capt. of Lines, Sir Knt. G. H. Noton; G.S.B., Sir Knt. Capt. Maher; 1st G.H., Sir Knt. G. Gregory; 2nd G.H., Sir Knt. W. Evans; G.O., Sir Knt. M. Costa; G.B.B., Sir Knt. R. Spencer; G. Equerry, Sir Knt. Barton.

The following Sir Knts. were then elected by the Grand Conclave members of the Committee for General Purposes for the year ensuing, viz.:—Sir Knts. H. H. Burchell, M. H. Shuttleworth, Rev. E. Moore, R. T. Spiers, and F. Dee; and the M.E. and S.G.M. nominated Sir Knts. Auldjo, Goldsworthy, Udall, and Masson, as members of the same Committee for the year ensuing.

It was reported on behalf of the G. Almoner, that there had been collected this day as alms the sum of 3*l.* 6*s.*; which, added to the sum remaining in his hands at the last Grand Conclave, constituted a fund of 8*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*; and after deducting therefrom the sum of 3*l.*, to be paid to Sir Knt. Chas. James Whitaker, there would remain in his hands the sum of 5*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* to be applied to charitable purposes at the discretion of the Grand Conclave.

Sir Knt. H. H. Burchell, Past 1st G. Capt., gave notice, that he would at the next Grand Conclave propose that some testimonial be presented to the G. Chancellor and G. Vice-Chancellor.

Digitized by Google

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.



THE Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, held a Solemn Convocation of the Higher Degrees of the Order on Friday, the 29th of April, A.D. 1853.

The Illustrious Treasurer-General occupied the throne, and opened the Council of the 30th Degree of the Order. He was supported in the Senate, and assisted in giving the sublime ceremony of the 30th Degree of the Order, by the Ill. Sov. Inspector William Tucker, the Ill. Sov. Inspector J. A. D. Cox, the Ill. Sov. Inspector Sir John Robinson, Bart.; the Ill. Sov. Inspector Henry Emly; the Ill. Sov. Inspector, Captain Hopper; the Ill. P. of R. S. Col. Vernon, of the 32nd Degree; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commanders Dawes, J. N. Tomkins, Ward, and Dee, of the 31st Degree; and about thirty Brethren of the exalted rank of Kts. K. H. of the 30th Degree.

Several eminent Brethren, who had distinguished themselves in other degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, had the rank of the 30th Degree conferred upon them, and took their seats in the Council.

The Council was then closed in ancient and solemn form.

The Brethren who were entitled then banqueted together in the High Grades Union,—the Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order presiding. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, he proposed the health of Dr. Leeson, the Sov. Commander of the Order, regretting that unavoidable circumstances kept their Sov. Commander away. The toast was received with great Masonic regard. He then gave the healths of the Rev. Dr. Oliver, the Lieut. Commander of the Order, and the absent Members of the Supreme Council. He then proposed health and success to the Sov. Commanders and Members of the Supreme Councils of Ireland and Scotland. "Ireland claims the Duke of Leinster as its chief, and Scotland is presided over by the Duke of Athol,—both of them Masons who discharge their highly important duties with honour to themselves and to the satisfaction and prosperity of the Order. We have," added the Treasurer-General, "in our Supreme Council, Brethren connected with *both* those countries. Sir John Robinson, Bart., and Captain Hopper are well known to all present, as officers in our Supreme Grand Council. Sir John Robinson, Bart., after obtaining some of the higher degrees of the Order in

Digitized by Google

Ireland, obtained his 30th Degree through this Supreme Council, and his 32nd Degree through the Supreme Council of Scotland; he now ranks as one of the Council of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales. Captain Hopper also took this degree of Freemasonry in Ireland, and is also one of our Grand Council. This is as it should be; it proves that we can all work together in the good cause, and for the success of our valuable order. We are glad to see them. We know that Sir John Robinson has travelled from Germany, to be present with us this day. Captain Hopper has also journeyed a considerable distance, for the same good purpose. Greet them, Ill. Brethren, and drink success to the Grand Councils of Ireland and Scotland, coupling therewith the names of Sir J. Robinson, Bart., and Capt. Hopper."

Sir JOHN ROBINSON, in returning thanks, said, that in all he had seen of the members of the Supreme Council of Scotland, they responded to the good feeling of the English Council. In fact, in the higher degrees of the Order there seemed, throughout the world, so far as he had seen, that kind, fraternal feeling which is the basis of all true Freemasonry. He trusted that the only rivalry that would exist would be to see how this could be put most fully in practice. He thanked all present for the fresh act of sympathy towards him which had been shown in the way his health was received.

Captain HOPPER, in returning thanks for the Supreme Council of Ireland, expressed the kindly feelings which actuated all the Masons of Ireland with which he was acquainted; they were always proud of being connected with their Brethren of England, any of whom, if they went to Ireland, would receive a hearty welcome by their Irish Brethren, on whose behalf he sincerely thanked them all.

The Ill. TREASURER-GENERAL then said—Brethren, I now feel much pleasure in proposing the health of the Members of American Supreme Councils. (Great applause.) In introducing the toast, the Ill. Treasurer-General said—Although we can never forget the kindness of the late Ill. Commander, Br. Gourgas, I am happy in being able to say that the Boston Supreme Council is progressing well under the able government of its Sov. Commander, Br. Raymond, assisted as he is by the talented Secretary-General, Br. Moore, and the rest of his able Council. I propose health and happiness to all of them. (This toast was received with great Masonic regard.)

Ill. Bro. Col. VERNON then proposed the health of the Ill. Bro. Henry Udall (in the chair). Col. Vernon said,—Ill. Brethren, in proposing the health of our Ill. Bro. Udall, I feel a degree of modesty at my inability to express what I am sure you all are aware I wish to say respecting him, and which he truly deserves at our hands, as a Mason of superior talent, and as a worthy man. You all know how zealous he is in promoting the interests of our Order. You all know what he has done for the Order. We are in a great degree indebted to him for the success of our Institution; he not only

Digitized by Google

gives his time, but is always willing to impart information to those connected with our Order. Witness the Brethren round our board this day, where will you find a more united band? I have always borne testimony to the courteous and gentlemanly feeling which prevails amongst the members of the High Grades, and I again repeat that of all Masonic meetings the High Grades afford me the greatest pleasure. We are very much indebted to Bro. Udall for all this; his talent, zeal, and perseverance has accomplished much, and we will now, Brethren, enthusiastically drink his health, viz., "All honour to the Most Puis. in the chair."

Ill. TREASURER-GENERAL returned thanks to the following effect. Ill. Brethren, I have great pleasure in rising to return thanks; it is gratifying to me to find that my endeavours to promote the higher degrees of our Order have been to a certain extent successful; much more remains to be done, and my best efforts shall be used to accomplish the object. I have always felt there is a solemn duty imposed on me as a member of this Supreme Council, to promulgate in their purity the true principles of the Order; and I shall at all times remember with pleasing recollection the generous and kind encouragement to effect that great object, afforded me by my Brethren of the High Grades Union—such kindness gives one fresh strength to persevere. I thank my friend Col. Vernon for his continued support, and the handsome terms in which he has introduced my name to your notice; and I feel it right to mention that before our next meeting we shall, I hope, have the happiness of numbering our valued friend, Col. Vernon, among the members of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree; and his elevation to that important rank will confer as much honour on the Council, as his own conduct has merited the honour and promotion. Brethren, I thank you all, and drink all your good healths. I have now to propose the healths of Ill. Sov. Inspectors J. A. D. Cox, Sir John Robinson, Bart., and Captain Hopper, and the other members of the Grand Council of England and Wales. Ill. Bro. Cox is a celebrated member of the Masonic Order. In Craft Masonry he has discharged every important office. His services as Worshipful Master of several Lodges are well known; as W. M. of the Grand Steward's Lodge, the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, the Lodge of Harmony, and others, none could, or can now surpass him. In the Royal Arch Degree he has attained the highest honors, and in Knight Templar Masonry he has discharged his duties, as you, most of you now present, can testify, in a masterly manner. In the Grand Conclave (under Sir Kt. Col. Tynte) he holds one of the most important offices, and to the Grand Council of the 33rd Degree he has been of great assistance: he was early in the field, he took great trouble in the early days, and has now the pleasure of witnessing its prosperity. I think, indeed I am sure, he deserves your thanks. On my right we have Sir John Robinson, Bart., and Captain Hopper. Ill. Brethren, I give you the health of the Members now present of the Supreme Council of England and Wales. (Loud applause.)

Digitized by Google

Ill. Bro. Cox said,—It affords me great pleasure, as a member of the Supreme Council, to meet so many Ill. Brethren on the present occasion. It is true we have laboured hard to effect our desire, but we are amply repaid for our trouble in having so successfully accomplished our object, viz.—the re-introduction of the high degrees of Masonry into England—from whence they originally were received by other countries. It is now several years since the higher degrees of the Order were re-introduced, and I am delighted to find the Order so greatly on the increase. The meetings of the higher grades are the most pleasant in Freemasonry, and ought to be, as they evidently are, duly appreciated. On behalf of the members of the Supreme Council, I beg you to accept our heartfelt thanks.

Sir JOHN ROBINSON proposed the health of the Members of the 32nd Degree. One of the members of that high degree, Colonel Vernon, was so well known, that it was only necessary for him to mention the name to ensure a hearty response to his toast. He felt it his duty, however, to state the well-known fact, that he had done much for Freemasonry, and was as much beloved in the Order as any man in the country. Sir John Robinson then proposed the health of Colonel Vernon and the Members of the 32nd Degree.

Colonel VERNON.—Most Puissant and Ill. Brethren, I thank you for the kind manner in which you have received my health in connection with the other members of the 32nd Degree. I have no doubt that my friend Sir John Robinson fully means what he has said, although I cannot take to myself credit for having done half as much as he has stated; but if heartfelt gratitude for the many kindnesses I have received at your hands, and untiring perseverance in promoting the prosperity of our Ill. Order, can entitle me to your good will, then I assure you there is not a member of the 33rd Degree, not a Mason in England, who can more desire your favour, or hope for kindly feeling, which it will be my constant endeavour to promote in every possible way. I thank you all very sincerely for the great kindness shown me.

The MOST PUISSANT in the chair, in proposing the health of the Grand Treasurer, Bro. Emly, said,—I know you feel great pleasure in responding to this toast. All is good connected with your Grand Treasurer. He has given you a good account of your funds; he has provided for you an excellent banquet; he has given you a good account of himself, as he always does; and as I before said, all is good connected with him. He is elsewhere a distinguished Mason, Past Master of the Grand Steward's Lodge, First Principal of the Prince of Wales' Chapter, and Grand Chancellor of the Grand Conclave of Kts. T. He is a most excellent Mason; and as a gentleman, one kinder than the Treasurer of the High Grades Union does not exist. He is deserving of our best thanks, which I now, in your name, tender to him, and call upon you to drink his good health.

The Ill. Bro. EMLY returned thanks as follows :—

Most Puissant and Ill. Brethren,—In the first place I shall thank you for your kindness in drinking my health, which I am happy to

Digitized by Google

say is very good. This is the second opportunity I have had of thanking you for your confidence in me as your Treasurer, and the third time I have been elected to that important office. It is pleasing to me to be able to announce a balance in hand after all our comforts have been paid for,—it is a proof that union is strength, and that by union we are not only enabled to enjoy many comforts ourselves, but I trust we shall also be able to render assistance to the deserving and valuable charitable institutions of the Masonic Order. There are several very excellent charities attached to the institution, viz., the Females' School, of which every Mason may proudly boast; the Boys' School, which is receiving at the present time much attention and support; the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, for granting annuities to aged and decayed Freemasons and their widows; and the Masonic Asylum, an institution which will some day prove equal if not more valuable than the others. My attention, as your Treasurer, will be turned to each of those charities, and I hope our funds will enable us to contribute to them all. In conclusion, I thank you for your confidence in me as your Treasurer, and assure you that nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote the prosperity of the High Grades Union.

The chairman then proposed the healths of the members of the 31st Degree.

The Ill. Bro. Dawes returned thanks.

The chairman then gave the healths of the Brethren who had had the 30th Degree conferred on them that day.

The Ill. Bro. Muttlebury returned thanks.

The Ill. TREASURER-GENERAL then proposed the healths of the clergy of the Order—they had many distinguished friends in the clergy—they could not fail to remember that amongst others they had Dr. Oliver, the Revs. E. Moore, and J. E. Cox. To one now present we are greatly indebted, as he has agreed to accept the office of Chaplain of this High Grades Union. We are proud to number eminent clergymen amongst us, expressing as they always do that they feel their connection with the high degrees of Freemasonry is as satisfactory to themselves as it is beneficial to the Order. I propose, therefore, the Ill. our Brethren the clergy of the Order.

Rev. GEORGE BYTHESEA said,—Most Puissant Commander and Ill. Brethren, as I see no Brother clergyman rise to return thanks for the toast which has just been named from the chair, I have reason to believe that I am the only clergyman present. On that account I request to be permitted to acknowledge the compliment. Most Puissant, the kind manner in which you have been pleased to mention my name in conjunction with our Ill. clerical Brethren of the Order, Dr. Oliver, the Revs. E. Moore, J. E. Cox, &c., and the warmth and affection with which it has been received, demand my grateful acknowledgments. It clearly convinces me that you very highly estimate the zealous exertions of the clergy, not only in promoting the welfare of the people committed to their care, and supporting every charitable institution established for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, but

Digitized by Google

that you equally prize and regard our services when employed in the defence and support of Freemasonry. Believe me, Ill. Brethren, for I speak from experience, *that the clergy are the firmest supporters of Freemasonry;* they are fully aware that the Institution is well deserving their *countenance* and *fostering care*, and therefore it is that *they* exert themselves in its behalf. Having the interests of the Order deeply at heart, Brethren, I am happy to acknowledge the merits of our Ill. Bro. Oliver, who may be rightly considered the historian of Freemasonry, and those other Brethren whose absence from us this day we one and all deplore. While therefore thanking you, Brethren, which I do most sincerely, for the honour conferred on them in conjunction with myself, in drinking our healths, I cannot forbear the offering to you my grateful thanks for the distinguished mark of approbation evinced towards myself this day, in electing me a member of the High Grades Union, thereby connecting me more intimately with the Supreme Grand Council of England and Wales. I beg to assure you, that in return for the honour conferred, it shall be my endeavour to emulate my illustrious predecessors, and to deserve your good opinion by using every exertion, and by doing everything in my power to extend the beneficial effects of our ancient and honourable institution.

Health of Ill. Bro. Perrier, who took his 30th Degree in Ireland, now a member of the High Grades Union.

Bro. Perrier returned thanks.

The usual Masonic toast of "Absent Brethren" was then given, and Ill. Treasurer-General then retired from the chair.

A meeting of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors for England and Wales, called by special summons, was held at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, on Thursday, the 26th day of May, A.D. 1853, for the purpose of filling up a vacancy in the Supreme Council. The Sov. Commander of the Order presided. The Council was very fully attended. The Council was opened in ample form. All the members of the Council being unanimous in favour of the admission of the Ill. Bro. Col. Vernon, to fill the vacancy in the Council, and Col. Vernon being in attendance, the solemn ceremonies for the admission to the august dignity and office of a Sov. Grand Inspector General were proceeded with, and the Ill. Bro. Col. Vernon was placed in the vacant stall, and proclaimed a member of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown. Other business of importance was then transacted, after which the Council was closed in ample form.

After the closing of the Council, the Sov. Grand Inspectors present entertained the Sov. Commander, Dr. Leeson, at a superb banquet, which was presided over by the Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order, the Sov. Commander being placed at his right hand. There were present to do honour to the Sov. Commander, besides that Ill. Bro., the Ill. Grand Sec. Gen. of the Order, Davyd W. Nash,

Digitized by Google

the Ill. Grand Almoner William Tucker, the Ill. Sov. Inspector General J. A. D. Cox, the Ill. Sov. Inspector Gen. Sir John Robinson, Bart., the Ill. Sov. Inspector Gen. Henry Emly, the Ill. Sov. Inspector Gen. Captain Hopper, the Ill. Sov. Inspector Gen. Frederick Albert Winsor, and the newly-admitted member of the Council, the Ill. Sov. Inspector Gen. Col. Vernon.

The Summer Festival and Convocation of the Order will be held on Wednesday, the 6th of July, at which Convocation degrees will be conferred, and all duly authorized members of the Rose Croix Degree will be admitted to the Convocation.

*** To prevent mistakes, our country Brethren are informed that all petitions for Warrants for Chapters of Rose Croix, &c. (without which that sublime Degree cannot be conferred), should be addressed to Davyd W. Nash, Esq., Secretary-General of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales, &c., Freemasons' Hall, London. To whom, also, all applications should be made in writing for admission into the higher Degrees of the Order.

ROYAL FREEMASONS' GIRLS' SCHOOL.

THE 65th Anniversary Festival of this invaluable and well-conducted Charity—an event which is always regarded with interest and delight—took place on Wednesday, the 18th of May, under the most auspicious and cheering circumstances. As a proof that the interest manifested towards this Institution has by no means abated, but, on the contrary, increases with every succeeding year, nearly 400 Brethren were this year assembled under the banners of the following Board of Stewards:—The R. W. Bro. W. Stuart, Prov. G. M. Herts., No. 2 Lodge, President; the W. M. Bro. Captain Lee, P. M., No. 830, Vice President; the W. Bro. W. Wing, P. Prov. S. G. W. Essex, P. M., No. 21, Treasurer; the W. Bro. Francis Crew, Hon. Sec.; Bro. F. Shuttleworth, No. 1; Bro. G. K. Huxley, No. 4; Bro. C. H. Gray, No. 5; Bro. R. H. Palmer, No. 6; Bro. M. Pratt, No. 7; Bro. R. P. Harding, No. 8; Bro. W. Young, No. 11; Bro. W. Leuchars, No. 14; Bro. J. Cooper, No. 18; Bro. W. Croft, No. 30; Bro. M. L. Hadley, No. 40; Bro. W. H. Kingsford, No. 54; Bro. C. F. Oldfield, No. 57; Bro. S. Isaacs, No. 66; Bro. W. R. Rogers, No. 70; Bro. W. E. Jackson, No. 87; Bro. W. L. Solomons, No. 108; Bro. T. C. Mundey, No. 109; Bro. E. Woodthorpe, No. 113; Bro. A. Schlusser, No. 116; Bro. W. Simpson, No. 233; Bro. G. Lambert, No. 234; Bro. R. W. Wheeler, No. 324; Bro. E. A. H. Lechmere, Nos. 460 & 772; Bro. H. H. Still, Nos. 460, 702, & 873.

The M. W. the G. M., the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Zetland, Patron and President of the School, presided, and was supported by Bro.

Digitized by Google

Sir Edmund Gooch, M.P., Prov. G. M. for Suffolk; Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, M.P., P.J.G.W.; Bro. W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W.; Bro. Rev. J. E. Cox, Grand Chaplain; Bro. Giraud, S. Grand Deacon; Bros. Gaskoin, Chandler, Hodgkinson, White, Potter, King, P. G. Deacons; Bro. Crohn, G. Sec. for Foreign Correspondence; Bros. Bellamy Webb, J. S. Evans, Patten, Spiers, P. G. S. B.; Bro Le Veau, G. S. B., and many other distinguished Brethren.

The Banquet, which was provided by Messrs. Watson, Coggin, and Banks, embraced every delicacy of the season, and was served in admirable style, and greatly to the credit of this establishment.

Grace was said before dinner by the Grand Chaplain, Bro. Rev. J. E. Cox; and on the removal of the cloth, a Metrical Grace, "Benedictus sit Deus in donis suis," composed by John Reading, A. D. 1675, was sung with fine effect by the professional vocalists, who were under the direction of Bro. Genge, and consisted of Miss M. Williams, the Misses Wells, Masters Caulfield, Madden, and De Solla, and Bros. T. Young, G. Perren and Lawler. Bro. Farquharson Smith presided at the piano.

Bro. Toole officiated as Toastmaster, and had no sinecure, for the Brethren did not observe that order which is so essential for the real enjoyment of such meetings; the result of this was, that most of the speeches were imperfectly heard, and others were quite inaudible. After grace had been sung, and partial silence effected,

The Grand Master rose, and said that the Brethren would all anticipate the toast which he had now the honour to propose; it was one which every Mason would drink with the utmost cordiality, for, independently of the affection and allegiance which they owed to their Sovereign, they could not forget that Her Majesty was Patroness of the Girls' School. He would give them "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and the Craft."

The National Anthem was then sung by the professional vocalists with good effect, the company joining in the chorus.

The Grand Master then proposed the healths of Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family.

Glee—"Blow, gentle gales."

Bro. B. B. Cabbell said he rose for the purpose of proposing a toast, which he was sure they all anticipated and would receive with that cordiality and respect, to which it was eminently entitled. He would not call upon them in ordinary language on this occasion to pay a compliment to the distinguished nobleman who occupied the chair, but to pay a compliment to themselves, by manifesting to his lordship a just appreciation of the services which he had rendered them, and which it had been their good fortune to enjoy during the time that he had so ably filled the office of Grand Master (loud cheers). His lordship succeeded to that high office under no ordinary circumstances, and at the same time under no ordinary difficulties, for he succeeded a Prince of the Blood, who presided over Masonry in this country for more than a quarter of a century, and who for the assiduity, business-like habits, and discharge of duty, which was manifested by that illustrious individual in all that related to Freemasonry, made it no easy task for any one who might succeed him in that high position (cheers). They had the happiness on the present occasion of receiving among them a nobleman, who, independently of his personal merits, had an hereditary claim upon them, inasmuch as he was one of those happy men, who had inherited not only high rank and distinction from

Digitized by Google

those who had preceded him, but had, moreover, the richest legacy, the example of a well-spent life (cheers). In his immediate predecessor and in the one who preceded him, whether they looked to their private life or their public character, whether they attained that character *by* Masonry, or brought it *to* Masonry, it was equally complimentary to our Order. In the present instance, connected as the noble lord was with the Masonry of this country, he was one of those men who shed a lustre upon it by the virtues which graced his private life, and by the honour and integrity which distinguished his public career (cheers). He could assure them that there was no one who felt a warmer and deeper interest in all that related to Masonry and the good of society generally than the Earl of Zetland, and as a tree was known by its fruits, so was the noble lord distinguished for his charity; and never had the Masonic Charities succeeded in so eminent a degree as they had under his Presidency (loud cheers). He was open to everyone, willing to listen to every suggestion, and no man evinced more earnestness, or a greater desire to advance the interests of the Craft than the Earl of Zetland (cheers). So long as it was their good fortune to be presided over by one who was so estimable in every relation of life, so long would they feel as much pleasure in receiving, as he did in giving, the health of their G.M. the Earl of Zetland, the President of the Royal Freemasons' School for Female Children (continued cheering).

The GRAND MASTER begged to return his grateful thanks for the kind manner in which the Brethren had received the toast proposed by his worthy and excellent friend, Bro. B. Cabbell; and although he felt that it was too complimentary on his part, yet he received it as a token of friendship and kindness towards him, and for the way in which it had been received by the Brethren, he also tendered them his warmest acknowledgments. It was perfectly true that he succeeded to the office of G.M. under peculiar circumstances and difficulties, following as he did in the steps of a Prince of the Blood, who so successfully presided over the Craft for nearly a quarter of a century. He had endeavoured, as far as lay in his power, to follow that illustrious prince, although he was sensible that it was not in his power to advance the interests of Masonry to the same extent, because his predecessor possessed far greater means for carrying his views into effect; but he had done all that he could do, and was indebted to the Craft at large for the kind manner in which they had supported his humble endeavours in that sphere, in which they had placed him (cheers). As he should be required to address them at greater length in the course of the evening, he would say no more of himself, but reiterate his thanks for the kind manner in which they had been pleased to receive his name (loud cheers).

The GRAND MASTER then proposed the Dep. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough, and the Past and Present Grand Officers.

Song, by Miss M. Williams, "Ne'er think that I'll forget thee," which was sung in such exquisite style, that it was rapturously encored.

At this stage of the proceedings the children, educated in the Masonic Girls' School, accompanied by the Members of the House Committee, the Stewards, the Matron and Governesses, entered the room, the Brethren welcoming them with repeated bursts of approbation. As they proceeded round the room, it was impossible not to be struck with their healthy and happy appearance, as denoted by their grateful looks and expressions, and to be impressed with the pleasurable fact, that but for this invaluable Charity many of those interesting and well-conducted orphans might have been thrown upon the wide world and been deprived of that protection, care, and education, which it is the laudable characteristic of this Institution to bestow. On reaching the dais, the children sang, in a beautiful and

Digitized by Google

touching manner, the following hymn, composed for the occasion by Bro. Hobbs, P. G. Organist.

FESTIVAL HYMN.

With grateful hearts, and hands upraised,
Once more our thanks are given;
Again from hence our prayers arise,
To God, the Lord of Heaven!
Each day we feel His love increase,
Each year your bounties rise;
You shield us from all earthly ills,
He guides us to the skies.

The Son of Man—He knew no place
Whereon to lay His head;
A stable was His drear abode,
A manger was His bed.
But you for us provide a home,
A mansion of delight,
Where love shall find a heritage,
And every hope be bright.

Then, shall we not most grateful be
To Him, who opens wide
The flood-gates of such charity,
As that which bids provide
The houseless with a dwelling-place,
The orphan with a home;
Who bids fell ignorance depart,
And righteousness to come?

O yes! to God all praise be given,
The God of might and power;
May He, oh benefactors dear,
Rich blessings on you shower.
Hallelujah! Amen.

After the singing of this Hymn of Praise,

The GRAND MASTER said he would now propose what might be termed the toast of the evening, namely, "Success and prosperity to the Royal Freemasons' School for Female Children"(much cheering). In giving that toast, he felt that he ought to call to their minds that they were celebrating the sixty-fifth anniversary of this Charity (cheers). It would be in the remembrance of many of the Brethren, that the lease of the Girls' School expired this year, the building having been erected in 1788, the lease being one of sixty-five years, at a ground-rent of 57*l.*, the building and outlay having cost 10,000*l.* When it was originally built it stood almost alone, only one building being near it, the Royal Circus, now the Surrey Theatre; it was then in an airy situation, with ample space for exercise and plenty of fresh air; but there was one great drawback to it, namely, that it was below high-water mark, which rendered it exceedingly damp. Within the last thirty years, however, that part of the town had so increased, that it became surrounded by a bad description of dwelling-houses, no space remained for recreation or exercise, and the air became bad and unhealthy. Under those circumstances, it was necessary for the House Committee to consider whether a new lease should be applied for, or whether they should endeavour to find a situation in a more distant locality, where a purer air and space for exercise and recreation could be secured for the children. The first course which they took was to ascertain upon what terms the corporation of London would grant a new lease, and they ascertained that they should be required to pay a ground-rent of 120*l.*, and to expend 4,000*l.* in rebuilding the premises, towards which the old materials of the present building would realise about 500*l.* Under these circumstances, it was thought better to

Digitized by Google

give up the old school, and to select a locality at a greater distance from London. A place was found at St. John's Hill, Wandsworth, admirably adapted for the purpose, being freehold property, with an excellent and ample supply of pure water. The whole expense of the purchase of this ground, and erecting a new building according to the design of the architect, Bro. Hardwick, G.S. of W., in a substantial manner, and fitted for a first-class charity school of one hundred children as complete as could be desired, with plenty of space for recreation and exercise, involved an outlay of 12,000*l.*; such an outlay was, however, far more economical than patching up the old school, and keeping the children in a situation so ill-calculated for their health and recreation(cheers). So large an outlay, however, required great exertions to raise the necessary funds, and to enable the House Committee to carry out this undertaking; but he was happy to say that last year the sum raised was beyond what any one expected; and although still further exertions were required to put the school in the state in which it ought to be, he hoped that the Brethren would this evening show that their means, as well as their inclination, were adequate to the emergency of the case, and creditable to the Craft in general (cheers). In the neighbourhood of the school there was a church, which afforded easy access to religious worship; and the salubrity of the situation was such, that, notwithstanding the past winter had been very severe, the children had been more healthy, and appeared so now, than they had ever been before. He thought that all that could, had been done and undertaken; but the first year of a new house was always the most trying, and therefore it was most satisfactory to find that, as far as their own energies went, aided by the excellent governess of this institution and her valuable assistants, they had succeeded in keeping the children in such good health, for he felt confident that in every face better health and stronger constitutions were perceptible (cheers). He was quite sure that what they saw before them at this moment would stimulate them to continue those exertions, and to act so liberally and charitably as to make their sixty-fifth anniversary the most glorious of the whole series (cheers); for, much as he valued all their Masonic Charities, he could not withhold from them that he regarded the Girls' School as the chief, and that of which the Craft had the greatest reason to be proud (much cheering). If that school failed, Masonry would be degraded, and as Charity was the emblem of their Order, he thought that the best way of showing it was in the maintenance of such an Institution, and he felt confident that they entertained as high an estimation of it as they ever had done. With these remarks, he should leave the cause in their hands, feeling assured that the scene before them would exercise a beneficial influence, and give effect to the promptings of their generous hearts (loud and continued cheering).

Bro. Beadon, P.G.J.W., then came forward, and taking Ellen Tucker, an interesting child, by the hand, said it now became his pleasing duty, as on former occasions, to present to his lordship the girl, who had so conducted herself as to meet the approbation of the Matron, the teachers, and House Committee, and to be declared by the unanimous voice of the children to be most entitled to the silver medal (cheers). This girl, whose name was Ellen Tucker, came from the Isle of Wight, one of the smallest Provinces under his lordship's control; on the last occasion he had the pleasure of presenting a girl from one of the largest Provinces, namely, from his lordship's own Riding in Yorkshire. It had afforded him great gratification to present one from so large a Province, and equally so now to present one from the smallest Province. He begged, therefore, to present to his lordship Ellen Tucker, and trusted that she would through life be as distinguished for similar good conduct to that which she had evinced during the time that she had been an inmate of the Girls' School (cheers).

Digitized by Google

The GRAND MASTER then invested the child with the silver medal, and said he had great pleasure in presenting her with that token, which he felt sure she had well deserved, and he trusted that she would keep it as a record of her good conduct, and in future years continue to bear as high a character as she had won for herself from the House Committee, her teachers, and young companions (much cheering). The girl then courtsied in acknowledgment to the G. M. and the Brethren, after which the children sang, in a charming manner, the following hymn "Good Night."

ADIEU, O benefactors dear,
Farewell for yet another year;
May you till then in peace be blest
With days of joy, and nights of rest.

Once more, good night, O patrons dear;
May you at ev'ry coming year
With love fraternal each one greet,
And live in lasting friendship sweet.

Good night again, may heavenly light
Shine o'er you all. Good night, good night.

On the conclusion of this hymn the children once more proceeded round the Hall, while the Brethren emptied into their little aprons every remnant of the desert, so that, like the honey bee, they returned home laden with sweets.

The GRAND MASTER then proposed "The Grand Masters of Ireland and Scotland."

The GRAND MASTER begged to propose a toast, which, he said, specially deserved their good-will and consideration, for it was the health of a Brother, who was not only pre-eminently connected with every Charity in Masonry, but with every Charitable Institution of this country, and who had shown himself in every sense of the word a true Mason, and had done in his long career as great an amount of charity as any Mason that had ever lived. He felt that it was unnecessary to say one word more, for no man was better known, or more highly esteemed than Bro. Bond Cabbell, whose health he begged to propose in connection with that of the Vice-Presidents and Trustees of the Girls' School (much cheering).

From this time the noise and confusion appeared to increase, notwithstanding that the G. M., and the Toast Master did all in their power to check it, but without effect.

Bro. B. Cabbell returned thanks at some length, but, owing to the noise which prevailed, was quite inaudible.

Duet—"The Fairy Dance," by the Misses Wells, which was encored.

The GRAND MASTER said the next toast deserved their best attention, and he doubted not would be drunk with cordiality and good-will, "The House Committee, the Honorary Physicians and Surgeons of the Girls' School, and many thanks to them for their judicious attention to the Charity" (loud cheers).

Bro. BEADON said he was deputed by the House Committee to respond to this toast, and for the kindness which had been shown to them.

Digitized by Google

He felt it only justice to mention that they were greatly indebted to Bros. Hardwick and Giraud, the former having remitted one half of his commission as the architect of the new School House, a donation equivalent to 250*l.* (loud cheers), and Bro. Giraud having given the whole of his professional services gratuitously (loud and continued cheering).

Bro. GIRAUD, S. G. D., for himself and Bro. Hardwick, begged to return thanks for this toast. For twenty-three years he had held the office of Honorary Solicitor to the Charity, and he assured them that it always afforded him the greatest satisfaction to be useful to it, or to contribute in any way to the benefit of Masonry (cheers). He could add that Bro. HARDWICK felt the same as he had done, and that they should always have the greatest pleasure in promoting the welfare of an Institution, in which they felt the deepest interest (loud cheers).

The list of subscriptions, amounting to £1,660, was then read by the Secretary, Bro. Crew, and frequent expressions of applause were made during the recital.

The GRAND MASTER said that the next toast which he wished to give was the health of the Stewards, and thanks to them for the attention and support which they had given to the Charity. They had done all they could to promote the comfort of the Brethren, and had given the chair most efficient support (loud cheers).

Bro. Capt. LEE, Vice-President of the Board of Stewards, responded to the toast, and expressed his regret that better order had not been kept, as in consequence they had lost the benefit of some excellent speeches.

The GRAND MASTER said they had been highly honoured by the presence of the Ladies, and he was sure that it was their object, as it was his own, to show them every possible attention and respect, and for that reason he begged them to drink, with the fullest bumpers, the parting toast, "The Ladies."

The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.

The GRAND MASTER then left the Chair, and proceeded to the Glee Room, which then became the point of attraction, where a large and crowded audience enjoyed a rich musical treat, to which Miss Williams, the Misses Wells, Masters Caulfield, Madden, De Solla, and Bros. T. Young, G. Perren, and Lawler, contributed with signal success; Bro. Farquharson Smith presiding at the piano.

The Festival, taken as a whole, was most successful, and realised a larger amount than on any former occasion.

Thus far we have had a pleasing duty to perform; but justice to the R.W. the G.M., and the Craft, now requires that we should notice more particularly a less gratifying part of the proceedings. It was a subject of general remark that, with only one exception, not one of the Past or Present Grand Officers was present, and that many of the most influential Brethren, who had formerly been in the habit of attending this Festival, were absent. No one can regret

Digitized by Google

this more than ourselves; but whilst we thus allude to their non-attendance, we feel it is scarcely to be expected that those, who consider order and decorum to be amongst the first principles of Masonry, will attend any meetings where the majority of the Brethren give way to noise and disturbance to such an extent as to call for severe rebuke from those who take a most active part in the proceedings, and exert themselves for the benefit of the Institution. The Brethren on this occasion seemed quite to have forgotten that the M.W. the G.M. was in the chair, and that at the sound of his H. it was the imperative duty of each to be at once silent, and to give the greatest attention to the proceedings. It is quite absurd to assert that in so large a company it is not to be expected that silence can be observed, since at the last Grand Festival, as we have recorded, nothing could be more decorous than the conduct of those who were present. We are very much inclined to think that the Stewards might have enforced the order, which is so requisite, on this occasion, had not so many crowded the dais, but had sat down with those Brethren who were arranged under their respective banners, and acted towards them as a host would have presided over his guests. All would then have gone on smoothly. If the Stewards ought to have thus acted, the Brethren ought also to have recollected that the eyes of their wives, daughters, and female friends were upon them, and that it must be difficult to make these ladies believe, that when Masons met in Lodge they conducted themselves with propriety and good order. It was impossible that they could do so when they saw the assembled Brethren acting in so noisy, and we must add, so inconsiderate a manner, as was alike painfully the case on this, as on the last occasion of the Girls' School Festival.

THE CHARITIES.

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

FOR AGED FREEMASONS AND THEIR WIDOWS.

REPORT of the Proceedings of the Annual General Meeting, held at Freemasons' Hall, London, on Friday, the 20th day of May, 1853, the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M.W. G.M. in the chair:—

The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting on the 21st of May, 1852, were read and approved.

The following Report of Audit was read, and ordered to be entered on the Minutes, viz.:—

"The undersigned, having audited the Treasurer's Accounts from

Digitized by Google

the 1st of April, 1852, to the 31st of March, 1853, inclusive, and the several vouchers being produced, do find the same correct, and which appeared as follows:—

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

FOR MALE ANNUITANTS.

Balance 31st March, 1852					£496	6 8
Subsequent Receipts					1588	3 9
					£2084	10 5
Disbursements			£1357	10 7		
Purchase of £400, 3 per Cent. Consols			398	0 0		
					1755	10 7
Balance					£328	19 10

FOR WIDOWS ANNUITANTS.

Balance 31st March, 1852			£89	13 5		
Subsequent Receipts			213	7 1		
			£303	0 6		
Disbursements	£255	2 9				
Purchase of £45 3s. 2d. 3 per Cent. Consols	45	0 0				
			£300	2 9		
Balance					2	17 9

FOR BUILDING.

Receipts			£56	6 6		
Disbursements			1	18 0		
Balance					54	8 6
Total Balance, which is in the hands of Messrs. Willis, Percival, & Co., Bankers of the Treasurer					£386	6 1

(Signed) HENRY T. FOREMAN, Auditor.

Grand Secretary's Office, Freemasons' Hall,
6th May, 1853.

The following Report of the Committee of Management was read, approved, and ordered to be entered on the Minutes, viz.:—

"The Committee of Management, in presenting the eleventh annual Report, beg to state that, in the month of March, 1852, the period when the number of Annuitants to be elected was decided, there were forty-five Brethren living and receiving the benefits of the Institution; the committee, therefore, fixed the number to be elected at ten, at the annual meeting, and which number was accordingly elected. However, between that period and the meeting of the Committee in June, two of the forty-five had died. The Committee, finding that there were upon the list of candidates two applicants, viz. Bro. Samuel Bromley, aged 89 years, and Bro. John Potts, aged 86 years, who had been unsuccessful on repeated ballots, felt themselves justified, under Article 46, to place them on the list of annuitants, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the deaths referred to, thereby completing the number of male annuitants to fifty-five, as

Digitized by Google

intended prior to the day of election, being an increase of four over the preceding year. Of the 55 so placed on the Institution, 43 were Members of Country Lodges, receiving amongst them 834*l.* per annum; and 12 were from London Lodges, receiving amongst them 259*l.* per annum.

"At the annual meeting in May, 1852, the number of widows, including those elected in May last, was 12, all of whom are living; but Mary Ann Marshall, one of that number, having fortunately come possessed of sufficient means to provide for herself without the aid of this Institution, addressed a letter to the Committee, declining longer to be a recipient of the funds which others might stand in need of. The Committee have much pleasure in bringing this fact to the notice of the Governors and Subscribers, evincing as it does the correct feeling of Mrs. Marshall, and proving how worthy she was of assistance whilst struggling with adversity.

"The Committee feel great regret in observing that the receipts of the year just terminated have fallen short of those of the preceding year by about 100*l.* Under these circumstances, there is no opportunity of electing more than five male annuitants at the approaching annual meeting, or even of filling up the vacancy of the widows' fund, caused by the retirement of Mrs. Marshall; but it is hoped that the exertion of the Lodges and Brethren for the future will prevent a recurrence of so painful a nature. The amount of Stock, purchased under the direction of the laws, has been 400*l.* Three per Cent. Consols, on account of the fund for male annuitants, and 45*l.* 3s. 2d. on account of the widows' fund.

"The annuitants at present occupying apartments in the Asylum at Croydon are five men and six widows.

"The Committee present a statement of the finances of the Institution from the 1st of April, 1852, to the 31st March, 1853:—

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

FOR MALE ANNUITANTS.

Balance 31st March, 1852				£496	6 8
Subsequent Receipts:—					
Donations from Grand Lodge	£400	0	0		
,, from Grand Chapter	100	0	0		
,, from Lodges, Chapters, and Individuals	225	15	0		
Annual Subscriptions	653	8	0		
Dividends	209	0	9		
				1588	3 9
				£2084	10 5
Disbursements:—					
Annuitants	£1099	5	0		
William Farnfield, Secretary	100	0	0		
Thomas Barton, Messenger	10	0	0		
Warden, Gate-keeper, and Gardener, at the Asylum	20	0	0		
John Nicholls, Collector, commission	36	11	3		
A. U. Thisselton, for printing	54	14	1		

Digitized by Google

Brought forward..	1320	10	4			
Powers of Attorney, and transfer of Stock	6	13	6			
Postage, Advertisements, and Petty Disbursements	30	6	9			
	£1357	10	7			
Purchase of £400, 3 per Cent. Consols	398	0	0			
						1755 10 7
Balance						£328 19 10

FOR WIDOWS ANNUITANTS.

Balance 31st March, 1852				£89	13	5
Subsequent Receipts :—						
Donations from Grand Lodge	£100	0	0			
„ from Grand Chapter	35	0	0			
„ from Lodges, Chapters, and Individuals	25	0	0			
Annual Subscriptions	30	17	0			
Dividends	22	10	1			
				213	7	1
				£303	0	6
Disbursements :—						
Annuitants	£201	5	0			
William Farnfield, Secretary	20	0	0			
Thomas Barton, Messenger	2	0	0			
John Nicholls, Collector, commission	2	0	6			
A. U. Thisselton, for printing	17	4	3			
Powers of Attorney, and transfer of Stock	2	13	0			
Postage, Advertisements, and Petty Disbursements	10	0	0			
	£255	2	9			
Purchase of £45 3s. 2d. 3 per Cent. Consols	45	0	0			
				300	2	9
Balance						£2 17 9

FOR BUILDING.

Receipts :—						
Donations from Lodges, Chapters, and Individuals				£32	7	0
Annual Subscriptions				23	19	6
				£56	6	6
Disbursements :—						
John Nichols, Collector, commission				1	18	0
Balance						54 8 6
Total Balance, as per Auditor's Report to 31st March, 1853						£386 6 1

And there is standing in the names of Trustees the following amount of Stock in the 3 per Cents. :—

Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Male Annuitants	Consols,	£3700	0	0	..	£7200	0 0
	Reduced,	3500	0	0			
Widows' Fund	Consols,	395	3	2	....	795	3 2
	Reduced,	400	0	0			

Digitized by Google

Sustentation Fund for Building, Consols 521 14 9
And a Cash Balance at Bankers of £16 13 3.

For Building, £700 in Exchequer Bills, and a Cash Balance at Bankers of £33 5s. 10d.

(Signed) E. H. PATTEN, V.P.
Grand Secretary's Office, Freemasons' Hall, Chairman.
London, 11th May, 1853."

Resolved—That the thanks of the Governors and Subscribers be recorded to the W. Bro. Thomas L. Henley, Honorary Surgeon to the Institution, for his valuable professional services to the inmates of the Asylum at Croydon during the past year.

The Noble Chairman stated that the Brethren would have to elect, to form part of the Committee of Management, three Brethren, in lieu of Bros. Henry Faudel, Thomas Parkinson, and Henry Bellamy Webb, who go out in accordance with the 6th Article of the Rules, but who are eligible to be re-elected. Also three Brethren as Auditors for the ensuing year.

The following Brethren were proposed to fill the vacancies in the Committee of Management: Louis Lemanski, J. Stohwasser, and John Francis White.

No others being put in nomination, they were declared elected.

The following are on the Committee of Management for the ensuing year, viz.:—J. N. Bainbridge, M.D. P.M., 329; John Hill, 212; John Leach, 109; Herbert Lloyd, W.M., 14; Louis Lemanski, P.M., 778; William Stephenson, P.M., 14; J. Stohwasser, W.M., 8; John Vink, P.M., 66; George Wakerbath, P.M., 66; John Francis White, P.M., 36.

Bros. Nicholas Bradford, Henry Faudel, and Charles Robinson, being severally proposed and seconded, were declared elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

Brethren were then nominated to receive and examine the balloting papers, and other Brethren to act as Scrutineers.

Resolved, Unanimously—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Zetland, M.W. Grand Master, for his kindness in presiding over this meeting, and for the interest he continues to manifest for the prosperity of this Institution.

His Lordship being obliged to retire, he requested the W. Bro. John Savage, a Vice-President of the Institution, to take the Chair.

The Scrutineers Reported the result of the Ballot as follows:—

	No. Polled. 1852.	No. Polled. 1853.	Total.
James Price . . .	2180	3050	5230
William Simcox . .	...	4371	4371
Edward Dann . . .	324	3450	3774
John Witham . . .	186	3555	3741
Ralph Ord	...	3207	3207

Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Scrutineers.

Resolved—That the result of the Ballot as to the successful

Digitized by Google

Candidates be advertised in the *Times*, *Daily News*, and *Advertiser*, Morning Papers; *Globe* and *Standard*, Evening Papers; and *Era*, Sunday Paper.

Resolved—That the proceedings of this day be printed, and circulated amongst the Lodges under the Grand Lodge of England.

Resolved—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the W. Bro. John Savage, for the manner in which he has presided subsequently to the M.W. Grand Master leaving the Chair.

By Order, W. FARNFIELD, Secretary.

METROPOLITAN.

The members of the Lodge of Honour and Generosity, No. 194, having at their last meeting unanimously voted a testimonial of their high esteem and regard to the Treasurer of the Lodge, Bro. Richard Lea Wilson, it was presented at a banquet held at the "Greyhound" hotel, at Richmond, on Wednesday, June 15th, Bro. R. C. Driver presiding, attended by every member of the Lodge.

PROVINCIAL.

ESSEX.

ROYAL ARCH.—A warrant having been granted for the establishment of a new chapter, to be attached to the Lodge, No. 817, under the title of the "North Essex Chapter of Royal Arch Masons," the chapter was opened at the "White Hart Hotel," in Bocking, on Monday, May 16, by Companion Watson, P.Z., No. 25; R. Lea Wilson, P. Z., No. 661; S. D. Forbe, P.Z., No. 59; and J. How, P.Z., No. 593. The principals, Rev. S. Lea Wilson, M.E.Z., S. J. Surridge, H., and F. Brown, J., were installed by Comp. Watson. There were six candidates for exaltation, which ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Lea Wilson, M.E.Z., assisted by Comp. J. How, as Principal Sojourner, in the most efficient manner, calling forth the highest encomiums from every Companion present; indeed, the whole ceremony from the beginning of the installations to the end of the sublime ceremony, was conducted most ably.

Digitized by Google

The Treasurer, Comp. W. P. Honeywood, announced to the Companions that there would be a balance in his hands after paying all the expenses. The members of the Chapter with their visitors, to the number of twenty, adjourned to the banquet-room and partook of refreshment, handsomely provided by Comp. Durrant, at the expense of the three principals.

KENT.

FOLKESTONE.—*Provincial Grand Lodge of Kent.*—It is long since we witnessed so gratifying an exhibition of the strength of Freemasonry in the Provinces as at the Festival of the Prov. Grand Lodge of Kent on Monday, the 20th of June. The great object of the assemblage was the installation of Bro. Charles Purton Cooper, the eminent Queen's counsel, into the chair of the Province. The meeting was held under the Temple Lodge of Folkestone, No. 816; but their Lodge room not being large enough for the numerous Brethren in attendance, the Town Hall was used on the occasion. The Lodge was opened in due form and with solemn prayer by Bro. Alexander Dobie, Prov. G. M. for Surrey, and G. Reg., Bro. W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W., acting as Dep. G. M.; Bro. Catlaine, S. G. W.; Bro. Brooke Jones, No. 155, J.G.W.

The business commenced with the Prov. G. Sec., Bro. Isaacs, reading the M. W. the G. M's. Warrant of the appointment of Bro. Cooper, who was installed by Bro. Dobie, which ceremony was performed with his accustomed ability. The new Prov. G. M. then appointed his Officers, viz.:—Bro. Thomas Bisgood, No. 376, Dep. G. M.; Bro. Campbell, No. 376, S.G.W.; Bro. Thomas Hill, J.G.W.; Bro. Lambert, No. 146, S. G. D.; Bro. H. Harvey, J. G. D.; Bro. the Rev. David Jones, of Greenwich, G. Chap.; Bro. Pousett, G. Dir. of Cer.; Bro. Cruttenden, G.S.B.; Bro. Quaite, G.P.; Bros. Lingard, G. and S. Isaacs, Hodgson, and G. Tyler, G. Stewards; and the Prov. G.M. said he had much pleasure in continuing Bro. Charles Isaacs in the office of G. Sec., which he had long filled in a most satisfactory manner. Bro. William Saunders was then re-elected G. Treas. The Lodge then adjourned to attend divine service at the ancient church, in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION:—

Band of the Rifle Brigade.
Two Tylers.
The Temple Lodge of Folkestone, No. 816.
The Belvidere Lodge of Maidstone, No. 741.
The Lodge of Sympathy of Gravesend, No. 709.
The Royal Navy Lodge of Ramsgate, No. 621.
The Lodge of Emulation of Dartford, No. 376.
The Lodge of Peace and Harmony of Dovor, No. 235.
The United Lodge of Benevolence of Chatham, No. 216.
Adams Lodge of Sheerness, No. 184.
The Lodge of Harmony of Faversham, No. 155.
The Union Lodge of Margate, No. 149.
The Prince Edwin's Lodge of Hythe, No. 147.
The Lodge of Freedom of Gravesend, No. 91.
The United Industrious Lodge of Canterbury, No. 34.

Digitized by Google

The Royal Kent Lodge of Antiquity of Chatham, No. 20.

Prov. G. Steward. { The Banner of the Prov. Grand Lodge, carried by a Master Mason. } Prov. G. Steward.

The Provincial Grand Pursuivant.
The Provincial Grand Organist.
Past Provincial Grand Sword Bearers.
Past Provincial Grand Superintendents of Works.
The Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works.
The Past Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies.
Past Provincial Grand Deacons.
The Provincial Grand Secretary, with Book of Constitutions.
Past Provincial Grand Registrars.
The Provincial Grand Registrar.
The Provincial Grand Treasurer.
Past Provincial Grand Wardens.
The Corinthian Light, borne by a Master Mason.
The Column of Junior Provincial Grand Warden, borne by a Master Mason.
The Provincial Junior Grand Warden, with Plumb Rule.
The Doric Light, borne by a Master Mason.
The Column of the Senior Provincial Grand Warden, borne by a Master Mason.
The Senior Provincial Grand Warden, with the Level.
The Junior Provincial Grand Deacon.

Prov. G. Steward. { The Provincial Grand Chaplain, with the Volume of the Sacred Law. } Prov. G. Steward.

Past Deputy Provincial Grand Master.
The Ionic Light, borne by a Master Mason.
Visitors of Distinction,
Bro. Patten, P.G.S.B. ; Bro. G. P. de Rhé Philipe, P.G.S.B.
Bro. the Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C. ; Bro. the Rev. E. Moore, G.C.
Bro. A. Dobie, Prov. G.M., Surrey ; and G.R. Bro. W. H. Beadon, P.J.G.W.
The Deputy Provincial Grand Master, with the Square.
The Registrar of the Grand Lodge of England.
A Past Master, bearing the Mallet of the R. W. Provincial Grand Master.
The Provincial Grand Sword Bearer.
The Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master.
The Senior Provincial Grand Deacon.
Two Provincial Grand Stewards.
Provincial Grand Tyler.

The daily afternoon service was performed, and instead of the Psalms and lessons of the day, the 104th Psalm was selected, as well as the 36th chap. of Job, and the 4th chap. of the Epistle to the Galatians, from the service for the Queen's Accession. The sermon was preached by Bro. the Rev. D. Jones, the Prov. G. Chap., who took for his text Prov. xxv. 9: "Debate thy cause with thy brother himself; and discover not a secret to another." Of course it is impossible for us to attempt to afford space for even an outline of the preacher's excellent discourse; but we may notice that he justified the Fraternity in continuing a secret means of recognition, which had been sanctioned from the earliest times, as the wisest of men showed clearly in the text. It had continued throughout all ages, as history testified,—every society had its secrets, which were not published to the world; Freemasons employed their secret signs in communicating their wants when in distress in foreign lands, and where other language could not be understood. Addressing, as he then was, a mixed congregation, the Rev. Bro. demonstrated the

Digitized by Google

excellency of Freemasonry, by its precepts enforcing the practice of every social and public virtue, the study of the sacred volume of our faith, and a regular and constant attendance on public worship; all their ceremonies were dedicated to the Great Architect of the universe; and the divine precept of "Peace on earth and good will towards men," was the leading principle of the Order. In his own neighbourhood he had on every occasion asserted the claims of Freemasonry to the esteem and regard of the orderly, the sober-minded, and the good, by pointing out the superiority of the moral conduct and general good behaviour of its members. He then, addressing the Brethren, charged them ever to follow the Christian virtues of charity, piety, and kindness; to be ever careful of the health of their immortal souls; never to let immorality or sensuality tempt them from the straight path; to "let their light so shine" that others might imitate it; and finally, concluded by soliciting the contributions of the Brethren to a collection in aid of two Institutions —the National Schools of Folkestone, and the Asylum for Aged and Distressed Freemasons and their Widows, which request was most liberally responded to. The Church was crowded; excepting the Brethren, the attendants were chiefly of the fair sex.

The Brethren then, in reversed order, returned to the Guildhall, and the Lodge was resumed. The Prov. G.M. then moved that a testimonial be presented to Bro. Gilbert Ashley, who had for thirteen years performed the duties of Dep. Prov. G.M., which was seconded by the S. Prov. G.W. and carried unanimously, as was also a motion for appointing a Committee to carry that object into effect. The unanimous thanks of the Prov. G.L. was given to the Prov. G.M. of Surrey, for his services since the death of Bro. Humphry; to the Prov. G. Chap., for his excellent discourse; to the Vicar of Folkestone, for the use of the church; and also to other officers for their several services. The Lodge was then duly closed, and the Brethren resorted to the Pavilion Hotel, there to partake of an elegant banquet, furnished in Bro. Breach's accustomed excellent style. The banquet exhibited every delicacy attainable; and about 120 Brethren were assembled to partake of its enjoyments. The cloth being removed,

The R. W. Prov. Grand Master then rose, and in eloquent terms proposed "The health of Her Majesty the Queen," and expressed his hope that as the two preceding Princes of Wales had been members of the Craft, the heir-apparent would, at the proper age, follow their example; it was well known that the Fraternity had her Majesty's good wishes, her father and uncles having all been, with but one exception, members of the body; he was informed on good authority that arrangements were at one time made for the initiation of her excellent consort, which was, however, frustrated by the rather sudden decease of the Duke of Sussex.

"God save the Queen," by Mr., Miss, and Mr. W. Ransford, which was sang in a way that called forth loud cheers.

In proposing the M.W.G.M., the Earl of Zetland, the Prov. G.M.

Digitized by Google

observed that if we might judge of the success of an Institution by its increase, the election of the Earl of Zetland had been most satisfactory, for since the noble earl's election in 1844, the number of Lodges had increased at least one sixth.

To the toast "The Dep. G.M. the Earl of Yarborough, and the rest of the G. Officers, the Prov. G.M. called on Bro. W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W., to respond, observing that the Earl of Yarborough had expressed a hope that he might be as successful in Kent in inducing the clergy to enter the Order as he (the Earl of Yarborough) had been in Lincolnshire; he was gratified with having been honoured on that day by the presence of both the Gr. Chaplains, Bros. the Rev. J. E. Cox and E. Moore, the latter being a resident in the Province.

Bro. W. F. BEADON expressed himself much pleased to return thanks before so goodly an assemblage thus congregated to hail the accession of Bro. Cooper; it proved to him the sound judgment of the G.M. in making the appointment, and he was satisfied that though Masonry had made great strides under their late Prov. G.M., the exertions of Bro. Cooper would still increase it.

Miss Ransford here sung "Rode's Air" with variations, which gave her opportunity of showing forth her talent, and the surprising compass of her voice.

The Prov. GRAND MASTER for Surrey gave the health of the Prov. G.M., and called on the Freemasons of Kent to afford their G.M. that support which he well deserved for his high attainments in the profession to which he belonged; his ability, and gentlemanly bearing, would necessarily enable him to fulfil the duties of his position. The toast was most enthusiastically received.

The Prov. GRAND MASTER said, the sensations under which I labour almost prevent utterance; my services to Freemasonry do not deserve all that has been said of me; but I assure you, Brethren, that on my part no efforts shall be wanting to render me a useful member of the Craft, especially as I well know that Kentish Masons are so numerous and so able as to supply all I may want. The history of Freemasonry assures me that Kent has reason to be proud of its members. I know also that Masonry first struck root in Kent, and although we are not in possession of any documents to prove the Freemasonry of the early ages of the world was such as now exists, yet during my researches under the Record Commission I alighted on a record which showed, that in 1423, there was at Canterbury a Lodge, which was ruled by the Archbishop, who was also the Lord High Chancellor; and it is well known that Warham, who in 1504 held both those high offices, was a Mason. It is my intention personally to visit every Lodge in the Province during the ensuing autumn months; and I promise at all times to be ready to hear and attend to any suggestions that may be offered to me, and thus endeavour to deserve some part of the applause you have awarded—the whole is, I fear, beyond my attainments. The Prov. G.M. sat down completely overpowered by a Kentish fire.

Digitized by Google

Glee, "When time was entwining."

The Prov. GRAND MASTER in proposing the health of the Prov. G.M. of Surrey, took occasion to remark that it was rarely that so many offices were centred in one individual, and so ably administered, as in Bro. Dobie, to whom he was indebted for the kindness in attending and installing him that day. The toast was most enthusiastically received.

Bro. DOBIE in acknowledging the compliment thus paid him, said he could only account for the warm greeting with which his name had been received, by his presiding at the Festival of last year, and he could not avoid saying that, although at Gravesend he had a most kind reception from Kentish men, yet it was exceeded by the present greeting from the men of Kent; as his services were rated so high he hoped the Freemasons of Kent would receive his assurance that their newly-appointed Prov. G.M. would be all they could desire.

After a song from Bro. Ransford,

The Prov. GRAND MASTER proposed the Dep. Prov. G.M. and the rest of the Grand Officers, and with regard to his Deputy, he could only say that Bro. Bisgood's exertions in other places warranted his anticipations that Kent would benefit by the appointment; the Wardens and Deacons were each and all able Masons; the Prov. Grand Chaplain, Bro. Jones, had, he believed, for twenty years ably performed his duties; it was impossible for any Grand Lodge to have a better Secretary than Bro. Isaacs; and last, and not least on this occasion, in Bro. Poussett they had a most efficient and active Master of the Ceremonies.

Bro. BISGOOD returned thanks to the Prov. G.M. for the kind observations, and was pleased to find his name so generously received, being so little known, as he had but recently become a member of a Kentish Lodge; he assured the Freemasons of Kent he should ever be ready to lend his aid to further the interests of the Craft in the Province; his self-esteem was considerably raised by the position to which he had been elevated, and hoped that when he retired from office he should as well deserve their approbation as his predecessor, Bro. Ashley; and concluded his remarks by entreating the Brethren, in the language of the immortal bard,—

> "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

Song, "The yellow-hair'd laddie," Miss Ransford.

In proposing "The Visitors," the Prov. G.M. especially noticed a Brother who was a native of the East, Bro. Jevanjee Pestonjee, and also several other foreign Brethren, to whom the men of Kent had an opportunity of saying—the object of our Order is to inculcate the doctrine of universal peace and good-will. Among the visitors he would name Bro. M. Dawson, a member of the Lodge, with which he himself had long been connected.

Bro. JEVANJEE PESTONJEE said—To acknowledge this distinguished mark of your friendship I find some difficulty, your language being

Digitized by Google

foreign to my own; but when I look at this goodly assembly, presided over by a G.M. whose talents and whose virtues add a lustre to our Order, I congratulate myself on being present at this ceremony of an Institution which makes no distinction between Christian or Mahometan, Jew or Parsee; an Institution based on the pillars of Faith, Hope, and Charity. I thank the Fraternity for my reception in England. Far from home, country, and friends, I have found family, country, and home with Freemasons. (These few words were delivered with a clearness of enunciation, so free from peculiar accent as to elicit great praise.)

Bro. MASSEY DAWSON said that, though not personally connected with Kent, he had previously, in his professional duties, opportunities of witnessing the proverbial hospitality of the Province. He was pleased to hear of the appointment of Bro. Cooper—one of the first-class men in Oxford, and to whom the country was deeply indebted for his vast services in Chancery Reform.

The Prov. G. M. then gave Br. Boyce and the rest of the Past Grand Officers of Kent; to which Br. Boyce responded.

Bro. JACOBS, on being called upon, extemporised on subjects which he requested might be suggested, and, certainly, seven more discordant it would be impossible to find. They were—Eggs and Bacon, Charity, Mesmerism, The Rapping Spirits, Table Turning, Masonry, and The Ladies. All the difficulties of this task Bro. Jacobs continued to surmount, and, in easy rhyme, and a cheerful melody, afforded considerable amusement.

Bro. BEADON requested to be allowed to propose a toast. He said, from what he had heard that day, Freemasonry had nowhere been carried on more prosperously than in Kent; and, as we boasted to have "antiquity's pride on our side," he wished "Success to Freemasonry in Kent," and to that he would add the name of Bro. Godden, the oldest member present.

Bro. GODDEN, in returning thanks, said that he had been initiated in the Temple Lodge, Folkestone, forty-seven years since; that the Lodge had become extinct, and lately had been resuscitated, for which, as for the proposition of his health, he was most grateful.

The Prov. G. M. proposed "The Temple Lodge, and thanks for the reception of the day," to which Bro. Harley, W.M. of the Lodge, responded, and the meeting broke up.

Among the Brethren Visitors present, we noticed Bro. W. F. Beadon, P. J. G. W.; Bros. the Rev. J. E. Cox and E. Moore, G. Chap.; Bros. Phillipe and Patten, P. G. S. B.; Bro. Massey Dawson, G. Steward; Bros. Crew and Robinson, P. G. Stewards; Bros. S. B. Wilson, De Bernardy, How, and W. S. Masterman.

In concluding our report of the proceedings, it is due to Br. Poussett, Prov. G. Dir. of Cer., to recognize his efficient arrangements throughout the entire business, every part of which was admirably conducted.

Digitized by Google

OXFORDSHIRE.

FREEMASONRY IN OXFORD. — On Wednesday, May 11th, the Apollo University Lodge held its ordinary monthly meeting at the Masonic Hall. In consequence of the very large number of initiations which have taken place of late, the claimants for the second and third Degrees were so numerous that it was necessary to hold a meeting in the afternoon for those ceremonies. The Worshipful Master Bro. Best on this occasion invited his officers and a few other friends to dine with him in order to discuss the question of the proposal to have a Masonic ball, during the ensuing commemoration, which was unanimously decided on. The Brethren present gave very liberal guarantees of assistance (pecuniary and otherwise) to the undertaking; and from the very successful issue of the one held last year at Mr. Wyatt's room, there is every reason to believe that this year, as the Committee have decided on applying for the use of the Town Hall, it will prove one of the most attractive features of the forthcoming festivities. The Lodge re-assembled at 7 o'clock, when the Earl of Lincoln and the Hon. E. Vernon, of Ch. Ch., and four other members of the University, were regularly initiated. As this was the last regular Lodge for the term, a very large number of the Brethren of the two Lodges attended. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the banquet was announced, and a very choice and bountiful repast was served to about eighty Brethren, under the very genial influence of the best of wines and viands, and presided over by one so highly and deservedly esteemed as Bro. Best, the evening passed most delightfully. The Worshipful the Mayor was present, and duly acknowledged the very warm and enthusiastic reception with which his name as Master of the Alfred Lodge was greeted by the Brethren of the Apollo.

On Thursday morning an Encampment of Knights Templar was held at the Masonic Hall, Sir Knight the Rev. E. Pettat presided as Eminent Commander, and seven Companions were duly received into that august body, including the Rev. Octavius Ogle, W. Martin Atkins, R. J. Hansard, Rev. J. G. Wood, and others.

Thursday, May 12th, having been fixed for the anniversary of the Churchill Lodge, which two years since was moved from Henley to Nuneham, the Brethren who are members of that Lodge took their departure by road and rail to that place, and met at half-past two at the "Harcourt Arms," where a large convenient room has been placed at their service. The Rev. E. Pettat, who had been unanimously elected at the previous meeting as Worshipful Master for the ensuing year, was duly installed to that office by Bro. W. W. Beach, Past Master of the Apollo Lodge.

The ceremony was very beautifully performed, and at its conclusion the Worshipful Master appointed and invested his officers for the year:—Bro. T. Joy, Sen. Warden; Bro. J. G. Wood, Jun. Warden; Rev. P. H. Nind, Chaplain; Bro. Sidebotham, Treasurer; Bro. Baker, Secretary; Bro. Ashley, Senior Deacon; Bro. Kerr, Junior Deacon; Bro. Lacey, Master of Ceremonies; Bro. Traherne, Inner Guard; Bro.

Digitized by Google

Venables, Steward. At 5 o'clock, about twenty of the Brethren sat down to a very capital dinner. The Worshipful Master presided, supported by Bro. Best, W.M. of the Apollo Lodge; Bro. Beach, P.M.; Bro. Spiers, Past Grand Sword Bearer; Bro. Atkins, W.M. of the Lodge of Harmony, Richmond; and Bro. Snell, of the Grand Stewards' Lodge. A very pleasant evening was spent, and the Brethren returned to Oxford about nine, much pleased with their excursion, and with the harmony and kindly feeling which had characterized the business and enjoyments of the day.

Grand Masonic Installation Ball.—Among the many festivities which characterized the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, there was not one which, in point of interest, splendour, or influence, equalled the grand Masonic ball given in honour of the event by the Apollo University Lodge. This ball took place on the Wednesday in the installation week, at the Town-hall, possession of which the stewards obtained about ten days previously, in order that it might be decorated and fitted up in a manner worthy of the occasion; and, notwithstanding that a large number of artists and decorators were employed early and late, they had scarcely completed their labours when some of the company arrived.

The company began to arrive about ten o'clock, and kept coming up to one o'clock in the morning, during the whole of which time there was one continuous stream of carriages extending from the Town-Hall as far as the Mitre Hotel. The visitors, on their arrival, were received by the stewards and their assistants, in full Masonic costume, in the area under the hall, which had been fitted up as a reception-room and promenade, being carpetted, and brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps and devices in gas. The staircase was hung with paintings, and a splendid collection of flowers was placed in the well of the staircase. The hall itself was dazzling in the extreme, and partook more of the character of an enchanted palace, and was so transformed that it was difficult to recognise it, inasmuch as its original heavy and monotonous character appeared to have been dispelled by some magic wand, and grace and beauty substituted for it. The walls, hung with drapery, were emblazoned with the arms of the Chancellor, and of every college and hall in this University, and between these were interspersed Masonic emblems, banners, and rich devices, bearing appropriate mottoes. Mirrors of extraordinary size and beauty were placed opposite to the entrance, and at each end of the room, and had a striking effect, and at the four corners were little elegant tented entrances to the refreshment courts. In fact, it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the splendour of the scene, especially when the hall was full and the dance was at its climax.

The splendid Masonic attire of the Brethren, their jewels, collars, and other decorations glistening in the mazes of the dance, the handsome dresses of the ladies, and the objects of taste and beauty which met the eye in every direction, combined to make a spectacle which for striking effect has never before presented itself in this city. All

Digitized by Google

that ingenuity could devise, taste suggest, and skill execute, were brought into play, and the result was successful in the highest degree. The Grand Jury Room, the platform end of the Town Hall, and the Council Chamber, were fitted up as refreshment courts, and there was a bountiful supply of refreshments and wines of the choicest character throughout the whole night. The supper, served in the Council Chamber, was distinguished alike for its elegance and abundance, and was highly creditable to the caterers. The table presented a profusion of plate, candelabra, vases, and ornaments, amounting in value to upwards of 2,000*l.* The decorations of the Hall and adjacent rooms were designed by the Honorary Secretary, Bro. W. Thompson, and were executed under his personal superintendence by Bros. Wyatt and Thomas; and it is gratifying to know that they gave so much satisfaction, that the stewards have resolved to present Bro. Thompson with some testimonial, to show the sense they entertain of his indefatigable exertions on this occasion. Upwards of 600 persons were present, and so great was the demand for tickets, that the stewards resolved on the last day to issue twenty additional, at three guineas each, the whole of that amount to be given to the Radcliffe Infirmary. It is scarcely necessary to say that these were caught up with the greatest avidity, and that by these very laudable means the sum of sixty guineas was obtained for the benefit of that most excellent institution.

The *Times*, in speaking of this ball, made the following remarks:—

"An Installation Ball at the Town-hall is generally a commonplace affair enough, interesting, one would think, to nobody save lady-visitors and undergraduates. That last night was a peculiar ball, which was, perhaps sought after with greater eagerness than any recreation official, or non-official, of the occasion. The Freemasons are an important body in university, city, and county, and they determined to use this installation period as an opportunity for displaying their magnificence on a scale almost unparalleled. Hence, in addition to the ordinary Installation Balls, there was a Masonic Ball, at which all the Brethren appeared with the insignia of their order, and the tickets of which were worth 'any money' yesterday morning. And certainly the Masons did the thing admirably well. The Town-hall was decorated with the symbols of the order, and the arms of some of its members, the ceiling being profusely adorned with rosettes of various colours. The dresses of the Masons were most magnificent, some of the higher officers being almost enveloped in the peculiar jewels of the Order, made of the most costly materials. The supper, too, was on a highly liberal scale, and, as the room was completely crowded and the evening was intensely hot, the consumption of ices and cool drinks was something wonderful. The Earl of Derby and most of the distinguished visitors of Oxford made a point of attending this grand festivity, and, in fact, he who missed it missed one of the most interesting scenes of the season."

Among the distinguished company present on this occasion were the following:—

The Chancellor and the Countess of Derby, Lord Stanley and the Lady Emma Stanley, the Senior and Junior Proctors, the High Sheriff of Oxfordshire and Mrs. Morrell, the Mayor of Oxford, Miss Dudley, Miss Rolls and Mrs. Parkinson, the Earl and Countess of Delawarr, the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke and the Lady Elizabeth Yorke, the Earl and Countess of Verulam, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Best, T. Best, Esq., W.M., Lord Loughborough, Lord Grey de Wilton, Viscount Valletort, Viscount Ingestre, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Fordwich, the Warden of Merton, Lady C. Anstruther, Mr. and the Misses Marsham, Viscount

Digitized by Google

Valentia, Hon. Florence Boscawen, Lady Brooke Pechell and the Misses Pechell, Hon. R. Temple, the Hon. F. and Lady Georgiana and Miss Bertie, Hon. Mr. Lushington, Hon. C. Leigh, Hon. W. and Lady Emily Bathurst, Hon. Mr. and Lady Adelaide West, Col., the Hon. Mrs., and Miss Bowles, Lady and the Misses Hampson, Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton, Sir Archibald and Lady Alison, Professor Aytoun, Hon. H. Woodhouse, Rev. P. H. Nind, Prov. G.C., and the Misses Nind, Mrs. and the Misses Thornhill, John Weyland, Esq., and Lady C. Weyland, Lady Shalford, Sir John Gibbons, Lady M. de Burgh, Hon. C. Canning, Hon. L. Canning, Sir W. and Lady and Mr. and Miss Curtis, Miss Pleydell Bouverie, S. Rawson, Esq., the Prov. Grand Master of China, Rev. Edward Moore, Brasenose, Grand Chaplain, Alderman R. J. Spiers, Past Grand Sword Bearer of England, and Miss Joy, Mrs. Harington, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Gray, J. Burton, Esq., P.G.R. of Staffordshire, Hon. and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, Hon. Mr. and Misses Annesley, Hon. Miss Dillon, Capt. and Mrs. and the Misses Style, Capt. James, Capt. Drake, R.N., and Miss Drake, Mr. J. Tyrwhitt Drake, Capt. Bowyer and Miss Bowyer, Dr. Elvey, Dr. Ogle and the Misses Ogle, Capt. Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Symonds, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Powys, Mr. and the Misses Durell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Morrell, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, Mr. Sidebotham, Prov. G. S., and Miss Day, Mr. Leslie, &c.

Weippert's band was engaged for the occasion, and played without intermission until five o'clock in the morning, for the party were loth to leave this fairy scene, and seemed resolved to make the most of the passing hours.

The following Brethren were the stewards on the occasion :—The W. M. Bro. T. Best, P. Prov. G. Registrar, President; Bro. J. W. Malcolm, J. W. Prov. Sup. of W. Vice-President; Bros. A. W. Adair, Ch. Ch.; G. E. Ashley, J. D. Prov. G. St., Oriel Coll.; Sir R. J. Buxton, Bart., Ch. Ch.; W. W. Beach, Prov. G. S. W., Ch. Ch.; Hon. F. E. C. Byng, Ch. Ch.; G. E. Biber, D. C. Prov. G. St., Merton Coll.; W. F. Curtis, Merton; W. J. Evelyn, M. P., Balliol; Viscount Fordwick, Ch. Ch.; Sir J. Fergusson, Bart.; E. W. Gordon, Ch. Ch.; E. W. Goodlake, Balliol; R. J. Hansard, Trinity; T. G. Fullarton, Ch. Ch.; Viscount Ingestre, Merton; the Earl of Lincoln, Ch. Ch.; A. Mitchell, Ch. Ch.; H. A. Pickard, S. D. Prov. G. St., Ch. Ch.; H. H. Still, P. Prov. G. St., Exeter; and Hon. W. J. V. Vernon, Ch. Ch.

All the stewards were present, and were unremitting in their attention to their guests, who appeared to enjoy most thoroughly this the most brilliant ball of the week. So great was the desire on the part of the public to view the decorations, both before and after the ball, that the stewards granted admission by tickets, and some thousands of persons availed themselves of this kind and considerate privilege.

SALOP.

LUDLOW.—*Consecration of the Lodge of the Marches.*—The Brethren of the Mystic Tie assembled in Grand Lodge at the "Lion" hotel, Ludlow, on Monday, June 13th, to consecrate the new Lodge of the Marches, 887, Province of North Wales and Shropshire, and to install Bro. J. Bach, as its First Master. The R.W. Prov. G.M. Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart., M.P., having intimated his pleasure to open the Lodge, gave considerable interest to the occasion, and attracted a large number of the Brethren of this and the adjoining provinces. The management of the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway kindly put on a special train from Shrews-

Digitized by Google

bury, by which Sir Watkin and numbers of the Craft in Shrewsbury and vicinity left for Ludlow about twelve o'clock, at which place they arrived about a quarter to one, where they were greeted with merry peals from the bells of St. Lawrence's, and the firing of signals at the station, which was gaily decked with flags, and studded with crowds of spectators. The proceedings of consecration commenced shortly after one o'clock, the Brethren being attired in full Masonic costume, and the Lodge room was magnificently decorated with the various symbols of the Order, together with the arms of noblemen of the Craft. The R.W. Prov. G.M., Sir W. W. Wynn, presided, on his right being the R. W. Dep. Prov. G. M. Dymock, and on the left the V.W. G. Chap. Guise. The Lodge was opened in due form by the R.W. Dep. Prov. M., when the Warrant of Constitutions and the proceedings of the Lodge under dispensation were read by the V. W. Prov. G. Sec. Charles Wigan. The work then commenced with the solemn consecration, delivered by the V.W. G. Chap. with great feeling. At its conclusion, the M.W. elect, Bro. Bach, was presented by Bro. Pitt, of the Eastern Division of the county of Lancaster as M.C.; and Bro. Minton Beddoes having taken the chair, proceeded to deliver the ancient charges. A board of Installed Masters was then formed, and the installation was completed by the Brethren saluting the W.M. according to ancient custom.

The Brethren, in the interval between the Lodge and the banquet, visited the splendid remains of Ludlow Castle, the fine old church, Broad Gate, the antique wainscotted room at the "Feathers" hotel, the public buildings, and other places of interest. At five o'clock dinner was announced, and the Craft sat down to a sumptuous repast, provided by Bro. Morris; the R.W. Prov. G. M. did the honours of the Chair, being supported at the cross-table by the R.W. Dep. Prov. G.M. Dymock; the V.W. Brethren Rev. G. C. Guise, W. J. Clement, J. N. Heathcote, J. L. Rowland, J. P. White, T. Onions, J. Broughall, H. Bloxam, the W.M. of the Lodge of the Marches, 887, W. H. Nichols, &c. The Vice-chair was ably occupied by Bro. Minton Beddoes, S. W. 887, and the south by Bro. Ashworth, J.W. 887. Amongst the Brethren we observed Bro. Benjamin Urwick (late Mayor of Ludlow), the W. Masters and Wardens of the two Salopian Lodges, together with Bros. Glyn Mytton, R. Haycock, G. Gordon, T. Brightwell, Pickering, Pitt (of Manchester), and a very numerous muster of blue collars. The gallery was graced with a number of elegantly dressed ladies, who appeared to view the *tout ensemble* with great delight, while the vocal talents of Bros. Hay, Purcell, and Baker, discoursing sweet sounds, threw an illusory mantle over the whole spectacle. The Tylers present were Bros. Mallard and Cureton.

On the cloth being drawn, the "Non nobis Domine" was chanted in a very pleasing manner, the company standing. Then followed the loyal and popular toasts in succession, viz.: "The Queen and the Craft;" Song—"God save the Queen." "Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, &c.;" Glee—"Long Life to the Prince and the Queen." "The Mayor, Magistrates, and Town Council of the Borough of Ludlow;" Glee—"Hail, Smiling Morn." The last toast was responded to by Bro. Urwick.

The health of Lady Wynn was next in the programme, when the Lodge was to be symbolized, but as the ladies in the gallery seemed to enjoy the music, Sir Watkin put aside the programme to afford them as great a share of enjoyment as possible; but after several more toasts, songs, and glees, came the health of "Lady Wynn and the Ladies," which was given by Bro. Bach, with some brief remarks on the blessings conferred on humanity by the creation of woman—those blessings being now so greatly shared by their R.W. Prov. G. M., Sir Watkin. A bumper was called for to the health of Lady Wynn and the ladies, and nobly responded to with raptures of applause. This was followed by a song from Bro. Barker—"The Maids of Merry England."

Sir Watkin, in a very feeling response, assured the company that though Lady Wynn had spent a large portion of her life abroad, it had been in those countries where Masonry was held in high esteem; and deservedly so, as it inculcated loyalty to the Sovereign and obedience to the laws of any state which might become a Mason's residence, or afford him its protection. He strongly urged the ladies in the gallery to recommend to their friends, whether brothers, sons, or

Digitized by Google

husbands, and especially to certain other interesting persons of their acquaintance, the study of the royal art, so conducive to human happiness, being based on universal charity and brotherly love. Sir Watkin resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

The following toasts were drunk with the usual honours:—"The Earl of Zetland, M.W. G. Master of the Masons of England;" "The Earl of Yarborough, R.W.D.G.M.;" "Sir Watkin W. Wynn, R.W. Prov. G.M. of the Province of North Wales and Shropshire," given by R.W. Bro. Dymock; Glee—"Foresters, sound the Cheerful Horn." "E. H. Dymock, R.W. Dep. Prov. G.M. N.W. & S.;" Glee—"King Canute." "Lord Combermere, R.W. Prov. G.M. Cheshire;" Glee—"Sound the Trumpet boldly." "Rev. Dr. Bowles, R.W. Prov. G.M. Herefordshire;" Glee—"The Village Bells." "The V.W. G. Chaplain and Officers of the Province;" Glee—"Have Faith in one another." "Master and Wardens of the Lodge of the Marches, 887;" "Master and Wardens of 135 and 328, Salop, and 875, Admaston."

The foregoing were given with due honours and appropriately acknowledged, and the harmony of the evening was enlivened by several other songs, glees, and duets.

At nine o'clock, the time having flown on the swiftest wings of pleasure, the call of the railway took many of the Brethren northwards, and the company separated after spending golden moments of Masonic happiness.

SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON.—*Royal Clarence Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons.*—During the last four months the work of this Lodge has been arduous; owing to the great zeal with which Masonry is taken up in this district, there have been so many candidates for initiation.

The paraphernalia of this Lodge (and also of the Lennox Chapter), are of the most excellent description, and the working reflects the highest credit on the Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Officers.

We may justly quote this Lodge as an example to the Craft, on account of the exemplary manner in which the general business is conducted, and the adherence of the Brethren to the great principles on which Freemasonry rests. This Lodge contributes to the Masonic Charities, and also to many institutions established in this locality.

Arch-Masonry.—There was a Convocation of the Lennox Chapter on May the 13th, when three Brethren of the Royal Clarence Lodge were exalted. The interesting ceremony was admirably conducted by the Principals.

After the Chapter had been closed in solemn form, the Companions partook of a banquet, prepared with their usual good style by Comps. Ridley and Bacon, of the Old Ship Hotel.

WARWICKSHIRE.

BIRMINGHAM.—For the information of travelling Brethren, we are requested to announce that a Lodge of Instruction is held every Thursday evening in each week, at the Clarendon Hotel, Temple Street, commencing at a quarter to eight.

This Lodge forms an excellent re-union among the Masons of the district. It is worked in the same manner as the Emulation Lodge of Instruction in London, and the Members most cordially invite the visits of the Fraternity, whenever convenient to attend.

Digitized by Google

LEAMINGTON SPA, *May 23rd.*—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Lecture and Public Hall took place under circumstances of a very gratifying and encouraging description. The Committee, under whose management the proceedings of the day were conducted, had, with a view of enhancing the importance and interest of the occasion, sought the aid of the "ancient and honourable fraternity of Freemasons," whose valuable assistance is rarely withheld from public objects of an unexceptionably useful character. Lord Leigh, the Prov. G.M. of Warwickshire, to whom the wishes of the Committee were respectfully conveyed, entered upon the preliminary arrangements of a great Masonic meeting, with a degree of zeal and determination which fully testified his lordship's desire to give to the proposed work the stamp of his own personal approval, and the weight of his high official approbation. Under such auspices, it is not surprising to record that the Freemasons throughout Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and many of the adjoining counties, looked forward to the proposed meeting with feelings of no ordinary anxiety. We are glad to state that their anticipations were fully and delightfully realised. It is seldom that so many members of the Craft as were present on Monday last, assemble for such a purpose, and their presence gave an imposing and attractive appearance to the festivities, without which the meeting would have been comparatively insignificant in its details, although equally important as to the end sought to be attained, namely, that of raising a building primarily intended for the advancement of literary and scientific knowledge among the increasing numbers of our local population. The town throughout the whole of Monday presented the gay and animated aspect of an universal holiday; the bells of the parish church rang a succession of merry peals; silken banners were hoisted at various public establishments and private houses; and trip trains along the Great Western line of railway brought several thousands of delighted excursionists from Birmingham, Oxford, Banbury, &c., whilst the several towns and villages in the immediate neighbourhood largely swelled the masses of holiday-people arriving from more distant parts. There was, at the last moment, one drawback to the entire success of the demonstration—the lamented absence of the amiable nobleman, the charm of whose influential patronage had been given to the festivities: an absence which all deeply regretted as wholly unavoidable, from his lordship's deep anxiety as a husband and a father. With this exception, the Masonic portion of the proceedings was perfectly successful in numbers, and brilliancy of effect; and it may not be inapposite to remark, in reference to the object which thus attracted so large a concourse of the Fraternity, that it was one which had previously received the express sanction of the Grand Master of England, who regretted that time would not permit him to appoint a deputation from the G.L. to attend the celebration.

The Masonic duties of the meeting commenced at the Music Hall at ten o'clock, where the Brethren of the Leamington Lodge of

Digitized by Google

Freemasons, under the able Mastership of Bro. Hackforth, mustered strongly. Soon afterwards, the Dep. Prov. G.M. (J. W. Boughton Leigh, Esq., of Brownsover Hall), accompanied by his Prov. Grand Officers, made his entry in due form. In a very short time, about two hundred members of the Craft were assembled from all parts of the adjoining counties. The business of the day included the investiture of several Brethren with the red apron as Prov. G. Stewards. After considerable delay, which had a corresponding effect upon every subsequent arrangement of the occasion, a procession moved along Bath Street, in the following order, to the parish church, the use of which had been granted by the vicar:—

Police Officers.
Band of the Royal Scots Greys.
Operative Masons.
Two Tylers.
Banner.
The Worshipful Master, Past Masters, Wardens, Past Wardens,
Officers, and Members of the Lodges in the Province, according to their rank,
the Juniors walking first.
Howe Lodge, No. 857, Birmingham.
Lodge of Unity, No. 828, Warwick.
Lodge of Rectitude, No. 739, Rugby.
Faithful Lodge, No. 696, Birmingham.
Lodge of Light, No. 689, Birmingham.
Abbey Lodge, No. 625, Nuneaton.
Guy's Lodge, No. 556, Leamington.
Apollo Lodge, No. 378, Alcester.
Shakspeare Lodge, No. 356, Warwick.
Trinity Lodge, No. 316, Coventry.
Athol Lodge, No. 88, Birmingham.
St. Paul's Lodge, No. 51, Birmingham.
Visitors from other Craft Lodges.
Banner.
P. G. Steward. { Cornucopia, with Corn, borne by the Master of a Lodge. } P. G. Steward.
Ewer with Wine, Ewer with Oil,
each borne by the Master of a Lodge.
Past Officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Warwickshire.
Past Officers of other Provincial Grand Lodges.
Provincial Grand Pursuivant.
Provincial Grand Organist.
Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies.
Provincial Grand Assistant Director of Ceremonies.
Provincial Grand Superintendent of Works,
bearing the Plans of the intended Building.
Provincial Grand Secretary, bearing the Inscription Plate.
Provincial Grand Registrar, bearing the Seals.
Provincial Grand Treasurer,
bearing the Coins to be deposited in the Stone.
Provincial Grand Chaplain,
preceded by the Volume of the Sacred Law.
Past Grand Wardens.
Provincial Grand Masters, and Deputy Provincial Grand Masters
of other Provinces.
The Corinthian Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Column of the Prov. J. G. Warden, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Prov. J. G. Warden, with Plumb Rule.

Digitized by Google

The Doric Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Column of the Prov. S. G. Warden, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
Prov. S. G. Warden, with the Level.
Provincial J. G. Deacon.
The Ionic Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Right Hon. and Right Worshipful the Provincial Grand Master.
Past Provincial Deputy Grand Masters.
A Provincial Grand Officer, bearing the Trowel.
Banner.
Provincial Grand Sword Bearer.

P. G. Steward. { Provincial Deputy Grand Master, with the Square. } P. G. Steward.

Prov. S. G. Deacon.
Provincial Grand Stewards.
Provincial Grand Tyler.

Prayers were read by the Rev. J. Craig, Vicar; and the Rev. T. Bowen, Curate. An admirable sermon was preached by the Rev. Lewis Page Mercier, of University College, Oxon, P. G. Chaplain, from the text, "And I saw no temple therein." (Rev. xxi. 22.)

On leaving the Church, which was much thronged, the procession was joined by the Rev. J. H. Smith, President of the Literary and Scientific Institution, and a co-Trustee of the new building; the Rev. Dr. Burbidge, another Trustee; as also by the Committee of the Institution and Public Hall (distinguished by white wands and favours), and a select number of members and shareholders. Bro. Adams, the Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies, marshalled the procession with his accustomed ability. A pleasing feature was the introduction of several boys, the sons of members of the Fraternity, who carried the Volume of the Sacred Law, the Book of Constitutions, &c.; each of them wearing a collar of light blue, the master mason's colour. A plain white apron indicated the presence of several "apprentices;" and some newly-made masters displayed the border of light blue which they had lately attained. The scarlet and silver decorations of Provincial Grand Stewards, and the Imperial blue and gold of the higher Provincial Grand Officers, gave a variety and richness to the appearance of the procession, in which, also, the banner of the Provincial Grand Lodge was conspicuously displayed. The procession, which was witnessed by several thousands of spectators, proceeded up the two Parades, along Warwick-street, and on arriving near Windsor-street, the Brethren divided right and left, and faced inwards, forming an avenue, through which the President, Trustees, Committees, &c., of the Institution and Public Hall passed into the spacious area of the proposed building, where the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, preceded by the Grand Sword Bearer, was conducted to a raised platform at the north-east corner, followed by the Ionic Light, the Provincial Officers, and the Brethren generally. The ground was crowded with ladies and others, and decorated with flags and evergreens. The upper stone having been raised, and the lower one adjusted, the Provincial Grand Treasurer deposited in phials, in the cavity of the lower stone, several silver coins of recent mintage, a Shaksperian medal, of which H. H. Young, Esq., of

Digitized by Google

Leamington, was the originator, and by whom it was presented to the Committee, together with a penny of the reign of William the Conqueror, coined at Warwick; there was also deposited a parchment record of the date and object of the building, its originators, architect, and contractor. The Provincial Grand Secretary then read the following inscription on the brass plate, which was afterwards placed over the cavity referred to:—

"This Foundation Stone
of the
Public Hall of the Royal Leamington
Literary and Scientific Institution Company
was laid with Masonic Honours,
By the Right Honourable Lord Leigh,
Patron of the Institution,
and
R. W. Provincial Grand Master for Warwickshire,
May 23rd, A.D. 1853."

The Provincial Grand Chaplain then offered up the customary prayer of benediction. The cement was next placed on the upper face of the bottom stone, and the Deputy Provincial Grand Master adjusted the same with a silver trowel, which was presented to him by the President of the Institution, on behalf of the Directors of the Public Hall; and which bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to the Right Hon. William Henry Baron Leigh, P.G.M. for Warwickshire, by the Directors of the Leamington Literary and Scientific Institution and Public Hall Company, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of their new building, on Monday, A.L. May 23, A.D. 1853, A.L. 5853, assisted by the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Masons."

After this practical operation of Masonry, the band of the Royal Scots Greys, who, during the procession played several Masonic marches, performed "Rule, Britannia." When this anthem had been completed, the Deputy Grand Master proved the just and firm position of the stone by the plumb, level, and square, which were successively delivered to him by the Junior and Senior Grand Wardens, and a Past Deputy Provincial Grand Master; and having pronounced that the Craftsmen had done their duty, he took the mallet, and gave three knocks upon the stone. The cornucopia containing the corn and the ewers, with the wine and oil, were next handed to the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, who strewed upon the stone some grains of wheat, saying, "I strew this corn as a symbol of plenty;" he sprinkled the same with wine, saying, "I pour this wine as a symbol of joy and gladness;" and pouring the oil, said, "I pour this oil as a symbol of comfort and peace; and I dedicate this building to Literature and Science, and the promotion of the peaceful arts." Having next examined the plan of the intended building, he delivered it to the architect (Mr. D. G. Squirhill), together with the several tools, after having proved the position of the stone, and said:—

"Mr. Architect: In the presence of this numerous, enlightened, and influential assembly of the people of Leamington, and visitors from various parts of the county of Warwick, including many expert artificers; and also in the presence of

Digitized by Google

a very large assemblage of the ancient and honourable Order of Freemasons; I have very great pleasure to express to you how well pleased I am, and how well pleased I am sure the Committee of this building will be, at the plan which you have exhibited to this company on this occasion. Having ascertained that the stone is fitly placed, I return to you, sir, your plan and the tools which have been used on this occasion; and I am sure that you will go on in this good and Godly work; that you will perform it so that it shall benefit you in your reputation and raise you in the estimation of all who may visit this town, and be also beneficial to the population and inhabitants who may frequent it."

He then struck the stone with his mallet, saying, "Having authority to close this Grand Lodge, I hereby close it, and it is closed accordingly."

The Grand Treasurer and architect having deposited some money upon the stone for the workpeople, and the band having performed "God save the Queen," the procession moved from the ground in the same order as that in which it reached it, and after making a somewhat more circuitous route than in moving towards the scene of the operative work of the Craft, reached the Jephson Gardens somewhat behind the time announced.

The collation was served by Bro. Russell, in the Jephson Gardens, in his splendid Indian tent, where nearly three hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen partook of an excellent and abundant repast.

The chair at the cross-table was occupied by J. W. Boughton Leigh, Esq., the Dep. Prov. Grand Master, who was supported on his right by the Rev. L. Page Mercier (Prov. Grand Chaplain); by Mr. and Mrs. — Boughton Leigh, Rev. J. R. Young (Rural Dean), Mrs. Young, Rev. Dr. Burbidge (Head Master of the Leamington College), J. Hitchman, Esq., Dr. Jeaffreson, &c. On the left of the chairman sat the Rev. J. H. Smith, President of the Literary and Scientific Institution, N. L. Torre, Esq. (Past Prov. Dep. Grand Master), Mr. Ald. Spiers, of Oxford, &c. There were four other tables, at which the two Prov. Grand Wardens, and Mr. John Bowen, and Mr. James Bird, officiated as vice-presidents. Among the company we also noticed, Mrs. Smith (Milverton Lodge), Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, J. Hampden, Esq., and Miss Hampden, Dr. Patrick Brown, Messrs. J. Prichard, R. A. Busby, E. Woodhouse, J. Haddon, R. Robbins, T. H. Thorne, J. Nutter, S. U. Jones, O. White, T. Sharp, H. Harper, J. Amber, G. A. Cundall, S. A. Sandall, &c.

YORKSHIRE.

HULL.—*Laying the Foundation Stone of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Institution, May 17th.*—This was a memorable day for the good old town of Hull—a day that will ever be conspicuous in its annals, and will long be remembered with pleasure and pride by those who witnessed or shared its festivities. No event, perhaps, in connection with the history of our town, could be more deeply interesting than that of laying the foundation stone

Digitized by Google

of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society's Hall and Museum, by Lord Londesborough, the Senior Grand Warden of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, in due form, surrounded by the Brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge and the various Lodges in the Province, arrayed in their Masonic costume, and bearing all the striking insignia of their Order.

At half-past ten the Brethren assembled in the Humber Lodge, No. 65, Osborne-street, where upwards of two hundred were assembled,—Lord Londesborough officiating as Provincial Grand Master.

The Provincial Grand Lodge was then opened in due form, and with solemn prayer.

The Prov. G. M. then stated that he should consider the Provincial Grand Lodge closed at the conclusion of the ceremony.

The Brethren were marshalled by Bro. Davis in the following order:—

Police.
Operative Masons, with Aprons.
Band of H.M. 21st Regiment.
Two Tylers, with Drawn Swords.
Masons, not Members of any Lodge, four and four.
Two Stewards, with Wands.
Apprentice Masons.
Fellow Crafts.
Master Masons.
Two Stewards, with Wands.
Royal Arch Masons.
Two Stewards, with Wands.
Officers of Lodges below the rank of Deacons.
Deacons.
Wardens.
Past Masters.
Masters of Lodges.
Two Provincial Stewards.
Past Provincial Officers below the rank of Wardens.

Prov. Grand Steward. — P. M. Bro. Broadhead, bearing Cornucopia, with Corn; P. M. Bro. Lewis, bearing Ewer, containing Wine; P. M. Bro. Chaffer, bearing Ewer, containing Oil. — Prov. Grand Steward.

Bro. Dobson. Prov. G. Dir. of Ceremonies.
Bro. Charles C. E. Hopkins, Prov. Grand Superintendent of Works.
Bro. Leng, Prov. Grand Organist.
Bro. Hewson, Past Prov. Grand Sword Bearer,
bearing Book of Constitutions on a Purple Velvet Cushion.
Bro. Plows, Prov. Grand Architect, with Plan of the Building.
Bro. Moody, Prov. Grand Registrar.
Bro. Stark, Prov. Grand Secretary, bearing the Brass Plate with Inscription, on a Purple Velvet Cushion.
Bro. Feetam, Prov. Grand Treasurer,
with Coins to be deposited in the cavity in the Foundation Stone.
Past Prov. Grand Wardens.
W. M. Bro. Shepherd, bearing the Corinthian Light.
P. P. G. S. B. Bro. Hayden, bearing the Junior Warden's Column.
Bro. Seaton, Prov. Junior Grand Warden, with Plumb.

Prov. G. Steward. — W. M. Bro. Wells, bearing the Prov. Grand Standard. — Prov. G. Steward.

Digitized by Google

P. M. Bro. Hagerstadt, bearing the Doric Light.
P. M. Bro. Ward, bearing the Senior Warden's Column.
Bro. Malam, Prov. Senior Grand Warden, with Level, attended by Bro. Turner, Prov. Junior Grand Deacon.
Steward. { P. P. G. S. B. Bro. Tuting, with Bible, Square, and Compasses, on a Purple Velvet Cushion. } Steward.
Rev. Bro. Sutton, Prov. Grand Chaplain.
Rev. Bro. Fardell, Prov. Grand Chaplain for West Yorkshire.
Bro. J. P. Bell, M.D., as Deputy Prov. Grand Master, with Square.
P. M. Bro. Smithson, bearing Ionic Light.
Bro. Barker, Provincial Grand Sword Bearer.
Bro. White, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England.
Bro. the Right Hon. Lord Londesborough, Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of England, as Prov. Grand Master.
Bro. Bannister, Prov. Senior Grand Deacon.
Two Prov. Grand Stewards.
Two Prov. Grand Tylers.
Police.

Precisely at eleven o'clock, the Prov. Grand Lodge moved from the Humber Lodge, No. 65, headed by the band of H.M. 21st Regiment of Fusiliers, playing the Masonic Anthem, to the entrance of the public rooms, where they were joined by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, the mayor, magistrates, and the various corporate bodies of the town. The entire procession swept through the principal streets, followed by an immense concourse of people, to the site of the intended building. The Brethren then formed in open order, two deep, facing inwards, and uncovered, leaving an avenue through which passed the Prov. G. M., preceded by the Prov. G. S. B., and followed by Bro. Dr. Bell, as Dep. Prov. G. M., Bro. White, G. S. of England, the Pro. G. S. and J. W., Chaplain, Treasurer, Secretary, and Standard Bearer. On a signal being given by the Prov. G. M., the Prov. G. Chaplain commenced the ceremony by reading the first verse of the 127th Psalm:—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." After which he offered the following prayer:—"Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life." To which the Brethren responded, "So mote it be." The Prov. G. M. then gave one stroke with his gavel, when the Prov. G. T., holding in his hand a bottle (hermetically sealed), deposited it in a cavity in the stone, saying, "R. W. Prov. G. M., at your command, I have deposited in this stone the bottle containing an inscription on parchment, and the current coins of the realm." The cavity was then filled with melted wax, for the purpose of effectually excluding atmospheric air and moisture.

The Prov. G. Secretary then read the inscription on the plate, as follows:—

"The Foundation Stone of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, was laid by the Right Honourable the LORD LONDESBOROUGH, K.C.H., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. &c. on Tuesday, the 17th day of May, in the Sixteenth year of the Reign of

Digitized by Google

Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, and in the year of our Lord 1853." Here followed the names of the Council of the Society, &c. &c.

The Prov. G. Secretary then concluded by saying, "R. W. Prov. G. M., at your command, I have placed the inscription plate over the mouth of the cavity, in which the bottle containing the coins is deposited." Cement was then spread by an operative mason on the face of the lower stone, the Prov. G. M. adjusting the same with a silver trowel, presented to him by Bro. C. Frost, F.S.A., the President of the Literary and Philosophical Institution, which he executed in a most expert and workmanlike style. The upper stone was then slowly lowered, the band playing "Rule Britannia."

The Prov. J. G. W. then tested the stone with the plumb; the Prov. S. G. W. with the level; and the Dep. Prov. G. M. with the square; and severally reported that the Craftsmen had done their duty. The R. W. Prov. G. M. then took the square, level, and plumb, and having therewith tested the stone, said, "I declare this stone to be correctly laid, according to the rules of our ancient Craft;" he then gave three raps with his gavel, and returned to the platform. The cornucopia was then handed to the Prov. G. M., who taking a handful of corn therefrom, sprinkled it on the stone, saying, "I sprinkle this corn as an emblem of plenty; may the blessings of bounteous Heaven be showered down upon us, and may our hearts be filled with gratitude." To which the Brethren responded, "So mote it be." The ewer containing wine was next presented to him; he poured it on the stone, saying, "I pour this wine as an emblem of joy and gladness; may our hearts be made glad by the influence of divine truth, and may virtue flourish as the vine." To which the Brethren again responded, "So mote it be." He then took the ewer with oil, and sprinkling it in like manner on the stone, said, "I pour this oil as an emblem of peace; may peace and harmony, good will and brotherly love, abound among us." To which the Brethren responded, "So mote it be."

The Prov. G. M. then addressed the Brethren as follows:—"Brethren, having now, by permission of our M.W.G.M., and with the assistance of the Freemasons of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, duly laid, according to the rules of our ancient Craft, this first stone of the 'Literary and Philosophical Institution,' it now remains to supplicate the blessing of the Great Architect of the Universe upon this our undertaking, and to implore that He will be pleased to bless this great building, and to grant that it may tend to the glory of God, the advancement of science and learning, and to the promotion of the interests of this great town.

Bro. the Rev. J. H. SUTTON, the Prov. G. Chap., then offered the following prayer:—"May the Omnipotent and Merciful Father of all, the bounteous Author of all good, bless this town, and this land in general, with corn, wine, and oil, and all the necessaries and conveniencies of life; and may the same Almighty Power make us humbly grateful for all His mercies."

The Prov. G. M., who had stood uncovered, then put on his hat, and

Digitized by Google

inspected the plans of the building, which were presented to him by Bro. Plows, the Prov. G. Architect, and said,—"Bro. Prov. Grand Architect, I return you these plans; and I desire that you will be pleased to proceed with all possible despatch in the erection of this building." The square, level, and plumb, were then presented to the Prov. G. Architect by the respective officers.

The band then struck up the "National Anthem;" after which the Prov. G. M. turning to the assembly added, "Now, Brethren, three times three cheers for our gracious Queen," which was responded to with that fervent loyalty which has always characterized the Craft; he then gave three cheers for the good old town of Hull, and prosperity to its trade; three cheers were then given for the Mayor; three cheers for the Prov. G. M.; three for the Earl of Carlisle; and three times three for the Ladies. The procession was again formed, and returned to the Public Rooms, where upwards of 120 Brethren sat down with the ladies and corporate bodies, &c. &c. at a public breakfast.

This being the first public procession of the Prov. G. L., which had ever taken place in the recollection of any Brother now living, there was a large attendance of the Craft from different parts of the Province, as well as from the adjoining counties.

The day being remarkably fine, thousands of spectators witnessed the imposing ceremony, and every one seemed highly gratified with the day's proceedings.

SCOTLAND.

LERWICK.—*Morton Lodge*, 89.—The election of Office-bearers took place, as usual, on St. Andrew's-day, when the appointments were as follow:—Bro. William Sievwright, Worshipful Master; Bro. Gilbert Tait, S. W.; Bro. S. Goudie, J. W.; Samuel Hunter, Treas.; Robert Hicks, Sec.; William Alex. Grant, S. D.; James Goudie, J. D.; S. Goudie, Steward.

This Lodge is represented at the Grand Lodge of Scotland by Bro. Henry Cheyne, Edinburgh.

The Brethren met in their Hall on 27th December (St. John's-day), when the usual business of the Lodge was transacted, and several sums bestowed in charity. From the state of the weather, there was no procession, as usual in former years. At five o'clock the Brethren, to the number of about thirty, sat down to a well-served dinner, and spent the evening in harmony.

This Lodge has held a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland for nearly 100 years.

During the last eighteen months upwards of twenty new Brethren have been initiated.

Digitized by Google

COLONIAL.

P. G. Lodge of Quebec and Three Rivers.—The anniversary of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated Dec. 27th, 1853, according to long-established usage, by the Brethren of the "Mystic Tie," upon the Registry of England, who, after the installation of the Masters and Officers elect (which ceremony was conducted by the Prov. G. M. in person), assembled for refreshment at the Albion Hotel, where Bro. Russell had prepared a splendid dinner, exceeding if possible his usual style of excellence. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by the R. W. Prov. G. M., who was supported on the right and left by the R. W. Dep. P. G. M., the Prov. G. Chap., and other P. G. Officers. About sixty Brethren were assembled, and gave hearty responses to the usual loyal and Masonic toasts, and the happy meeting was marked by one continued strain of lively emotion. The harmony which prevailed was much enhanced by the voluntary services of a few musical brethren, who sang some charming glees with great eclat,—nor was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" discontinued until eleven o'clock, when the Prov. Grand Lodge was closed in due form, and the R. W. Prov. G. M. and Officers retired, "happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again."

In proposing the memory of the Duke of Wellington, R. W. Bro. HARINGTON briefly alluded to the virtues and excellence of character which adorned the illustrious deceased, and named several most distinguished Brethren of the Craft, who, besides his father, the Earl of Mornington, then Master of Lodge, No. 490, held at the Castle of Daugan, County Meath, were present at the initiation of the noble Duke, when colonel of the 33rd; and Bro. Harington, having happily called upon the Rev. Chaplain to add a few sentiments in honour of his illustrious fellow-countryman—

Bro. ADAMSON spoke in the following words:—Why so humble an individual as the one who now addresses you should have been selected to invite you to do honour to the memory of the great, noble, and illustrious Wellington, I know not. It would have come with more grace from some—and we have such here to-night —who have followed to the field, and fought and bled with the "hero of a hundred fights." This honour has, however, been unexpectedly conferred upon me, and in assigning me the duty, it is just possible that the R. W. Master did so, because, like the duke, I am an Irishman. It has been said, and some have endeavoured to prove, that Wellington disowned and disliked Ireland and the Irish; this I have never been prepared to admit; and it is a great gratification to me to be enabled to state, nay, to demonstrate, that one of Ireland's greatest poets and most sincere patriots, held the same opinion on the subject that I do myself. More than thirty years have now elapsed since Moore wrote and published the following well-known lines:—

"Whilst History's muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand Destiny weaves,
Beside her the genius of Erin sat weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.

Digitized by Google

But oh, how the tear on her eyelid grew bright,
When after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illumed whole volumes, her Wellington's name.

Hail, star of my isle, said the spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;
Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watched for some glory like thine to arise:
For though heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame.
But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name."

These words did not fall unheeded on the heart of the hero. He did plead the cause of seven millions of his enslaved and degraded countrymen, he dashed the chains from their limbs, and taught them to tread their native soil as free men. But the Destroyer has laid him low. England now mourns her greatest soldier and her greatest statesman. And we can feel, my Brethren, when the soul of our fatherland is stirred by grief; we can weep when our mother-country is bathed in tears; for the blood of the old country courses through the veins of the new, and the lamentations of the parent will find expression in the sorrows of the child. Guided by the spirit of the press, we have followed the hero's hearse, we have looked into his tomb, and have left him silent in the shroud of marble within which his grateful country has enclosed his honoured remains. But of him it may be truly said that he still lives; in the peace which the world enjoys, he lives; in the reputation which England has acquired, he lives; the fame and glory of our land are inseparable from his renown; it would be alike inconvenient and impertinent were I, on this occasion, to attempt to analyse the history of these dark and troublous times, out of whose obscurity the fame of "the Duke" arises, pure as a star; much less should I be justified in endeavouring to follow the march of his victories, which, commencing in Asiatic triumph, terminated in European deliverance. England then battled, not for conquest but for peace; and the great soldier whose talents raised him to the command of her armies, knew how to merge self in the service of his country, and to count no achievement glorious in which *duty* did not shine conspicuous as the guiding light. But why should I speak of his services? You know them well. Why should I invoke your gratitude? You feel more than I can express. Hard by the new-made grave of Wellington, reposes the honoured dust of Nelson, and o'er them waves the meteor flag of England, which amid the wreck of order and the ruin of nations, floated on the breeze as the hope, the joy, and envy of the world. This flag was ever their care: the one would have found in it a shroud, the other would have nailed it to the mast, ere the foe should have sullied the magic of its blazonry. By the side of Nelson, Wellington reposes; united in service, in death they are not divided. Be it our pride, my Brothers, to remember their virtues and their services; and while we bless God that in the hour of her greatest need, the fleets and armies of our country were guided by her bravest sailor and her greatest soldier, let us drink in solemn silence the memory of Brother, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Digitized by Google

Bro. GEORGE HENDERSON, a well-known and highly-respected citizen, who exhibited on his breast the laurels of many a hard fight, was proud to say that he had fought under the noble Duke in the Peninsula and in India, and begged to offer his thanks, a soldier's gratitude, for the feeling which prompted the mention of the illustrious dead.

The toast was drank in solemn silence.

It having been intended to present a testimonial to R. W. Bro. Harington, for his zeal and valued services in the cause of Masonry, the Rev. Chaplain again rose to request attention, and proposed the health of the Prov. Grand Master, with the following remarks:—

By the kind partiality of the Brethren, I have been reqnested to propose the health of the R. W. P. G. Master. Sincerely do I wish that this pleasing duty had devolved upon some Brother whose talent would enable him to discharge it with deference to your feelings, R. W. Brother, while giving due expression to the motives which have actuated the Brethren who surround you. For, Sir, it is a delicate and a difficult task to expatiate on the qualities which have conciliated the esteem and secured the regard of the Brethren, in the presence of a man of feeling, particularly if that man be one, as in the present case, whose honest nature would revolt from anything which bordered upon flattery. And certainly I should fail to do mere justice to the Brethren, did I not say that they recognise in you qualities of which you have reason to be proud, and by me express their thanks for services for which they are grateful. What, then, am I to do in this difficulty! In your presence I cannot speak your praises, surrounded as I am by Brethren who know your worth. I shall fall short of their expectations, and betray the trust they have reposed in me if I am silent. I remember having read of a poet who proposed to write an ode in praise of a noble Athenian, whose public services had been great, and whose private virtues were acknowledged; but received for answer that "it was unnecessary, for no one had ever blamed him." May I not shelter myself under this apology, and ask the question, who ever heard a disparaging word of Harington? It was intended to present you, R. W. G. M., with a piece of plate, for which the Brethren have subscribed; but it was found that a suitable article was not to be obtained in Quebec, so that we have been obliged to send for it to England. The inscription which it will bear upon its front will be a record of the feeling entertained towards you, Right W. Sir, in every inhabited portion of this rude Province. There will be engraven the words —"Gratitude for services rendered to the Craft by your untiring zeal, unwearied actions, admirable discretion, and true benevolence." *Zeal*, which has been conspicuous in promoting the welfare of every Lodge in Canada, in extending the influence of Masonry, and in doing good to the Brotherhood; *discretion*, which has known where to stoop where stooping was to conquer; and *charity*, which delighted to do good in secret, to visit the fatherless in their affliction, to assist the weak, the erring, to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. These, Sir, are some of the acts which those who know you best, and therefore regard you most, have recognised in your conduct—acts which have already gained for you the affectionate esteem of all to whom you are known, and perseverance in the exercise of which will, we doubt *not*, through Divine mercy, lead you forward to great reward hereafter. "The good that men do lives after them," and I think it not too much to say, that when the polish on the plate which I speak of shall have become tarnished—when the letters sunk into its surface, worn by time, shall become indistinct or illegible, the name of Thomas Douglas Harington will remain engraven in bright and unsullied characters upon the hearts of Canadian Masons.

The toast was greeted with immense plaudits, which had scarcely subsided, when Brother Harington, under the deepest emotion, returned thanks in the following manner:—

Bear with me, Brethren, a short time, while I endeavour, though imperfectly,

Digitized by Google

to express my sense of your kindness, and return my thanks for the gratifying and enthusiastic manner in which my name has been received. I am not a speech-maker, nor do I like the occupation, but what I do say comes from the heart and is sincere. This feeling of mine has been already well explained by our worthy and much-esteemed chaplain, Bro. Adamson, who prefaced the toast in his eloquent, but I fear too partial address. I do indeed thank you, for I am not one of those individuals, who profess to look lightly upon the approval of their fellow-creatures. On the contrary, I value and am proud of receiving it, and deem it, whether publicly or privately evinced, one of the greatest incentives a man can have in this world to induce him to continue to pursue such a course of conduct as will never forfeit that good opinion. If such is my idea in regard to the world at large, much more pleasing must it be to me to receive from my Brethren in Freemasonry so manifest a proof of their regard. Knowing and valuing the institution as I do, that it is an Order founded upon the purest principles of piety and virtue, that the most valuable earthly virtues are its attributes, viz: Charity and Mercy, and that it quietly and unostentatiously pursues the even tenor of its way, making no noise, but doing good, throughout the world, for the most part unknown and unseen, and carrying out its admirable precepts and tenets without cessation, like the silent but constant movement of the calm ocean; knowing all this, I repeat that much more pleasing must it be to me, to receive from you, my Masonic Brethren and friends, this proof of your regard, and deeply shall I value the testimonial, which I have been told awaits me, as will those who are connected with, and will possess it after, me. Believe me, that although I shall look upon your present with pride and pleasure, I should have been equally proud of your simple expression of thanks, and if I have been so fortunate as to perform my Masonic duties to your satisfaction, the latter would have been an ample reward to me, for I have only done my strict duty, any neglect of which would have made me guilty of a breach of trust, as all men are who accept a responsibility and evade it afterwards. I hope I shall not be deemed egotistical if I conclude with a few brief remarks, relating to the two Lodges under my jurisdiction in this city. With the Albion, the oldest Lodge in Canada, I have this day commenced an acquaintance, by installing its Officers, which, I have no doubt, will now become more intimate. The pressure of my duties, as Master of St. John's Lodge, has alone prevented this during the past year. As regards the latter, now that my successor has assumed its government, some short statistics may not be out of place. A large amount of labour has been performed, twenty-four members have been admitted into the Order and added to its rolls, and about the same number of Brethren have been advanced to the two higher degrees respectively. Its financial affairs are in a most flourishing state, and its condition generally is very prosperous. The Albion Lodge is also steadily progressing, and there is, I am happy to say, perfect harmony existing in my district. I only hope that our united efforts in promoting this happy state of things, may not be rendered futile by carelessness, neglect in future attendance, or lukewarmness. Very little time is really required, and a labour of love is easily performed. To the new Masters I need only say, in the language of the installation lecture I delivered to them this day, that the honor and usefulness of their Lodges and the happiness of the Brethren will materially depend upon the skill and ability with which they discharge their duties, and the zeal and assiduity with which they promulgate the principles of the Craft, taking advantage of every opportunity forcibly to impress the dignity and importance of Freemasonry, and teaching the Brethren to practise out of Lodge those excellent precepts that are taught in it, so that when any one is said to be a Mason, the world may know that he is one to whom the burdened heart may pour forth its sorrows, the distressed may prefer his suit, whose hand is guided by justice, and whose heart is ever expanded by benevolence—always bearing in mind the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." My Brethren, once again I gratefully and sincerely thank you.

Bro. RAILTON, J. W. of the Prov. Grand Lodge, requested the Brethren to be all charged whilst he proposed a toast which could not fail to receive a cordial response from every breast. Right Worshipful Sir, the toast which I have presumed to undertake is the health of our very worthy and much-esteemed friend

Digitized by Google

and Brother, the Reverend William Agar Adamson, and from the high estimation in which he is held by the Brethren, whether as a man or a Mason, as a minister of the Gospel or as chaplain of our Lodge, his superior learning and talents have gained for him a standing and a name which commands the most general admiration. Wherever we find a Brother of his profession, endowed with his high attainments, giving occasional leisure to the "working" of our Order, there will be found evidence of the greatest prosperity, and I rejoice, Sir, that we shall have the opportunity of calling upon our Brother while he is near to guide us to a better knowledge of the light and the truth. In all ages, ministers of religion have been distinguished ornaments of society, and remarkable for their deep researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science; and it is to them, perhaps, more than to any other class of intelligence that the "system" upon which we work has been so fully developed, that the light of Masonry shines with moral refulgence over the entire habitable globe. Turn to the ancient mysteries, with which you are no doubt familiar, and you will find that although the grand object of the priests, in those days, was to preserve a pure and unsullied knowledge of the one Great God, the Father of Light; yet religion was not the sole object of their attention, because Astronomy, Geometry, Mathematics, and Architecture were diligently investigated and taught by them; and in remote ages when knowledge was of slow and difficult attainment, when its general diffusion was regarded as dangerous and impolitic, all branches of learning and science which were confined to the Priests or Magi alone were only communicated to those who could fully appreciate their excellence; and the utmost caution was observed by the learned, that a knowledge of the hidden mysteries should only be imparted by steps or degrees until the mind became gradually regenerated and made capable of contemplating the attributes of the Creator, the Great Architect of the Universe. It is not my intention to detain you upon anything like a history of Freemasonry, because such would be far beyond the reach of my ability; but while there can be no doubt that many regular assemblies of Masons were held prior to the Christian Era, an eminent writer asserts that the institution "originated in the mind of Adam and descending pure through the antediluvian ages was afterwards taught by Ham, and from him, amidst the impurities of mankind, flowed unpolluted and unstained by idolatry unto these times." The wisest and the best of men in all ages have encouraged and promoted the art, and it has been matter of speculation and surprise among the uninitiated how the "tie" should have stood as a rock of all ages, unbroken and unchanged; but until they "see the light," they must remain in the darkness of the popular world. It is the pride and glory of the Craft that it acknowledges no religious distinction, for all denominations meet upon the same level, without the semblance of acerbity, and it does not matter whether a Brother shall acknowledge no law divine but the Mosaic or kneel with the Christian to Our Father, who art in Heaven, we are travelling on the same stage of time and nothing can sever the "bond" but the grave. From the days of the patriarchs to the present, initiation into the sublime mysteries of our Order has tended to raise the mind from the things of sense to what lies beyond the grave; and although the institution has undergone severe trials whilst the ruthless hand of Time has swept away nations and kingdoms of the earth, yet in substance the Royal art remains unchanged and unchangeable. Notwithstanding the corruptions and debaucheries which prevailed, especially in Greece, in the dark ages—notwithstanding the machinations of ignorance and prejudice in succeeding generations—notwithstanding the strong arm of the law having enacted penal statutes in times of greater civilization to obscure the "light" of Masonry—notwithstanding every device of the uninitiated and popular world to persecute and to crush the exponents of wisdom, and all who secretly encouraged the art divine—yet by the blessing of the Grand Geometrician of the universe, the rays of light which first beamed in Egypt, and brightened in Greece, and spread over the world, could not be obscured, but now shine in every region of the earth, and will continue to shine as the stars until all things shall be revealed. The modern system of Freemasonry may not be so closely identified with architecture as it was in former days, and particularly within the past two centuries; but we who are not operative but Free and Accepted

Digitized by Google

Masons, apply the rule and the line, and the square and the level to our lives and actions, that thereby we may be enabled to raise up spiritual mansions to our everlasting happiness. R. W. Sir, I feel more than I can well express; and never was so deeply imbued with a reverence for our institution than when installed by you this day into the chair of my mother Lodge for the second time. The principles inculcated in the impressive charges which you delivered and which I trust I never shall forget, were so clearly and forcibly conveyed to my mind, that I felt mortified at my own unworthiness. These charges, Sir, were inferior only in solemnity to those services, in which our Rev. Brother is so well qualified to engage, whether in the sanctuary as a preacher of the Word, or in our regular assemblies as a teacher of the principles which we profess; and I rejoice, Sir, that we are privileged to call him our Brother. I fear that I have been trespassing too long upon your patience, but by your kind forbearance I was unwittingly urged onwards. I cannot, however, conclude without expressing my congratulations at the high state of prosperity in which are the Lodges under your control. That prosperity cannot fail to be heightened by the countenance which our Rev. friend and Chaplain may give us in the working of the subordinate Lodges, and I am sure that his heart is too generous to withhold the benefit of his talents, if his engagements will permit him to enlighten the minds of the Brotherhood and make clear their path. There is nothing which I see to mar our prosperity, and as we are about to close another period of time in the long existence of Masonry, let us continue in the bonds of Brotherly love, relief, and truth, so that the ancient and honourable Fraternity shall only decay with the wreck of material existence, and when all human institutions shall have perished amid the crumbling monuments of Art—Masonry shall linger on the verge of time.

The Brethren then drank the health of the Rev. Chaplain with great enthusiasm, and full Masonic honours.

Brother ADAMSON returned thanks in his usual felicitous manner, and expressed his willingness to give a course of scientific and Masonic lectures whenever the Brethren wished it.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT JERUSALEM.

WE take the following extract from a letter dated Jerusalem, 16th May, 1853, which cannot but be of great interest to the Craft:—

"I was spending a couple of days in Artas, the *hortus clusus* of the monks, and probably the 'garden enclosed' of the Canticles, when I was told there was a kind of tunnel under the pools of Solomon. I went and found one of the most interesting things that I have seen in my travels, and of which no one in Jerusalem appears to have heard. I mentioned it to the British Consul, who takes great interest in these matters, and to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, who has been here more than twenty years, and they had never heard of it.

"At the centre of the eastern side of the lowest of the three pools, there is an entrance nearly closed up; then follows a vaulted passage some fifty feet long, leading to a chamber about fifteen feet square and eight feet high, also vaulted; and from this there is a passage, also arched, under the pool, and intended to convey the water of a spring, or of the pool itself, into the aqueduct which leads to Jerusalem, and is now commonly attributed to Pontius Pilate. This arched passage is six feet high, and three or four feet wide. Each of the other two pools has a similar arched way, which has not been

Digitized by Google

blocked up, and one of which I saw by descending, first, into the rectangular well.

"The great point of interest in this discovery is this: It has now been thought, for some years, that the opinion of the invention of the arch by the Romans has been too hastily adopted. The usual period assigned to the arch is about B.C. 600. We thought we discovered a contradiction of this idea in Egypt, but the present case is far more satisfactory. The whole of the long passage of fifty feet, the chamber fifteen feet square, the two doors, and the passage under the pools in each case *are true 'Roman' arches with a perfect key-stone.* Now as it has never been seriously doubted that Solomon built the pools ascribed to him, and to which he probably refers in Ecclesiastes ii. 6, the arch must, of course, have been well known about or before the time of the building of the first temple, B.C. 1012. The 'sealed fountain' which is near, has the same arch in several places; but this might have been Roman. But here the arched ways pass probably the whole distance under the pools, and are, therefore, at least coeval with them, or were rather built before them, in order to convey the water down the valley 'to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees.'

"What I saw convinced me, at least, that the perfect key-stone Roman arch was in familiar use in the time of Solomon, or one thousand years before the Christian era."

(Signed) JAMES COOK RICHMOND.

Obituary.

BRO. GEORGE THOMAS.

Died, at Woodbridge, on the 27th of May, George Thomas, Esq., Deputy Provincial Grand Master for the County of Suffolk. The deceased Brother was also W. M. of the Doric Lodge, No. 96, and a member of the R. A. Chapter. He was appointed to the Deputyship by the late Prov. G. M. the Right. Hon. Lord Rendlesham, and during his illness assumed the command of the Province, and held several Provincial Grand Lodges. The funeral took place on the 7th inst.; and as a mark of respect, *every* shop in the town was closed, and the windows of private houses also bore the symbol of death; the funeral *cortège* was preceded by the members of his own Lodge, in silk hat-bands and white gloves; by the Odd Fellows, of which body he was an honorary member; and by the members of the Mechanics' Institute, of which he was president. It is computed that upwards of 3000 persons attended the mournful cavalcade. He was buried in his family vault at Kesgrave, near Ipswich.

In bidding adieu to a brother who so fully carried out the principles of Freemasonry in his life, we may take occasion to say, that Bro. Thomas was a man of sterling worth;—of religious, honourable, fearless, unpretending, good-humoured exactitude in his obligations; of invariable and inflexible honesty of speech and dealing, both to high and low; with more than usual simplicity, accrediting other men with the good he recognised in himself; a diligent and humane magistrate, of such large charity (though with diminished means), that scarcely a needy man in the place had not been either directly or indirectly assisted by him. Sir Thomas Browne might almost supply him with an epitaph, that the Cæsars of the world may now be coveting:—"Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent;

Digitized by Google

who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next."

Elegiac Thoughts on the Decease of the late Dep. P. G. M. of the Suffolk Freemasons, George Thomas, Esq.

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."—OVID.

"How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."
POPE.

"What metal, mineral, earth *now* requires he?
Prepared, passed, raised, by the blest Eternal Three."
CHURCH.

Has death then seized the Excellent, our noble-minded squire?
May solemnly respond the pure, Be worth like his our hearts' desire:
Now let succeeding periods emulate his generous truth,
His sage example to the rich, the poor, the aged, and the youth.
Were any parentless and destitute?—*his* godlike hand supplied
Food, clothing, shelter, aye, and learning nature dignified.
The fading sick were ever his peculiar care;—
As magistrate most just, most merciful the rod to spare:
Thou *second* man of Ross, lie hallow'd in thy peaceful grave,
While the Masonic host their glorious, sacred banners wave
Above thy sweetly-pillow'd head, engender'd by a well-spent life;
Opposer, thou, alike of tyranny or meanness, fraud or strife,
A cloud of witnesses attest your truly independent mind,
Commanding all to walk in purity, that they may find
Their *sure* reward, by simply walking in the path *he* trod,
T'attain that kingdom-prize, whose Architect is God.

Written by S. J. CHURCH, a *poor player*, 1853.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, by *the first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

CHESHIRE.—COMBERMERE LODGE, No. 880.—We had intended to print under this head, in the present number of the *F. M. Q. M.*, a Lecture recently delivered by Bro. Holbrook, W. M. No. 368, and S. W. of this Lodge, J. Royal Arch Chapter of Liverpool, 2nd Capt. Jacques de Molay Encampment of K. T., Prince R. C., K. H. 30°, &c. &c., upon the origin of Freemasonry. Owing, however, to the pressure of important matter, we have at the last moment been compelled to defer our intention; but we purpose giving both this and other Lectures by the same gifted Brother, in future numbers.

HULL.—C. R. C.—The paper is under consideration, and, if approved, will appear in the next number; respecting which, communication will be made to the writer.

Digitized by Google

RED APRON.—C.—The red apron gives no precedence to a Brother after his year of office, except by courtesy, unless he joins the G. Ss.' Lodge. The G. L. decided this question on the 22nd inst.; and when the alterations in the Book of Constitutions have been confirmed, we trust the G. Ss. will attend the G. L. more regularly, and perform their duties better than they have done of late years. A reason is said to exist for their absence from the Q. Cs. If so, why is it not boldly given? A continuation of such absence may result in the Red Apron being thrown open to the Craft,—a result which we think would be objectionable; but for which the P. G. Ss. of the last four years, and those of the present year, would have no one to thank but themselves. If the distinction is worth anything, its duties at least should be punctually performed.

FINES.—P. J. G. D.—We do not like the proposition, and think it calculated to become mischievous in its consequences.

DR. OLIVER'S WORKS. — BRISTOLIENSIS. — All the learned doctor's works may be had at Bro. Spencer's, 314, High Holborn. We cannot say whether "The Revelations of a Square" will be completed and published as a separate work. The completion of these papers in the *F. M. Q. M.* has not been considered desirable.

AGED FREEMASONS AND THEIR WIDOWS.—BRO. W. CHRISTIE. —We had intended to print your circular; unfortunately we have not room for it; but we have much pleasure in announcing by these means that you, with other worthy Brethren associated with you, intend to try to obtain funds for the increase of the comforts of the Brethren and their Widows at Croydon, by a benefit, to be given at Bro. Conquest's, "Royal Grecian," City Road, on the 14th of July.

GRAND CONCLAVE.—THE JEWELS.—We do not approve of the change. We think it a mistake from first to last, and one which will be universally disliked. The private jewels, both in form and material, are positively contemptible; and we have searched in vain to find an authority which can justify any such alteration.

GRAND ORIENT OF PARIS.—A FRENCH BROTHER.—The complaint of our having published a letter in our March number respecting Bro. Hubert is rendered nugatory by the correspondence which appears in this number from that Brother, and also from the circular of the G. M. of the Grand Orient of France. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondent, neither are we disposed to add a word, which could be painful to Bro. Hubert in his present position. We give both sides of the question, and leave those Brethren, whom the subject interests, to draw their own conclusions.

BRO. DECHEVAUX-DUMESNIL.—Nous aurions eu un grand plaisir à reproduire en Anglais l'article du *Franc-Maçon* qui a pour titre "Tableau Synoptique et Pittoresque des Littératures Anciennes et Modernes les plus remarquables, par Alexandre Timoni," et aussi un autre, intitulé "Bibliothèque des Loges et des Orateurs," si nous aurions pu trouver la place nécessaire. Nous avons déjà envoyé deux numeros du No. 11; mais nous aurons beaucoup de plaisir à vous transmettre un autre avec un duplicata du Numero 1, à l'adresse que vous avez indiqué. Il y a toujours moyen de faire une collection complète du *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* par Frère Robert Spencer, High Holborn, 314, à Londres. Quant à la réproduction de quelques articles du *Franc-Maçon*, nous serons prêts à le faire quand l'occasion se présente. Nous sommes extrêmement reconnaissants pour votre offre obligeante d'être notre correspondant. Nous l'acceptons; mais nous avons déjà des relations etablies à cet egard avec des autres Frères dans votre pays, que nous ne pourrions pas interrompre.

DR. CRUCIFIX.—„Die Geſchichte Freimaurerei in Frankreich" von Kloß, war ſehl geſchickt zur Wohnung der Herr Docteur Crucifix. Der Verfaſſer wußte nicht daß der Herr Docteur geſtorben war, und man hat die zwei Bänder zu 74, Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, geſchickt, daß ſie Kritiſche unterſucht werden ſollten, im nächſten Numero des *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

THE

FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1853.

MASONIC CONGRATULATIONS.

The three months just passed are invariably the most dead periods of the year, as respects the progress and work of Masonry in the metropolitan districts. During those months very few of the London Lodges meet, and little or no Masonic business is transacted. Even the Quarterly Communication of G. L. is but thinly attended; and unless any special business calls for debate, nothing of any very great importance is brought forward. It is but natural that this should be the case, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the Brethren, who can get away from the metropolis, are only too glad to escape, in order to enjoy the freshness of the sea, country, or continental air, and to lay in a stock of health for the ensuing nine months of active business and employment.

As such is the case, it is not singular that we have little or nothing of any moment to report, if we except the announcement of daily augmented funds and the increased influence of the Craft in all those localities—Home and Colonial—where "the work" is carried forward under the warrant of the G. L. of England.

A reference, however, to our metropolitan reports will show, that although the work and progress of Freemasonry in London have been, as usual, quiescent during the months

Digitized by Google

of June, July, and August, the Provinces have been manifesting as much spirit and activity as heretofore, and testifying to the fact, that the Craft is rapidly increasing in the estimation and good opinion of the popular world. The statements of the proceedings at Colchester on the 12th of August, under the auspices of our esteemed and excellent Bro. Rowland Alston, are declaratory of the prosperity of the Essex Lodges; whilst the splendour and dignity of the Dorset meeting, under the presidency of our worthy Brother, William Tucker, clearly prove that the Order is losing nothing of its beneficial effects in that part of the country. In Cheshire, Bro. Lord Viscount Combermere has again proved himself to be a worthy representative of the M.W. the G. M.; whilst Guernsey "echoes back" the welcome news of noble deeds performed in Masonry, under the superintendence of our indefatigable Bro. J. J. Hammond, the Prov. G. M. of the Channel Islands, for the future and permanent defence of one of the most important harbours of the British dependencies.

But perhaps the greatest cause for congratulation yet remains to be mentioned—the installation, in the Province of Staffordshire, of Lieut. Col. Vernon, as the successor of Maj. Gen. Anson, the late worthy and much-respected G. M., who having accepted a high military appointment at Bombay, has been compelled to vacate an office which he has held for many years with honour to himself and credit to the Craft. Had it been practicable to have searched through the entire ranks of Masonry in this country, it would have been utterly impossible to have found one more worthy to assume the duties of this high and important post than Lieut. Col. Vernon, who, independently of his being a first-rate *working* Mason, has also endeared himself to all, who have the privilege of his friendship, by the urbanity of his demeanour, and his noble and estimable character. Most heartily is the Province of Staffordshire to be congratulated upon the wisdom of the M.W. the G. M.'s selection, and upon the prospects which are before it, as the result of this most unexceptionable appointment.

Till this year Freemasonry might almost have been said to

Digitized by Google

have been extinct for the last quarter of a century in Wilts; but an important revival has taken place, and the nomination and installation of Lord Methuen as the future Prov. G. M. of that district, can but give an impetus to the operations of the Order, and resuscitate the noble principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. The tongue of good report is also heard in behalf of Cornwall, where Bro. Sir C. Lemon, with indefatigable zeal, follows out the ancient landmarks of the Society, and exerts his influence both as a man and a Mason to promote the best interests of the Fraternity.

We doubt not, if our space would allow of it, that we could have recorded many other instances whereby the Provinces have testified during the last three months that they are keeping pace with the metropolis; and it is most satisfactory to us to know, and to be able to announce to the Craft in general, that not only have our observations in the last number of this periodical, as to the too hasty admission of many of the popular world into the Order, been universally approved, but that a vast number of the leading Lodges are beginning to act promptly upon our suggestions. Thus we may hail a still further improving æra as rapidly approaching, and may yet see the Order—what it is so eminently calculated to be—a beacon set on a hill, whose diffusive light tends to cheer the hours of sadness, to relieve the darkness of human calamity, and to cement the best feelings of Fraternal affection between man and man.

The death of the late Prov. G. M. for Norfolk, the Right Hon. the Lord Suffield, painfully induces us to refer to the condition of that Province. It is not fitting that we should particularly advert to the circumstances, which have tended to depress that once prosperous Masonic county. But it has our hearty good wishes that a worthy and active successor to the late Prov. G. M. may speedily be appointed, who will be able to revive the *prestige* which the G. L. of Norfolk once enjoyed, when Bro. the late Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was G. M., and the late Bro. Jeremiah Ives his indefatigable Deputy. Immense credit is due to the active

Digitized by Google

exertions, and persevering assiduity of the Prov. G. Sec. of this Province, Bro. W. H. H. Turner, who has kept the Brethren together in unity and fraternal regard; and, therefore, we have reason to anticipate that Norfork may once again become one of the most eminent districts under the guidance of a worthy and gifted Brother.

It is a happy condition when there exists no opportunity to find fault; and truly, we may say, at the present juncture, that such is our own. Not only does unanimity prevail on all sides amongst the members of the Order, but Charity, its brightest jewel, increases and multiplies a thousand-fold. The Girls' School flourishes; the Boys' Institution is rapidly making its way, so that very soon we shall have to intimate that the desirable object of finding these children of our decayed Brethren a home is realized. The Asylum at Croydon, we have reason to anticipate, will ere long be completed, when the circle of our Masonic obligations will, doubtless, be thus far complete.

Our Editorial labours for the past three months have been thus unusually light, and being now ended for another three months, we beg to close these observations—which cannot but be satisfactory to all, who have the interests of the Craft at heart—with the expression of all gratitude to T. G. A. O. T. U. for the favours we have already received, and with earnest supplication to the M. H. that our labours, begun in order, may ever continue to be conducted in peace, and from time to time be closed in harmony! So MOTE IT BE!

Digitized by Google

ON THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY OR SAN GRAAL;

ITS CONNECTION WITH THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AND THE MASONIC TRADITIONS; AS ALSO WITH THE SACRO CATINO AT GENOA.

By the Author of "Symbols and Symbolism."

A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with naked eye.
SCOTT'S *Marmion, Introduction.*

THERE are few who have at all attended to our ancient history, or the legends of our Church, but suppose, from the confident manner in which the fact is frequently stated, that the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea is clearly traditional and legendary, equally with his having founded a modest monastery at Glastonbury under his invocation, which, from wattled walls and a thatched covering, subsequently grew into the most splendid conventual structure of the kingdom; the staff which he planted on the spot chosen for his resting-place flourished immediately into a vigorous tree, and the Glastonbury thorn, still attesting its miraculous origin by a supernatural verdure and blossoming each anniversary of the sacred Nativity, is a belief, even at the present day, fondly cherished around the Mendip Hills, and unquestioned at a greater distance. By many, too, it is thought equally documented that this proto-missionary brought with him a sacred dish, from which our Saviour had eaten the Paschal Lamb with his disciples (Matt. xxvi. 18, 19; Mark xiv. 13, 25; Luke xii. 15, 25), and that it had been further sanctified by having received into it the blood issuing from the five wounds, by which the body of Christ was pierced when on the cross.

This dish, subsequently, under the name of the SAN-GRAAL, and a variety of differing ones, which we shall shortly mention, takes a quite different character; it becomes the great pivot round which nearly all the tales of romance and chivalry, in what may be called the cycle of King Arthur, Merlin, and the knights of the Round Table turn; its *search* is their great purpose, and they follow it through every danger; its achievement their greatest glory; though its shadowy form and character seem scarcely to

Digitized by Google

have been clearly fixed by the imaginative writers of these poems.

Once more the scene is changed, and as the *Sacro Catino* now at Genoa, it again resumes its character and form, "palpable both to feeling and to sight," as the sacred paschal dish, to which is superadded the merit or virtue of being a gift of the Queen of Sheba (when she came from her distant empire to admire the wisdom of Solomon), to the royal treasury of the kings of Judah; who, in compliance with Solomon's command and example, only permitted its rare and solemn use at their annual celebration of the passover. When the line of David ceased to be regal, it passed to the priesthood and the family of Joseph, who claimed a royal descent, and was by him used when the Saviour condescended to eat his last meal with the disciples under his roof. Being forewarned of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem by Christ's predictions, and troubled in his new belief by the Jews, Joseph, with his friend Nicodemus, and other Christians, carried the sacred vessel to the Roman colony of Cæsarea on the Mediterranean. In their families it remained to 1101, when that city was taken and sacked by the Crusaders, and was then transferred, as the most precious portion of the booty, to the Genoese church militants, who had been foremost in the attack.

It is evident we have here three distinct and independent fictions, though generally the subject is considered as connected. It will be interesting to trace the causes of such a prevalent belief, and whilst unravelling the different narratives, to show how each might have been influenced by the other, as well as the points of their general conformity from hitherto unconsidered facts in very distant countries; nor will the gratification of this inquiry be confined to mere general readers, or deep scrutinizers into our national antiquities; there are certain points of the investigation where the search for a lost hoard, and the quest after the *Sangreal*, connected as it is with the effusion of blood and corruption of the body, will give unlooked-for conformities and points of contact with the most abstruse mysteries of Masonic Craft, perhaps to the extent of points of fellowship in fives.

We shall find, too, in the investigation of this woven tissue of fiction, ligaments thrown out into the much-abused, the unjustly-vilified Order of the Templars; its character and credit, at the highest pitch of its prosperity and wealth, described as honourable and pure, and totally inconsistent with the horrible charges brought against it. We shall hereby obtain a better scale for the general merit of the Order than the long

Digitized by Google

lists of accusations brought against it by its enemies, the monks, in the still subsisting interrogatories which they framed, or even in the admissions of many of the knights themselves, enticed by promises of immunity and pardon, or extorted, if not by the most severe torture, by at least the imminent fear and precedents of a dreadful and ignominious death; for these, however, it will be necessary to adduce foreign evidence and undeniable testimony, which the most exact historians of the Order, both condemning and exculpatory, have hitherto overlooked.

From the above it will be seen, that the subject necessarily branches out into three divisions, which we shall treat separately and seriatim, under the following heads:—

The first embraces the earliest and our own legends of the San Graal, from its exit from Palestine to being interwoven into the Lays of the Troubadours, and the metrical romances of Arthur and the Round Table.

The second will embrace the visionary reveries of those old Troubadours and Minne-Sänger, wild and fanciful in idea, but rich in imagery, easy in diction, and often fraught with sentiments drawn from the deepest insight into our common humanity. The principal of these foreign singers of love, Wolfram von Eschenbach, who flourished early in the thirteenth century, was declared, even after Schiller and Göthe had produced some of their most admired works, by no mean judge of the literature and poetry of his countrymen, F. von Schlegel, to have produced in his "Titurel" and "Parzival" two of the finest poems in the German language.

Under the third head we shall examine the more practical, certainly less poetical legends of the monks, on the existing *Sacro Catino* at Genoa, perhaps with a rival or a duplicate at the rich Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, an island in the Boden See, or Lake of Constanz. These cloistered scribes imagined, no doubt, that they were surer of the approbation of posterity, and entitled to full credence for their reveries, from the ocular demonstration they could bring of an existing vase of inestimable value, and whose authenticity they believed proved beyond the possibility of a doubt by a long chain of tradition; by its monetary value beyond the possibility of purchase; by its long preservation, and the attested miracles of which it was the immediate sphere. Under this head, also, will be found some clue why the sacred Graal was supposed to have chosen a lodgment for some time in Britain; in this the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* are principally concerned, and if proved, it may, on the principle of *nullum tempus regi et ecclesiæ*, give the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as ordinary of Glastonbury,

Digitized by Google

the right of reclaiming from his Sardinian Majesty whatever may still remain of this inestimable relic. It is curious, however, that in our indigenous annals we find no name given to the dish during its British sojourn, and it will only be by disinterring a very neglected passage from the monk William of Malmesbury, and a comparison with foreign facts and authorities, that we at all trace its existence amongst us.

Before, however, proceeding further, it will be necessary to give the differing forms under which the name is found. *Garalis*, in an Anglo-Saxon glossary, is explained by acetabulum, which would mean any vessel for holding vinegar. *Gradales* and *Graaltz*—scutella lata propter contentum gratum, id est ordinem multiplicem pretiosarum dapium. *Graal*, Roquefort (*Dict. Provenc.* with many unimportant varieties), *vase à boire, grand plat*. *Grasal*, at Marseilles, a soup-tureen. All these agree in the common meaning of a dish. In Bennet College, Cambridge, is a poem on the subject, of forty thousand verses, hitherto unpublished, in which the name is given *Sank Ryal*, and *Seynt Graal*, and in Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur," we have the more usual *Sangreal*. Some have believed the name but a corruption of *sanguis regalis*, giving countenance to the legend of the holy blood. There are some other suppositions which we shall pass over to come to the most ridiculous of all, that of Joseph von Hammer (and now Baron Purgstall), in his "Mysterium Baphometis Revelatum." Having found that in Arabic *Gar* signifies a hole, and having fully made up his mind that the curious offertory-dishes, which have caused much discussion on the Continent, and are not unknown in England, from their interesting and enigmatical inscriptions, were Templar utensils; and reading the five-times repeated letters on many, as, *Have ait Garal;* he comes, by I know not what species of reasoning, to the conviction, that they and the Scriptural figures at their bottoms are most damning proofs of Templar atrocity. As these dishes have caused inquiry in England; and as a specimen of the estimation Von Hammer's theory is held in by his countrymen, the following translation of a passage, on both subjects, from Justizrath Schulz (pseudo-named San Marte), on the Graal may not be out of place.

"J. von Hammer's deduction falls with his documents, the 'Offertory Dishes,' which are nothing less than Templar. Their characters are, as every one might convince himself, from the engraving in the 'Curiositäten,' neither majuscles nor minuscles, nor indeed the alphabet of any language whatsoever; these scrawls are but mere purposely or ignorantly formed contortions. Since so much noise was made concerning these dishes, numerous others have turned up (in England especially); and on the brokers' stalls at Nürnberg and Augsburg, numbers may still be met

Digitized by Google

with, in which places they used to be made in great quantities by coppersmiths. There is therefore no dependence to be placed on this new hypothesis of the Graal legend, more especially as Von Hammer was often so shamefully badgered in similar attempts, in the journal of the Thüring-Saxon Union, and in the vindication of the Order, by his antagonist Nell, on his great work."

In the above approved explanations nothing occurs opposed to the meaning of *simple rotundity*—a form peculiarly affected by the Templars, as we find in all their buildings with us, and as we shall find in many abroad, more especially in the *beau ideal* of a Templar cathedral, of which I shall have occasion to say more shortly; also in the round table; and thus there must be something inherently significant of rotundity in the word, or its etymological identities. A few may be mentioned: *Kral* is a round assemblage of round huts; *Gracilis* has its beauty from rotundity, from which the French take their *grêle* (hail), and the Germans *Hagel*, which also means shot. The *kreel* and *reel*,—to *reel*, either subjectively when drunk, or objectively when winding yarn—indicate rotatory motion; *kräuel*, its German form, unites, says Adelung, "the crooked form with the idea of grasping," as *Kralle*, the claw; so *Kreise*, circulus, *Kreisel* or *Kräusel*, the top: hence *coral*, *cor* the heart; *garland*, *crook*, *crown*, *crowd*, *cravat*; *Granum*, *Grand*, German for gravel; in which latter sense, besides innumerable other instances, we have in Spenser—

> "Here upon this gentle knight unweeting was,
> And lying down upon the sandy *grael*,
> Dronk of the stream as clear as crystal glass."

And again:—

> "The bottom yellow, like the golden *grayle*,
> That bright Pactolus washeth with his streams."

Nor would the modern name of *catino* differ in meaning, being, from the etymological identity of *t* and *s*, derived from the low Latin *cassis*, *cassela*; English, *kettle*; German, *Kessel*; *Ketti*, a round seat, as in Adelung. Thus the radix is so comprehensive, that anything round in itself, or the cause of rotundity, may be contained within it. Its propriety, therefore, as the peculiar designation of a vessel consecrated to the Templar use, and guarded, as we shall find hereafter, by their Order, is apparent: it was almost a necessity.

After this probably too dry discussion on the meaning of the word, we now approach the first portion of the divisions we have made of our subject. The most full and comprehensive account that we find of the Sangreal abroad (passing by for the present our own country), is in an ancient German poem, entitled "Titurel," of which there were formerly two versions; one, the

Digitized by Google

elder, generally attributed to Wolfram von Eschenbach (on whose "Parzival" I have already adduced the flattering testimony of F. von Schlegel), exists only in a couple of fragments; the second, or younger, is entire, by various writers, the latter part by one who calls himself Albrecht von Scharfenberg; and as the original is closely followed, a slight analysis of some passages will give us a fair idea of the remainder, and his view of the miraculous Graal. Its distinction from the succeeding poems of the troubadours and romances is, that it is throughout divested of any of the subsequent machinery derived from Merlin, or from Arthur and his Paladins, which characterizes so decidedly the next period, of which Christern de Troyes, a North French troubadour, sung, and may possibly have given the first example.

As his principal object is the description of the gorgeous temple formed to hold worthily the Graal, the author refers for an account of its virtues and worth to another lay:—

Chap. II. strophe 5.*

Wie viel nun Tugende waere
An dem *Graal* und wirde,
Das seit ein ander Maere,
Und wie von mannigem Lande da mit girde
Des Engels reine Diet do ward Gesinde
Des hat man viel gefrieschet.

Chapter III. contains, how Titurel builds a castle for the Graal, called Monsalvatsch (Mons Salvatoris), and in it a costly and richly-decorated temple in the centre of a wood, 60 German (300 English) miles on every side (sechtzig Meil der Walt was zuo allen Seiten). In its centre was a hill, from which to come to the skirts on every side was thirty miles, called Floreiss-salvatsch; it was so completely embosomed in the wood, that no one could find his way through it unless angel-led. The poetical description is in the following stanzas:—

Strophe 1.†

Der Berg überall so michell
Ein Felse var vom Grunde,

---

* Now what great virtues' ray
Was in the Graal or deed,
Tells you another lay,
How from many lands with greed
Angelic hosts to serve it came:
Of that great quest has ever been.

† That hill, immensely great, was grown
Entire from its base a rock,

Digitized by Google

Nicht anders denn Onichel
Mit wunsche man die Reichheit des wohl gunde:
Verwachsen doch mit Grase und auch mit Kraute;
Titurel der süsse
Mit Fleisse war des Baues also traute.

The temple's ground plan is found delineated, supernaturally shining on the onyx rock:—

Strophe 4.*

Die Tempel's Grundfeste
Kam auf den Stein gerissen,
Dass Titurel nun wüsste
Wie das Werk werden sollte und erflissen;
Der Stein war Klafter hundert und mehr breite,
All umher von der Mauere
Klafter fünf bis an der Gräde Aufgeleite.

It is particularly noted, that the ground plan of the edifice is a rotunda. Boisserèe's plan and elevation are exact to this description:—

Strophe 5.†

Sinwel als ein Rotunde
Nach Aventür Gehöre
Des Tempels man begunde
Mit Werck, darinne zwen und siebenzig Chöre
Aussenher dazu achtecke und vorgeschossen
War jeglich Chor besonders:
So reicher Kost ein Armen hätt verdrossen.

Its gorgeous adornment with bronze pillars, costly marbles,

And of nought else, save onyx stone:
(You might wish of like wealth a stock)
But overgrown with weeds and grass—
Titurel the lovely
In earnest to begin the building was.

* That temple's plan below,
Was seen graven on the stone,
That Titurel might know
How best his work be done;
The rock was hundred fathoms and more deep,
And round was from the wall
Fathoms five to the steps steep.

† But like a bow rotund,
As us stories tell,
The temple was begun,
For choirs twelve six with zeal:
Eight cornered outside and forward thrust,
Each choir was separate.
Art so rich had poor men crushed.

Digitized by Google

and gems of every colour, and a multiplicity of imagery, is commenced in the following stanzas:—

Strophe 6.*

Aufeherne Saeulen gewölbet,
Das Werck war so spaehe,
An Freuden ungeselbet
Waer mein Herze, ob ich es noch gesaehe;
Innerhalb gezieret überall begarbe,
Das schien aus rothem Golde
Jeglich Edelstein nach seiner Farbe.

Strophe 8.†

An Säulen und an Pfeilern
Ergraben und ergossen
Viel Bild waren, kostbaere
Sam Engel dar vom Himmel wärn geschossen
In Freudenfluge, und also lachebaeren
Dass ein törscher Bayer
Geschwöre wohl dass sie bei Leben wären.

But we should never finish if we were to give a full analysis, or even only such parts as appear to us particularly pleasing. The beauty and magnificence, with which the boundless imagination of the poet clothes his building, can only be perceived in the original: the thoughts might be conveyed by a translation, but the beauty of the diction would be lost.

Commentators have fancied that the poet might have received hints from some of the fine edifices of Gothic architecture with which Germany then began to be stored. Wolfram von Eschenbach flourished in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and was one of the principal competitors in the poetical contests at Wartburg, in 1207. Albrecht, his continuator, flourished in the same century, later; but the plan of that cathedral of cathedrals at Cologne was already, before the death of Wolfram, in the mind of the high-minded archbishop Conrad von Hochstetten, who laid the foundations for this stately edifice in 1248.

---

* On brazen pillars turn'd,
The works so fair in show;
With pleasure great were burn'd
My heart, could I it view.
The rich inside to sight was view'd,
As dight with bright red gold,
And jewels many-hued.

† On pillars high, and walls
Deep graven or sharp cast,
Were many statues there;
As if angels from heaven there pass'd
In sportive flight, and so alive to sight,
A Baier lout had sworn them living quite.

Digitized by Google

It may have been the inspiration of this poem which, in 1356, induced the emperor Charles IV. to build, in his castle of Carlstein, near Prague, a chapel, as the depository of the Czechian regalia, which, only inferior in size, seems to have equalled in gorgeous decorations and interior splendour the wildest fancies of the poet. It is described as not only profusely decorated with jaspers, onyx, cornelians, and all the other costly marbles, but spangled along its roofs and walls with pearls, and emeralds, and other stones of great value: its very windows were diaphonous gems of different hues, to give the appearance of windows "in painted livery dight," set in gilded frames. In later times this splendour of decoration has been followed with greater taste by the ex-king Ludwig of Bavaria, in a chapel attached to the new royal palace at München, and with greater success in the unrivalled basilica, which his piety and munificence has raised to the memory of our English Winifred of Crediton, under his more distinguished title of St. Bonifacce, in requital for the benefits of Christianity and civilization, which the missionary labours of his life conferred on Germany. The beautiful frescoes, representing numerous scenes of the life and labours of the saint, should be visited by every Englishman who enters Bavaria; and copies of their great work, by Wilhelm Hess, Schraudorff, and others, engraved by some English public body, presented to that monarch, would be a graceful and suitable acknowledgment. It would be a fitting undertaking for the Art Union.

Were I desired to name any building in Britain, setting aside the palace of Windsor Castle with its round tower, which we are told once went by the name of "the round table," but never seems to have been a consecrated building, I should cite the Castle at Ludlow, in Shropshire, as it must have been in its splendour, when, as the frequent residence of our English monarchs, and subsequently the permanent stronghold of the lords of the marshes and the principality, this extended range of spacious halls, now roofless and in ruins, was doubtless fitted up with all that luxury required, or unbounded means could furnish. I should, in naming it, picture to myself the time when the liberality and taste of its lords could furnish Milton with the means and a scene for one of his most imaginative creations—his "Comus;" but most of all should I keep in view the curious and unique rotunda of the chapel, to bear out my parallel. The ground plan of the edifice might almost be laid down upon the model given in "Titurel," could we suppose for a moment that the Teuton's poem could have been known in England when it had been forgotten by his own countrymen.

Digitized by Google

One, we trust, living artist seems to have caught all the inspiration of the poet, and to have infused all into his abilities as an architect, to produce a building worthy in design of the poetical conception. Boisserèe, the discoverer of the original long-lost plan of the cathedral at Köln, by which alone its completion, according to the first design of its architect, has become practicable, gave, in 1835, to the Royal Academy of Science at München, an Essay, published the same year in their "Transactions," on the architectural feature of the poem of "Titurel," and accompanied it with three designs; ground plan, section, elevation, according with the description of the sacred edifice of the poem. It may have been this writer's own cultivated taste, and intimate knowledge of the best specimens of Gothic architecture at its most flourishing period, or the facile directions of the poet; but few that have examined the elevation will deny that it presents the *beau ideal* of a circular Gothic cathedral. To those who have not the opportunity of examining the original, the general plan would be much like Barry's river front of the new palace at Westminster, if rounded and broken by countless absides, each crowned with its reticulated lantern and turrets of open work, — a worthy Pantheon for a Propaganda.

This edifice was inspired by the precious burthen, which Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have brought with him; but we have had in Britain a temple raised to the memory of himself, that, less grand, less gorgeous, less spacious, is a gem of simple beauty and exquisite proportion in style and ornament. When Glastonbury was entire, at the east end of her great church, the post of honour, usually conceded in cathedrals to the Virgin, was dedicated to his memory; and the still existing ruins, in their delicate mouldings and chaste sculpture, evince that it must have been, in its integrity, one of the most pleasing specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. The site was offered last year for public sale, and it was generally stated that the Catholic hierarchy of the kingdom had it in contemplation to make the purchase, and in a good measure to restore the buildings. Numerous colleges for the education of the rising generation are springing up in different parts; it would be well if the rich dignitaries of our own Church were to step in and secure the ruins for their own establishment, and a similar purpose; the institution in St. Augustine's monastery at Canterbury is an excellent example.

Of *existing* specimens of Gothic architecture which come nearest the plan chalked out in "Titurel," the Church of Notre Dame (unserer lieben Frauen) at Trier is the best. It is a

Digitized by Google

rotunda, with the sides broken by circular chapels, of which one to the east is larger than the rest, giving the ground plan somewhat the form of a Greek cross; as the Virgin Mary was the special patron of the Knights Templars, this invocation and a circular plan are at least Templar reminiscences. The reason why a round ground plan was fixed on by the Order for their favourite form, as we find still existing not only in the buildings real or visionary we have mentioned, but also in the round Temple Church in London, in Cambridge, Northampton, Little Maplestead, and Temple Bruer, is variously stated:— Amongst the heathens the idea of chastity must have had some immediate connection with a circle, as all the temples to Vesta have that form. The Pantheon may be looked upon as the round table of the heathen Olympus, round which each deity could receive his peculiar worship, without an implied superiority of place to any. But the rotunda may have been originally fortuitously taken up by the Templars from their first institution in the East, and from the donation by the king of Jerusalem to Hugo de Paganis of a Moslem mosque built by the Caliph Omar, for their first place of assembly and worship, after it had undergone the purification of a consecration by the patriarch. The Mohammedan mosque is well known to be always circular, and as this had been built on Mount Sion, and the ancient site of Solomon's glorious temple, both form and name passed to the infant Order, and remained with it to its final extinction. Hence many points of contact and ritual in the Lodges.

But we must continue the conformities that we have found mentioned, or ourselves first noticed in the poem, with the Templars, and, consequently, with the Orders proceeding from them. Some ritual observances differing from the usual celebration of the Mass, as the inserting the three first verses of St. John's Gospel, in both have been insisted upon; also the very worship of the Graal, like the supposed Templar Baphometum, known from the interrogatories in the proceedings, both which were to bring their votaries unbounded wealth, and a supernatural fertility to their possessions, as the following points from the Templar protocols prove.

"52. Item, quod dicebant, quod illud caput poterat eos salvare. 53. Item, quod divites facere. 54. Item, quod omnes divitias ordinis dabat eis. 55. Item, quod terram germinare faciebat. 56. Item, quod faciebat arbores florere."

Another congruity is, the prostration thrice that the poem requires for the Graal, and which the knights are said to have practised to their Baphomet. As the Order received its first rule from St. Bernard, the founder of the Cistercians, it is but reasonable

Digitized by Google

to suppose that many of the observances of these Bernardines would be practised by the Templars. Amongst the monkish Orders none of them were lavish in the use of bells; the Benedictines had them in the greatest number, but the Cistercian rule strictly prohibited the use of more than two, one for the steeple, the other for the chancel-turret, to announce the elevation; the following stanzas of the poem would seem to have merely put this precept into verse:—

Stanza 62.*

Aller Stimme Krone
Ist Harfensaiten Ziere:
In süssem hellen Tone
Klingt dennoch fürbass der Kalkofon Aerzubiere.
Zwo Glocken waren daraus gedräht mit Kunste,
Die Klöckel drin von Golde,
Der Reichheit zu einer vollkommenen Gunste:

Die eine zum Tempel sollte,
Die ander zum Convente,
So man zu Tische wollte,
Oder an Streites Soldamente;
Glockenklanges wollten sie nicht mehre
Nach klösterlichem Orden,
Und durch des Grales Schaue dar kehren.

The most striking proof, however, has been hitherto overlooked in the following stanza; an interior chapel is being described, which, like the Holy House at Loretto, or the Tabernacle of the three kings at Cologne, shall more especially hold the holy Graal. The covering of the circular centre, where the groinings of the arches meet at the top, had been originally a diaphonous emerald gem-plate; it had been replaced by a boss with the lamb of St. John carrying in his foot (claw) the red cross banner of the Order, which still marks the entrance-gate to the Middle Temple in London, from Fleet Street, and dates from 1648, most probably replacing one more ancient.

---

* The sound that pleases best
From the harp's cord is press'd;
Still in sweet clearest tone,
Booms forsooth from the core's zone,
Two bells there cast with wondrous art,
Their clappers of pure gold,
In richness were what desires the heart.

The one was for the temple's grace,
The other for the convent's place,
When reflection's hour was near,
Or strife of wits to mock the ear:
But more of bells to sound were not,
Or mark the Graal's view, heavenly lot.

Digitized by Google

Stanza 68.*

Ein Smaragd zu einer Scheiben
In mitten drein gefälzet,
Mann liess das nicht beleiben.
Darauf ein Lamm von reiner Kunst geschmelzet,
Das trug in seiner Klau die Fahn' geröthet:
Das Zeichen hat uns Heil erstritten,
Und Luzifern an seiner Gewalt ertödet.

If to all this be added, that the Graal is committed to the care of a community of *chaste knights*, whose very name is conforming, as *Tempeleise* (one MS. even gives *Tempelhere*, the sole German term for Templar), it must be admitted that the coincidences are more than accidental.

Aussen war von Fraise
Ergraben und ergossen,
Wie die *Tempeleise*
Täglich verwappnet unverdrossen,
Ritterlich stritten in grossem Herte
Zu Dienst dem heren Grale,
Damit man ihn von arger Diet erverte.†

Individually some of these conformities are slight; but there are others, particularly the last, undeniable; and the whole are cumulative. They prove, that in the thirteenth century the Order of Knights Templars was chosen by a poet of great discernment and knowledge as the watchers and guardians of a jewel, sent down by ministering angels from heaven, to be intrusted on earth to the care only of pure and virtuous knights; that this Order is selected by the poet at a time when, if ever, it must have been at the height of its impiety and impurity, for it was at the height of its prosperity, seems a sufficient answer to the monstrous charges brought against it as a body,—many impossible, all improbable and ridiculous.

There are, however, some other circumstances attendant on the Graal, adduced by the French writer Douhaire, in his

---

* For light smaragds of softest green
Were in the centre housed,
But longer not there to be seen.
In lieu a lamb of purest mass was fused,
And bears high in its foot the flag red cross'd:
That sign hath us salvation wrought,
And Lucifer his power and might hath lost.

† O' th' frieze outside, the deeds
Were carved, or cast in mould,
How its chaste Templar priests,
Daily armed and alway bold,
Knightly fought, *à l'outrance*,
In service of holy Graal,
To guard it from ill folk disturbance.

Digitized by Google

memoir on this myth. I lament that from its absence from our National library I have not been able to consult the original, and I take, therefore, a notice of it by the able archæologist M. de Caumont, of Caen, given in the eighth volume of "Bulletin Monumental," p. 129.

"Les poètes du XIII. et XIV. siècle, qui composaient les romans de la Table Ronde, firent de Joseph d'Arimathée le chef d'une Francmaçonnerie guerrière et pieuse. A les en croire, il aurait hérité après la Passion, de la coupe dans laquelle le Sauveur aurait fait la Cène. Cette coupe, qu'ils appellent du nom de Graal, était donné des vertus les plus merveilleuses. D'abord il y avait dans la forme quelque chose de mystérieux et d'ineffable que le regard humain ne pouvait bien saisir, que la langue humaine ne saurait décrire complètement. Pour jouir de sa vue, même imparfaite, il fallait être baptisé. Le Graal rendait lui-même des oracles par lesquels il prescrivait toute ce que dans les cas imprévus devait être fait pour l'honneur de son culte. *Ces oracles étaient merveilleusement figurés à la vue en caractères écrits sur la surface de la vase, et disparaissaient aussitôt qu'ils avaient été lus.*"

For the present I content myself with this portion of the curious passage, and refer more especially to the latter sentence in Italics. Wherever in antiquity a priesthood had been able to gain credit for immediate communion with its deities, the answer was feigned to be given in a manner more or less adapted to shield the fraud: the brazen kettles at Dodona allowed in their dissonant clatterings a liberal latitude of interpretation; the virgin "rapt inspired" on the tripod at Delphi, could accommodate her responses to the wishes of the votary; and the troubled dreams of the Hole of Trophonius could be induced by the narcotics given to promote sleep: but it was left to the invention of our Graal myths to devise a method by which the will of Heaven could be communicated on earth, at once novel, perspicuous, and poetical; we see the answers to the votaries of the Graal were given by characters in characters shining upon its paler tint of green, in all the brilliancy of the deepest emerald, and vanishing as soon as read. I again lament that I am not cognisant of the authority of Douhaire for this statement; I should wish to find it French, since it would be then corroborative in such a very remarkable and curious particular with the poem before us; for there, in the following stanza, we find a medium of response exactly similar.*

* It will be observed that we have not in the text alluded in this passage to the Scriptural manifestation of Divine revelation by the URIM and THUMMIM (although it is more than probable that the first idea of the writer of "Titurel" may have been deduced from such venerable authority), seeing that commentators are much divided as to the mode of its revelation. Josephus must be supposed to know best the circumstances attendant on such a remarkable appearance, of which the most lively

Digitized by Google

Als ich den Gral empfangend
Die Botschaft vernommen,
Die mir der Gral brachte
Vom höchsten Himmel gekommen,
Ward mein Gesetz in Scrift an Gral geschaut:
(Noch war die hehre Gabe
Nie vorher Menschenhänden vertraut).*

Thus far for the myths of the Graal, pure and unmixed by the intrusion of the Breton and Armoric tales of Merlin, Arthur, and his twelve Paladins. Having so largely discussed the first portion of our subject, our notice of the second must be comparatively brief; the subject is too extensive to be exhausted even in volumes, and their editors throughout Europe, with all their enthusiasm and industry, have been unable yet to bring them all before the public. We must content ourselves with such parts as more immediately refer to the Graal myth.

The first impulse seems to have been given to these later lays from Spain, where such Moorish-Oriental tales had been received with its Moslem conquerors.† The writer of the romances of "Parzival" and "Titurel" acknowledges that he received or adapted his poems from the French versions of Ryot, who stated that he met with them in the writings of an unbeliever named Flegantanis, of Toledo, that focus of sorcery and the supernatural.

---

traditions must have existed in his time at Jerusalem; for it was scarcely two hundred years since the glorious action had ceased. He says the Urim and Thummim were the precious stones of the high priest's breast-plate, which discovered, on inquiry, the will of Jehovah, by their extraordinary lustre. In this he is followed by St. Cyrill, in Expos. Symbol, and others. The Rabbis think that the high priest, having his eyes fixed on the ephod which he wore, observed the stones with the various initials of the twelve tribes; and as each rose from its place and shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, formed from them the letters to compose the oracular responses. There are, however, a number of other opinions, of which, perhaps, the most improbable is that of Spencer, in his Dissertation on these two words. He supposes that the divine oracles were given orally by two little golden images, shut up in the pectoral or breast-plate, as in a purse. This would militate so much against the fourth commandment, and the universal abhorrence of graven images amongst the Jews, that it cannot be entertained for a moment.

* When I the Graal received,
And tidings could understand,
That Graal had brought
At highest Heaven's command,
My law written on the Graal was seen;
Nor had the gracious boon
As yet been viewed by mortal e'en.

† In the Grenville collection of books, presented to the British Museum, No. 10,241 is a very scarce Spanish work, in black letter, on the

Digitized by Google

Spain is, however, also the earliest European cradle of the priestly Knights of the Temple; for it was on the Pyrenees that a Count of Foix gave them, in 1136, their first Temple-house in Europe, and Spain was the stronghold of the Order. One of the monarchs of Arragon devised them his entire kingdom in fee, and when this was proscribed and abolished in every other part of Europe, the Peninsular knights, by a mere change of title, in Spain into that of Calatrava, in Portugal that of Do Christo, preserved their property and protected their persons from injury; thus it may have been, that even at its origin, this species of romance could not withdraw from Templar influence. It is certain, however, that the original fiction of the Graal, when it got more extended over a wider field, became less distinct in outline, less precise. The ideas of the poets themselves are confused concerning it; beyond a shadowy and fleeting vision, they have no common gathering-ground. Sometimes the Graal would appear to be a hero in the flesh, as in the following extract from Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur," book xiv. cap. ii.:—

"When Merlyn had ordained the rounde table, he said, by them that be fellowes of the rounde table, the truth of the Sangreal shall be knowne, &c. They which heard Merlyn say soe, said thus to Merlyne: Sithence there shall be such a knight, thou shouldest ordayne by that Craft a siege (seat), that no man should sitte therein but he only which shall passe all other knights."

Its personal appearance and human shape seem pointed out also in the following passages from the same work.

"At a celebration of the Feast of Pentecost, at Camelot, by King

---

"Sancto Grial," which seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of all writers on the subject.

On the first page, beneath a wood-cut of the Resurrection, is the following title:—

La demãda de Sancto Grial.
Con los marbilhosos
fichos de Nãcaroç
tige de Galtao.
Rijo.
1535.

A MS. note, by the honourable donor, says, regarding it,—"The present edition of 1515 is the earliest that is known in Spanish. The earliest French translation was produced in 1516, and again in 1530; but I have a rare edition of Paris, 1523. The present copy is purchased from Mr. Heber's library, and his note in it was, that he had never seen or heard of any other."

A hasty examination satisfied us that our immediate object (the Sangreal) was but slightly introduced. Capitulo xxx. p. cii. seems the principal mention of it:—

"Como la Reyna Genebra pregunto al Donzel si abiã jurado Lancerote e Galban de andar en la demãda el Santo Grial."

Digitized by Google

Arthur, the *Sangreal* suddenly enters the hall, but there was no man might see it, nor who bare it."

And the knights are instantly supplied with a feast of the choicest dishes. A dish, however, is still the prominent feature of the belief, and its power of furnishing every desire, particularly of eatables, is admitted throughout. In the German romance of "Parzival" it is also found very fully worked out, as in the following translated passage.

"The scene is laid at one end of a palace: from the steel door come two ladies, and a duchess with her waiting-woman; two carry a species of tressel-board. Then eight ladies in green coats. Then appears the youthful bearer of the pageant, supporting the Graal. Before the Graal four long glass vases, in which incense and balsams burn. The queen and her virgins offer the incense and the Graal before the king. Hundred varlets take with deference from before the Graal, bread in white napkins. Everything that a stretched-out hand desired was found in it: warm dishes, cold dishes, new or accustomed dainties, tame and wild fowl, was all the handiwork of the Graal. From small golden cruets each took the suitable seasoning—salt, pepper, agraz (?)—both the abstemious and the greedy were satisfied. Morraz (?), wine, sinopel (?)—any potable each offered his cup for was immediately to be had. Such was the work of the Graal. The honourable company were feasted from it. The queen and the other virgins then carry the Graal out of the room through the door of steel."

From this extract it will be seen, that the quality of the pure celestial dish has changed into the larder of a dining-hall, which seems to have been a reverting to perhaps its original repute. One of the titles given the Graal was Solomon's Table, and even a higher antiquity than Solomon's has by some been found for it, in a relation which we meet first in Herodotus, where he mentions (book iii. cap. xviii.) the Table of the Sun, τραπεζα του ἡλιου, amongst the Ethiopians. This is described as a meadow stretching before their city full of the boiled flesh of all sorts of quadrupeds, which is spread there by night by the individuals that hold the civic charges; all the daytime whoever chooses may come and eat. *The inhabitants, it is said, affirm that the earth itself produces all these good things.* From the identity of Bel and the sun, we might almost be induced to believe that the imposture which Daniel so cunningly detected might have a spontaneous production, superadded to the supposed consumption of the viands offered to the idol; both passages would but tend to confirm the belief of the earliest origin of this phase of the fable in a heated Oriental brain. It is also a link connecting the Sangreal with eastern legends, that the fabled Phœnix is stated to choose it for its centenary funeral-pile, when it is then called *exillis*, most probably only a corruption of *silex*. The imagination of Mahomet was not less

Digitized by Google

fertile in inventing similar fables; for the famous Betulia, or meteoric stone, inserted into the wall of the Caaba, at Mecca, he states to have been one of the jewels of Paradise, and to have fallen with Adam to earth; and after it had been saved from the Deluge, the angel Gabriel brought it to Abraham when he built the Caaba;—in one of the reveries of the German songsters, the stone Exillis is said to have fallen from Lucifer's diadem, out of which the San Graal dish was afterwards sculptured.

We have seen the Graal was visible only to those who looked with the eye of faith; it is not, however, always so, but it is often *lost;* and its quest or the search for the *lost word* (for from its general impersonality, its visionary nature, it can only be looked upon as a sound, *vox et præterea nihil*) may in this view be deemed a strong link with some of the most important traditions of the Craft. That the priestly Knights of the Temple were but a mezzo termini, which stretches betwixt and connects the most ancient periods of Masonic history with our own, is a cherished idea with many a worthy Brother, which this view of our subject, and the mysterious revelations under which are veiled our sacred myths, would confirm; and the more, therefore, they deserve a fuller inquiry than can be now gone into. It may, however, be here just noted, that in the Niebelung's lied, the *search* for their lost Hort, or treasure, is a principal feature of that beautiful poem.

Proceed we now to the third portion of our undertaking in the consideration of the still existing *Sacro Catino* at Genoa, which professes to be the only true and veritable holy dish used by the Saviour when last breaking bread with His disciples, and at the institution of the most solemn ordinance of Christianity.

We have already, at the commencement of our paper, given the history of this precious relic as reported by the Genoese, till it came into their possession. That they believe in its truth seems most certain; for of the six ancient frescoes which decorate each end of the hall of their ducal palace, with the six great deeds of the Genoese, the first represents the division of the spoil at the taking of Cæsarea. A young man holds this vessel of the sacred emerald in his hand, turning his back upon two other heaps of rich accumulated booty: and, to leave the subject beyond doubt, on a scroll beneath is written: "*Vas tantum ex Cæsareæ spoliis stipent Genuenses.*" It must be observed, however, that the dates given for this important transaction vary considerably. The guide-books, and generally-received accounts, give 1101, the second year after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, under Godfried von Bouillon;

Digitized by Google

and they name Caffaro the historian as their authority and eyewitness, who proceeded to Palestine under Godfried as a young man about twenty, and returned to his native town in 1101, where he afterwards fulfilled some very important civil offices. If by Caffaro's history be meant that contained from page 252 of the sixth volume of Muratori's great collection of Italian historians, I can safely aver, that though he fully describes the siege and sack of Cæsarea, the Sacro Catino is not even mentioned. Another account gives the year 1107, and the famous Genoese hero Guglielmo Embriaco. We lament, therefore, not having been able to refer to the original account by the learned Theatin Fra Gaetano de Santa Theresa, in a ponderous quarto (1727), under the following title: "Il Catino di Smeraldo, orientale gemma consecrata da N. S. Jesu Christo nell' ultima Cena degli Azimi, e custodita dalla serenissima Republica de Genova come glorioso Trofeo iportato nella Conquista di Terra Santa l'anno MCI." Even the "Guida" of 1766, by Ratti, might have thrown some light upon the matter; but neither are to be found in our national library. That, however, the ancient territory of the Ligures must have met some special grace with the holy Arimathean Joseph and his fellow Nicodemus, from heaven (possibly to compensate its bad odour on earth—*assuetum mali Ligurem*), we might almost be induced to suppose from their favouring it with both the great relics they are connected with in sacred history: this Catino at Genoa, and at Turin "the clean linen cloth" (Matt. xxvii. 39), in which the dead body of the Saviour was wrapped previously to being laid in the new sepulchre, and which is now shown in that city with great devotion, saturated in many places with the precious blood.

Commensurate with the dignity of the Sacro Catino as a relic, was the veneration and jealousy with which it was guarded by the Genoese. It was deposited in the cathedral in a separate sacristy, in which, in a niche in the wall adjoining the nave, it was kept, secured by several locks, the keys of which were in the custody of separate nobili, hence called *Clavigeri*, individually sworn never to let them pass out of their possession. On the three great festivals of the year it was (is?) exhibited by a prelate of high rank, for the edification of the faithful, surrounded and guarded by these Clavigeri. At other times it was extremely difficult to obtain a sight of it, and the special permission of the archbishop was requisite for each inspection; though now, when the regular fee of about five shillings is fixed for each visit, an examination may be less difficult. It was, however, at all times prohibited for any stranger to touch

Digitized by Google

it under the most heavy penalties; and if any one, impious enough for doubt, wished to test the substance "by steel, or gem, or *coral*," or any other real or supposed touchstone, he was punishable by heavy fines, by imprisonment, and when the scrutiny was strict, even by death. This jealousy of examination may not, however, have been owing entirely to the sacred character of the Catino. Until within about a century, not a doubt was ever entertained but that the relic was one vast oriental emerald; as such, therefore, from its great size, even in a commercial point of view, inestimable; and a fact mentioned in Genoese history proves this value to have been more than ideal. In 1319 the town of Genoa was closely pressed by a besieging army of Ghibellines, and in want of funds; in the emergency, the Cardinal Duque di Fiesco was found willing to advance the sum of 9,500 livres, equal, it is said, to 200 marks of gold, taking the sacred relic as a pawn; which, in so high a dignitary, smacks rather of simony and profanity;—fortunately the town was pious and rich enough to redeem it, after a seven years' bondage. Having, however, such a resource against pecuniary embarrassments, it might be not only pious but politic in the venerable fathers of the Ligurian senate to prevent the too prying scrutiny of the curious or the sceptical. Nor was it without reason that they were thus cautious; for, alas! the talented author of the "Travels of Anarcharsis the Younger," M. Barthelmy, obtained a sight of the relic, on a journey into Italy in 1755; and the sanctified cheat could not longer stand before his scientific eye. In a letter, describing the object to Count Caylus, he mentions, that even the restricted permission to view had enabled him to discern *slight air-bubbles* in parts of the interior, which unmistakeably proved it but a beautiful piece of glass.

The Catino continued notwithstanding an object of great veneration, and the pride of Genoa, to the invasion of Italy by Buonaparte, whose indiscriminate appetite for plunder, and desire to heap up in Paris whatever had been sanctified in other countries by the respect and observance of ages, caused the sacred relic to be removed to the Louvre; there, no longer screened by piety or locks from the inquisition of the curious or the scrutiny of the heretic, the doubts as to the material became louder, and a scientific investigation was demanded and obtained; but the verdict of the *savans* composing the commission could only be confirmatory of Barthelmy's opinion, that it was but a green pasta. When Paris, in 1815, had to disgorge its ill-gotten plunder, the Sacro Catino was reclaimed by Sardinia; but as if to prove by brittleness that the Paris verdict was

Digitized by Google

correct, the relic, from imperfect packing, got broken on the road. We are told, however (and in this it has a like fate with the exquisite Portland Vase), that the fragments have been skilfully united; and, as before, a fee of five shillings opens its repository to the tourist.

Still, how much soever this dish may have lost in monetary and marketable value by the investigation, it has perhaps gained in the estimation of the antiquary and the artist. The skilful examiners declared it decidedly antique and of superior workmanship; its colour is beautifully imitative of the emerald; its transparency lucent, and the few bubbles in the mass but slight blemishes; its corners are sharply cut, its form pleasing, and its handles well placed, and cut from the solid. Its date is variously fixed. Chevalier Bossi, of Turin, believed it a production of the Augustan age at Rome; but Millin thinks it cast during the Lower Empire, either at Constantinople or Cæsarea: this latter place may have been mentioned to bring the locality in accordance with the strong and unvarying tradition of the Eastern city, whence it was brought into Europe. As an object of the art of glass-moulding and cutting by the ancients, this vase certainly holds a high rank; and if, as undoubtedly the Portland Vase in the British Museum must be esteemed the finest specimen of this kind existing, the Sacro Catino cannot be denied the second place.

Such are the three differing relations we mentioned at the outset, having, moreover, the Sangreal, or Sacro Catino as a common centre. Ancient and received tradition has, however, generally some foundation in fact, though frequently faint and almost obliterated by effluxion of time, or confused by false interpretations or ignorance; and it is therefore the more desirable that what can be recovered should be raked up and concentrated in as close a juxtaposition as possible, that by the light still remaining an all-sufficient illumination may be effected, to observe its genuine character and origin.

We will try, therefore, if, in the above three varying legends, some consistency, and many points of contact, cannot be introduced.

Beginning then with the poem "Titurel;" it is not entirely without allusion to England, and it would seem, also to Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve missionary companions, sent by the apostle Philip from Gaul into Britain. Stanza seventy, speaking of the interior decorations of the Temple:—

> Gesimset und gespinnelt
> Waren die Kanzel allumme,
> Viel Schönheit darauf gesinnelt.

Digitized by Google

Man sah in all der Laube Bogel krumme,
Zwölf-Boten, Beichter, Maide, Patriarchen,
Martyrer, Propheten; ihr Briefe
Sagten viel der Materie starken,
Darzu die Hülfe biethen
Von Heiligkeit *der grossen*,
Und sich der also niethen
Von Milde, von Erbarmde, des Genossen,
Der in England vier Kronen tragende:
Da standen Maide klare von den Kränzen,
Nur vier Wunder sagende.*

These passages in Italics seem to have reference, though remote, to the English traditions; the connection with them and the later French and German traditions is self-evident; and it will be only neccssary to examine our English traditions more closely in comparison with foreign accounts.

William of Malmsbury, it is true, neither in his special description of Glastonbury, nor in its epitome in his greater work, mentions with certainty either Joseph of Arimathea's visit to England or this sacred relic; but there is a fair latitude given to piety or credulity, when, at the point at which he takes up his history with St. Patrick and St. David the bishops, he still states, from older documents, that the Christian doctrine was planted in Britain by the immediate disciples of the Saviour.

"Sunt et illæ non exiguæ fidei literæ in nonnullis locis repertæ ad hanc sententiam: Ecclesiam Glastoniæ non fecerunt aliorum hominum manus, sed ipsi discipuli Christi eam educaverunt."

The apostle Philip is also mentioned as having probably converted the Britons in the same mission he exercised in Gaul, as related by Triculfus; so that, so far from a negative testimony against the preaching of Joseph here, since he is frequently elsewhere mentioned in conjunction with the apostles, it is more than possible that if the one came the other accompanied him.

---

* Moulded well and spindell'd
Were all the lecterns round,
Much beauty thereby kindled.
You saw on each arch's ground
Apostles, shrivers, virgins, patriarchs of old,
Martyrs, holy prophets, duly labled, each
With saws of price in molten gold,
That resignation teach,
In sanctity to those high born,
And men of lowly growth,
Was he of England, where four crowns are borne,
Meek and with pity to his comrades fill'd:
Richly crown'd were virgin martyrs kill'd,
That would wonders four recount.

Digitized by Google

And again, though Malmesbury makes no mention of the sacred emerald, he describes, in his special history of Glastonbury, a gem of inestimable value, as still in his time (*adhuc*) preserved in the monastery. His words, somewhat condensed, are :—

"De Altari Sancti David *quod dicitur vulgo Saphirus.*

"Tunc Patriarcha (Patricius) venerabilem patrem Dewy quatuor muneribus ditavit: altari scilicet *consecrato in quo Dominicum corpus sacrabat* quod et innumeris virtutibus *pollet*, insigni tamen nola, baculo, et tunica auro texta. *Accipit tamen munera per angelum. Inde ea vulgus vocat e cœlo venientia.* Sanctus autem David cum tam pretiosi thesauri postea custodire gestiret, habere dignissimum eundem *Lapidem* Ecclesiæ Glastoniæ adhuc vivus delegavit. Ostenditur autem *adhuc* memoratum altare in Glastoniense ecclesia in memoriam dicti sancti non humana reservatum industria sed divina providentia,—omnibus aliis (reliquiis) pene sublatis ejusdem subreptione avidas hostium manus jugiter contraxit, — cum vero *sæpe dictus Lapis* olim metu guerræ *multo tempore latuisset absconditus*, omnibus loci nesciis, piæ recordationis Henricus Wintoniensis, episcopus et abbas Glastoniæ, eundem *in quodam hostio* Ecclesiæ Mariæ reperit; auro et argento et lapidibus pretiosis sicut adhuc apparet mirificè decoravit."

Let us now examine if a pious exegesis, a willing interpretation, the latitude of faith, and perhaps the ignorance of grammar, may not from this description have extracted the first germ of all the legends of the Church, or the imaginative lays of the troubadours we have alluded to, respecting the San Graal, or the Sacro Catino. We will premise, however, as an introduction to this part of the subject, the opinions of two distinguished writers, which may add their weight to our own remarks. Bishop Warburton, in a post-fixed note to "Love's Labour Lost," in his edition of Shakespear's plays, says :—

"In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagances, as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of 'Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights,' is called the 'History of *Saint Greaal.*' This *Saint Greaal* was the famous relick of the holy blood, pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea.* So another is called '*Kyrie* of *Eleison Montauban.*' For, in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be names of holy men. And as they made saints knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints, and each advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus, everything in those days became either a saint or a devil."

Our next extract is from Gervinus' "History of Teutonic Poetry," the well-known professor at Heidelberg (vol. i. p. 407) :—

"It would be lost labour to endeavour to arrive at the bottom of the Graal-Sage; for, in my belief, it had no other foundation than the fancy of probably a Provençal or Spanish monk, *to which, perhaps, a costly relic gave the first impulse.* Wilcken may possibly have expected to have found some elucidation of this myth, from his inquiries into the history of the Crusades, since he gave an indirect promise to revert to it, which

Digitized by Google

he has not, and possibly could not redeem. All relation (in these poems of the troubadours) to the knightly orders, and to the so-named dish of Cesarea, is carried exclusively into the mystical and symbolical, and rests only on the introduction of the new elements of their times into the older lays, which is as accordant to the French, as the introduction of old heroes under new names is to the German character. This legend, however, to judge from the focus of its localities—from the Sacro Catino—from the glorification in it of the Templars—from its praises of the house of Anjou, and from the like facts, would have been enthusiastically received through the entire district of the high French dialects, wherein these were all united."

Should the antecedent extract from a neglected work of our best early historian, the Monk of Malmesbury, and the relic it describes, turn out to be the foundation of the beautiful fictions of the Middle Ages, which under the name of Lays, metrical Romances, Sagen, &c., have exercised so many pens in their elucidation, and still fill us with wonder and astonishment at the luxuriant imagination, the richness of description, and their beauty of versification; should the inestimable gem mentioned above have (in the words of Gervinus) given the first impulse to all this, it will redound both to the credit of the Heidelberg professor to have mooted the idea *à priori*, and to the satisfaction of the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* to find it first established in these pages. It will also be gratifying to the higher branches of our Order to find that a community of knightly priests from which they claim descent, have received the highest testimonials for morality and virtue from writers who have taken their themes from the most venerated remeniscences of the Church, and been themselves the objects of enthusiastic and general praise.

To revert, however, to a closer consideration of this relic, it seems with the commonalty that it went by the name of *Saphirus;* it was intrinsically very valuable, but could not have been of very great size, as it had been hidden in a *hostio* (which I take to be a pix). That a miracle or relic which took greatly with the people, was often duplicated in the dark ages and Catholic countries, I believe not the most strenuous advocate for papal supremacy in this country will now deny. There are more than two Sudatories, or cloths, with the *Veron-icon* of the Saviour; but the most notorious instance is the twofold head of the Baptist, one at Amiens, the other at Turin, and both equally fortified by papal bulls vouching their separate authenticity. We need not, therefore, wonder that the gem at Glastonbury had its double in Germany. In the Boden See, or Lake of Constanz, on its most beautiful island, still exists the edifice of one of the most ancient and the richest of their Benedictine prelacies. It was founded by Karl the Hammerer, grandfather of Charlemagne; and his charter of 725 is still

Digitized by Google

extant in the archives of Karlsruhe. It was ever a favourite establishment with that family, and the burial-place of one of the last of his descendants, Karl the Fat, who added to the rich donations of himself and his ancestors a jewel of inestimable price. The most specific description of this gem is given in Keysler's (F.R.S.L.) Travels, in 1755, where there is a diagram so badly drawn that it is impossible to divine if it be hollow, though from stating its thickness (at the sides?) at two and a half inches, it would appear probable. Its sight was guarded with almost equal jealousy with that of its fellow at Genoa, for "since the attempt to rob the abbey, about four years since, a view is not to be had without difficulty; the prior for greater security lets but few of the order know where it is concealed, &c. They keep it in a red wooden box, something larger than a folio: it weighs about 28¾ lbs. Several jewellers have offered 50,000 guilders per pound for it." This would give a monetary value to it of nearly £140,000. But alas! for the convent and its treasures. After the success of Calvin's reformations in Switzerland, the Bishop of Constanz complains to the Pope of the diminution of his revenues, and the rich abbey was permanently joined to his mitre as a corrody, in this sharing the fate of its rich rival at Glastonbury, which we see from Malmesbury was held with the bishopric of Winchester. Nor is this their only point of contact,—the rich gems of both shrines seem to have experienced common danger from thieves. In the Thirty Years War the Swedes could not, in 1632, enter Bavaria and leave this rich convent unscathed; amongst their plunder they took some valuable jewels belonging to the bishop, which had been embarked in a vessel on the lake; but perhaps by a miracle equal to that at Glastonbury, or some fortunate oversight, the great prize escaped them, or it would not have been shown in 1755. But a still more curious conformity between the two jewels is, that in Zeidler's Universal Lexicon (*s. v.* Reichenau), the German one is called a *Sapphire*, exactly the species of gem named by Malmesbury. The modern accounts describe it as an emerald like the *Catino*, but in the confusion which existed in the dark ages on the nomenclature of natural history, the error of Malmesbury may be palliated and excused by the mistake of the German compilers, and thus the Reichenau dish would become a *mezzo termini*, the link of junction betwixt the two precious dishes at Glastonbury and Genoa. We now claim the right to predicate of all, what is reported of either of the three, basing it upon the maxim of Euclid that two things equal to a third are equal to one another, and should put in the same claim for Malmesbury's Sapphire to be reputed the Paschal dish as is made for the *Sacro Catino*; but a very slight alteration of

Digitized by Google

Malmesbury's words would give even his support to this assumption. In his expression, *in quo Dominicum corpus sacrabat*, we need only for the active put the passive sense of the last word, *sacrabatur*, to make out such meaning, and from the use of the preposition *in*, a more consistent one than now appears. Nor need we find anything contradictory in the word *corpus* when we consider that *contentus* is as frequently put *pro continente* as the reverse; or that the weighty words *hoc est corpus meum* might have been suggestive to Malmesbury of his expression, and indicate the use of his jewel for the awful celebration in which they were used. Superadded to all this may be mentioned the account we have read in some German work, that the jewel at Reichenau was popularly supposed to have been used at the Last Supper, and we may therefore readily suppose that the Anglo-Saxon laity had a similar belief for the Glastonbury jewel, when we find that angels brought it thither, and the people believed it came from heaven. The same miraculous mode of conveyance is ascribed in "Titurel" to the Sangreal; and all the rest easily follows: the supernatural once admitted, the idea was dilated and improved upon by the imaginative powers of later poets, each striving to excel the other in grandeur of thought, and sublimity of imagery. This would account for the inferiority of the younger "Titurel" over such portions as remain of the elder poem, for it is even the privilege of original thought to be unsurpassable. The locality of the jewel at Glastonbury will also account for the scene of all the metrical romances which centre in King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table being placed in the island or district of Avallon, within which Joseph of Arimathea's foundation was situate.

From all the above facts and circumstances we think it may be fairly conceded, that the belief in a dish of great value brought by Joseph of Arimathea into Britain, and that it had been used at the Paschal Supper, once existed in this country, though this belief or legend seems to have been unknown or forgotten at the time of William of Malmesbury, and the allusion he makes to it is not understood by himself. We may also conclude, that when the Genoese became possessed of an ancient murhine dish at the sack of Cæsarea, their wonder and their admiration of its beauty soon grew into a species of veneration, and as the British legend was then in abeyance, the vacant myth was willingly transferred (and the same would hold good of the Reichenau dish) to the *Catino*, which afterwards was never mentioned but with the epithet *sacro*.

WILLIAM BELL, *Phil. Dr.*

17, *Gower Place.*

Digitized by Google

A CENTURY OF FREEMASONRY.

By Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.

No. 1.

Very important is it for every Mason to know the history of the Craft, in its influence upon the lives, habits, customs, and actions of historical nations, in less auspicious times; and every step which is taken in that direction must be applauded—every addition to our knowledge must be welcomed in a truly fraternal and kindly spirit. We propose in the following articles to lay before our readers an abstract of a very important work, which has within the last few months appeared in Germany; and we trust that we shall be enabled so to direct attention to it, as to afford others a pleasure similar to that, which we have ourselves enjoyed in its perusal.*

After a few words of introduction, which are intended to show that the institution of Freemasonry, although very ancient, has rather gradually grown up as circumstances led to it,—than originated all of a sudden, or started into life without any preparation, or foreshadowing,—the author proceeds to the matter in hand, and remarks:—

"When Wren had completed the building of the cathedral of St. Paul in London, in 1708, and thus the work-people had no common centre remaining, their corporate customs, like the customs of many other bodies, would in course of time have been lost and wiped away if the brotherhood had not been sustained, as such, by the power of that ancient addition—the non-professional members from the most various grades of society. The religious contentions, which had been dominant for two hundred years, were at last compelled to recede before the spirit of toleration; the necessity for some place of rest, where political discussion might not enter, was the cause and reason for the formation and adoption, about the year 1716, of an organized system then first appearing as Freemasonry.†

---

* "Geschichte der Freimaurerei in Frankreich, aus ächten Urkunden dargestellt (1725—1830), von Georg Kloss." [History of Freemasonry in France, eliminated from trustworthy documents.] 2 vols. Darmstadt, 1852.

† "C'est alors (1703) que la Loge de St. Paul, la plus ancienne des quatre loges existant à cette époque à Londres, prit une décision importante, ayant pour but d'augmenter le nombre toujours décroissant des membres de la confraternité, *et de lui rendre son importance morale;* elle arrêta qu'elle *continuerait* cette belle association en conservant religieusement les symboles traditionnels et ses doctrines humanitaires, et que désormais les *privilèges de la Maçonnerie ne seraient plus le partage exclusif des Maçons constructeurs, que des hommes de différentes profes-*

Digitized by Google

"That this Freemasonry originated in England, and was thence transplanted into other lands, is an assertion which has not been disproved by any since-discovered evidence. That French writers, however, should carp at this, is to be referred to a pardonable nationality, by which they would assume for their own nation the acknowledged property of another. For there are many cases, without the bounds of Freemasonry, where one nation arrogates to itself the world-important movements originated by another nation. If, therefore, those writers prove from Anderson's history (very *jejune* indeed within itself), that Freemasonry went out from France to Britain, returning thence in due season, and then again going to Britain, and, finally, being re-introduced in the manner which has been affirmed—when all this is proved, it is but an empty contention for facts which, in the course of seventeen centuries, may well have occurred under certain circumstances. . . . But those writers are, however, dumb, when they enter upon those periods denominated as those of the Masons; and, finally, they cannot allege anything whatever, beyond an allusion to the year 1688 (still to be discussed), when the question of the re-introduction of true [symbolical?] Masonry into France is raised. The oldest date of any certainty is 1725." *

We would cite these remarks simply to dissent from them, as far as the antiquity of symbolical theoretic Masonry is concerned; for that the idealization of the tools, the use of them to denote the moral virtues, is far more ancient than even the Craft itself would insist (although scarcely of pre-Adamite origin, as some affirm), has, we think, been most indubitably proved, by Bro. the Rev. T. A. Buckley, in his dissertation on the "Golden Ass of Apuleius," published in a late number of the Magazine; and the assertion is borne out by the fact, that Masonic marks have been recognized on the remains of the ancient Roman city of Corinium, now lately discovered near Cirencester. In a note, however, the words of an eloquent French writer will be found.

Let us, however, pass to the historical sections, of far greater importance for our present object than the theoretic or discursive portion of the work.

The oldest reference to the time of the introduction of Freemasonry into France, is in the "Sçeau Rompu," 1745, where 1718 is asserted to be the earliest recognizable landmark for its practice; and the Abbé Robin says, in 1776, that "there is no memorial of its origin in France remaining; all that has been found does not go farther back than 1720, and seems to have come from England."

---

sions seraient appelés à en jouir, pourvu qu'ils fussent régulièrement approuvés et initiés dans la confraternité. Cette importante décision changea entièrement la face de la société et la transforma en ce qu'elle est aujourd'hui."—*Rebold*, "*Histoire Générale de la Franc-Maçonnerie*," p. 51; Paris, 1851. Of this important book we hope to give some account ere long.

* Vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

Digitized by Google

But it is Lalande, the encyclopedist, who is the first *great* authority, and whose accounts have been acknowledged as authentic by later writers. According to him, Lord Derwentwater, the Chevalier Maskelyne, Mr. Heguerty, and some other Englishmen, founded, in 1725, the first Lodge in Paris. It was held in the Rue de Boucheries, at the house of an English confectioner named Hure. In less than ten years the fame of the Lodge attracted five or six hundred * persons into the Fraternity, and caused the opening of other Lodges, first in the house of Goustaud, an English † stone-cutter, then at Le Breton's (known by the name of the Loge de Louis d'Argent, from its being held in an inn of that name), and finally the De Bussy Lodge. This last one was also called the Loge d'Aumont, after the Duc d'Aumont was elected Master.

As the first Paris Lodge had been opened by Lord Derwentwater, he was regarded as the Grand Master of the French Masons, and he continued in this post without any formal recognition on the part of the Brethren (as it would seem by the fact of the London Grand Lodge being still the head), until he returned to England, where, on the 19th of December, 1746, he was beheaded.‡ But ten years before this time, Lord Harnester was chosen, by four or six Lodges (according to the various accounts), [Provincial] Grand Master, and his election is the first formal one; and we learn from the notes of the G. O. that Dr. Ramsay was Orator on this occasion. In 1738, two years afterwards, however, we find the Duc D'Antin elected General Grand Master in the kingdom of France for life. This occurred on the 24th June, 1738, according to some writers; the Masters of Lodges, however, still changed every three months. In 1742, Lalande informs us there were twenty-two Lodges in Paris.

It would seem that the Lodges at Hure's and Goustaud's are not noticed in the oldest attainable register of English Lodges ("Pocket Companion," 1736), although their legal constitution from England cannot be disputed. Yet it is asserted by Thory, in his "Histoire du Grand Orient," that the first Lodge at Hure's "worked under the protection and according to the usages of the Grand Lodge in London, and left no historical

* Another more trustworthy account (written in 1744) give fifty or sixty as the whole number at the end of 1736.

† It may be remarked, that the English names, which are now beyond correction, are evidently altogether misrepresented, after the manner of Frenchmen.

‡ Lalande seems somewhat confused in his accounts here. See Kloss, vol. i. p. 27.

Digitized by Google

memorial of its existence behind, by which a certain degree of doubt hangs over the first Masonic labours in Paris."

The first French Lodge noticed in the "Pocket Companion" is the Lodge No. 90, Louis d'Argent, constituted 3rd April, 1732. It would seem as if there were some confusion between this and the De Bussy Lodge, which is noticed in Entik's Constitution Book, 1756, and in Jachin and Boaz (1764);* it is here marked variously:—

Pocket Companion.	No. 90, à l'Hotel de Bussy, Rue de Bussy.
Entik and Jachin and Boaz.	No. 49. à la Ville de Tonnerre, Rue de Boucheries.

The date of constitution in both cases is the same, proving that Lalande was partly mistaken, for the Lodge first assembled at Le Breton's, then at Landelle's, and was at length erased, on the 27th June, 1768, as inactive.

The following observation is remarkable:—

"As in former times the Lodges were occasionally called after their Masters, so do we find the Lodge Rue de Bussy sometimes called Loge du Duc d'Aumont. Possibly this circumstance may explain the origin and significance of the highly revered word in the Scotch grade of Strict Observance, Notuma-Aumont." †

The only two Lodges at present working in France with their original English certificates, are the Loge l'Anglaise, at Bordeaux, No. 204 (working since 1732), and another at Valenciennes, since 1st July, 1733. Besides this, we find mention in Anderson of a Lodge at Aubigny Castle, the seat of Lenox, Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, in 1735. It was the scene of the Duke of Antin's initiation, and it was found inactive in 1768.

As to Chapters, we find that Irish Chapters existed in Paris from 1730; at least, so it is asserted by Thory. But if we regard the condition of Freemasonry in Ireland, where in 1730 (this very year) a Grand Lodge was first formed from a few elements, there is great reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. The constitution, it was alleged, came from Dublin.

Of the inward life of Freemasonry we gain a lively, but not very pleasant glimpse, in a letter written from Paris on the 20th March, 1736.‡

"The Society of Freemasons, so ancient and famous in England, is also

* I trust this work will not be confounded with some penny publication, now satisfying the curiosity of the many, without teaching anything whatever.

† Vol. i. p. 20.

‡ Kloss, vol. i. p. 26. The writer of the letter does not seem himself to be a Mason; but this is doubtful.

Digitized by Google

becoming the fashion in this city; whoever desireth to enter therein must give ten Louis d'ors, and many fair words beside. A small while since, ten new members were admitted into this society, and the ceremony closed with a splendid entertainment, which was supported by persons of the highest rank, and at which, *before even sitting down to table, a certain duke won seven hundred Louis d'ors of an English lord at piquet.* On the thirteenth of this month there were six more initiated into the Order, among whom, it is reported, was one of the noblest gentlemen of our court; so that this new institution is confirming itself by such high credit more and more. Yet it is a misfortune for it that our court so speedily, and before it could attain perfection, determined upon its suppression. For it was urged in council that 'these far too extensive societies, no matter how innocent, in consequence of their subsequent results, were never tolerable, but certainly pernicious to a state, let alone that although all such fraternities, if they existed without permission of the king, were in themselves forbidden, therefore that here also good order required that the Freemasons should again be suppressed, as it had already happened in Holland (30th November, 1735)."

As to the fees in the Lodges, to which an allusion has been made in the above extract, "Der Sich selbst vertheidigende Freimaurer" (the Self-defending Freemason), a work compiled on authentic information, and published in 1744, says, that "in the English Lodge ten guineas was given, and in the others five Louis d'ors. For this money," continues the writer, "everyone desired to become a Freemason; a duke and a pedlar, a French peer and a merchant, were like brothers, and without any difference."

The same work confirms the letter written about the ten persons initiated at one time,—a proceeding which now would not be permitted, and which was only warrantable then by the press of the times, and the fear and trembling with which the meetings were carried on; and of these persons, six were knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. In some points it may be remarked, that the statements of Lalande are modified and cleared up by this work, which would therefore deserve much more attention than its rarity has admitted of.

The threatened royal persecutions of the Freemasons speedily began; and among the many reports of questionable authenticity, as to the extent and measure of the persecution, we find some actual occurrences which are of sufficient certainty to merit our notice. After speaking of the many doubtful reports,—

"On the 10th of September, 1737," says Kloss,* "the police did, in fact, surprise the society of Freemasons, in the tavern-keeper Chapelot's house, à la Rapée, St. Bennett's. He had employed the stratagem of bricking up the door of his public room outside, and breaking through another secretly to the meeting-room. It was reported that, besides

* Vol. i. p. 30.

Digitized by Google

these outward changes in the appearance of the house, a great number of footmen and equipages, as well belonging to citizens as to the nobility, together with public vehicles, were remarked in the square before the house. The commissary ordered the assemblage, for whom there were fifty covers provided, to disperse; upon which these persons declared 'that they had no intention of doing anything wrong.' He then interrogated Chapelot, who excused himself by affecting ignorance of the objects of the meeting; had he known them, he said, he would not have admitted them. Still he did not appear in court, and was condemned to 1,000 livres fine, and deprivation of license for six months."

It seems, however, that even on this occasion the affair was not directed especially against the Freemasons, but it was prompted rather by the consideration that the persons had assembled "contrary and against the express ordinances of the kingdom, and the decrees of the Parliament, which forbid meetings and all descriptions of unauthorized societies." There is certainly nothing which testifies to the honest, independent manner in which the Craft has made its way to the pitch of public esteem it has now attained, than the quiet and bluff way in which it sought no aid from the support of kings and princes, but rather trusted to time and its own merits, together with the Divine aid, to win its way to the hearts of men.

Bègue Clavel informs us that about this time, rather later in the year, all French subjects, whether noble or base in family, were forbidden the court if belonging to the Craft. Still, as Bègue Clavel goes on to say (writing in 1744), "all France knows that the excellent Prince de Conti is an open member of the Order of Freemasons." The persecutions, however, of the Crown, when they became absolute persecutions, had only reference to French Lodges, and not to English ones; for it was argued, "that as the English were strangers, and only for a time residing in Paris, the Lodges would end of themselves; but the French Lodges they had always with them." And of course, until Freemasonry became an institution of the people, while it yet remained among the higher nobility, it would remain unassailed; but when it did come down among the middle classes, the royal edicts flew about, the police commissioners were set to work, and the advantages gained were attempted to be taken away as soon as attained.

It does not seem, however, that the king's decree was carried out with much severity beyond the boundaries of Paris. According to the newspapers, a grand Masonic festival was held on the 12th of February, 1738, at Luneville. The company were arrayed in white satin, but no aprons were worn (an interdict having come down from court), and no trowels, compasses, or

Digitized by Google

other Masonic insignia in confectionary, were permitted to be served * at the dessert. All the guests, both male and female, were disguised. Music, the table, dancing, play, all formed parts of the entertainments of the evening. Indeed, a crowned head was even expected; but, as is usual, the crowned head staid away.

Rumours of the independence of French Masonry now begin to assail our ears; we find continued accounts (authentic, perhaps,) of negotiations between the French Lodges and the Grand Lodge in London. We find (in 1738) a French Grand Master for the Province, probably chosen in contradiction to the king's edict: and Anderson, in his "Book of Constitutions," has a passage, written *before* the election of the Duke d'Antin, which contains within itself a dark hint or two as to the course of coming events; nor, perhaps, was Anderson unacquainted with the facts relative to a reputed deputation from the French Lodges to the London Grand Lodge (alluded to just now), which is said to have proceeded to London on the 24th of June, 1735, to propose the formation of a Grand Lodge of France. "Under any circumstances," as Kloss well remarks, "Anderson's observations bears witness that the link between the mother in England and the daughter in France must have been very slight (*höchst locker gewesen seyn müsse*);" yet, on the other hand, the link is confirmed by the discovery of Herault as to the *similarity in the work*.

An interesting historical document, which offers a lively picture of the state of the Masonic institution at this time, I shall translate entire from the pages of Kloss†:—

"The General Grand Master of the Freemasons resides in London, where the society has perfect and free liberty. The nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland, consider it a great honour to be admitted and initiated into it. In London there are more than sixty Lodges, and in England there is no considerable city that does not contain two or three. When the first edition of this work was printed in 1739,‡ the Earl of Carnarvon (installed 27th April, 1738) was Grand Master, the Prince of Wales Master Mason. Several lords, earls, and peers of England are also Master Masons. Several English archbishops and bishops are also Master Masons.

"At Paris there are several Lodges. The Duke D'Antin is Grand Master in France; the Duke of Villeroy, former Grand Master, head of a Lodge; Comte de Mailly also chief of a Lodge; several gentlemen Master Freemasons. Several other Lodges are found about different

* Even at this early period of French Masonry we find the confectioners (the only triumph of France) exercising their art, and assisting the work by the sugarification of the tools.

† Vol. i. p. 35.

‡ This review of Masonry is appended to Naudot's Chansons Notées.

Digitized by Google

parts of France. At Lyons, one; at Rouen, three; at Caen, one; at Marseilles, one; at Montpellier, one; at Nantes, one; at Avignon, one; at Turin, in Piedmont, one. There are also many in Italy.

"The English have nominated Pope Benedict XIV. Honorary Master of a Lodge.

"At Florence, Leghorn, Placenza, Parma, there are Lodges. His Excellency the Grand Duke of Tuscany is a Master Mason, and has been the head of a Lodge. In the North there is an infinite number of Lodges, among which the Lodge of Berlin (cons. 13th September, 1740) occupies the most distinguished place, by reason of the favour with which it is regarded by the reigning monarch of Prussia, who is himself a Master Mason.

"The English and Dutch, zealous partisans of this noble society, have spread it in the most far-off regions by means of their commerce; so that there are Freemasons at Constantinople and in all the ports of the Levant; in India, in China, even in Japan."

Kloss well remarks, that two things are proved by this document,—that the title of Grand Master was here only equivalent to Worshipful Master; and that at the time of the publication of this book,* the third degree was the highest in Masonry, a fact very important for the estimation in which the higher grades should be held. Indeed, one would be almost led to conceive, that the opinion of their being desirable, but not indispensable, adjuncts to Masonic life is, after all, the most just.

Space will not admit of any reference to Masonic matters beyond France; yet it may be remarked, that in 1737 the papal court began first to make a stir about the society of Freemasons. We find the pope and cardinals, Ottobone, Spinola, and Zondedari, in consultation on the subject with the Inquisitor of Florence. Doctor Crudeli, member of the Florence Lodge, was arrested in May, 1739, in consequence of a determination of the Conference; nor did the London Grand Lodge succeed in their negotiations for his freedom until December, through the means of the new Grand Duke Francis Stephen, subsequently Francis I. of Austria, who had been initiated in 1731, at Haag.

In a bull of the 28th of April, 1738, of Clement XII. (*in Eminenti Apostolatus Specula*), we find these words:—

"For which reason the temporal and spiritual communities are enjoined, in the name of holy obedience, neither to enter the society of Freemasons, to disseminate its principles, to defend it, nor to admit nor conceal it within their houses, or palaces, or elsewhere, under pain of excommunication *ipso facto*, for all acting in contradiction to this, and from which the Pope only can absolve the dying."

If this bull was stringent for the whole of Christendom, yet more so was the edict of Cardinal Firrao (January 14th, 1739)

* Naudot's Chansons Notées.

Digitized by Google

for the Papal States, in which death and confiscation of property, without hope of mercy, was the penalty. Similar measures had been taken in Sweden and the Netherlands. Even in Malta, some Knights of St. John were banished for being Freemasons; a fact which corroborates the assertion respecting the wide distinction there was made between the Craft and the other societies to which the Middle Age had given birth. Spain, Zurich, and many other places, followed in the track of persecution.

On the other hand, the enlightened mind of Frederick II. of Prussia saw the beauty of Masonic principles, and determined, come what might, to shield and defend the Order from the attacks of the prejudiced monarchs of other countries. In Prussia at least should be found one continental "city of refuge" for the Freemasons; and it was a proud and important day for the Craft that witnessed the opening of the Lodge at the palace of Charlottenburg, on the 20th of June, 1740. This influenced the wavering opinions of some of the other princes, and among those who aided Frederick in his work, we find the Margrave of Bayreuth. Even in France brighter days seemed on the dawn; the Order was more "graciously entreated" respecting a projected meeting of Masons of all nations at Paris, in 1741.*

The bull of Clement XII., if it failed in its intention of doing away with the Craft, had one totally unexpected effect; this was the institution of the Order of "Mopses." Its ceremonies are obscure; but some of them may be found in the "Franc-Maçon Trahi" (1745). There was no oath, only a word of honour given. The society is more important for being the cause of the admission of females to the Order in France, than for any intrinsic merits known to the world. Kloss says, that even to the present time the wife of a Freemason is sometimes called a "Mopsa."† In 1742 also we find M. de Chambonnet founding the "Ordre de la Félicité," for both men and women, an Order which does not appear to have borne the highest moral character; and the "Ordre de l'Ancre" (1745) seems to have been a similar institution, originating in the other. Adoptive Masonry dates, it is said, from 1730; but all these caricatures and distortions of the true Fraternity appear to have dwindled away to nothing a few years only after their origin. A significant fact is it for the worth and actuality of the ancient Fraternity, that all these excrescences, all these unfruitful suckers from the great root, grew up and withered away, leaving the immutable principles of justice and integrity, as developed in the system of

* Geusau, iii. 327.

† Vol. i. p. 41.

Digitized by Google

Freemasonry, deep in the hearts of the Brethren. The Fraternity had now struggled through its first years of existence as a wide-spread plan, as far as modern times were concerned: it had been persecuted, it had bent before the storm, and it was gradually, like the reed in the fable, rising up again into an erect position.

How it fared in after years, when protecting, and no longer protected, we hope to tell in the next number.

HOW ALFRED TIPTOP WON THE PRIZE POEM.

A MISCHIEVOUS friend of ours once observed, that he never knew a man who had not been in love with an "Ellen" at some time in his life. We are not going to question the truth of this vehement piece of young lady statistics, but we are going to say something about a young gentleman who fell in love with a young lady bearing a totally different name.

Leila Derwent was the prettiest and nicest young lady in the whole world. This is a very bold thing to say; but it must be remembered that we are not giving our own opinion, but the opinion which somebody else formed of the pretty little woman who now sits at the foot of the table, nurses a baby or so occasionally, and takes the right arm of the "somebody" about whom we are talking.

If you had known Derwent Lodge, Surrey, you would have said that it was just the sort of casket in which such a little jewel as Leila ought to have been kept. It was not very large, and yet you could certainly have performed that zoological feat (so strangely contrary to the principles advocated by humane societies), of swinging any number of cats round the drawing-room, while (as Leila well knew by experience), a very pretty quadrille, and just the least suspicion of a waltz, might have been managed, without driving half the company into the cloak-room or the pantry; or condemning them to oyster patties and abuse of things in general, on the staircase. It was very snug and pretty, and yet modern. You were never alarmed about the salt being turned into a solution of muriate of soda by the damp, nor was the predominance of black-beetles in the kitchen

Digitized by Google

at all injurious to the nerves of the housekeeper. The windows excluded air when shut, the smoke generally went up the chimneys, and the doors opened without carrying the carpet along with them. Altogether, it was a pretty, and unquestionably "desirable family residence," on a small scale, and utterly unsuggestive of suicide, high-art criticism, or any other discomfort.

The Reverend Augustus Derwent, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., was one of those clergymen, who prefer being good to being great, in the world's sense of the term. He had written pamphlets, and yet he had never pamphleted his bishop; he had been the adviser and mainstay of many a sound literary and religious undertaking, and yet he had never got abused in the newspapers for the sake of notoriety. His face was one in which you believed before you asked a question; his kindness was so great that you dreaded his severity (if he exerted it); and his knowledge so sound that he never set himself up as a clever man. He had had a large family of sons, manly, clever, and successful fellows, and he loved them all. But, like they did, he loved one being a little more, and that being was Leila.

Although a good working clergyman, the Rev. Augustus Derwent held but moderate preferment, and he took a few select pupils as a means of supporting the elegant and simple comfort, in which he had brought up his family. People do not always know how much is included in an educational course. It was left to Alfred Tiptop to ascertain, and we will tell you how he succeeded.

Alfred Tiptop was one of those young gentlemen, who are notorious nuisances and favourites at the same time. He was always causing somebody a deal of bodily fear and anxiety, and always doing some kind or dashing thing, which turned the scale in his favour. If his aunt felt annoyed at the rat-murdering appearance of some of his dogs, the manner in which he "worked a break," or took a fence, inspired a secret admiration, which even his irreverent contempt for China monsters and tea could not suppress. If he spent every farthing he could get hold of, his aunt had never heard of his being in any particular debt; and if he avowed a preference for wind instruments over stringed, he at all events never practised them when the family had gone to bed.

He was very industrious in the pursuit of pleasure, and yet he was a very fair scholar. Too much a gentlemen to love ignorance for its own sake, he had always kept up a respectable amount of study, but without doing anything really worthy the ability which even his boyhood had manifested.

Digitized by Google

It is a fine thing to see a young fellow start for the university—at least, such a young fellow as was Alfred Tiptop. To be sure he had been rather a naughty boy at times, but everybody is the same; and we are not quite sure that Leila did not recollect a certain handsome curly-headed boy, who once put on old wax doll of hers down to roast, with a degree of kindliness somewhat remarkable, considering the offence.

Unfortunately, Alfred had a little money, and the expectation of a little more. Mind, we only speak of the misfortune *relatively*. Money is, with all its disadvantages, a very decent sort of thing, and, despite the many contemptuous assertions of ancient philosophers, we believe that, as long as you have enough of it, it really comes in rather useful and agreeable than otherwise.

But a "little money," like a little learning, "is a dangerous thing;" and we fear that Alfred Tiptop would have been better off, in some respects, had his income been below even a sliding scale of income-tax. Moreover, your grandmammas and aunts are dangerous people. Women—especially single women—will spoil boys; and our private belief is, that there are few boys, who will not consent to be spoilt under such gentle and agreeable guidance.

And so Alfred went to Oxford. He took a few words of great kindliness and greater sense from the Rev. Augustus Derwent, a few kisses and not a few bank-notes from his aunt, and a little trembling tear and an averted look of Leila's. We fear,—nay, rather, we hope, that the glance of that pure, that tender young face outlived the bank notes, if not the advice.

Leila and Alfred were cousins, and, even if Mr. James Sheridan Knowles had not written the "Hunchback," we should have known that cousins are not always content with their present relationship. Young people are never too young to make love; "master crows at miss, and miss coos at master," almost on the nurse's knee; and we cannot well see how such a pair as Leila and Alfred could have helped thinking of what high and low, rich and poor, are perpetually coming to. As to Mr. Derwent, he had good hopes of Alfred, despite his idleness, and he could not resist the little creature who had once put her arms about his neck, and asked, in the simplicity of twelve years and a white frock, whether "she mightn't love dear Alfred." Verily, there is a mysterious depth in children's words, as well as in children's play.

As to Alfred, he never dreamed about the possibility of Leila not being his "little wife," but we cannot say that his first year

Digitized by Google

displayed much exertion towards "settling in life" in any way whatsoever. Before his second term, he was leader of the drag, stroke in the college boat, and had "spoilt" a bargee on the fifth of November. By the end of his first year, he might have been seen sitting in a pleasant set of rooms overhanging the High Street, and looking lazily at the then unfinished spire of St. Mary's.

He had certainly never forgotten Leila, and we are more than certain that Leila had never forgotten him. But yet the state of his rooms was scarcely such as to indicate the remembrance, or indeed to be very suggestive of feminine influence.

Scandal might have drawn uncomfortable comparisons between the sporting prints, boxing gloves, foxes' skins, and knock-me-downs, that decorated the low-roofed, large-windowed apartment, and the hundred pretty trifles that told of woman's taste in Leila's little room at Derwent Lodge. Nor was the half-finished tankard of beer suggestive of the quiet cup of tea at eight o'clock. To judge by the mixture of objects in the room, you would have been at a loss to judge of its owner's real occupation. Thucydides, open on a desk, was half-covered by *Bell's Life*. A lot of odd kid gloves, looking a great deal too small for any gentleman's hand, were kicking about in an emptied cigar-box, into which a figure of Punch, in pasteboard, was stuck. Two tame hawks in a cage were evidently annoyed by the deprivation of light, caused by a Turkish dressing-gown having been thrown over it; and a couple of terriers were playing with a five's-ball.

The pictures and ornaments were equally miscellaneous. Winners of the Derby were placed *vis-à-vis* to Bouvier's prettiest rusticities; Kiss's Amazon was placed in front of a yet unframed "*Vierge et l'Enfant*," after Raphael; a *débardeur* of Jullien's looked complacently at a grinning nut-cracker; and a "Madonna" cast her eyes in the direction of the "Death of the Stag."

As to the chimney-piece, it was a perfect museum. Halfpence, clay pipes, meershaums more or less coloured, Swiss châlets made of chip, China dogs, comic songs, daguerreotypes, bits of biscuit, ends of cigars, seals, penknives, tickets for the Mendicity Society, invitation cards, scratches in pen and ink, mostly partaking of the caricature style, lucifer matches, shirt buttons, wafers, and a thousand other things, apparently put there in a hurry, and left to accumulate in undisturbed tranquillity, formed a chaotic assemblage, which it would have taken a week's ingenuity to arrange.

The pianoforte was covered with music—vocal and instru-

Digitized by Google

mental, sacred and profane, all huddled together. An enormous ophicleide, two or three violins, and a pair of cymbals, which chiefly furnished playthings for the dogs, gave one an uncomfortable idea of the capabilities of the street for quiet study. Walmisly's chants were half covered by "Ida," and the "Katinka Polka" was similarly obscured by the "Creation." Altogether, there were instruments enough for a dozen or fifteen players; and Mr. Alfred Tiptop's concerts had more than once attracted the attention of the proctors, and a request that a performance on two French horns and an obligato trombone might be discontinued after twelve o'clock.

All the rest of the room was filled up with books, and with the same amusing want of order. Shakespeare, Molière, and Eugene Sue, or Paul de Kock, jostled Horace, Euripides, or Kant. Languages of all kinds were huddled together, and heaps of memoranda, pieces of paper covered with algebraical figures, and chronological abstracts, were stuck loosely between the books. But a glimpse of the backs of the books—few of them uncut—would have shown the varied and *recherché* reading of the owner. The whole room, in fact, was a curious contest between study and amusement.

The Rev. Augustus Derwent (for he had been down to look at his old pupil), looked rather more astonished than pleased; but the kind-heartedness with which Alfred welcomed him, utterly disarmed his displeasure. But, as they conversed together, he speedily saw that the wrong ambition was far ahead of the right. Alfred had read variously, and was sharp, and often just, in his opinions, and always clever in expressing them; but, like the generality of quick readers, his knowledge was desultory and uncertain, and his former tutor felt disappointed at what he evidently saw must be the result, and thought of his future son-in-law with a sigh.

He did not say much *then*. He knew that, when a man is in the middle of a course of pleasure, advice comes with a very blunted edge, and often proves an active agent against its own purpose. He simply made a few quiet remarks, expressed a hope, and received an assurance (somewhat to his surprise), that Alfred was not getting into debt, and secured his company at the vicarage for the ensuing "long."

It was full a year since Leila had seen her cousin, and her little heart, which was growing more and more womanly every day, fluttered with a dozen pretty anxieties. Her quick perception of the smallest change in her father's placid countenance and gentle speech, soon enabled her to see that something was

Digitized by Google

hanging on his mind, and that all was not quite as it should be with Alfred. But she was in no humour to condemn him unseen and unheard.

I am afraid it would be thought very improper if I were to detail *all* that took place at this meeting; especially as Leila's "Don't,—there, *that* will do," evidently implied that there was some little proceeding upon which strict honour would lead one to prefer silence. Alfred felt more in love than ever, and Leila forgot to find fault even with the very Meltonian style of his shirt studs and watch-chain trinkets. Besides, Leila rode well herself, and had thought, once or twice, that her papa's style was somewhat too quiet.

A nice girl is not a bad companion in your study, especially if she be as sharp and clever as Leila. Her help became quite necessary; and it was incredible how much more Thucydides or Pindar Alfred could manage, if Leila sat either doing her own work by his side, or occasionally catechizing him. He was becoming almost a reading man; and, if his face *did* wander sometimes to another face in the room, Leila's exquisite scolding, and sometimes the promise of a musical reward in the evening (entirely contingent on his good behaviour), gave a zest to his Greek that was rapidly telling a clear and a pleasant tale. Nor was there wanting in Leila's mind some of that deeper influence, which may lie beneath the behaviour even of the prettiest and most lively little women in the world. Sometimes she talked of the comfort in after life which had rewarded the studies of her father,—of the valued friends, and the certain, though moderate and inexpensive celebrity, which made Derwent Lodge the constant haunt of people of taste and attainments. Sometimes, would not her own attainments provoke a kind of not unpleasing jealousy, and make him think whether he ought not to be something better than he was at present, to deserve so clever a partner of his future life?

Such stimulus was not thrown away upon one insensible; and reading for "honours," which had been rather remote from Alfred's thoughts, now became his definite and avowed intention. Mr. Derwent thought with delight how his little daughter's work had abetted his own, and toiled incessantly with his grateful and promising pupil. Instead of lazily living upon six or seven hundred a year, visions of the bar, and some of its hereafter consequences, began to occupy the mind of Alfred; and by the time his third year commenced, his whole work was in steady arrangement, and he had only carefully to re-read and digest all the knowledge which his talent and perseverance had united in

Digitized by Google

enabling him to acquire. It was difficult to say whether Mr. or Miss Derwent were more proud of *their* pupil, for such Alfred frankly confessed himself.

By some chance, a friend of Alfred's had won that most English and truly Oxfordian prize, the English heroic poem, recited annually at Commemoration. It is quite unnecessary to say that Leila had a great desire to appear in the ladies' gallery at the theatre on the next occasion, when, it was hoped, Alfred would appear in the glories of a first class, and would be quietly keeping his bachelor's term till "putting on his gown" the next winter.

Now this prize poem had hung on Leila's mind. Although, believe us, dear reader, she never confided to us any of Alfred's effusions, we feel morally convinced that she *had* some reasons for believing him something of a poet. At all events, we do not know what reason she could have had for saying, very laughingly, but with a great deal of purpose, as she bade a thirty-seventh last farewell to Alfred, "Mind, if you don't get the prize poem, I won't come to Commemoration."

We do not believe that Alfred was very frightened at this threat; but we are certain that he followed up its suggestion. He was quite a changed man; and though he did not cut a single acquaintance, most of them had the good nature to leave him to himself for the most part. Idle as numberless men are at Oxford, there are few of them, now-a-days, at least, who do not respect industry in others, especially when there is a prospect of its being crowned with success and honour.

Alfred now rode and boated for health only. His mornings and evenings were devoted to study, and sometimes he stole half an hour to reply to a little pink paper note, which used to make a rather frequent appearance on his breakfast table. But fast young De Boots, who lived in a next room, separated only by one of those wainscot partitions (which appear made for the benefit of oral conversation between two houses or apartments), began to circulate a mischievous report to the effect that Alfred Tiptop was turned poet,—that he walked about his room repeating verses,—that he was liable to fits of abstraction,—that he had "spouted" his Greek grammar, and purchased "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary,"—that he vacantly passed his fingers through his hair when asked a question,—and that he had been distinctly heard to order hock and soda-water at half past seven o'clock A.M.

This was not all strictly true; but Alfred *was* writing for the prize poem. Were we to recount all his troubles no one would believe us. How he began something splendid about "Dark was

Digitized by Google

the night, and scarce the pale moon's light," &c., and abandoned that, because the "Art of Pluck" had been sarcastic on the subject of the sun, moon, and stars, as applied to university prize poems. How he then fell into an invocation of some muse or other, and then recollected that invocations were used up from the time of Homer downwards, would be a still more tedious story. Suffice it to say, that the dread of being charged with *personality* prevents our saying what he really eventually *did* write, by what examiners it was approved, and in what manner he delivered it in the theatre. But we are anticipating.

What was it that made Leila's little heart throb as she read a letter one evening, bearing an imperfect FORD postmark on it? How was it she thrust it into papa's hand, and ran off to her own room, and there shed a few delicious tears, which were too sacred even for her father's presence? And why looked she so much lovelier, so much more joyous, when she came back again?

It was not mere joy that Alfred had won the prize, but he had won it for her sake; her inspiration (and believe us, the muses are bygones, except in allegorical paintings) had nerved his pen; her few words of pretty banter had made him resolve to please her. Pet little heroine! she almost felt ashamed to have teased so gallant a hero into the trial.

* * * * * *

Commemoration! And so Alma Mater is really going to be at rest at last! *At rest!* the idea of the thing. When every ten minutes are sending omnibuses thundering down the High or down St. Oldfish's, laden so high with luggage, that they seem inclined to shunt it violently into first-floor windows, to the utter derangement of respectable householders, or the personal damage of the heads, grotesque, pretty, or ordinary, which decorate the windows as thick as oyster-shells in a poor neighbourhood. Going to rest! when waiters are raving mad, cooks frantic, and hotel-keepers in a fit of delirium at the impossibility of letting the same set of rooms to a dozen families at once. It *is* a state of things. Unheard of stocks of salmon are being sawn into cutlets; the poultry market (even in the face of the Cochin-China mania) bids fair to prove bankrupt; not a lamb can be left to bleat and look picturesque in the adjacent fields; and it is our private opinion that Oxford will be in a state of famine for the next three weeks. At rest! when streams of undergraduates are hurrying along the streets, carrying in one vast human "lasher" an occasional bright-red, pink-sleeved, or gold-decked gown, who is presently to make a grand feature, "a tremendous hit" in the pageant of commemoration:—at

Digitized by Google

rest! when that stream is marbled, so to say, with the brightest porphyry of muslin-clad young ladies, or with the sky-emulating hues of shot silk:—at rest! when human heads defy you to count the panes in the windows—when even the cats are scared from the house-tops—and when the very colleges seem to have turned their population forth to pick up an *al fresco* living for themselves.

At rest! did you say! I only ask, have you been into a single college kitchen? *Have* you inquired into the feelings of any letter of "lodgings" for the last fortnight? Do you know that Dickson and Trafalgar, the publishers, who are to publish the "Newdegate" and the "English Essay," have been, as usual, in agonies with the printer for the last four days; and that, even now at the eleventh hour, the binder is a defalcator? At rest! indeed. I ask you, Mr. President de Beauchamp, are you not tired of being well nigh turned out of your own house? And was not that last unexpected triplet of cousins from Derbyshire a heavy pack upon the well-laden camel? But Mrs. de Beauchamp takes it in excellent part; the dinner will be a success; and the cheerful old president, who never will be persuaded that a cough is anything more than a slight hoarseness, and who still retains a magnanimous contempt for claret, will tell his favourite anecdotes about Elmsley and Dr. Parr with as much relish as ever.

At rest! Just step into Le Grand's; multiply the square feet contained in the area of the dining-rooms by the company who are to dine, lunch, and sup; and tell me about Ten Hours' bills after that. What becomes of the waiters? Do they melt away, or are they merely reduced to skeletons, and sent away to be re-fleshed during the long vacation? Step into Spiers and Sons', and wonder how it will be possible to find even an army razor. And yet nobody looks flurried, and you will get whatever you want, from Dorothea in Parian down to a knife-cleaning machine.

Breakfast is over; fish, flesh, and fowl, have gone long ago, *unde negant redire quemquam*; and parties from all directions are streaming towards the theatre. We cannot help Sir Christopher Wren's taste, and as he built St. Paul's dome, we will not stand still to abuse him—even if the mob would give us time.

As yet there is no very serious row. To be sure, some windows are broken by a few half-stifled undergraduates, with the view of oxygenizing the *plus quam* caloricized atmosphere of a staircase, in which men are piled upon one another something like the victims to be burnt within an ancient Briton idol of wicker-work. One man faints, and another couple nearly faint

Digitized by Google

over their efforts to get him out. But not a woman is hurt, not a bonnet injured, except (peace be to the ladies; but truth must be spoken!) when the dear creatures push and shove a little on their own account, into their own gallery.

The calls for applause or the reverse of various agreeable or disagreeable, popular or unpopular parties, have already begun from the gallery: "DDDD-iii-sssrael-iii! Whiiirrrh! hooorrrahhh!" and from a smaller dissentient party, "Yoicks! Hhhhiiissahhh!" "The Bishop of London!" "The Man Round the Corner!" "Charles Dickens!" "The Guardian!" "The Ladies in Pink Bonnets!" "The Ladies in Blue!" "The Provost of St. Blazius!" And then some wag puts up a stock joke, such as, "Things in general!" and himself leads the hissing with which it is followed. Each young lady trembles prettily, and wonders whether she is the particular "pink bonnet" which led to such a demonstration; but just as her wonder is at its least satisfactory stage, "God save the Queen" is struck up; Sir Henry Bishop is doing his best with the worst of organs, and the men are doing much better with hearty enthusiasm, and a recklessly loyal expenditure of lungs.

No sooner are the dons seated than a similar development of feeling is manifested with equal force. No one can see why a D.C.L. should be conferred upon the ex-governor of Badcurry, who took so many "pulls at the pagoda tree," and who has done nothing except fail in that affair about the Quassia bark settlement. Accordingly, the ex-governor is hissed most heartily; but the tide is changed in favour of the Honourable Francis Byng, who has been licking Sikhs, and getting yellow fever and military honours with incredible rapidity. Then the vice-chancellor, proctors, heads of houses, tutors, and everybody else, come in for *their* share; and if any gentleman among those learned authorities wish to ascertain his real position as far as the feeling of the undergraduates is concerned, he cannot do so better than at Commemoration. It is glorious to see so much fun and heartiness, and yet a fair respect for authority. Hoary severity, coupled with kindliness and ability, meets with far greater honours than mere passive leniency, however innocent and agreeable.

At length the noise is hushed, save to applaud or condemn each candidate, as he is received to the honorary degree. And now, the Latin oration being over (after many a sarcastic request from the gallery to "cut it short," "put on the steam," &c. &c.), the recitations commence. All very well those Latin and English essays; but our heart and our pen are with little Leila Derwent, who is seated, by some chance, almost *vis-à-vis*

Digitized by Google

to that tall, handsome young man, who, in faultless white tie and black evening dress, stands, not nervously (for that was one of Alfred Tiptop's very last failings), in the little pulpit opposite, with his prompter, the wicked De Boots, who circulated that wicked report about his poetical tastes, but who, till a day or two since, never knew how near the truth he was.

To be sure, Alfred was always rather a "budding Chatham," and his speeches, whether on the non-admission of dogs, or the Cuba question, had always been voted capital. But to-day he outshone himself—*velut inter ignes luna minores.* Clear and audible, every word told; and when some two thousand hands met in applause at the end, we fear that poor Leila's were more busied with her pocket-handkerchief,—that everlasting resource (as Mr. Thackeray holds) of our dear little British females, under all excitement soever.

Commemoration is over, but there is plenty more to be done. There is that grand party given by the senior proctor, where Leila is to shine as the prettiest girl (so somebody thinks) who ever graced Oxford with her presence. Before that there is the flower-show in those lovely gardens, at the jolly, but rather lazy college, which fronts all sorts of trees, and "no end" of river.

It is our private opinion that flower-shows in Oxford are a deception,—a simple excuse for contemplating English beauty of a different kind under false pretences. What do I care about pressing into an already hot-pressed tent, to look at exaggerated tulips stuck into tin tubes; or to compare the relative size of Lady Marrowfat's geraniums, and Sir Giles Horsepond's magnolias? They come, happily, every day in the season; but Commemoration, with its bevy of lovely girls, but once in the year, and that seldom with the glories with which we always associate what is present.

So we walk about, occasionally patronizing the Coldstream or the Thame band, and condescending to inform an inquirer as to the overture to *Le Près aux Clercs*, or *Roberto toi que j'aime*. But it is of no use, despite our almost pro-proctorial dignity, as M.A.'s of the first water, we are too busy with the ladies we have got with us, or with those whom other people have got. Chat, chat, chat, occasionally hoaxing our pretty listeners with some detail of Oxford life, not generally known to Oxford men,—suddenly recognising or being recognised by some hitherto unperceived acquaintance,—we walk along the soft turf, wondering why Oxford never looks so lovely, and why *Alma Mater* does not treat her boys to a few more such days in her heavy, same-faced career through the year.

To say how, on this occasion, the gardens looked like a

Digitized by Google

colossal, Brobdignagian, Watteau picture, adapted to academic costume, and much prettier girls than Watteau ever thought of,—to say what a fiction the flowers were, and what a reality the faces were, would take a volume of our full-paged octavo size. Some painters hold that sheep are essential to a landscape; all we can say is, that we do not care a straw about sheep, provided we have plenty of young ladies.

We *could* write all this, though; but we could *not* describe how proud Alfred felt of his pretty wife (for who could doubt what they were talking about?), and how his fastest friends agreed that if "it was a case," or if "Hal was a gone 'coon," there were few among them who would not change their fortunes for his. De Boots went home in a fit of melancholy, and took so many solemn resolutions to read—that we are really afraid he didn't keep them.

"So you *did* get the prize poem, Alfred," said Leila, as she leant more closely on his arm, as he led her to the carriage which was to take them from the gardens.

"Say, rather, *you* got it for me," replied Alfred; "and, dearest," he added, "if success meet my next efforts, it will be you—you only; nay, rather, you and your kindest of fathers, to whom I owe all."

Winter came, and Alfred left his affianced bride only to return and claim her with the increased glories of a first class. For a "fellowship" he cared little: alas! (but with good reason) one cannot marry on a college fellowship.

The prettiest villa near Richmond now sends the most diligent of juvenile barristers down to the Temple, and the prettiest of wives welcomes that same young barrister, as he returns home with a faultless punctuality with which even business is scarcely allowed to interfere. A sound and happy, perhaps a high and distinguished career, lies spread before Alfred; but he is only as ambitious as a perfectly contented man should be.

When Leila's first little boy saw the light, she smiled divinely upon her husband, and said, "Will *he* ever win the prize poem?"

Digitized by Google

FATHER AND SON.

BY MISS PARDOE.

"Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

How well I remember one cold winter evening in the Isle of Wight, which I passed at a cozy and comfortable fire-side, seated on a low stool between Jane Porter and her venerable mother, I will not say how many, many years ago. Suffice it that I was, at the time of which I speak, a girl of about twelve, already terribly tainted by the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and looking upon the glorious mortal whose name had actually figured in print on the title-page of a book, as a being only one degree lower than the angels. How dear and precious to me was the touch of the thin and delicate hand which had called into existence the chivalrous, high-hearted Thaddeus of Warsaw, the heroic Wallace, the magnificent Duke Christian, with all their attendant train of stately knights and dames,—no myths to me, but as real, as sentient, and as human as my own small self. And Jane Porter was, at that period, as stately as one of her own heroines. Even long years of poverty and struggle had failed to bend her spirit, or to lessen her self-reliance. Calm and equable by temperament, her resolution, once formed, was immovable; her charity was universal; her filial devotion unaffectedly beautiful; and if past sorrows had left deep traces of their passage upon her placid countenance, long, very long ere she passed away for ever, they had by no means robbed it of its noble and exalted expression.

Of her sister I knew but little, and confess that, from what I saw, I liked her much less. In Jane, who was an admirable conversationist, the chief characteristic was an earnest simplicity, which never failed to captivate the attention, and to convince the reason; while in the studied manner and expressions of Anna Maria there was a perpetual straining after effect, which was, to me at least, I confess,—and I had grown to womanhood before I made her acquaintance,—peculiarly unpleasant. I will quote one instance of this. The two sisters, the friend at whose house we were on a visit, and myself, were seated together in the drawing-room, when two gentlemen, both strangers to our hostess, were announced, and remained with us a considerable time. On their departure, Anna Maria inquired how she liked

Digitized by Google

Sir J—— E——? The reply was, as it could not fail to be under the circumstances, very flattering to the gallant and veteran general.

"Ha!" was the rejoinder of Anna Maria, "I felt sure that you would appreciate his merits; but *you must taste him several times before you can relish him.*"

Of her literary abilities, although infinitely inferior to those of her elder sister, she was also far more vain; and altogether she made, perhaps, a more brilliant, but decidedly a less endearing impression upon a stranger, which after-acquaintance failed to alter. None, however, who witnessed her affectionate and unremitting attention to her mother could be otherwise than touched by its earnestness; and as, being many years younger than Jane, she was the pet and plaything of the family, some excuse may readily be found for the less perfect discipline of her character.

Mrs. Porter, the mother of these gifted sisters, was a singularly neat, gentle, meek old lady, the widow of a surgeon of the Enniskillen dragoons, with whom she had cheerfully shared a scanty income and a modest station; and who appears to have been an essentially amiable man, whose memory was cherished to the last by his affectionate helpmate.

Of Dr. Porter, the elder son, I know nothing, save, indeed, —and perhaps that sole fact may prove of more interest to my readers than any other which I could advance,—that to him is due the honour of the long and warmly-contested authorship of that admirable fiction, edited and published by his sister under the title of "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative." It was the only imaginative work ever written by Dr. Porter; nor was it originally intended for publication: but the earnest entreaties of the circle for whose sole amusement it was meant, finally induced him to give it to the public; although fearing that a production of that nature might injure him in his profession, he absolutely refused to avow its authorship; and so fearful was he of the betrayal of his secret, that he caused it to be placed in the hands of his sister, precisely as she has described in her introduction; while it is only justice to her to add (for her denials of all knowledge of the writer's identity were for a long period of time positive and persevering), that she remained for years in the same state of mystification as her readers.

Sir Robert Ker Porter was, on the contrary, early known to the public as a successful artist and tourist; although it is not, I believe, generally patent that he was the inventor of those fascinating exhibitions known as panoramas.

Digitized by Google

Truly the Porters, take them one and all, were a gifted family! And now—after this long parenthesis—I return to my fireside.

The old lady had been carefully installed by her daughter in a well-cushioned arm-chair, in which her diminutive figure was almost buried; I have her at this moment before me, with her silver hair, smoothly banded under a cap of snow-white lace, and a dress of dark-coloured silk, above which was crossed a muslin 'kerchief, tightly fastened about her waist, and ornamented by a pale China rose, which had been placed there by the fond hands of her ever-watchful child. Jane herself sat erect, glancing from time to time at the venerable face of her mother, and occasionally relaxing into a smile at some of my own girlish sallies.

Gradually, however, the conversation became more sustained and serious, as Mrs. Porter took a larger share in it; and ultimately she volunteered to relate to us a reminiscence of long-passed years, which had, as she declared, made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. Need I say that the offer was eagerly accepted by myself? A story, and a true story, from the lips of the venerated lady whom I regarded almost with awe, was indeed a thing to covet! So more coals were thrown upon the fire, a shade was placed before the lamp, and with my head resting upon the knees of Jane, I prepared to listen.

"I had formerly a friend—" thus did the narrator commence her tale—"a man of wealth and station, who had once been the father of a family; but who, at the period when I first made his acquaintance, was a childless widower. He was a singularly fine-looking and high-bred man, still in the very prime of life; and, when he could be induced to enter into society, was remarkable for the amenity of his manners, and the correctness of his judgment; but it was seldom that he appeared in the world, or made an effort to shake off his habitual melancholy. By the crowd this gloom was supposed to have originated in the domestic losses he had sustained, for many still expatiated on the superb beauty of his dead wife, and the loveliness of the two little ones whom he had successively followed to the grave; while, if the gossips were to be credited, more than one fair woman still hoped to dissipate his sadness. There was, however, a deeper pang at his heart than even the sore bereavement to which I have alluded could have fastened there; nor did I learn for years the true nature of the misery and remorse by which he was devoured.

"By slow and almost imperceptible degrees he became a constant guest in my widowed home; a community of sorrow had created a deep sympathy of feeling between us. We talked

Digitized by Google

together of the past, although not altogether unconstrainedly; for while I could trace back my calm and happy married life year by year, and almost day by day, without seeking to create one hiatus in the record, I remarked that his own memories were less freely poured forth. Often would he pause, faulter, and turn away, as though some bitter recollection had suddenly obtruded itself upon him; and for hours afterwards he would remain brooding moodily over his own thoughts. As our intimacy increased, I occasionally urged him to a more active career; representing, with the authority of one considerably his senior in years, the great responsibility entailed upon him, alike by the name he bore, and the noble fortune to which he had succeeded; but all my efforts were in vain. 'I have no son,' was his constant reply, 'either to succeed to my name, or to inherit my wealth. Why should I toil, and struggle, and strive with a world in which I have no part? No, no; believe me, it is better as it is. My stake in society has already been played, and lost.'

"Still, I was not to be disheartened; for, as time passed on, my regard for my unhappy friend increased. Never did one unkind or uncharitable word escape his lips; while he ever sought to silence those who were inclined to censure others. Even where the fault was manifest and undeniable, he had always some extenuating suggestion to make, some deprecatory comment to offer. He was, in short, the very soul of that charity which 'thinketh no evil;' and was so evidently pained by every allusion to the frailties of those with whom he was brought into contact, that none of his intimates ever ventured to indulge in a tale of scandal when he was present.

"Nevertheless, you will readily understand that he was very far from a popular member of our little circle; for, although he respected the feelings of all, he flattered the foibles of none; and I remember being on one occasion forcibly struck by the remark of a very shrewd old friend of mine, who whispered to me as he left the room; 'That man has deep remorse, even if not actual guilt, upon his mind. It is useless for you to be either hurt or offended by this frank expression of my opinion, for I would peril my existence on its correctness.'

"'What possible foundation can you have for so harsh and uncharitable a judgment?' I asked, somewhat angrily.

"'My dear Mrs. Porter,' was her rejoinder, 'consider his position dispassionately. He is a widower, it is true, and we will believe his wife to have been everything that was amiable and attractive; he is the childless father of two fair boys, and we will admit that they were as beautiful as angels, and full

Digitized by Google

of the most brilliant promise; still, you must remember that these trials, bitter as they may have been, occurred many years ago; that he has survived the blow; and that time is a great magician. I have not studied human nature closely and carefully throughout a long life without discovering that the heart requires aliment to the full as much as the body. It is only when it feeds upon itself that it is independent of extraneous support. Mr. —— is still in the prime of life; rich, well-looking, and well-born. Had he only been called upon to struggle against misfortune over which he had no control, and in whose advent or progress he had had no share, his human nature would ere this have asserted itself, and he would have found consolation and comfort in new ties. These are not the days of the paladins, when men vowed away their hearts for a lifetime, and kept the pledge; and, trust me, it is better as it is under such circumstances, that the heart should expand a second time. With him, however, it is plain that it will never do so, for the seeds of happiness have perished in a soil too dank and ungenial for any after-growth. I see that you are ruffled by my assertion; you cannot realize such a fact; so be it for the moment. I leave it to time to justify me.'

"And she *was* justified," said the old lady sadly; "for at length the hour of confidence, full and unlimited, arrived. He is in his grave now, and I may tell the tale without indiscretion. It is a lesson, and a stern one, alike to parents and to children; and may, in some moment of temptation and selfishness, prove more efficacious than a score of homilies. Listen, therefore."

But I will now tell the story in my own way, as it fastened itself upon my memory; and by bestowing fictitious names upon its personages, render still more impossible the identification of the several actors in the simple but striking little drama which she related.

Mr. Sydney Leicester was an only son, whose mother survived his birth but a few months, during which time she seldom permitted him to be out of her sight; and daily and hourly did she entreat of her devoted and agonised husband that he would love the beautiful infant for her sake as well as for his own; shield him from all sorrow, guard him from all suffering, and render his life one long dream of happiness and enjoyment.

"Give him no second mother," she said earnestly; "for none could love him as I have loved him: promise me this. Let me not be forgotten in my grave by my husband and my child. Talk to him of me often—very often. Be to him all that I would have been could I have lived to watch over him, and to pluck away the thorns from his path. You have wealth; let it

Digitized by Google

not be shared with the children of another, and perhaps a dearer wife! See how beautiful he is! How worthy of such a sacrifice! And do not chide me for my selfishness!"

"Be calm, Mary, be happy," was the low reply of the afflicted listener; "I can never love again. Your child—*our* child—will, should I indeed lose you, be all my interest in this life.'

And the bereaved husband redeemed the sacred pledge given to a dying wife. The grave closed over the lovely and the young, and his heart went down into the same darkness. A tutor was provided for the boy so soon as he was capable of profiting by his instructions, and his studies were pursued under the eyes of his father in youth, even as his sports had been in childhood. It was touching to contemplate the fond affection which existed between them. The strong man bowed himself to the weakness of the stripling, and the boy as eagerly strove to elevate himself to the level of the tastes and feelings of his parent; and so years went by in peace, and confidence, and mutual trust. There was not a secret, not a misgiving between them; they were all in all to each other; and if some of those about them hinted that such a state of things could not endure for ever, they were at least careful not to breathe their forebodings into the ears of those whom they regarded.

Time wore on, and Sydney Leicester attained his twenty-fourth year. Singularly handsome in person, an only son, and the heir to a noble fortune, it is by no means surprising that he became the mark of many an ambitious mother's hopes, and many a fair girl's day-dreams; but for a while The Grange did not appear likely to own a new mistress. With a well-cultivated intellect, and a warm and affectionate heart, the young man was singularly deficient in firmness of character; and while, with the usual susceptibility of his age, he was perpetually attracted by the beauty and fascinations of the bright beings who flitted across his path, a newer face sufficed to change the current of his feelings, and to obliterate the first fleeting impression.

"And yet you must one day marry, Sydney," would his father often say with a smile; "the old halls must ring before I die with the glad voices of children, and the laughter of their mother. I must not go to my grave with the apprehension that our ancient race is destined to be extinguished. Remember, that although you are still in the first pride of your manhood, my hair is growing grey, and my part in the drama of society is played out. Let me live again in you. You have great duties to perform, and great responsibilities to meet. With your means of good you owe yourself to your tenants and de-

Digitized by Google

pendants; and although I have striven to render myself equal to the emergencies which have forced themselves upon me, I have been conscious that this could not be done effectually without the aid of an amiable woman, who would, as your lamented mother did, go hand in hand with me in the task."

For a while, however, these representations produced no effect. Sydney Leicester danced, trifled, and even flirted, wherever he met with encouragement to do so, as heart-whole as any school-boy, until, at a county ball he made the acquaintance of the beautiful Miss Lauriston, the orphan daughter of a West-Indian planter, whose rich and glowing loveliness, contrasting as it did so forcibly with the pale pure beauty to which his eye had hitherto been accustomed, produced a powerful and lasting effect upon his heart. The young lady was under the sole guardianship of a city friend of her father's, who worshipped his ward; not because she was the daughter of one whom he had known and respected for years, but because she had become the recipient of his wealth; not because she was young, and beautiful, and fascinating, but because it was creditable to himself to be known as the guardian of the rich West-Indian heiress; and thus Caroline Lauriston became the presiding genius of his establishment,—thwarted his meek wife, controlled his servants, and even set his own pleasure at defiance, without reproach or expostulation.

Accustomed from her childhood to exact submission from all around her, the wilful beauty never appeared to remember that the roof beneath which she exercised such despotic sway was not her own; and the impetuous nature, which might have been tamed to gentleness by careful guidance, was thus left unrestrained to work its own will, and to undermine the more genial and holy impulses which naturally germ and fructuate in the heart of woman.

Sydney Leicester, as we have said, saw her and loved her; nor was the haughty beauty insensible to his admiration. She soon discovered that he was an object of attraction to all the manœuvring mothers of the county, and that many a fair cheek flushed, and many a bright eye sparkled beneath his gaze. Had he been obscure in station, and merely tolerated in society, it is probable that Miss Lauriston, despite his handsome person and graceful manners, would not have wasted a second thought upon so insignificant a suitor, and would have flung off his memory as readily as she did her gloves at the termination of the ball; but such was not the case. With the instinctive tact of her sex, she at once discovered that he was the cynosure of all female

Digitized by Google

eyes, the coveted of many hearts; and she accordingly resolved to try her own power.

When does a pretty woman do so, and fail?

Had he known her as she really was, there can be little doubt that Leicester would have shrunk timidly from any closer contact with a nature so opposed to his own; but who can know a woman save as she desires to be known? Long years of intimacy, even of courtship, must fail to show the inner workings of the heart; for the very desire to please, the very thirst for affection, renders each sex alike unconsciously actors; and thus, where a mask is deliberately worn, no certain indication can ever be obtained of the hidden features of the soul. Nor can it be adduced as a reproach against the weaker sex that they practise an unintentional deceit. With more impulsive feelings than those of men, they seldom pause to speculate upon the prudence of their attachments, but wilfully close their eyes upon the shortcomings of the idols to whom they have erected a shrine in their own bosoms; and involuntarily they practise a self-abnegation which causes them to immolate all their tastes, their prejudices, and their wishes, at the altar of what too frequently proves to be a false deity. Can it then be subject of wonder that while thus deceiving themselves, they too often deceive others? Surely not. The whole state of society is factitious. Men seek in women rather playthings than companions; rather objects to please the eye, or to further the ambition, or to increase the means of luxury, than to satisfy the demands of mind; and truly "they have their reward."

Enough, however, of generalities. The mask of Miss Lauriston was voluntarily assumed, for she appreciated at a glance the character of her new admirer; she detected his ardent devotion for beauty, his chivalrous respect for her sex; his yielding disposition, which would even lead him to submit to a sacrifice rather than to be guilty of a discourtesy; nor did she omit to number among his good qualities a handsome fortune, and an admirable social position. Thus, long ere her maid had arranged her magnificent hair under its lace covering for the night, Caroline Lauriston had decided, that as it was evident the female members of many of the best families in the county considered Mr. Sydney Leicester to be a most eligible match, and were anxious to secure him accordingly, it might be very well worth her own while to convince them that he was beyond their reach. It must, however, be admitted that, mingled with much that was selfish and unworthy in these mental speculations, a strong feeling of admiration for the remarkably fine person of the young heir,

Digitized by Google

made the lady more anxious than she might otherwise have been to confirm the conquest which she was conscious of having that night achieved; and ere she fell asleep, more than one pleasant vision swept through her busy brain for which she had no cause to blush.

"I am sure I could make him happy," she whispered to herself; "I should be so proud of him; and I would endeavour to please him by making his home brilliant and attractive. With our united means existence must be one long holiday; and where there is no care, there can be little difficulty in compelling the chariot of life to run smoothly. Well; we shall see." And the bright eyes closed, only that the fancy might renew in dreams the triumphant anticipations of her waking hours.

The wooing of Sydney Leicester proved prosperous, as regarded the fair idol of his devotion, who won the heart of the father as easily as she had conquered that of the son. She was so gentle, so winning, so fascinating; her respect for the old gentleman was so graceful; her admiration of The Grange so openly and earnestly expressed. Not a cloud passed over her brow; she was the very embodiment of light and sunshine; the very wife for Sydney, whose heart was as light, and whose buoyant spirits were as elastic as her own. It was beautiful to see with what ease she threw off the trammels of conventional restraint; and with what zest she entered into country pleasures and country enjoyments. Her guitar and voice enlivened every pic-nic; her glowing beauty was the ornament of every rural fête; no trace of the formal finishing of a fashionable London school could be detected in her easy and artless manner; she rode, she boated, and she climbed fearlessly, whenever Sydney was her companion. She was so sure, she said, that Mr. Leicester would not lead her into any danger, and that his dear kind papa would not sanction anything incorrect, that she was determined to enjoy herself to the utmost; while, grateful for so full and flattering a confidence, Sydney caused his favourite hunter to be carefully broken in for her especial use, built a new boat for the lake, which he christened "The Caroline," and ran up to town to purchase "a love of a pony-chaise," which was always in attendance on any fatiguing pedestrian excursion, to enable him to drive her home.

Thus four months went by, and her guardian talked of their return to town; a threat which had long ceased to alarm the lover.

"You *must go*, I am aware, Caroline," he said tenderly, as he sat beside her, with her hand clasped in his; "there is some

Digitized by Google

horrid law business, dearest, to be got through; but rely upon it, that what money and energy can accomplish to abridge all that nonsense, shall be done. So do not loiter over your own preparations, for I will not give you an hour to waste upon finery."

"As if I cared about finery!" exclaimed his betrothed with a playful pout. She was rewarded by a look; and such a look.

"You know," resumed the lady an instant afterwards, "that I understand nothing about business; so that, while Mr. Crawford croaks over settlements with the lawyers, I shall have little to do but to think of you and the dear old Grange. I declare that you have made me hate London, and the murky streets, and leaden sky. Why do men build great cities, when they might be so much happier living as we are doing now?"

Nothing could be more apparently natural than such a reflection at such a moment. They were seated beneath a stately tulip-tree on the lawn; a golden light, like that which plays upon the surface of the sea when the sun is about to set, flickered among the flexile branches of the flowering shrubs as they bent lovingly to the breeze of evening; the delicate blossoms of the gum-cistus fell like snow-flakes to the earth; and a thousand perfumes floated about them as the dew dropped silently into the open cups of the thirsty flowers, and filled the air with incense.

Sydney listened with delight to the silvery voice beside him.

"And yet all this, lovely as it is, must seem pale and poor beside the glowing magnificence of the tropics, Caroline."

"Perhaps it might to others," was the fond reply, as a pair of brilliant eyes were raised to his face, and he felt the clasp of fairy fingers upon his hand; "but I do not regret my home. How should I, when I have found another at once brighter and dearer?"

Two days afterwards they parted; but, before the close of a week, Sydney was in his turn in town, immersed in business, and almost endangering the sanity of the family solicitor by the eagerness of his haste. Then there was a new carriage to be built; jewels to be reset; and a suite of furniture *à la Louis XIV.* to replace the less sumptuous fittings of his mother's apartments. Never had Leicester so relentlessly exerted his energies, but he felt neither lassitude nor fatigue; he was labouring for happiness; and as he saw case after case despatched to its destination, he began to satisfy himself that all his difficulties would ere long be at an end.

He was wrong, however.

Digitized by Google

"Are you aware, Mr. Leicester, of the extent of Miss Lauriston's fortune?" inquired the lawyer on one occasion, as he entered the office to ascertain the progress which had been made towards the completion of the settlements.

"Not in the least. I have never cared to ask. All I know is, that I am authorized by my father to secure 700*l.* a year to her, and to leave her property, whatever may be its amount, entirely in her own power."

"So I understood, and upon these instructions I was prepared to act; but I regret to say that they do not meet the views of the young lady's guardian. It would appear that Miss Lauriston inherits from the estate of her father no less a sum than 5,000*l.* a year; and Mr. Crawford has definitively declared to me, through his man of business, that his ward shall not, with his consent, bestow her hand upon any individual who cannot command an equal income. Now, my dear sir, as I know this to be impossible in your case, you must pardon me if I confess that instead of proceeding with the papers, I was about to wait upon you for further instructions, and at the same time to assure you that I do not, personally, entertain the slightest hope of effecting any change in the extraordinary resolution at which this most impracticable guardian has arrived."

The very lips of Sydney Leicester turned white as he sank into a chair.

"What is to be done?" he asked, falteringly; "you are aware that my father's entire income barely exceeds that amount."

"I am. Our only hope is therefore in the influence of the young lady herself over her Cerberus."

"And that she will exert, I am satisfied," was the triumphant rejoinder; "for never did there exist a less selfish or exacting creature upon earth than Caroline. I feel convinced that she never sanctioned so extraordinary an arrangement."

"There can, I should imagine, be little doubt upon that point; and my advice is, that you should see Miss Lauriston on the subject without loss of time."

Within half an hour Sydney Leicester was in the presence of his lady-love.

And very beautiful she looked, with her splendid hair smoothly banded back from her high forehead, and half veiled by a costly scarf of black lace; her dark morning-dress reaching to her throat, and her little delicate hands peeping from beneath her elaborate ruffles, as she lounged upon her well-cushioned sofa.

"Well, Sydney," she exclaimed, laying down her book, and beckoning her lover to a seat at her side; "you are really a

Digitized by Google

good boy to-day. I did not expect you for an hour to come. But what a grave face! What has happened to annoy you?"

The tale was soon told.

"A horrid old tyrant!" said the young lady, with a slight laugh; "he is determined, apparently, to have his own way to the last. But I suppose that it is a mere matter of form."

"It is an insuperable obstacle to our marriage, Caroline, unless you can induce him to change his resolution," replied Sydney, gravely.

"Oh! nonsense; the two old gentlemen will make some arrangement, you may depend on it."

"Perhaps a word from you, dearest Caroline——"

"Now don't try to frighten me, Sydney. I have such a horror of law and lawyers, that I would not be mixed up with them for the world; and as to interfering with Mr. Crawford, I really do not dare, he is such an old savage when he is contradicted."

"In that case, if you refuse to exert your influence, Caroline —but surely you cannot be serious,—I know not what is to be done; for, as I have already informed you, my father's whole income does not exceed your own."

"It *is* very annoying, certainly," said the young lady, playing with the tassels of her *cordillière;* 'but no doubt it can be arranged in some way. When I am your wife, of course I shall be free to do as I please; but at the present moment I do not see what I can do. Now, don't look angry, Sydney. How could I possibly foresee such a circumstance?—and how can you expect me to know anything of business?"

"I do not, dearest; but you have been so accustomed to have your own way with Mr. Crawford, that I cannot help thinking you might induce him to listen to reason upon so serious a point as this."

"Well," said Miss Lauriston with one of her sweetest smiles, "I will try; but I know Stephen Crawford's hard-headedness of old. He has worried me enough about bills and receipts, I can assure you, since I have been under his control."

"And you will make the attempt?"

"Of course. Does not the matter concern me as much as yourself? And now clear your moody brow, dear Sydney, and leave all in my hands."

No proposition could be more agreeable to the lover; and ere long the drawing-room of the "savage" old guardian rang with merry laughter; and then Sydney hastened home to prepare for their daily ride, while Miss Lauriston put on her habit. The horses came to the door; and in half an hour they were

Digitized by Google

gaily cantering along green lanes, and under the cool shadows of overhanging boughs.

It was strange that the heiress, who had hitherto bent every one to her will, should be unable to shake the resolution of her guardian upon a point so important as that on which, as she tenderly declared to her agitated suitor, the whole happiness of her future life depended; but such she asserted to be the case, and two large tears rested upon her cheeks as she told the tale.

"And only imagine, Sydney," she concluded with a sob; "he is so determined to persist in his persecution, that he has actually written to your father—dear old darling! how could he have the heart to tease him?—to request that, failing the stipulated condition, our engagement should at once be put an end to."

"But you will never, surely, consent to this, Caroline?"

"Now do be good, and don't look so angry, for you frighten me out of my senses. Let us wait quietly to hear what dear good Mr. Leicester says before we do anything rash."

"What *can* he say, love? I feel that he has already done all, and more than all, that I had a right to expect from him during his life-time."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that; but perhaps he might suggest something. At all events, it will only be respectful to await his decision."

"You are always right, dearest," said Sydney, as he gazed fondly upon her; but the eyes of the young lady sank beneath his own, and a slight hectic flitted over her cheek.

The reply of Mr. Leicester to the extraordinary communication of Miss Lauriston's guardian astonished that gentleman as much as it delighted the heiress herself.

"Upon my honour, Caroline," he said, as with raised eyebrows, and a most unequivocal expression of amazement, he placed the letter of the noble and high-hearted father in her hands, "you are an incomparable woman of business. I should no more have dreamt of making so preposterous a condition in favour of a daughter of my own, than I should have attempted to fire the city of London; and when you urged me to try the experiment, I felt so certain that it must prove a failure, that I can scarcely even now credit my own senses."

"And what, then, my good sir, does my papa-in-law say?" asked his listener, with a triumphant smile.

"Caroline," was the grave reply of her guardian, "he says that which will make your position one of almost fearful responsibility; and I would seriously advise you to consider, before you consent to accept from him so great a sacrifice, whether you are sufficiently sure of yourself and your own principles to incur

Digitized by Google

a risk which I should not covet for a child of my own. Your father was my oldest and fastest friend, and I will not believe that his daughter could act unworthily. It is not yet too late. Do not persist in so poor a jest. I am willing to take upon myself the charge of inconsistency, and to leave to you the merit of having overruled an unjust and exorbitant pretension."

"Perhaps you will, in the first place, have the kindness to communicate to me the contents of Mr. Leicester's letter," was the cold rejoinder of the heiress.

With a look of extreme vexation Mr. Crawford drew a chair towards that of his ward; and without a single interruption on her part read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—To assert that the nature of your late communication did not take me by surprise, would be idle, as I confess that I was by no means prepared, particularly when matters had progressed so far between Miss Lauriston and my son, for so extreme an ultimatum on your part; and I may consequently be permitted to add, that nothing, save my perfect appreciation of the young lady's character, could have induced me to comply with a condition by which I am called upon to relinquish my birthright, and to become the dependent of my own child. Convinced, however, alike of Sydney's dutiful affection for myself, and of his sincere attachment for your amiable and accomplished ward—whose own happiness I believe, from her frequent admissions to myself in our moments of confidence, to be equally involved in this marriage—I will even consent to make the sacrifice which you demand of me; in the full and perfect persuasion that, by contributing to the felicity of the two beings most dear to me on earth, I shall have no need for anxiety as to my own comfort. By the arrangement which I had made, my children would have dwelt in my house; by that which is to supersede it, I shall, as a matter of course, become a guest in theirs,—a welcome one, however, I cannot doubt; and therefore I will instruct my solicitor to take without delay the necessary steps for the transfer of my whole property to my son, Sydney Leicester, trusting that both Miss Lauriston and himself will feel how much I prefer their happiness to any personal and worldly consideration. I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"Montagu Leicester."

A deep silence succeeded, as Mr. Crawford refolded the letter, which was broken only by the laboured breathing of the heiress.

"Well, Caroline," at length exclaimed her guardian somewhat sternly, "what think you of your future father-in-law?"

Digitized by Google

"What *can* I think?" said the lady rallying; "save that he is a good, sensible, amiable old gentleman, who sees the affair in a most rational light, and who will be as happy as the day is long when I am mistress of The Grange."

"You persist, then, in your purpose?"

"Did you ever know me guilty of the weakness of vacillation where a great principle was to be worked out?"

"A great principle!" echoed Mr. Crawford, in an accent through which penetrated a slight shade of disgust.

"Certainly. You cannot for one moment imagine that my admiration for the fine person, or my appreciation of the amiability of Mr. Sydney Leicester, has blinded me to the fact that he possesses neither vigour nor energy of character,—that he is totally wanting in moral courage,—and, having every reason to place faith in my veracity, you will understand me when I add, that I soon discovered this vacillation and absence of self-reliance to be an hereditary defect; even more evident, perhaps, in the father than the son. Why, my good sir, I appeal to yourself, both as a man of business and a man of the world, does not the letter which you now hold in your hand convince you that I have acted judiciously?"

"Caroline, you terrify me!" said her guardian. "This is not the feeling with which to enter upon so important a step as marriage. If you really feel so little respect for the moral attributes of Mr. Sydney Leicester as you would lead me to suppose, I conjure you to terminate your engagement at once; for believe me when I assure you that you must, by uniting your fate with that of a man whom you consider as your inferior, insure your own misery. Marriage may reconcile a woman to every feeling towards her husband save one,—and that one is contempt. Hope for no change where it exists, for it is like rust—the longer it lasts, the more deeply it eats into the spirit, and the more indelible become its traces."

"Contempt!" said the beauty scornfully; "why should you infer that I entertain anything approaching to contempt for my affianced husband? Have you forgotten that he is the *bon parti* of the county?—the trump card?—the highest throw on the dice?—and that, until he is safely married, ——shire will not recover its composure? It is with a very different feeling, I can assure you in my turn, that I shall become Mrs. Sydney Leicester; while you may, moreover, rest satisfied that I shall prove precisely the description of wife the best suited to his peculiar disposition."

"All further interference on my part is, under these circumstances, superfluous," replied Mr. Crawford with evident dis-

Digitized by Google

pleasure. "My guardianship will soon terminate, and I shall rejoice indeed to find that I have wronged you."

Two months subsequently to this conversation, the lawyers having completed their task, to the disgust of some and the amusement of others, Miss Lauriston, with her noble fortune secured to herself, and a further settlement made upon her by her enamoured suitor, became a bride; Sydney Leicester found himself in possession, not only of the beautiful woman whom he worshipped, but also of the family inheritance, as fully and completely as though he had been the head of that family; and the self-devoted and confiding father saw himself a pensioner on his own son. Little care, however, did that consideration entail upon the delighted old gentleman, who found in the lavish caresses of his new daughter an ample requital of all that he had done. Nothing could be so gracefully affectionate, nothing so earnestly anxious, as the desire of Mrs. Sydney for "dear papa's" comfort; and when, on her arrival at The Grange, she found that the state-chamber had been prepared for her reception, she absolutely refused to set her foot across the threshold.

"What! instal myself in an apartment which belongs by right to the master of the house!" she exclaimed with charming indignation; "certainly not. But here is a charming room immediately beyond it, which I really cannot resist! What a delicious bay-window, and what a lovely view over the park. Dear papa, how could you be so naughty as to suppose that I could aspire to anything beyond this?"

Never had The Grange presented so perpetual a scene of gaiety. The grace and beauty of Mrs. Sydney, the urbanity of the old gentleman, and the amiable *insouciance* of his son, combined to invest it with attractions which few sought to resist. For the sportsmen of the party there were well-stocked preserves; for the mere loungers, horses and equipages, billiard-tables, and fishing-tackle; for the ladies, musical instruments of all descriptions, boats upon the lake, and balls in the noble picture-gallery. Every season offered its own pleasures; and so months wore away, until the delicate health of the young wife rendered a less exciting mode of life essential to her welfare. Gradually, so soon as this fact became apparent, the guests reluctantly took their departure; and for the first time since she became a member of the family, Caroline found herself alone with her husband and his father. Sudden quiet, after so long a period of dissipation, produced a violent reaction; and for several weeks she remained a confirmed invalid, watched and tended with unceasing care and tenderness. In the whirl of society her worst qualities had slumbered; she had been all and

Digitized by Google

everything that those who loved her best could anticipate or desire; and even Mr. Crawford himself began to hope that he had done her injustice, and that she was indeed "wise in her generation," when he saw her unostentatiously withdraw herself from her guests to ponder with the land steward over documents, the very sight of which was odious to both the gentlemen of the family.

"Aye, that's the lady for my money," frequently remarked the worthy functionary, as he was about to withdraw from The Grange with all his papers duly examined and approved. "Master Sydney could never be brought to sign the new leases, or to prosecute the poachers, or to do anything that is necessary on the estate, if it were not for his pretty young wife. Trust me, he feels that he has done wrong. I am quite sure he does; but when the wrong *is* done, why it is well that there is one strong head in the family to see that no further harm comes of it."

And so it was. There *was* one strong head, which not even physical weakness could bow; and very closely and very minutely did Caroline labour to master all the intricacies of the legal business which came before her. Totally unaccustomed hitherto to affairs of the kind, this had been no easy task; but her own interests were involved, and she left no energy unemployed, no power of her mind unexercised, until she had made herself mistress of every detail, and was equal to every emergency!

Nor was this all. Spoiled by the over-indulgence of her husband and his father, she soon taught herself to forget their relative position, and the evil which had been apprehended by her guardian began to work. Upon the pretext that she could not bear to be parted from her infant son, Mr. Leicester was induced to resign his cheerful and luxurious sleeping-room, with its southern aspect and costly appointments, in order that it might be metamorphosed into a nursery; while two apartments on the story overhead were fitted up for his use, Mrs. Sydney having suddenly discovered that he would be much more comfortable with a private sitting-room of his own, to which he could retire when weary of the company in the house. Nor was the old gentleman displeased with this arrangement; to which he acceded the more willingly that he was enchanted with his grandson, and could not consider any sacrifice too great which was intended to conduce to his convenience.

A few more months went by. The infant heir throve apace; and The Grange was once more loud with revelry, when it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Sydney that the heat and hurry of a crowded dinner-table, and the steam from the numerous dishes, must, as a natural consequence, be highly injurious to Mr.

Digitized by Google

Leicester. She had long ceased to call him "papa," and had assumed the matronly and dignified deportment suited to the mistress of a family. At his time of life, she declared sententiously, that however he might strive to conceal the fact, it must be both wearisome and unwholesome; and although the genial old gentleman earnestly assured her to the contrary, she refused to be convinced.

"Try retirement occasionally, sir," was her pertinacious reply; "and you will soon find that my opinion is correct."

Unaccustomed to contend, Mr. Leicester yielded, though with real reluctance. There could be no doubt, as he persuaded himself, that Caroline had his welfare at heart, and it would be very ungrateful of him not to gratify the exigency of her affection; so at frequent intervals his solitary meal was laid out in his private sitting-room; and ultimately, by slow degrees, this arrangement became permanent; and while the lady of the mansion, as she took her seat at the head of her sumptuous table, pathetically lamented to her guests that the failing health of Mr. Leicester's father rendered it necessary for him to avoid all excitement, the neglected and injured lord of the domain ate his desolate dinner with what appetite he might, alone and uncared for.

It was impossible for him longer to remain blind to the fact that he was *de trop* in his own house; and his hitherto buoyant spirits gave way beneath this bitter conviction. He became nervous and hypochondriacal; and played the cards of his thankless daughter-in-law to perfection, by finally withdrawing in his turn from all contact with the gay throng which crowded his saloons.

At the expiration of four years a second son was born to the haughty lady of The Grange; a contested election was about to take place for the county, and a general excitement pervaded the whole neighbourhood. A new emotion rose in the bosom of the young mother. She had never been ambitious for her husband, but she suddenly became so for her children. She would induce Sydney to offer himself as a candidate. He had a great stake in the country; and should he succeed, a brilliant prospect would be opened for her boys! The hope of success gave her new energy; and ere long she was declared by her physician to be convalescent, and to require only care and genial society to render her recovery complete. This prescription sufficed, and once more Mrs. Sydney Leicester resolved to "work out a great principle."

"It has struck me, my dear," she said on one occasion to her still doting husband, as he sat beside her sofa with her

Digitized by Google

hand clasped in his, "that we have made a strange waste of life since our marriage, and that we have now an excellent opportunity of redeeming the error. What say you to making a grand effort to represent the free and independent county of ——shire in Parliament?"

"You must surely be jesting, Caroline."

"By no means. The good easy existence which you have hitherto led may have been very agreeable to yourself, and very pleasant to your associates; nor did I say a word to urge you to any exertion so long as we had only one son, feeling that we possessed ample means to secure to him the same position in society as we ourselves hold; but a great duty has grown upon you since our last boy came into the world, and it is time that we should look carefully into the future. You are popular in the county, Sydney, and by a little effort may easily become still more so. We have an admirable pretext for filling our house, by declaring that my wretched state of health on the birth of our first child having compelled us to christen him in the most private manner, we are now anxious to celebrate the forth-coming ceremony in a more suitable style. Besides, love," she added, with one of those sweet smiles which she knew were irresistible when turned upon her husband, "I am doubly desirous that this should be the case, as the dear infant will be your own namesake. You know what it cost me to yield, when, in compliance with your earnest request, I consented that our eldest boy should be named after his grandfather; so you must not attempt to thwart me again."

"I have no inclination to do so, my dear Caroline. Arrange everything as you think proper. But surely you cannot regret that our first-born darling should bear my father's name, when you remember how deeply he felt the attention, and how he dotes upon the child."

"Dotes indeed!" was the somewhat ungracious reply of the lady; "if he had his way, he would make a tyrant of the boy, who already loves him better than his own parents. However, let me pursue my subject. By collecting beneath your roof some of the most influential men of the county, you will have an opportunity of strengthening your interest, and of furthering your views. I have set my heart upon seeing you in Parliament, and you may rely upon my playing my own part with energy and perseverance; while, if you only second me efficiently, I feel convinced of your success. Let me see. Above all others, we must secure Lord Bridlington and Colonel Fotheringham. I will invite them here for a week; a good table will be inducement enough to the old peer; while the prospect of a

Digitized by Google

quiet flirtation with Mary Somerset will be an irresistible temptation to the colonel; and between them they command, as I have ascertained, no less than eleven votes. Then there is young Thornton, and Frederic Fortescue, and those two pretty daughters of Mrs. Mornington's. What a gay party we shall have! And when people are happy and amused, they require little persuasion to fall into the views of the hosts, to whom they are indebted for their enjoyment."

"But how on earth will you contrive to accommodate so many persons?" asked Mr. Leicester; "the late increase in our family has, as you are aware, considerably diminished the number of our guest-rooms."

"Leave that to me," said the lady with a significant smile; "I have already made my calculation, and I find that I can arrange the matter admirably."

"So be it, then," was the easy reply of the husband, as he was about to resume the volume from which he had been reading aloud previously to this conversation.

"Never mind the book now, Sydney," said his wife, letting her head fall back upon the cushions; "I want to reflect on our great project, and to decide upon certain arrangements which still remain to be made. So be kind enough to stir up the fire, for the frosty air makes me shiver; and presently I will ask you to fill in the names on the invitation-cards. In the mean time take your ride; and, if you have no objection to do so, call at Bridlington Park, and inform the earl of our projects. It may be as well to prevent his engaging himself elsewhere."

To this proposal Mr. Leicester at once assented. His horse was brought to the door, and he cantered off, crashing the thin ice which encrusted the gravel, and gleamed bright and sparkling in the cold keen sunshine, beneath the hoofs of his hunter; and waving his hat gaily to his wife, who watched his departure from one of the windows of the library.

She answered the greeting with her handkerchief, but it was evident that her thoughts were not occupied with the handsome horseman, whose whole soul was absorbed in herself; and he had no sooner disappeared than she rose from her recumbent posture, and stood for a few moments absorbed in deep reflection. A dark flush rose to her brow, and her head sank upon her bosom for a few seconds; but suddenly she rallied, her large deep eyes flashed fire, and walking haughtily towards the fire-place, she rang the bell, and desired that the housekeeper might attend her on the instant.

The interview did not occupy more than a few minutes; and then the elegantly-dressed female who had replaced the

Digitized by Google

respectable but antiquated matron who had previously presided over the domestic arrangements of The Grange, made a sweeping curtsy, and withdrew.

"Where is my father?" was the first inquiry of Sydney Leicester as he entered the warm and comfortable dining-room, where he found covers laid for two, and the old gentleman's arm-chair empty; "he is not ill, I hope, Caroline?"

"Oh no," was the careless reply; "but he declined coming down, and I have had his dinner served in his room."

"He has been too much alone lately;" said her husband; "I have not seen him on horseback more than twice for the last month. He will become hypochondriacal if we do not contrive to rouse him."

"I think you had much better leave him to do as he pleases," observed Mrs. Leicester. "I have remarked more than once that he is very jealous of any interference; and, for my own part, I consider it better let alone."

"But are you quite sure that he is perfectly comfortable, Caroline?"

"Why," said the lady, with evident reluctance, "perhaps not at the present moment quite so much so as I could wish; for as we shall shortly have the house full of company, and that Cummings and myself, after having consulted together on the subject, found it utterly impossible to accommodate Lady Trevor and her two girls without the rooms which he has hitherto occupied, I found myself compelled to request that he would be good enough to give them up; but only, you know, during their stay."

"And where have you lodged him?" asked the husband, visibly annoyed.

"In the room immediately above the south chamber."

"Above the south chamber! Why, you surely cannot mean to say that he now occupies an attic in his own house."

"Call it what you please," said his wife, in a voice which was divested of much of its usual melody; "it is a very good and spacious room, with a warm aspect, and a delightful view over the park. He was spared all trouble in every way. I had his books, writing-table, and favourite chair carried up while he was asleep, as well as his wearing-apparel; and he had nothing to do but establish himself at once."

"But are you sure," asked the already mollified husband, "that the room is thoroughly well-aired and warm?"

"It ought to be," was the sullen reply; "for I desired that a brazier might be placed in the centre of the floor for two

Digitized by Google

hours before he took possession. I could not, I think, have been more careful; and really, Sydney, by the way in which you are pleased to catechise me, one would imagine that I was incapable of regulating my own house."

"My *dear* Caroline, you well know that my inquiries were not intended to infer anything of the sort, and that I have the most perfect confidence both in your judgment and kindness of heart; but we are placed in so delicate a position with my father, he has made such enormous sacrifices for us, that I could not brook that he should for an instant imagine us capable of preferring the convenience of comparative strangers to his own; and really he now secludes himself so perpetually, that he requires every comfort in his own apartments that we can collect about him."

And the well-meaning but weak young man was right. Mr. Leicester, the self-denuded master of the lordly mansion which he had inherited from his ancestors, did indeed each day seclude himself more and more. He had long refused to admit the belief that he could be looked upon as an intruder and a burthen under his own roof, and when he was at length reluctantly compelled to do so, the process was a cruel one; he wrestled with his own reason, and anxiously watched for some indication to the contrary, long after he had ceased to hope that any such would be vouchsafed by the heartless woman whom he had enriched; as the Egyptians were wont to lay their dying relatives upon the threshold of their dwellings, in the hope that some pilgrim from a far land might pass by, gifted with a healing power, and save the sufferer.

Long, however, ere he was subjected to the last humiliation which we have recorded, the hideous truth became all-apparent to the aged man; his son, it was true, ever met him with a smile, and solicitous inquiries as to his health and welfare, but he was always immersed in pleasure, or so absorbed by his beautiful young wife, that he saw little of him, save when at rare intervals he joined the party in the drawing-room; upon which occasions the ostentatious attentions of Mrs. Leicester, while they tended to heighten his own disgust, excited the admiration of her guests. Only one happiness remained to him on earth, and for that one he was indebted to his grandchild and namesake, Montagu, the future lord of the domain—a glorious boy now verging on his fifth year, full of life, energy, and affection, who would at all times abandon his sports, and escape from the pettings and praises of his mother's circle, to sit on his little stool at the feet of the old man, listening with a

Digitized by Google

gravity beyond his years to the tales which he delighted to tell him of the worthies of his house, the wonders of creation, and the duties which would one day devolve upon himself.

"Above all things, my boy," constantly repeated the unhappy old man, "love and honour your parents; for on your dutiful affection will depend much of their comfort and peace of mind on this earth."

"To be sure, gran'pa," would lisp the docile child; "love pretty mamma; every one loves pretty mamma; I do as pa bids; good kind pa; always gives 'Gu all that he wants."

Mr. Leicester sighed deeply. "Poor child! Poor child!" he murmured to himself. "Heaven grant that you be not one day destined to become an avenging spirit!"

From the moment in which the foot of Mr. Leicester passed the threshold of the squalid attic to which he had been consigned without any previous appeal or subsequent apology, he resolved that he would never again cross it alive; and as he stood in the centre of the floor, and looked around him, his head grew dizzy, and his brain whirled. The apartment had been prepared for him as his daughter-in-law had stated; the solitary window had been hastily sheltered by a faded and colourless drapery; the bed was similarly hung; a painted bookcase, unglazed and unvarnished, and which had been transplanted from what had been the schoolroom of his own boyhood, glared cold and vacant along one entire side of the wall, as though in mockery of the score of volumes which had been ranged upon one of its shelves; a colourless carpet imperfectly covered the floor; and worse than all—though at the first instant of his entrance into his new home the precaution of Mrs. Sydney had prevented any sudden sensation of chill—he discovered that there was no chimney in the room.

"And perhaps it is better so," he murmured to himself; "the struggle will be sooner over. Charles V. abdicated in order to occupy a conventual cell—and I, to end my days in a garret. We shall meet on equal terms when my own trial is at an end."

Meanwhile, the cheerful *tête-à-tête* dinner of the husband and wife had come to a conclusion; the handsome heir had been fondled and fed with sweetmeats to his heart's content; and at length, satiated both with *friandise* and kisses, his bright eyes began to twinkle, and he declared that he would say good night to gran'pa, and go to bed.

"A wise resolution, 'Gu," said his fond father; "and I will go with you, my boy, to wish gran'pa good night, for I have not seen him since yesterday."

Digitized by Google

"Nor I either, papa," whispered the child; "Simmons would not let me, but she can't stop me when I am with you."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Sydney sharply; "you shall do nothing of the kind, Montagu. Your grandpapa has changed his room, and I cannot suffer you to go from this warm atmosphere along the cold galleries and staircases; so ring for nurse, and go to your bed at once, like a good boy."

The young heir pouted and obeyed, after one appealing look towards his father; for he had already learned that all opposition to the will of his "pretty mamma" was useless—when they were alone.

"Well then, 'Gu, I will say good night to gran'pa for you," said Mr. Leicester, as he gave the child a parting caress; "and I will tell him that you wanted to do so yourself, but that mamma did not think it prudent. So now, away with you, and we will do something astonishing together to-morrow.—Shall I give you a book, love," he asked, "to amuse yourself while I am with my father?"

"Really, Sydney," said his wife peevishly, "you are quite incomprehensible. You have been from home nearly the whole day, and we are no sooner left together in peace than you are anxious to get away. I *do* think that, considering my weak health, and all that I have lately undergone, you might endeavour to make an effort to amuse and cheer me."

"And I shall only be too much delighted if I can succeed in doing so," was the fond reply, as the infatuated husband pressed his lips to the beautiful brow which was upturned towards him, and tenderly pressed his hand over the lustrous and luxuriant hair by which it was shrouded. "I had no idea of leaving you more than a few minutes, love; but as I had not seen my father all day——"

"Well, do as you please; of course I have no right to complain of your unkindness, deeply as I may feel it."

Need we say that old Mr. Leicester received no visitor that evening in his cheerless chamber.

Days went by, and the outraged father never saw his son. Imperious and independent as she was, Mrs. Sydney felt that she had for once overstepped the bounds of decency; and that her husband, supine and yielding though he might be, could not do otherwise than deeply resent the indignity offered to his generous and ill-requited parent. Thus she was constantly on the watch; and whenever the young man evinced a disposition to fulfil the highest and holiest of his duties, she was invariably provided with a pretext for opposing his purpose. At times she was fretful and exacting, declaring that her constitution was

Digitized by Google

undermined, and her nerves ruined, and that she could not drive or walk out unless he were her companion; at others she was so affectionate, so gentle, so fond, that he could not tear himself from her side; or, again, she would detain him for hours in the library, and compel him to examine into the accounts of the land steward, and to give audiences to his tenants.

Who requires to be told that the human heart is treacherous and "desperately wicked," or that it can in time accustom itself to circumstances from which it originally shrunk with terror and disgust? Who requires to be reminded that conscience, pertinacious as it may be for a time, can be ultimately silenced? The fact is, unhappily, too true; and thus, by the time that The Grange was once more loud with revelry, Sydney Leicester appeared to have as totally forgotten the existence of his father as the most thoughtless of his guests.

And during these long days and weeks the miserable old man, exposed by the position of his dreary apartment to every vicissitude of temperature, was suffering bitterly from the sharp and piercing cold of a severe winter. The heated brazier had never been renewed—the lady of the mansion, amid her multifarious duties, had forgotten to give any orders upon the subject; and the female attendant who had replaced the discarded valet of Mr. Leicester, preferred the comfort of the servants' hall to any unnecessary exertion for that of her helpless charge. And helpless he in truth had soon become; for, scorning all complaint, and accepting his martyrdom as it had been assigned to him, he uttered neither request nor expostulation, even when he found himself so crippled by rheumatism that it was with difficulty he could crawl from his chair to his bed; and if occasionally the torture which he endured wrung a groan from his overcharged heart, there were none by to hear it—none whose sleep could be broken, or whose pleasures could be marred, by any pang of his. And still, as he sat striving to conceal his sufferings in the well-padded chair, which was his only refuge against the biting cold, that bright child gambolled about him; for, with the usual carelessness of his age, he had soon overcome the astonishment and fear which the first aspect of his grandfather's apartment had produced; and his love for the old man had urged him to his first act of wilful disobedience. The head nurse and her dependant had received strict orders from their mistress not to suffer the young heir to visit Mr. Leicester after his removal from his well-warmed and well-furnished rooms, upon the plea that such constant contact with an aged person must be unwholesome for Master Montagu, while on the other hand his

Digitized by Google

boisterous gaiety could not be otherwise than fatiguing to the invalid—for such Mrs. Sydney persisted in considering the desolate victim of her heartlessness, little aware as she was that he was indeed "sick even unto death;"—but with this arrangement the boy refused to comply, stoutly declaring to Mistress Simmons that he would neither eat nor drink unless he were allowed to see his grandfather.

"And you shall see him, my own darling;" at last conceded the nurse; "mercy knows he hasn't so much love spent upon him that he can afford to spare yours, poor gentleman! Only you musn't tell your mamma, Master 'Gu, for she'd never forgive us."

"No, no; 'Gu won't tell," said the eager child; "and gran'pa shan't either."

"No fear of that, poor soul!" murmured Simmons as she turned away, "unless it be to the sparrows on the eaves, for he has little company besides. Well, well; we shall see some day what will be the end of it, for a strange heathenish business it seems to me, sure enough."

Meanwhile, Mr. Sydney Leicester had announced his intention of standing for the county, despite the four candidates who were already in the field; and many of those who had poohpoohed his intention when it was first made known to them, and declared their intention of voting for one or other of his opponents, began gradually to think that his pretensions were sufficiently well-founded; and his wife was so handsome, his table so well-appointed, and his wines so excellent, that there was really a great deal to be said in his favour. The Leicesters were a good old family; their ancestors had come in with the Conqueror; and for centuries they had been stanch and true to their political principles. But still the prudent electors hesitated to commit themselves, and lived on joyously in the full consciousness of their importance, enjoying the constant hospitalities of the new candidate, and only suffering the most vague and inconclusive expressions to escape them. With the commercial population of the post-town, the beautiful, fascinating, and liberal Mrs. Sydney Leicester had been eminently successful. Not a day passed but her carriage was to be seen at the doors of the principal shops; and that, accompanied by a bevy of fair girls, she did not make the most expensive purchases, with a recklessness of cost delightful to the obsequious tradesmen. Then, all winter as it was, she and her brilliant companions visited the several farms upon the estate, and partook of warm milk, and brown bread, and newly-churned butter; and made acquaintance with the children and their

Digitized by Google

mothers; and projected almshouses, and a dame-school, and a local hospital; and went to see the labourers threshing in the barns, and the dairy-maids milking in the cow-sheds, until all the honest folk in the neighbourhood began to believe in a revival of the golden age. Gay-coloured ribbons and smart shawls figured on every side; not an urchin but possessed the most marvellous toy of which he had ever been the owner; Whitney blankets were as rife as smiles and kind words; and flannel waistcoats and warm gaberdines appeared to rain from the sky. The good, and amiable, and condescending Mrs. Sydney Leicester had done wonders; and as the period of the great contest approached, her heart was full of confidence and triumph.

She had purposely deferred the christening of her infant son as long as possible; for that, as she felt, would be her most important trial; and at length the day came. Lord Bridlington had volunteered to officiate as one of the sponsors, and had domesticated himself in the most satisfactory manner at The Grange. There were to be bonfires on the lawn; illuminations in the shrubberies; an ox roasted whole for the tenants; a dance in the barn for the household; a ball in the great gallery for the guests; and a banquet after the ceremony, which was to take place in the principal saloon, and to be performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of the diocese. No one apparently regretted the absence of the venerable master of the house more deeply than the brilliant young mother of the charming infant which, half smothered in laces and satin, was introduced to the admiration of the assembled circle. It was so sad, as she declared, that the dear old gentleman could not be present; but, unhappily, he was so thoroughly weakened, both in body and mind, as to be totally unequal to the exertion; almost, she grieved to say, in a state of dotage, requiring the most absolute repose. And, as a matter of course, the guests echoed her regrets; and eulogised the self-denial which had induced her to keep him in ignorance of what was going forward; and then another subject was started, and the recluse in his garret-solitude was forgotten.

At the appointed hour for the ceremony, the stately dean led his sumptuously-attired hostess from the library to the great drawing-room; the remainder of the guests followed; and ere long the chubby babe was greeted by the name of Sydney; congratulations were offered to the happy and exulting parents; the christening-vase was respectfully removed; and politics soon absorbed the whole attention of the gentlemen of the party. Never had the always-beautiful Mrs. Sydney appeared so gloriously handsome; her lips were bright with smiles, and her eyes

Digitized by Google

danced in liquid light. She was the centre of an admiring circle, who applauded her wit, laughed at her lively sallies, and did homage to her grace and vivacity. Among the high-born and the lovely she was "the fairest ladye there," and she exerted her powers of pleasing to the utmost.

In the deep bay of the centre window stood a group, consisting of the host and the two guests whom he was the most anxious to propitiate,—the portly and kind-hearted Lord Bridlington, and the fashionable and somewhat effeminate Colonel Fotheringham; both of whom had hitherto dexterously "hedged off" the momentous question. Now, however, they appeared to be expanding into confidence; and the conversation was rapidly becoming animated, when the heir of the house suddenly entered the room unsummoned, and rushed towards his father, his large eyes opened to their widest extent, and his cheeks flushed with excitement. Heedless of the brilliant crowd into which he had thus intruded, or the murmur of admiration produced by his appearance, he had no sooner reached his father's side than he plucked him by the skirt of his coat, with an impatient and appealing cry of "Papa! papa!"

"Hush, my darling," was the rejoinder of Mr. Leicester, as he laid his hand upon the curly head of the idolized boy; "do you not see that I am conversing with his lordship, and that we must not be disturbed? Wait an instant, and then I will hear what you have to say."

The child obeyed, but without relinquishing his hold; and, struck by the energy of his expression, the good-natured peer interceded in his behalf: "Nay, Leicester," he said, with a smile, "it is evidently a matter of serious importance which brings your boy here. Let him tell his tale, and then we can resume our conversation."

"Well, Montagu, what do you want?" asked his father, annoyed by the interruption.

The boy hung his head for an instant; but rapidly overcoming his momentary bashfulness, he lisped out, "'Gu wants to know, papa, if Cummings may give him a blanket?"

"A blanket!" laughed the two gentlemen in astonishment.

"A blanket, 'Gu!" echoed his equally surprised father; "what can you want with a blanket?"

"Oh, 'Gu won't tell, because pretty mamma would be angry."

"You young scapegrace!" said the Colonel, twirling his mustachios.

"Well, well, it's a strange fancy; but tell Mrs. Cummings that papa says she may give you a blanket."

"May 'Gu have a new one, papa?"

Digitized by Google

"Oh, by all means;" and the assent was no sooner given than Master 'Gu scampered from the room.

"That's a magnificent boy," said the earl; "a noble fellow, as ever I saw in my life. But what can be the mystery of the blanket? It's a queer whim for a child of his age."

"Oh, he has probably seen some strolling beggar," said Mr. Leicester with a gratulatory smile; "and has heard that he was suffering from cold. He is a fine-hearted urchin."

And the suspended conversation was resumed.

Five minutes had not elapsed ere the host felt that he had no longer cause for anxiety. He was evidently secure of the interest of Lord Bridlington and the colonel; and with two such auxiliaries superadded to the pledges which he had already secured, the county must be his. His fine face glowed with excitement and triumph; and he was earnestly seeking to meet the eyes of his wife in order tacitly to give her this assurance, when his little son reappeared scarcely less elated than himself.

"Hilloo, young sir," exclaimed the peer, seizing him by the girdle of his velvet tunic, "come to me, and tell me if you have got your blanket."

"Yes," whispered the boy under his breath.

"And what have you done with it?"

The child glanced timidly towards his father, as if to inquire if he were to answer the question.

"Tell his lordship what you have done with it," said Leicester in an accent of encouragement.

"'Gu has given it to gran'pa."

"Given it to your grandfather! And what induced you to give it to your grandfather?" was the laughing rejoinder.

"'Gu gave it to gran'pa because he was so cold."

"So cold!" echoed Leicester, with a choking in his throat as singular to himself as to those about him; "what could induce you to suppose that your grandfather was cold?"

"Because there is no fire-place in his garret, and 'Gu saw that he was shivering in his chair."

Leicester staggered, and leant against a sofa; his lips turned ashy white, and the whole expression of his altered countenance so terrified the boy that he threw his arms about his knees, as he sobbed out, "Don't be angry with poor 'Gu, papa; don't be angry, for 'Gu got Thompson to cut it in two, *and he has saved half of it for you when you are old, and that pretty mamma and 'Gu put* YOU *into the garret.*"

There was a heavy fall, a loud cry, and the master of the mansion was carried to his bed. Neither banquet nor ball took place at The Grange that night. Lord Bridlington, led by the

Digitized by Google

child, ascended to old Mr. Leicester's wretched room, and with his own hands assisted in conveying him to that which had been appropriated to his own use; but his friendly care was unavailing, for the wretched old man had learned from the prattle of the boy all that was taking place under his own forfeited roof. This last trial had been too bitter; his heart was broken; and the following morning he was a corpse.

His son did not contest the county. Within a month The Grange was shut up, and Mr. and Mrs. Leicester were travelling on the continent.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

THIS is Love's book, men say, and only meant
For the fair leisure of a summer's day;
Yet antique Time, whose march brooks no delay,
Still pores upon its page with rapt intent,
And shields its truth from Love's embellishment.
Ah! oft by storm-cloud, and through winter way,
Have chance and change rung out their potent lay,
Albeit the world holds on, with calm content,
To its old poet guides and chosen friends,
Whose music thrills responsive chords that wake
Heart melodies, wrought to divinest ends,
With charms no new song ever dares to break;
Faithful this singing is,—let us be wise,
And welcome ever its sweet harmonies.

W. BRAILSFORD.

Digitized by Google

OLDEN HOLIDAY CUSTOMS.

(Concluded from page 319.)

THIRTY years ago, a custom existed on May-day morning, quite irrespective of floral celebrations. It was that of washing the face in May-dew early, in order to acquire beauty; no doubt originally devised to secure the complexional benefits of early rising, as the brothers in the fable tilled their land during their search for the hidden treasure. Pepys' diary has the following entry:—"My wife went away, down with Jane and W. Herver to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre; and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with;" adding—"and I am contented with it;" the latter sentiment, by-the-bye, receiving elucidation from his subsequent recital of visiting Spring Gardens, where there was "a great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant, —a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here and there a fiddle and there a harp, and here a jew's trump and there laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting," says Pepys, his wife being at Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre, and to gather May-dew."*

A usage connected with ancient rites lately existed, and may still continue to exist, at Tissington, in Derbyshire. This was well-dressing, and took place on Holy Thursday, in the first week in May. At the Fontinalia of the Romans, wells were adorned with crowns of flowers and nosegays; and garlands were cast into the fountains—customs which have descended to succeeding ages, as seen in the usage of well-dressing. On this occasion the wells are similarly decorated with flowers and ribbons, and honoured with almost religious ceremonial. The principle of veneration for waters, however, when not carried to idolatry, is rather pleasing than otherwise,—the patriarch's journeying in the wilderness, the modern traveller in African deserts, or the beholder of the bubbling fountains among the

* At Randwick, near Stroud, there has been a custom, from time immemorial, of rolling three Gloucester cheeses, of large dimensions, and profusely adorned with flowers, round the church thrice. Thence they are carried in state, and distributed piecemeal to the inhabitants.

Digitized by Google

snows of Greenland, alike have had occasion to feel interest and delight in welling streams. In the period of papal darkness this feeling became exaggerated to such an excess as to cause Edgar and Canute to check its manifestation by edict. From a similar sentiment Seneca wrote—"Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." This is, too, evinced throughout our own land, by the names of saints attached to wells and fountains.

It was a recent custom to sprinkle the waters of the Severn, and other rivers near Wales, with various flowers; described thus by Dyer:—

> "With light fantastic toe the nymphs
> Thither assembled; thither every swain—
> And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
> Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
> Mixed with the green of burnet, mint and thyme,
> And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:
> Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
> From Wrekin's brow to Archy Dolvoryn."

In reference to the same subject, these lines occur in Milton's mask of "Comus:"—

> "The shepherds at their festival
> Carol the good deeds loud in rustic lays,
> And throw sweet garland wreaths into the stream,
> Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."*

We now arrive at the period of Whitsuntide. The festivals held of old at this time were called "Whitsun ales," or "church ales." At these a company met to drink and regale, and also to contribute charity. This charity in many cases supplied the absence of parochial poor-rates. Whitsun ale feasts were derived from the "Agapoi," or "Love-feasts" of the early Christians. The primitive sports at this season were always of a coarse and boisterous character, and have been chiefly kept up in the western counties. Thus at the "Hungerford Revel," in Wiltshire (in 1820), might have been witnessed "girls running for smocks;" "climbing a greased pole for a piece of bacon;" "old women vieing with each other to drink boiling tea, for snuff;" "grinning through horse-collars;" "huntin a pig with soaped tail;" "jumping in sacks for a cheese;" "onkey-racing and duck-hunting," &c.

---

* On or before Holy Thursday it is usual for ministers and ɪ shioners, accompanied by school-children, to march round the parish bounds. These perambulations resemble those at the heathen celebration of *Terminalia*, in honour of the god Terminus, the guardian of landmarks. Among ourselves it was formerly headed by the bishop, who used several litanies on the occasion, and implored continuance of seasonable weather.

Digitized by Google

On Whit-Tuesday we have to notice a triennial pageant but lately discontinued—Eton Montem; supposed to have its title from an ancient procession of monks, which took place at the summit of a small mount called "Salt Hill," on which they sold consecrated salt. The mount is probably an old Saxon barrow.

On the 29th of this month, the merry month of May, occurs the celebration of the restoration of Charles II., on which day the statue of that monarch, standing in the old Exchange, was annually decorated with oak. The celebrated historical oak was flourishing (though enclosed in brick walls for preservation from the spoiler) in the time of Dr. Stukeley, 1724. After his return to the sovereignty, the king planted some of its acorns in St. James's Park, which he used to water with his royal hand.

At Sheffield, the festival held on this occasion was called "Scotland Feast," in the year 1826. It was held in Scotland Street, which was adorned with branches of trees in profusion; the decorations centring in one particular spot, where was displayed the effigy of his Majesty Charles II.

Still adhering to the calendar as a text, we may note the origin of the term *Lammas* Day, in the injunction to the apostle, "Feed my lambs." At this season, a mass was formerly performed to St. Peter, who was implored to preserve *lambs* from the inclemency of the weather during shearing time. The idea that St. Peter should be made the guardian or patron of lambs seems rather absurd; but the same error has been perpetuated by Raphael, who represents Christ as pointing out to St. Peter a flock of lambs for his cherishing care.

With genial September we arrive at the celebration of *Harvest Home*. Macrobius informs us that heathen masters were wont to feast with their servants, who had assisted them in tilling the ground. This is a parallel to the sense of equality subsisting at the harvest-supper between men and employers. Bourne thinks that the heathen custom was derived from the Jews; and quotes Hospinian to the effect that the latter held a similar feast, after having made their offerings of first-fruits. After harvest the deity sacrificed to by ancient rustics was Vacuna, the goddess of rest and ease. It was customary during the last century, to carry about at Harvest festivals an emblematical figure, crowned with flowers, holding a scythe and carrying a sheaf of corn under her arm; doubtless representing the ancient goddess Ceres. In Northumberland this was termed a harvest-doll, or kern (i.e. corn) baby. Harvest-

Digitized by Google

feasting in the North generally goes by the name of the Mell or Meal supper. In Kent, the "ivy-girl," a female figure made of a corn-sheaf, is mounted on the waggon, and brought home with the last load of corn, amid considerable acclamation.

The notion of celebrating the prosperous conclusion of harvest is one of very wide extent. It will be sufficient to give in illustration two instances; one from the remote West, and the other from the extremity of the Eastern continent. Acosta, speaking of Peruvian superstitions, tells us that after the completion of harvest, a figure is formed of the best maize, termed *Perva,* and enfolded in a rich garment. This is highly venerated, termed the mother of the maize, and of their inheritance, and is believed to have the gift of preserving future crops. In China, harvest is attended by the emperor in person; as well as at the early spring, when, accompanied by his mandarins, he offers sacrifices to Chang-ti, to obtain plenty, before tilling and sowing the ground; the latter he commences with his own hand, by scattering abroad seeds of wheat, rice, maize, and millet.

Towards the end of September we have the custom of Hallow-een fires, kindled at that season. The following is an extract from a letter, describing them as seen as Paisley, about twenty years ago:—"In a shallow part of the stream Whitecart, parties of boys construct on Hallow Eve (the night when varied superstitions engross most of old Scotia's peasantry) circular raised hearths of earth or clay, bordered by a low round wall composed of loose stones, sods, &c. Within these enclosures the boys kindle on their hearths bonfires, often of considerable size. The number and glare of the fires, their tremulous reflection in the surrounding water, the dark moving figures of the boys that group around them, and the shouts and screams set up by the youthful urchins, might almost make one fancy that the rites and incantations of magic, or of wizardry, were taking place before one's very eyes. What is the origin of this custom I do not know."

Before taking leave of this month, we have only to refer to the goose at Michaelmas tables, relative to which there is nothing of much interest to dilate upon. It was much in vogue in Queen Elizabeth's time. Leaving then Michaelmas, when (as Churchill says):—

> "By custom, right divine,
> Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine,"

we pass on to the succeeding month, which is rather barren of general holiday customs. The celebrated Pack-Monday Fair

Digitized by Google

is held at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, on the first Monday in October; a mart for the sale of horses, oxen, sheep, and pigs, with fruits, earthenware, toys, &c. Tradition says that it originated at the completion of the building of the church, on which occasion the workmen packed up their tools and held a wake in the churchyard, enlivened by the blowing of cows' horns, then popular music. This was in the sixth century. In November, many Popish ceremonies have been retained in North Wales, and are still practised. At Monmouth, the lower classes beg bread for the use of the souls of the departed on All Saint's day, which they term "dole-bread."

The fifth of November, commonly called Guy Faux day, brings to mind an old custom, as energetically kept up perhaps as any previously mentioned; although it is with the rest on the road to oblivion. Formerly more than two hundred cart-loads of fuel have been known to arrive at the Great Queen Street corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to supply the large bonfires erected there. At this place upwards of thirty effigies of the traitor Faux used to be burnt upon gibbets.

At the town of Purton, the boys of the place assail the farmers during the previous five or six weeks, and beg from each a faggot towards the completion of their loyal preparations. This request, however, appears to carry with it somewhat of a demand, when accompanied by the following chorus,—

"If you don't give us one
We'll take two;
The better for us, Sir,
The worse for you."

A few days after the patriotic element has been expending itself, we reach a festival of a different nature, and one on which Pope would have us believe that "*sober* citizens got drunk by wine,"—Lord Mayor's day.

"Now countless turbots, and unnumbered soles,
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall.
From pot to spit, to kettle, stew, and pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullions sounds.
Cook threatens cook, in high and saucy vaunt
Of rare and new-made dishes. Confectioners,
Both pastry-cooks and fruiterers, in league,
With candied art their rivals closing up,
Give pleasing notice of a rich dessert."

The ancient Chinese emperors appointed feasts, which were prepared annually by governors of towns for such as were noted among their fellow-townsmen for probity and integrity.

The last duodecimal portion of the year now only remains for consideration, in the brief manner our limits compel us to

Digitized by Google

adopt. Many remarkable customs were in vogue on the vigil of St. Nicholas, of which Naogeorgus writes:—

"St. Nicholas money used to give to maidens secretly,
Who, that he still may use his wonted liberality,
The mothers all their children on the eve do cause to fast,
And when they every one at night in senseless sleep are cast,
Both apples, nuts, and pears, they bring, and other things beside,
As caps, and shoes, and petticoats, which secretly they hide.
And in the morning found, they say, that this St. Nicholas brought:
Thus tender minds to worship saints and wicked things are taught."

On this day a ceremony prevails in the courts of certain Italian princes termed Zopata, from the Spanish for "shoe." Presents are concealed in the shoes of the persons to whom honour is desired to be shown, in order that they may discover them in the morning upon dressing. St. Nicholas is said to have thrown in purses during the night to the chambers of poor maidens, in order to supply them with marriage portions.

Upon the festive season of Christmas so much has been written, that in accordance with the remarks we have made hitherto, we shall omit to recapitulate all the ordinary and well-known observances connected with this period, adducing a few only which may be new to the general reader. Christmas was of old termed Yule, an Anglo-Saxon word meaning Feast; we may conclude, therefore, that the term was thus applied by way of pre-eminence. The French word *noël* is probably connected with Yule, although it has been stated that the noels (or carols) derived their name from the Latin *natalis*, signifying originally a cry of joy at Christmas, the season of the nativity. The custom of singing carols, or canticles in the vulgar tongue, originated at the period when the common people ceased to understand Latin. *Waits* are likewise of old institution. The latter are thus alluded to in "Money masters all things," a set of satirical poems, published 1698:—

"ON PUBLIC WAITS.

"The public waits, who liveries do own,
And badges of a city or some town;
Who are retain'd in constant yearly pay,
And at their solemn public meetings play;
And up and down the streets and town, in cold
Dark nights, when th' instruments they scarce can hold,
They play about, and tell what hour it is,
And weather, too. This course they do not miss
Most part of winter in the night; and when
Some gen'rous persons come to town, these men,
They cry, 'God bless you, Sirs;' again they play,
Expecting money ere they go away."

Before the last civil wars, the first dish upon the Christmas board was a boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth. At

Digitized by Google

Queen's College, Oxford, it is well known that this observance is still continued, the dish in question being brought in with much ceremony, at the same time that is sung the old Latin rhyme "Caput apri defero."

Festivities used to be marked at Ramsgate by a procession, accompanied by what was called the *hoden*. This *hoden* was a fictitious horse's head, to which a cloth was attached, and a person beneath made the jaws of the head snap continuously by means of strings properly contrived. Much revelry, noise, and ringing of handbells, were added on this occasion, and the whole formed what was termed "going a *hodening*." This practice is also prevalent on Christmas Eve in the Isle of Thanet; and is believed to be a relic of a festival instituted originally in commemoration of the landing of the Saxons in Kent.

We must not leave this season without noticing the ancient wassail-bowl. Health-drinking seems to have been in use from a distant period. The Roman gallants drank as many cups to the health of their mistresses as there were letters in their names; thus Martial says:—

> "Six cups to *Nævia's* health go quickly round;
> And he with seven the fair *Justina's* crown'd.

The Highlanders drink healths with much ceremony, and are especially careful that the bottle shall pass round with the sun.

The use of the expression "I pledge you," is supposed to have arisen after the treacherous murder of her son-in-law, while drinking, by Elfrida—thus to express a pledge that no evil is meditated upon the drinker, and as a means of perpetuating the odium consequent upon such a deed of unparalleled atrocity. The ancient Britons expressed their pledge by the words "*Wass-baile*," equivalent to our "Good-health;" hence the origin of the word Wassail-Bowl, which may be pleasingly illustrated by the following lines, in allusion to the well-known historical circumstance of Rowena presenting the cup to the stranger prince:—

> "'Health, my lord King,' the fair Rowena said;
> 'Health,' cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid,
> Then gaily rose; and midst the concourse wide,
> Kissed her hale lips, and placed her by his side.
> At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
> That health and kisses 'mongst the guests go round;
> From this the social custom took its rise
> We still retain, and must for ever prize."

Herrick, speaking of the Wassail-Bowl, breaks forth:—

> "Neat crown the bowl full
> With gentle lambs' wool;
> Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,

Digitized by Google

With store of ale, too,
And thus ye must doe,
To make the wassail a swinger."

The loving cup passed round at corporation festivals is merely a relic of the Wassail-Bowl of olden time.

Before quitting our theme it will not be amiss to observe some of the ceremonies attached to certain other prominent occasions, not of an annual public nature. Such are funerals and weddings, which have, among nations of every grade of civilization, been marked with such ceremonies as appeared in their estimation most appropriate and desirable. The hired mourners who form part of an English funeral observance, are not without their parallel among the ancients; for, says Marolles, the Romans used Lictors, clothed in black, to give effect to their funeral rites. We have lost a far more grateful custom—that of strewing the flowers over the resting-place of the departed. At old English funerals, the grave was covered with flowers and hung with garlands—the latter always in the case of a deceased maiden, when gloves were also suspended over the grave. The performance of these ceremonies was looked upon as a religious duty due to the deceased, and was so regarded anciently. Describing the grief of Anchises for Marcellus, Virgil sings:—

"Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow."

St. Jerome says, speaking of the death of the wife of Paumachius, "Whilst other husbands strewed violets, lilies, roses, and purple flowers, he bedewed her ashes with the balsam of alms." Gay writes:—

"Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue."

The Natches, on the Mississippi, paint the body of the deceased, and bury with him his arms, together with a kettle, and a supply of food. They bewail him for three entire months, entirely relinquishing employment and amusement.

The day is not long past when the funeral ceremony was, among ourselves, concluded with feasting. This frequently led to excess and presented the feature of an Irish wake. In the north of England traces have been found of the observance of burial feasts, called *Arvils*, believed to have been instituted by Cecrops. We have accounts of the continuance of these in the Highlands, and also in the Isle of Man. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1780, says: "Our ancient funerals, as well as some modern ones, were closed with merry-makings, at

Digitized by Google

least equal to the preceding sorrow, most of the testators directing, among other things, victuals and drink to be distributed at their exequies. One in particular, I remember, orders a sum of money for 'a drinking for his soul.'" The following was written upon Yorkshire customs, in 1798:—"On funerals, the attendant who serves the company with ale or wine, has upon the handle of the tankard a piece of lemon peel, and also upon her left arm a clean white napkin. I believe these customs are invariably observed."

This funereal festivity was prevalent in Cumberland until about 1828, which gave rise to the following lines in King's "Art of Cookery:"

> "In northern customs, duty was exprest
> To friends departed by their funeral feast;
> Though I've consulted Hollingshed and Stow,
> I find it very difficult to know
> Who to refresh th' attendants to the grave,
> Burnt claret first, or Naples bisket gave."

Marriage ceremonies are very varied. "As marriage is the nearest and most endearing tie," writes Henry, in his History of Great Britain, "and the foundation of all other relations, certain ceremonies have been used at the celebration of it in almost every country. In the early stages of society, these ceremonies were commonly few and simple." We read in Park's Travels in Africa, a very affecting narration of an incident between an affianced couple, though sufficiently simple in its nature. "At Baniseribe, a Slatee having seated himself upon a mat at the threshold of his door, a young woman, his intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before him, desired him to wash his hands. When he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eye, drank the water: this being considered the greatest proof of her fidelity and love." When the Indian labourer marries (and also when he pierces his ears), we read in an old book of travels, that no less a sacrifice is required of him than the presentation of two of his fingers to an idol: in place of them he is, however, at liberty to substitute two of solid gold.

The Natches, in common with numerous other semi-barbarous tribes, purchase their brides. If the bridegroom in future be a good huntsman, or successful in sport or war, the purchase-money is considerably reduced. On his part he also makes presents to the bride, never omitting a pipe for her relatives, as soon as the arrangements are concluded.

Highland marriages, with which those of many parts of the north of England correspond, are in some points singular. The bridal men collect fire-arms, which they vie with each other in

Digitized by Google

firing during the wedding procession. This procession is sometimes a mounted one, and consists of couples, generally candidates for wedlock; being preceded by a piper playing suitable Scotch tunes, and whose presence is subsequently indispensable when the reels are struck up. The festivities last for two or three days, the whole party remaining at the house of the new-married couple, during which period the "Wisga na Baidh" circulates freely. Among the hills of Northumberland, a custom exists (a genuine piece of folk-lore), which was witnessed by the writer a few months ago. Upon the arrival home of the bride, a napkin is placed over her head, and a plate containing small pieces of bridal-cake is tossed over, which falls to the ground, and is shattered to atoms, the cake being scrambled for eagerly by a host of *bairns*, who never fail to be in readiness for the occasion. It is thought that should the plate fall and remain entire, it omens some misfortune to the youthful pair. Mr. A. Macauley describes a curious old ceremony at Claybrook, Leicestershire, known as "riding for the bridecake;" and mentions that during the last century a custom, coeval with Theocritus and Virgil, was kept up, that of throwing nuts and almonds to the people at weddings. Not many years since, "trashing" was a popular observance in Yorkshire, and consisted in pelting the couple with old shoes upon their return from church. Whether this may be connected with the old shoe-casting for good-luck, does not appear. At Dunmow, Essex, it was customary to give a flitch of bacon to every couple who, a year and a day having elapsed since their union, swore that they had neither quarreled nor repented, sleeping or waking, of their marriage vow. A similar usage prevailed at Whichmore, in Staffordshire.

With regard to wedding concomitants, bridal-cake is derived from the Romans, bridal-favours from the Danes, and bride's-maids are, as Strutt tells us, as old as the Anglo-Saxons. Small presents were formerly much in vogue. In Queen Elizabeth's time, these consisted of small silken embroidered kerchiefs, which were fastened and worn outside the dress. Gloves were always distributed. In the "Silent Woman," Lady Haughly observes, "We see no ensigns of a wedding here—no character of a bridal. Where be our scarves and our gloves?" We have before named gloves in connection with other ceremonies, and may therefore be allowed to complete their uses, by quoting Gay upon a popular practice—

> "Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
> And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout;
> For custom says, who'er this venture proves,
> For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

Digitized by Google

By way of conclusion to this paper, we may briefly remark how the various methods of salutation among different peoples, exhibit their national characteristics. The Dutch, who are considered great eaters, salute in the morning, among all ranks, with "*Smaakelyk eaten:*" "May you eat a hearty dinner!" Or otherwise, "*Hoe vaart awe?*" "How do you sail?" adopted during the early period of the republic, when they were mostly navigators or fishers. At Cairo, where a hot dry skin is indicative of an ephemeral fever, the usual address is, "*How do you sweat?*" Some author has remarked that the inflexible dignity of the Spaniard is illustrated by the inquiry, "*Come esta?*" "How do you *stand?*" While the French "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" is equally descriptive of the activity and mobility of the race. In the southern provinces of China, the lower orders salute by the question "*Ya fan?*" "Have you eaten your rice?" perhaps inscribed as one of the three thousand rules of civility preserved by the tribunal at Pekin, and in their highly-venerated volume.

We have now come to the conclusion of our subject, which does not seem to require any comment in addition to that with which it was opened. In accordance with the nature of those remarks, then, we may violate the old custom of winding up with a literary flourish, and—*sans ceremonie*—go at once.

Digitized by Google

CARNABY THE FIRST.

A GRAND MULTECCENTRIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

IN TWO FITS.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

"Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod;
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummies, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
All sudden, Gorgons hiss and Dragons glare;
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,—
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies."

POPE.

FIT THE FIRST.

READER, can you, no matter what time of year, fancy a fine, burning, blazing, redhot day? If you cannot, I pity you for several reasons. *Imprimis*, because you cannot understand what is good; secondly, because you must be but a cold-blooded creature—a fish content always to swim in *aquâ purâ*, without the infusion of something more genial in his element; and thirdly, and lastly, and chiefly, because you must be sadly deficient in imagination.

Now imagination is one of the greatest goods, for possessing it, we possess everything. Dumb waiters to that dumb devil who is always content to see things as they are! What is it but to intensify our imagination to the proper power, to have all the riches of the earth!

To the reader who pleads to no imagination—who cannot boast an acre of that *windy splendour*—I can say nought but alack! and pass by, folding my robe about me, and walking up my own steps,—like an *apôtre* or scriptural personage, ascending a grand temple-like staircase in an old picture.

Fancy the burningest of your burning July days, and then you would not have half done. Our scene is a flaming plain in Upper India—all sand and serpents. Scatter over the landscape some dozens of palm trees, shining like noon-day torches: your eyes ache with the glare. Close to you the pebbles are so hot that you scorch your fingers in touching them. Sitting upon such is impossible, except from an intervening protection afforded by spotted shawls of fifty doublings.

Digitized by Google

The landscape swims at a mile or two distance. A restless, silently-undulating *mirage*, glancing like quicksilver, stretches around you. You cannot breathe in the hot air—only gasp. Afar off, some strip-like, latitudinal belts of dusky verdure proclaim a space of Indian forest, which hums and buzzes with innumerable insects. You almost fancy you can hear the murmur, like a distant cascade. Nature, in fact, seemeth to force the heat into life. On the horizon are some bright blue mountains—in one place soaring into peaks, each, almost, with its crown of blazing cloud. Here they are ranged and terraced out like airy bastions and battlements. Only look up! Consider the depth of blue. Is not that a scorching azure?—purple, nearly, in its intensity, and spread out like a universe. To speak fact, the sky is nearly as deep as midnight in the purple of its own inexpressible glory.

At the spot where we are surveying this picture, behold a group of Indian travellers, small in number, but great in their sense of this Indian afternoon. They sit on shawls in a variety of elegant attitudes, all indicative of profound heat. Supported on poles are a series of canvas screens, which form a kind of *impromptu* pavilion and keep out that searching sun, which seems alive and pertinacious enough in its determination to enter. Sleep—sleep seems to pervade all the world without this little snug encampment. Within all is sufficiently busy, as far as tongue is concerned. The club consists of six. They are gathered in conclave, three on one side, and three, very naturally, on the other. Beyond them are seen sundry black heads, which belong to their servants, and over these again are the long crooked necks, and gaunt, piteous physiognomies of some half-dozen camels—patient, sleepy, and stupid. Here and there amidst the blackies are long straight spears, sticking up like needles, each with a little sarsnet of different colour dangling about the spear-point, for a pennon. Some distance off, seen from under the miniature colonnade constituted by the reeds (bent all ways) that supported the patchwork pavilion, and casting his huge black shadow far in, was a goodly elephant, whose great sturdy legs, and long dependent ears, were most if not all that was disclosed of him.

The six

"Potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,"

must be severally introduced. First, and nearest to the observer, is—

1. *Perkin Peterkin:* a man of many countries, for his father (be he living or dead, which deponent sayeth not) was an Englishman of such sturdy independence that he never paid

Digitized by Google

his taxes; his mother was a Scotchwoman, educated in Denmark; and his grandfather a Pole, who early emigrated to Kamskatka, and married a Japanese princess of the fifteenth lower empire. Perkin has a large face and small features, his eyes being round and grey, his nose a corkscrew sort of nose, of a somewhat diligently persuasive twist, and his mouth small ordinarily, but capable of indefinite expansion. Master Perkin Peterkin's body is long, and his legs short, which naturally interferes with the symmetry of his lower man. He wears a sugarloaf hat, with an ornament of brass beads twining spirally up it, and with a single red, soldier's feather; a bright green coat, with large horn buttons and yellow linings; and ample Turkish trousers, slit down the sides for the adequate stowage of two large pipes, one of which he highly values as having been smoked by the Emperor Napoleon during the burning of Moscow. Perkin's voice is a shrill whistling sort of voice, something like the wind through the keyhole of a street-door.

2. *Giles Scroggins:* who, as our readers will perhaps remember, courted Molly or Margaret Brown, an old lady living in Cheshire during the latter half of the past or the beginning of the present century. Mr. Giles is just as long as his friend and chieftain Perkin Peterkin is broad. Called Longitude at college from the many high degrees he had taken in his growth, Giles Scroggins had early seen the necessity of stirring himself in the world; and at the earnest advice of the then Lord Mayor, Longitude, who felt sensibly the arguments of his lordship as to his distinguished talents, endeavoured for a cadetship, which he obtained, and left England for India with a bootjack and ten guineas. Giles advanced by great strides in his career to distinction; he was present at the taking of the Nepaulese, and assisted at the dismemberment of Lol Sing, a Burfur, or Burrumpooter, of the Lower Ganges. At present he is escorting his Treasurer, or Nan-keen, with four chests of rupees, to be deposited in the Bank of Madras, of which there is a Director in company, and of whom, as being such, he is naturally jealous.

Giles Scroggins being a military man, has, of course, the privilege of a red nose, which, like the poop lantern of a Dutch admiral of the seventeenth century, is displayed to conspicuous advantage over two curled *mustachios* of most ferocious amplitude, one pointing east, the other west, and daily adjusted by Giles, who is a trifle of a coxcomb, by his ivory compass. Giles wears his usual travelling dress of yellow leather, and the only token of his military rank is a pewter medal emblazoned with the arms of England, and on the

Digitized by Google

reverse with the rampant lion of the Honourable Leadenhall-Street Company.

3. *Ignatius Loyola.* Ignatius is a Spaniard, born of Maltese parents, with a complexion the colour of the inside of a boot, and one leg. His standing is consequently decisive and peculiar, and being a large man with a small head, he looks exactly like a puncheon with a cannon-ball on its top. He is rolled round in fifteen yards of white muslin, "spotted with strawberries," like Desdemona's handkerchief; and he wears on his single leg (his wooden leg being of plain mahogany) a hessian boot, highly polished, with a pearl the shape and size of a pear for a tassel. Altogether the appearance of Ignatius Loyola is singularly imposing and irregular; and suspended over his shoulder he boasts a broad morocco belt, with a cabbage pouch of the finest but stiffest iron wire. In his mouth is a soft reed of about two yards long, for a cigar, from which, when he inhales, is taken in a quantity of green smoke, that when he shuts his lips to, passes off through his nostrils, like the steam from the safety-valve of a locomotive.

On the other side, behold, dear reader, three other items of this little travelling community.

Imprimis. Bob Huckaback, M.R.C.S., S.T.C., &c., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Superintendent and Peculiar to the Durbar of Hooghly-Parahmattah, Chief Confidant of the Council of Constance, and Arch-Ejector of the Fum-Hoam, and Töplitz divisional contraband administratrixxes.

Secondly. Pierce Plowman, Esq., a native of Cumberland, in Great Britain, travelling for the benefit of his country, which has expressed itself, through the mouth of one of the circuit judges, most desirous of his absence for seven years. Pierce wears the mark of Cain in his forehead, which he successfully conceals by a magnificent curly-wig, shining with oil from the plain of *Pe-Queue* in Persia, and built, after the most approved designs, by Truefit, of the Burlington Arcade, in the district of Piccadilly, England.

Thirdly. Luke de Linlithgow, a Gascon architect of extraordinary *promise.* Linlithgow hath in his possession a portfolio of blue glass, with three clasps of cork, in which he carries a design for a royal palace. A distinguished projector, he has secured an excellent subsistence for five years out of this unaccomplished design; and he is now travelling for the purpose of the discovery of some heathen prince smitten with a passion at once for magnificence and building. He proposes to place this prince's whole revenues under contribution for the space of at least three years, for the purpose of raising this unheard-of royal

Digitized by Google

residence; and, in the mean time, he has demonstrated that he can feed the people upon the saw-dust, at a reduction of five and twenty per cent. of the cost of the original timber; thus maintaining them upon the proceeds during the construction of a glory to their country, and giving them it besides! Luke is employed in the perusal of a folio tome of Parisian mathematics, and has beside him a measuring-glass, with which he ascertains the progress of the information.

Three of our circle of travellers are professed Mussulmen, and the other three have not yet made up their minds as to their religious belief. An abundance of wine-bottles and claret-jars, Persian *bouteilles* and classic *cruches*, are in the midst, the Mussulmen professors having paid for a dispensation to drink wine any day that they should chance to see, on first waking, three wild penguins flying to the hitherward. Such was the case the morning of the day in question, and such, we are free to confess, was very often the case.

In conclusion, we may say that the whole party had a curious way of opening and shutting their mouths, like nut-crackers, which had an ominous and terrible effect. As the reader will perceive, there was something sinister and dreadful about this queer fraternity, an irregularity of which even the camels seemed to be aware, for they sneezed their discomposure at it.

FIT THE SECOND.

Every now and then, greatly to my surprise, there happed an extraordinary convulsion of the ground, which impressed me as terrific in the extreme, but which these truly singular personages seemed to pass over as in nowise remarkable. Gathered in a circle, and, as I regarded them, their fixed, statue-like faces were bent upon me in a calm, imperturbable, Sphynx-like manner, which every minute threatened to grow most terrible. Their heads, like heads of images rather than of men, at every fresh *snatch* of the ground, divided bodily at the throat, and started back, as if at a hinge. This effect was truly alarming; but it seemed to be treated as a matter of course, and I even appeared, in a little time, to grow accustomed to it. So much will an appearance of complacency over a thing do, that I even grew reconciled, without any feeling of the dismay so natural at it, to see the heads come snap down again like a box-lid.

In a little while, adding to the marvels, a slow, stony sort of conversation commenced. It was just such an unimaginably diverse, ungainly exchange of ideas as, if they were gifted with speech, one might look for in half a dozen or so of noseless statues. My feelings remained much about the same; they

Digitized by Google

were of self-satisfied astonishment. The talk, however, proceeded with some certain development and regularity, though it was all sententious and profound (I may add profitable), and although the remarks had very little, or very distant, relation to each other. The speakers rarely troubled themselves to answer to each other's ideas, but harangued in some such independent fashion as the following :—

"The attempt," began Perkin Peterkin, "to extract a glow out of the heart of a coquette, is about as wise as the thinking to warm oneself at the flame of a candle."

"Women," remarked Giles Scroggins, "form their own ideas of a hero, and then fall in love with him. It is not because you approach the ideal, but because you are not the furthest off it, that you have at all a place in her mind."

"True," rejoined Perkin Peterkin. "Women are variable; men are so, also. The torch of love never yet did burn so strong, that it did not sputter into smoke. Love, indeed, is a grand firework that has many rounds to make—many zigzags to describe. Its finest fires spin in silence; but the squibs, crackers, and reports—all the hurry, whirl, and noise, are a hasty and vehement display—that, in expressing little else, hint much paper. After all the fizzing, flaming, and scattering, what so very frequently remains but the mere—stick?"

"A beautiful woman," murmured Perkin Peterkin, abstractedly, "is the last in the world to be pleased with the praises of her beauty. Imply your admiration, but do not speak it, for fear she see herself reflected ugly in your representation. Be assured that your warmest eloquence must fall short of that perfection which she deems already but too manifest. Convinced that your brightest colours must fail before that picture of herself which she long ago painted, you will rather pique her interest by doubting her power, than waste your breath, and weary her, in telling her that which she knows already. If you are a lover, and wish to retain yourself in, as it were, the value of a sovereign, and not as a five-shilling piece, in the estimation of your mistress, show yourself seldom to her. Be you Phœbus himself, you will shine but as a dull candle in comparison with your image. When in sight you are beheld as what you are—perhaps not much. When absent, you are at the safest in being calculated as what you are *not*. The present rapidly fall in their value with every one—down, as it were, a descending table of coins, as from gold to copper—and we may consider ourselves fortunate if there be not felt a very speedy disposition to change us away."

"Many loves, friend (like many roses), embellish," said Giles

Digitized by Google

Scroggins. "The heart, like old china, is all the more valuable for having been frequently broken, and as often mended."

"Cease your vain discourse," interrupted Ignatius Loyola, "for it is noonday, and the sun sees us."

Here Ignatius Loyola blew his nose, and I heard a loud shout of laughter high up the hills in the distance.

"Nature," said Ignatius, "has provided two cradles for her great child, man—the cradle proper, and—the coffin."

"True!" sighed Bob Huckaback, who had not yet spoken; "our original cradle is white, and our last one is black, and that is nearly all the difference. There is a *noise* between, and that is all. Old women officiate at our reception into life, as also at our departure from it. Our necessities shrink to the meanest at the beginning and at the end of our time. Our glory is about as great when we retire from it as when we enter upon the grand drawing-room of life. We are poor candles, that are to burn a certain time in the wind, and then, with a puff, that *which men saw* is gone—whither? The jewel is tossed out, and we have the rotten setting: watch-wheels without that which comprises them into watch—the bag with the string run out and snatched away—the writing without the means to read it—the horse without the back upon which to mount. We begin with the rattle, and end with something like it, too. We commence with the spoon, and end with the spade; two domestic and almost as equally significant implements, of which the only difference seems to be that the one is used within the house, and the other without. We come noisily, and we go silently. As shadows pass along a wall, so whole generations gain the knowledge that they, at all, are but by a certain something resembling lamp-light. As wise would it be to send some one to gather up the shadows when the lamp was carried away, as to look for these human shows of past ages in the blank of the present. O unhappy man, and most mistaken shadow! perpetually purporting to yourself to be, certainly not that which you appear to others, for all the sense that you have of your present life, you lived long ago."

"Life," ejaculated Ignatius Loyola, "is the enigma of which death is the answer."

At this moment a wild unicorn came running across the plain, and it was instantly pierced by the eye of Bob Huckaback. Sending out his slaves, of their fans wherewith to make a litter to gather up the body, Bob Huckaback continued,—

"Death, seen through the true spectacles, is the seed to which life runs. All life is a profuse and impulsive growth. Matter

Digitized by Google

teems, pulsates, and rings with energy. All forms of vitality are an electric sprouting. From the very centre of the starting mass, by an unseen sort of self-exercitation, it radiates. The round of articulations is the restless fruitage of a pregnant nature. Trees, bushes, and plants are a mathematical efflux. Forms of all kinds are nature striving for expression. Natural meaning wreaks itself in shape. The innumerable forms of articulate animals are but earth under another name: they are the impulse of nature, forced beyond its original superficial limits—a dropped product—a highly-wrought, organically active growth—the mechanic concentration up to a point, and then its spreading fitness to a certain set of new conditions. Locomotive life is an independent and fructified perfection. As the apex and end of this grand tree-like superfecundation, and as the triumph of a *Flora*, we behold Man. In all his mechanic glory he is nature's primest self assertion. Knit in one common origin with, and compounded of, the same congregate and active atoms as the feeblest item of the universal efflorescence, his brethren are the plants. Thus allied by a thousand ramifying links to that universal growth bursting out all over the world, Man himself, in his ultimate disentanglement from it, may be regarded but as the disengaged and locomotive vegetable!"

At this point of the discourse, I felt a sudden thumping at my breast, almost as if some one wished admittance therein. A thickheaded sort of unintelligible conviction beset me that some one was calling up an area, turned within-side a house, and possessing some unimaginable means of communicating with myself, high up in the air, in some outrageous cockloft, where half of me was without and the other half within, and where I was madly endeavouring to escape from the violent solicitations from below, and yet compelled to attend to them. All at once, by opening my eyes, or *somehow*, I became aware of an altogether new state of affairs, for *I awoke*; and in the moment of my coming to myself away was rolled aside the Indian plain, with all the trees in it, like a curtain. The speakers stepped into cupboards, as it were. Things gradually settled down about me, and the corners of the room betook themselves into their places. Two windows came behind me; two decanters and a glass rose up before me on a table that seemed to ascend grandly, like a theatrical trick, out of a floor that I all at once discovered had a carpet on it.

I now discovered how the matter stood. I had had my dinner, and, after it, being very comfortably deposited in an arm-chair, with my book in my hand and close beside a good fire, I had fallen asleep (which was all), and I had had a nightmare.

Digitized by Google

The *noise* I felt on my breast was the thump administered on the door by my servant; who having, in his endeavour to open the door, found it locked, took this method of ascertaining whether I had really debarred access. This latter was fact, as when I desire to be extra comfortable, I take my softest seat, rouse up the fire, and to prevent a wrong-timed entry upon me, which I detest, just take the liberty of turning the key, as the most effectual mode of doing away with the chance of it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND THE ARTS.

WHATEVER of truth may appertain to the common supposition, that there is little resemblance between the Craft of Freemasonry of the present day and that of the Middle Ages, no worthy Brother of the Order can at any time regard attentively, the art and science of architecture, without becoming convinced of its importance to the progress of society, and without advancing to the conclusion, that the knowledge and practice of art in general, and the observation of beauty in works of architecture, sculpture, and painting, are worthy of every aid from governments and public associations.

The fact of the mutual relationship of these branches of art at all flourishing periods of their development, indeed is not more worthy of our consideration than that of their intimate connection with household fittings, furniture, and utensils. Whatever the precise nature of the labours of the old Freemasons—whether the Brethren are chiefly to be considered as the practical executors of the designs of others, or whether this Order as well as the priesthood, furnished the architects of the buildings, it is quite clear that the practical skill of the ordinary members of the Craft was far more favourable to the expression of art-works, than what we generally observe in artisans at the present time. There must have been great aptitude to feel the merits of such forms as were designed, and yet great self-denial in subordinating the efforts of individuals to one grand result. How strongly also does such a spirit contrast with that of modern artisans, up to this moment, in England at least, where the least skilful are generally the most opinionative.

Digitized by Google

But it cannot be doubted, that the marvellous variety and the beauty of ornamental details in the mediæval cathedrals and churches, proceeded from a class who were artist-designers as well as art-*workmen*. That, however, to which we would just now more especially invite attention, is to the evidences of the same art in design, and skill in execution, which characterized the especially structural features of the building, as pervading every part of the fittings, vestments, plate, and the church furniture generally. The same unity has been observed in all important periods of art-history, not simply in the accessories of religious ceremonial, but down to common accompaniments of daily life.

It is by the forms and ornamentation of such objects that the mind in individuals receives its particular impress. The education of the child commences from its birth: images depicted on the *retina* help to animate the thinking powers, and begin to form the character of the man, even long before the power of speech is attained. Thus, not only as the means of that innocent relaxation which is so essential to the very activity of the intellectual powers, not merely because the relaxation which art affords is itself of an elevating kind, not because most assuredly art has its allotted "mission" in the progress of society, is it important as an object of national solicitude in every well-ordered state. The advantages attendant upon the existence of works of art indeed are of several kinds. To reach to the production of such works, the power of correct delineation is required; and this is not simply a mechanical aid towards design, or to the *re*production of a beautiful work to a wider circle of observers, but is itself valuable to one possessing it,—because the exercise of it compels observation, and so leads to the knowledge of form, colour, and structure, as characteristics of objects. The study of "how to observe" is, in short, without one of its most important requisites, if what is called "the education of the *eye*" be wanting. No words can convey a conception of external characteristics at all comparable to the result from one glance at the object itself: if that cannot be obtained, language will still fail before a well-executed model; if the last be wanting, description will not supply what could be learned from faithful drawings. These points might be obvious enough, yet they have long been, in effect, ignored in education. The new Department of Practical Art, however, is, we believe, thoroughly alive to the importance of drawing as a part of general education, and the several educational societies have lately done much towards a more rational system of instruction, in which teaching by objects and by pictures receives an amount of attention which

Digitized by Google

must lead to results of permanent advantage to society. Whilst the *virtuoso* amasses the relics of the past, he neglects philosophical deductions which they might afford; and modern science, intent upon the present and the future, sometimes disregards the obvious teachings of nature, and too often the discoveries of the men of old. Thus writing by picture, which grew up by the waters of the sacred Nile, and which alone could to lasting ages, speak the language of devotion amidst the persecutions of the Catacombs,—which expanded into the noblest works of art, at a time when such were the sole means of instruction to the people,—which Nature, through the earliest emotions of the infant, shows us as the direct means in our hands for instruction,—this rational system had nearly become extinct—as though the possession of new facilities through the press had rendered all others unnecessary.

It would therefore be appropriate to the present time, that we should give particulars as to the most important step yet taken, in provision of permanent means for this rational method of instruction—as well as that we should hail the prospect of extended appreciation of art—even had not the building itself, now so far advanced at Sydenham, peculiar features, which should be of great interest to Freemasons. Masons indeed there can be none at work, where—if we except the external terraces and steps—not a particle of stone enters into the construction. Rubble walls, and groined roofs, give place to a transparent case, in which glass and window opening bear relation to structural support, the same as the painted glass of the mediæval window to its *leaden framework and cross-bars,* rather than to thick and buttressed walls. Mechanism more than art-workmanship is characteristic of the execution. Yet in the general plan of the building, and indeed in some features in the effect externally and internally, there are points of resemblance between the structure at Sydenham and the finest works of the old Freemasons.

Placed on a site, which the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company—not without reason—say is one of the finest sites in England; in magnitude exceeding the largest of the cathedrals; like them, the great structure towers above its adjacent city, and is a conspicuous object from every point of the compass. There is not indeed the same effect of grouping with the houses as in the case of structures like Durham and Lincoln, where some six miles of country do not intervene; nor, from a distance, is anything realized like the beauty of the effect of the great metropolis as seen from the building itself, with the dome of St. Paul's rising from the midst. Seen from a nearer point, the

Digitized by Google

lover of the older architecture may find points of inferior merit, as compared with the grand features of works of art in masonry, yet much withal that is strikingly beautiful and indeed sublime; and in which the modern building, it must be confessed, attains something of what has been so long sought for in the architecture of the present day—features strikingly its own.

Yet, there are some drawbacks which were inevitable in the manner in which the building had grown up. The equal heights of story above story, caused by repetition of the same castings, are fatal to all grace from proportion of parts. Bulk in general, and breadth of base in supports, too, are so essential to the idea of stability, even with those who are well acquainted with the strength of materials—and leaving out of consideration certain accidents in slender iron structures—that the building will in this respect, ever fail in one important particular.—The stunted towers at the intersections of the transepts, are positively unsightly, and can be improved only by the addition of domes, as in the manner suggested by Sir Charles Barry in the model which he exhibited last season at the Royal Academy.

On the other hand, we know of no building in England, where the spreading base and foreground of the structure have been managed with equal success. On the common neglect of these points—indispensable to architectural effect—much might be said,—although in the present case, the massiveness of the architectural foreground is too harshly contrasted by the superficial character of the edifice itself. We may see also in the combination of the structural forms of architecture with water and sylvan scenery, that of which the absence in other cases has, as much as anything else, led to errors in the design of public buildings, and to complaints from architects as to the comparative distaste for their art amongst the public. If our theory be correct, buildings such as Chatsworth, or Castle Howard, or many of the old baronial halls, will always impress the beholder, when the architecture of confined streets may fail to do so. In fact, the office of art is not, as too often supposed, the *imitation* of nature: it has rather to effect contrast, and be so, productive of reciprocal advantage. The banks of rivers—sites like those of Greenwich Hospital and the Houses of Parliament, therefore (other things being equal), are favourable to the estimation of architectural beauty, if only from their combination in the view, with the water. Thus, fountains may be amongst the most pleasing objects; and so, large open spaces are conducive to the same result, not only because they allow of a view from a proper distance, but because the eye can then take in a sufficient extent of the blue sky and rolling clouds. So,

Digitized by Google

even small shrubs and flowers, disposed about the building with artistic effect, contribute to the same result; and thus, the trees which line the footpaths in many continental cities, comprise advantages which our English street architecture has to but a limited extent. The private gardens in the large squares, enclosed by iron railings, are not so advantageous in this respect as, from their number, they might be; and even the parks are capable of great improvements in the laying out. Non-professional persons are, therefore, dependent for their appreciation of works of art upon that which Chevreul, in the case of colour, has called the *successive contrast;* that is to say, the power of retaining in the mind, consciously or unconsciously, previous images; or in this case, those of natural scenery. We therefore see, how completely our modern life in towns unfits us for the complete enjoyment of works of art, and how especially it must unfit us for the full perception of the beauty of *architecture.* We see, too, one reason why in Athens, under a beautiful sky, and on the commanding site of a rocky acropolis, architecture not only reached so high a state of perfection, but was fully appreciated by the *people.* We discover also what may be the value of sculpture as an essential part of architecture. Lastly; the works in progress at Sydenham lead us to augur the best results in relation to future development of art in England—from the *examples* of architecture and sculpture which will be exhibited indeed—but also from the opportunity for the observation of natural beauty newly afforded to the inhabitants of towns.

Our readers need not be told that the project of the Crystal Palace Company originated from the Exhibition of 1851. The value of that remarkable display as an educational agent—the means which it afforded of comparison and selection—pointed to the necessity for a permanent museum of materials and machinery, and of manufactured works, industrial and artistic. The impediments to such an institution previously, had been summed up in the expenses of ground and roof covering.—Some saw in the building in Hyde Park, a noble work of architecture, and on that account wished it preserved.

We are not undervaluing the great beauty of some features in the latter building, if we say that we do not wholly agree with the indiscriminate praise at first showered upon it in the newspapers, and which has since been modified. If people, unfamiliar with the principles of architectural design, would honestly examine the impression of their own feelings, or inquire into the cause thereof, instead of taking up the *dictum* of another who knows no better, simply because that has boldly appeared in print, real progress in architecture would be

Digitized by Google

advanced thereby. To our thinking, a spectacle so melancholy as was afforded by the tone of the chief part of the public press, and of the leading men of this country, in the adulation of an individual, for a plain suggestion, which had been rejected from others, and to which the building did not owe any of the beauty of its effect, had never before been witnessed in England. The matter indeed involves a question of deeper moment than what may be connected with this particular instance. How is it that in all subjects, popular opinion so constantly sets in favour of the prescriptions of quackery, and disputes or suspects the learning of the professor? Is knowledge of a subject necessarily an *encumbrance;* or (and this may to a certain extent be true) is the system of education in all professions, behind the standard of the age; and does it require to be remodelled, to escape the chance of suspicion as to superficial or partial knowledge?

Fortunately, as we think on every ground, the removal of the building was decided upon. The result in one way, has been the intention to erect a grand industrial college and museum in connection with galleries of art at Kensington; and in another, the project which forms the subject of the present notice. For the first object, a valuable and extensive collection of specimens has already been formed, principally from the contents of the Exhibition building; and plans for a National Gallery, which will probably include sculpture and other works of art, are already being talked about. An amalgamation of the institutions proposed for this site, has long been demanded: it is to be regretted, however, as regards the scientific societies especially, that the advantages of a central situation are not obtained, whilst in other respects the site has not the advantages looked for from one in the country.

It will be recollected, that the materials of the building in Hyde Park remained the property of Messrs. Fox and Henderson, to whom (if we except suggestions as to the architectural design and decorations by others) the real merit of the work, such as it may have been, was due.—It was barely known that the building would have to be removed, when a company was formed to take it on a commercial speculation, and a prospectus was at once issued, with the names of a well-organised staff. The officers chosen had principally been connected with the Exhibition of 1851. The chairman was Mr. S. Laing, chairman of the London, Brighton, and North Coast Railway Company. Mr. John Scott Russell, late secretary to the Royal Commission of 1851, and Mr. Francis Fuller, one of the executive committee, were amongst the directors; and we also find set down the following:—Director of winter garden, park, and conserva-

Digitized by Google

tory, Sir Joseph Paxton; Director of works, Matthew Digby Wyatt (late secretary to the executive committee); Director of decorations, Owen Jones (who had designed and superintended the decoration of the former building); Secretary, George Grove, late secretary to the Society of Arts; and Contractors for the re-erection of the building, Fox, Henderson, and Co. Recent lists include the names of Charles Heard Wild (who also had been connected with the former building), as Engineer; Mr. Wyatt becoming a director of decorations; so that we are not aware to whom the credit of the important changes in the architectural features of the Sydenham building are mainly due, nor who is professionally responsible for the safety of the work in points, which a recent melancholy accident may have placed in doubt.

The tone of the prospectus appeared to be somewhat inflated; but really now does not seem to have been unwarrantably issued. Deeming that they took upon themselves, what in other countries would be the duty of a government, namely, provision for the masses of the people, of the means of recreation and instruction in their leisure hours, the directors fixed upon a beautiful spot, which by existing and extended railway communication could be made to London what Versailles is to Paris—"a place where the people may be admitted by thousands to all the enjoyments of art, of science, of beauty, of skill, and of mechanical invention; enjoyments hitherto accessible only to the educated, the refined, and the rich." Recreation, calculated at the same time to elevate and instruct, and to improve the heart, were to be open to those who have now little other resource from noisome courts and uncomfortable homes, but the gin-palace and the ale-house. The triumphs of industry and art, and the natural beauty of flowers, plants, and birds, were to be brought together. Externally, the park of 150 acres was to be filled with specimens of every tree and plant which could be found in England; and by the agency of steam and mechanical resources, the fountains of Versailles could be surpassed by such as would be the finest in the world. Internally, through all the inclemencies of the seasons, the visitors were to be gratified with a winter garden eighteen acres in extent, and periodical shows of flowers and plants were to be held. Sculpture, and casts of works by artists of every age and nation, were to occupy all parts of the building. The French, Germans, and Italians were to "cease to be the only European nations busy in educating the eye of the people for the appreciation of art and beauty." Models of machinery at work, records of progress in invention, and illustrations of the succession of stages in various manufactures, were to be shown.

Digitized by Google

In all these, great advantages seemed to be attainable by classification, which had been barely attempted in the Great Exhibition. Geology, mineralogy, and botany, were to be illustrated on a far greater scale than had ever before been attempted; and trees, plants, architecture, costumes, and manufactures, were to be so disposed, as to present, as far as practicable, a study of every country in the world.

The best description we could give of the present state of the project might be summed up in saying, that it does not show that any of these professions will not be followed up; whilst, in some respects, the plan has become much amplified. Nevertheless, a few details may be here recorded. The 500,000*l.* capital, in 100,000 shares of 5*l.* each, paid up in full (since increased to 750,000*l.*), was soon obtained; a charter was granted, and the first column was raised on the 5th August, 1852, in presence of a large concourse of persons eminent in the walks of literature and science, to about 600 of whom, a handsome entertainment was given by the contractors;—and though the original intention of opening in 1853 has not been realized, the speed with which the work will have been executed will be sufficiently marvellous, if what is now in hand be properly completed in May, 1854. The building in Hyde Park was not nearly completed at the time originally specified, nor was it quite so even at the day of opening; and in the present case it may be difficult enough, even with superior work, to prevent the admission of wet, which was the source of so much annoyance in the other case. Already, however, there is the best evidence of the interest which is taken in the scheme. The price of ground for building upon, in the neighbourhood has greatly increased; indeed, at the very commencement of their work, the Company disposed of 149 acres of surplus, at a profit of 51,000*l.* Every Sunday, the scene in the neighbourhood is not very unlike what was witnessed in Hyde Park.

The building is at the top of the hill on the west side of the Brighton Railway, and stands not quite north and south. From the west side, there is a noble view over Upper Norwood, and over London to the hills beyond, and on the east the prospect extends over "the garden of England." On this side is the park; and here the rapid descent of the ground at once rendered necessary an additional story, which is to be devoted to machinery, and to the various heating and steam apparatus.

Thus, with the other changes in the design and construction, opportunity has been taken to remedy some of the defects of the old building. The really meritorious features in the building in Hyde Park were the roof of the transept, and the fine effect of

Digitized by Google

perspective which so vast a number of columns, regularly disposed, admitted of. It was always a subject of regret that an arched roof did not cover the whole length of the nave, and it was further thought that the overlapping, so to speak, of the columns, as seen in the perspective of the farther end of the interior, was unfavourable to the effect. We ourselves might be of opinion, without thinking they should necessarily be reproduced, that these features had their own particular advantages. There was, however, great want of harmony between the roofs of the nave and transept. In the new building, therefore, a fine effect has been realized by carrying the arched roof (forty-four feet higher) over the whole length of the nave, and by projecting a pair of columns, twenty-four feet apart, for the support of the main arched ribs, eight feet in advance of every fourth twenty-four feet space throughout the length of the nave and transepts. Moreover, there are now three transepts, the centre one, as our readers have learned elsewhere, having to be covered by a roof with the enormous span of 120 feet. Roofs of that character, the Freemasons of the Middle Ages never attempted, although they raised vaultings of stone on slender supports to great heights. The centre transept reaches 200 feet or more in height, and the end transepts reach 150 feet. On the park side, externally, they have large arched recesses, twenty-four feet deep, enclosing open galleries, from which, as before intimated, there is a fine view over the county of Kent. With these alterations, the new building, though shorter than the old one by 240 feet, is a much greater work. Looking at a cross section of that last-mentioned building, it will be recollected that the two upper of the three stories, were "set back" from the front on each side, to a very considerable distance,—so that the effect of the vast size was never properly realized externally, and decorations intended to be seen were never seen at all. This, and the roofless appearance, were blunders which would have been quite inexcusable in any other case. Such mistakes in the present building have been to a great extent avoided; though the retention of the ridge and furrow system of roofing has not allowed the possibility of avoiding them altogether. The merits of this system, the sole peculiarity in the suggestion as made to the Building Committee, and that not the invention of Sir Joseph Paxton as asserted, we have never heard explained. Its defects must be great in reference to cost of keeping in repair; and by the use of it we lose the appearance of a roof, or the actual terrace, one or other of which would seem to be the proper termination to a building.

Digitized by Google

Adjoining the edifice at each end, but detached, is a lofty tower, formed by galleries of iron-work round a chimney. This structure is, we believe, to support a water-tank. The towers have as yet no great merit. One of them was originally intended to form the terminus to the branch railway, and was to be united by a covered way with the palace.

Standing upon one of the upper galleries in the building, the scene below is interesting to one who would continue the parallel which we suggested at the outset. Instead of progressing, with often a cessation of years, and then with works resumed in a new style of architecture, this great work grows steadily into realization. No work, probably, has given employment to a greater number of individuals, and yet in none have the mechanical resources for saving labour been developed to so great an extent.

Amongst the objects of interest in the interior, the principal are the courts representing separate styles of architecture, and filled with casts and objects of interest in the respective styles. The Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Moorish, Byzantine, and Norman, Mediæval, Renaissance, and Italian styles, have their respective localities. The collection of casts from statues and groups in all parts of Europe, and from architectural ornaments,—in extent, variety, and instructive value, is beyond the power of any description that we can here afford. The collection of busts of individuals of every age and country is the most extraordinary and interesting ever brought together.

In another part of the building a complete *fac simile* of part of a Pompeian house, with most elaborate and beautiful decorations, approaches completion. It is worthy of remark, as a matter which is highly suggestive, that the workmen employed, both here and in putting together the casts, are almost all foreigners.

But, *art* is not receiving exclusively, attention. Valuable statements of *desiderata* for the collection, in the departments of Ethnology, Raw Materials, and Natural History, have been issued, and much has already been got together. Life-sized representations of men of all countries are to be given, with the dress, arms, implements and utensils appertaining to them. Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fish and mollusca, are all to appear, as near as possible, in their natural state,—the fish as though in water. Representations of extinct animals, as the Megatherium, and Plesiosaurus, of their original dimensions, are in progress.

The directors are engaged upon a great design, one which, we believe, they sincerely put forth as something far beyond a

Digitized by Google

commercial speculation of theirs. Our manufacturers and inventors now require that publicity for their works which once they feared. The education of the large body of the people must be made a national concern, and have every facility which can be afforded. In knowledge of art, and especially of architecture, much has to be learned. Great part of the continent of Europe; America, and even Scotland within our reach, have all been long alive to the national importance of matters in education, which in England we still neglect. There is much lost ground to be recovered. Therefore, since the work has to be done, we are glad that, in one respect, means will be at our doors for doing that work in the best way, namely, by instruction through the eye.

But, more than this, the cities of our empire must no longer grow up at hap-hazard, and with all noxious elements, such as we hear of in Melbourne, and which are merely *less* obvious at home. As cities, positively they should possess advantages,—not become the *foci* of disease, of ignorance, and of degrading and brutalizing vice.

Recreation for the people is one of the points which must no longer be disregarded, and that must be of an elevating kind. The haughty indifference of classes one to another must be broken down. In truth, all, whether rich or poor, independent of labour or hard-handed, have much to learn — one from another.

The Crystal Palace Company are engaged in a great experiment, one which if it fail will be disastrous to them. We have every hope that the precedents of the attendance at the Great Exhibition, though apparently a peculiar case, have not been reasoned from unfairly; and so long as the directors are animated by their present spirit, they will have the best wishes, not only of ourselves, but, we may answer for it, of the entire body of Freemasons.

Digitized by Google

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS,

AND OF MATTERS CONNECTED WITH SCIENCE AND ART.

"Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is alone able to refresh and repair us."—*Ben Jonson's Discoveries.*

On the introduction of a new feature into a magazine, it has been the practice of editors, from time, we might almost say, immemorial, to make use of the opportunity thus afforded them of assuring the public how greatly they are likely to be advantaged, and how infinitely the work they have been pleased to patronize is about to be improved. We shall, however, in the present instance, pursue a different course, and neither extol the originality of the idea, by which we trust to attach an additional interest to our undertaking, nor draw upon our imagination for any brilliant picture of the benefits, which our subscribers are likely to derive from it. Our business is not to take credit for what may not perhaps be justly and exclusively due to us, nor to foreshadow in outline, what in the *end* we may not be able so completely to fill up with colour and shadow as we could wish. But it is our desire, as well as our design, to give our readers a general critical sketch of the state of literature, science, and art, *during* the intervals between the publication of each number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine;* and thus, by abridging the labour of those who, in this busy age, have but little time to exhaust the treasures, which progress in everything contributing to the happiness, knowledge, and amusement of man is hourly making, increase their gratification by affording them, without any very great call upon their attention or time, the means of acquiring such a general acquaintance with what is going on around and about them, in matters within the limits of our design, as they could not, perhaps, so usefully obtain from any other source. We shall, in short, endeavour, by careful and judicious notices, to give our readers an idea of what, in this age of authorship, is being written for their edification, and to furnish them with information of what is most interesting in the scientific and artistic world, and thus exhibit a bird's-eye view of the daily progress, in our own land, of all that is useful to know, or amusing to read, in the hope that the sketch may not prove without its value and instruction.

We shall begin our notice of the current literature of the day with that portion which treats of the history of past times, and introduces us, through the pages of Mr. Finlay's work, to an interesting account of the rise and fall of the Byzantine empire.* Most heartily do we welcome this accession to the historical literature of our country. It supplies *the* void which Gibbon left, and completes the account of Roman decadence, so that little remains to be desired. Mr. Finlay, however, is not

* "History of the Byzantine Empire, from DCCXVI. to MLVII." By G. Finlay. Blackwood.

Digitized by Google

content to let the loss of provinces, the ravages of Mahometans, or the incursions of Bulgarians, conclude the declension of this once favoured empire. It is not enough for him that the ruin which followed in the wake of corrupted morals and general effeminacy of manners should be simply acknowledged or only regretted. He raises the curtain, which even then hung over the last spot where Roman arms and civil administration yet lingered, and shows that some portion of that vigorous vitality, which made Rome mistress of the world, infused, even in the last agonies of dissolution, a transient energy, and the semblance of at least a material prosperity, into the Eastern empire, during the reigns of the Isaurian princes. The work is, moreover, full of light and easy historical narrative, with many characteristic sketches of incidents that are as romantic as the crimes with which they are distinguished are startling and terrible.

From this work we pass to Mr. Grote's eleventh volume of his "History of Greece,"* which includes the later years of the usurpation of Dionysius the elder, and the sixty years which end with the death of Timoleon and Philip of Macedon. We have, therefore, in the present volume, that charmed passage of Grecian history over which every school-boy loves to linger, because it describes the march of Xenophon and his handful of brave companions, and the first check given by Grecian valour to the might and power of Persia. In the character of Xenophon, Mr. Grote draws the picture of the true democrat of classic times. In the chivalrous soldier, we have the free citizen, the patriot, and the orator combined. For him Grecian education did its utmost; and it was only when the military spirit of Greece gradually sank, after Alexander's destruction of the Persian host, before the inordinate pursuit of wealth, and the advent of literature and learning, that the race of Xenophons became extinct, and the glories of Greece gradually died away. Of Demosthenes, Mr. Grote speaks with hearty and unqualified admiration. The narrative of his life and administration is a masterpiece, excelled by nothing that Mr. Grote has hitherto written throughout the whole of this delightful work. We are inspired with the eloquence, by which the mighty orator and the profound statesman sought to move his countrymen to action; and with him groan in mournful sympathy over the decline of Athenian spirit, which led to the transfer of the duties of soldiership from the citizen militia into the hands of paid mercenaries and foreign legions.

From Greece to France is a rapid transition; yet Miss Louisa Stuart Costello's amusing compilation of anecdote and history, entitled "Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Burgundy,"† is deserving of mention, if it cannot claim a high place among the historical literature of the day. There is hardly any period of French history more interesting than that, in which the daughter of Charles le Téméraire played no unimportant part. She was, if we are to believe her biographer, her father's idol; though he showed his affection in a rather unusual manner, by using her as a snare to entrap the surrounding potentates into lending themselves to his schemes of territorial aggrandisement. Miss Costello's work, though not a profound, is a pleasant piece of biography, gleaned from sources in themselves not worth the trouble of exploring; and if we are not treated to any very elaborate discussions on matters more nearly connected with politics, or to surmises touching the end and aim of the far-sighted cunning of Louis, the master of State craft, we are amused with abundance

* "History of Greece." By G. Grote. Vol. XI. Murray.

† "Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Burgundy and her Contemporaries." By L. S. Costello. Bentley.

Digitized by Google

of living anecdote and pleasing observations on matters more feminine, if not equally important.

We pass, then, to Scotland, and with the valuable assistance of Mr. Burton,* glance over the more important fragments of Jacobin history. His work embraces that period during which the real union of England and Scotland existed in name, but was only gradually becoming a reality, so far as the people of each kingdom were concerned. It traces also the growth of the present church establishment in Scotland, and, without fear or prejudice, gives a calm and impartial account of the rise and progress of ecclesiastical affairs, after the religious settlement occasioned by the revolution; while throughout the whole are interspersed a great many curious and interesting facts and anecdotes, which will well repay perusal. For instance, there is a lively description of the "entertainments" which, in 1745, one Mr. Peter Williamson, a kidnapped Aberdeen boy, and subsequently a Virginian slave, gave, "*à la Albert Smith*," of his adventures and sufferings to a wondering audience; and at the time, we are told, he excited as lively an interest, and as intense a sensation, in the various towns of North Britain, as the Wizard of Mont Blanc has done in our own times in these more southern latitudes.

From Mr. Forsyth's pen we have a "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena,"† written, we should imagine, to confound Mr. O'Meara, if he had been alive, and to exalt Sir Hudson Lowe, at the expense of the Whig wits of the period. It is, however, an interesting, and what is more to the purpose, a truthful and unprejudiced work, full of incidents during the most painful period of a great man's life. Napoleon's confinement in St. Helena is treated according to a view now generally taken of it, as a political necessity; while Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, exaggerated as it undoubtedly was, is correctly attributed to an inordinate sense of the responsibility which his trust imposed upon him, and also in a great measure to the ill-humour of the emperor himself. Nevertheless, no one can do otherwise than lament the governor's want of judgment, as well as the impolicy of allowing himself to be drawn into personal altercations with either his prisoner or his attendants. On the whole, the book cannot be considered in any other light than an acquisition, and as throwing a new light on a period of history, of which more that is false has been written and said than can well be imagined. With this work the more strictly historical productions of the last three months may be said to close.

In the fertile field of biographical memoirs we have first to notice Mr. Tom Taylor's "Life and Autobiography of the Painter Haydon."‡ To call this an interesting work, we must pre-suppose that every reader of it has more or less affection for the memory of the man whose struggles with the world, and with himself, it so carefully records. Mr. Taylor has executed a painful and a melancholy task with considerable skill and judgment; and we are glad that he has left to the reader the liberty of forming an opinion of the genius and character of a man whose wasted powers, terrible disappointments, and tragical death, did more to render him an object of interest than any particular merit of his own. The fact is, that Haydon was cursed, if we may be allowed to use so strong an

---

* "History of Scotland from the Revolution of the last Jacobite Insurrection (1689—1748)." By J. H. Burton. Longmans.

† "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." By W. Forsyth. Murray.

‡ "Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon; Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals." Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. 3 vols. Longmans.

Digitized by Google

expression, with the belief that he possessed all the powers of a great artist, who was never able to express on canvas all that he felt excellent and perfect in his art. He considered himself, as he expressed it, "a man of great powers, excited to an art which limits their exercise;" and in this belief, doubtless, was concealed the secret of all his many disappointments, and vain aspirations after excellence and perfection. That Haydon was a man of genius no one will question; but he was also a being of a very peculiar temperament; and there are many passages in his life, which might have been just as well passed over and forgotten. The work, however, is full of anecdote, and abounds in interesting notices of men and events, which will always cause it to be read even by those who may be inclined to think less of the unfortunate painter than Mr. Tom Taylor himself does.

From the charmed pen of the author of "Vanity Fair,"* we have the substance of a series of lectures, delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America, on the English humorists of the last century. To call this a lively and interesting work, is to give but a very faint idea of its excellence in point of style, truthfulness, and powerful portraiture of the times and men of which it treats. Mr. Thackeray introduces us not only to individuals, but also places us in the midst of the times in which they lived and had their being; he makes us sympathise with their sufferings, when shrinking from the neglect, or mayhap from the withering sarcasm, of their contemporaries, as well as with their delight when triumphing over rival wits; in excess of joy at having proved themselves victorious in the gay struggles of humour, for which the last century was famous. As a matter of dry fact, it may perhaps be said, that Mr. Thackeray has too high an opinion of the morality and intellect of the times of which he writes. Confining himself to the most brilliant men of the age, he seems apt to conclude that the general intellectual standard of the nation was equally high, forgetting, apparently, that those, of whom his sketches are real portraits, shone as bright particular stars in a firmament, which had little that was either particularly dazzling or truly imposing to recommend it. To all those, however, who have the taste to appreciate, and the sense to understand the sound feeling, delicate irony, and profound knowledge of human life, with which every page of this charming book is full, its perusal is a treat, enhanced by the information and instruction it affords, and rendered all the more attractive by being conveyed in a style which is simple without being bold, and familiar without being careless or flippant.

From Mr. Thackeray's humorists we then turn to two masterly essays, by the late Mr. Napier, on Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon,† which for clearness and simplicity are, in our opinion, almost unequalled. It is not, perhaps, fair to give to these admirable sketches the authoritative title of biographies; yet they possess in the highest degree the essential characteristics of all good memoir-writing, namely, sound and solid information, derived from a careful examination of authorities, and an earnest mode of communicating it.

We wish we could say as much for Dr. Vaughan's "Wycliffe,"‡ which,

---

* "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century; a Series of Lectures delivered by W. M. Thackeray, Esq." Smith, Elder, and Co.

† "Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh." By the late Manry Napier, Esq. Macmillan and Co.

‡ "John de Wycliffe, D.D.; a Monograph." By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Seeleys.

Digitized by Google

although light reading enough, is neither worthy of the reputation of the writer, nor the dignity of the subject. Perhaps the Doctor thought that his previous biography of the great Reformer was sufficiently full of detail to excuse the omission of much that would have contributed to render the present volume interesting as well as instructive. From the title we were led to expect some particulars of Wycliffe himself; and from the contents we are fain to rest dissatisfied with some not very connected remarks upon Wycliffe's opinions on matters of theological importance; and a few valuable passages corrective of some errors which previous writers had fallen into, relative to what they were pleased to consider a want of consistency and firmness on the part of the "Father of the Puritans," as Wycliffe is often called, in his views on doctrinal subjects. As a summary, however, of the great Reformer's character and opinions, the work is not wholly without its value; although a great deal more might have been usefully said and written on the subject, while Dr. Vaughan, with all his opportunities and his talent, was about it.

The life of Bishop Bathurst,* by his daughter, is that of an excellent liberal-minded prelate, who, in an age when it was not so much the fashion as it fortunately is at present to be tolerant, distinguished *himself* by acting up worthily to the lessons it was his great privilege to teach, and setting an example of purity of character and kindness of heart, which the leading members of every church would do well to imitate. If Mrs. Thistlewaite does not attempt to make the world believe that her father was more of a man of genius and learning than he really was, she shows him by every word and act to have been eminently a good man. As a shepherd, he performed his duties with singular earnestness and simplicity; as a husband and father, his conduct was beyond all praise; and as a bishop, his life is one bright example for his successors to follow.

In Church history † we have a work by the Rev. A. Martineau, purporting to be a popular history of the Church in England from the first probable introduction of Christianity to the period of the Reformation; in which, while a thoroughly earnest and Protestant view is taken, there is no abuse of Romanism; and although the errors which sprang from it, and the vices of the clergy, are clearly pointed out, full credit is given to the useful influence exercised by the Church of Rome during the dark ages. The subject is treated well, and with unusual moderation and liberality.

Archdeacon Forster has developed his own views respecting the rules which should govern the interpretation of Holy Scripture, in a volume entitled "The Apocalypse its own Interpreter;" ‡ and Dr. Cumming has published half a dozen discourses upon the favourite Egyptian exclamation, "The Finger of God." §

Amongst the most interesting of the books of travel, which have been brought under our notice during the last three months, are two single volumes, descriptive of expeditions in search of Sir J. Franklin. "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski," ‖ by Lieut. Hooper, is a clever

---

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich." By his Daughter. Bentley.

† "Church History in England, from the Earliest Times." By the Rev. A. Martineau.

‡ "The Apocalypse its own Interpreter." By the Ven. Archdeacon Forster.

§ "The Finger of God." By the Rev. J. Cumming.

‖ "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski." By Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R. N. Murray.

Digitized by Google

little work, full of incidents of peril and privation, interspersed here and there with short characteristic notices of the Tuski, a people inhabiting the extreme East and North of Asia, and bearing some resemblance to the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, although more civilized. Mr. Hooper, it appears, belonged to the "Herald" surveying-ship, and was ordered in 1849 to take the command of a boat-expedition to search the shores of North America, and, if practicable, to explore the unknown land to the north of the continent. As was almost expected, difficulties of the kind that have hitherto baffled every Arctic voyager prevented the accomplishment of this undertaking; but nevertheless, Mr. Hooper has very successfully managed to acquire a good deal of information about the Tuski, amongst whom he was forced to reside for some little time, the full benefit of which he gives us in the volume we are now noticing. They are a race higher in the scale of civilization than the Esquimaux, possessing amongst them some signs of wealth, living in tents that have separate apartments in them, and having crude ideas on what may be called the rougher observances of life. Many of them carry on a trade; some live by manufacturing sledges, cars, and warlike and hunting instruments; and others tame and breed reindeer for sledge-drawing; while the poorest own dogs. Moreover, curious as it may seem, Mr. Hooper gives us more than one instance of the drama being in an incipient state of being, highly amusing and interesting.

Captain Inglefield's book * is also a brief, spirited account of a summer voyage in the Arctic regions, undertaken voluntarily in a small screw steamer, provided by Lady Franklin. It appears that he penetrated through Smith's Sound, thus disabusing the notion that it was only a narrow strait, or a deep bay; and, curiously enough, reached a climate very different from what he had hitherto experienced. The rocks were of a natural colour, nor was herbage wanting; a most agreeable change, he assures us, from the eternal ice and snow by which he had been surrounded. Unfortunately, a gale of wind prevented him from proceeding farther; and thus both he and Lieutenant Hooper, while they have added something to our stores of knowledge, have been unable to discover the faintest traces of the missing hero and his gallant companions.

From the ice-bound regions of the North, it is pleasant travelling to the sunny plains of smiling Spain, although, to speak the truth, we would rather not journey with Mr. Cayley † until he has married the object of his affections, and therefore less likely to bore both his companions and his readers with his very dear "Mabel," and his hopes and fears about her happiness, &c. &c. Nevertheless, Mr. Cayley is a clever writer, and a good hand at making the best of a dull story; and he has, moreover, had the enterprise and the good sense to deviate from the beaten track of ordinary tourists, and to strike into the byways of travel. The consequence is, that he has drawn, for the amusement of all those who have any interest in matters Peninsular, a lively sketch of genuine Spanish life, and many a pretty picture of the charming country through which he wended his way.

Equally interesting, and still more attractive from the number and beauty of the wood-cuts and lithographed drawings, which are plentifully interspersed throughout the work, is Lady Louisa Tenison's "Castile and

* "A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin." By Commander E. A. Inglefield, R.N. Harrison.

† "Las Alforjas, or the Bridle Roads of Spain." By G. J. Cayley. 2 vols. Bentley.

Digitized by Google

Andalusia."* Her ladyship, pursuing her vocation of an amateur landscape artist, has found in Spain all that she could wish for; and in grateful return for the scenes of surpassing loveliness with which Dame Nature gratified her insatiable love of the picturesque, we have a book teeming with admiration for all that is good and excellent in that favoured land; and gently forgetful of the many drawbacks which a bad government and a mutative spirit of commercial monopoly has entailed upon it.

From old Spain the genius of travel bids us accompany her across the ocean to a distant continent, and with Mr. Palliser explore the prairies of America,† in pursuit of the buffalo and the grisly bear. Like a true hunter, as he doubtless is, this gentleman seems to have rambled over hill and dale, rifle in hand, content to dine off wolf chops preparatory to an encounter with the evil spirit of the Rocky Mountains, in the shape of a huge bear, or a still more terrible brush with a band of Red Indians. Yet in spite of these little excitements, Mr. Palliser seems to have had an eye to the scenery in the midst of which they took place, and of which he has given us several living sketches. A description also of Indian and trading life forms a part of the work; and several shrewd observations, showing that the author is something of a naturalist as well as a hunter, are interspersed with incidents of travel on the Western rivers, in the neighbourhood of slave-loving New Orleans. Altogether, the book furnishes an amusing narrative of field sports in the far West, well deserving the perusal of those who have a taste for them.

Dr. Forbes,‡ also, has favoured us with a sketch of his travels, somewhat nearer home than those of Mr. Palliser, and in default of bears and wolves, has provided a genial sketch of the state of Ireland, through the length and breadth of which he and his companions strolled together during the autumn of last year. Like the tour in Switzerland, by the same author, the book is more than a pleasing account of a vacation trip. It abounds, in truth, with the careful results of shrewd observation upon men and things; and is calculated, if people will only read it as it deserves to be read, to dispel many foolish prejudices against Ireland, and to open up to English lovers of the picturesque and beautiful many a pleasing journey, as far out of the line of ordinary tourists as Norway, or the Arctic regions. Moreover, it will set to rights a few very wrong notions about Irish landlordism and tenantism, and some few other *isms* bearing on the political and social condition of the sister isle, which cannot be too soon got rid of.

Properly speaking, Colonel Churchill's "Mount Lebanon"§ has no very distinct claim to be ranked amongst travels, since it is rather the result of a long residence under the cedars of that noted mount than of any journeying thither or thence. Unfortunately, also, the work is rather a heavy one, although full of valuable information upon a vast variety of subjects; and for this reason a summary of its contents is altogether out of the question. The least we could say of it, were we to attempt the task, would occupy more space than we can conveniently spare, and certainly more than our readers could get through with anything like patience; for

---

* "Castile and Andalusia." By Lady Louisa Tenison. Bentley.

† "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser, Esq. Murray.

‡ "Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852." By John Forbes, M.D. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

§ "Mount Lebanon; a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852." By Col. Churchill. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

Digitized by Google

the Colonel not only gives a description of the surrounding country, but he goes into all the particulars about the different sects of religionists, and the innumerable number of superstitious tenets which they hold, the variety of laws and customs they observe, the relative antiquity and origin of the several races, besides several long discourses upon land-tenure, tenant-right, and modes of provincial government.

It is a relief, therefore, to turn off into Turkey proper, and with the assistance of Mr. Crowe,* and Mr. Bayle St. John,† not forgetting the melancholy effusion of Mr. Faber,‡ learn something of the true state of the case between the Porte and the Czar. And the first thing that strikes us is the identity of opinion entertained by the two former of these gentlemen regarding the precarious position of Mussulman rule in Europe. Mr. Crowe takes, it is true, the bolder course, and declares it to be his opinion that war alone can save the Turkish empire, even for a time; while Mr. St. John, with no very great inclination to save it at all, prophesies its downfall on the bare presumption of its internal rottenness. Without meaning to disparage the work of the latter author, for it is really a clever little book, though it should be read with caution, we should advise our readers to trust themselves and their judgments to Mr. Crowe in preference to Mr. St. John. From the first page to the last of Mr. Crowe's book, there is a calm spirit of investigation, an accurate calculation of chances and data, and an intimate knowledge of the spirit of European policy since the general peace, which places the reader almost immediately *au fait* with all that it is most essential for him to know at the present moment. The picture which is drawn of Turkey, socially and politically, is a true one; and so also are those which depict Greece and its king, and Russia and its Czar; while interspersed throughout the whole are graphic sketches of the places the writer visited, and many admirable comments and reflections on the nations of the Mediterranean.

M. Demidoff's Southern Russia,§ although decidedly stale, is not wholly uninteresting at the present moment, on account of the description which it contains of the provinces on the Danube now in the occupation of Russia. Yet the reader of it must not forget that fourteen important years have passed away since it was written, and that changes of no insignificant character have taken place, not only in the provinces themselves, but in the other countries with which they had, and still have to a much larger extent, commercial relations. Still the work is a valuable one, and from it the reader may learn to estimate how far these provinces are in a fit state for the independence, which is perhaps at this moment on the eve of being offered them.

With Mr. Watson's "Cruise in the Ægean,"‖ and Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Rambles,"¶ the more strictly itinerant (to use an expressive word in a wrong place) literature of the last three months is brought to an end. The former work is partially new ground beyond the reach of ordinary

---

* "The Greek and the Turk; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant." By Evans Eyre Crowe. Bentley.

† "The Turks in Europe." By Bayle St. John. Chapman and Hall.

‡ "The Pretended Downfall of the Turkish Empire the Preparation for the Return of the Ten Tribes." By G. S. Faber, B.D. Bosworth.

§ "Travels in Southern Russia, through Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, during the Year 1837." By Mons. A. de Demidoff. Mitchell.

‖ "A Cruize in the Ægean." By W. Watson. Harrison.

¶ "A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast." By P. H. Gosse. Van Voorst.

Digitized by Google

tourists; but even then Mr. Watson draws more from memory of what others have written and said upon the subject, than from his own observation, and not unfrequently betrays a most unaccountable carelessness in his descriptions, pardonable enough in a private journal, but not exactly to be tolerated in a published work; and this is the more to be regretted, as it is evident he has the power as well as the information, if he would only make a proper use of both, of imparting additional interest to his travels by just taking the pains to note accurately what he did see, and quote correctly from authentic sources such things as he did not see; but which he, nevertheless, thinks it necessary to describe. The author of the "Rambles of a Naturalist," on the other hand, is as careful as Mr. Watson is the reverse. Every thought and observation is accurately noted, and whether it be a landscape or a zoöphyte, we may be certain that the description is a true one. Moreover, Mr. Gosse has had the good taste to make his book a readable one to non-naturalist readers; and thus he tempts those, who probably would only take it up to enliven an idle moment, to continue its perusal, in the hope and with the feeling that they are really learning a good deal of what they knew nothing beforehand, and thus laying the foundations of what may be a source of pleasure and gratification at some future moment.

Of all books, novels are the most difficult to review; first, because without we give the whole tale, extracts are, generally speaking, wholly without interest, and the fine bits, if they do not happen to have a decidedly intimate connection with the thread of the story, are always "skipped;" and secondly, because it is unfair to take the merit of telling the tale out of the author's mouth by comprising it all into one or two octavo pages—a matter of no very great difficulty at the best of times, or with the works of the best authors. We shall, therefore, confine our critical notices of such as have meteor-like appeared during the last three months, to a comparative estimate of their respective merits, with some few observations upon their faults and excellencies. And first in order, we will draw our readers' attention to "Cranford,"* by the authoress of "Mary Barton," than which a more delicately pencilled sketch of men, women, and of manners, with all of which we are most of us more or less acquainted, does not exist anywhere or in any language. This is high praise; but we feel it to be richly earned. "Cranford" is not a romantic novel; but is a tale of every-day interest, and a startling picture of life in its best reality, with all its weaknesses, with all its goodness, and with all its truthfulness. It lacks, perhaps, the gorgeous descriptions, the intricate plot, and the studied *fantoccini* attitudes, which distinguish the orthodox romances of the day; but it more than replaces all these by the unpretending simplicity of its style, the more than accurate expression given to the feelings of a class of people with whom we are all in the habit of associating, but of whose excellent qualities, alas! we know but little; and the variety of the natural pictures of life, which it so modestly submits to our criticism and kindness. In spite of ourselves we feel interested in all that is said, done, and felt in the quiet little town of Cranford—we sympathize with the dear old spinsters when, in spite of all their precautions, they let out their little foibles and vanities, and who make up the sum total of all the active life in the place—we listen to their quiet talk, we grieve with them over the bustle and hurry in which Bumble, the adjacent town, "only twenty miles removed by rail," appears

* "Cranford." By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. Chapman and Hall.

Digitized by Google

to be constantly plunged; and we as acutely feel, as did dear Miss Matey herself, the failure of the county bank, and the sad loss and distress it brought upon all the industrious middle classes in her immediate neighbourhood. It is almost needless to say, that this charming little work first appeared in "Household Words," for in that excellent magazine it had thousands and thousands of warm admirers and attentive readers. Still, if any yet remain to whom "Cranford" is a novelty, we bid them take it up, nor stand upon the order of their reading, but to read it at once.

As "Cranford" described life in a provincial town, so "Charles Delman"* is descriptive of life, and by that is meant, in this instance, political life, in the metropolis. It is eminently "a story of the day," in which the actors, with a few exceptions, are living personages, of whom the world talks, and who themselves talk occasionally to good purpose, in both actual society and in Parliament. Whether they like to see their portraits sketched by a powerful hand, and thus exposed to public view and criticism, is a question with which we have nothing to do. We only wish, for his own sake, that the author was more hopeful, or had suffered less disappointment in political life than we are inclined to think he has done. Throughout the work there is a tone of vexation, which is dispiriting, and a hollow sneer at honourable ambition, which is not exactly agreeable; nevertheless, the work is an able one, full of thought, originality, and knowledge of human nature, and abounds in quiet reflections on men and things, which are never wholly without interest or aim. By far the most interesting characters in the book are Charles Delman, intended to represent the late excellent Charles Buller, and Mr. Jacobi, or, in other words, Mr. D'Israeli. The last scene of all in the life of the former is exquisitely touching; and the political atheism of the latter, if not very praiseworthy, has a good deal of the truth of reality. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of mania at the present day to convert the incidents of actual life into a romance. To judge from the number, we should be half inclined to believe that we lived in an age similar to that of the Troubadours and Crusaders, when every man would make his life into a romance, and only required a chronicler to convert it into a novel. Now men perform this latter office for themselves. And so in fact it is, although, in nine cases out of ten, the romance of a man's life in the nineteenth century is one in which sorrow and oppression play by far too great a part.

"Lorenzo Benoni,"† is the true account of the sufferings of an Italian patriot under foreign oppression. It is a tale of sorrow, yet so graceful, and full of earnest truth in every part, that we know not, in spite of the absorbing interest which hangs on the greater portion of it, whether to call it an autobiography or a novel. In one sense it is the former, for it requires but little astuteness to pierce the thin veil which shrouds the chief actors, or to mistake the despotism which nipped in their bud the youthful aspirations of Benoni after liberty, and delivered him body, but not soul, into the hands of the oppressors of Italy. As a sketch of the political and social wrongs under which the ablest men of Italy have now so long laboured, it will well repay perusal; and as a romance full of startling interest, stands second to none in modern times.

---

* "Charles Delman; a Story of the Day." 2 vols. Bentley.

† "Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian." Edited by a Friend. Constable and Co.

Digitized by Google

The "Clintons,"* "Sir Frederick Derwent,"† "Electra,"‡ "The Maiden's Town,"§ "The Young Heiress,"‖ "The Maid of Florence,"¶ "Fortune,"** and the "Life of Silas Barnstarke,"†† are a strange medley. The first is a semi-religious novel, in which two young ladies discard their lovers, the one for being too religious, and the other for not being sufficiently so. The second is full of mystery, one or two duels, and a return to life under somewhat peculiar circumstances; and the remainder are genuine novels, with the fair complement of love scenes, difficulties and dangers, and happy terminations. The "Life of Silas Barnstarke," however, is an exception. It is the life of a man devoted to the acquisition of wealth, in whom every other feeling is dead, and whose influence on those around him is as baneful as his own self-caused misery is complete. In a literary point of view, the work is entitled to praise, the author keeping his object steadily in view, and drawing a healthy moral from his tale.

Amongst the most interesting works in what may not be inaptly termed the miscellaneous department of literature, are Mr. Urquhart's volume on "Russia's Designs and Progress,"‡‡ and Mr. W. S. Lauder's "Imaginary Conversations."§§ The former having very correct notions on the recent "diplomatic blunder;" and the latter being determined to force a taste for semi-English classics on the good practical people of England. Both are clever works in their way; only Mr. Urquhart is somewhat too prosy, and Mr. Lauder a great deal too learned. Mr. Bruce's work on "Classic and Historic Portraits,"‖‖ is full of amusing parallels, and if not very profound or carefully written, is well planned and tastefully executed. The Rev. Alexander Dyce's "Notes on Shakespeare,"¶¶ are so many blows levelled at poor Mr. J. P. Collier; although we are bound to acknowledge that they show singular ingenuity in solving some difficulties connected with the text, and very considerable knowledge of the writings and language of the early English writers. Mr. Fletcher's "Autobiography of a Missionary,"* is more than half a romance, derived from a series of events in a missionary's life of daily occurrence; and cleverly made up from foreign experiences, for the most part the result of actual observation. Captain Chesterton's "Peace, War, and Adventure,"† is a series

* "The Clintons; or, Drops and Shadows of Life." 3 vols. Bentley.

† "Sir Frederick Derwent." A Novel. By the Author of "Fabian's Town." 3 vols. Newby.

‡ "Electra; a Story of Modern Times." By the Author of "Rockingham." With Illustrations, by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. 3 vols. Bentley.

§ "The Maiden's Town." By Emilie Carlen. 3 vols. Bentley.

‖ "The Young Heiress." By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

¶ "The Maid of Florence." By the Marquis d'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate.

** "Fortune; a Romance of Real Life." By D. J. Coulton, Esq. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

†† "The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke; a Story of the Seventeenth Century." By Talbot Gwynne. Smith, Elder, and Co.

‡‡ "Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South." By David Urquhart. Trübner and Co.

§§ "Imaginary Conversations." By W. J. Lauder. Moxon.

‖‖ "Classic and Historic Portraits." By J. Bruce. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

¶¶ "A Few Notes on Shakspeare." By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Russell Smith.

* "The Autobiography of a Missionary." By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

† "Peace, War, and Adventure." By George Laval Chesterton. 2 vols. Longmans.

Digitized by Google

of sketches of campaigns in the Peninsula, in North America, in France, and in South America, together with several adventures of a personal character, concluding with the experiences of a London prison, of which the captain is, for what we know to the contrary, still a governor. The "Castlereagh Correspondence,"* is a vast undigested mass of letters and despatches, of which something might have been made if the noble editor had thought it right to give the work the necessary time and labour; as it is, no one is ever likely to wade through the collection, nor indeed would he derive much profit from the performance of the Herculean task, without he had as much knowledge of all the events and transactions there alluded to, as the writer himself had.

In poetry and verse there is little that is really worthy the attention of our readers. Robertson's translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"† like every other attempt to render it into English (and several have been made), is marred by the scrupulous fidelity which the translator endeavours to attain, and which, though to a certain extent meritorious, detracts greatly from the pleasure with which an English reader would read the poem. It is, however, the best that has been done; and undoubtedly great credit is due to Captain Robertson for the sincere zeal and generous admiration with which he has followed every line of the original.

To notice all the serial publications of the day is a task which fairly sets us at defiance, so numerous are they, and so rapidly do works of this description follow upon one another. The volumes of the railway libraries and shilling series of all kinds may now be counted by hundreds, and they are daily on the increase. The best of the former description are unquestionably those of Messrs. Longman, Murray, and Chapman and Hall; and of the latter, Mr. Bohn, Messrs. Ingram and Cooke, Messrs. Routledge, and Mr. Bentley, carry off the palm.

Of scientific works the Messrs. Reeve have lately published some very excellent treatises on elementary and practical geology‡ and botany.§ To these gentlemen, those who take an interest in such studies are largely indebted. Much has been already done to popularize science; and it is works such as these that prompt active minds to engage in pursuits adding materially to the sum total of human knowledge. We must not forget Dr. Cocks's work on sea-weeds,‖ a clever and ably written volume, intended alike for the collector and student.

In the department of practical science, the last three months have been unusually bald, there being literally nothing of sufficient novelty to call for even a short notice.

Perhaps one of the most interesting Exhibitions connected with matters of art is that which has been lately held at Gore House; where, under the superintendence of the Department of Science and Practical Art, several magnificent and interesting specimens of cabinet work, furniture, and tapestry, as well as works, the production of students in the schools of art receiving Parliamentary grants, have been displayed. Mr. Redgrave in the introduction to the catalogue thus describes the collection:—"The styles," he says, "principally represented are

---

* "Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers, of Viscount Castlereagh." Edited by his Brother. In 12 vols. Murray.

† "The Jerusalem of Torquato Tasso." Translated by Capt. Alexander Robertson. Blackwood and Sons.

‡ "Popular Physical Geology." By J. Bute Jukes. Reeve and Co.

§ "Popular Economic Botany." By T. C. Archer. Reeve and Co.

‖ "The Seaweed Collector's Guide." By J. Cocks. Van Voorst.

Digitized by Google

Italian, German, French, and English Renaissance, sixteenth and seventeenth century; and French furniture of the period of Louis XIV. and XV., and the latter period of the French monarchy, until the end of the last century;" and from all these, we may add, many ideas of beauty, simplicity of form, and elegant workmanship, have been conveyed to minds practically engaged in the production of similar articles. In the second part of the collection, the display made of the progress of the students was most satisfactory, and if greater evidence of what industry could accomplish than what taste could design was visible, there were also signs of a dawning power, which it is the object of the schools to foster and mature.

The Fejérvary Museum has also attracted considerable attention; consisting as it did of several specimens of art from all parts of the ancient world, and intended to illustrate some most excellent lectures by M. Pulsky on archæology and the history of art, which were most admirably delivered, and we are glad to say, well attended. M. Pulsky's theory on the philosophy of art is as simple as it is, we believe, correct. He starts with the belief that art has a higher aim than mere observation, amusement, or pleasure. It is in fact, he tells us, connected with all the religious, political, and social institutions of a country. It marks its progress in civilization, and faithfully bears to the end of time the true index to the character of each particular people. It follows, therefore, that mere imitation on the part of artists, is degrading and beneath the dignity and purpose of art. We may copy excellencies and learn to appreciate details, but it must also be our aim to lead as well as follow, and to labour up to the requirement of the age in which we live.

Mr. Layard's views of the monuments of Nineveh are perfect models of drawing as well as of lithography; and as every ornament which covered an Assyrian wall is supposed to have had a distinct and settled meaning, plenty of opportunity is now afforded to all who are curious in such matters to study the strange histories, and perhaps still stranger facts, connected with science and art which yet lie concealed, enveloped in all the mystery attaching to everything we yet know of that far-famed buried world.

We cannot conclude these brief notices of matters connected with art, without calling attention to the fact of four new pictures being added to the collection in the National Gallery. The first is "An Adoration of One of the Three Kings," ascribed to Giorgini. The second, "Christ Driving the Money-changers from the Temple," by Jacopo Bassano. The third, a Spanish picture from Louis Philippe's sale—"St. Francis in Prayer," by Zurbaran. And the fourth, "A View of Rome," by Joseph Vernet.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE EDITOR *does not hold himself responsible for any opinions entertained by Correspondents.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I BEG to trespass on your pages, in order to direct the attention of the Craft to a point which I consider of no small importance. Without further preamble I will go at once *in medias res*, and state that the point to which I wish to call attention is the manner in which the Lodges of Instruction in London are conducted. I do not hesitate to say that their conduct is disgraceful and degrading to the Craft; and moreover affords a handle, which the enemies of Freemasonry are only too glad to use against it. Before stating the cause of complaint, I must name as an honourable exception the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, working under the sanction of the Lodge of Unions, No. 318; the numerous merits and excellent order of which Lodge are, I believe, known and appreciated throughout the kingdom; and also, I believe, the Lodge of Instruction, which works under the sanction of the Lodge of Stability, No. 264.

There are, besides these two, twenty-seven other Lodges of Instruction in London and the London district; and it is these that I wish to mention. I write, in part from personal observation, in part from general and uncontradicted report. I will describe to you what I myself experienced on visiting *one* of these Lodges of Instruction. After satisfactory proof that I was a Mason, I was proceeding to clothe myself as usual, when to my surprise I was informed that Masonic clothing was unnecessary. I was then requested to enter the Lodge and salute the Worshipful Master; but as he was not distinguishable through the dense and almost suffocating cloud of tobacco-smoke which filled the room, I found some difficulty in saluting in the proper direction. However, as I wished to hear the work, I took my seat, especially as the sections of the second degree were being worked, which are difficult, and therefore not usually so well managed as the others. I must do them the justice to say that the work was really well done; but its concomitants were anything but Masonic. When I was able to look about me a little, I perceived that the Worshipful Master and Wardens wore aprons and collars, and the Inner Guard an apron; no one else had on any Masonic clothing whatever, and some not even all their ordinary clothing, for I counted

Digitized by Google

five Brethren with their coats off, and one (shame on him!) had his waistcoat off, his braces thrown back, and his shirt unbuttoned. Every one was furnished with a cigar or pipe, and also with spirits and water, &c., according to his taste. One of the Brethren was acting as serving Brother (I suppose he was a waiter of the house where the Lodge met), and went out from time to time to supply the various wants of the Brethren.

Can you, Sir, imagine anything worse than this? Is it not giving an opponent just reason to say that Freemasons make their Lodge meetings an excuse for drinking and smoking? And this takes place, not when the Lodge is closed, or called to refreshment, but while actual business is being transacted, "while the Lodge is engaged in what is serious and solemn." I cannot see upon what ground such proceedings can be for an instant defended; they give real cause for scandal against the Order, lower the character of Freemasonry to the level of a boozing club, and are undoubtedly in themselves injurious habits. Some may say that such customs induce Brethren to attend Lodge, who would otherwise stay away;—let them stay away rather than act thus.

Such habits, moreover, are enough to make the ladies completely set *their* faces against the Craft; for it is not very likely that an evening so begun will end with the closing of the Lodge; and what wife can be expected to entertain a friendly feeling towards a society, which she regards merely as a club, which keeps her husband out late at night, and returns him to her reeking with spirits and tobacco? What a contrast does the Emulation Lodge of Improvement present, the members of which always disperse by ten o'clock at the latest, after an hour or two of innocent and intellectual recreation, unpolluted by such practices as I have mentioned. To take no higher ground, it is a mere act of policy to act up to our own declaration—

> "No mortal can more
> The Ladies adore,
> Than a free and accepted Mason,"

by paying some deference to their feelings, and to endeavour to secure their good offices and kindly sympathy, by abandoning such practices, and closing our Lodges and returning home at a seemly hour. Then, and not till then, may we expect the large portion of the fair sex, who at present look with suspicion on the Craft, to look upon *it* with a favourable and friendly eye.

Many of your readers have, I doubt not, felt indignant on reading the description of the Scotch Lodges in "Fellow-craft's" letters in some former numbers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine;* but those Brethren, who have not visited the London Lodges of Instruction, have yet to learn that the same thing described in "Fellow-craft's" letters occur almost nightly in England,—nightly! Yes; and even on Sunday night!—even the Sabbath is not respected—for there are eight Lodges of Instruction which meet on Sunday, the names of which I subjoin, as taken from the calendar for this year:—The Albion Lodge of Instruction, No. 9; the Royal Athelstan ditto,

Digitized by Google

No. 19; the Royal Jubilee ditto, No. 85; the Sincerity ditto, No. 203; the Joppa ditto, No. 223; the Israel ditto, No. 247; the United Strength ditto, No. 276; and the Zetland ditto, No. 752.

Now the Lodge of Joppa, No. 223, and the Lodge of Israel, No. 247, being, I believe, Jewish Lodges, are not to be blamed for meeting on our Sabbath, but what excuse is there for the rest? "As a Freemason," says the Worshipful Master in the charge at initiation, "I would first recommend to your most serious contemplation the Volume of the Sacred Law, charging you ..... to regulate your actions by the divine precepts it contains." One of those precepts is, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Freemasonry is undoubtedly an excellent institution, but does not pretend to set itself above, and take the place of, the religion of the Bible; and yet most of these Lodges meet at *seven o'clock*, the hour of evening prayer in London places of worship of nearly every denomination; others at half-past seven and eight o'clock, by which hours scarcely any of these places of worship can have closed, and must therefore prevent those who are present from attending Divine service. But even if they did not interfere with public worship, Freemasonry is scarcely a pursuit for the Sabbath-day; we have six days for the study of Freemasonry in common with other pursuits, Sunday has its own peculiar duties, which ought not on any account to be broken in upon. It may be urged in defence of Sunday meetings, that there are Brethren who *can* attend Lodge on that day and *cannot* do so on any other. I do not think that this can be really a valid reason; at any rate, even supposing the accompaniments of liquids and smoke to be excluded, Brethren would be drawn from their homes, where they ought to be on that day, endeavouring to make their earthly Sabbath a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath above. Let us hope that, for the future, Freemasons will cease to be Sabbath-breakers, under colour of advancing the interests of the Craft, or that Grand Lodge will take serious notice of practices so opposed to right principle, and therefore so injurious to the Order.

What can be worse than that a body of men professing what Freemasons do profess, should meet together on the Sabbath-day, and that at a time when places of worship are open and Divine service is being performed, to transact business under the auspices of spirits and tobacco?

If in this letter I have wronged any Lodges, I regret the injury I have unintentionally done them, and shall rejoice on being corrected, to find other exceptions to my statements than the Emulation and the Stability Lodges of Instruction. Let the Brethren give me credit for having written with good intent and charitable feelings, and for not having "set down aught in malice," and

Believe me, dear Sir and Brother,

Yours very sincerely and fraternally,

——*shire*, P. J. W.

September 2nd, 1853.

Digitized by Google

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I FELT the greatest pleasure in reading the first article in your last number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine;* the sentiments it contains are precisely what I have long entertained myself, and have often expressed, both in open Lodge and in private conversations. There can be no doubt that admissions to this ancient and holy Order are too easily attainable by the curious, or by those who, in their ignorance of its real worth, only consider it as an excellent vehicle for the enjoyment of creature comforts and good *table* fellowship; that we do not sufficiently attend to the necessity of the tongue of good report having been not only heard, but loudly heard, in the candidate's favour; that we propose a man, who at the time we may conscientiously think, from our limited acquaintance with him, is a most fit and proper person, but who on further inquiry and knowledge, and that perhaps when it is too late, he having been admitted to our mysteries, is not found to be quite such as we could wish. As a Past Master, I know there are those I have myself admitted into the Craft, others again to whose advancement in the higher grades I have been instrumental; but if the time were to come over again, I should certainly now decline receiving them; not that the most scrupulous could find anything flagrant, or even questionably wrong in their conduct as men and Masons, yet they have that apathy and lukewarmness in the cause, with such a total want of energetic search after knowledge, that are not compatible with so perfect and beautiful a system as ours is found to be by those who have studied it well, and discovered how intimately it is interwoven with religion and good works, proving, though they confess it not, that the result is not what they anticipated before their admission. I hope and believe the days are now passed when the sensual delights of the table were the chief ties that united Masons; such were not necessary in the ORIGINAL state of the Craft, and in these enlightened days something more than this is required to satisfy the intelligent beings who, in our system, can find ample scope for intellectual enjoyments, and the attainment of useful knowledge, which must necessarily add to the good character of man in social life; and I believe, we shall find among the rising generation of Masons, that private character is more cared for than formerly. I do not pretend to find a complete remedy for this evil. Time alone and an improved class of men can effect this; but still I think, that if the attention of those high in office, the Provincial Grand Masters in particular, were directed to the subject, and that they would enforce the necessity of a more strict examination, I would even say, of a considerable probation, previous to admission, by all the Lodges under their control, and in their various provinces, much might be done to improve the Order. All the Lodges, however, must be unanimous in this, or else a candidate anxious for admission, if he be requested to wait by one Lodge, and is instantly

Digitized by Google

accepted by another, for the sake of his fees, or to add to their numbers, will of course go to that body where he is received with the least trouble and inconvenience. I would also suggest the possibility of the name of every candidate, who had been rejected by a Lodge, being communicated to the body in general, with the cause of such rejection, if known, or if done by black-ball, stating the same, and any particulars that could be collected; the whole, of course, under the strictest seal of Masonic secresy. This might be carried out by having a book kept at the Grand Secretary's office in which such entries should be made, and to which no one but the Worshipful Master of a Lodge alone, or a member of Grand Lodge, should have access. Dispensations and emergencies also should be more rarely resorted to than at present; it would even be better to lose a few, than to admit one who hereafter might be a subject for regret.

The examinations between each degree are now merely a form, the Deacon generally answering for, or prompting the candidate; these I always feel inclined to vary and to make much more severe, not confining them to a few routine questions, but extending them over the course of every-day life, and the studies the candidate pursues, besides requiring him to give some proof of his advancement in Masonic learning and practice. In short, feeling thoroughly convinced that the ranks of Freemasonry require judicious weeding and thinning out, rather than indiscriminate addition, and that the cause in general would be truly benefited by each particular Lodge being more strict in the admission of members, I have ventured to intrude these remarks, and call the attention of those in authority to the subject.

I remain, dear Sir and Brother, yours fraternally,

P. M.

POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT MASONRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I AM a Freemason. It is quite unnecessary to say that, for the profundity of the following remarks will be more than ample evidence that it is an "initiated" who speaks; consequently, I am a victim to "popular delusions"—delusions which, strange to say, are most unaccountably omitted by my excellent Brother, Charles Mackay, in his entertaining work on the subject.

In the first place, my wife has an idea that she has got at the secret. Poor woman! she *is* mistaken sometimes, though she is the best creature in the world. But Masonry is the cause of a hundred other mistakes. My eldest boy Tom (as impudent a good-tempered rascal as ever deserved a thrashing, and didn't get it), when he is

Digitized by Google

admitted to two glasses of port after dinner, juggles with his glass, and winks at his little sister Agnes, who devoutly believes that she has thereby learned a secret quite as mysterious as the use of the great Pyramid, the structure of the roof of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, or the disposal of funds by some Capitular bodies. And I do believe that it was that wicked little Agnes that worked the little royal arch (about 1½ inch square), which was sent anonymously to me last Valentine's Day.

I am what is called a good Mason. I never canvassed to get office, nor did I neglect every duty of life in order to boast of being a Junior Warden. When I am in the chair, I do *not* feel like the emperor of China. I am not a "good knife and fork," that is to say, I would never, from inclination, sit down to a dinner that cost more than seven or eight shillings. And yet people seem surprised because I do not neglect my family to go to Lodge, because I can come home at ten o'clock at night, and because I have not ruined myself! Verily people should not infer the use from the abuse, and believe that a few black sheep—more imprudent than wicked—make a whole fraternity doubtful.

Nor do I think it right that, if I am taking a chop at the "Cock," my friends should come up and say, "Ah! as usual, having your *grill;*" or that, if I shake hands with somebody, he should make insane attempts to give me a grip, entirely of his own invention. Why should fire-irons be held up to me *in terrorem?*

Do, my dear Mr. Editor, endeavour to convince people that Masonry is neither to be quizzed, nor teazed out of a man; and that getting a secret out of me is as hopeless an attempt as reading "Punch" for amusement.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours ever fraternally,
XI BOΣXI.

P.S. Mind, if it amuses them *I* don't care.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

Hamburgh, August 15th, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

HAVING in my last communication given you particulars of most of the Teutonic Lodges, I shall now follow it up with an account of the Lodges in other countries, except those in which, as Englishman, you may be expected to have better sources of intelligence than my own.

I. DENMARK. On the 11th November, 1743, was the first Masonic meeting in Copenhagen, under the Mastership of Baron Münnich, who held a charter from the Lodge aux Trois Globes, in Berlin: this was not, however, constituted a perfect Lodge till Jan. 13th, 1745, under the invocation of St. Martin; and having received a regular constitution from Lord Byron, in London, was raised to the dignity of a Provincial Grand Lodge.

Digitized by Google

In 1754, a Scottish Provincial Lodge, *Le petit Nombre* (The little Number), was erected by the Great Lodge, also in Copenhagen, which soon declared itself independent. The Order ramified quickly on every side, even to the Danish West-Indian Islands, and in 1792 was formally recognised by the Government. The Protectorate Grand Mastership was assumed by Landgraf Karl von Hessen, and after his death, in 1806, by the king Christian VIII. in person, who often visited the Lodge on their great anniversaries. On the day of his coronation a considerable fund was raised for the widows of deceased Masons. Two Directors superintend the business of the Craft, under the Supreme Grand Master. Bishop Münter and Professor Moldenhauer, whose investigations in the Vatican led to their discovery and publication of the original acts of the proceedings against the Knights Templars, and the authentic statutes of that Military Order, were both members of the Copenhagen Grand Lodge. In their colonies in the West Indies the Danes founded the Lodges of St. Thomas and Curaçoa, and in the East Indies at Tranquebar, and one at Canton, in China.

II. Sweden and Norway. These northern countries claim a very high antiquity for their Masonic unions; but as we have no authentic documents on the subject, we will leave it undecided. Modern Freemasonry was brought hither from England, in 1736, and was quickly disseminated, notwithstanding it was forbidden by Frederick I. under pain of death. After seven years' interdict the proscription was withdrawn, and the Order took deep root in the kingdom. The king placed himself personally at the head of the Craft, and received the homages of the Lodges. Of their charitable acts and proceedings, the large Orphanage founded by the Brotherhood, in 1753, is the best proof. Later the simplicity and beauty of their early ritual was materially infringed upon; for since 1786 their observances have a good deal deviated into the metaphysical and mystical theosopic reveries of Swedenborg, whence proceeded the Swedish system with its nine degrees, which soon found favour in England and Russia, and still survives in the great Landes-Loge von Deutschland, in Berlin, where it was introduced by Zinzendorf, though under the modification of only seven degrees. In other places it ramified under Jesuitical auspices into Rosecrucianism and alchemical fooleries. An endeavour to bring about a union with the Teutonic Lodges was unsuccessful, principally from its gaining, through the following circumstances, a political tendency. Gustaf III. to rid himself of the political ascendency of the state council established by Karl XII., and to inflame the bourgeoisie against the nobility, had his brother, the Duke of Südermanland, elected Grand Master of the Order. Since that time the Order has taken quite a political character in Sweden. But a circumstance cannot be omitted which might be worthy of imitation in other countries. In 1811, Karl XIII., the above Duke of Südermanland, founded an order of chivalry, called after his own name, to be publicly worn by deserving Masons; to the intent, as the statutes express it, that

Digitized by Google

those who exercise virtues in secret should wear a public acknowledgment, which they had so richly deserved. This Order consists of the princes of the blood royal, twenty-seven lay members, and three clerical ones, who have equal rank with the Knights Commanders of the other Orders. The jewel of these Latomi emeriti is a crown with a cross dependent from it. All the Lodges are under the great State Lodge, at Stockholm, of which a scion of the royal family is always Grand Master. Their doctrine is Christian-mystical, embracing the idea of a yore Christianity, with many degrees. Under it are three Provincial Lodges, a Stewart Lodge, seven Andrew, and sixteen St. John Lodges.

Two remarkable men, one Björnram, secretary of Gustaf III., who was considered by many as a veritable conjuror, by others as a quack, the other Karl Adolf Anderson Boheman, had considerable influence on the Order in this country; the latter, born 1770, in Jönköping, was the chief and apostle of the "*Asiatic Brethren*," whose political intrigues caused at the time some sensation.

III. Russia. As early as 1731, a Lodge at Moscow received a constitution from the Grand Lodge at London, under the reign of the empress Anna Ivanowna, but their meetings seem to have been conducted with great secresy.

In 1761, Freemasonry was tolerated in the Russian dominions. Katherine II., upon the report of a commission of inquiry, declared herself Protectress of the Lodge Clio, at Moscow, upon which other Lodges arose, and especially at St. Petersburgh, that of "*Perfect Unity*" (*zur vollkommenen Einigkeit*), which continued its labours even after the withdrawal of the imperial protection, and numbered many of the nobility amongst its Brethren.

Paul, in the first period of his reign was favourable to the Order, but his own coquetting with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to be chosen their Grand Master, at Malta, backed by the envious insinuations of Graf Liven, a Commander of that Order, caused him to prohibit Freemasonry, as inimical to his favorites; and its Lodges, therefore, could only be held with great circumspection. After his murder, the Emperor Alexander continued at first the proscription, but in 1803, having at the instigation of Baron Böber again appointed a commission and received its report, when the Order was permitted, and Alexander himself initiated in 1803. In 1811, a Grand Directorial Lodge was erected under the Swedish constitution, called Wladimir of Order (*zur Ordnung*), changed, in 1825, into the Grand-Loge Astræa, with a more extended toleration of principles. On the 12th August, 1821, however, a ukase appeared unexpectedly, in which the Order was forbidden under the severest penalties; it is believed because some concealed Jesuits were thought to have insinuated themselves into the Lodges; and this is the present condition of Masonry under the Emperor Nicholas. The hammer of the Lodge and the Russian knout are two articles so perfectly irreconcilable, that little relaxation of this rigorous prohibition can be speedily looked for.

Digitized by Google

IV. In POLAND, from the continued political agitation in this unhappy country, Freemasonry could never gain a firm footing. Some Lodges were opened in 1736, under English constitutions; they had, however, soon again to be closed, in consequence of the anathema pronounced against the Order in general by the Bull of Pope Clement XII.

From 1742 to 1749, Tabernacles of Freemasonry (*Bau Hütten*) were erected, one of which constituted itself at Warsaw, under Moszgeski, a Grand Lodge. In 1794, with the dissolution of the kingdom and its constitution, the Lodges were scattered: in the parts which fell to the share of Russia and Austria, Freemasonry underwent the same vicissitudes we have noted in those countries, and only in the Prussian division did the Lodges continue. Upon the creation of the ephemeral grand-duchy of Warschau by Napoleon, in 1807, Freemasonry again reared its head, and a Grand Orient of Poland was immediately proclaimed. This continued in activity (with a short interruption in 1813), with numerous affiliated Lodges (in 1818 these amounted to forty), until 1823. In this year, on the 6th November, a total interdict was issued against the Order, in conformity with the ukase of Alexander we have already mentioned in Russia. One or two Lodges which arose during the insurrection of 1830-31, were immediately closed when that was suppressed.

V. HOLLAND AND THE NETHERLANDS. As early as 1731, the first Masonic meeting was held at the Hague, under the Grand Mastership, in London, of Lord Lovel, by Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, in which FRANZ STEPHAN, Duke of Lorraine (afterwards, under the title Joseph I., Emperor of Germany from 1745 to 1765) was initiated; but it was not until 1734 the first actual Lodge was constituted, under the title, *Loge du Grand-Maître des Provinces Réunies et du Ressort de la Generalité.*

The increase of the Order was so quick that it caused uneasiness to the Government, and this free country was the first of all the Continental states to issue a severe prohibition against Freemasonry, which the emperor Karl VI. extended to the Netherlands. Still the Lodge at the Hague continued to labour, and changed its title, in 1749, into *De l'Union Royale*, and, 27th Dec. 1756, gave rise to constituted "National Lodge of the Netherlands," which still continues, and which numbered, in 1842, seventy-five filials, principally in the Dutch colonies. On the 25th April, 1770, a Concordat was entered into with the Grand Lodge of England, in London, by which an entire freedom of connection from it was obtained.

A Lodge was erected notwithstanding, in 1735, in Amsterdam, which raised suspicion. The meetings received from the magistrates an order to be discontinued, and when this order was disregarded the higher members were arrested. On their examination they behaved with great fortitude and firmness. "We are," said they, "as Freemasons, peaceable citizens, and devoted to our country and prince with the most loyal fidelity. We live in unity with one another;

Digitized by Google

we detest hypocrisy and quackery—works of piety and humanity are our duty and delight. Our customs and secrets we are bound not to disclose. They are, however, contrary neither to Divine nor human laws. Send one of your bench of magistrates to become initiated, and he will confirm our assertions." This language and openness pleased the magistracy: the secretary of state was selected for initiation, and the report he afterwards made was so satisfactory that nearly all the members of the magistracy embraced the Order.

From that period furthermore the Order has continued to flourish in Holland without any obstacle—nay, with continually increasing vigour; and distinguishes itself by its charitable works, amongst which the Institution for the Blind, founded in 1808, is so well known. In 1816, Prince Wilhelm Friedrich Karl undertook the office of National Grand Master. On the 6th June, 1841, the twenty-fifth year of his high dignity was celebrated with much ceremony.

In 1830, when the former Austrian Netherlands separated from Holland, and the kingdom of Belgium was founded, there arose a *Grand Orient Belgique*. Freemasonry may be said to be in Belgium a centre round which liberals of all shades congregate; and it receives the esteem and good wishes of the people in grateful acknowledgment of its active philanthropy; the more, therefore, is it hated by the priesthood, which refuses to Freemasons, most determinately, the last consolations of the Catholic Church, and its benediction to their marriages. Still Lodges continue to increase, and may be found even in the villages.

The Dutch have Colonial Lodges in Surinam (Guyana) St. Eustache, and St. Martin, in the West Indies.

VI. SWITZERLAND. In this country the history of the Order may be divided into three periods—the first, from 1737 to 1803; the second, from 1803 to 1844; the third, from 1844 to the present time.

The English Provincial Grand Master, Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, founded by virtue of a constitution from the then Grand Master, the Duke of Montagu, the first Lodge at Geneva, in 1737; and the 2nd February, 1739, a second in Lausanne; and at the latter place a Masonic Supreme Directory, under the name Directoire National Helvetique Roman. It is curious that under the freest constitutions we find the earliest jealousies of Masonic labours; so, in 1745, a prohibition against them was issued by the Council of Berne, and renewed in 1782, without, however, hindering their progress. Freemasonry flourished freely in all the Protestant cantons; but in the Catholic ones, the priests, instigated by the Papal bulls, threw what obstructions they could in its way.

The Lodges erected, 1766 at Basle, and 1772 in Zurich, restricted themselves to the three first degrees of the severest observance. In 1775, owing to the influence of the German superiors, the higher degrees were introduced, and in Basle; *the Old Scottish Directory*, instituted by which two Lodges were erected in 1780 and 1791, at

Digitized by Google

Neufchald, amongst whose members the famous physiognomist, Lavater, may be numbered.

When, in 1777, by a person named Sidrac, the excrescence of French Masonry was endeavoured to be introduced, it was determined that Helvetic Freemasonry should be governed from its division into languages by Directories; the German portion by the Scottish Directory; and the French one by *Directoire Ecossais Roman.* In 1786 was constituted in Geneva *La Grande Loge de Genf;* which, dissolving for political reasons in 1793, was incorporated into the Grand Oriente de France.

The second period, from 1803 to 1844.—War and its horrors caused a cessation of Masonic action from 1793 to 1803. On the 14th September, in the latter year, the Grand Orient of France founded at Berne the Lodge of Hope (*zur Hoffnung*) which was quickly followed by more; at Lausanne, 1805; Basle, 1807; Solothurn (Soleure), 1819. In 1810 the former Directory at Lausanne constituted itself independent of France under the title *Grand Orient National Helvetique Roman* as a national institution; and in 1811 reappeared the Directory at Lausanne, with all its filials (which had ceased working since 1793), at Basle, though it was soon transferred to Zurich. In 1818, 27th July, a Provincial Lodge was established at Berne by Peter Ludwig von Tavel, by authority from the Duke of Sussex. By a Concordat agreed to 29th April, 1822, in order to abolish the irregularities arising from the *Ordre Maçonnique de Misraim en son 90ème degré,* all these Lodges dissolved and constituted themselves, together with the separating Grand Orient at Lausanne, into a single union, under the name of the Grand Land Lodge (*Grosse Landes-Loge*) of Switzerland, which was formally installed on St. John's day, and worked according to the old English constitution.

Of the four independent Superior Lodges of the middle of this period, only two, therefore, now existed: the Grand Land Lodge, at Berne (in 1844 with twelve filials), and the Directory of Scottish Masonry with six filials; both of which it had been attempted, particularly in 1806, to unite into a single supreme body, which finishes our third period; for on the 22nd and 24th June, 1844, after numerous conferences at Zurich, Berne, Basle, Locle and Aarau, in which the matter was duly weighed and beforehand prepared, was this long-conceived wish carried into execution. All previous supreme authorities were, of course, superseded, both of the Directory of the purified Scottish Masonry in Zurich, and of the Grand Land Lodge, at Berne; and a new *single* Swiss Grand Lodge was constituted by the Grand Master Hottinger, under the title *Alpina,* to which most of the Provincial Lodges aggregated themselves, and which still flourishes and continues to labour with sixteen filials.

VII. Turkey. Even amongst the Moslem, Lodges were erected under the Grand Constitution of London, 1738-48, at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo. In Constantinople the then arbitrary government gave orders to close the Lodges, and no one was admitted. In the present day, however, traces of Freemasonry may again be observed.

Digitized by Google

In 1829 it was mentioned in the foreign newspapers, that the Russian officers, on their entrance into Adrianople, after their victory at Schumla, had met with Freemasons. We also possess the report of a German physician, at Jassy, that he received there Masonic greeting from a benevolent dervish, with the information that he would find other friends in the Turkish Kloster, close to the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Further particulars are mentioned by a Leipzig merchant, called Schulze, who tells us that on a business journey into Servia he visited the Turkish Lodge, Alkotscha, at Belgrade. It consists of fifty brethren, whose religious dogmas seem to soar above the Koran, for each of them had only a single wife, and at their Table-Lodges wine was quaffed freely. This Lodge is in connexion with the Persian Freemasons, who are computed at 50,000. Their Lodge Master, Ismael Zscholak, is also Grand Master for European Turkey. Mr. Schulze was received by him as honorary member of his Lodge, and had a letter given him to the acting Master of the Lodge at Leipzig, constituting him also their honorary member, upon which a very interesting correspondence was opened. Ali Pacha is considered as the restorer of Freemasonry in the Turkish empire. G. W.

Digitized by Google

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *August* 3, 1853.

Present.—H. L. Crohn, as Z.; J. C. McMullen, as H.; T. Tomblesson, as J.; J. Havers, as E.; B. Lawrence, as N.; C. Baumer, as P. Soj.; J. H. Goldsworthy, as Assist. Soj.; T. Parkinson, as Assist. Soj.; F. Pattison, P. Assist. Soj.; R. H. Giraud, S. B.; G. H. K. Potter, P. S. B.; J. Hodgkinson, P. S. B.; R. Gibson, P. Dir. of Cer.; A. A. Le Veau, P. Dir. of Cer.; G. Biggs, P. Dir. of Cer.; G. Leach, P. Dir. of Cer.; The Principals, Past Principals, &c., of many other Chapters.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and approved.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *September* 7, 1853.

Present.—R. W. R. Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex, as G. M.; S. Rawson, Prov. G. M. for China, as D. G. M.; H. J. Prescott, P. J. G. W., as S. G. W.; R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W., as J. G. W.; Rev. E. Moore, G. Chap.; Rev. Sir J. W. Hayes, Bart., P. G. Chap.; W. H. White, G. S.; H. L. Crohn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from G. L. of Hamburgh; R. H. Giraud, S. G. D.; G. Leach, J. G. D.; S. C. Norris, P. S. G. D.; J. C. McMullen, P. J. G. D.; C. Baumer, P. J. G. D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. S. G. D.; G. R. Rowe, P. S. G. D.; J. Havers, P. S. G. D.; J. B. King, P. J. G. D.; G. W. K. Potter, P. J. G. D.; T. R. White, P. S. G. D.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cer.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cer.; A. A. Le Veau, G. S. B.; J. Masson, P. G. S. B.; G. P. de Rhé Philipe, P. G. S. B.; J. L. Evans, P. G. S. B.; E. H. Patten, P. G. S. B.; R. J. Spiers, P. G. S. B.; F. W. Breitling, G. P.; Rev. J. W. Carver, Rep. from G. L. Massachusetts; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master,

Digitized by Google

Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The G. L. was opened in form, and with solemn prayer.

Communications were made to the G. L. as to the unavoidable absence of the M. W. the G. M., the D. G. M., and S. G. W.

The minutes of the last Quarterly Communication, and of the Especial G. L. for June 22nd, and August 2nd (which had been held in order to revise the Book of Constitutions), were respectively read and confirmed.

Upon the recommendation of the M. W. the G. M., the rank of P. G. J. W. was conferred upon Bro. J. J. L. Hoff.

The Report of the Board of Benevolence for June, July, and August, was read; when, on the recommendation of the Lodge of July, it was proposed and seconded that the sum of 30*l.* be granted to Bro. H. E. Drake. Upon this an amendment was proposed by Bro. John Savage, and duly seconded, to the effect that 50*l.* be granted to the said Brother instead of 30*l.*, which, being put, passed in the affirmative.

It being now past eleven o'clock, no further business was proceeded with, and the G. L. was closed in form and with solemn prayer.

METROPOLITAN.

Yarborough Lodge, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, Stepney.—Fifth Anniversary, Thursday, 7th July, 1853. *Present*—Bro. T. E. Davis, W. M.; W. Bro. T. Vesper, P. M., Hon. Sec.; W. Bro. Wynne, P. M.; Bro. Simmonds (W. M. 165), S. W.; Bro. Edinger, J. W.; Bro. W. W. Davis (P. M. 112), Treas.; W. Bro. Jno. Purdy, P. Sec.; Bro. W. Vesper, S. D.; Bro. Ansell, J. D.; Bro. E. U. Gardner, I. G.; Bros. Watts and Crisp, Stewards; Bro. Hampton, D. C. &c. &c.

The Lodge continues to be attended with unabated and unprecedented prosperity, and was hailed by a numerous assemblage of the Brethren, with their usual cordiality of feeling, congratulation, and happiness, under the excellent guidance of their worthy Master, who, (as also his Brother, the Treasurer,) is a Life Governor of most of the Masonic and many other charities. In the brief period of five years this Lodge has initiated into our mysteries, 142; Brethren who have joined the Lodge, 49; Brethren from other Lodges, who have had the Second and Third Degrees conferred, 10. Of the above, there are from Austria, 15; from Malta, 1; from America, 1; from Ireland, 6; from Scotland, 5; from northern British Isles, 5; master mariners, 81; the remainder being landsmen. Consequently the "Yarborough" has done, and is now doing,

Digitized by Google

much at the eastern extremity of this vast metropolis for the Masonic cause, and especially by means of its seafaring and foreign Brethren, for the dissemination of the glorious principles of Freemasonry in every part of the world; and ofttimes many happy results are testified by its members on their return to their native homes. The proceedings of this day, as on previous anniversaries, were rendered interesting both in Lodge and at the banquet-board, (liberally catered by the worthy host, Bro. R. S. Williams, P. M. No. 11.) In doing honour to the usual toasts, one may be here especially remarked—the health and happiness of Bro. Purdy, P. Sec., which was quaffed by all the Brethren from a massive silver cup, then presented to him, and bearing the following inscription :—

"This cup (with a gold jewel) was presented, 1853, to the W. Bro. John Purdy, P. M. and P. Sec. of 53 and 212, and P. Sec. of 812; P. Z. and P. E. of Chap. 169, and E. 812, as a token of the high estimation in which he was held by the Brethren of the Yarborough Lodge, 812, for his valuable services at the formation of the Lodge and Chapter, and as Secretary during the years 1848, 1849, 1850, and 1851."

The above-named jewel is "a gold P. Sec.'s," with a copy of the inscription, and was accompanied with a handsome worked purse, wrought by a lady, (the amiable sister of the W. M.), for this express purpose, much enhancing the present to the veteran brother, who returned thanks for the great and valuable compliment rendered him. Bro. Purdy had the honour of wearing on this occasion, the centenary jewel of the Strong Man Lodge, No. 53; P. M. gold jewel of Universal Lodge, 212; P. Scribe gold jewels of Chapter 169, &c.

The Lodge of Instruction, under the auspices of this Lodge, meeting at the George Tavern, Commercial-road, at eight o'clock on every Tuesday evening throughout the year, is very beneficial to the interests of the Craft at large, and our nautical Brethren in particular.

YARBOROUGH CHAPTER, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, Stepney.—On Thursday, 28th July, a Convocation of this Chapter was especially holden for the purpose of admitting to the Supreme Degree two Austrian Brethren of the highest respectability, who were both initiated in the Yarborough Lodge, one of them in the first year of its consecration, and one on the third anniversary; on both of which occasions the Lodge was honoured by the presence of the R. W. D. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough. On this occasion Ex-Comp. Wynne, M. E. Z., presided, and was most ably supported by M. Ex-Comp. Biggs, P. Z., as H., and Ex-Comp. Tuxford, J., when Bro. Nicolo Sguippa and Bro. Giovanni Vincenzo Catarinich were introduced, and exalted in a most able and impressive manner. E. Comp. Michelli, Interpreter to the Chapter, was assisted by E. Comp. Beltzer. We are of opinion that the furniture and regalia of this Chapter are not surpassed by any in London.

Digitized by Google

PROVINCIAL.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

St. Peter's Lodge, No. 699.—*August* 21*st*, 1853.—Bro. Ribbans's labours during the last ten years in this part of the principality are likely soon to be rewarded by some suitable memorial, for his gratuitous Masonic services. It has been suggested that the worthy Brother be consulted as to the nature of the testimonial intended to be given to him.

CHESHIRE.

STOCKPORT.—*Thursday, Sept.* 8*th*.—The Lord Viscount Combermere, of Combermere Abbey, R.W. Prov. G. M. of the Most Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for Cheshire, held a Prov. G. L. at the Court House, in this borough, "for the despatch of business" relating to the Craft. His Lordship and Lady Combermere, accompanied by their son, the Hon. Major Wellington Cotton, *M.P.*, and his lady, and suite, arrived in town by the 12.5 o'clock train, and were met at the railway station by Bro. W. C. Cruttenden, of Mount Heaton, with his carriage, apartments having been secured at the Warren Bulkeley Arms Inn for the noble and distinguished party. The Prov. G. Chap. (the Rev. J. W. N. Tanner, of Antrobus, in this county), and Bro. G. C. Antrobus, of Eaton, arrived by an earlier train, and were the guests of Bro. Cruttenden. The bells of the parish church rang merrily throughout the day, and the occasion was distinguished by the erection along the projected route of the intended procession of three elegant and stupendous triumphal arches. A great number of flags and emblems of hospitality and welcome were exhibited by the tradesmen *from* their houses, on the line of the route through which his lordship was expected to pass. The arch over Wellington Road, leading to St. Peter's Square, was of magnificent dimensions, surmounted by a lofty Union Jack, with pinnacles right and left; the words "Right Welcome, Combermere," in blue letters on a white ground, being on the south side, and "Long live the Cheshire Hero," on the north, and elaborately ornamented with flags, floral and other devices, the whole structure being covered with evergreens on dark drapery. The general character of this arch, which was about forty-five feet wide and fifty feet high, was most effective. That over Vernon-street, leading out of Warren-street, was of a similar design, but not so imposing. It was most appropriately decorated with warlike emblems, and a list of the principal victories, painted on drapery, in which Lord Combermere had signalised himself, as follow:—"Flanders, Lavelly, Oporto, Talavera, Almeida, Torres Vedras, Castiglione, Llerena, Salamanca, Toulouse, Orthez, and Bhurtpore." The third triumphal arch was erected in Churchgate, near the Ring

Digitized by Google

o'Bells Inn. Its dimensions were similar to the one in Vernon Street, and it had the expressive inscription upon it, "Hail to the Craft," in China-asters, and, in point of decorative and floral arrangement, was most pleasing.

The Brethren assembled at the Court House at eleven o'clock, where, by the kind permission of Capt. Marsland, the band of the 5th squadron of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, headed by Bro. Serj. Major Butt, attended and played during the proceedings of the day. The room was beautifully decorated, under the supervision of Bros. Okell and Evans, with Masonic emblems, flags, Union Jacks, and other attractions. Lodge business having been opened and concluded, the members formed themselves into a procession, to hear Divine service at the parish church, displaying the magnificent regalia appertaining to the Prov. G.L., which was of a most imposing character. The procession passed along Warren-street, Bridge-street, the Underbanks, Hillgate, Cheapside, Waterloo-road, and down the Churchgate, to the church. Here the Brethren halted, opened to the right and left, facing inwards, and the P. G. M. passed up the centre into the noble edifice, preceded by his Standard and S. B. The P. G. officers and Brethren followed in succession from the rear, inverting the order of procession. The Masonic pulpit cloth was displayed on this particular occasion. Divine service was then read by the Rev. the Rector; and full cathedral service was chanted by a powerful and efficient body of vocalists, selected from the choirs of St. Mary's and St. Peter's Churches, with the addition of Bro. Edmondson, Dickson, and Hull, of this town, Bro. Twiss, W.P.G.O., of Hartford, presiding at the Organ with his usual skill and taste, and conducting the musical services in a most masterly manner. The sermon was preached by the V.W. P. G. Chap. Tanner, from chapter xiv. of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, 16th verse: "Let not then your good be evil spoken of;" after which a collection was made in aid of the "Prov. Masonic Fund of Benevolence," amounting to 21*l.* At the conclusion of the service the procession returned from the church, through the market-place, down Park-street, along Warren-street, to the Court House, where the Craft Lodge was closed by the W.M., who opened it. Then the Brethren proceeded along Warren-street, Lancashire-bridge, Heaton-lane, Wellington-road South, to the Lyceum, where a splendid banquet was provided for nearly three hundred, by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of the "Wellington-bridge Hotel;" the room being already elaborately ornamented with shields, banners, and other emblems of royalty, under the arrangement of Bros. Okell and Evans. Lord Combermere occupied the throne, and was supported by the following Brethren: — The Hon. Major Cotton, *M.P.*, V. W. P. J. G. W.; Gibbs C. Antrobus, V.W.P.S.G.W.; the Rev. W. J. N. Tanner, V.W.P.G.C.; J. Bland, V.W. P. G. T.; W. C. Cruttenden, V.W. P. G. R.; E. H. Griffiths, V.W.P.G.S.; J. Siddall, W.P.G.D. of C.; J. Twiss, W. P. G. O.; &c. &c. A gallery for the accommodation of a limited number of ladies was also fitted up to afford them the opportunity of witnessing

Digitized by Google

the proceedings of the Prov. G.L., at the festive banquet, Lady Combermere and the Hon. Lady Cotton occupying the front seats.

CORNWALL.

FALMOUTH.—The Prov. Grand Lodge of this Province was held on the 9th August, at the Masonic Hall, Royal Hotel, Falmouth. The Prov. Grand Lodge was opened at half-past 10 A.M. Previous to the business of the county a procession was formed and proceeded to Penwerris Church, where the service was performed by the Rev. Bros. Molesworth and Wright, and the Rev. Bro. Scrivener, the minister of the church; a very excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Grylls, *A.M.*, of St. Neots, Prov. Grand Chaplain, (in the course of the service an anthem, the music composed by Bro. Rafferel, was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ), after which the procession returned to the Hall. Sir C. Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, *F.R.S.*, &c., the P. G. M., presided during the business; the P. G. Treasurer was elected, and the officers for the year were appointed, and being invested by the D. P. G. M., Bro. Ellis, at the request of the P. G. M., took their seats accordingly.

Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, *F.R.S.*, &c., P.G.M.; Bro. Ellis, of Falmouth, P.G.S., D.P.G.M.; Bro. R. Pearce, of Penzance, P.G.T., P.D.P.G.M.; Bro. R. Foster, High Sheriff of Cornwall, P.G.S.W.; Bro. the Rev. H. Molesworth, Rector of Little Petherick, P.G.J.W.; Bro. the Rev. H. Grylls, *A.M.*, Vicar of St. Neots, P.G. Chaplain; Bro. J. K. Kinsman, of Falmouth, P. G. Registrar; Bro. Harris, of Truro, P. G. Deacon; Bro. Robinson, of Hayle, P. G. Deacon; Bro. Ball, of Penzance, P. Deacon; Bro. Mills, of Redruth, P. Deacon; Bro. W. Brunton, Engineer of West Cornwall Railway, P. G. Superintendent of Works; Bro. J. M. F. Heard, of Truro, P.G.D. of Cer.; Bro. E. Gilbert, of Falmouth, P.G. Sword-bearer; Bro. Rafferel, of Falmouth, P.G.O.; Bro. Harvey, of Truro, P.G.P.; Past Grand Stewards, Bro. Kempthorne, of Callington; Bro. Reed, of Penzance; Bro. Rosewarne, of Hayle; Bro. White, of Bodmin; Bro. Wing, of Truro, P.G.J.G.; Bro. Giffin, of Falmouth, P. G. Tyler.

The Dep. Prov. Grand Master addressed the Prov. Grand Lodge; several votes of charity were passed, &c., and the Prov. Grand Lodge was closed; after which the Prov. G.M. retired, leaving the further duties of the day to be carried out by the Dep. Prov. G. M. Refreshment being announced by the Stewards, the Officers and Brethren repaired to the refectory; the Dep. Prov. G.M., Bro. Ellis, presiding, Bro. the Rev. Henry Molesworth taking his seat as Prov. G.J.W., and Dr. Boase, Prov. P.G.W., as Prov. G.S.W., in the absence of the Sheriff. About eighty Brethren sat down.

The procession to church was most respectable, and was considered to be so well conducted by the P.G. Dir. of Cer. as to form one of the most attractive that had ever been witnessed, the numbers exceeding the usual attendance, members from every Lodge being present except from No. 728, St. Austle. Amongst the charitable

Digitized by Google

contributions one was awarded towards the proposed building-fund of the school for boys of Freemasons in adverse circumstances;—a noble building being already in existence for girls, and another for aged and decayed Freemasons and their widows, in addition to the Benevolent Institution. A Committee was formed for drawing up and presenting an address to the Prov. Grand Master, Sir C. Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, &c., on his recovery from dangerous illness, and his kindness in the duties of his office. On this occasion of the meeting of the Prov. Grand Lodge, the M. W. the Prov. G. M. ordered a buck to be supplied, the haunches of which were served to the Brethren. Another Committee was formed for carrying out the proposed *testimonial to the W. Bro. Pearce, of Penzance, P. G. Treasurer*, for his constant and unwearied attention to the duties of the Prov. Grand Lodge, and his general usefulness in all Masonic and civil offices. Nearly all the Lodges of the Province, and many private friends have already given in their names to the W. Bro. Ellis, Dep. Prov. G. M., who will receive all future communications. This respected Brother is so well known in Cornwall and in London, that we expect contributions beyond our own Province. The business throughout was highly satisfactory, and the Brethren departed at an early hour for their several residences in different parts of the county.

We understand that the next Prov. Grand Lodge of Cornwall will be held at the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Callington.

DORSETSHIRE.

WAREHAM.—Bro. W. Tucker, R.W. Prov. G.M. for the Province of Dorset, held his annual meeting at Wareham, on Thursday, August 18th, and it was particularly characterized from other meetings by three things: the appearance of the Prov. G. M. in his full robes as a Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the 33rd Degree; the inspection by the Brethren of a clock, as a beautiful piece of Masonic workmanship by one of the Brethren; and the resignation of the Prov. G. Sec. In our report of the proceedings of this day we shall notice these three features in detail. Before doing so, however, we must premise that the Brethren of the Wareham Lodge had provided most profusely for the accommodation of the Brethren of the Province in a more than liberal manner. The morning was ushered in by a merry peal from the church bells. The excellent Cornopean Band from Blandford had been engaged for the occasion, and to assist the choir in the anthems. The ladies of Wareham had most tastefully decorated the Guildhall with every description of flower to be had from their respective gardens; and last, though not least, had with their own hands embroidered in a neat and tasteful manner a blue silk banner to be used on the occasion. The Brethren proceeded in the usual order to church, where an excellent Masonic discourse was delivered to them by the Prov. Chaplain, the Rev. I. U. Cooke, vicar of East Lulworth, which was listened to by the congregation with marked attention. The Brethren returned from church to their

Digitized by Google

Lodge Room, and after disposing of some usual routine business, the Prov. G. M. addressed the Brethren nearly to the following effect:—

It is a source of the greatest gratification for me to be here present with you this day, to see a Lodge which has so long remained inactive again springing into its former vigour and activity, and giving every promise of following the Masonic art in freedom, fervency, and zeal. I may say that Masonry is now in a more flourishing state than perhaps it has been at any former period. In proof of this, only look at the number of initiations which are continually taking place in our university of Oxford, and the zeal there displayed in the Masonic art. It certainly is true, as remarked in this last *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, that initiations *may* be too frequent, and thus many may be brought into this Order whom we may be hereafter sorry to have admitted; but still, with all due caution before admissions are taken, no good Mason can but rejoice at the initiation of a Brother. In my opinion, the only really dangerous man, and one who should be most thoroughly avoided by all who wish peace, harmony, good fellowship, and comfort in their Lodges, is a contentious man, one who is likely to cavil and find fault with everything which his own mind cannot at once comprehend, and to quarrel with every one who does not instantly fall into his views. Such a man avoid. I would also here give a hint, because it applies to all those who rule and govern in Lodges, and it is this: never, if possible, raise a question when there is no occasion for it; should any doubt arise on any point, either of Masonic discipline or practice, in the first place refer it to me as a private friend; I will give it my best attention, and should I feel any difficulty in the matter, I will submit it to the valued opinions of some of my best Masonic friends in London. In all ordinary cases this will be found the best course. I am fully aware cases may arise when such a proceeding will not do, and recourse must be had to a legally constituted Masonic tribunal. It is most gratifying to learn that our great charities are flourishing in a manner before unknown. Look at the noble building for the Girls' School on Clapham Common. Enter the school; see the discipline carried out—a thorough system of Masonic love, without brute coercion or correction! Observe the happy faces, neat dresses, and healthy and cleanly appearance of the girls—their progress in all useful duties, in sound moral education, as well as their training in all domestic occupations of life—and you will then say Masonry "is more than a name!" The Girls' School was founded in 1788, by Signor Ruspini, and in no one single instance has a girl been known to turn out badly. I know of nothing so likely to touch the heart of any Mason, than a sight of the girls in this school; and you must remember this is chiefly supported by voluntary subscriptions from Masons, ladies, and kind friends; and that this establishment, which in 1788 was instituted for eighteen girls, now educates sixty-six, or more. The Boys' School also is rapidly advancing; a school building-fund has been commenced for them, and it is to be hoped that after the lapse of a year or two, the Brethren may be able to see them also under one master, studying together all the useful and sound instruction which can be afforded to them; and thus growing up practical illustrations of the sincerity, honesty, and truth of our ancient and honourable society. The establishment for Aged Masons, on Croydon Common, does not advance so quickly as the other charities; still, we will use the Masonic virtue "Hope," which will lead us to a full "Faith" and belief that this undertaking will eventually become everything which its original projector could have wished. I will now draw the attention of the younger Brethren to a subject of the most vital importance to them, and that is the necessity which there is, if any Brother wishes to rise and be eminent in the Craft, of deep study and much thought, as well as of constant antiquarian research. Masonry, I formerly remarked, is a well-stored mine; "dig deep," and you will find treasures. Do not imagine that you are a perfect Mason if you know, can perform well, and remember *most minutely*, all the ceremonies and lectures of the Order. You must lay them to heart, you must dissect them, you must digest them, and see how perfect they are in all their points, parts, and bearings, and how truly they are "veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." Masonry is a

Digitized by Google

science, which once entered on, heart and soul, never tires the mind, but ever finds fresh incentives to energy and activity. It is most seriously to be regretted that, at the Union in 1813, the articles of Union should have declared that pure ancient Masonry consists of three Degrees and no more, viz., those of the "E. A. P., the F. C., and the M. M. (including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch). But this article is not intended to prevent any Lodge or Chapter from holding a meeting in any of the Degrees of the Orders of Chivalry, according to the constitutions of the said Order." Thus the Chivalric Orders are allowed, but not recognised; still their existence is fully admitted. This to a great extent cuts us off from Continental, and I may say, even from Scotch and Irish Masonry; for although permission is there given to work the higher Orders, still they are not, as in Ireland, Scotland, France, Prussia, and America, incorporated and made a part and portion of the Order. The Royal Arch Degree, as used by the Grand Chapter, has been so often altered and amended (the last time in 1835, when it was re-arranged by the Rev. Adam Brown, Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, in the elegant language in which we now find it), that it is almost impossible to recognise the Degree first adopted by Bro. T. Dunkerly, and others, in 1782; when it was first taken up by modern Masons, having been originally modelled and framed by the ancient Masons, 1740. To all young Masons, to all who take an interest in the history of our Order, I do most strongly recommend an advancing course. I recommend them to take the higher Degrees, for on the Continent, and in Scotland and Ireland, they will find a greater respect paid to these Degrees than to any other; I have succeeded in establishing a *Rosea crux* Chapter at Weymouth. Many of my Masonic friends belong to it, and I hope to see it every year increase more and more. Masonry, whether in the Blue or High Degrees, must not be mistaken for a system of religion, *per se*; although it contains every moral and religious sentiment. Masonry is the handmaid to religion, and runs concurrent with it in every point. The Red Cross Degree, and others of the higher grade, are pure Masonry, as I will endeavour to show you. Up to the reign of Charles the Second, the whole of Freemasonry had been under the reigning sovereign as Grand Master, *ex officio*. This is still the custom in many countries, and of this we have an illustration in the appointment of Prince Murat G.M. of France, by Louis Napoleon, on his becoming emperor, in which capacity, being a Mason himself, he is Grand Master *de jure*, and thus appoints whom he pleases to perform the duties of the high station of acting Grand Master. Charles died in February, 1685, and was succeeded by James II., who was not a Mason, and consequently could not succeed his brother. During his reign Masonry was much neglected, but at his abdication, those who went with him carried also the whole body of Masonry, and first planted it, as I will show you, on French soil. I read you extracts, which I have most carefully made from all the authorities within my reach.—"1746. In November, Mr. Ratcliffe (C. Ratcliffe, Esq.), titular Earl of Derwentwater, who had been taken in a ship bound for Scotland, was arraigned on a former sentence, passed against him in the year 1716; he refused to acknowledge the authority of the Court, and pleaded that he was a subject of France, honoured by a commission in the service of his most Christian Majesty. The identity of his person being proved, a rule was made for his execution; and on the eighth day of December, he suffered decapitation, with the most perfect composure and serenity."—From *Smollett's History of England*, ster. edit. 1812, p. 458. The above (who must not be mistaken for the young Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716) was the founder of the first Lodge established in Paris, 1725, at the house of Huse, a traiteur, Rue des Boucheries; he was the first Grand Master of France. In 1736, four Lodges alone existed in Paris. In 1746, the mother Lodge, Three Globes, at Berlin, had fourteen Lodges under its jurisdiction. In 1758, the Rite of 25° was established in Paris (for list of Degrees *vide* p. 80, Acta Latinorum, vol. i.). In 1761, foundation of the Council of Grand Inspectors, under the Lodge of the Three Globes, was laid at Berlin. In 1772, Grand Orient of France was established, which held its first meeting, March 5th, 1773. In 1781, September 5th, the Grand Lodge of New York declared itself independent. In 1787, America had eighty-five Lodges. In 1802, Feb. 21st, the Supreme Grand Council of the 33° of Charlestown, gave "Count de Grasse

Digitized by Google

Tilley" the power of initiating Masons in this Degree, and of constituting Lodges, Chapters, Councils, and Constitutions of the ancient Rite, "sur les deux hémisphères." In 1845, Oct. 26th, the London Council was established by the Charlestown Council. After the reign of James II. the sovereign ceased to be Grand Master: a succession of Grand Masters, with Sir C. Wren at their head, carried on Freemasonry, but not with that zeal which had formerly been bestowed on it. The Degrees beyond that of Master seem to have been quite disused, except in some few Lodges where they had been retained. For the history of this period, indeed up to the Union in 1813, I must refer you to two standard Masonic works, Norkouch's "Book of Constitutions," published by authority in 1784; and Preston's "Illustrations of Freemasonry," which is a book that no Mason should be without. During the whole of this period, as you see, Freemasonry was flourishing in all its branches on the continent and in America, and, as I have also told you, was re-established in this country in October, 1845. We, the Supreme Grand Council of Sovs. Ins. Generals of the 33rd Degree, work silently and slowly, but surely. We uphold in every way the Grand Master and Grand Lodge of England; we uphold every institution of the Order; we solemnly renounce the slightest interference with any of the Degrees under the Grand Lodge, Chapter, or Knight Templar Conclave; we merely take up Masonry where it has been let drop in England; and endeavour, as far as in us lies, to grant those Degrees without which no Mason can be called perfect, or can he be received with those honours, which he would wish to have given him on the Continent. Perhaps some of you have lately been in London, and have had an opportunity of visiting the Aztec Lilliputians. These children, of the ages of about fourteen and seventeen, illustrate much of the dark Egyptian Hieroglyphic. They are found in a city hitherto unknown, used as idols, by another race. Their countenances are the same as those found engraved on the Egyptian marbles, and in the worship of these by the tribe among whom they were found, certain signs, tokens, and words are made use of which are familiar to the ear of every Mason. I have the little book which I bought when admitted to see them; I only wish I had a sufficient number of copies to distribute one to every Brother in this Lodge-room now present. The whole of the system practised at Ixamaya seems to be a thorough and vast carrying out of the Masonic institutions, from the strict guard kept up outside the gates of the city, to the vigilance and secrecy preserved in the worship in their temples. All this will forcibly strike every Mason on reading this small book now in my hand. I believe it is eleven years since a P. G. meeting has been held here; I had intended to have held a meeting some years ago, but I found few members then in the Lodge, and I thought it best to allow the Lodge *itself* to revive, before I came officially. I now have reason to congratulate both your Lodge and myself on the rapid strides you have made. I think I may say, generally, with one exception only, that Masonry is now in a most healthy state in the province of Dorset. As Masons, we are every day becoming a more and more important body. To be a Mason is no longer a reproach, applied to us by the "Profanum vulgus;" those who do not belong to us, or who would not join us, at all events treat us with respect; the ladies, as a body, are not opposed to us, but rather, in most instances, give us their encouragement and support. Thus upheld, what institution can fail to flourish? Look at the late ball given in the University of Oxford, which must be considered as the nursery of our future Prov. Grand Masters and Grand Officers,—see how that was attended, and how it went off; see also the remarks of that great organ of public opinion—the *Times* newspaper—and then who will say that Masonry is not taking the stand it should take, and ranking with our noblest civil institutions?—*Magna est veritas et prævalet*—I fear, my Brothers, I have tired you; but Masonry is a subject, when I once take it up, that I scarce know when, how, or where to stop; its resources are inexhaustible,—but the time tells me I must bring this subject to a close; and after thanking you all for your attendance here this day, and expressing a hope that we shall again meet round the festive board at a later hour, I will again beg you, by acting up to the sublime precepts of our Order, to prove to the world at large, that we are a truly noble and privileged Fraternity.

Digitized by Google

The PROV. GRAND MASTER then informed the Brethren that Bro. Jacob had requested to resign the office of Prov. G. Sec., owing to ill health, that he much regretted the cause of his resignation; Bro. Jacob having served the office for a long series of years, under the late Prov. G. M. Bro. Eliot, and since that time during the whole of his (the Prov. G. M.'s) period of office, and during the whole time he had discharged his duties faithfully and fervently. He then desired Bro. Jacob to accept a small token of his fraternal regard, and placed a beautifully wrought Masonic Jewel on his right breast. The following Brethren were then appointed to the various offices for the ensuing year:—C. O. Bartlett, of Lodge 542, to be S. G. W.; J. Graves, of 160, to be J. G. W.; the Rev. I. U. Cooke, G. Chap.; C. W. Bond, of 802, G. Registrar; W. Hannen, of 694, G. Treasurer; R. Hare, of 199, G. Sec.; J. B. Harvey and C. Bessant, of 199, G. Deacons; J. Purkins, of 802, G. Sup. of Works;—Hatherleigh, of 542, and J. Panton, of 542, G. Dirs. of Cer.; T. Ellis, of 160, G. S. B.; T. Patch, of 605, G. O.; G. N. Dobson, of 160, and C. Hibbs, of 199, G. S. B.; and — Stevens, of 802, G. P.

The banquet was served up at the "Black Bear" hotel, and an unusual number of the Brethren sat down at four P.M. to partake of refreshment, the band during the dinner playing some excellent pieces of music to perfection. At one end of the room was placed the clock we before alluded to, the dial of which was designed by the Prov. G. M., and his J. W. Bro. W. Hancock, of Weymouth; and was executed at Weymouth by the latter skilful artist, by whom also the case was designed and executed. The works of the clock, which is an eight-day one, striking the hours and quarters, were supplied by Bro. Vincent, jeweller, of Weymouth, and are of excellent and substantial workmanship. The back-ground of the dial represents a cloudy canopy, on which is emblazoned in gold the eagle of the 33rd Degree in Masonry, the Triple Cross of Salem, with an inscription, "William Tucker, Sovereign Inspector General," and the Pelican of the 18th Degree. On each side are pillars surmounted with the celestial and terrestrial globes, and at the bottom are seven stars, the jewel of the R. W. G. M. of Dorset, and the mark jewel. The dial is composed of four different circles, the first or outer circle being black, on which the minutes are shown by white equilateral triangles, and the hours by rhomboids. The next is purple, with the hours in old English letters of gold. The third is vermilion, with the working tools of the three first degrees in Masonry, corresponding to the figures in the hour circle. There is also a representation of the First Grand Offering at the bottom, and the Cross of the 18th Degree on the top. The fourth circle is azure, with the signs of the zodiac, also emblazoned in gold. In the middle of the dial is the mosaic pavement in black and white, with its border and tassels and a blazing star (in gold) in the centre. On one side is a ladder consisting of three steps, on the other side a circle and parallel lines. At the top, resting on a pavement, is placed the Ark of the Covenant with the All-seeing Eye, and at the bottom a figure of Time with the motto *Tempus fugit*. Outside these last-mentioned emblems is a continuation of the cloudy canopy. A cable surrounds the whole and forms a fifth circle inside the others. The hour hand is formed to represent a sprig of acacia, and the minute hand an ear of corn. The general design of the case is after

Digitized by Google

the ancient Doric order. In the base is a panel containing a representation of the tracing board of the 1st Degree of Masonry, elaborately carved in relief, surrounded by an indented border, with the emblems of the four cardinal virtues at the corners. The frieze is ornamented with the jewels of the various Provincial officers; and resting on the cornice, are the three great lights of Masonry—the Sacred Volume, the Square, and Compasses. The feet represent pomegranates. At the back of the case is placed the key-stone of Mark-Masonry, with the crest of the Prov. G. M. in the centre. Our space will not allow us to give a detailed account of the proceedings at table; suffice it to say that the Brethren separated about eight o'clock, highly pleased and satisfied with the proceedings of the day.

ESSEX.

COLCHESTER.—On Monday, August 8th, the imposing ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Mary Magdalene was honoured with a grand Masonic demonstration, the R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., and nearly 200 Officers and Brethren belonging to Lodges in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Middlesex, being present. In the morning the High-street, particularly in the vicinity of the Town Hall and the Cups Hotel, was filled with the populace, who had congregated to witness the arrival of omnibus-loads of the mysterious Craftsmen from the railway. Flags floated from the tops of the principal buildings, and in some parts spanned the streets from house to house. Having held a Prov. G. L. at the Cups Hotel, at twelve o'clock, the Brethren, accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation in their robes, J. G. Rebow, Esq., High Sheriff, the Archdeacon of Colchester, and numerous clergy in their gowns, the Blue-coat School-boys carrying flags, men bearing banners, and the bands of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, from Ipswich, and Essex Rifles, of Colchester, with throngs of spectators, walked in procession through High-street, Queen-street, and the ruins of St. Botolph's Priory, to St. Botolph's Church, to hear divine service. As may be imagined, the novelty of such a spectacle caused a large influx of persons into the town, and windows, balconies, and house-tops throughout the route were crowded with spectators. The following is a programme of the procession, and description of the regalia belonging to the G. L. of England in London, of the estimated value of 3,000*l.*, which was lent for use on the occasion:—

Band of the Sixth Dragoon Guards.
Tyler.
Visiting Brethren, not members of any Lodge present.
Lodges of the neighbouring Provinces, according to seniority, juniors first.
Tyler.
Lodges of the Province of Essex, preceded by their banners.
North Essex Lodge, Bocking, No. 817.
Royal Burnham Lodge, Burnham, No. 788.
Chigwell Lodge, Chigwell, No. 663.
Lodge of Confidence, Castle Hedingham, No. 662.
Lodge of Hope, Brightlingsea, No. 627.

Digitized by Google

Lodge of Good Fellowship, Chelmsford, No. 343.
Lodge of Hope and Unity, Romford, No. 259.
Lodge of True Friendship, Rochford, No. 186.
Banner of the Angel Lodge, Colchester, No. 59.

Rough Ashlar. Perfect Ashlar.
Doric Light. Ionic Light.
Celestial Globe. Terrestrial Globe.

Members of the Angel Lodge, two and two.

Senior Deacon. Junior Deacon.

Corinthian Light.

G. Chaplain.

Secretary. Treasurer.

Cornucopia, containing corn, wine, and oil.

Square, Level, and Plumb, on cushion. Trowel and Mallet, on cushion.

Vase with coin.

Senior Warden. Junior Warden.

Past Masters.

Banner.

Visiting Brethren of Prov. Grand Lodges.

Prov. Grand Lodge of Essex.

Tyler. Tyler.

Grand Pursuivant.

G. Organist.

Grand Superintendent of Works.

Past Grand Sword Bearers.

Past Grand Deacons.

G. Steward. G. Sec. with Book of Constitutions. G. Steward.

P. G. Treasurers.

Past Grand Registrars.

Grand Treasurer.

G. Registrar.

Past Grand Wardens.

Junior Grand Warden.

Senior G. Warden.

Junior Grand Deacon.

Grand Steward. { Prov. Grand Chaplain, with the Volume of the Sacred Law. } Grand Steward.

Dep. Prov. Grand Master.

Grand Sword Bearer.

G. Steward. The R. W. Prov. Grand Master. G. Steward.

Senior Grand Deacon.

Grand Tyler.

On the procession arriving at the church door, the Brethren halted, and divided right and left, for the R. W. Prov. G. M. and his Officers to pass up the centre, preceded by his Standard and Sword Bearer, and followed by the various Lodges in inverted order, from the bottom of the procession until the whole had entered the church, when the Brethren took their seats on the south side of the church.

The prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. J. Bruce, vicar of Althorne, Prov. G. C., assisted by the Rev. R. Bewick, of the Angel Lodge, Colchester.

The Rev. C. Badham, D.D., head master of the Royal Grammar School, Louth, Lincolnshire, preached an excellent sermon from Matt. xiii. 33.

After divine service the procession re-formed, and proceeded through Magdalene-street to the site of the new church, to lay the

Digitized by Google

first stone according to Masonic custom. The procession having arrived at the site, and entered the grounds, the clergy, mayor, and corporation, Freemasons, and other important personages who were to be present at the ceremony, were admitted to platforms raised over the partly-erected walls of the sacred edifice, the Freemasons occupying the most prominent position near to the foundation-stone. The Ven. C. P. Burney, archdeacon of Colchester, performed the religious service, which commenced by singing the Hundredth Psalm, Bro. J. Dace, G. O., presiding at the harmonium. Then followed the usual order of prayers for such occasions.

At the appointed portion of the service, the mortar having been applied to the foundation of the stone, it was spread by the R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., with a massive handsome silver trowel. The stone was then lowered and deposited on its final resting-place. Bro. G. Wackerbath, 259, and W. M. 663, P. Prov. S. G. W., deposited a bottle of coins in a receptacle chiselled in the foundation-stone, and said, "Bro. G. M., by your command I have deposited in the stone a bottle containing every current coin of the realm, with their inscription on parchment." Bro. R. Ellisdon, G. R., then read aloud the following inscription, engraved on a brass plate, which he placed over the receptacle in the stone:—"The foundation-stone of this church was laid by Rowland Alston, Esq., Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons, Aug. 8, A.D. MDCCCLIII. Prosper, O Lord, the work of our hands." The accuracy of the stone was then tested by Bro. J. Pattisson, the acting J. G. W., applying the plumb, and declaring to the G. M. that the Craftsmen had done their duty; the acting S. G. W., Bro. Dr. Williams, applying the level, reported to the G. M. in similar language; the Dep. Prov. G. M., R. G. Alston, applying the square, reported in like manner to the G. M. The G. M. then turning round to his Grand Officers, said, "I trust no man, but will prove the work myself;" and then receiving the plumb, level, and square, applied them respectively to the stone, and addressing the assembly said, "I declare this stone to be correctly laid according to the rules of our ancient Craft," at the same time giving the stone three knocks with the gavil. The G. M. then received the cornucopia from Bro. Cross, and taking from it a handful of wheat, scattered it upon the stone, and said, "I scatter this corn as a symbol of plenty." He then received the ewer of wine from Bro. Norman, of Mersea, and pouring it on the stone, said, "I pour this wine as a symbol of joy and gladness." He then received the ewer of oil from Bro. J. Partridge, and pouring it on the stone, said, "I pour this oil as a symbol of peace and contentment;" and after a short pause, said, "May peace, harmony, and brotherly love ever dwell amongst us, by the grace of our Heavenly Father." After each sentiment expressed by the G. M. on scattering the corn, and pouring the wine and oil on the stone, the Freemasons simultaneously responded, "So mote it be." In returning the elevations and ground plans of the building to the architect, the G. M. said they met with general approbation, and in the opinion of all they did him great

Digitized by Google

credit. He then begged to thank the archdeacon and the clergymen present for the countenance and aid which they had afforded, and likewise the ladies for their presence, on an event so interesting and important. He reminded those present of that part of the excellent sermon which they had heard in the morning, in which they were truly told that virtue without charity in God's estimation was of no value; consequently, he asked, what charity could be more acceptable to God than that employed in erecting a building for His worship, and for the moral instruction and spiritual improvement of His creatures. Three cheers followed for the Rev. B. Lodge, rector of St. Mary Magdalene, the promoter of the great undertaking, and the ceremony concluded with the singing of the National Anthem, accompanied by the dragoon band, and enthusiastic hurrahs for the Queen. The vast assembly then dispersed, the procession on its return passing through Magdalene-street, Stanwell-street, St. John's-street, Head-street, and High-street, to the Cups Hotel, where the Masons halted. The G. M., who, by an infirmity of lameness, followed in the rear in the carriage of G. Rebow, Esq. now alighted, and taking the arm of his son, Bro. R. G. Alston, walked to the inn through two lines of the Masons, who saluted them *en passant*, and were honoured by acknowledgments of the compliments from the G. M. and his son. The Masons next followed in inverted order.

At five o'clock the Brethren assembled at a grand Masonic banquet, furnished in the Cups Hotel assembly-room by the worthy host, Bro. G. Chaplin. The R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., presided, the W. M. of the Angel Lodge, Colchester, Dr. Williams, and the P. M. of the same Lodge, Bro. W. Bowler, officiating as vice-chairmen.

Besides the usual loyal toasts, the following were proposed:—"The M. W. G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland;" "The Prov. G. M. Rowland Alston," who responded; "Dep. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough, and the G. Officers of England," responded to by the Dep. Prov. G. M., R. G. Alston; "The Prov. G. M. for Suffolk;" "Dep. Prov. G. M. Capt. Skinner, and the Prov. G. Officers;" "The Mayor and Corporation of Colchester," replied to by Ald. Bro. Williams; "The Archdeacon and Clergy, and especially the Rev. Brethren who had officiated that day," for which Bro. Bewick responded; "The Angel Lodge, No. 59, with thanks for the admirable arrangements of the day," responded to by the W. M. Dr. Williams; "Bro. Barnes, the architect, and Bro. Luff, the builder, of the new church, and success to their exertions;" "The Brethren who had acted as Directors of the Ceremonies," responded to by Bro. Forbes and his assistant Bowler.

The G. M. then vacated the chair, and after other toasts had been drunk, the proceedings of the banquet terminated about ten o'clock.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Provincial Grand Lodge.—On Tuesday, Sept. 13th, upwards of one hundred Brethren, consisting of members of the various

Digitized by Google

Lodges in this Province and several visitors from a distance, assembled together to celebrate this annual festival. The Lodge was held in the upper room of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Newcastle-under-Lyme, and was opened by Bro. Henry Hall, W. M., of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, Newcastle, soon after twelve o'clock. About one the members of the Prov. G. L. were admitted in the usual manner, and the Dep. Prov. G. M., Bro. H. C. Vernon, took his seat at the head of the Grand Lodge, which he opened in due form, and then proceeded to the business of the meeting. He informed the Brethren of the resignation of the Prov. G. M., Maj.-Gen. Anson, who had received a high military appointment at Bombay, and would shortly leave this country, and read a letter from that Brother, expressive of his regret at being severed from the Brethren, over whom he had so long presided. The Dep. Prov. G. M. then proceeded to name his successor, and in doing so had much pleasure in stating that the G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland, had been pleased to appoint a Brother, who had long been known to most of them, and whose Masonic knowledge was such as to leave no doubt as to the future working of the Prov. G. L. He himself felt the greatest pleasure in investing with the insignia of office one who, he felt persuaded, would perform the duties of the office with credit to himself and satisfaction to his Brethren, and was justly entitled to fill the distinguished post that had been allotted him; for none were more fit to command than those, who had been accustomed to obey. The pleasure he himself felt was, if possible, heightened by the fact, that their future Prov. G. M. was not only a Brother Mason, but a brother by blood also; he had the greatest pleasure in introducing Colonel Vernon to them. The Colonel was then installed in the usual manner, and immediately took the chair, amidst the loud and continued plaudits of the Brethren. The Dep. Prov. G. M., Bro. H. C. Vernon, who is likewise Prov. G. M. of Worcestershire, then tendered his resignation as Dep. Prov. G. M. Nothing, he observed, would have induced him to have taken this step, had he not been convinced that the Brother, who had that day been appointed to preside over them, was in every way fitted to fulfil the duties that devolved upon him. He thanked the Brethren for the great kindness he had always experienced at their hands, and said his thoughts would often revert to the pleasant meetings he had had with them. He assured them that although he should no longer hold office in the Lodge, he should make it his pleasure to visit his Brethren in Staffordshire as often as he could. The newly-elected Prov. G. M. expressed his thanks for the honour done him in being elected to the high office of Prov. G. M., and begged to assure his Brethren, that his best exertions should always be used for the good of Masonry in the Province, and that he would at all times, and on all occasions, adhere strictly to the Constitutions of the Order. The Prov. G. M. then proceeded to appoint Bro. Thomas Ward, Prov. P. G. S. W. of the Prov. G. L., and P. M. of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, to the important office of Dep. Prov. G. M. From the respect, in which Bro. Ward is held

Digitized by Google

amongst all the Brethren in the Province, not only on account of his well-known Masonic capabilities, but also for his estimable character as a man, this appointment was received with the most cordial and universal spirit of approval. The appointment for the year ensuing of all the other officers of the Prov. G. L. followed. Bro. Lloyd was re-elected Prov. G. Treas., Bro. Dee, Prov. G. Sec., and Bro. Rev. W. H. Wright, of Hanley, was nominated Prov. G. Chap. The accounts for the past year were read and confirmed, and other business of the Lodge transacted. A procession was then formed, and the Brethren, in full Masonic costume, preceded by a band, walked to St. George's Church, kindly granted for the occasion by the Rev. J. S. Broad. An impressive and truly Masonic sermon was preached by Bro. Wright, his text being taken from the 15th chapter of St. Luke, and the 8th, 9th, and 10th verses. The procession was then re-formed, and the Brethren returned to the Lodge-room, when the remaining part of the business was gone through.

The Prov. G. L. was then closed in due form. The Craft Lodge was then adjourned, and the Brethren, having formed in procession as before, proceeded to the Guildhall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, to partake of the banquet.

Since the last Prov. G. L., held in Newcastle in 1845, Masonry has made considerable progress in the neighbourhood; a Lodge has been formed in Longton with much success, and the Lodges in Newcastle, Burslem, Hanley, &c., have also much increased in numbers. We understand the Lodges in the southern division of the Province are likewise making considerable progress.

SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON.—We are requested to intimate, that the Royal York Lodge, No. 394, has removed from the Castle Inn, Castle-street, to the White Horse Hotel, East-street.

WILTSHIRE.

Installation of the Right Hon. Lord Methuen, as Prov. G. M. of the Province of Wilts, at Swindon.—The establishment of a Masonic Province in this county, and the nomination of a popular nobleman like Lord Methuen to the office of Prov. G. M., have been a subject of much congratulation to the ancient brotherhood both here and elsewhere. While Masonry testified its vitality in other counties, by its periodical festivals, its contributions to the cause of charity, and its assistance in laying the foundation-stone of public edifices, according to the ceremonial handed down to us by the Freemasons of the Middle Ages, who built most of the Gothic minsters in England and on the continent, in Wiltshire the Craft has been almost dormant, and the honour of reviving it is mainly due to Bro. Gooch, the eminent engineer and accomplished Master of the Lodge of Emulation at Swindon. He has not only brought his Lodge to a state of the highest efficiency, but has imbued others with a portion of his

Digitized by Google

own zeal and energy, and has left no effort untried to further the interesting work, of which we are about to speak.

By noon, on Tuesday, the 6th of September, old Swindon was as lively and full of bustle as its young and ambitious neighbour in the valley. The church bells were ringing a merry peal, sight-seers were congregating in the streets, and there was a general hurrying of gentlemen in evening costume towards the Lodge room, where the installation was appointed to take place. The ceremony was attended by about one hundred and twenty Brethren, from different Lodges in the county. The members of the Order present were—

Bros. Lord Methuen; Sir Watkin W. Wynn, P.G.M., North Wales and Shropshire; Col. W. Burlton, W.M., Lodge 97, Cheltenham, and P. Prov. G.M. of Bengal; Bros. J. C. Luxmore, P.G.S.W., Devon; G. Chick, P. G. J. W., Bristol; A. L. Goddard *M.P.*; Major Goddard; Capt. Bulkeley (Director of the Great Western Railway Company); W. Gooch, South Newton, Devon; A. P. Browne, P.G.S., Somerset; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B. of the Grand Lodge of England, Oxford; B. Robinson, G.S. of the Province of Wiltshire; G. C. Harril, P. P. G. J. D., Bristol; J. Hervey, P.P.S.G.W., Northamptonshire and Hunts; Dr. Falconer, Lodge 528, Bath, P. P. G. R. P. G. J. W., Somerset; George Goldsmith, P. P. G. J. W. L. P. M., Hampshire; R. Bisgood, D. P. G. M., Kent, and P. G. S.; W. Walkely; W. Gill, P.M.; F. A. Fellowes; E. Lee; G. M. Tyrrell; C. Robinson, P.M.; Rev. Bro. Hicks, of Ramsbury; Bros. Blake, Plowman, and Walker, members of the Prov. G.L. of Oxford; C. S. Hawkins, Ashton Keynes; Rev. H. Light, Wroughton; W. Sheppard, Ashford, Kent; W. T. K. Perry Keene, Minety House; A. L. Henly, Mayor of Calne; J. C. Townsend; G. Budd; W. Martley, Chepstow; Edwards, Lymington; L. W. Hooper, Winchester; C. E. Owen; R. R. Rea; W. Read; Wright, Paddington; F. Hind; James Brown, Salisbury; William Brown, Monkton; J. Howse; J. S. Forbes; Edwin Arnold; George Campbell; W. P. Markham, Middlesex Lodge; F. T. Allis, W.M., Lodge 420; John Bradley, P.M., Lodge 420; J. Hale; S. Shaw; J. Lovett; T. B. Richardson; W. Wane; George White, late Lodge 341; E. R. Ing; William Morris, Royal Cumberland Lodge; Edward Cripps, Lodge 862; J. G. Monk, S. D.; W. Harwood; Henry Bridges, P. M., Lodges 367 and 680; Samuel Hall Smith; W. B. Sealey; J. H. Sheppard; George Jones; Charles Castle, P. M., Lodge 221; John A. Page, P.M., Lodge 120; G. S. White, Lodge 862; John Kirby, P. M., Lodge 128; James Smith, P. M.; Elias de Derham, Sarum; James Cornwall, Cirencester, S.W.; W. B. Minet, Middlesex, Lodge 167, London; John Evans, Lodge 528, Bath, P.M.; W. M. Crowdy; Henry Weaver, P.P.G.S. for Hants; Thos. Pain, Treas., Lodge 856; Henry Lyde Dunsford; Philip P. Cother, W.M., Lodge 856; Minard C. Rea; Thomas Graham; Charles Goolden, Lodge 167; R. B. Goolden, Lodge 289; Amos Sleed, Lodge 97; Thos. Gill Palmer, Lodge 97.

The Grand Lodge was presided over by Bro. Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Prov. G. M. of North Wales and Shropshire, the other chairs being filled by eminent Brethren from the Provinces of Devon and Hants.

The ceremony of the installation having been completed, and the customary homage paid, his Lordship proceeded to appoint and invest the following Grand Officers:—Bros. Gooch, D.G.M.; Crowdy, S.W.; Withers, J.W.; Campbell, Chap.; Prower, Regr.; Rea, Sec.; W. Brown, S.D.; P. P. Cother, J.D.; J. Matthews, Sword Bearer; J. E. Sheppard, Treas.; J. W. Brown, Dir. of Cer.; Sealey, Assist. Dir. of Cer.; S. Smith, Pursuivant; T. Pain and Beverley Robinson, Jun. Stewards.

The routine business of the Lodge having been transacted, the Brethren proceeded to attend Divine service, in the following

Digitized by Google

ORDER OF PROCESSION:—

Band.
Tyler.
Visiting Brethren not Members of Lodges in the Province.
Elias De Derham, Lodge No. 856.
Lodge of Rectitude, No. 420.
Royal Sussex Lodge of Emulation, No. 453.
Visiting Brethren, being Provincial Grand Officers of other Provinces.
Prov. G. Pursuivant. Prov. G. Organist.
Prov. G. Sup. of Works. Assist. Prov. G. Dir. of Cer.
Prov. G. Director of Ceremonies.
Prov. G. Secretary, with Book of Constitution.
Prov. G. Registrar. Prov. G. Treasurer.
Visiting Brothers being Grand Officers of England.
The Corinthian Light.
The Column of the Junior Prov. Grand Warden.
Junior Prov. Grand Warden.
Doric Light.
Column of Senior Prov. Grand Warden.
Senior Prov. Grand Warden.
Junior Prov. G. Deacon.
Prov. G. Steward. } Prov. Grand Chaplain, with the Volume of the Sacred Law. } Prov. G. Steward.
Deputy Prov. Grand Master.
Ionic Light.
Prov. Grand Sword Bearer.
The Right Worshipful Prov. Grand Master.
Senior Prov. G. Deacon.
Prov. Grand Tyler.

The procession, as it passed through the streets, had a very gay and imposing effect. The Brethren wore all their decorations, varied according to the degree of office they bore in the Order; and their richly ornamented purple, blue, and crimson silk robes, and their little white aprons, added to the flags and mystic symbols which they carried, presented a *tout ensemble* highly picturesque. Upwards of 100 Brethren attended from different parts of the country—Hampshire, Somerset, Gloucester, Devon, Northamptonshire, Wales, &c.; some of them holding high office among the Fraternity.

On arriving at the churchyard, the van of the procession fell into double file, through which Lord Methuen and the newly constituted officers of the Prov. G. L. entered the sacred edifice, every seat in which was soon occupied by a respectable and attentive congregation.

On entering the church the National Anthem was performed on the splendid new organ, at which Bro. T. B. Richardson presided. The psalms for the day were chanted by the choir, whose assistance was kindly given on the occasion. The services (Jackson in F) were ably sustained, and the anthem (Psalm cxxxiii.) reflected infinite credit on all the performers, especially the soloists. The 100th Psalm, which preceded the sermon, appeared to inspire the congregation with a love of psalmody, as all joined in perfect harmony.

The Sermon was preached by the Rev. Bro. Campbell, P. G. Chap., and was one of the most forcible and eloquent expositions and defences of the principles of Masonry that wo ever heard delivered from the pulpit.

Digitized by Google

At the conclusion of the service, the Brethren returned to their place of meeting in due order, when the Lodge having been closed, they separated for a short space of time, and re-assembled in the spacious Lodge-room at the Goddard Arms Hotel, which was splendidly decorated with the regalia of the Order; and with flowers and evergreens tastefully woven into garlands, or placed in ornamental baskets affixed to the walls, united with the gay colours of the Masonic dresses, gave the room a remarkably pretty appearance. Here a splendid banquet was provided by the host (Bro. Westmacott); the Prov. G. M., in the Chair, supported on the right by the Prov. G. M. for North Wales and Shropshire, and on the left by the Dep. Prov. G. M. for Wilts, and a party of ninety Brethren.

On the removal of the cloth (grace having been said by the Prov. G. Chap.), the toasts of "The Queen," and "The G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland," and "The Dep. Prov. G. M. of England, the Earl of Yarborough," were appropriately given from the Chair, and duly received by the Brethren.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER for North Wales and Shropshire then proposed the health of his very old and dear friend, "The Prov. G.M. for Wilts, Lord Methuen," whom he had for many years known and admired for his excellent qualities, exhibited not only in this country, but in America, where he had shown such prowess that it was acknowledged by the men of the New World that they could not produce so fine a specimen as the Old World. He congratulated the Brethren in general, and this Province in particular, on having been so fortunate as to obtain so worthy and excellent a Brother to fill the important office, to which he had that day been installed.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER, in rising to respond to the toast, which had been so kindly proposed and heartily responded to, admitted that the pleasure he felt in so doing was not unmixed with regret—regret that the office he had that day been raised to had not fallen to one more able and efficient than himself. Nevertheless, having undertaken it, he would endeavour to discharge its duties properly. When he was first communicated with on the subject, he felt that Masonry had, as it were, slumbered in Wilts, and in the hope that he might be of some service, he accepted the office, resolved to lend his aid (small as it might be), and to support with all the means in his power (small though they might be), the revival of the Craft in this, his native county; and he trusted, if they lived to reassemble another year, the interests of Masonry would not be found to have suffered at his hands, but that new Lodges would arise in many places that ought to have them, that old Lodges, which had appeared to have sunk, would revive and again make head, and that the bright stars of prosperity would soon arise and shed their benign influence on Masonry in this Province.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER next proposed the health of a very excellent, worthy, and zealous Brother, well known amongst many of them, whose name commanded respect wherever it was known. He alluded to the Brother on his left, whom it had given him so much satis-

Digitized by Google

faction that day to appoint as his Deputy. Ancient Rome and modern France had boasted of the laurels which their heroes had achieved, but the well-known exertions of Bro. Gooch, for the advancement and promotion of the liberal arts and sciences, had earned for him a reputation of a higher order. Give me (said his lordship) such laurels as these, before all the boasted honours of the heroes of ancient Rome or modern France! for it was by such pursuits as these that science was to advance, and the more enlightened of mankind were to be knit together. Knowing how far superior Bro. Gooch was to himself in Masonic knowledge, he felt he must in great part leave the working of the Province in his hands. The toast was enthusiastically received, and very feelingly responded to.

The DEP. PROV. GRAND MASTER, in rising to return thanks, was most cordially and enthusiastically cheered. He appeared deeply affected by the manner in which his health had been proposed, and the enthusiastic way in which the toast had been received by his Brethren; so much so, that he was almost unable to express his feelings. It had been his privilege to occupy the office of W. M. of the Royal Sussex Lodge of Emulation, and to observe its rapid growth, evidencing renewed vitality and energy most gratifying to his feelings. The manifestation of the kind regard of his Brethren would not allow him to make any further observation, but he assured them of his determination to promote the interests of the Order to the utmost of his ability.

The other toasts that followed were:—"The Prov. G. Officers of other Provinces, who had favoured them with their presence," and coupled with this was the name of Bro. Luxmore, of Devon, who duly responded to it; "The Brethren who had that day kindly accepted the Prov. G. Offices to which they had been appointed," on whose behalf Bro. S. W. Crowdy returned thanks; "Prosperity to Masonry in general, particularly in the Province of Wiltshire," responded to by Bro. Sheppard, &c. &c.

In the course of the afternoon, the noble Chairman paid a well-merited tribute of thanks to the Rev. Br. Campbell, for the excellent sermon he had preached in the church; and in doing so took the opportunity of alluding to the names of a number of eminent persons who had been members of the Order, mentioning particularly Cæsar, St. Albans, St. Swithin, William Waynefleet, William Wykeham, and in later times Wolsey, Inigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren. Taking the time of Cæsar's landing in this country to the present moment, they would find no great name handed down to posterity, which Masonry did not claim as her own. That was the best answer which could be given to the cavils of those rash men, who would hurl down from its high seat the position, which Masonry held; but thanks be, never was Masonry more firmly seated than at present, and he believed that the firm root which it had taken was to be attributed to its close connection with religion.

"For a period of nearly thirty years Masonry has seemed to decline in Wilts, the last Prov. G. L. having been held twenty-eight years

Digitized by Google

ago; and it was highly gratifying this day to see a Brother so universally respected as Bro. J. H. Sheppard re-appointed to the office of Treasurer, which he held at the above-named period, and for several years previously. Bros. Crowdy and Withers were likewise old and highly esteemed Prov. Officers; and it was observed by many old Masons, that they never remembered having seen, at any former Prov. Meeting, so large a number of 'purple aprons,'—thus showing the unusual degree of interest evinced by the superior officers of Grand Lodges in other Provinces. Where all was harmony and good will, it would seem invidious, perhaps, to mention individuals; but the three above named, and a few other zealous Brethren, impelled by that warm attachment and never-dying regard for their Craft, which all good Masons feel, have revived the smouldering embers of their Order at Swindon, where there is now kindled a flame of Masonic feeling, which is extending itself on every side; and we rest assured that the Craft, firm to its great principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, will soon diffuse itself over this Province in a spirit of

"Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Each sister grace combined,
To roam the world in unity,
And elevate mankind."

YORKSHIRE.

HULL.—*Masonic Trip to Grimston Park.*—On Saturday, August 20th, several members of the Humber Lodge, No. 65, Osborne-street, Hull, proceeded, by express invitation, to Grimston, near Tadcaster, the residence of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. W. Lord Londesborough, S. G. W. of England, who also on that occasion threw open his grounds to the public. The ceremony of presenting to his lordship a recent resolution of the members of the Humber Lodge, electing him an honorary member thereof, took place under the conduct of W. M. Bro. W. B. Hay, in the presence of P. M. Bros. Bannister, Broadhead, Chaffer, Feetam, and Stark. His lordship received the deputation in the most cordial manner, and, in accepting the same, took occasion to assure the Brethren of the high appreciation he had of the honour conferred upon him, and his determination to do all in his power for the Humber Lodge, and to forward its interests on every occasion. His lordship then invited the deputation, with other members and friends, to an elegant *déjeûner*. Several appropriate remarks were made by Lord Bateman; Mr. Ald. Thompson, of this town; Mr. C. Good, Danish Consul at this port; and Bros. Bannister and Charles Frost. The day was most agreeably spent by the company at large in viewing the grounds, armoury, and other objects of interest. Amongst the company present were, with others: P. M. Bros. Dr. J. P. Bell, J. Leonard, J. L. Seaton, and T. A. Ward, in addition to those before named; also Bros. R. Bell, Bothroyd, Chapman, C. A. Davis, J. Glover, W. Holmes, Hustwick, S. Hewson, G. Leng, C. Miller, T. Ross, D. Smales, J. M. Stark, Wheedale, Waugh, Luting, of Beverley, &c.

Digitized by Google

ZETLAND.

LERWICK.—*Morton Lodge*, 89.—A meeting of the Brethren was held in their Hall on the 24th June, when the usual business of the Lodge was transacted, and one Brother passed the degree of Fellow-craft. The M. W. the G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland, being in Zetland at the time, on a visit to his estates, the Brethren thought it advisable to request him to honour the Lodge with his presence, he not only being the highest dignitary in Freemasonry in the kingdom, but his noble family for a long period intimately connected with these islands. Accordingly a note was addressed to the M. W. G.M., who most condescendingly replied to it, signifying his willingness to meet his Brethren. A Lodge was therefore summoned on the 25th, at which above thirty of the Brethren were present. The M.W.G.M. entered the Lodge at eight o'clock, and was received with the honours due to his rank in the Craft. He was pleased to express his satisfaction with the impressive manner in which an initiation was performed, which took place that evening. The Brethren were all delighted with his fraternal and affable deportment, and also with the beautiful address which he delivered, containing particulars of the charitable institutions of the Grand Lodge of England, and of the progress of Masonry in various quarters of the world. After a short time spent in harmony and refreshment, the Lodge was closed.

The members of Morton Lodge will often reflect with pride and pleasure on the circumstance of their Lodge having been honoured by the presence of so distinguished a Brother, and hope that he may long occupy his present exalted position.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.

GRAND MASONIC DEMONSTRATION.—*Laying of the Foundation-stone of the Orphanage and Asylum for Imbecile Children, July 7th*, 1853.—To Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy the inhabitants of this district are greatly indebted for the deep interest they take in every useful and philanthropic scheme. Not content with merely subscribing to old and established charities, they have evinced their active benevolence by carrying out new modes of ameliorating the condition of their unfortunate fellow-creatures. It is almost entirely to their exertions that Dundee owes the commencement and successful establishment of the "Home,"—a charity by means of which many young females have been rescued from vicious and abandoned courses, and restored to a useful and respectable position in life.

Digitized by Google

And in the foundation of an orphanage for defective or idiot children, we have afforded us another instance of their desire to be active labourers in the cause of suffering humanity. The disinterested, able, and unwearied exertions of Dr. Duggenbuhl have proved, that of defective children not one is so sunk in idiocy as to be incapable of improvement; while, through the use of proper curative means, many whose condition was previously looked upon as hopeless, may be ultimately rendered useful and honourable members of society. On the plan of his noble institution, the Abendberg, several establishments have been formed on the continent and in England. Scotland, however, has hitherto been without an institution of this truly Christian kind, and we owe it to the munificent liberality of Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy that the reproach is now to be wiped away from us.

In accordance with the arrangements, the foundation-stone of the Orphanage, to be erected on the banks of the Dighty, was laid with Masonic honours on Thursday, July 7th. The Brethren assembled in Bell-street Hall, Dundee, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the Grand Lodge was opened in due form by Bro. J. Whyte Melville, of Bennochy and Strathkinnes, D. G. M. (in the absence of the Duke of Atholl, M. W. G. M.). They afterwards proceeded, in three divisions, to the station of the Newtyle Railway; each division as it appeared occupying the carriages assigned to it, and being drawn up the incline in succession. At the top of the incline one long train was formed,—the longest, we believe, ever seen upon this now somewhat antiquated railway,—and the "merry Masons" proceeded on their way to the Baldragon station, which was reached about half-past one. On descending from the carriages, they were formed under the command of their Marshal, Bro. Cowie, and marched in procession to the site of the Orphanage, in the following order:—

Marshal.
Camperdown Lodge, Dundee.—Bro. Geekie.
Panmure, Arbroath.—Bro. J. Kidd.
Caledonian, Dundee. — Bro. R. Kidd.
Forfar and Kincardine, Dundee. — Bro. Jack.
Thistle Operative, Dundee.—Bro. Cloudesley.
St. Vigeans, Arbroath.—Bro. Arrott.
St. David's, Dundee.—Bro. Alison.
Ancient, Dundee. — Bro. Gardiner.
Operative, Dundee.—Bro. Reid.
St. Thomas's, Arbroath.—Bro. Roy.
Grand Lodge of Scotland.
Band.

With the procession winding along the road, and the large number of spectators from Dundee and the neighbouring parishes viewing it from every elevated spot, the scene presented was both graceful and picturesque, and such as has seldom, if ever before, been witnessed in the quiet and secluded parish of Strathmartine. At Bridgefoot there was erected a very neat arch of evergreens, surmounted by a crown; and pretty floral devices were frequently to be seen along the road. Amid the joyous feelings of the villagers and others, as

Digitized by Google

evinced by their repeated and cordial cheers, the procession reached the site of the Orphanage, about half a mile north-east of the station, when the Brethren at once took up the places assigned to them around the scene of the ceremony—the officials of the Grand Lodge occupying a raised platform in the centre. Above this was suspended, on gaily decorated beams, the foundation-stone, ready to be lowered to its destined place at the proper time. The elevated ground to the north was covered with spectators, in front of whom we observed Lady Jane Ogilvy, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen, who had come to evince alike their respect for Sir John Ogilvy, and their interest in the benevolent undertaking. The bank on the south of the stream was also occupied by spectators, with the children attending the four schools in the parish, who had been marshalled on the ground by their teachers, drawn up in front. The arrangements being complete, the Rev. A. Taylor, who officiated as Grand Chaplain, gave out the Hundredth Psalm; and the singing of this beautiful hymn of praise by so many voices, and under such peculiar circumstances, had a thrilling and solemnizing effect. And when, the singing finished, Mr. Taylor proceeded to offer up a most earnest and impressive prayer, every sound was hushed.

The G. Sec., Bro. W. A. Lawrie, then deposited in the cavity of the stone a glass bottle hermetically sealed, containing copies of the local newspapers, a list of the various Lodges taking part in the ceremony, the current coins of the realm, &c. Over the cavity was then placed a brass plate, on which was engraved the following inscription, read by Bro. J. Winter, G. C.:—

The Foundation Stone of this Building, erected by
Sir JOHN and Lady JANE OGILVY,
As an Asylum for the Treatment of Defective Children,
was laid on the 7th day of July, 1853, by
The Grand Lodge of Scotland;
John Whyte Melville, Esq., of Bennochy, Deputy Grand Master Mason,
officiating,
Assisted by all the Lodges in Dundee.
Architects—Messrs. Coe and Goodwin, London.
Builders—Charles and Alexander Cunningham, of this parish.

The band then struck up "Great light to shine," during the playing of which the stone was gently lowered into its appropriate place; after which, by command of the D. G. M., Bro. T. Cuthbert, acting S. G. W., applied the square; Bro. G. Bisset, acting J. G. W., applied the plumb; and Capt. M. Drummond, acting Subs. G. M., applied the level. Having each reported to the D. G. M. that they had applied their tools to the stone, and found it correct, he, expressing full confidence in their reports, finished the work by giving the usual three blows of the mallet in the true Masonic manner. The D. G. M. then poured corn, wine, and oil on the top of the stone, and invoked the Divine favour upon the undertaking. At this stage the band played, "On, on, my dear Brethren," and a round of nine guns was fired from cannon stationed on an eminence behind,—the band following with the "Mason's Anthem."

Digitized by Google

The D. G. M. then delivered a short address, expressing his regret at the absence of Lord Panmure, the Prov. G. M., through indisposition, and the satisfaction he felt at having been permitted to take a part in the proceedings of the day. He said, those in the locality were deeply indebted to Sir John Ogilvy and his amiable lady for having—so differently from what others might have done in similar circumstances—devoted a sum of money towards so charitable an object as the present institution; and he also congratulated them upon having a resident landlord actuated by Sir John's spirit and benevolence. He concluded by expressing a hope that a blessing from the Architect of the Universe may descend upon Sir John and his amiable Lady, that they may both live to enjoy the fruits of their benevolence; that they may see this edifice rise to completion, and find it instrumental in promoting the peace and comfort, the health and happiness, and in some cases also in restoring that light of reason, which is the highest blessing of God (cheers).

Sir John Ogilvy having replied in elegant speech, the ceremonial proceedings were then closed by the band playing "Rule Britannia." Previous to the dispersal, Sir John Ogilvy kindly intimated that Lady Jane and he had thrown open their grounds and garden to the Brethren and others present, and that they would be glad to see as many as could find it convenient enjoying themselves there. The greater number of those present availed themselves of the offer made by Sir John, and the fine parterres and garden at Baldovan House were enlivened by crowds of people, who, we are glad to say, conducted themselves in such a manner as to show that they rightly estimated the favour conferred upon them. And it deserves to be stated that not a single flower was plucked, nor the slightest injury done to anything on the ground. After enjoying themselves wandering through the grounds and garden for some time, a number of the Brethren amused themselves with dancing on the green sward to the stirring music of the band, and continued to keep it up with spirit until the signal agreed upon (the firing of a cannon), warned them again to form in line. They drew up in order before the house, and after giving three cheers for Lady Jane, Sir John, and family, they marched a little to the east, passing close in front of the house on their return. They then proceeded to the railway station in reversed order to the procession of the morning. Having entered the carriages, they were quickly conveyed to the top of the incline, where they left the train, and again formed in order of procession, moving down Constitution Road, down Tay Street, east along the Nethergate, up Reform Street, and west to Bell Street Hall. Here the Grand Lodge was closed in due form by Bro. Thomas Cuthbert, acting for the Dep. Grand Master, who had been compelled to leave by the afternoon train.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the Brethren dined together in Bell Street Hall—Sir John Ogilvy in the chair. After dinner a Grand Lodge was again opened, and the loyal and other Masonic toasts followed, varied by a number of songs. The reception given

Digitized by Google

to Sir John when his health was proposed by Bro. Captain Murray Drummond, of Megginch, was such as is seldom witnessed for enthusiasm, showing in how great estimation Sir John is held by the Masons of Dundee. The Lodge was closed at ten o'clock, when the Brethren separated.

BURNS'S APRON AND MALLET.—These interesting relics of Scotland's greatest bard were on Friday, July 22nd, on occasion of laying the foundation-stone of Dumfries Workhouse, exposed to the view of thousands of the admirers of the poet. These interesting relics were worn and carried by Mr. James Gilleson, architect, Dumfries, to whom they were kindly granted for the occasion by Mr. Thorburn, of Ryedale, in whose possession they have been for a considerable time. The apron was last worn by the poet on the 14th of April, 1796, at a meeting of the St. Andrew's Lodge, about three months before his death. It is of sheepskin, in a very frail condition, but has at a recent period been lined with a fresh skin, to keep it entire: at the top there is a blue silk fringe, rather faded; the compass and square being also wrought in silk and gold. The mallet is in excellent preservation, the gold upon its circles being quite bright.—*Dumfries Courier.*

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—*August 3rd.*—This magnificent entertainment, which, since its announcement, has created such a *furore* among the *élite*, took place in the Rotunda, with a degree of brilliancy and splendour seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in this city. The ball was given by the Masonic Brethren, under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Leinster, G. M. of the Order in Ireland, and was intended to be a means of heightening the enjoyment of the numerous strangers at present visiting our National Exhibition. The entire suite of rooms in this spacious building were thrown open for the occasion, and were tastefully and elegantly adorned. The decorations were intrusted to the care of Mr. Richard D. Boylan, who carried out the painting and decoration of our Great Exhibition with such effect. The entrance from Britain Street was fitted up as a bower, with arches, and decorated with evergreens and flowers, furnished at the end with a splendid mirror, which heightened the effect considerably. Through this arched bower the company entered the Round Room, which was decorated in a truly magnificent manner. The sides were hung in scarlet and white drapery. The arches were fitted up with fluted azure, blue, and, white, and

Digitized by Google

under each window was placed a helmet, with two crossed swords and three small Masonic banners. There were also a great number of pier-glasses, and large Masonic and other banners decorating the walls. The orchestra, which was raised about seven feet from the floor, was finished with exceedingly good taste. The centre piece in front was a sun of blue and white gauze, surrounded by puffings of pink and white muslin, and at each end was placed a pilaster of white satin. Immediately over the orchestra there was hung a large and handsome banner, twenty feet square, in a circle in the centre of which was painted the arms of his Grace the Duke of Leinster; round this was a scroll work in royal blue and gold. The whole was surrounded by a border formed of a wreath of the shamrock, rose, and thistle; and in the angles were painted four Masonic emblematic devices. On the opposite side of the room, immediately facing the orchestra, was erected a handsome throne for the G. M. and their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of St. Germans. The pillars were painted a deep royal blue, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns of silver, and around the cornice was a wreath of shamrocks. The hangings and drapery were composed of azure-blue and watered white tabinet, with blue and white silk roofing and tassels, the whole surmounted by a royal crown in gold and crimson. Branching off the Round Room were several other apartments. A refreshment-room, very tastefully fitted up in the Swiss style;—the pillars were framed in five different colours, and entwined with artificial flowers and evergreens; the walls were hung with large pier-glasses, banners, and other devices. A drawing-room, which, on entering, presented a very novel and picturesque appearance. It was all lined with pink, white, and blue drapery. The niches were fluted with blue and white muslin, and filled with statuettes, &c. A small room, fitted up as a Turkish tent, with hangings, draperies, couches, &c. This led into the Pillar Room, which, together with the Round Room, was devoted to dancing, and, as well as the remainder of the building, was well and tastefully decorated. About nine o'clock the company began to arrive, Alderman George Hoyte, Dep. G. M. occupying the throne. At half-past nine o'clock his Grace the Duke of Leinster, G. M., was announced; Alderman Hoyte, accompanied by the Grand Officers, and preceded by the Stewards, proceeded to meet his Grace, and conducted him to the throne, the band playing the Masonic anthem. From that time till eleven o'clock the arrivals continued to pour in in one continued stream, all the ladies being presented to his Grace. At eleven o'clock the arrival of their Excellencies was announced. The Duke of Leinster, accompanied by all the Grand Officers, proceeded to usher them in. After a few minutes their Excellencies—the Countess leaning on the arm of the Duke of Leinster—appeared, accompanied by Major Ponsonby, Major Bagot, Captain Hervey, Captain and Mrs. Willis, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Captain and Mrs. Cust, Captain and Mrs. Molyneux, the Hon. G. Eliot, Lowry Balfour, &c. &c. The Stewards formed into

Digitized by Google

line, and their Excellencies proceeded at once to the throne, the band playing "God save the Queen." Immediately after their arrival dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit till a late, or rather early, hour next morning. Shortly after twelve o'clock their Excellencies, accompanied by his Grace of Leinster, were conducted round the rooms, with the decorations and appearance of which they expressed themselves much gratified. At one o'clock they proceeded to the supper, which was laid in the large room, immediately over the Pillar room, the decorations of which, as well as the supplying of the good things that were its chief attraction, were intrusted to Bro. Ingram, of York Street, whose success as a *restaurant* has been acknowledged by the many who have participated in the triumphs of his art. At the upper end of the room, on a raised dais, was placed a table for their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of St. Germans, the Duke of Leinster, and the other principal guests. The centre piece of the table was a large and handsome arch, beautifully designed, made of confectionary, and covered with various Masonic emblems. The table was furnished with plate, and groaned under the heaps of delicacies, fruits, *assiettes montés*, wines, confectionary, &c., with which it was crowded. At the sides of the room were placed two long tables, and at the further extremity of the room another cross table, all laid out in the most elegant and tasteful manner. After partaking of the good things provided, his Grace the Duke of Leinster proposed, "The health of her Majesty the Queen."

His Grace then proposed "The Lord Lieutenant and prosperity to Ireland."

His Excellency briefly returned thanks, and said he had much pleasure in drinking the latter part of the toast—"Prosperity to Ireland."

His Excellency then proposed "The health of the G. M., his Grace the Duke of Leinster," whom he extolled as a resident landlord.

The toast was drunk with all the honours.

Alderman Hoyte, Dep. G. M., then proposed "The Ladies."

After which their Excellencies withdrew.

Among the company present, we noticed the following:—

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of St. Germans; his Grace the Duke of Leinster, M. W. G. M.; Sir Edward and Lady Blakeney; Viscount and Viscountess Gough; Lord and Lady Mayoress; Earl and Countess of Bective; Lord and Lady Castlereagh; Viscount and Viscountess Avonmore; Earl and Countess of Lucan; Lord and Lady Rossmore; Lord and Lady Howth; Lady Donner; Ladies Elizabeth and Louisa Cornwallis; Ladies Mary and Emily St. Lawrence; Sir Edward and Lady Elizabeth Borough; Lady Redington; Lady Ashbrook and the Hon. Misses Flower; Colonel and Mrs. Eden; Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, 21st Fusiliers; Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Eld, 90th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Queen's Bays; Lieutenant-Colonel M'Pherson, 17th regiment, C.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel Lord West; Lieutenant-Colonel Burdett; Lieutenant-Colonel Browne; Sir Edward M'Donnel; the Hon. Captain Lindsay; Lady Catherine Whetle; Hon. R. Annesley; Hon. J. L. Browne: Hon. Mr. Boyle; Hon. Misses Yelverton; Hon. Mrs. Deane; Sir

Digitized by Google

T. Gresly; Sir Edward Kennedy; Colonel and Mrs. Pennefather; Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, and Officer of the G. L. of England; Sir William Somerville; Hon. G. Eliot; the Ladies Louisa and Jane Moore, &c. &c. &c.

LEINSTER.—On Friday, June 24th, being St. John's day, the Brethren of the highly distinguished Lodge, No. 37, of this city, well known and pre-eminently respected amongst the Craft of Great Britain and Ireland, for the excellence of its working and the zeal of its members for the advancement of the sublime mysteries of the Order, assembled for the celebration of the festival, in accordance with prescriptive usage. At five o'clock P.M. the installation of officers for the ensuing six months took place, with all the accustomed attention to the time-honoured and imposing ceremonial of the occasion. The officers who had been selected for investiture were Bro. Capt. G. P. Helsham, W.M.; Bro. Peter Prendergast, S. W.; Bro. Lord James Butler, J. W; and Bros. John Helsham, and Robert Wright, S. and J. Ds.

KILKENNY, Lodge 642.—The Brethren of this Lodge installed their officers on Friday, June 24th; Bro. John Maher, W. M., and Bros. Robert Mosse and William Ranalow, Sen. and Jun. Wardens. They postponed their refreshment to a future day.

DURROW, Lodge 646.—Bro. Samuel Chaplain, sen., was once again installed as W. M. of this very creditably worked Lodge, with Bros. Watson and Harrison as Wardens. The Brethren dined together, and spent a truly Masonic evening.

NORTH MUNSTER.

EDEN MASONIC LODGE, No. 73.—*June 24th*, 1853.—The Brethren met at their Lodge rooms, Upper Cecil Street, at high noon, for the installation of Officers, when the following were installed for the ensuing six months:—Joseph Merrick, W. M.; Thomas Trousdell, S.W.; W. Peacocke, J.W.; John Bassett, Sec.; George W. Bassett, S. D.; W. O'Sullivan, J. D.; Thomas Fury, Inner Guard; Rev. Thomas Elmes, Chap.

The Eden Lodge, which rose at half-past eleven, after a most convivial and intellectual evening, is, we learn with much pleasure, so efficiently worked by the Brethren, that it augurs to be one of the first Lodges in the south of Ireland.

NEWCASTLE, DESMOND LODGE, No. 202, *July 5th*, 1853.—On this day the Brethren of this Lodge met for the installation of officers, which took place in the following order:—Bro. the Hon. R. F. Deane, W. Master; Bro. Bolster, Sen. Warden; Bro. Murray Gun, Jun. Warden; Bro. Leahy, Sen. Deacon; Bro. Morris, Jun. Deacon; Bro. Evans, Secretary; Bro. Lanauze, Treasurer; Bro. Supple, I. G. The labours of a busy season were rounded off by the festival in Desmond Hall, and the interest was in no small degree enhanced by the opportunity afforded them of entertaining the illustrious and Rt. W. Bro. M. Furnell. At conclusion of dinner, grace being chanted

Digitized by Google

from "Lyra Masonica," the W. M. rose to propose the health of the Queen, which was most enthusiastically received, and the "National Anthem" sung in chorus. To this succeeded many toasts, with appropriate glees and accompaniments by Bro. Supple, Wheeler (of Cork), and Murray Gun. After a delightful symposium, which will be long remembered by all who shared in it, Lodge was closed, and Brethren dismissed with the usual benediction.

Royal Arch Chapter Desmond, No. 202.—This Chapter, the warrant for which has lately been granted, was presided over on the 6th of July, by Prov. G. M. Furnell, who proceeded at high noon to install companions Peirce, Curling, and Murray Gun as principals. The other Officers, Sojurners, and Scribes, having been duly elected, three exaltations took place, and then an excellent lecture was delivered by the Right Worshipful, soon after which the entire Chapter repaired to the hospitable board of Bro. Curling to partake of dinner, comprising every delicacy the season could afford. It is needless to say the assembly dissolved in peace, love, and harmony.

JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

Guernsey.—*Laying the Foundation-stone of the Harbour of St. Peter Port.*—This ceremony took place on August 24th. For the greater part of the last fifty years, persons connected with the trade and shipping of Guernsey have felt that the present harbour was greatly deficient in accommodation and protection. Until the close of the war, although this inconvenience was still felt, the island trade was so active, that merchants and shipowners disregarded it, content in finding that, notwithstanding any serious injuries which their vessels might sustain, their purses were rapidly filling. With the return of peace, when commerce sought out new channels, and when Guernsey was deprived of the advantages which it had derived from its geographical position, and from the singular privileges which it had enjoyed, the profits of trade and shipping underwent a rapid decrease, and then merchants and the owners of vessels began to be sensible of the injury which they sustained from the inconvenient and dangerous state of their harbour. Efforts were in consequence commenced nearly thirty years ago to obtain the required improvement. His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, Lieut.-General Sir John Bell, who had previously manifested a lively interest in the improvement of the harbour, now and at all subsequent stages of the business gave his zealous and effectual assistance towards its accomplishment; and the bailiff, P. S. Carey, Esq., cordially adopting the views of the Chamber, with great ability and untiring perseverance carried the proposal for its improvement through the States, that body finally adopting a plan which had by its direction been made by J. Rendel, Esq., the

Digitized by Google

eminent civil engineer; and in the spring of 1851 engaged with certain contractors for the execution of its first portion, estimated at about 40,000*l.* Owing, however, to the failure of these parties just as they were about to enter on the work, the undertaking was again delayed until other contractors were agreed with. Finally, on the 16th of May of the present year, a contract for the execution of the first section of the plan, and a portion of the second, was entered into with Messrs. Le Gros and De La Mare, of Jersey, for the sum of 46,909*l.*; and August 24th, being the anniversary of Her Majesty's visit to this island in 1846, was fixed on for the ceremony of laying the first stone. The several bodies who were appointed to compose the *cortége* assembled at twelve o'clock, the Brethren and the "Manchester Unity" of Odd Fellows marching in procession from their respective places of rendezvous, the former headed by a company of Rifles, as a guard of honour, and accompanied by the fine band of the 1st Regiment.

A battery of four guns, drawn by four horses each, having marched from the Arsenal to take position on the South Beach, the procession having been marshalled in the court of that building, and three signal guns fired, set out in the following order:—

Advance Guard—Company of Rifles.
Band of 1st Regiment.
Operative Masons, about eighty in number.
Contractors — Messrs. Le Gros and De La Mare,
accompanied by
R. D. P. Goodwin, Esq., States Surveyor.
Resident Engineer, G. Lyster, Esq.

FREEMASONS, IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—
Brethren not Members of any Lodge, two and two.
Lodges not belonging to the Province, according to their numbers.
Lodges belonging to the Province, according to rank.
The Provincial Grand Lodge of Jersey, in the usual order.
The Prov. Grand Lodge of Guernsey and Dependencies, in the following order:—
G. Sup. of Works, with the Plans on a Velvet Cushion.
Cornucopia, with corn, and two Ewers, with wine and oil.
The Rough and Perfect Ashlars.
Terrestrial and Celestial Globes.
Prov. Grand Organist.
Prov. Grand Director of Ceremonies.
Assist. Prov. Grand Director of Ceremonies.
Past Prov. Grand Sword Bearers.
Past Grand Deacons.
Past Grand Secretaries.
Prov. Grand Secretary, with Book of Constitutions on Velvet Cushion.
Prov. Grand Registrar, with his Bag.
Prov. Grand Treasurer, with the Coins to be deposited.
Past Prov. Grand Wardens.
Brethren of Distinction.
Corinthian Light.
Column of Prov. Grand Junior Warden.
Prov. Grand Junior Warden.
Prov. G. Steward. | Banners of the Prov. Grand Lodge. | Prov. G. Steward.
Doric Light.
Column of Prov. Senior Grand Warden.
Senior Prov. Grand Warden.

Digitized by Google

Prov. Junior Grand Deacon.
Prov. G. Steward. } Prov. Grand Chaplain, with Volume of Sacred Law. { Prov. G. Steward.
Banner of Bro. Wood, D. P. G. M.
Dep. Prov. Grand Master.
Ionic Light.
Mallet of the Prov. G. M., carried by a P. G. Sen. Warden.
Banner of Bro. J. J. Hammond, Prov. G. M. for Guernsey and Dependencies, and Jersey.
Prov. Grand Sword Bearer.
Prov. G. Steward. } The R. W. Prov. Grand Master, Bro. J. J. Hammond. { Prov. G. Steward.
Senior Past Grand Deacon.
Prov. Grand Tyler.

The Royal Court, consisting of—
P. S. Carey, Esq., Bailiff.
H. O. Carré, Esq., Lieut.-Bailiff,
in purple silk gowns, and with purple velvet caps.
T. Le Retiley, T. F. De Haviland, E. MacCulloch, W. P. Métivier,
J. T. De Sausmarez, J. S. Dobrée, John Le Mottée,
and A. S. Collins, Esqrs., Jurats.
J. De H. Utermarck, Esq., Queen's Procureur.
C. Lefebvre, Esq., Queen's Greffier.
P. Martin, Esq., Queen's Sheriff,
E. Queripel, Esq. jun., Queen's Serjeant.
Advocates of the Royal Court, in official costume.
The Douzaines, in the order of evocation.
Clerical Members of the States,
The Revs. W. Guille, R. Potenger, P. Carey, and C. Brock,
in full canonicals.
Heads of Departments.
Foreign Consuls.
Chamber of Commerce.
Agricultural Society.
Mutual Insurance Society.
Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows.
Band of the Royal Militia Artillery.
Rear Guard — Company of Rifles.

The procession passed, in this order, through Doyle-road, the Grange-road, St. James'-street, Smith-street, High-street, by the Town Church, along the South Beach, to the spot where the stone was to be laid, the route being lined by the four regiments of Light Militia Infantry, and by the portion of the Artillery not attached to the four-gun battery.

The procession having arrived at the ground, and all the component parts of the pageant being now in place, the Commander-in-Chief, Col. Fraser, R.A., accompanied by the Staff of his Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, who was absent from the island, arrived at the entrance of the enclosed area, where he was received by the Harbour Committee, and conducted to the centre of the platform, the bands playing the National Anthem.

The ceremony of laying the stone was then commenced by the Rev. R. Potenger, Rector of St. Martin's, pronouncing an appropriate prayer in French; at the conclusion of which a numerous choir, under the direction of Bro. W. Churchouse, P. G. Organist, sang the Hundredth Psalm, a large part of the assemblage joining.

Digitized by Google

The Act of the States for the construction of the harbour was then read by her Majesty's Greffier.

The Vice-President of the Harbour Committee then handed the inscription plate to Mr. Advocate Gallienne, P. G. Treas., by whom it was read as follows:—

"ILE DE GUERNSEY.
Le 24 Août, 1853,
Anniversaire de la présence en cette île de sa Très Gracieuse Majesté
la Reine Victoria en l'année 1846,
Son Excellence le Lieutenant-Général Messire John Bell,
Chevalier, Commandeur du très Honorable Ordre
Militaire du Bain,
étant Lieutenant-Gouverneur,
la première Pierre de ce nouveau Hâvre de Saint Pierre-Port a été posée
par Pierre Stafford Carey, écuyer, Baillif,
en présence du Corps des Etats,
et de John James Hammond, écuyer, P. G. M., et du Rév. Henry
Orme Wood, D. P. G. M. des Francs Maçons.

Comité des Etats chargé de l'Exécution des Travaux.
Pierre Stafford Carey, écuyer, Baillif.
Hilary Olivier Carré, écuyer, Lieutenant-Baillif,
Thomas Fiott De Havilland, écuyer, Juré,
Edgar MacCulloch, écuyer, Juré, Superviseur de la Chaussée,
en charge,
Abraham Bishop, écuyer,
Henry Tupper, écuyer,
James Bolomey Matthews, écuyer,
James Ahier De Lisle, écuyer,
Henry Giffard écuyer,
} Douzeniers.
James Meadows Rendel, écuyer, Ingénieur-en-chef,
George Fosbery Lyster, écuyer, Ingénieur-Surintendant,
Messrs. Thomas Charles Le Gros et Philippe De La Mare, Entrepreneurs."

Various English and Guernsey coins were then handed by the Treasurer of the States to the Prov. G. M., by whom they were deposited in the cavity of the stone, together with the Act of the States, an almanac of the year, and a copy of each of the local papers, viz. the *Gazette de Guernesey*, the *Star*, the *Comet*, and the *Guernesiais*, the whole of which were enclosed in a glass vessel hermetically sealed.

The stone was then slowly lowered, and the Rev. V. W. Bro. C. Lynn, Prov. G. Chap., offered up prayer.

After which the Prov. G. M. proceeded to adjust the stone with the level, plumb-rule, and square, which were severally presented to him by the V. W. Prov. G. J. W., the V. W. Prov. G. S. W., and V. W. Dep. Prov. G. M. This done, he delivered to the Bailiff a mallet, with which the latter struck the stone once,—the Prov. G. M., with his own mallet, afterwards striking it thrice, saying:—

"As Provincial Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, for the Province of Guernsey and its dependencies, I now declare this stone to be duly and Masonically laid; and may the G. A. O. T. U., without whose invocation no work of importance should be begun, grant a blessing on this undertaking. May He enable us to carry on and complete the building, and may He of His infinite Providence guard over and protect the structure from ruin and decay until the latest posterity. God save the Queen."

Digitized by Google

Corn was then presented by the Prov. G. J. W. (V. W. Bro. W. B. Goldstone) to the Prov. G. M., who, sprinkling the same over the stone, said :—

"I sprinkle this corn as the symbol of plenty. May the blessings of bounteous heaven be showered down upon us, and may our hearts be filled with gratitude."

The choir chanted "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Next, pouring wine, which was presented to him by the Prov. G. S. W. (V. W. Bro. Frederick Mansell), the Prov. G. M. said :—

"I pour this wine as a symbol of joy and gladness. May our hearts be made glad by the influence of Divine truth, and may virtue flourish as the vine."

Again "Glory to God" was chanted; and, pouring oil, which the Dep. Prov. G. M. (V. W. Bro. Rev. H. O. Wood), had presented to him, the Prov. G. M. continued :—

"I pour this oil as a symbol of peace and comfort. May peace and happiness, good-will, and brotherly love, flourish amongst us."

The chanting was repeated, and the Prov. G. M. made the following invocation :—

"May the Architect, the Creator, the All-Powerful Author of Nature, the Omnipotent and Merciful Father of all, grant an abundance of corn, wine, oil, and all other necessaries and conveniences of life to this island. May everything useful and ornamental be cultivated in it; and may everything that can invigorate the body and elevate the soul, shed their blessed influence on its inhabitants; and may the same Almighty power make us humbly grateful for all His mercies."

"So mote it be," was chanted, and the V. W. Rev. Bro. Pendleton, Prov. G. Chap., concluded with an appropriate prayer.

INDIA.

MADRAS.—A Quarterly Communication was holden at the Hall of Lodge Universal Charity, Popham's Broadway, Madras, on Wednesday, July 6th. *Present*—W. Bros. A. M. Ritchie, S. G. W. in the East; H. Kennet, As. S.G.W.; C. A. Roberts, As. J.G.W.; W. Glover, G. Sec.; J. Maskell, Dep. G. Sec.; P. Coultrup, S.D.; G. Snelgrove, J.D.; J. Brock, G. Tyler; and the representatives of the undermentioned Lodges:—Perfect Unanimity, No. 175 (1); Social Friendship, No. 326 (2); Universal Charity, No. 340 (6); Pilgrims of Light, No. 831 (7).

The Prov. Grand Lodge was opened by the S.G.W. in form, and with solemn prayer.

Whilst the proceedings of the last Communication were being read, the M.W.G.M. was announced. The whole of the Brethren arose to receive him, and on his assuming his seat, the S. G. W. resumed his post in the W., and W. B. Kennet was requested to officiate as Dir. of Cers. Grand Lodge resumed business. The minutes of last Communication were proceeded with, and confirmed.

Digitized by Google

The Dep. G. Sec., as officiating Grand Treasurer, produced his accounts, which were read and approved, and exhibited the following balances:—

In favour of Grand Lodge	Rs. 95	13	0
In favour of Suspense Account	707	4	0
In favour of G. M. C. Fund.....	111	0	1

After the transaction of other business, the Prov. G. L. was closed in due form and with solemn prayer.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, G.C.B.

Our readers will all, doubtless, have seen the accounts of the funeral of the above-named distinguished General, at Portsmouth, at which so many famed in their country's history joined in offering the last tribute of admiration to the departed warrior, and of which it is computed there were upwards of 50,000 spectators. But many may not be aware that the deceased was an old and warm-hearted Mason.

On his decease becoming known, a meeting of the three Masonic Lodges of the Borough of Portsmouth was held at the Phœnix Lodge Rooms, which was presided over by Bro. Richard William Ford, the W. M. of that Lodge, and which was most numerously attended. It was then unanimously determined that the Brethren should take part in the funeral ceremony of their deceased Brother, and that the letter of condolence, of which a copy is subjoined, should be addressed to his sorrowing widow.

[*Copy.*]

Madam, *Portsmouth, Sept. 7th*, 1853.

The Brethren of the United Lodges of Freemasons of the Borough of Portsmouth, assembled to mark their profound respect for the memory of their late Bro. Lieutenant-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., beg to offer your ladyship their sincere condolence on the loss you have sustained by the death of your distinguished husband. They have a melancholy satisfaction in expressing to your ladyship the high opinion they ever entertained of his greatness as a soldier, and of his virtues as a citizen and Brother.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, on behalf of our respective Lodges,

Your Ladyship's faithful Servants,

R. W. Ford, W. M. 319.
R. G. F. Smith, W. M., 428.
J. N. Owen, W. M. 717.

To Lady Napier,
Oaklands, near Purbrook.

Digitized by Google

On Thursday, Sept. 8th, the day named for the funeral, upwards of sixty of the Brethren assembled, uniformly dressed in entire suits of black, with white neck-ties and white gloves, and meeting the corpse at the entrance to the town, headed the melancholy *cortége* from thence to the Garrison Chapel, on the Grand Parade, the place of interment. Arriving there they divided right and left, thus forming a double line, through which the corpse, accompanied by the distinguished mourners and numerous followers, passed into the body of the church. The portion of the Burial Service there performed being concluded, the Brethren again formed as before, this time within the church; and through them the body again passed to its final resting-place.

The gallant brother in arms and kindred of the deceased has supplied what the reporters could not catch of the speech over the grave to the soldiery surrounding it on the day of interment, at the Garrison Chapel. The following is what Sir William Napier in vain attempted to give expression to at the time:—"I meant to say," are Sir William's words, "that a great and good soldier was in his grave; a man who had from his earliest youth been a soldier; loving them, serving with them, fighting and bleeding with them—for the poor shattered body before them had seven deep wounds; but neither wounds, nor suffering, nor danger, quelled his spirit. That was not in man's power: Death only could do it! That in his old age he commanded armies, and led them always to victory. Neither in youth, nor in manhood, nor in his aged years, did he ever cease to love, and cherish, and confide in soldiers; and never had he reason to repent, for never did they fail him, or any General who confided in them. And now they thronged around his grave, to do honour to the dead man whom, when living, they had by their courage, devotion, and discipline, raised to renown. He could not thank them, but I, who knew his inmost feelings, did so in his name, and beg of them to pray for him, and I will pray for them."

A most interesting anecdote may be here appropriately introduced in relation to our distinguished Brother. Dr. Edward J. Scott, of Southsea, was one of the medical attendants of the deceased, and was with him constantly for some weeks, and up to his death.

At the meeting held by the Brethren above mentioned, Dr. Scott attended (being an old P. M. of the Phœnix Lodge), and after stating how highly the relatives of our late distinguished Brother appreciated the proposed mark of respect to his memory, took occasion to state that an hour or so before his death the hand of Sir Charles laid in his, and that shortly before that event Sir Charles took him by the grip of a M. M. and thus died, giving a final proof of his appreciation of Freemasonry, dying as a Mason, holding a Brother Mason's hand in this fraternal manner.

Digitized by Google

Obituary.

BRO. THOMAS ELWORTHY.

The Brethren of the neighbourhood of Devonport have lately been deprived of the society and able advice of one of the most faithful of their body, by the decease of Bro. Thomas Elworthy, who expired at his residence, 61, St. Aubyn-street, on the 6th of July last. Bro. Elworthy was initiated in the Lodge Brunswick, No. 185 (which was held at his house), some nineteen years since, and remained an active member of it up to the period of its dissolution, in April last. By dispensation from the late respected D. P. G. M., the late Rev. Bro. Dr. Carwithen, he filled the chair of J. W.; but although pressed by several of his friends many times to allow himself to be put in nomination for the chair of W. M., he inflexibly declined; alleging that he believed no one had a right to take that chair, unless he was fully qualified to carry out all his duties. Bro. Elworthy was also appointed a P. G. Steward by the R. W. P. G. M. Earl Fortescue; and in that capacity we find him on the assistant committee appointed to arrange for the holding the P. G. Lodge of Devon at Plymouth, in Sept. 1841, where a festival was held, and the Brethren attended St. Andrew's Church; where, after a sermon, a collection of 100 guineas was made, and presented to the funds of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, through Masonic benevolence. On the side of a rigid adherence to Masonic law, his energies and abilities were readily enlisted. He was interred at the Cemetery at Mutley, on the 10th July. Many of his Brethren accompanied his remains to the grave, wearing white gloves; thus testifying the regard and esteem which they possessed for him. Some few Brethren cast each a sprig of rosemary on the coffin, and many were much affected, trusting that, as he is summoned from this sublunary abode, he has ascended to that Lodge above, where the W. G. A. lives and reigns for evermore. So mote it be. *Requiescat in pace.*

BRO. EDWARD VERNON LORD SUFFIELD.

Died, on August 22, in London, the Rt. Hon. Edward Vernon, Lord Suffield, in the fortieth year of his age. His lordship was the eldest son of Edward, the third Baron Suffield, of Gunton, by his first lady, Georgiana, the only child and heiress of George, second Lord Vernon. The deceased Brother succeeded to the title on the decease, by accident, of his father, July 11th, 1835. His Lordship married Charlotte Susannah, the daughter of the second Lord Gardner, who survives him, and by whom he has no issue. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his half-brother, the Hon. Charles Harbord, now in his 24th year, the eldest son of Emily Harriott, the present Dowager Lady Suffield, daughter of Evelyn Shirly, Esq. The deceased Lord was Prov. Grand Master of Masons in Norfolk.

BRO. THOMAS JERVIS.

Died, on Monday, 4th July, 1853, Bro. Capt. Jervis, Past Prov. G. Sec. of North Munster, P. M. of No. 271, and of No. 73, a zealous member of several Lodges, and a Prince Mason and Knt. of K. H. of England. Poignant are the griefs of his Brethren. Bro. Thomas Jervis was elder brother of Chief Justice Jervis. Few Brethren have there been who had more friends or less enemies, or who less forfeited the esteem of the former, or deserved less the censure of the latter. The general, the universal sympathy and anxiety manifest during a protracted illness, best evince how he was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.

BRO. SHAW.

Died, recently, in Australia, Bro. Shaw, P. M. of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, whose working on the public nights of that Lodge will long be remembered by all who witnessed his efficiency and fraternal deportment. We deeply regret to have to add, that Bro. Shaw is reported to have died in great poverty.

Digitized by Google

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by *the first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

33°. W. T., LONDON.—Your Letter shall have every consideration. We made great efforts to insert it in this number, but at the last moment were compelled to postpone it.

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.—B. A.—In our next number.

A. SAP. SAM.—This Brother may easily learn *the reasons* "why the Especial G. L. of May 11th rescinded the resolution of the previous G. L. on the matter that was brought before it from the Province of Devon," by inquiring of the many Brethren from that county, who were present on that occasion. We cannot re-open the subject, which was treated in the most candid manner possible, and was decided upon its merits, without favour or affection, and without anything like undue weight having been given to the rank and influence of the R. W. the Prov. G. M. for Devon. The case ought never to have come before G. L. at all; and it would be much more creditable to all parties connected with the original cause of dispute to hold their peace, and avoid any further attempt at litigation.

DORSET.—BRO. W. B. H.—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken. We had already received a communication; but we have availed ourselves of the few corrections you had made in your own version.

FABIANUS, P. Q.—Delays are not always dangerous.

BOOK OF CONSTITUTIONS.—X.—The revision having taken place, and the minutes of the Especial G. L. having been confirmed, they will be very speedily ready. We have heard nothing of a pocket edition. Is it requisite? We scarcely think it is.

DUBLIN MASONIC BALL, AUG. 3.—A PROV. G. OFFICER.—We see no reason why the G. L. of England should not imitate this elegant entertainment, by giving a Ball at F. M. Hall, in behalf of the funds of the intended Boys' School. Indeed we would lend our aid willingly to such a proposition. Why should it not take place during the ensuing winter, and his Royal Highness the Prince Albert be requested to grace the *réunion* with his presence? The *éclât* of such an event would certainly be not less than that of the elegant Dublin entertainment, at which the Earl and Countess of St. Germans were present, and could but benefit the great work which is contemplated. We hope some such influential Brother as Rowland Gardiner Alston may take up the proposition, and induce the M. W. the G. M. and G. L. to act upon it.

"WHAT MOTE YTT BE?"—The work came too late for review. It shall have our earliest attention.

AMERICA.—The Brother's inquiry will have been answered by Bro. Spenser, Masonic Bookseller, 314, High Holborn, London, before this number of the *F. M. Q. M.* will have reached him.

Digitized by Google

BOSTON F. M. M. MAGAZINE (U. S.).—Quotations from our publication are no longer unacknowledged. We thank Bro. C. W. Moore hereby for his fraternal courtesy.

ESPECIAL G. L., AUG. 2.—A. M. M.—The interruptions offered to Bro. John Savage, whilst he was speaking, were certainly not seemly. We cannot imagine, however, that they arose out of personal feeling. We have a far better opinion of the Brother who made them, than to suppose he would so far forget his Masonic O. B.

NOVA SCOTIA, HALIFAX. — A CRAFTSMAN. — With deep regret we have to intimate that your letter and report of laying the corner-stone of a new market at Halifax did not reach us in time for insertion. We shall only be too happy to receive your future communications, and hope to be more fortunate with them than with that just received.

GRAND CHAPTER.—P. G. S.—The meetings, certainly, are not interesting; but then the field for debate is much smaller than in G. L.

TEMPLARISM.—OXFORD. LINCOLN.—We have heard nothing more about the new Jewels. Inquire of Bro. Spiers, who, if any one can, will be able to answer your question. *We* certainly do not approve of the changes, and are at a loss to conceive what authority there is for them. We most assuredly will never wear the substituted K. T. *cross*. It would disgrace a Lodge of Odd Fellows, or Old Friends.

ROSEA-CRUCIS.—A PRINCE M.—The degree is flourishing, and seems likely to prosper. The ritual ought, however, in many respects to be considerably altered. We will explain our reasons *privately* to the inquiring *Prince M.*, if he wishes it, when he next visits London, and will favour us with a call at 74-75, Great Queen-street.

CHEVALIER K——H.—JUVENIS.—We have not the honour of belonging to this degree, but any communication addressed to Davyd Nash, Esq., Sec. 33°, Freemasons' Tavern, will gain for you the information you require.

"THE ANCIENT LANDMARK."—We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of Vols. I. and II. of this work, from Mount Clemens, Michigan.

STADARONA.—We do not think that a P. G. M. has the power you claim for him, but at the same time consider it would be bad taste in any Brother attending such a meeting on the day appointed for holding the festival of his Prov. G. L. The Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, being acknowledged by, and having representatives in the G. L. of England, no Brother can be admonished or suspended for attending a meeting of a Lodge held under a warrant from either of those Grand Lodges.

JOHN DUFF, KINGSTON.—C. W.—*This* Magazine can be obtained through his London agent.

Received, the Quarterly Communications of 24th June last, from P. G. Lodge of Bengal; also, of 6th July last, from P. G. Lodge of Madras.

We have been compelled to omit many original articles in the present number from the pressure made upon our columns at the last hour. If the Brethren, who favour us with their communications, would only *try* to attend to our repeated wish, expressed above, this annoyance would be spared us, and they and our many friends would decidedly reap an adequate advantage.

Digitized by Google

THE

FREEMASONS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 31, 1853.

THE BOARD OF BENEVOLENCE.

It is universally believed that Freemasonry is a system in which charity largely abounds. Freemasons themselves invariably insist upon this as a fact. They give proof, too, that it is so for the most part. They support the Institutions of the Order with earnestness and zeal. They encourage the inculcation of the duty to bestow relief to the needy, and assistance to the distressed. A considerable portion of the fees, paid annually by all Lodges to the United Grand Lodge, is devoted to the purposes of benevolence. Every month a Board is formed at Freemasons' Hall to dispense this fund, and to take into consideration the afflicting circumstances of those Brethren,

> "Who, once in Fortune's lap high fed,
> Solicit the hand of charity;"

who, from no fault of their own, but in the dispensations of T. G. A. O. T. U., are reduced from affluence to beggary, and are compelled to throw themselves upon the good feeling and generosity of those, with many of whom they once worked in peace and harmony.

It is impossible that any fault can be found with the provision which the Grand Lodge has made for this purpose. But we have a word to say as to the manner, in which the Fund of Benevolence is distributed. A few months since, several influential Brethren, doubtless induced by the same motive which leads us to take up this subject, endeavoured to prevail upon the Grand Lodge to make a considerable change in the constitution of the Board of Benevolence. They failed. Many Grand Officers, who scarcely ever attend the monthly distribution of the Fund of Benevolence, except when called upon in rotation to preside, opposed the proposition most vehemently, and showed by their observations that they were thoroughly unacquainted with the

Digitized by Google

working of the present system. The Brethren below the dais also took alarm. They considered, whether rightly or not we are not disposed to argue, that an attempt was being made to infringe their privileges, and therefore they almost unanimously gave an adverse vote to the proposition.

That the constitution of the Board of Benevolence may be altered, is clear and conclusive. But two years have passed since a new element was introduced into it. Up to that period the Board was composed of all Present and Past Grand Officers, and W. M.'s of all Lodges, under the English constitution. Twelve P. M.'s were then introduced by annual election in the Grand Lodge, held in the month of December. This change arose out of the circumstance of several Brethren, who had taken a prominent part in the transactions of the Board during the period of their Mastership, being no longer eligible after they had passed the Chair. Although so short a time has elapsed since this change was made, it has already become apparent, that the nomination of the P. M.'s, thus added to the constitution of the Board, is degenerating into a job. This year, for instance, especial care was taken that there should be no contest in the Grand Lodge of December, just a sufficient number of names having been put forward at the Board of Masters, and sent up, to prevent the necessity of a ballot.

Whilst the Board of Benevolence was free of the presence of the twelve P. M.'s, there was often occasion to complain of the manner, in which the suppliants for relief were interrogated. We have ourselves wished, whilst such interrogatories were going on, that the floor of the Lodge would open and hide us from the presence of our suffering Brethren, who had to endure the ordeal of a cross-examination by one or two officious Brethren, and who must have lamented the hour in which they entered the Order, if such were the *practical* consequences of the sentiments they had then heard inculcated. In those times, however, such conduct was but occasional. *Now it has become proverbial!* Several of the Brethren, who pursued this course when W. M.'s, are now amongst the twelve P. M.'s. They are also the most constant and regular in their attendance at the Board. The consequence is, that the state of things heretofore only occasional, and which we have no terms strong enough to denounce, is perpetuated. Questions are now invariably put to our poor and needy Brethren that would disgrace the Board of Guardians of an Union workhouse.

It is asserted that the applications to the Board of Benevolence by poor Brethren, who, from residence within the precincts of the metropolitan districts, must attend for personal examina-

Digitized by Google

tion, are gradually diminishing. We know that this is hailed as a matter of congratulation by some, who, with a cheeseparing expediency, desire to keep up a good balance with the Grand Treasurer, and seem not to care what suffering may originate from such an un-Masonic feeling. If these were really the evidences of the principles of the Order, we hesitate not to say, that we would no longer rank under its banners. But as we know that such conduct is a violation of every Masonic O. B., we avail ourselves of this means to urge the immediate correction of an abuse, which ought not to be tolerated, and which will not be tolerated, if those, who are in their lives the true exponents of the principles of the Order, will make a point of attending regularly at the Board of Benevolence, and enforce the recognition, in their full extent and purpose, of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth.

THE SAD AFFAIR OF THE YEAR.

With sorrow, but not in anger,—with how much more sorrow than anger those who know us intimately can well vouch for,—we advert to the subject that is now producing feelings of great irritation throughout our noble Order. We allude to the removal of the R. W. Prov. Grand Master of Dorsetshire, William Tucker, from the chair of that Province. We should be consulting our private feelings much more in trying to bury everything connected with that act in oblivion; but holding the position which we do, as the public journalist of the Order, we cannot vacate the duty imposed upon us for private or personal considerations. That dismissal, we unhesitatingly declare, appears to us to have been harsh and unwise, and entirely unwarranted by the reasons assigned for it in the letter signed by the Grand Secretary's name. In saying this, let us not be mistaken; we do not justify the act of the R. W. Brother, friend and beloved by us as he is, and has ever been. The act was one of irregularity, and contrary to the strict discipline, as to clothing, laid down in the Book of Constitutions. The R. W. Brother ought to have kept himself within the letter of the law; he failed to do so, and was for such act amenable to rebuke. But is the offence in any way commensurate with the punishment? Was he contumacious when applied to on the subject? Did he defy the law, or the Grand Master? Quite the contrary. Hear what he says:—"I have myself, before receiving the G. S.'s letter, well considered the matter over, and I had determined never more to mix anything with Craft and Royal Arch Ma-

Digitized by Google

sonry than what was sanctioned by the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter." This, let it be remembered, for it seems hardly credible, was *before* the dismissal of the R. W. Brother. What could he have done more to put himself right with the Masonic authority that questioned his act?

We cannot believe that this harsh and unwise proceeding, as we shall ever characterize it, was the spontaneous work of the M. W. Grand Master, or his Grand Secretary. There has been some under-current at work, with which we are not made acquainted, but which time will bring to light.

We should now leave this sad affair, but there are some things in the letter of the Grand Secretary, which cannot be passed over in silence. The Masonic world is there led to believe that the universality of the Craft means the admission into the Order of all persons, whatever their creed or belief. We deny that this is so, and most emphatically state, that no Brother, unless he be a hypocrite, can be a Master Mason, or a Royal Arch Mason, as sanctioned by the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, without he be a believer in revealed religion as found in the Old Testament. What! we who have reared the Temple, and had King David, King Solomon, and Zerubbabel, for our Grand Masters! and Ezra and Nehemiah for our Scribes!—not believers in revealed religion! The idea is preposterous. The cant of the words alone it is that has made the meaning of the thing obscure. The universality of the Craft means the eligibility of those to admission into the Order, who admit the moral law,—that Decalogue revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai,—as part of their belief, and the foundation of their morality. The Grand Lodge and the Grand Chapter acknowledge no universality in the Craft beyond this.

We now take leave of this subject as we began, more in sorrow than in anger. We trust the performance of our public duty has lost us no friends; but however that may be, there are some things holier than friendship,—stronger than the grave. With us our belief and duty form part of these; we should have violated both had we said less than we have done. Many will think we ought to have said much more. We may say, however, that our R. W. Bro. Tucker has nothing to regret in having candidly admitted that he was in error; and we feel that he has deservedly earned the sympathy of reflecting Masons for so doing. Perhaps, also, the all-trying hand of Time will lead those, who have been induced officially to dismiss him, to the conviction that a confession of their error in having done so, would be of the nature of that repentance that needs not to be repented of.

Digitized by Google

A SKETCH FROM COLOGNE,

WITH A PEEP INTO HOLLAND.

BY MRS. WARD.

THE sun was glowing brightly as we drove under the arch of an ancient gateway into the streets of Cologne. Over the arch was a grating, and soldiers were at work within the iron bars. They were prisoners; I longed to build up their window, that looked upon the crowded town, and open one on the other side, where trees waved in the soft summer air.

Where towers and fortifications "deep and wide" now cumber the ground, the Romans had their camp, when Rome was to the world what Great Britain is now.

But once fairly in the streets of Cologne, every classic thought vanishes; it is an unsightly, filthy place; and to make matters worse for us, there had been a religious procession some days before, and the narrow thoroughfares were still strewed with the dead leaves of faded garlands and cut paper, which had been scattered in the pathway of the cavalcade; flags hanging heavy and dark in the hot air shut out the light from the sky, and acted as fans on the pestiferous atmosphere; wreaths of egg-shells, neither picturesque nor odorous, were slung across from the tall houses, on the door-steps of which, people, thoroughly *idled* by the *fête*, stood gossiping, unmindful of the children who swarmed in the gutters, and revelled in the "verdant mud."

We made our way to the cathedral; the floor seemed paved with precious stones of magnitude, for the rays from the setting sun shone through the gorgeous windows, and shed such a glory of purple, crimson, blue, amber, and scarlet, that it was thoroughly dazzling; the pillars of the seven aisles literally glowed like gold, and here and there the shadows falling, the illuminated points between them were thrown out with indescribable brilliancy.

We passed up these aisles of light, and reaching an archway deep in shadow, were startled by a gigantic figure of St. Christopher; it looked awfully real in the gloom, with its massive limbs and huge head; and it was a relief to turn from this deadly travestie of the human form, to the chaste grandeur

Digitized by Google

of the alabaster tombs enriching the eastern end of the building.

Nothing in architecture can be more exquisite than the dome of this east end; here as we faced the window, all the colours of the rainbow streamed in through the painted glass, and one of the columns had literally the appearance of burnished gold; then the amber beam faded away, and left the lofty shaft in its original purity and grace.

From all this splendour we passed with whispering voices to a dim corner of the church, and the sacristan, opening a rickety door, ushered us in to the ecclesiastical plate-closet, the contents of which must be familiar to many of our readers. Having duly admired the superb casket containing the relics of St. Englebert, and Pio Nono's gift of the chalice, we were conducted to a darker nook. An old oaken door swung back, and a blaze from two gas-lights flashed across a splendid casket of gold and gems. In this are enshrined what are called the relics of the three kings of Cologne, and I must own that till the moment I was told this, I never could make out who the said "three kings" could be.

The gorgeous casket of relics is of silver gilt, and the forms filling the niches surrounding it, stand out from the background in strong relief. On the door of the *chasse* (casket) flying open, behold the skulls of the "three kings," each crowned with a diadem of mock brilliants. The original jewels were sold to buy bread for the unfortunate priests, in their days of banishment and disgrace. The "original" skulls, we were told on good authority, have been replaced by very poor imitations. Some say that those now shown are made of a composition.

We left the casket and its ghastly relics to their darkened shrine again; with gentle tread and hushed voices moved through one of the seven aisles, now dim and still, and emerged with something of a shock to the nerves, from the solemn, lofty temple, upon the streets filled with sickly vapours, unsoldier-like soldiers, idle women, and squalid children.

Right glad were we to find ourselves next day, "at early morning prime," on board the steamer, bound "down the Rhine" for Holland. There had been heavy rains some days before, and the "divine river" was not in beauty; indeed, it is not much to be admired between Cologne and Holland; but there was part of a Prussian regiment crossing the bridge of boats between Cologne and Deutz, and, at that distance, with the sun glinting on their helmets, and their meagre forms strongly defined against the bright sky, they gave a picturesque

Digitized by Google

air to the scene; after all, however, that we had heard of Prussian troops and the grenadiers of Frederick the Great, I must say the specimens of soldiers we saw at Aix la Chapelle and Cologne were anything but creditable, either to the military race or—its tailors!

The steamer took a wide sweep to swing her head towards Holland, and in a few minutes, the bridge of boats parting in the centre, and apparently collapsing on either side of us, we were well on our way, and the towers of Cologne stood high and clear in the increasing glow of early day. We were but a little group of passengers, and soon formed ourselves into cliques. Of our party was a tall graceful Greek, a Dutch advocate, handsome and intelligent, and a young girl and her brother from Rhenish Prussia; now and then an intelligent American dropped in a sensible reflective remark; anon we had an amicable word or two on the differences of religious and political creeds, and this led to the Dutchman speaking of the banished Jews, who, driven from Belgium, had established their commercial head-quarters in Holland.

So we whiled the time away with conversation, not mere *talk*, till our attention was drawn to a busy scene on the water; for soon there came floating by great rafts of timber, that had been worked for hundreds of miles without sails or steam. Skilful men, as wise as river gods in the navigation of the mighty stream, conducted these huge fabrics in and out of the paths of the deep waters; for there are dangerous currents to be avoided in the way, and it needs a clever pilot to steer the course through the smooth channels intersecting the dangerous and deceitful eddies of "King Rhine."

We were passing the Prussian frontier. I looked for some well-defined boundary; they showed me two trees, unpicturesque in shape and colour. I smiled, and turned round to the young girl, who had interested me. Her eyes were full of tears; for her those ugly trees had a sacred charm, and she only uttered her thoughts aloud as she said, "Adieu, my own dear home; oh! when shall I return!" And then, as an apology for intruding her thoughts on me, she said, "I am going among people who will be glad to have me with them; my brother knows them, but to me they are *strangers*." She spoke in English, and there was an indescribable charm in her accent as she uttered the word "strangers," and fixed her swimming eyes on the stunted landmarks between *her* people and those strangers.

"I, too," said a gentleman of our party, "have pleasant thoughts associated with those landmarks: not far from them

Digitized by Google

there lies a border town, to which circumstances once led me in company with a friend. As we entered the principal street, a gay scene presented itself; for each side of the way was lined with booths and temples, filled with those gewgaws which give such a glittering look to fairs in commercial countries on the continent. But you must see a fair in Holland to understand what such things really are. At first we were delighted to find ourselves in the midst of so novel a scene, but soon discovered that our amusement was likely to be obtained at the cost of great inconvenience.

"We entered the principal hotel; it was small and crowded with people; the landlady, fair, and plump and merry, with a cap of marvellous whiteness, ear-rings, and 'chain o' gowd,' came forward to ask our will. She laughed gaily at our suggestions touching board and lodging, and pointed to the space at the back of the hostelry. There, and in the street, vehicles of all descriptions were filled with revellers, who, prepared for all contingencies, had brought their baskets of provisions with them, and were now making substantial meals before beginning the evening's entertainment. In one old-fashioned 'family coach,' father and mother, and a series of 'steps and stairs,' feasted from a veritable pannier of good things; sundry long-necked bottles and capacious flasks passing 'from hand to mouth,' without need of 'table land' on which to rest. A few yards from this was a great waggon, wherein the feast was just begun, for little was heard save the clatter of knives and glasses; ere long, however, one spoke, then another, then came a man's laugh, unmusical as the breaking of a heavy wave against a rock; then women's voices chimed in like to a ripple on the pebbly shore, and soon no one voice was distinguishable from the other. The meal over, they descended from the waggon, and fell into groups; the men lit their cigars, and the women led off the children.

"The 'family coach' had also emptied itself of its occupants, and only some 'odds and ends' of old women and their grandchildren were left in the yard; the rest were hurrying through the gateway to the street, where we could see the temples gradually lighting up; and turning towards my friend, who by this time I hoped had made some satisfactory arrangement with our blooming hostess, I saw the place of the dame in snowy cap and golden ornaments, occupied by a stout, comely, round-faced, fair-haired German: he was the dame's husband; and all the time he listened to my companion's history, he shook his head in silence.

"Still my friend persevered, and still the grave landlord listened. The hostess came into the doorway, evidently waiting

Digitized by Google

for her husband's assistance in some household matter; for what space there had been to spare, was now thronged with people and little dinner-tables—tempting indeed to us hungry fellows, who could see them through the doorway, well-lit, and steaming with savoury vapour.

"Our host was just moving off, politely regretting his inability to assist us, when I felt sure that some mystic word or sign was expressed on the part of my friend. Light came at once into the stolid face of our German landlord, and beamed through the 'windows of his soul:' the wide mouth parted, and every feature smiled; they shook hands, too, did my friend and the man who not a minute ago seemed only desirous of getting rid of us as civilly as he could; then they laughed—laughed with downright gusto and glee and cordiality—and looked in each other's faces, as much as to say, 'God bless you,' and shook hands again; the dame in the doorway staring, and I no less amazed.

"While the hands of the pair were yet united, my friend turned to me,—'All right, W.,' said he, 'I have found a Brother!'

"Still I was puzzled. What connexion *could* there be between my companion, tall and lithe, with hair as black as night, and eyes as dark as an Indian's, and the oily, broad-chinned, sunny-haired landlord of the hostelry?

"'Why,' said I, 'you must be old friends; and have you only just found it out?'

"'We have never met before in our lives,' said my friend.

"Our host understood a little English, and to this he replied by putting his hand on my friend's shoulder, looking pleasantly in the young Englishman's face, and smiling on me after a fashion that said as plainly as smile could say, 'You see we understand each other.' I, however, could understand nothing till my friend turned to me and said, 'We shall do now, W.; we shall have good refection and some kind of a bed; 'mine host' is a Freemason and—so am I!'

"Charmed with the promise, we set out from the hotel, leaving host and hostess in deep confab in the doorway. She, doubtless, like a good Mason's wife, attending to her husband's hospitable directions with a heartiness worthy of all connected with the Craft; he evidently quite prepared to make a festal of such a meeting.

"As, good friends, we are about to take a peep into Holland, I need not dwell on what we saw in the streets of the border town, where holiday folks and venders from both sides of the Rhine, from Belgium, and from innumerable Dutch cities,

Digitized by Google

trafficked, with a blended taste for business and pleasure that brought both together in such amicable fashion as I had never seen before. Here the women of Friesland, in head-gear of gold and jewels, showed in lovely contrast with the squat wives and daughters of Cologne and *Rhené Prusse;* there a Flemish peasant girl, in ample cloak, displayed the slender ancles and superb dark eyes of the old Spanish race, from whence she sprang. Now came by a Prussian nurse, shaped like a huge pillow with a cord round its centre, and bearing in her arms a babe swathed like a little Egyptian mummy; and following her were the brothers and sisters of the babe—bullet-headed things, but with pleasant countenances. Groups of ladies were there too: the Belgians without their husbands, the Dutch decorously escorted by the fathers of their families; and as for young men and maidens, booths, pavilions, temples, and merry-go-rounds, rang out in peals of uncontrollable laughter, the ebullitions of boyish and girlish glee.

"Downright hunger, however, drove us from this joyous scene to the inn, where an excellent dinner and some capital *Rhein* wines awaited us; winding up with a cup of coffee and a *chasse* of *Schiedam,* we asked the fair-haired waiter, a blue-eyed girl, for information touching our domicile for the night. Thither the landlord determined on conducting us himself, deeming that it needed some apology. To us weary fellows the sight of an airy room, with clean sheets spread over fresh straw, was a treat, after the stuffy beds in which we had from night to night sought repose, but found it not, in noisy inns. The window of this retreat looked into a bit of garden; the public apartments were far away in the lower part of the inn; and thanking our host earnestly for our welcome accommodation, we were soon sound asleep.

"We were awoke next morning by a gentle tap, and the pleasant voice of a child bid us descend and take breakfast with her 'father,' and in half an hour we were seated at mine host's private table, at which sat several guests, his comely wife, and sundry children.

"How the coffee steamed! how light was the bread! how delicious the Dutch herrings, and what a flavour these last gave to the Rhein wine!

"I candidly own, my friends," continued the speaker, "that my enjoyment of these good things was not without alloy. I was travelling with due attention to economy; my friend and I were determined to spend a certain sum and no more,—to go so far and no farther. Ah! thought I, by payment for such cheer now, we shall have to shorten our tour by and by; never-

Digitized by Google

theless, here goes! and I drank a second health to our landlord's eldest daughter.

"We rose to depart. I left the financial matters to my friend, while I returned to our domicile for his knapsack and mine. He was at the foot of the staircase waiting for me,—'Come, W——, and shake hands with our host,' said he; 'he will not take a sous from us, and I know it would only offend him to press the matter.'

"Very much surprised, and it must be owned, pleased—chiefly with the dictates which had so unexpectedly promoted our welfare—I followed my friend to the doorway. There stood the landlord all smiles, and there too stood the dame and her pretty daughter of fourteen. A noble flask of liqueur filled one fair fat hand of the hostess, a tray with two or three gilt glasses was in the other, and we were challenged to take the parting cup, which we did in all loving-kindness. There was a heartier shaking of hands than ever between my friend and our host, and, to my thanks, the latter replied, 'I have merely acted up to my calling, sir, and I have had a rare pleasure in doing so, for your sakes; know, sir, that, independent of my own feelings on this occasion, a Freemason only fulfils his duty to his Craft when he assists a brother in distress. You were in need; you, unacquainted with the exigencies of the hour, were unprovided with refreshment, and you wanted a place of rest; it has been my happy fate to make you welcome.'

"We looked back towards the great gateway, for host and hostess and little daughter had conducted us to the threshold of their home, and there prayed 'God's blessing on us.' The shining eyes of mother and child seemed to light us on our way, and the landlord's cap was yet uplifted in token of a kind farewell, as we gave one glance more, ere we turned the corner of the street leading to the country. We stepped on smartly, but in silence, till, on emerging from the ancient gateway upon the open plains, I stopped, and laying my hand on my friend's shoulder, just as the landlord in his hour of good fellowship had done, I said, 'I too will be a Freemason.' I have kept my word, and have ever found reason to rejoice in the Order to which I have the honour to belong!"

He concluded the relation of this incident just as the vessel stopped at a little jetty, and the clean, smiling, fresh-faced, civil *douaniers* of Holland came on board; opening our trunks and bags, they courteously took our word of assurance that they contained nothing contraband, begged us "to excuse the trouble they had given us," and lifting their caps, bowed with

Digitized by Google

better grace than many an Englishman of higher caste would have done, and left the deck.

There were soon marked evidences on the banks, of Dutch industry and foresight; above the sedges rose the *digues* (dykes), which may rank among the wonders of the world. Day and night these *digues* are watched, lest the waters should try their strength successfully against the barriers which man has raised against the mighty waves. In times of strife, when unwelcome neighbours have sought to obtrude themselves upon the fertile plains of Holland, the inhabitants, preferring death and ruin to the advance of a conqueror, did not hesitate to flood the country with the waters, involving themselves and their foes in one common fate; and instances are on record, where, when the men have hesitated, the women have advised and assisted in the gloomy sacrifice.

At intervals we glided past quaint towns with their variegated houses! Some green with pink window-sashes, some pink faced with green, and rising in the midst of one was a leaden-tinted church, with staring windows in white frames; and thus it had something of a negro air. Next we came to a temple at the edge of a little peninsula, and in the temple window a sedate Dutchman in a smoking-cap sat fishing, and looking extremely like a Chinese in costume and expression. Women belonging to the humble cottages were scouring their brazen household utensils in the Rhine, while grave, pretty children sat knitting on the bank beside them; mothers, fathers, girls and boys, were all busy, and in the great boats that swept past us, there were family parties, apparently settled for life on the decks; some sewing, some knitting or otherwise employed; the stand of flower-pots arranged as carefully as for a lady's boudoir, and up against the mast, in a gilded or gaily-coloured cage, sang the favourite bird. The steersman, in his wide trousers, felt hat, and snowy shirt-sleeves, smoked the pipe of peace; for from the absence of steam, these barges wend their way along the Rhine with a comfort unknown amid the rush and roar of steam-boat traffic, and was just such a being as you see in Teniers' pictures. All were so occupied, and healthy, and pleasant-looking, that we longed after seeing the "land that owned them," to embark and dawdle up the river with them. At length, on a rising ground, quite a hill for Holland, we saw groups of magnificent trees, then a waving wood, next the "great church" tower, and in a few minutes we had landed under the rising walls of Arnheim.

We had hardly been an hour in Arnheim, before we discovered a happy difference between the domestic arrangements

Digitized by Google

of Holland and those of Belgium and Germany. Here there were no *estaminets* (drinking-houses), standing side by side along a whole thoroughfare, and cumbering the way with their crowds of men lounging over the tables, with pipes and beer, and that everlasting game of dominoes! Here at Arnheim, through the white-draperied windows, shaded by brilliant pyramids of plants, we could see family-parties of smiling men, and women, and children, sitting round the tea-tables; where the doors were open, we got pretty peeps of miniature gardens, and if there was not space for these, a screen of geraniums, oleanders, rhododendrons, and roses, hid the dead walls, and turned the narrow court into a bower.

We sauntered down to a grove of forest trees, that threw their shadows across a clear stream; these were the plantations of the military infirmary; here were aged couples, husbands and wives, or mayhap, brothers and sisters, or old friends, some sitting, some walking arm in arm in the evening shade; and innumerable pretty children stood with their parents watching the regal swans as they swept proudly by, beneath the willows which hung their long tresses over the water.

While in Belgium and Holland we had some trouble to ascertain why the figure of the swan, which generally adorns the public buildings, was introduced into armorial bearings, and was to be found intermingled with the architecture of many private houses; moreover, we learned that these birds, which are a beautiful relief to the monotony of the canals in Bruges, are protected by the authorities, it being punishable by the law to be convicted of injuring one. To this day you may at times see a policeman bearing a dead swan, with the respect due to a human body, to the Hôtel de Ville, with another official in attendance, and a witness or witnesses accompanying them, to prove the facts connected with the bird's death. Even in England, the swan, with its golden coronet-shaped collar and chain attached, is a common inn-sign. Now this golden collar and its chain attached are, as we learned, emblematic of the death which a person wilfully injuring a swan in olden time was to suffer. If the bird was killed, the destroyer was executed; if merely injured, the delinquent was deprived of liberty.

The town of Arnheim, backed by wooded slopes, is surrounded by avenues of stately trees; the drive we took into the open country was most congenial, after being "bricked up" in the old Flemish towns for two months. The first part of our way lay through bleaching-greens, where laundresses in their pretty costumes were spreading their linen on the grass,

Digitized by Google

the men assisting them in their labours by showering fountains of spray right and left. How fresh and cool the air of such a neighbourhood was! Then came by the hay-waggons, and then great wains staggering under their weight of corn for market; the milk-women, some carrying their brazen vessels on their backs, some wheeling the burnished barrels before them, were pictures in themselves; and in contrast with this country population, an open coroneted carriage, with four high-stepping horses of elegant and powerful shape, swept past, and within it such pretty faces, under the light tasteful bonnets and airy parasols! There was many a *char à banc*, too, filled with families of the humbler grade, all cheerful and well-looking, and the more picturesque from the peculiar costume, which marks the difference between the classes. Soon the corn and hay-fields and cottage gardens were passed, and great trees closed over us. To the right, on an eminence, rose a mansion with lawns, and fountains, and swans sailing along the silver streams intersecting the groves; and finding that, by the courtesy of the proprietor, it was permitted to walk through the lovely glades, we alighted and made our way to a rustic lodge, where such a sweet-faced cottage girl came forward as our guide, as made the scene complete.

She led us through a path lit in bright patches with the farewell glory of the sun. We could hear the rushing of waterfalls; and at every opening of the glade, some new point in the landscape, each prettier than the last, was presented. Now a little prairie, with shadows lengthening on the emerald grass, and a pale statue standing solitary in the midst; now a winding grove, dim and still, save for the cooing of the happy doves; and now a group of copper beeches, burnished like bronze with the glow from the skies, and in fine contrast with the young oaks and feathery larches. Here a vast cedar, rising from a mound, stretched its arms abroad, like the protecting genius of the spot; and passing this giant, we saw the flashing water, but lost it again till we were in a grotto behind the cascade, which fell between us and the crimson sun like a veil. The background, a mass of shade, threw out the huge grey rocks in the grotto in such strong relief, that they looked like men in armour; and the contrast of the girl in pink bodice, lilac petticoat, and little cap, with these grim guardians of the waterfall, was charming. She would fain have led us through the woods, peopled with nightingales, to the orangery, but there was not time.

At the inn *Le Grand Soleil*, where we learned that a Dutch gueldre (in value two francs) goes scarcely so far as its half in

Digitized by Google

another country, we found groups of ladies and gentlemen in the well-lit public room; a few uniforms were sprinkled among the pretty toilettes—for in Holland, though not generally in Belgium, the military officers are held to be gentlemen—and an old lady in the coiffure of Friesland made a striking figure in the throng. She must have been a beauty in her youth, and perhaps could not forget it. Her cap was of rich lace, and under it a band of pure gold bound her head; a head-stall—so to speak—of gold and diamonds uniting the circlet on either side.

The peasants of Fries, who are very wealthy, have these head-dresses; some of them are plain, some of great value, and set with jewels; they are heir-looms, passing from mother to eldest daughter through succeeding generations. A Friesland woman *en grande toilette*, seated at the door of a temple or pavilion on a fair-day, is a pleasant object, worth going some miles to see.

We left Arnheim well impressed with our first peep into Holland: the pretty houses, so exquisitely clean, and gay with flowers, the sweet-faced, gentle-voiced women, the merry children, the family groups, the rich pastures and laden wains, the villas and châteaux, with their elegant pleasure-grounds; all were totally unlike what we had expected to see in a land described as so formal and unattractive, that some of our friends had prepared us for disappointment by repeating Voltaire's adieu to "canards, canaille, and caneaux!" But Voltaire had no taste for morality and industry, and—Holland had no taste for Voltaire.

To the English traveller, Arnheim is in a manner hallowed from being associated with the dying hours of Sir Philip Sidney. We think of him, first, as the talented Shrewsbury boy; next, as the elegant scholar of Christchurch; then, with keener interest, as the young tourist, taking refuge from the wrath which incited the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and even in this hour of awe and peril doing homage to his first love, the daughter of the English ambassador at Paris, Sir Francis Walsingham, who gave him shelter in this political strait.

The scholar, the gentleman, the courtier, the soldier, the statesman, the poet, the lover, each phase of character was filled gracefully in its turn by the "gallant Sidney." Queen Elizabeth crowned his muse with her applauding wreath: did she love him for his uncle Leicester's sake? She even listened to his "Remonstrance" against her proposed marriage with Henry of Anjou; but was obliged to yield to public opinion when Sidney's spirit betrayed him into a humour, which led to that quarrel at tennis with Lord Oxford, and for which Sir Philip

Digitized by Google

was banished from court, only to be rendered more famous still by the publication of his "Arcadia," the result of his retreat. We know how Cowley and Waller delighted in this; and more than this, it was the companion of the prison hours of Charles the First.

Is the beauty of the "Arcadia" due to the bitter disappointment its author experienced when he first began to doubt the love of the fair lady Penelope Devereux? or did he believe her true till her marriage with another shook his faith in woman for a time. Ah! he went back to his first love, Frances, the daughter of his old friend Sir Francis Walsingham, and married her; but his desire for fame led him to offer his services to Drake, when the second expedition was undertaken against the Spaniards. Elizabeth would by no means risk the loss of "the jewel of her dominions," and Sir Philip stayed to please her majesty. But — to please himself — he refused the crown of Poland.

He was doomed to fall a sacrifice to Spain. Appointed governor of Flushing by Elizabeth in 1585, he fell in accidentally with three thousand Spaniards, marching to relieve Zutphen; under the very walls he dropped, wounded by a musket-ball. Who does not know the anecdote connected with the dying soldier, who, on looking at Sir Philip's attendant, as he presented his master with a draught to allay his feverish thirst, expressed his agony of desire for the relief, that none brought him: "Take it," said Sir Philip, passing the untasted chalice from his lips; "thy necessity is greater than mine."

From Zutphen they bore him to Arnheim, where his gentle wife, afterwards the bride of Essex, received, with his faithful secretary Temple, his suffering frame; and there, in the prime of life, at the age of thirty-three, he died.

For him the first general mourning was worn.

I was beginning to fall into a dream of Arcady, as I thought upon the dying warrior and his wife—she almost a bride—when the post-horn of the railway-guard startled me. The engine uttered a piercing yell, and away we sped to Amsterdam.

There was heather on the banks bordering the iron road, and goats were browsing among the purple tufts. Emerging from the narrow line into the open country, wide moorlands spread on either side; bare as they were, they were grand evidences of man's industry and reliance on the gifts of Providence. They were peopled with sheep, as first occupants of the desert territory; these sheep were afterwards to be fattened in England, and meanwhile the pasturage, though scanty, was wholesome, and the moorland air healthy. Beyond these wastes rose noble

Digitized by Google

woods, "famous for nightingales." Soon cottage gardens began to dot the plains; these habitations looked poor, but bore about them the national signs of industry and forethought, such as well-scoured tubs, brazen vessels, and neat stacks of wood, laid up ready for winter; and, where, on a bit of cherished earth, flowers grew in rich profusion, there were ranges of bee-hives, sheltered by clipped hedges.

Then rose dark, odorous fir plantations, to be better cultivated when the land should be improved by its first growth; next, miniature forests of young oaks, successors to the firs; after this a rich carpet, stretching far and wide, gay with patches of buck-wheat, purple clover, and yellow corn, with reapers just beginning the harvest work. Then came the farm gardens, gaudy with nasturtiums and dahlias, and scarlet beans wreathed on poles, and shaped into bowers. What signs of peace and plenty in the well-stocked farm-yards, and in the meadows teeming with cattle, lazily dozing in the long grass! More cottage gardens; no more moorlands now, but acres and acres of buck-wheat, and clover, and beans, of which last the scent was wafted into the carriage. More busy people, where the corn had ripened early. What charming groups in gipsy hats, and bright petticoats, and trim jackets, resting against the great sheaves, and eating their mid-day meal at leisure; and what a relief to the eye when it fell on bright pools, where children were at play on the banks among the spiral foxglove—pink, yellow, blue, lilac—and the tall feathery grasses, that would have rejoiced the eyes of a botanist!

What a grove of horse-chesnut trees, waving their green boughs over the brows of tired reapers sleeping in the shade! What silvery rills, parting the buck-wheat, and the clover, and the corn! These rills mark the boundaries, they receive the waters that might otherwise flood the earth, refresh the parched lips of the cattle in summer droughts, and irrigate the land. They are better than hedges in every way, and save time, labour, and expense.

As we approach the towns, stately mansions rise at the end of long avenues. Here are no stiff parterres, as I expected. The lawns are trimly kept, but their flatness is relieved by lakes winding along beneath the graceful willows, and the temples, where ladies are sitting, are wreathed with flowers. What grace there is in those vase-shaped baskets, pendent between the pillars of the colonnades, with creeping plants streaming from them in profusion! and mark the contrast of that mill breaking the soft outline of the wood. Now what a pretty farm! a bit of it would make a picture; take, for in-

Digitized by Google

stance, the window at the end, with the vine hanging over it, and the loaded apple-tree, stretching its boughs across the roof; sketch the girl leaning out, with the brass-clamped bucket, fresh cleaned, which she is turning down to dry upon the sill, where the cat sits watching the unconscious blind bullfinch, the bird singing, perhaps, as many of us do, unmindful of treachery close by!

What an orchard, with purple plums, and yellow pears, and scarlet cherries, gleaming like jewelled fruit in fairy-land; and another peep through a long vista of a stately château, and its *pleasaunce*.

* * * * * * *

Oh, to have paused at Utrecht, where, in olden time, the warrior-bishops used to lay aside the crosier for the sword, and hold councils of war against the princely prelates of Liege! but summer days, like life's first bloom, go by too fast for eager aspirations; and—lo! a sudden halt in our thoughts, for here we are at the station: a picturesque rendezvous, however, with ornamented walks, statues and summer-houses, and a group of handsome children, in large hats and rose-coloured ribbons; their merry blooming nursemaids, in the snowy caps of their order, long earrings, smart brooches, chains, and showy kirtles.

There descended from the train a motley group of priests, young soldiers, some peasant girls of Fries, in their peculiar coiffures, and a tradesman with his freight of herring-tubs, which he piled up forthwith into a compact pyramid; with him were some commercial travellers, thoroughly Dutch in appearance, and with tremendous long pipes in their mouths. The children, the nurses, the priests, the soldiers, the girls, and the smokers, made as odd a group, under the limes and acacias of the pleasure-ground, as can well be imagined; but while we were contemplating it, with equal interest and surprise, the blast of the horn again sent us whirling off: and what we saw at Amsterdam, and Zaandam, which is as primitive now as it was when Peter the Great took up his temporary abode there—and at Haarlem, where traces yet remain of the Spaniards' fiery footsteps—and at Leyden, with its academic groves—and at the Hague, and many a pleasant place besides, I must tell you, my reader, when you and I, 'an you will,' shall meet again.

Digitized by Google

A CENTURY OF FREEMASONRY.*

By Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.

No. 2.

We closed the last article† with a notice of a few of those societies which, fungus-like, sprang from the ground where the fertilizing blood of true Masonry had sopped and penetrated the soil. Like the seed which fell upon the rock they sprang up suddenly, and after a brief and unhealthy blossoming they perished, and were no more heard of.

The same story has still for a short time to be continued. Persecution, cruelty, and authority had failed in turn to do away with the Society, so the aid of ridicule, a means employed (most inefficiently) even to the present hour by the opponents of Masonry, was called in. Clément de Genève (under the assumed name of Vincent) produced a drama in 1737 on the subject, which was represented in 1739, and printed in 1740. On the 2nd of August, 1741, the scholars in the Jesuit college of Dubois at Caen, after performing the play of Rhadamistus and Zenobia, "got up" a pantomimic initiation, and we even find the marionette theatres of Paris introducing (in 1744) a "stock" character, Punch Freemason, who speedily became as familiar to the *gamins* (there must have been *gamins* in those days, although giants had become a fiction), of a hundred years ago, as the beadle and the ghost are to the London *gamins* of 1853. But such attempts had, of course, no greater results than making the people ridiculous in the eyes of the Masons, for the idea was not even witty.

The police itself now openly gave assistance to an opposing society. The Abbé Pierre Louis Voisin, perpetual chaplain of his majesty, had, as far back as the February of 1735, petitioned Hérault, the lieutenant of police, for his official countenance and authorisation to a society he was desirous of forming. The application was renewed on the 12th of June, 1742 (very likely at the suggestion, *sub rosa*, of the police authorities themselves), and the thirty-seven articles of its constitution (obviously

* "Geschichte der Freimaurerei in Frankreich, aus ächten Urkunden dargestellt (1725—1830), von Georg Kloss." [History of Freemasonry in France, eliminated from trustworthy Documents.] 2 vols. Darmstadt, 1852.

† See pp. 431—440.

Digitized by Google

framed under the eye and instigation of the anti-Masonic faction*), were submitted for consideration, and the title assumed provisionally by the society was:—

"*Institution Académique des Sciences et Beaux Arts de l'Ordre immortel et respectable du bon Père et Patriarche Nöé.*"

This "immortal and respectable" Order arrived just at the nick of time for the purposes of government, and its ordinances were speedily authorized in the official quarter. "Now," the government could exclaim, "now, you see, we have provided you with a secret society which you have every encouragement in our power to join. Leave the pernicious and incomprehensible band of Freemasons, and come into our immortal and respectable association." They might have added, "Come back into your bonds; leave the certainty of ultimate liberty, for the certainty of official despotism; leave a heaven-born institution, whose ordinances are inspired by a Grand Master who cannot err, and join our gilt simulacrum of an institution, where you may play at Knights and Grand Commanders, instead of working continuously and usefully as humble Brethren."

From this society—to which we have given more prominence than its importance would at first appear to warrant,—we may date the alienation of the minds of Masons from true Masonry, as contained in the three degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason (in which last we would expressly include the Arch), to what we would rather denominate Supplementary Masonry, being the higher Degrees, which, we must again insist, are not absolutely necessary for Masonic life.† Kloss evidently has the same feeling when he observes, in giving a slight review of the initiatory ceremony, that "this society possessed the complete aspect of the subsequent higher Orders of Knighthood in Masonry, although it was founded for the express purpose of excluding Masons."‡ The probability is, that the Orders of Knighthood, in other words, the higher Degrees, were simply a modification instituted for purposes of self-defence by the Masonic Fraternity itself. §

* The second article demands a written assurance from all aspirants "that they do not belong to any society prohibited by his majesty's command," and a subsequent condition provides that unless the candidate professes the "orthodox" Romish religion, his application will fall to the ground *per se*.

† Perhaps I may be permitted to refer to my first article, p. 438, where I already expressed this opinion.

‡ *Geschichte der Freimaurerei*, vol. i. p. 43.

§ As to the higher grades, I may also be permitted to refer to Rebold

Digitized by Google

"Indeed," Kloss continues, "however slight the resemblance between the forms of this society (concerning the existence and progress of which there is nothing further preserved) and the ceremonies of Freemasonry at that period, it cannot but be evident, either, that the love of the French for the most high-sounding titles was already more general, or *that the impulse given by these French Noachites, soon re-acted upon Freemasonry [in France], and in Germany gave rise to the Strict Observance and its followers. Besides this, it may be remarked, that throughout the documents of this anti-Masonic, purely Romish society, there cannot be found the least allusion to the legend introduced into Masonry by Ramsay since* 1740, *concerning the origin of Masonry during the Crusades.*" *

We may here observe, that this is not the only one of the anti-Masonic societies used as a cat's paw by the governmental and Romish authorities, but it has been instanced since its name is not to be found in the registers of Pérau † and Thory,‡ who have, on their part, given considerable lists of such institutions. Everything appears at this time to have combined to try the firmness and temper of the French Masons, for just about this period (1740) the celebrated oration of Ramsay was held. Kloss remarks upon this occasion, with honesty and pride, that—

"Through this speech, the straightforward Freemasonry of England, consisting of the three Degrees, was irremediably injured. It opened the way for the introduction into Freemasonry of the infinite series of so-called higher Degrees, from which, notwithstanding all the endeavours of true Masons, it has not up to this hour been freed; on the contrary, the spirit of invention is ever at work in contriving new forms of high grades." §

(*Histoire Générale de la Franc Maçonnerie*, p. 141), where (under the year 1758) the adoption of these higher degrees by the Grand Lodge of Scotland, is mentioned, a movement evidently induced by the ambition of the members, jealous of the Grand Lodge of England, an ambition in which they may be said to have succeeded, since some of the higher grades are comprehended under the title of Scotch Masonry, a fact which vouches for their early adoption of the new degrees. In 1760, we find another precedent for distorting Masonry, in the opening of the Swedenborgian Lodge by the Benedictine Dom Pernetti and the Pole Grabianca at Avignon, and in the same year the officers of the army of Broglie introduced the higher degrees into the Lodges of Germany, "and," says Rebold, "caused the same disorders there that had been already caused by them in France" *(et y engendrent les mêmes désordres qu'ils ont déjà produits en France)*, p. 142. The degree Rosecroix was also founded about 1760, at Strasburg, under the title of "Le Chevalier de l'Aigle Souverain de Rosecroix," and it then was reckoned the eighteenth degree.

* Under 1762, Rebold, in his admirable summary (p. 143), mentions that Baron Hund introduces the Strict Observance into Germany, having been initiated into it at Paris, in the Clermont Chapter. Hund was subsequently elected Grand Master of the Templars, at Altenberg, near Jena, in 1765.

† *Secret des Francmaçons*, 1742.

‡ *Histoire du Grand Orient*, p. 209.

§ Vol. i. p. 45. The Clermont Chapter was not, however, established until 1754.

Digitized by Google

The inducement of referring Masonry to so important an era as that of the Crusades, and so directly connecting the Fraternity with all that is dear to the mind of the Christian, whether Romish or Protestant, was very great, and we find that it was soon made use of.* Now, if any connection be attempted to be proven between the Crusades and Freemasonry, it must necessarily fall to the ground, if it be considered for one moment that the Freemasons of that era were operatives, whose business was to build rather than fight for churches. Besides this, as Mahometans and Jews were not then or now excluded from the Fraternity, any defence of the religion of Western Europe by Occidental Christian Freemasons would have led to dissensions between their body and the Orient, in which case we should probably have seen an Oriental form of Masonry established, had it been possible for Masons, whose fundamental doctrines forbid all political movements, to have combined with such a political body as the Knights of St. John. The interests of the latter body were staked in the issue of the Crusades, while those of Masonry never were.†

We will not dwell upon the oration of Ramsay, the statements concerning which could scarcely be sifted without much labour and more materials than are at present in our possession. We will rather pass on to the subject of reform, which was now beginning to be agitated. Persons of doubtful or unhappy character were beginning to be admitted to the Lodges of Paris, and very reprehensible as these initiations were, they could not be avoided, although it was seen, that they not only brought the Fraternity to a low state by neglect in respect of the work, but stamped it as a society where bad characters might, if they chose to study, become expert (though never *good*) Masons. It is indeed a bad time for any institution, when its serious obligations and intentions are forgotten, or wittingly slurred over for the more pleasant duties of refreshment and recreation. Expressly as the institutions of the Society provide against such casualties, how often have they been trangressed in the case of this or that person, for the sole reason ‡ that "he *was* such good company!"

---

* *Sceau rompu*, 1745. *Q.* To whom is your Lodge dedicated? *A.* To St. John. *Q.* Why? *A.* Because the Freemason Knights at the time of the Holy War joined themselves to the Knights of St. John.

† The addition to the ritual quoted in the last note is to be found neither in Pérau nor in the *Franc-Maçon trahi*, 1745. It is also not in the first edition of Travenol.

‡ "The persons admitted members of a Lodge, must be good and true men, freeborn, and of mature and discreet age, no bondsmen, no women,

Digitized by Google

Certain propositions which, if adopted, would have been great improvements, as far as the admission of candidates was concerned, are mooted about this time, and they were printed both in 1741 and 1742. Their position immediately after Ramsay's oration caused them to be ascribed to him, whether truly or otherwise is matter of doubt, still, as Kloss remarks, "these articles would have been energetical propositions against the crowding of the Lodges with unprofitable and injurious members." *

It is a singular fact, however, that a non-Mason should be the first to call for reform in the Craft; that a comparatively unprejudiced and disinterested bystander should be the first to point out the abuses worthy of reformation, is not so singular. Free from the influence of any obligation, he might unhesitatingly come forward with his suggestions, and, as he came forward in a kindly spirit, he might expect that he would be met in a straightforward manner. This non-Mason was the Abbé Pérau, in his book, "Le Secret des Francmaçons," 1742.† He even proposes that the signs and passwords should be modified, after the exclusion of those unprofitable and undesirable persons who had been wrongly and unadvisedly admitted into the order. "This great business," he says, speaking of reformation, "completed, it will be necessary to agree upon new signs; for of what little use would it be to add to the old ones, when a mistake might be easy. Indeed, why should anything be spared, when the cost is so trifling?"

Pérau had the satisfaction, so seldom accorded to mankind, of seeing his suggestion acted upon. On the 30th of November, 1744, the Lodge of the Three Globes, at Berlin, sent to the Lodge of Unity, at Frankfort, and to the Hamburg Lodge, proposing such changes. And while such changes are to be regretted, as giving a precedent for introducing the ceremonies of

---

no immoral or scandalous men, but of good report."—Anderson's Constitutions, 1777, p. 312, Charge III.

"You may enjoy yourselves with innocent mirth, treating one another according to ability, but avoiding all excess, or forcing any Brother to eat or drink beyond his inclination, or hindering him from going when his occasions call him, or doing or saying anything offensive, or that may forbid an easy and free conversation; for that would blast our harmony and defeat our laudable purpose."—Anderson, p. 316, II. of Behaviour, 2.

* Vol. i. p. 47. Among these articles is included one pledging the candidate to a recognition of the belief of the Crusaders, conceived in anything but a Masonic spirit.

† The *Sçeau rompu* couples this work with Travenol's *Catéchisme*, and says of them, that a Masonic library is complete in these two works alone.

Digitized by Google

the high grades, yet that, at the time, they were made with an honest feeling of reform, and were evidently necessary, can scarcely be doubted. That reform was wanted, and indeed was intended by the Duc D'Antin is certain, but his plans were frustrated by his death, which occurred on the 9th of December, 1743.*

On the 11th† of the same month, Duc Louis de Bourbon, count of Clermont, was chosen Grand Master for life, sixteen Lodges being represented on the occasion by their Masters. The installation took place on the 27th of the same month, when the Loge de la Concorde was constituted, and it may be observed, that on this occasion, an English brother, who had been robbed on the highway, was relieved with sixty louis d'or, which he subsequently returned. On the day of election, France also received its first Masonic constitution and laws.‡ It is little more than an adaptation of Anderson's Constitutions, and the last and twentieth article is the only one which need be further noticed here, and then only with reference to Scotch Masonry.§

The Lodges whose delegates assembled to elect the new Grand Master thus first constituted a Grand Lodge, which may thus be now considered fairly opened in France. It assumed the title of *Grand Loge Anglaise de France,*|| which it retained

* The first funeral Masonic ceremony held in France, was held in memory of the deceased Grand Master, at Rouen, in the Jacobin Church, where the members of the seven Rouen Lodges appeared, with as much of the ceremony as could openly be practised.

Jarrhetti denies that this was the first occasion of the Masonic ceremonies being used, saying, that the first was held in his lodge, in 1749.

† Kloss expresses his surprise at the new Grand Master being chosen two days after the decease of the old one. Perhaps the Duc de Bourbon could not be got hold of as patron subsequently, and it was a matter of great importance to the Freemasons then to get a prince of the blood to preside over them. Besides, the Grand Master of Masons should immediately be elected, as no one not endowed with his authority can act with like firmness and certainty.

‡ Kloss remarks, that its nature appears to be little known, as it has never been printed. It was translated into German in the *Zeitschrift für Freimaurer*, 1836, pp. 151—186.

§ Without farther remark, I may abridge the article, and observe that it ordains, that "certain Brethren who have assumed the designation of Scottish Masters, and who demand peculiar privileges in the Lodges, for which no warrantry can be produced, shall not be held in higher estimation than the other apprentices and workmen, whose clothing they are to wear."

|| Kloss, vol. i. p. 53. Bègue Clavel affirms that the request made in 1735 for a Prov. G. L., was now (in 1743) first granted, but this is doubtful. This might have been alleged by the English Masons at the time, in order to conceal the true state of the matter, which was not calculated to add to the dignity of the English Lodge.

Digitized by Google

until 1755, when it declared itself independent, and took the name of *Grand Loge de France.*

No sooner had the new Grand Master entered on his office, than he was assailed on every side with demands for the reformation of Masonry. Any squeamishness that there might have been in addressing the Duc D'Antin on the subject, was quite removed now that a new Grand Master presided over the movements of the society. It is very certain that although the Freemasons of France acknowledged the supremacy of the London Grand Lodge, they paid very little court to it, and did pretty well as they liked. Nor are the points which were chiefly complained of devoid of interest at the present moment, when the Craft, even in England, is admitting so much that is sad to think upon.* I shall cite, without further preamble, an address which the student will find in the Francmaçonne, published in 1744:—

"My brethren! I can no longer conceal from you the grief with which my heart is filled at the contemplation of the system of robbery now degrading Freemasonry. Scarcely has this beneficent star risen above our heads, scarcely have we rejoiced in its penetrating rays, than it begins to darken. With how many stains has it not been soiled since then! At the very moment when it should shed around it the utmost glory, it suffers, alas! an eclipse, the end of which I do not so immediately foresee. Let us speak without metaphor! It seems as if we were working hand in hand with our enemies for the estrangement of all hearts from us. The profane are rightly angry: 1st, *with our carelessness in the selection of subjects;* 2nd, with our dishonourable mode of dealing with the initiated; 3rd, *with the expense of our banquets;* 4th, with the little unity there is between ourselves and the provincial lodges; 5th, *and finally, with the shameless deceit of hermaphrodite and secondary Masonry, which will soon be made the assembling place of crime, and in the ruins of which we are threatening to bury ourselves.*

"These are the evils with which the public is only too well acquainted. There are others which are not so well known:—

"1. Those beautiful regulations of England, so calculated to reform us, are never read in the Lodges. Is it perhaps because these regulations are too humiliating for us?

"2. The majority of our brethren know almost nothing of our Art, because it has been neglected to instruct them regarding its tenets.

"3. The number of Masters is incommensurate with that of the Masons. Several Masters have more than five hundred Masons in their Lodges; how would it be possible for him to assemble them all at one time? Nine-tenths would have to wait until their turn came, which seldom occurs even every half year.

"4. Ignorance is so common, that the majority of the Masters and Wardens do not know that Masonry consists of seven degrees,† and the

---

* I refer especially to the letter of P. J. W., in No. III., p. 525, of this volume.

† This is the grain of salt which we are obliged to swallow in this address. The resolution alluded to is evidently that in the French Constitution, Article 20.

Digitized by Google

Loge Générale,* in its blindness, resolved on the 11th of December, 1743, to regard the Masons of the fourth degree, that is to say, the Scotch Masters, only as common apprentices and fellow-Craftsmen.

"5. The management of the finance is neither according to rule nor precept. The income and expenditure are carried on without control, without any rendering of account; the money passing, perhaps, through careless or unfaithful hands. What extravagancies, what robberies, may then not result therefrom? How many Masons are left in incompetence, in want, in consequence of the waste of the money destined for benevolent purposes! How many of the profane fly from an institution, whence, in case of need, they will get as little assistance as from the non-Masonic world! These are the abuses which will soon draw down upon us the contempt of the people and the interdict of the government, if we delay to make ourselves better. I lay them before you with tearful eyes, and leave it to your wisdom and your zeal to bring forward the remedies which are required, so that it may not be said, one day to our shame, that by our neglect the most perfect institution for the human race, in the world, has fallen into disrepute and ruin!"†

So deeply had Masonic institutions fallen in France at this time, at any rate at Paris, that a neglectful Mason and careless man, we are told, was soon proverbially spoken of as a "Paris Mason."‡ O! let me ask the great body of Masons in this present year of 1853, may there not be much to correct, much to alter, even now under those heads which I have italicized in the preceding address, both in London and in other parts of the Masonic fraternities? Why is reform delayed at any moment, reform which is so salutary, so simple, so healthful, so divine?

Another work of this period has an important passage.§

"It is thought that in order to bring the Royal Art in France, back to a part of its eminence and credit, the entrance to it must be made more difficult, by diminishing the number of Lodges, and by giving the direction of those which are permitted to continue, only to such persons, who, besides the advantages of education, possess the best spiritual qualifications, and especially that of tried probity. A work of this importance is undoubtedly reserved for the highest chief of the Freemasons. It is therefore necessary that the truly zealous members, and chiefly the officers of that which is called Grand Lodge, should strive to the utmost with this prince, in order to obtain from him such a reformation, without which the Order of Freemasons would gradually fall into disgrace, and at the same time would for ever lose the esteem of the public and the protection of its Grand Master."

Here was, indeed (as Kloss observes), a mighty task and difficult problem!‖

---

* It is instructive to observe that the Lodge which elected the Grand Master is here only mentioned as a general Lodge, and not according to the title it had itself assumed. Probably the writer adhered to the supremacy of England on this point.

† Kloss, vol. i. pp. 55—57.

‡ Défense apologétique des Francmaçons, 1747.

§ Le Parfait Maçon, 1744.

‖ I forbear to criticise or comment upon any of the numberless pam-

Digitized by Google

The police authorities had all this time refrained from insulting the fraternity by domiciliary visitations. The new Grand Master, although he does not seem to have done anything of importance up to this time, had at any rate sheltered the Society by the *prestige* of his belonging to it. In 1744, however (after remaining inactive since 1738), the police recommenced their persecution, and on the 5th of June, 1745 (after a year's warning), they broke into a Lodge where forty members were assembled.* Le Roi, the owner of the hotel, was seized and interrogated, and he pleaded that although the company had indeed assembled there for six months, he himself was only a serving brother.† This, however, seems to have been the last aggression of the police, for evidently the position of the new Grand Master gave him influence to stay these proceedings, as, except with the clergy, opposition now ceased. An author of this period has observed that,

"Times have now changed considerably. Now-a-days there is no more doubt attached to the Freemasons, as it was some years since. We know that the Prince of Condé, this incomparable hero, considers it an honour to be a Mason, and sometimes he lays down his arms to don an apron, and to employ himself in the great work with surpassing zeal." ‡

I just now mentioned the priesthood as the chief assailers of Freemasonry. It was actually about this time agitated among the clerics, whether a parishioner, who belonged to the Society, should be permitted to receive the sacrament, and six doctors of the Sorbonne (although it was, subsequently, ascribed to the whole body) passed some resolutions in the November of 1748, declaring Masonry, as usual, to be pernicious and bad.§ Be-

---

phlets which appeared at this time. They were either forms of rituals of a distorted, though possibly truthful, nature, and while they reacted upon the times, we cannot say that they continued worthy of notice at a time when their object has either been attained or frustrated. I may, however, remark that it is *Franc Maçon écrasé*, 1747, which first gave rise to the fable about the political influence of Masonry during the English revolution, and at the time of the Stuart rebellion. See Kloss, vol. i. p. 59.

* This was the Lodge held at the hotel de Soissons, rue de Deux Ecus, in the parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

† He was condemned to pay three thousand livres, and, Oh! official liberality! the informer got six livres!

‡ Steinheil, *Le Francmaçon dans la République*, p. 4, 1746.

§ It is about this time (May 28th, 1751), that Benedict XIV. reiterated the bull of Clement XII. It has been frequently reported that this pope was himself a Mason; indeed, the document at the end of Naudot's *Chansons Notées* (quoted in No. I. of these papers, p. 438) says that he was honorary Master of a Lodge, and elected by the English (1740). Very likely to propitiate him, this dignity was bestowed on him, just as princes and ex-members of protectionists' cabinets get doctors' degrees at Oxford.

Digitized by Google

sides this movement, we have only to note one more work against Freemasonry, which appeared at Brussels, in 1752, and was entitled *Les vrais Jugemens sur la Société des Francsmaçons.* A supplement was added in 1754. Probably the nobility of the new Grand Master, who obtained a sanction from the king for the Society in 1747 (indirectly, it would seem), acted as a shield of protection against any farther aggression.*

I may here mention an abuse, bitterly complained of at the time, and as much regretted by far-seeing Masons, as it was a subject of laughter with the opponents of Masonry. This was the mode by which certain Masters became the owners, as it were, of the Lodges over which they presided. Lalande certainly gives a reason for such institutions, which is worthy of attention, for he states that,

"Masters perpetual and immovable (*perpetuels et inamovibles*) were named in Paris for the Lodges, in order that the frequent transmission of the administration of the power in Grand Lodge at Paris, from one hand to the other, might not render the Order too unsteady and lame. The Masters of Lodges in the provinces are annually elected."

But it is very sad to find so much dissension in the Lodges and their administrations at this time. Hear the words of Thory, before we see how the evil itself arose :†—

"Masonry was then in such disorder that there were no minutes or protocols taken at the meetings. There was no organized body, similar to those of England and Scotland, assembled in Grand Lodge. Every Lodge in Paris, or in the kingdom, was the property of an individual, named the Master of the Lodge; this person governed the Lodge of which he was the representative, according to his own heart. The Masters of Lodges were independent of each other, and acknowledged no authority above their own.‡ They granted permission to establish new Lodges to whosoever presented himself, and thus new Masters were added to the old ones. It might be said, that up to the year 1743, Masonry in France, under the Grand Masters Derwentwater, Harnouster, and Antin, presented nothing but the most frightful scene of anarchy."

Nor were there persons wanting who scrupled to attribute the falling off and confusion to carelessness on the part of the Grand Masters, who appointed substitutes for themselves, and neglected every duty that more intelligent men would have

---

There is, however, great doubt as to the whole subject. The Chevalier de Lussy (Baron Theodore Henry de Tschoudy) asserts that Benedict was a Freemason, and more may be found in Köppen's *Epistre* (1768). The oldest authority, perhaps, is the *Lettre de Marie Bonbec*, 1747.

* It is about this time also that Deputy Grand Masters first appear to be instituted. See Kloss, vol. i. pp. 63—65.

† A. D. 1742.

‡ This feeling is very apparent in the historical synopsis given in Naudot's *Chansons Notées*, and quoted in Art. I. p. 437.

Digitized by Google

deemed it an honour to perform. In fact, they attributed it to the delegation of authority to the Deputy Grand Masters.

In a document of the period, we find these words (alluding to M. Baure, the first Deputy Grand Master) :*—

"This inactivity resulted in the most frightful abuses. Some Masters of Lodges dared to issue warrants, which was the sole prerogative of the Grand Lodge. Restaurateurs, who had fitted up their houses for Masonic purposes, and had been admitted as serving Brethren, desired to gain farther profits from the banquets, and assumed the position of Masters. It may be easily understood that such Masters would not exercise the utmost circumspection in the choice of their candidates. They only considered the numbers, without accurate inquiry into their rank, education, character, or carriage. This inconsiderate fertility produced an infinite number of Lodges,—Masons bought the privilege to hold Lodges, privileges which belonged to them once and for ever,—the mysteries and the constitutions became articles of commerce; and in this anarchy it was resolved, as a fundamental principle, that three Masters of a Lodge had a right to constitute a fourth. Soon the taverns re-echoed with their shameless orgies, where they held large Lodges with much noise, and dispensed our distorted mysteries to any one who came,—to the lowest condition of citizens, to artists, mechanics, day-labourers, even to servants."

But, as Kloss hints, the cause of the fall of Masonry lay yet deeper,—the passion for the high grades lay at the bottom of it. The French mind, so volatile, and the German mind so fantastical, was not satisfied by the pure, quiet, unobtrusive working of English Masonry. As soon as there was the slightest excuse for it, the ancient precepts were neglected and the new ideas were caught up greedily. The French character always strives to connect itself with everything that is grand, noble, or haughty, in the world's history. No wonder, then, that the knightly Orders of the Middle Ages attracted their attention. The riddle of their secret ceremonies might be loosed, they felt, and accomplished swindlers soon unveiled this for them. Thus it is that the high grades, springing from an anti-Masonic soil, obtained such a mastery over them. Who, indeed, would care to be an Apprentice, a Fellow-Craft, a simple Master, when it was possible to be a Grand Commander, an Elect, or a Knight at the very least! And so it must be in every nation that takes up a science as a bauble, and casts it away when the next best notion comes uppermost.†

---

* Kloss, vol. i. pp. 65, 66.

† Be it understood, in the most distinct manner, that I desire not to have what I say applied to this country, nor to offend English Masons by my remarks on the so-called high grades introduced into France. The words I use are solely to be applied to the inventions of the numberless and often nameless adventurers who abounded at that time in Paris, and who but seized, for their own purposes, the opportunities that the unhappy state of French Masonry at that time presented.

Digitized by Google

It was therefore a fortunate occurrence that in 1755, the *Grande Loge de France* was erected. The necessity of the measure was obvious.

But the evil of the high grades was now too deeply seated, and even the Supreme Council of the Masons in France could not obviate it, as their Statutes will show in Articles XXIII. and XLII.

The document is entitled,—"Statutes agreed by the Honourable Lodge of St. John of Jerusalem, of the Orient of Paris, governed by the Very High and Very Mighty Lord Louis de Bourbon, Count of Clermont, Prince of the Blood, Grand Master of all the regular Lodges of France, to serve as rules for all those of the Kingdom."

The first article recognizes the supremacy of the Divine Master and T. G. A. O. T. U., and enjoins continual prayer, and a very watchful guard over the tongue and heart. The second article enjoins submission to temporal authority, and makes a due respect for them imperative upon all good Masons. Article Fourth exhorts to humility, as regards riches, honours, and birth, and declares that in order truly to deserve the goods with which T. G. A. O. T. U. has endowed man, he should love the poor and support them, "as a true Mason ought to do."

"Art. V.—The true Mason should be decent, obliging, humane, and highminded in society, and an enemy of the false and the slanderous."

"Art. XI.—*Only such persons are to be admitted as possess honourable birth, strict character and habits, who fear God,* AND WHO ARE BAPTIZED."

Compare this with the first charge in Anderson: *—

"1. *Concerning God and Religion.*—A Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the Art, he will never be a stupid ATHEIST nor an irreligious LIBERTINE. But though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was, yet it is 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, by whatever denominations and persuasions they may be distinguished; whereby Masonry becomes the centre of union and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance."

This eleventh article and some other of these, when collated with the institutions and charges of England, evince the bias that there was to dissent from the ancient institutions, rather because they came from a foreign country than from any other reason. To return:—

"Art. XIII.—Such persons shall only be initiated as are free and

* Page 310. New Constitution, p. 3.

Digitized by Google

twenty-five years of age. The sons of Masons are excepted from the obligation of majority, but they, nevertheless, remain Appentices and Fellow-craft, until they have arrived at such majority."

This article would seem to settle some things that have hitherto remained open questions. Amongst others, that the degree of Master Mason was a much more rare and solemn degree, that peculiar ideas of reverence were connected with it, and that Master Masons were evidently of the Arch degree, while the common workmen of Masonry, whose attainments were not so great, whose work was not so accurate, remained on the threshhold of the Arch.* The age in England, as every one knows, is twenty-one,† that being the English majority, but it is a sad thing to consider how frequent dispensations have become! The rule of limitation does not, however, exist in England, a fact which is calculated to confirm the supposition concerning the Arch degree.

"Art. XVIII.—The admission fee is 120 livres, and 12 livres for the apron, &c. The annual subscription is 6 livres."

In England no upward limit is set to the fees (beyond the three guineas provided by law), which indeed varied considerably at one time in France also,‡ a fact which is rather to be regretted, since it causes many men of small means to join mean and inconsiderable Lodges, where the opportunities of instruction are not greater, instead of well-worked and spirited Lodges, such as, it is said, are the University and Town Lodges of Oxford.

I will here quote, for the sake of completeness, the article in Anderson.

"Art. III.—That no Lodge shall ever make a Mason for a less sum than one guinea, and that guinea to be applied, either to the private fund of the Lodge, or to the public charity, without deducting from such deposit any money toward the defraying the expense of the T——r, &c., under the forfeiture of their constitution.§ But this not to extend to the making of waiters, servitors, or menial servants, who may be instituted by the Lodge they are to serve; provided such making or institution be done without fee or reward." ||

---

* See the New Book of Constitutions, pp. 7, 8.—"N.B.—In antient times no Brother, however skilled in the Craft, was called a Master Mason until he had been elected into the chair of a Lodge."

† Anderson, Constitutions, p. 343. ‡ See Art. I. p. 435.

§ But see the New Book of Constitutions, p. 79, Art. III.

|| Page 343. It becomes necessary to quote these admirable rules *totidem verbis*, for it is much to be feared that many of the Craft have but an indefinite idea of them. See Art. XLIII. of the French Constitutions below.

Digitized by Google

Article XXXVII. requires no comment:—

"If a Brother have unfortunately committed any sin, either against religion, or the laws of nature, or any open treachery to the Order, and is convicted, he shall be excluded for ever; his name shall be erased in all the documents, and burnt in the usual manner."

Article XLIII. is far less kindly in tone and feeling toward the serving Brethren than the English regulation:—

"The serving Brethren shall never have other light than the degrees of Apprentices and Fellow-craft, and no other office. They are admitted gratis, with a halter round their necks. They have a place at the banquet assigned to them, when the last toast is drunk."

This is, perhaps, the most singular of all the articles of this French constitution. Its unwonted severity is, no doubt, the consequence of the number of cases where serving Brothers had elevated themselves into Masters of the Lodges held at their taverns; and we find in Anderson a somewhat similar article, providing that—

"No master of any public house shall be suffered to own, or purchase, such jewels and furniture, for the purpose of having a Lodge constituted or held at his house, under the penalty (if discovered) of forfeiting such constitution." *

But the extreme measure was not found necessary in England. The halter used at their initiations is evidently a relic of the old slave-dealing times, and inapplicable to pure Masonry, which is as progressive as Christianity, or any other vital institution. The last provisions of this article somewhat remind us of the detestable system of oppression and insult yet suffered by such gentlemen in our universities, whose means make it necessary for them to take the post of servitors or bible clerks, if they desire to obtain that knowledge those Universities were freely instituted to disseminate for the advancement of the dignity of man, and not for his degradation.

It is a sad thing to see, that, however reassuring the general tone of these articles and regulations, the evils which have crept in had not even here loosed their hold. Two articles † provide for the supremacy of the Scotch grades; the first assuring them the right of sitting covered in Lodge, the second appointing them wardens and inspectors of the work:—

"For," says Art. XLII., "they alone are permitted to censure any errors in work. They have the right of speaking at any time, of being always armed and covered, and if they fall into error they can only be reprimanded by Scotch Masons."

---

* Page 342.

† The twenty-third and forty-second.

Digitized by Google

Nor, indeed, were these regulations deemed binding and complete without the "mysterious seal of the Scotch grade, in red wax, with golden and azure thread."

Kloss has a remark on this subject worthy of quotation:*—

"The Articles XXIII. and XLII. distinctly show that the Scotch grade was, in the mean time, recognised by the Grand Lodge, indeed, that the work of this degree was carried on separately, or else the statutes would not have been provided with the mysterious seal of the Scotch Lodge. If, therefore, in later times, the assertion be made that Grand Lodge had only recognised and worked the three veritable Masonic degrees, there is positive testimony to the contrary in these two articles, for the passing of which a very important reason had been shortly before alleged to the sixty Masters and Wardens,—the avoidance of the high grades."

Before closing this article, it may be well to consider for a few moments the general aspect which Masonry presented at this period. We find the Grand Lodge of France giving way before the storm, and admitting into Masonry various new ceremonies, which, it is a subject of congratulation to English Masons, have not been incorporated in England, as in France, with Ancient Masonry. But the Grand Lodge became independent, and was not bound by the feelings of English Masons.

Has it not been "declared and pronounced that pure Ancient Masonry consists of three degrees and no more; viz. those of the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow-Craft, and the Master Mason, including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch?"

It was therefore dignified in the London Grand Lodge to recognise the independence of France under these circumstances, for it had promised "to respect genuine and true Brethren, and discountenance impostors and all dissenters from the original plan of Freemasonry." Certainly, the originators of some of the French degrees came under one of these two denominations: but which of them, I must leave it to the opinions of Masons to determine.

* Kloss, vol. i. p. 83.

Digitized by Google

THE FAIRY FAMILY.

"Upon the mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain o' the finest wheat
Is the manchet that we eat;
The pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups filled to the brink."

OLD POEM.

"Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds."

MILTON'S *Comus*.

SOME of us there are who will never weary of recurring to the grotesque yet singularly enchanting creations which formed the popular mythology of our ancestors. And let not him who cannot enter into the spirit of such day-dreams, consider it inexplicable or unreasonable that so it should be. The spirit of poetry is ready to gather its incorporeal stores from any and every source—and the exquisite fairy creations of past ages form a fund of inexhaustible delight to an imaginative and poetic temperament. They are also not without great interest to the antiquarian and the historian, and will probably ever continue to prove the most suitable food for the unfettered imagination of early infancy. Their delicate immateriality seems to assimilate to the innocence of budding childhood, and of ethereal conceptions as yet unladen with the grosser residue of worldly contact. Let no one despise the fairy family: not only does it claim consideration on account of its intrinsic merit, but it can point to a descent of the greatest antiquity, from the most powerful nations earth has seen; allied, too, with other families, sprung from the politest and noblest races of the world. Extending over successive political changes, in varied shape and various lands, its influence may be considered as almost universal. Let no one, then, regard the fairy tale solely as a puerility for the nursery, or as the recorded memento of the credulity of a recent century.

The popular belief in a race of beings of an order of intelligence and power, intermediate between that of heaven and earth, and dwelling among the woods and mountains, may be traced in most, if not in all countries. These appear to have been the

Digitized by Google

spontaneous results of human imagination, exerting its innate tendency to assign a cause for every unusual occurrence or unaccountable phenomenon, and of the necessity for a race of beings to whom, in attributing such, gratitude might be paid when due, or propitiation offered against mischances. But they may also have been created originally as instruments of control over the wild imaginations of uncultivated peoples, subduing them through their credulous fears, as in the case of the mythological deities of old.

The meaning and derivation of the term *Fairy*, is a moot question. Some content themselves with the simple signification fair people or folk; others consider it an Arabo-Persian word, the same as *Peri;* and some, with most reason, as derived from *fatare*, to enchant. Be this as it may, the interested student of the Fays of England, the Fée of France, and the Fata of Italy, will not the less be gratified, though in uncertainty as to their common derivative.

Bourne supposes that the Lamiæ, or ancient sorceresses, have supplied the foundation for later fairy faith. It has been suggested that this diminutive race has descended from the Lars, or classical household deities, which were of dwarfish size; and several attempts have been made to connect fairy with classical mythology, though with small success. It is true that certain deities of the classics have assumed lesser dimensions; but the fairies are essentially diminutive, and would lose their distinctive characteristic by ceasing to be little. We also read of Pigmies, whom the ancients supposed to inhabit the ends of the earth, regions where all natural growth is stunted; but these were, according to their conceptions, real human beings, and as such, radically different from our notions of the elfin race.

Turning our eyes towards Asia, we fix with more certainty upon the ancient Persian Peri-worship, as the earliest origin of European fairy superstition. The Peri was probably coeval with the religious system of Zoroaster, being represented as the chief attendant of the benevolent deity Ormuzd, enthroned in realms of everlasting radiance. From this eminence it has descended to the modern Persians and Arabians, having so degenerated in its course as to have become a visible being of far more earthly attributes and attachments; the Mahomedan creed, of course, excluding it from the national religious system. The Persian Peri and Deev became their good and evil genii, corresponding to the Jinn of the Arabians. The female Peri was beautiful beyond all power of description, and susceptible of loving and being beloved by mortals. The union of their impalpable fire-formed bodies with those of mankind, has

Digitized by Google

formed a striking feature in Persian tale. The Deevs (from whom we derive our popular conception of a devil) were supposed to be most deformed, hideous, hairy monsters, having horns and tails; full of malignity towards man, and always at war with the Peris, who on these occasions sometimes sought for mortal assistance. The latter, when captured, were suspended from the branches of lofty trees, incarcerated in cages of iron. Here, however, their sister Peris fed them on delicious perfumes (their only food), until they by some means obtained release from confinement. The Peri has characteristics not unlike those which we attach to angels. Their dwelling is in the clouds and on the rainbow's arch. The Arab Houri, or virgins of Paradise, are, however, a distinct race. The Persians allotted a certain glorious region, called Jinnistan, as the abode of the Genii. They imagined the globe to be supported by a gigantic sapphire, the splendid rays of which tinged the surrounding space, where the realms of Jinnistan were situated.

The Genii were able to change their size and appearance at will. Every one must remember the harrowing pleasure with which he first devoured the tale of the Fisherman and the Genii, where the fisherman, having broken the seal of the casket he has taken up in his net, perceives a thick smoke to issue thence, gradually increasing to a huge bulk, and assuming the shape of a gigantic Jinn. The Genii play an important part in the Arabian Nights' Tales, which so delighted our youthful imaginations. The latter were originally a body of Indian fables, translated into Arabian in the time of Calif al Mansur, who flourished about thirty years before Harun al Raschid, cotemporary with Charlemagne. They were narrated by professional tale-tellers, at Bagdad, when the Arabian court was in the zenith of its splendour, and have since been translated and read throughout all parts of civilized Europe.

European romance, though derived from the East, is equally indebted to the Scandinavian mythology and that of the Cymri, not without a subsequent admixture also of classical antiquity. Thus the account of the Fairies' origin given by Spenser, makes a classic deity the author of the elfin tribe of the North, the veritable Eastern Fairy being brought in to the whole, after a somewhat extraordinary fashion. He says that—

> "*Prometheus* did create
> A man of many parts from beasts deryved;
> That man so made he called Elfe, to weet,
> Quick, the first author of all Elfin kind,
> Who, wand'ring through the world with wearie feet,
> Did in the gardens of *Adonis* fynd
> A goodly creature, whom he deemed in mynd

Digitized by Google

To be no earthly wight, but either spright
Or angell, authour of all woman-kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage right."

The causes of the transfer of Arabian fiction to Europe were manifold. The Crusaders and Troubadours became the agents of its transmission. The Holy Land pilgrims returned to diffuse their stores of Eastern ideal wealth. The commercial intercourse of Southern Europe with the Moors of Spain and the Venetians, and the Meccan pilgrimages, also contributed towards the same end. During the dark ages, too, Arabic was the language of science; and in intercourse with the Arabs of Spain, the Jews may have greatly aided in spreading the elements of fairy faith throughout Europe.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the "Tale of Tamlane," gives as causes for the changes wrought upon the foundation of Gothic superstition in Europe, "the traditions of the East, the wreck of Gothic mythology, the tales of chivalry, the fables of the classics, the influence of Christianity, and the creative imagination of the sixteenth century." Without lingering to consider the respective influences of these causes, we need only at present point to the broad fact that European romance, more especially that subsequent to the fourteenth century, is indebted to Asiatic genius.

Having already spoken of the Arabs,—Persian or Eastern,—we have now to turn our attention to the Scandinavian, or north European element of fairy belief. The Eddaic system is somewhat complicated and obscure; the two great features necessary to our present purpose being the *Alfar*, or Elves, and the *Duergar*, or Dwarfs, titles which remain in all languages of Gotho-German origin. The Elves differ from the Fairies in the absence of the ethereal characteristics of the latter, and are more remarkable for their mischievous or silly gambols. The production of the "Faerie Queen" of Spenser went far to confound the Eastern fairy with the popular elfin tribe, an amalgamation rendered still more hopeless by the heedlessness of after-writers.

The Elves and the Dwarfs were forcibly unlike, in the same way as were the Peris and Deevs. The former were, we read, "whiter than the sun in appearance;" the latter, "blacker than pitch." The Dwarfs were distinguished for their skill in metallurgy, and are a race quite unlike those met with in the traditions of any but northern lands. This leads to the supposition that they were suggested by the Finns, a people of small stature, who applied themselves successfully to the working of metals in the

Digitized by Google

retirement of the mountains, after having been driven there by the Scandinavians. The Trolls were a race somewhat allied to the Dwarfs, who sometimes enriched such of mankind as obtained their favour and good-will, from their chests of gold underground. They had great power of working mischief, but fortunately could be driven away, since they could not endure the sound of drums, or of church bells. Another variety was the Nis, a creature no larger than an infant, but having the aspect and demeanour of an old man, wearing a peaked red cap. In Norway every church, as well as every farm, possessed its attendant Nis. We meet with him in various places, under other titles; in Germany, as the Kobold; in Scotland, as Brownie; and in our own country, as Hobgoblin; the merits of which beings we shall subsequently enlarge upon.

The Norwegian Ström-karl or Grimm is a fiend of extraordinary musical powers, whose capabilities remind us of the fabled gifts of Orpheus. When propitiated by an offering, he is willing to impart his gifts to mortals, who thereby acquire the power of making the trees dance, and the waterfalls and rivulets to cease in their course. In Denmark, a certain jig is known, which no one has the courage to perform, since it compels all who hear it, young and old, to dance frantically, and affects the stools and tables in the same way. This is called the Elf-king's dance. It is believed that the only way of breaking the spell is to play it backwards without missing a note, or that the fiddle-strings should be cut by some one behind the player, without his consent. There has no doubt been much trickery used in supporting this absurd belief.

The Danes have other distinguishing superstitions. Their Elle-woman was believed to be a fair maid, presenting to the beholder every charm in perfection; but who, when forced to turn and fly at sight of the cross, exposed her back, which was hollow. They have, too, the *Neck*, or river-spirit. When Odin acted as the destroying principle, the Scandinavians gave him the title *Nikker* (whence the Old Nick of England, and the Kelpie of Scotland), and supposed him to haunt a gloomy, turbid lake in the island of Rugen. Here he used to annoy the fishermen by violent tempests, and remove their boats, fixing them on the summits of lofty fir-trees. The Neck was either a boy with golden hair, a youth, or an old long-bearded man, sitting on calm nights upon the surface of the waves, and producing most delightful harmony from a golden harp. By after-changes it became the St. Nicholas, whose aid was invoked by sailors in dangers and storms at sea. The Icelanders have a water-spirit, or kelpie, which appears in the form of an

Digitized by Google

apple-grey horse by the seaside, but always with one of his hoofs reversed. If any one should be indiscreet enough to mount him, he plunges into the sea, bearing his rider to destruction. The Feroe and Shetland islanders have also beings more or less similar to these. In the Orkneys the water-sprite is termed Tangie, from the tang, or sea-weed, with which his body is covered.

The nymph of the river Elbe, of great repute in Saxon times, had a temple at Magdeburg, and was believed to visit the markets held at that place, with a basket on her arm and habited as a burgher's daughter. Those who looked closely, might observe that one corner of her apron was constantly wet, in token of her real nature. It is worthy of remark, that those were to be found who, not more than thirty years since, attributed the inundations of the Valais to some similar creature. Amongst all these varieties of river-spirits we shall not fail to be reminded of the Mermaid, the appearance of which is too generally familiar to need description. Pliny describes one found by some Roman knights in the Spanish Ocean; and Roudelet, a physician of Montpelier, who published a work on the finny tribe in 1554, assures us that two mermen were captured, to his knowledge, one in Poland, and another off the coast of Norway. It is certain that a mermaid, or as the French term it, Syren, was exhibited at St. Germains; as well as another found at or near La Vendée; and a third, which formed a great attraction for London sight-seers. The latter proved to be an impudent imposture, being fabricated of the upper portion of an ape and the lower half of some fish of the salmon kind. The older accounts of these fabulous beings probably arose from the appearance of *phocæ* or creatures of similar nature.

The Russians believe in a watermaid called Rusalki. She has long green hair, and swings about the branches of trees on the river-side. The people weave garlands for her, which they cast on the water.

But to return to the Scandinavian Elves and Dwarfs. The Swedish *Skagard* are little beings whose chief occupation is that of milking cows on the sly, and laming horses. These lose all their power if any iron touches them. The Swedes say that the Nis tribe, already alluded to, have always haunted the precincts of their royal castles in a disturbed, unquiet manner, upon the eve of any of those revolutions so abundant in Swedish history.

The dwellers on the Baltic islands believe in three races of Dwarfs, distinguished according to the colour of their garments.

Digitized by Google

The white are of innocent and friendly disposition, engaged in summer-time in out-door revelry, sometimes taking the form of doves or butterflies; but during the winter in the working of gold and silver. The brown Dwarfs are cheerful, but rather inclined to trickery, and wear brown caps with silver bells, which render them invisible to all except those similarly equipped. They plague lazy servants by nightmares, or by biting and scratching them; or lead people astray into bogs and marshes. The black are very hideous; they are extremely skilful armourers, and wonderfully expert at giving inflexible hardness to steel. They delight in all kinds of evil-doing; and at their midnight meetings, howling and screeching take the place of nimble dancing and delightful music.

The Dwarfs of Iceland adopt the habitations and clothing of men, and are remarkably clean and precise in their habits; they are always dressed in red.

The Germans have been prolific in dwarfs, of whose revelry among the recesses of the Hartz Mountains endless legends are given. They have also a wood-spirit, termed *Scrat* or *Schretel*, from whence we get our nickname of "Old Scratch." In South Germany, a race of little beings called Wichtlein are said to haunt the mines, in the likeness of old men with ample beards, provided with lanterns, mallets, and hammers. They are only injurious when ill used or ill spoken of by the workmen. The death of a miner is always foretold by three knocks. They are called by the Bohemians "little house-smiths," and pretend by a great deal of knocking to be very hard at work. Other species of dwarfs, as the wood and moss-people, are well known in Germany. Their arch-enemy is the Wild Huntsman, who rides swift and terrible, though unseen, through the air. There are also the Wild Women, who dwell on the great moor near Saltzburg, and who are said to assemble at devotion during the dead of night, in the precincts of the cathedral.

The Swiss Dwarfs exhibit in their nature the simplicity and integrity which characterize the country; they are chiefly occupied in tending cattle, and in the native tongue are known as *Hardmändlene*. We have now enumerated the chief varieties of the dwarfish tribe, whose peculiarities, combined with those of the Eastern Peri, have formed the staple ingredients of our native Fairy or Elf. The foregoing descriptions, though perhaps tedious, are necessary to illustrate the relation and connection which our own elfin mythology has with that of other European nations.

The Gotho-German element of English myth was obtained through the Picts and Scots, while the Eastern fables were

Digitized by Google

brought over by the Crusaders and Troubadours, as previously stated. Our Fairies, properly so called, bear more resemblance to the Dwarfs than to any other race, although the term dwarf has never been applied to them, nor indeed has been ever used in any sense but that of a stunted human being. The English fairy was a tiny span-long creature, clad in bright green. It lived underground, and was capable of causing any one who sought to gratify his curiosity at the expense of its privacy, to be struck blind of one eye. Our chivalrous ancestors used to defy the Fairies, however, by intruding upon them at their revels. A lord of Colchester presented a drinking-horn to Henry I., which he had taken from the midst of a fairy banquet. Such a gift was considered to insure great good fortune to the recipient. In Edenhall, Cumberland, a goblet is still preserved, said to have been seized from an elfin festival by a member of the ancient family of Musgrave. On the occasion of its capture, the Fairies completely vanished, while a voice cried aloud—

> "If the glass do break or fall,
> Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

On one occasion it narrowly escaped destruction, when the butler caught it in a napkin as it fell from his master's hand; it is now secure from all mishap, and the lees of wine are still seen at the bottom.

Poole, in his "English Parnassus," gives the following members as constituting the fairy court:—Oberon, the emperor; Mab, the empress; Puck, Hobgoblin, Tom Thumb, &c., courtiers; and Nymphidia, mother of the maids. The mighty Shakspeare has clothed these with a vividness which they will never lose. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is a domestic sprite, allied to the Kobold, of which we have spoken, sometimes assuming the form of a domestic animal. His avocations he can describe for himself:—

> "And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
> In very likeness of a roasted crab;
> And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
> And on her withered dewlap pour the ale."

This roguery is the counterpart of that of Brownie, of the Scottish Lowlands:—"Two lasses having made a fine bowlful of buttered brose, had taken it into the byre to sup in the dark. In their haste they brought but one spoon; so, placing the bowl between them, they supped by turns. 'I hae got but three sups,' cried the one, 'and it's a' dune.' 'It's a' dune, indeed,' cried the other. 'Ha, ha, ha!' cried a third voice, 'Brownie has got the maist o' it.' And Brownie it was who

Digitized by Google

had placed himself between them, and gotten two sups for their one."

Milton alludes to the same house-spirit, when he tells us, in "L'Allegro:"—

——"how the drudging goblin swet
To earn the cream-bowl, duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
Which ten day-lab'rers could not end.
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend;
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."

His love of order and aversion to sloth are alluded to by another poet:—

"And if the house be foul
Of platter, dish, or bowl,
Up-stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs—
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the house and maid—
And surely she is paid;
For we do use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe."

In Yorkshire, a species of spirit, of somewhat similar nature, is known as the Boggart, or as the Barguest; probably Barn-ghaist, or ghost. It has been observed, that the belief in the house-spirit may have arisen from the fact, that, in times of religious dissension, many fled to rural districts for refuge, and were content to perform work during the night, and receive food provided for them in return; making use of the Brownie as a cloak of secrecy.

A merry Puck long dwelt in the house of the Grey Friars at Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and, as before observed, he bears resemblance to the Kobold of other parts of Germany. One of the most noted of these Kobolds was *Hinzelmann*, whose history was written by Feldmann, a pious minister of Lüneburg. The following account is extracted from it:—

"Hinzelmann now showed himself extremely obliging, and active and industrious at every kind of work. He used to toil every night in the kitchen; and if the cook, in the evening after supper, left the plates and dishes lying in a heap without being washed, next morning they were all nice and clean, shining like looking-glasses, and put up in proper order. If anything was astray, Hinzelmann knew immediately where to find it, in whatever corner it was hid, and gave it into the hands of the owner.

Digitized by Google

He scoured the pots and kettles, washed the dishes, and cleaned the pails and tubs. The cook was grateful to him for all this, and cheerfully got ready his sweet milk for his breakfast. He was equally busy in the stable; he attended to the horses, and curried them carefully, so that they were as smooth in their coats as an eel; they also throve and improved so much, in next to no time, that everybody wondered at it.

"He sometimes used to come to the table of the master of the house, and they were obliged to put a chair and a plate for him at a particular place. What was put on his plate vanished; and a glass full of wine was taken away for some time, and was then set again in its place empty. But the food was afterwards found lying under the benches, or in a corner of the room.

"Hinzelmann was fond of playing tricks, but he never hurt any one by them. He used to set servants and workmen by the ears, as they sat drinking in the evening, and took great delight then in looking at the sport. When any one of them was well warmed with liquor, and let anything fall under the table, and stooped to pick it up, Hinzelmann would give him a good box on the ear from behind, and at the same time pinch his neighbour's leg. Then the two attacked each other, first with words and then with blows; the rest joined in the scuffle, and the next morning black eyes and swelled faces bore testimony of the fray. He, however, always took care so to order matters that no one should run any risk of life."

Finally, we will quote on this subject the lines of an unpretending old versifier, who says, that—

"In John Melesius any one may read
Of devils in Sarmatia honoured,
Called Katri, or Kobaldi; such as we
Pug and Hobgoblin call: their dwelling be
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
Make fearful noise in butteries and in dairies:
Robin Goodfellows some, some call them Fairies;
In solitary rooms these uproar keep,
And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep;
Seeming to force locks, be they ne'er so strong,
And keeping Christmas gambols all night long."

Returning to Fairies proper, we may mention the Pixies of Devonshire. These are supposed to be the souls of infants who have died unbaptized; their dwelling is amidst the rocks, where they dance to the music of the crickets' and grasshoppers' chirp.

The Fays of Western Scotland are thus described:—

"Their ringlets of yellow hair floated over their shoulders, and were bound over their brows with combs of the purest gold. Their dress consisted chiefly of a mantle of green silk, inlaid with eider-down, and bound round the waist with a garland of wild flowers. Over their shoulders hung quivers of the adder's skin, stored with arrows tipped in flame. A golden bow hung negligently over the left arm, and little scimitars of the same metal glittered at their sides."

"With gold hair is slung, with gold hair is hung,
O'er their left arms a golden bow;
And an arrow tipt with green of a dazzling sheen,
In a gold quiver hangs below."

Digitized by Google

Benevolent Fairies were believed to steal children; but only those who were orphans, or oppressed by their parents; in the latter case they were allowed to revisit them twice, at intervals of seven years. The bad Fairies left a child in lieu of the one abducted, described as an "ill-faur'd wauchie wandocht of a creatur," insatiate of appetite, and usually sucking the mother into a consumption.

The Irish term their elves "*Good People,*" and the Highlanders "*Daoine Shie,*" or men of peace. The same principle which prompts the savage to crouch in devil-worship, induces these titles of conciliation bestowed on the Fairy tribe. The Irish elves inhabit the ancient tumuli, or burrows, and display an odd mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous in their composition, strongly reminding us of the national character of the country. They are clothed in green dresses, and wear large scarlet caps; whence the beautiful *digitalis purpurea,* bearing a scarlet bell-blossom, is termed fairy-cap. It is further supposed, when it bends, to be making a sign of recognition and obeisance to some invisible elf.

Cluricaune, the Irish Puck, is a little cobbler, everlastingly engaged in repairing a shoe, and believed to possess an inexhaustible purse. The Banshie is a white Fairy with silver locks, chiefly attached to ancient families as an honourable attendant. Another, though rather undefined being, is the Phooka, who haunts the rocks and glens of Ireland: hence the Carrig Phooka of Cork, and the waterfall of Poula Phooka of Wicklow. The Irish Fairies are in great fear of losing their caps, as they are not permitted to rest until they replace the loss. The Fairies of the Isle of Man appear to manifest horse-dealing propensities. A person of integrity stated to Waldron, that having occasion to sell a horse, a diminutive gentleman, plainly dressed, accosted him while travelling across the mountains, and, after some bargaining, purchased the animal. When he had paid the money, and taken his seat in the saddle, both horse and rider sank through the earth, and disappeared from his astonished gaze.

The green rings of varying size met with in meadows, were, it is well known, vulgarly attributed to the Fairy dancers. Thus Scott:—

> "Merry elves their morrice pacing
> To aërial minstrelsy;
> Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
> Trip it deft and merrily."

So also the great bard:—

> "On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
> By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,

Digitized by Google

Or on the beachy margent of the sea,
They dance on ringlets to the whistling wind."

The popular belief in Fairies, like many other popularities, received a check when it came into collision with the religious views of the period. Sir Walter says, "The fulminations of the Romish Church were directed against the realms of Fairy-land, as much as against those of Olympus." In the time of the Virgin Queen, Johnson tells us that Fairies were extremely important beings, that monarch herself being much attached to the tiny race, which the transcendent genius of Shakspeare had painted in such fanciful and delicate hues. In 1590, Spencer's "Faerie Queen" appeared; where, as we have seen, he confuses Classical with Gothic deities; and Shakspeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," has peopled the classic groves of Greece with his native elves. The magic charms of poetry, however, reconcile us to these, and to much greater anomalies.

Fairy tales were much in vogue during the seventeenth century, among which the "Pentameron" of Basilio led the way. Perrault published his "Conte de ma Mère l'Oye" in 1697, and was followed by a variety of other writers. This popular taste led to the translation of the Arabian Nights' Tales, by the famous Orientalist Antoine Galland, about 1704.

In this short sketch many details have been necessarily omitted, and some members of the Fairy family left entirely unnoticed. Such are the Fées of Normandy, which live in the Grottes des Fées, and resemble English elves very much, in their pranks, dances, and child-thefts. By the way, our indignation is mitigated at the child-stealing propensities of Fairies in general, when we bear in mind that they were compelled to deliver a certain yearly tribute, either of the elfin or human kind, to their rulers; and that they therefore only took young children for the purpose of recruiting their numbers. In like manner the Water Spirit was not supposed to decoy men to death amidst the waves through personal ill-will, but that he might enjoy the society of their spirits beneath. This view both lessens the unreasonableness of their cruelties, and the humiliation of taking measures to secure their good-will and forbearance.

In Poland there exists, too, a highly interesting being upon whom we might enlarge, called *Vila*. She is a mountain nymph clad in white, whose voice resembles that of the woodpecker. Her steed is a seven-year old hart, having a bridle formed of snakes, and she carries a quiver full of deadly arrows. This spirit is well known in Dalmatia. Limited space must be our excuse for the imperfections and omissions in this rapid outline

Digitized by Google

of a subject loaded with such extensive ramifications. By way of conclusion we may be allowed to quote, as referring to the matter we are quitting, a translation from the German of Matthisson, and then we will, in accordance with the sentiment expressed by an old Scottish poet,—

"Leave bogles, brownies, gyre-carlinges, and ghaists."

* * * * * *

"What 'neath the moon so bright,
As Fairies fleet and light—
Our mirror clear and true,
The meadow's starry dew;
The brook's soft moss we dancing tread,
Rock on the vernal spray's green thread,
Then seek in flower-cups soft our bed.

"Fays of the mountain come,
And ye by lakes that roam—
Forth to the dew-pearl'd green,
Follow the elfin queen.
In cobweb turban, silvery grey,
Lit by the glow-worm's glim'ring ray,
Hie to the moonlight dance away.

"Let mantles fine and white,
Bleach'd in the pale starlight
On grave of maiden fair,
Float round you light as air.
Through moor, sedge, wold, through yellow grain,
Down hill, up dale, from grove to plain,
Haste hither to the sportive chain.

"The broad-leaved nettle spreads
Safe arch above our heads,
And mists, a silvery wall,
Extend around our ball.
We swiftly whirl, we lightly sweep,
And grizzly gnomes, from caverns deep,
Ply harp and viol as we trip.

"Haste, join our giddy round,
With cobweb kerchief crown'd;
Swift spins the elfin throng,
In circling maze along.
What foot so light as ne'er to slip;
We skim the sea with zephyr trip,
Nor bows the grass beneath our step."

Digitized by Google

THE TWO JEWS OF MESHID.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

On the evening of a burning day in the summer of 1841, two Jews of Meshid might have been seen sauntering, with the peculiar slow stately grace of Orientals, down the Char Chouk, or great bazaar of the city of Kabúl. The Char Chouk, as every one knows, was the very pride of the city; it was a long street, arched overhead as a shelter from the fierce rays of the sun, and inhabited chiefly by shopkeepers from Hindustán, whose reliance on British power to protect them had induced them to risk their property and lives within reach of the grasping and unscrupulous Afghán. Varied were the groups that thronged the Char Chouk, and represented the races which people the hills and valleys of Afghanistán. There was the handsome and warlike Kazilbásh; the Kandahári, with his hair "like the hair of women," flowing down on either side to his girdle; the native of Hazára, with his square Tartar-like features and small twinkling eyes — mere peepholes for the roguery of his nature to spy through; the sturdy Ghiljye, son of a thief—"both by father's and mother's side,"—short and powerful, with reddish beard and shaggy hair, his face the colour of brickdust, and his turban and clothes worthy of the most unclean saint ever canonized, staring—with the stare of ignorance and wonder, but not of stupidity—at what seemed to him the wondrous riches of the place, which, when afterwards recounted in his mountain home, would undoubtedly call forth a unanimous shout of, "What a glorious place for a foray!" There was the slim young ensign, his curly hair so lately smoothed by a mother's hand, but never to be touched by it again, his cheek still ruddy from the breezes of his northern home, his more bronzed and experienced senior officer on his Arab charger, followed by his Hindustani Sáis (groom), bribed by double pay to cross the Indus, and face the terrors of an Afghan winter. There they rode, full of life, hope, and ambition, soon to die side by side, hacked, stripped, and frozen, with the snow for their only winding-sheet. There was the foolish young bride of sixteen, just transferred from a second-rate boarding-school; the pretty, showy, gossiping officers' wives, on horseback or in their buggies, with here and there an

Digitized by Google

"old soldier" of a mamma, or a very grand Burri Bibi, *i. e.* "great lady," who oppresses the simple new arrivals by the splendour of her Kashmirs, her jewels, and the exceeding formality or condescension of her manner. From such the ensign keeps aloof, the bold cornet gets "taught manners;" half the ladies speak of her as dear Lady or Mrs. So-and-so, to show their intimacy; the other half abuse her as proud and haughty, to show their independence.

There too rode the stately Nizam u Doulah, or Pillar of the State—the Prime Minister—whom the British Envoy had recommended to the Shah, the clearest head, the most far-seeing mind in Afghanistán, descended from the very noblest branch of the royal clan of the Populzais, brother, too, of that celebrated Wufa Begum, who was the stay, the counsellor, the nobler self of Shah Shujah, during his long and dreary exile; —too conscious of superiority, as well as too polite, to be either haughty or subservient, the Vazir had that perfection of manner (perfect self-possession with perfect ease) which arises from self-respect and respect for others, and which is unattainable except to those who possess great mental qualities. There he rode, his noble features, majestic eyes, and magnificent black beard thrown into shade by a Kashmir-shawl turban, the pair of which formed his girdle, his crimson-cloth chogah richly embroidered in gold, and the rest of his dress of the purest white; his grey Turkoman charger, with matchless forehead and legs, though, like his race, deficient in the quarter, was adorned with scarlet trappings, and remarkable for the easiness of his paces, yet occasionally indulging in those curvets and caprioles that all Eastern horses are taught as a part of their education. At the right of the Nizam u Doulah rode his gallant son, Abbas Khan, in the full promise of early manhood, like his father a perfect gentleman in the delicate neatness of his habits, the high-toned courtesy of his manner, and the chivalrous daring of his spirit. For a gentleman is like a sword. The meanest, coarsest sword, were it but a ship's cutlass, must be *clean;* secondly, to be a good weapon, an aristocrat among swords, it must be bright and pliable. Your true Toledo, that can be rolled up like a ribbon, will never break; a clown, of whatever rank, cannot bend—he is in the mud already; and thirdly, as a sword is not a sword without a soldier's hand to use it, unless it can say—

"Mich trägt ein tapferer Reiter;"

so a gentleman is not a gentleman, however personable, however accomplished, unless the gallant soul be within.

Digitized by Google

And these three things had young Abbas Khán, and these three had the Nizám-u-Doulah; and when they paced along with their gaily-attired, prancing, behádaring attendants after them, some with spear in hand and shield slung at the back, others on foot clearing the way or closing the procession; or when they alighted, as the sun dipped beneath the horizon, and the attendants spread their praying-carpets, and the Nizam knelt first, with his son and his followers in single file behind him, who dreamed that the shadow of death had already fallen upon some, that the sun of their prosperity was just then on the horizon, and that a few short months would see their power in the dust, the Nizam an exile, learning by sad experience

"Come sa di sale, lo pane altrui;"

and finding it difficult to get that bread, bitter as it is, and his brave young son a prisoner in the hands of his bitterest foe, Kohan Dil Khan of Kandáhár, loaded with chains, and only saved from being blown from the mouth of a gun by the intercession of a Mussulman devotee?

But the flax was now blazing, the glory of this world had not yet vanished in smoke before the eyes of Muhammad Usmán Khan, the pillar of the state; and so he rode along, and so the strangers gazed at him. They were brothers. That might be guessed, not only by the likeness between them, but by the affectionate familiarity with which they walked hand in hand, or with which, when standing, the younger occasionally threw his arm across his brother's shoulder; for among the Jews all family ties are as strong as they have ever been since the days when the first children clustered round the first mother, and the law of nature and of God was yet unbroken, which taught that, as He in the beginning "made them male and female," so but one wife was the gift of the Most High to man. Jeremy Taylor remarks, that the first blessing God gave to man was society, and the first society was a marriage: but the great enemy of mankind has always opposed this holy ordinance, either by saying, "It is not enough;" or, "It is too much;" "Marriage is unholy;" or, "Polygamy is lawful." God "has set the solitary *in families*;" the devil sets him either in a cloister or in a harem; and in either case all the sweet ties of family affection are destroyed.

And why, loving each other, should not grown men show it? Is, then, the North American Indian the fittest type of the British gentleman? He is a boy of no common manliness, who will embrace his mother in a public school; he is an Oxonian far above the ordinary type, who is not ashamed to receive the affectionate kiss of his young sister, when he descends from the

Digitized by Google

coach at the Park gates. Many a man is ashamed to notice his own wife in company, or to express in public any portion of that secret affection for her, which fills his whole soul. Women are better in this respect; they are not ashamed of doing anything that is right, and proper, and modest in company, because it reveals a feeling *that they ought to have.* Men too often crush the feeling, in crushing all expression of it. Not so the grave Oriental. He is not ashamed of tears—nor of love. The mighty hunter Esau "fell on his brother's neck and kissed him, and they wept."

David lifted up his voice "and wept, and all the men that were with him;" and so do their children.

Among all that motley crowd, not one excelled either of the brothers in manly beauty. Both were as fair as if no Southern sun had shone on their birth; the elder was the very type of a Judas Maccabeus,—a stately, commanding form, of extraordinary strength, with that grave, calm expression, which, like the repose of the lion, betokens the unbounded energy and power lying dormant within; the full majestic beard, such as would become the head of Jupiter, so rarely seen, and still less often appreciated in our northern climes; and an eye like that of a falcon, so bright, so beaming, so piercing. The only blemish in his noble countenance was a defect in one of the eyes, that partially injured both the sight and the appearance; but the other eye was such a one as I never saw equalled; it seemed to look through you. The younger was no less remarkable, with perfect features, and of as manly a form as his brother; the expression of his countenance was such that a child would instinctively fly to him—it was beaming with goodness and truth.

The mouth, though shaded by the rich curling moustache, was as sweet as that of an infant, and the eye met you with the conscious innocence of honesty and kindness.

They each wore the long tight-fitting upper garment, or chapkau, with sleeves hanging loose from the elbow, rich shawl girdle, with a kallamdán, or pin-case, stuck in that of the elder, a chogah or cloak of the finest camel's hair, faced with blue silk. To their skill in reading and writing they probably owed the honorary title of Múlla, with which they were greeted. Músa and Ibráhim were natives of Meshid, on the Persian Gulf, and, like so many of their nation, had already encountered difficulties and perils in their mercantile expeditions, that would have made the stoutest soldier pause before he exposed himself to them.

To the passive endurance common to their race, they

Digitized by Google

added a degree of unflinching hardihood and daring, that would have become Jonathan and his armour-bearer, or the heroes of David's chosen band. They had accompanied Captain Abbott, Arthur Connolly, and Sir Richmond Shakespear in their perilous journeys through Turkistan, Bokhara, Khiva, and other parts of Central Asia, and Ibráhim had but newly returned from a fruitless endeavour to put himself into communication with the hapless Stoddart, in the hope of effecting his liberation. A cousin of theirs named Ephraim, who was subsequently sent on the same errand, fell a victim to the attempt, and was beheaded by the ruthless tyrant of Bokhara. A short time previous to their introduction to the reader, a young artillery officer had arrived in Kábul, bringing with him a very unusual item in the list of an officer's baggage, viz., a case of Persian Testaments for distribution.

He soon found that few of the Afgháns could read, and fewer were willing to accept the Volume of the Sacred Law; but there were some who did so, and he would doubtless have eventually distributed the whole, had it not been for the timorous policy of the British authorities, who often seem to see no medium between enforcing a creed at the point of the bayonet, and scrupulously concealing the fact that we have any creed at all. Their principles of toleration and sound policy alike forbid the first; they therefore rush into the latter extreme, and so completely did they succeed, that the prevalent belief among the inhabitants of Central Asia was, and is, that Christianity is synonymous with idolatry; for they argue from the worship of the Roman, Greek, and Armenian churches, the three forms of error under which the mere faith of the Gospel has been hidden from their light. To this belief the Afgháns, being qualified to speak, from having a large British force, as it were, domesticated among them, added a firm conviction that Englishmen had no religion at all, for they never prayed, and the majority lived in open defiance of all laws, human and Divine.

The envoy, therefore, discountenanced all attempts to disseminate the Scriptures.

One man high in authority was an open infidel; all were possessed with the idea that missionary efforts of the most prudent kind were likely "to shake our Indian empire to its foundations;" thus implying that it was a mere kingdom of Satan, held in fee from the Prince of Darkness, who is always represented in old legends as deserting his victims in their utmost need, if they invoke the name of the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity.

The young lieutenant was not a man to strike work because

Digitized by Google

he could not do it in his own way. He learnt that the numerous Jews in Central Asia read and write Persian in the Hebrew character, and in this character, unknown to their Mussulman tyrants, they could receive and read the New Testament without the danger which *might* have attended the possession of a Christian, or rather of a Feringhi book. He therefore set himself to the task of getting the Persian Testament written out in Hebrew letters, and Mulla Músa was recommended to him as the fittest man for the work.

Thus was the Jew for the first time brought in contact with the Gospel. The son of Jacob heard for the first time of "the light of the Gentiles," "the glory of his people Israel." At first he was dazzled and amazed.

Women are thought to be easily wrought upon, quickly moved, facile to convince, apt to jump to conclusions. We dare not avow our own personal belief on this point,—let it suffice that the Jew is in all respects the very antipodes of the character thus represented. He is slow and steady in love and in hate, stiff-necked in his opinions, his determinations, his attachments. His home and his heart are with the immoveable past. He possesses beyond other men, what Dr. Arnold styled "the two elements of conservation, the love of permanence, one of the noblest attributes of our nature, and inertia, one of the basest;" and therefore a Jew is the hardest of all men to convince, for behind his conviction is his will, stubborn as it ever was in the days of old.

Jews are the men to make martyrs of, and so they have often proved. But there is a "still small voice," mightier than their iron wills and hearts of adamant, and that voice seemed graciously making itself heard by Mulla Músa.

Many and long were the conversations he had with his young employer, till the work was done, and at the beginning of October, Lieut. Dawes went forth with General Sale's force to Jellalabad, and on leaving, confided the box of Bibles to an officer with whom he had recently become acquainted, Capt. Colin Mackenzie, assistant political agent, to whom he likewise commended his two Jewish friends.

At the forcing of the Khurd Kabul Pass, on the 12th October, the brunt of the battle was borne by Broadfoot's Sappers and Miners, which, all the officers being detached, Capt. Colin Mackenzie volunteered to command, and on a battery under Lieut. Dawes. This was, in fact, the forlorn hope. Near the entrance, and at the narrowest part of the defile, was a strong breastwork of stones, and the attacking party was not only weak, and completely unsupported, but the Sappers were new levies who had never been

Digitized by Google

in action before. They advanced well until the enemy, from the crags above, poured in such a tremendous hail of bullets, that the men, dismayed at the rapid succession of vacancies in their ranks, came to a full stop, and then fled. Their commandant was left alone, exposed to this deadly shower: not a bullet hit him, and his men, touched with a noble emulation at seeing him rush forward, cheering, sword in hand, rallied and followed him. They won the pass; and when Dawes came up with his guns, he greeted his friend with as calm a smile as if they had been in a drawing-room. Músa and Ibráhim little knew how much their fate depended on the issue of that day's strife. Had one of those two officers fallen, their whole after-history would probably have been different. However, both were spared; Dawes went on to Jellalabad; Mackenzie was recalled to Kabúl, to his political duties.

During the next month, Músa and Ibráhim improved their acquaintance with him, till at the beginning of November came that tornado of insurrection which tore up the very foundations of the British power in Afghánistan. The Jews still stuck by their friend, although being then in command of a body of Jezailchis, who were employed in skirmishing almost every day of the siege, Capt. Mackenzie naturally had but little time for intercourse with them, yet they never failed to communicate to him whatever intelligence they could glean in the city relating to the doings and designs of the enemy. They cashed Sir William MacNaghten's bills, procured supplies for the officers, and rendered invaluable service in every way, at the peril of their lives. At last came the dreadful retreat. Mulla and Ibráhim saw their friends depart, and soon ascertained that Mackenzie was in the hands of Akbar, as a hostage, and Eyre as a wounded prisoner. Honour to their gallant friendship. They supplied the British officers in their hour of adversity with food, with clothes, with money, with intelligence, &c.; but this generous fidelity could not escape unobserved, and they were seized and thrown into prison. An English prison implies light and pure air, good food, cleanliness, and safety. An Eastern dungeon implies the reverse of all these,—scanty provisions, and often none, the extremity of misery and dirt, with constant anxiety lest you should be cut to pieces or blown from the mouth of a gun. The brothers had but one comfort—a Persian New Testament, which, as we say, in our mundane form of speech, they had, by the *merest chance*, with them in prison; the others had all been scattered to the winds, when Mackenzie evacuated his fort. But was it not worth while to send up a whole boxful for the sake of that one copy

Digitized by Google

that shed light on the captives in their dungeon? This they read and re-read with a growing interest and conviction. At length their friends succeeded in purchasing their release, and on the arrival of Pollock's force, they rejoined the British camp, and, half-ruined as they were, they recommenced their exertions in favour of the late hostages and captives to whom General Pollock was precluded from affording more than the means of bare existence. Musa and Ibráhim supplied those who, like Mackenzie, were immediately ordered on service, with the means of recruiting and equipping themselves, and enabled those, who had wives and families, to travel with somewhat less suffering than had been their lot in captivity. Three things were done to vindicate British honour: 1st, the gallant young Shahpúr, son of the murdered Shah Shujah, was made a puppet of; his assumption of royal title and functions *countenanced*, if not formally sanctioned; and himself and his adherents led to believe that the British had no intention of evacuating Afghánistan: so under the shadow of our protection they rejoiced, and made no arrangements for securing their safety or carrying off their property.

At the head of his Kazzilbáshis, the brave boy (he was but sixteen) marched to Istalif, and was always foremost in urging activity, and overruling, so far as lay in him, the cautious objections of the Kazzilbash chiefs. His presence at this crowning victory was of the utmost importance, not merely from the large body of auxiliaries he brought, but from throwing the whole weight and prestige that remained of the "Douránee monarchy" into the scale in our favour. Istalif was taken—we had no further use for Prince Shahpúr, so we threw him overboard, to sink or swim, as he best could. He afterwards escaped with difficulty, and is now an exile at Loodiana, on the Sutlej, with a pension from the British Government, for himself, his mother, his brother, and their numerous adherents, of 40*l.* a month!

This was the first act in the drama of vindicated honour. The second was like unto it. We blew up the Bála Hissár, the fort which kept Kabúl in check, the citadel that we ought to have occupied. No such thing—we left it standing, and blew up the Char Chouk, the *platea*, or market-place, and ruined the peaceful Hindu merchants, who had remained, confiding in our assurance that we were not going to quit Afghánistan. This was act the second. Sir H. Wotton defined "an ambassador an honest man, sent abroad to tell lies for the benefit of his country." The French Academy defined a crab, "a little red fish, that walks backwards;" Cuvier entering, said, "It is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backwards. With this

Digitized by Google

exception the definition is excellent." So say we, to Sir Henry Wotton. Diplomacy does not always require an honest man, and the lies are never for the benefit of his country. With these exceptions the definition is excellent, and applies to the bungling diplomacy of Afghánistan.

3rd. Revenge is the vice of a savage; retribution is the award of justice; revenge may be taken by the meanest reptile that crawls the earth in human shape, but retribution is an attribute of righteousness; and when men take upon themselves this Divine office, they are bound to exercise it towards *all*, towards those who deserve reward, as towards those who deserve punishment. Retribution, minus justice to the deserving, is the hangman's office.

But such was ours. We stormed Istalif—so far so good; but we refused to wait three days, that our faithful soldiers, who were pining in captivity, might be brought in. Lord Ellenborough had given the most urgent orders for *retreat*, with or without the prisoners. Neither Nott, nor Pollock could bring themselves to retreat without marching to Kabúl. But they had no more share in releasing the prisoners than you or I had.

When it was done, Lord Ellenborough, clamorous for fame, though not for honour, greedily claimed the whole credit of the advance for himself.

In the mean time, General M'Caskill dared not grant the three days' delay, which Eldred Pottinger so earnestly implored, to allow of the captives being brought in: so the British departed, and left their comrades to hopeless captivity. I do not speak without book: hundreds were left, scores are still alive, some in Balkh, some in Turkistan, many in Afghánistan proper —gallant old Subadars, grown grey in our service, are wearing out their days in the most degrading and abject bondage—brave sepoys, our poor camp-followers—aye, even some of our own Saxon men, perchance even women, certainly children.

Among the children released, about five years ago, by the exertions of Murteza Shah, who was sent to Kabúl by Sir H. Lawrence, was an English boy of thirteen, who had forgotten his own name and his own language, refused to wear English clothes, and had been taught to hate and contemn his countrymen and their faith with his whole heart. Who can say how many others were left behind? M'Caskill would not take the responsibility of waiting, Pollock would not take the responsibility of allowing him to do so, but neither shrank from the *responsibility of refusing*.

Abandoning our own people was the third act of the drama. Then we marched. A crowd of ruined adherents clung to our

Digitized by Google

skirts,—men who have lost all for our sakes, men who had never deserted us in our adversity, but to whom we did not even grant rations, or the shelter of a tent, on that harassing painful retreat through the defiles of Afghánistan and the plains of the Punjáb. Músa and Ibráhim fled for their lives, the only shelter they could find was a corner of Mackenzie's wretched little tent, which he freely shared with them. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" implies, "What doth it matter if a man lose all he hath in the world, if he gain life everlasting?" The thorns and briers of this world are as apt to choke the good seed as the deceitfulness of riches, but they were not permitted to do so in the case of the brothers. They still studied their New Testament, searching therein as for hid treasure, with an eagerness that could not be repressed, so that even when their gallant host, who had been reduced to the brink of the grave by mental and bodily suffering, fell asleep on the ground, exhausted by the daily march, they would wake him, with many apologies, and entreat him to explain some difficulty they had just encountered. It is a picture that touches one's heart—the soldier, worn to a shadow of his former self, in the prime of his days, teaching the way of truth to his Jewish friends. Unlike most of their countrymen, they were remarkably well versed in the Old Testament, and Mackenzie helped them to compare it with the New. So day after day passed till they reached Ferozpúr; there the men who had maintained the honour of the British name by their Christian and chivalrous gallantry in the lowest depths of adversity, the forlorn and destitute ladies and children, innocent of all but misfortune, were treated with the utmost contempt and neglect by the inflated Governor-General. Lady Sale was received with honour, because she was the wife of the General who had maintained Jellalabad; but there was not even a pinchbeck imitation of that magnanimity, which made Napoleon raise his hat to the prisoners of Wagram, and exclaim, "Honneur à l'infortuné;" not a spark of that high-minded manliness which prompted the Roman Senate to vote thanks to the unfortunate general for not having despaired of his country.

The "Brummagem Bony" was not even a tolerable copy of his original. Not even an aide-de-camp was sent to inquire after the ladies, not even an offer of help made to the destitute widow and orphans, not the slightest notice taken of the presence in camp of men like Eldred Pottinger, Mackenzie, Lawrence, Haughton, whom a king would have delighted to honour. The hostages, who had undertaken that honourable

Digitized by Google

because most dangerous office at the peril of their lives, were denied the title of hostages; on which Mackenzie forcibly remarked, that "if Pottinger, Lawrence, and himself were not hostages, they must be deserters, and ought to be shot." They were denied their pay, their allowances, their just military compensation.

Lord Ellenborough seems to have felt the very existence of those whom he had, as far as in him lay, abandoned to hopeless captivity, the most bitter reproach and slur upon him, and therefore pursued them with the petty malice of a vicious woman. Pottinger, gnawing his own heart at this unmerited treatment, went away and died; mortification of spirit having aggravated the severe wound he had received at Charekar. Mackenzie, Haughton, and others went home in an almost hopeless state of health from wounds and suffering. Of course, the claims of those who had served them were not likely to be listened to. In vain did Músa and Ibráhim seek, not generosity, but bare justice; in vain did Sir George Clerk and Mr. Maddock, then Secretary to Government, and others, exert themselves to procure this justice: it was denied.

Finding nothing was to be done at Ferozpúr, Mackenzie brought the two Jews with him as far as Loodiana, where, commending them to the charge of the American missionary, Mr. Newton, he left them, and proceeded to England. They diligently attended the teaching of this good man, and gradually professed their belief in most of the doctrines of the Gospel; the elder, as it were, leading the way. The only stumbling-block in his onward path appeared the true and perfect Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ. Músa acknowledged Him as the "first-born of every creature," but not as "God over all," "who made all things, and without whom was not any thing made that was made." He appeared to rely on Him as the Saviour of His people, but did not fully see that He was "one with the Father." Still he continued seeking. After spending a summer in Kashmir, endeavouring to recruit their ruined fortunes by fresh mercantile ventures, the brothers proceeded to Bombay. From that time our knowledge of them becomes more indistinct.

In spite of all that has been said of the want of conscience in public bodies, in spite of all the meannesses that corporations, courts, and committees have perpetrated and will perpetrate, let this be recorded to the honour of the Court of Directors, they are not so bad as their neighbours, not so bad as an irresponsible Board of Control, or as that freak of nature, Lord Ellenborough.

Digitized by Google

They acknowledged that justice was due to Músa and Ibráhim, and they did it; not a very grand or poetical justice, but according to faculty—the faculty of the purse sometimes limits that of the heart. They granted a pension of 100 rupees a month to each brother, but Músa was no longer living to receive it. That noble spirit had returned to the God who gave it. He had, however, sought the instruction of Christian ministers in Bombay—a clear and decided testimony was given by his Jewish relatives, that he died trusting in "that bright Morning Star, whose rising brings peace and salvation to the human race."

A Persian New Testament in Hebrew characters, and a hideous native miniature of Mackenzie, were his legacies to his brother.

The Court of Directors, like true-hearted Englishmen, transferred half the pension, *i.e.* fifty rupees a month, to Músa's orphan son. Ibráhim still lives in Bombay; he is married, and has lovely children, but he is not yet a Christian. In that particular, let us remember on his behalf that exhortation, so touching when applied to the living—

"Ora pro eis. Dona eis requiem."

But Ibráhim has a soul worthy of his noble brother's. Years after, when he was comparatively a prosperous man, one of his early friends came to Bombay for the purpose of sending home his wife, as the only hope of saving her life. Ibráhim knew the officer was pressed for money; without consulting him, he converted all his savings and bills into cash, and brought it to his Christian friend, asking no security, refusing all interest, until the officer positively refused to accept it on these terms. Would your brother, or mine, gentle reader, have done as much? If yours would, I congratulate you.

Digitized by Google

OUR MODEL LODGE.

PERFECTION and human nature are, unhappily, inconsistencies; but the more humanity strives to be better than it is, the less do we suffer from the consequences of this inconsistency. Masonry is one of the means whereby man may be exalted to a deeper sense of the responsibilities of his life, and led to study more carefully the part he is called upon to play in the varied theatre of the world's history.

Nothing, however, that is truly important, can retain its position if it be treated as a matter of indifference. If Masonry possesses the powers we claim for it, viz., of elevating the character, of teaching man to cling to man, not only for his own sake, but for that of his neighbours, and of ripening the moral as well as the intellectual faculties, it is clear that the duties of the Lodge-room are of a most serious character, and that to be a "bad Mason," is to be a most formidable and mischievous stumbling-block to the social welfare of man.

In a word, the Master of a Lodge is, to no small extent, a *custos morum*, and although kindliness and forbearance should be the first promptings of a Mason's heart, a stern regard for propriety should never be lost sight of, even for a moment. Let us, from some careful observation of Masonic matters, in a variety of quarters, state candidly, but without the smallest desire to wound the feelings of any one—still less of a Masonic brother—what the errors in practice are which we believe to be the chief drawbacks to our possessing a "Model Lodge," such as every loyal and upright Mason would wish to point to as the safest and truest of landmarks.

The first evil against which we must protest, is the admission of very young men into Masonry, with little or no scrutiny as to whether they possess the disposition likely to reflect credit upon the Craft, or whether their position and prospects are likely to be improved or deteriorated by their association with a public body. It may seem a startling expression, when we insinuate that Masonry can "deteriorate" any one; but it is a statement too frequently borne out by facts to be easily disproved. A neglect of other pursuits, necessary to the welfare, if not inseparable from the actual duties of the individual, frequently leads to serious mischief; and Masonry, fascinating as a study,

Digitized by Google

becomes a dangerous quicksand to those whose juvenile enthusiasm runs far ahead of their discretion.

Moreover, there is another evil in close connection with the one of which we are speaking, we mean the natural tendency among young men to join Masonry, because they possess many friends who have done so, and the indirect "proselytism" thence arising. It too frequently happens, that the good-nature of one brother prevents him discouraging a friend from joining, who, though perhaps free from positive disqualifications, possesses little that should recommend him to such a society. The very delicacy of feeling which must at all times influence our conduct, where the ballot-box is concerned, should not operate exclusively; nor should our willingness to see new brethren among us, and our anxiety that no proper-minded man should be debarred from sharing in our cherished pursuits, suffer us to degenerate into a state of laxity, which may render it difficult to impose a proper check, even when the necessity for so doing becomes painfully evident.

Another evil, springing out of the first, is the system of taking office in many Lodges. Young men are proverbially enthusiastic; but this enthusiasm is their most dangerous, as well as their most important characteristic. To our own mind, the steps to office in Masonry should be so gradual, as to insure sound knowledge in every department of the Lodge work, the lectures, &c. Nor is this all that is required. The Master of a Lodge ought to possess a tact and delicacy in his manner of regulating the business, and directing the subordinate officers, which can only be found in one who has "worked up" steadily and progressively; not in one whose money and influence have been considered, rather than his aptitude, or who has perhaps been guilty of culpable and mischievous neglect of other duties, in order to revel in the glories of a Provincial apron, or a Past Master's jewel.

Such hasty promotion is not only injurious to the brethren, who are thus thrust forward, but is inconsistent with the sound government of a Lodge, or the fair advancement of the quieter and more steady-working Masons. Unquestionably, many a fine young fellow carries off the "chair" with a dash and brilliancy which it is ever pleasant to witness, but in the deeper duties of the office, in the discrimination of proper objects for Masonry's greatest work, her charities—in the etiquette, without which no society of "gentlemen at heart" can be rightly maintained—and in that rigid impartiality which should be the brightest light in the code of Masonic morality—young men can scarcely hope to be grounded. Four or five years' proba-

Digitized by Google

tion, if not a longer period, should be required for every Master of a Lodge, except in the unfortunate cases where the want of competent candidates renders such an exclusive system impossible.

There is no question that both practices, viz., the admission of very youthful candidates, and the rapid promotion to office, are favourable to the financial welfare of Masonry, and that its best purposes are in some wise furthered by permitting some degree of indulgence on both heads. But the mischief utterly counterbalances the good. Not only does mistaken enthusiasm usurp the place of real and steady, because gradually acquired, knowledge, but the work of the Lodge degenerates into a mere amusement, and, eventually, into little else than a means of spending time which is perhaps required for other occupations.

Besides this, there is a still more serious defect inherent in this system of early taking office, viz., that it leads to young men, even of promising abilities and superior education, confining themselves to the mere getting up of set formularies, without ever diving into the many subjects of deep and varied interest with which Masonry is concerned. Fine as are the formularies (especially as developed in the lectures), it is as great a mistake to suppose that the enlightened study of Masonry ends with them, as it would be to attempt to neglect them. They are the Alpha, but not the Omega, of Masonry. The whole history of secret societies—viewed, not through the distorted medium of those who scoff at everything in the world of the ancients, and of our own forefathers—the progress of art, as fostered by those who had a common interest in the retention of a common secret; and the no less interesting, but more painful and suggestive vicissitudes of the private life of public men; such are but a few of the many studies which Masonry should lead us to cultivate, if we would be thought "good Masons" in the truest sense of the words. The Lodges of instruction on the continent, take a wider range than those of our own country, and instead of contenting themselves with the plain routine already laid down, the brethren are glad to tax their own powers, and to bring forward, or point out the sources of, fresh information in every point to which their reading and reflection has enabled them to furnish illustration. The same attempt has been recently made in the "United Lodge of Instruction" at Oxford, and with a success that seems likely to increase and fructify to the good of Masonry, and the fair improvement of the brethren.

In connection with this important question, we must protest against the habit of crowding too much business into a single

Digitized by Google

evening, thereby rendering the omission of the charges, and sometimes of other interesting parts of the ceremony, almost unavoidable. Such practices are not only unconstitutional in themselves, but deaden the otherwise powerful impression of Masonic ceremonies. A thing incompletely done, is always unsatisfactory; and, for this very reason, the work at "Lodges of Emergency" is not unfrequently better done than at the regular meetings, and conveys greater and more lasting feelings of pleasure to the candidate. However agreeable it may be to find Masonry on a perpetual and steady increase, we must still feel that too many initiations and other ceremonies in the same evening, are rather a proof of the persevering and praiseworthy patience of the worshipful Master and officers, than a proof of the steady good management, which is certain in its very slowness, and which works its way through difficulties and prejudice without ever perilling its credit by rashness and impatience.

As a rule, we cannot help thinking that no candidate ought to be initiated on the same night on which he is balloted for. We remember being at a London Lodge, where the Master had actually forgotten the name of one of the parties who was to be proposed, and where no one present had any personal knowledge of either. The mistake was rectified by the arrival of the proposer; but there was not only much unnecessary delay, but a general feeling that the proceedings exhibited carelessness—an impression heightened by the fact of two or three excellent brethren walking about the room, and chatting *sotto voce* during the sublime ceremony of the third degree.

There is another matter to which we must make strong exception—we mean the formation of small Lodges for the sake of thrusting brethren into office, making them, in fact, a sort of escape-valves for those who are in too great a hurry to assume the "pomp and circumstance" of past officers. It is against all reason that a Lodge should be held in the upper room of a tavern, in a village which does not contain more than two or three Masons, and that whole parties of the brethren should file away from a neighbouring town to play at office, when perhaps there may not be a single initiation throughout the year. We have too many incompetent "past" officers already; and it is to be feared that, for every really good working Mason, to whom these "training-stables" give an opportunity of gaining his wished-for dignity, we have half a dozen who would never have been invested with jewel or collar, had they depended on their own work. Moreover, these minor Lodges give too many opportunities for canvassing, and indirect influence in the obtaining of office. They also lead to a good deal of

Digitized by Google

indirect expense, both of time and money; and although they give the opportunity for an occasional pleasant reunion, we must feel that the good of which they are productive ends there. They have neither funds adequate to maintaining the dignity of the Lodge-room, nor do they contribute efficiently to the great work of charity, which should be the very first thought in the mind of every brother, and to which all other considerations should be sacrificed.

In reference to the performance of the ceremonies, we can of course write but little, and what we have already said as to the fitness of candidates for office, embodies our wishes on the subject. The musical question of the ceremony deserves a brief notice, especially as it is the department most neglected in too many of our Lodges.

Music has ever been a leading feature in the ceremonies of initiation throughout the world. Indeed, the close connection between such ceremonies and the rites of public worship, is sufficient to explain the reason for the respect shown to this most charming of the liberal arts. In Masonry the organ has deservedly been selected as the instrument most complete in itself, and most expressive of the feelings which should accompany our entrance into a sacred and solemn obligation. No worthy brother can remember, without feelings of awe, the impression which the deep sounds of the organ produced upon him at his initiation, nor can he deny that, few and simple as were those strains, they formed a worthy introduction to the ritual that followed.

Many of the London Lodges possess excellent instruments, but some are utterly unprovided, while, in others, the organ is so like what is popularly described as a "box of whistles," that it adds but a doubtful effect to the ceremony. It is hoped that some of the prettiest Lodge-rooms in the kingdom, belonging to large bodies of the most zealous and steady working Masons that could ever be desired, will ere long possess instruments, worthy not only of the general excellence of their arrangements, but of the rising musical taste, which every year produces so large a number of accomplished amateurs. A moderate private subscription would, we believe, enable sufficient money to be raised for the reconstruction or thorough repair of many of the present bad instruments, without trespassing on the general funds of the Lodges to any undue extent. We sincerely hope, ere long, to *hear* the realization of our wishes in many of our provincial towns.

Μουσικός.

Digitized by Google

LIBERORUM LATOMORUM PRIMORDIA ET RECENTIORA VERA.

We have from the pen of a most experienced Mason, in the book* before us, the result of his semi-centarian researches and scrutiny on Masonry and Freemasonry, by travels over the greatest part of the civilized world:—the author enumerates (Preface, p. 1) the United States of America, in England, Holland, and Belgium, through a large portion of Germany and Switzerland, and of course, through every province of France, his native country. What he has observed or discovered on *Orthodox Masonry*, with much that has grown out of it as excrescence, is contained in 412 closely-printed pages, and is followed by 180 more on "*Occult Masonry.*" As we have then a "*Table analytique des Matières*" (an analytical Table of Contents) extending over another twenty-three pages, the reader may form some idea of the extent and variety of the facts and information contained in this recondite work. The present volume seems, however, but a small portion of the labours of its venerable author; for the title-page announces him as having already published, an "Interpretative Course of Ancient and Modern Initiations," and in the preface we have (p. 13) the detailed prospectus of a work, to be entitled, *Les Fastes Initiatiques* (Initiative Fasti), in seven thick octavo volumes (*fort* in 8vo.), of which the comprehensiveness may be judged, when the seventh and last volume is wound up by the promise of a nomenclature of more than nine hundred degrees.

The vast industry of this great accumulation of facts relative to the Craft and its branches, must be, from this enumeration, perfectly apparent. If, therefore, the truth of the statements be as unquestionable as the care in collecting them is certain, the value of this book must be proportionate through every ramification of the Order. To enumerate all the objects treated of would far exceed the assigned bounds of a review;

* "Orthodoxie Maçonnique, suivie de la Maçonnerie occulte et de l'Initiation hermétique, par J. M. Ragon, Auteur du Cours Interprétatif des Initiations, Anciennes et Modernes, &c. 'Devenons tout ce qui est faux pour revenir à ce qui est vrai.' Paris: E. Deutu, Libraire Editeur, 1852." (Masonic Orthodoxy, followed by Occult Masonry and the Hermetical Initiations, by J. M. Ragon, Author of an Interpretative Course of Initiations, Ancient and Modern.)

Digitized by Google

it would form a book of itself, and we shall, therefore, give only some of the more prominent heads.

After a preface of twenty pages, in which the author mentions and laments the pervading and mournful ignorance of Masons generally on the origin of Masonry, of its history, and of the sources of the authority by which they are governed, he shows the necessity of uniformity, and the want of it in the differing action of the various countries he has visited, as the unhappy result of this ignorance. He declares Masonry to be *one*, and its starting-points for all nations to be also *one* ("La Maçonnerie est une, son point de depart un"), as a neglected truism.

Had this French author been sufficiently versed in our English literature, and with Pope's * sublime hymn, "The Universal Prayer," he might here have pressed into his service that verse, with slight variation, which so well suits a Mason's view of T. G. A. O. T. U., and his own fervency for unity.

"To THEE, whose Temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
One pæan let all nations raise,
One cloud of incense rise."

The first chapter (p. 21) tells us, that after the cruel and complete eradication of Druidism and the Druids in Gaul by Julius Cæsar, *their* initiations were suspended, and a sleep of fifteen centuries succeeded.

"Historians of practical Masonry (*de Maçonnerie pratique*) speak of corporations of builders, which the senate of the Gauls sent after the Roman armies to rebuild the eight hundred cities which, according to Pliny, Cæsar had destroyed, with all their Celtic and Druidical monuments. These builders might be able to restore the precincts, and to rebuild the edifices; they could not refound the initiative colleges."

Philosophic Masonry, the author continues, did not exist before 1646, when it was instituted by Elias Ashmole, who restored the ancient institutions (p. 28), and from the 24th June, 1717, *moral Masonry* dates its existence, public and regular, under the Grand Lodge of England. It is here, as from a centre, that the Masonic world has received the light which illumines its labours. It knows not, practises not, any but the three Symbolical Degrees which alone constitute true Masonry,

* Without asserting that Pope was a Mason, which, as he was a Catholic, the probability is against, the verse in our text would be a better proof than that which a German author brought for Horace's having been initiated into the Order, and that he describes the ritual of the closing of labour by the words, "*Quota hora est?*" coupled with the passage, "*Post mediam noctem—et cogit dextram porrigere.*"

Digitized by Google

and it is to this number that the degrees conferred are, or ought to be, restricted.

This is the text upon which our writer founds what may be called the theoretical portion of his work, and which, as it obtains very generally on the Continent, it may, perhaps, be useful to consider somewhat more at large.

Before, however, we do so, we will dispose of the pure historical part of M. Ragon's labours, in the few words that our space will allow us to dedicate to it.

The reader will find, then, an elaborate chronological account of the progress of Masonry in England, Scotland, and France, in which latter country the facilities of the author enabled him to collect some hitherto unpublished details, especially on various rites and degrees which sprang up there in the last half of the eighteenth century; some of them, as (p. 129) the Council of the Emperors of the East and West (*Conseil des Empereurs d'Orient et Occident*), with 25 degrees, in 1758 (p. 151), the Rite of Pernety or Illuminati of Avignon (*Rite de Pernety ou Illuminés d'Avignon*), with many others of equally curious designation, are perhaps new to the reader.

For Germany we have the reveries of Zinzendorf, the charlatanerie of Hund, and the rogueries of Schrepfer. In 1767, the African Brothers (*les Frères Africains*), with eleven degrees, in two temples, were formed and endowed in Prussia by Frederic II. The wild visions of Swedenborg, in his New Jerusalem, also find their place, and a very special account of the still existing Eclectic Union (*Ecclectischer Bund*), now in considerable activity in Frankfort with many filials, and founded by Baron Knigge, who got more credit from his excellent work, "On our Conduct towards Mankind" (*Uber den Umgang mit Menschen*). We cannot, however, but consider the omission of the works and labours of Vincent Andrea, the true founder of the Rosicrucian Mysteries, and through them, of our present symbolical Masonry, to which we shall shortly refer, as a defect of some moment.

We have at page 417, the division of *occult Masonry*, which begins, almost as a matter of course, with Pythagoras, the Peter Gower of our early English writers. The author believes the rites and ceremonies of all the degrees beyond the third, and possibly the Royal Arch, may be traced to the ancient mysteries; and Cornelius Agrippa, Cardan, Paracelsus, and their systems, are therefore discussed; and then follows a long list of the dark sciences of magnetism, mesmerism, somnambulism, succeeded by psychology, physiology, physiognomy,

Digitized by Google

chiromancy, and others. Phrenology, magic, alchemy are glanced at, with the round of mysticism and the Cabbala, and the whole is wound up with "Maçonnerie philosophale, ou Initiation hermétique."

It is evident from the principle from which the author starts, that whatever the ingenuity of mankind has enabled them, or the perversity of others has prompted them to surround with obscurity, or cloak in fables and symbols, could be included in his investigations; a theme, however, too powerful for a single pen, or the labours of a life, even if extended beyond the limits of the inspired Psalmist: that omissions, therefore, will be found in M. Ragon's attempt, is but too probable; we have already given one example,—another is more remarkable. The author mentions Zoroaster, but on his doctrine and the religion of Mithras he is totally silent. The Greeks had their Eleusinian, their Bacchic or Dionysicial, and other mysteries, which left no room for the intrusion of foreign rites; the Romans had for their earliest deities no secret or hidden worship: when, therefore, the Mithriatic mysteries were communicated in an undoubted initiation, about seventy years before Christ, to Pompey, then a young man, during his unwilling sojourn amongst a nest of Cilician pirates who had captured him, and afterwards expiated this and other crimes by the most excruciating torments; and after this introduction, the Romans engaged in the Mithriatic mysteries with the greatest avidity. The tutelage of an unconquered god (the invocation on the altars to Mithras is invariably "Deo Invicto") had its peculiar charms for a nation which might well vindicate to itself the name of an unconquered people; but it was amongst their warriors that the title and the deity would have its greatest hold: it is, therefore, in both arms of the Roman military force that we find it most prevalent. The principal station of the Roman fleet in Italy was at Antium, now Terracina, and there was found in an underground cave that most remarkable Mithriatic bas-relief transferred with the Borghese collection to Paris, fully described in the "Monumenta veteris Antii," and other works. It was, however, in their armies, and the stationary head-quarters of their legions, that what I may call their regimental Lodges existed; for which secret and dark-caverned temples were constructed, and which will immediately recall to Masons the solemn rites connected with their third step. The legions were stationed all along the great line of circumvallation that encircled the northern and the north-eastern boundary of the Roman empire, commencing at the Solway Firth, and de-

Digitized by Google

scribed latest and best by Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce,* as far as the wall's end (in Britain) near Newcastle, whence the derivation of the best description of its fuel is furnished to London, but of which so few of its inhabitants know the origin. But the vast intrenchment does not end here, it is taken up again on the left bank of the Rhine, as soon as that river becomes passable above Deutz, and is continued uninterruptedly to the Donau, near Kelheim, and may be faintly followed through the ancient Rhetia and Dacia, to the confines of the Euxine Sea. Along all this vast extent of circuit Mithriatic secret temples of initiation and mystery, with great richness of symbolism and sculpture, are found, which, in many instances, the circumstance of their being excavated in, and covered by, the soil, has preserved with a remarkable freshness. In Britain, to pass by inferior discoveries, there was opened in 1822, at Housesteads, the ancient Burcovicus, on our portion of this wall, one of these curious caverns; the altars and bas-reliefs found in it are now in the Museum at Newcastle, and described in Dr. Bruce's work, p. 179, and pp. 386 to 392, with engravings, who says, p. 385, "Several of the altars found on the line of the wall are dedicated to the god Mithras." In Germany, the greatest portion of their *Pfahl Graben* or *Teufels-mauer* (Pale dike or Devil's wall) yet awaits a scientific survey, and it is therefore pleasing to know, that from the great central body of German antiquaries, under the able presidency of Prince John, presumptive heir of the Saxon crown, and to which nearly all the archæological societies of that country, Switzerland, and Denmark, sent their adhesion and deputies at the second anniversary, just concluded at Nurnberg (13th to 16th Sept.), the investigation of their wall, in its entire extent from Rhine to Donau, has been taken up systematically; each society answering for the portion within its district; and a report may be expected at the next anniversary meeting, at Münster, in Westphalia, which will embrace the results to be derived from the answers returned to the 105 queries, distributed as circulars amongst the societies, to give uniformity to the investigations. These are drawn up by the Nassau Archivarius, Herr Habel of Schierstein, with the ability and discrimination of a thirty years' study of the antiquities of his native country. It is to the great exertions of the same gen-

* The Roman Wall; an Historical and Topographical Description of the Barrier of the Lower Empire, extending from the Tyne to the Solway, deduced from numerous personal Surveys. By the Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, M.A. (now LL.D.), second and enlarged edition. London: J. Russell Smith, 1853.

Digitized by Google

tleman that *two* remarkable Mithriatic cavern-temples were exhumed at Heddernheim, a military station on the wall near Frankfort, and that the curious altars and symbols, all relating to the unconquered god there discovered, were preserved and fittingly placed in the Museum at Wiesbaden; their full description, with engravings, is given by him in "Annalen des Nassauer Vereins," &c., *1ster Bund, 2tes Heft*, p. 189. Not very far from this spot, but also on the wall, another temple equally curious, but with differing symbols, was discovered at Ladenburg, which has exercised the pen and the ingenuity of the great mythologist Creuzer. Across the Donau we find similar places, dedicated to secret and symbolic worship, at Mauls on the Tyrol, at Petronell or Carnuntum, near Vienna; the latter most probably, like that at Antium, a naval Lodge, as the station of all the Roman galleys on the Donau was fixed there. The Mithriatic monuments in Hungary would almost of themselves give the direction of the wall to its eastern terminus on the Euxine, did not the existing Castra point out the spot where it must be looked for, when the Austrian antiquaries may think proper to take up the subject; and there, and along the entirety of the great work, much would be discovered of a religious and mythical, as well as strategical character, giving a connection with our own wall, and with very many important analogous secrets to the Royal Craft. The importance of this subject to the knowledge of ancient mysteries, and through them possibly of more modern hidden rites, must form the apology for a digression which, though longer than intended, touches only a very few points of the subject.

After this very succinct, and therefore far from perfect account of the general contents of M. Ragon's book, we add, as we have already said, a few remarks upon what we consider its most important topic, and what in a more especial manner concerns the interest of Craftsmen and the Craft, in stating the true origin of our Order, without being led to seek for it a factitious glory in a high or the highest antiquity; or to claim for speculative Masons those acts and performances that belong to a different association, whose name and emblems were taken by mere accident, and for conventional reasons of the moment, as we shall soon make apparent. If our society be laudable in its aim, just in its principles, and pure in its practice, antiquity could add little brilliancy to its virtues; the halo of charity and brotherly love will shine as bright upon the head of the votary of to-day, and with the same lustre, as if it had been ignited tens of centuries previously.

The reveries of an antiquity, reaching almost beyond historic

Digitized by Google

record, that have filled the minds and exercised the pens of very learned men, and very excellent Masons, have originated entirely in a want of distinguishing between operative and speculative Masonry; in confounding the working stonemason, the real builder of our palaces and cathedrals, with the merely (to use the best title) moral Mason, whose buildings are edifices not reared with hands, whose materials are the subjugated passions of the soul, and whose operations are the kindliest virtues of humanity. The moral Mason builds his temple in the human breast, and, as the angel Gabriel wrung out of Mahomet's heart the black drop by which it was tainted, so he removes thence all obstruction of evil to his work, founds his structure on truth, and supports it with the pillars of intelligence to find the right, and of fortitude to uphold it. The altar at which he worships is good-will to all men, and fellowship to the brethren. The lights that guide him are reason and justice, and his materials are cemented by charity, as the entire edifice is sustained through countless ages by union.

There can be no doubt but that from the most remote periods the operative masons formed themselves into guilds, or confraternities; for the stonemason requires, perhaps more than any other handicraft, the union of numbers; and Pope, I think it is, who tells us,—

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

It would therefore be but natural that those whose working operations brought them into daily contact, should form themselves into societies with community of interests beyond the mere requirements of their daily callings. Such must have been, undoubtedly, those corporations of Masons to whom our constitutions so confidently refer. And that this idea is participated in by M. Ragon to the full, may be seen from the translation of a passage at p. 25:—

"It is uninitiated writers who, after the revival of the Order, towards the end of the seventeenth century, have given to these confraternities of *practical Masons*, an importance at variance with their profession. These unlucky authors were succeeded by others, who, disdaining the light of the times, which marches forward and enlightens, have, even in our days, imitated the same errors, and have marched, notwithstanding the light, in the same darkness, and they continue to take the labours of masonry for *Masonic labours* (de prendre de maçonnerie pour des *travaux Maçonniques*). All the ordinances which accord privileges to these confraternities, confirm our position. Consult the constitution of 926, submitted to King Edwin, and approved by the representatives of the working corporations of the kingdom, who founded at York the head seat of working Masons. We find in it no regulations adapted to a philosophic society."

We believe this view is not general in England, and may

Digitized by Google

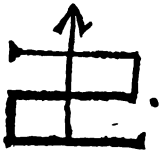
perhaps run contrary to the opinions of many very valuable members of our Order; but to show that such opinions, as well as our own, are not new, we will give an extract from the "History of the Origin of Freemasonry," by Brother Frederick Nicolai, a learned bookseller of Berlin, who published in 1782, and to which we shall subsequently revert :—

"I see no reason that we must necessarily attribute to Freemasonry a grey antiquity, to render it honourable and respected. Its present intrinsic condition, not what it formerly was, but what it is at present, makes every society respectable. Is it now venerable? It is so in itself, and need not borrow a value from confraternities long since extinct; and that it may be now and continue respected, ought to be the principal aim of each present member."

The ordonnance of Parliament, in 1425, under Henry VI., by which the meeting of the chapters and congregations of Masons is forbidden, because "by them the good course and effects of the Statutes of Labourers were openly violated and broken, in violation, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of the Commons," can only be looked upon as the germ of our Combination Laws but lately repealed. Such a view is not slightly confirmed by a perusal of the statutes and regulations of the stonemasons of Strasburg, about the same period (April 12th, 1459), which are declared to be based upon those of the Freemasons of Germany; neither in the one nor the other are any other regulations found than such as are suitable for handicaft hardworking stonemasons. It is also corroborative that to the present day in Germany, that land of operative guilds, whose very municipal and state governments were originally based upon them, that, like all the other handicrafts, stonemasons have their three degrees, each governed by special laws, and only communicated after examination and initiation; but with this distinction from other trade societies, that to each degree of apprentice (*Bursche*), journeyman (*Gesellen*), and master, are appended certain secret signs of recognizance and intelligence, as methodical, and yet entirely differing from those in use for speculative Masonry. In this respect, Masons' marks, so frequently discussed in the pages of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, gain a new and most important consequence; instead of being the arbitrary and unmeaning mark of an individual, they most probably were the systematic designations of a guild and a province, or a family and its dependencies, of a *Bauhütte* and its members. This receives great confirmation from a curious work contained in the valuable old German library collected by Baron von Aufsees, as a portion of his museum of mediæval antiquities, the centre of attraction for the antiquarian congress above mentioned, and destined to form the nucleus

Digitized by Google

round which will be congregated all that Germany has valuable for the Middle Ages, as the King of Bavaria has right royally bestowed upon the central society the immense precinct of the old Carthusian convent within the city, in which that collection and its future additions can be worthily and systematically displayed. This book, No. 2,908, a paper folio of the date of 1507, contains, among other matter, eighty-eight Masons' marks, with the names of their owners, and their date; of which the following five are fac-similes for one family, with slight variations for the individuals, as in armorial bearings.



1495.
Jörg köler.



1463.
hans köler.



1507.
Jherony köler.



1518.
franizs köler.



1523.
Jörg köler.



1527.
hans(tegler) Jüng.

Nor is it entirely to be passed over that the German stonemasons have no other name for their sodalities than *Bauhütte*, which our English 'tabernacle' hardly expresses: literally, it means, Building-hut.

It is perhaps to Frederick Nicolai, of Berlin, in the history already mentioned, given as appendix to his *Versuch über die Beschuldigungen welche dem Tempel-herrn-orden gemacht worden*, pp. 146—215, that we possibly owe the first idea of this modern origin of speculative Freemasonry; and as his view is, to say the least of it, extremely ingenious and plausible, some account of the facts by which he supports it, may not be out of place as supplementary to Monsieur Ragon's work, in which it is not even mentioned; and may be of interest to the Order, amongst which it made a great sensation at the time of its publication.

That the members of the Templar Order, or of the Jesuits, at the periods of their abolition, in 1312 and 1778 respectively, did not entirely lose sight of one another, we may confidently assert. A certain *esprit du corps* would keep up as frequent

Digitized by Google

communion as circumstances permitted, for neither prohibitions nor papal bulls can control the affections or opinions of mankind. Even a hope, though almost against hope, of witnessing the restoration of their Order, may have kept the remnant of the Templars, as it certainly did that of the Jesuits, in correspondence and communion; and though we have neither documents nor vouchers of such a secret continuation of the Templars, yet it has been advanced, and that from various quarters and from differing sources, that the attempt was made to re-establish the Order of the Knights of the Temple. The documents, however, by which this fact is attempted to be established, of an uninterrupted connection betwixt one branch of Masonry and this Order, after it had been publicly abolished, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, have never been examined with the requisite care, and cannot now be so; and therefore, in a matter that must rest upon belief alone, it is better to leave every one to his own opinion.

Nicolai goes into a long discussion of what his friend Ephraim Lessing thought the word Masonry was derived from, and his own opinion in opposition, which, though curious and interesting, would draw us too much from our immediate purpose.

Passing also some curious, and, in Britain, possibly unknown particulars of Joh. Valentin Andrea, the true founder of the Rosicrucians, in his publications, *Fama Fraternitatis*, 1614, and in 1616 his *Chemische Hochzeit* (Chemical Marriage), and from Andrea's acquaintance with the Theosophæ, Robert Fludd, our countryman, and the intimate connection of the Mysteries of that period, throughout Europe; passing, also, that Lord Bacon must have known these works, and taken thence the first hint of his *Instauratio Magna;* but that Bacon's method of bringing about the great purpose of the R. C., viz., the entire regeneration of the world, was the direct opposite to that pursued by them, which was, that they explained everything *esoteric*, whereas Bacon's plan and idea was to abolish the distinction between *exoteric* and *esoteric*, and to demonstrate everything by reference and proofs from nature; passing all this, we come to Nicolai's belief, that in consequence of this plan, Bacon published his "New Atlantis," under the guise of an Apologue, in which are found many Masonic ideas: "On the unknown island of Bensalem, a king had built a large edifice, called after himself, Solomon's House," &c., which made a great noise at the time, and Charles I., it is said, had intended to found something upon the plan of this Solomon's Temple, but was prevented by the civil war.

Digitized by Google

The matter could not, however, be given up, and in 1646 a few learned men who held Bacon's idea, that philosophical and physical truths should be imparted to all reflecting men, united for the purpose of following out Bacon's ideas. Amongst them we find the names of John Wallis, John Wilkins, Jonathan Goddart, Samuel Foster, Francis Glisson, who, about fourteen years later (the date is important as the restoration of Charles II.), founded the Royal Society. There was, however, about the same period of 1646, another society formed, which, for various reasons, differed from the principles of the former one, consisting principally of men who thought to arrive at the true verity, and the secrets of nature, easier and surer by the study of astrology, alchemy, &c.; and amongst them we find Elias Ashmole, William Lilly (Butler's Sidrophel), Drs. Wharton and Hewson, with others, who had some early meetings at Warrington, before the society was finally settled in London. Their purpose was to construct, in the literal sense of the word, the House of Solomon on the island of Bensalem, *in secret*, and they clothed their purpose in symbols. They first erected the pillars of Hermes, from whose holy sentences Jamblichus answered all the doubts of Porphyry. They advanced then, by a ladder of seven steps, to a chequered pavement, and were shown the symbols of the Creation, or the work of six days, the secrets of which were the aim and purpose of Bacon to fathom. To cover their secret and mysterious meetings they got admitted, in London, into the Masons' Company, and held their meetings at the Masons' Hall, in Masons' Alley, Basinghall Street, and as freemen of London they could take the name of FREE Masons; this would also account for the reception of the principal Masons' tools for their symbols. Though both the Royal Society and this of Masons' Hall had the similar purpose of rebuilding the House of Solomon, by different methods, the latter soon took another and political direction; for as most of its members were strongly opposed to the dominant Puritan principles, and in favour of the royal cause, their meetings, ostensibly for scientific investigations, were taken to cloak their secret political endeavours in favour of royalty, and after the execution of Charles to bring about the restoration of his son.

This is the mere historical account of Nicolai's theory, which will no doubt meet with much opposition at the present day. It cannot, however, be denied that it is ingenious, and some coincidences with the Masonic ritual are pointed out by himself. The death of their murdered master was bewailed, and a sign of recognition was chosen, which would represent the

Digitized by Google

manner of his murder; they took the denomination of "Sons of a Bereft Wife," for the widow of Charles was now the head of the family, and sought for the restoration of a lost word, indicating thereby the title of legitimate king then lost to the nation. We will, however, at present, pursue this subject no farther, though if, as some believe, Charles I. was himself initiated, the name of Master would receive greater significance and the benefits the Stuarts had formerly derived from the institution (for it is to Monk's initiation that his conversion to the royal cause is attributed) would account for the favour which the first and second Pretenders showed it; one proof of which is the charter granted by the latter to the Rosicrucian Freemasons of Arras, given in New Series, No. 2, of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, also the initiation of all his foreign adherents, and the exertions of the Chevalier Ramsay in Scotland, and through Masonry, in the favour of his father. In the two centuries, however, that had almost elapsed since the earliest demonstrations, the Order had completely changed its character, thrown off its political mission, and with the aid of Sir Christopher Wren, assumed its present high position of morality, charity, and truth. We cannot now pursue the change; another opportunity may be opened, when much corroboration of Nicolai's views will be found in the unpublished MS. stores of the British Museum, and particularly in Elias Ashmole's own MS. in the University of Oxford, of which we have the excellent Catalogue, by W. H. Black, Esq., of the Record Office, to assist our researches: amongst the former a very slight examination enabled me, with the kind assistance of Mr. E. G. Ballard, to find in the Birch and Sloane MS. 3848, p. 213, a long charge, in which are found most of the facts of our present ritual; but, as it is dated 1646, with the inevitable omissions of all allusion to the murdered master, the lost word, the sign, or the sons of the bereaved wife.

WILLIAM BELL, *Phil. Dr.*

Digitized by Google

THE GUIDE.

An Episode of the French Campaign in Spain in 1808.

BY MISS PARDOE.

DURING one of my frequent sojourns in France, I made the acquaintance of a veteran officer, who had long retired from the service, and who was living on a small estate which he had inherited from his father, honoured and respected by the whole neighbourhood, as a brave soldier and a worthy man. Like most of his gallant profession, he was fond of relating past scenes whenever he found a congenial auditor; and among his many reminiscences was that which I am about to give in his own words, to my reader, in the full conviction that its simplicity of style would only suffer by any attempt at verbal ornament.

"At the passage of the Tagus, near Almaraz, by the first *corps d'armée*, under the order of the marshal-duke de Belluno, Mademoiselle," he said, as on a fine summer evening we sat together under the vine-trellised portico of his snug dwelling, "I commanded a light company, which preceded the vanguard, with orders to clear the line of march.

"Among the inhabitants of the opposite bank of the river, where I endeavoured to obtain information on the nature of the country, my attention was attracted towards an individual of colossal height and proportions, who replied to all my questions with a precision and promptitude such as I had never before encountered in one of his class. His costume was that of a simple muleteer, (*arriero*), and his figure the finest specimen of strength and symmetry that I ever remember to have looked upon. He was upwards of six feet in height, and his complexion tawny, rather, as it appeared to me, however, from exposure to vicissitudes of weather, than from actual temperament; the expression of his countenance was grave and gentle, and his voice singularly melodious; altogether, the man fascinated me, and while conversing with him I was to the full as much engaged in speculating upon so extraordinary a freak of nature, as in listening to the information that he volunteered.

"While we were together, a staff-officer galloped up, demanding a guide, and I immediately pointed to my new

Digitized by Google

acquaintance, as to the most eligible person I had met for the performance of the required duty, his assumed intimate knowledge of the several mountain-passes being peculiarly desirable, and indeed essential to the progress of the troops. My recommendation sufficed; and having turned over this new auxiliary to the authority of my brother officer, I pursued my *reconnoissance* on the road to Truxillo, my imagination still busy with the singular being whose every word and gesture had formed so marked a contrast to his actual rank in life.

"In the course of the same evening, just as I had taken up my position in a mountain-gorge, an orderly was despatched to inform me that the guide whom I had sent had nearly succeeded in entangling one of our columns in a defile, and had involved himself in suspicion. He had consequently been searched, and there had been found upon him secret instructions from the Spanish commander-in-chief, Cuesta.

"Although this intelligence did not greatly surprise me, I experienced a sense of annoyance which I could not conceal, for I was unable to divest myself of the singular feeling of interest with which he had inspired me, all *arriero* as I still believed him to be; and, governed by this sentiment, I no sooner ascertained that his life was in danger, than I resolved to leave no effort untried to save him.

"I was at this time one of the war-council of the *corps d'armée* to which I was attached, and I shuddered at the idea of being compelled to appear as the prosecutor of the prisoner; but I sought an interview with him in vain, as he had been given in charge to the guard at head-quarters, which were two leagues in the rear of our own column.

"On the following day we entered Truxillo. The town had been totally abandoned in the morning, and the marshal had caused every important point in the neighbourhood to be occupied, when he established his head-quarters there.

"Constantly pursued by the painful idea that the mysterious *arriero*, if put upon his trial, must inevitably be condemned to death, I hastened to visit him in his prison. My agitation was extreme, for the more I reflected on the offence of which he was accused, the more I became convinced that he was beyond the pale of mercy. Scarcely had I crossed the threshold of his cell, when he advanced towards me with extended arms, and hardly aware of what I did, I threw myself into them.

"'How delighted I am to see you, Monsieur!' he exclaimed in imperfect French, as he held me closely in his embrace; 'I felt certain that when you learnt my fate you would not abandon me.'

Digitized by Google

"My emotion was so great that I could not reply.

"'Brave young man, and warm-hearted as brave;' he pursued; 'compose yourself; you see that I am calm, although I am well aware of the severity of your laws, and that my destiny will, in all probability, be terminated within an hour or two. And, oh! if I were but alone on earth, it would scarcely cost me a pang to end it thus.'

"'Do not despair,' I exclaimed convulsively; 'in spite of what has occurred, I feel satisfied that you are a man of honour; and I pledge you my word that I will do all in my power to save you.'

"'Ha! it is then as I apprehended,' he rejoined; 'you also consider my career as well nigh ended. Be it so. I do not regret the past. I shall have sacrificed my life for my country.'

"Then, suddenly unfolding his arms from about me, he paced to and fro the narrow floor, speaking rapidly and energetically in Spanish, and apparently forgetful of my presence. After a while, however, he became more calm, and once more turning towards me with a smile, half triumph and half bitterness: 'They will hear it!' he said enthusiastically; 'even the walls of a dungeon cannot stifle the song of liberty: even blood cannot dim its light; and my voice will be as firm when I march to the scaffold as when I vowed myself to the venture.'

"I could contain myself no longer, and the large tears fell upon my cheeks. The Spaniard perceived it, and taking my hand, he entreated that I would procure for him the means of writing a last farewell to his children.

"'But,' I said, willing at the same time to delude both him and myself, 'why should you despair of justifying yourself? Have you no explanation to offer? Listen—and promise to be frank in your reply—I am conversant with our laws; I am a member of one of our military tribunals, I can give you valuable advice. Speak to me as to a friend, and trust to my honour.'

"'What would you have me say?' he asked recklessly; 'what can you do for me? Nothing; since even you are convinced that nothing can save me. Nevertheless, in order to prove the confidence with which you have inspired me, I will relate to you the extraordinary circumstances of my life; and perhaps you may occasionally remember the unfortunate Santa-Croce.' Then, seating himself beside me with one hand resting upon my shoulder; 'I swear to you on my honour;' he continued, 'on the honour of a Spanish noble, that what you are about to hear is the exact and ungarbled truth——' As he

Digitized by Google

pronounced the last words he made a Masonic sign which I instantly recognised, and extended my hand to him as a *Brother.* He started from his seat, and once more strained me to his heart, as he called me his saviour.

"'Yes, yes—I will be your saviour;' was my hurried reply; 'but not a moment must be lost. Time flies, and I must leave you instantly; only, however, as I trust, to return ere long with good tidings.'

"I rushed from the prison without awaiting his reply, and flew to the quarters of the Baron Jamin, the colonel of my regiment, to whom I related all that had passed; and my emotion while so doing was so great that it infected even the brave veteran himself, who had no sooner heard me to an end than he said briefly, 'Follow me to the quarters of General Barrois, who is, like ourselves, a Brother of the Craft; we will consult as to the best means of saving this unhappy man.'

"The general participated in our sympathy for the mysterious guide, but confessed himself at a loss to discover any pretext for mercy in so extreme and flagrant a case. 'Do not, however, be discouraged, my good young friend;' he said kindly, as he buckled on his sword; 'I will see Marshal Victor at once. He is, as you know, a Mason as well as myself: and will not see a Brother perish, if by any means his fate may be averted. Fortunately we can afford to be lenient at this moment; and who knows—'

"My heart beat violently, as, from a window of his apartment, I saw him disappear beneath the portal of the marshal's residence. In less than ten minutes he returned. 'Remember, young sir;' he said with a smile, as he met my inquiring gaze; 'that, in the next engagement, you owe us the lives of five Spaniards. Your *protégé* will not be put upon his trial.'

"I stammered out something that was meant for thanks, and then, without other leave-taking, hurried off in the direction of the prison. Every object swam before my eyes; I could hear the beating of my own heart; but still I stumbled on over the rough pavement, panting with impatience. At length I reached the cell, where I found the prisoner engaged in writing. 'You are saved!' I shouted, as I sank exhausted by the violence of my emotion upon the bench beside him.

"'Saved!' he echoed incredulously, 'how? What do you tell me? In God's name explain yourself.'

"'You are saved!' I repeated, wringing his hand; 'the general has consented not to put you upon your trial, but to treat you as a simple prisoner. The court-martial was already summoned—your fate was certain; but all that is now past,

Digitized by Google

and you are saved.' I then gave him a more coherent account of all that had occurred, and the recital evidently affected him deeply.

"'And these are our enemies!' he murmured to himself; 'I deserved death at their hands, and they spare me.'

"'Do not forget, however,' I said anxiously, 'the obligation which you are about to contract with the French army.'

"'I do not,' he replied, 'and I swear to you by the most solemn oaths never again to bear arms against your countrymen.'

"At nightfall we parted, having deferred until the morrow the promised history of his life; and an hour afterwards I communicated to my superior officers all that had passed between us. I found that during my absence they had made a subscription, and it was with sincere pleasure that I received the money destined to supply the immediate necessities of my new friend, together with an intimation of their intention to visit him on the following day in his cell.

"I rejoined my battalion, which was bivouacked near one of the city gates, and was preparing to go to rest full of delight at the prospect of the morrow, when an order reached us to march before daylight. My military duties left me no time to go to the prison: and I was accordingly compelled to despatch a non-commissioned officer of my company to the prisoner with some provisions which I had purchased for him, and the purse which had been intrusted to me. My messenger returned laden with the acknowledgments and good wishes of the poor captive, and a card upon which he had written his name; and to my intense disappointment, I saw myself obliged to leave Truxillo without a parting interview with the extraordinary man for whom I felt so strong and mysterious an attachment, and without hearing the recital which I had anticipated with so much interest.

"The main body of the army followed within a few hours; and the marshal, having left a small garrison in Truxillo, had rejoined his vanguard, and was advancing upon Medellin.

"The enemy had been awaiting us at that point during the last three days; and General Cuesta, who had selected his own ground, had in that interval been manœuvring the 45,000 infantry and 10,000 horse which composed his army—rehearsing, in fact, the battle, which only required our presence to complete its grand performance. That day was a fearful one for the Spanish troops!

"On the evening after the battle I was on guard on the field, and had caused a number of the wounded Spaniards to be conveyed to my post, where the surgeon of my regiment was soon actively employed in alleviating their sufferings. Among

Digitized by Google

them was a youth of fourteen, whose expressive physiognomy instinctively arrested my attention, and excited my sympathy. His head was bound up in a handkerchief saturated with blood; but not even the anguish of what must evidently have been a painful wound had power to quench the light of his dark proud eye. As I approached him he rose upon his elbow, and said, almost in a tone of command, and in excellent French, 'My officer, give me a draught of some kind; I am perishing with thirst.'

"The imperious tone of the lad, who wore the uniform of a private in the grenadiers, at once amused and astonished me. I gave him some water out of my own canteen, and placed him under the care of the surgeon, who discovered that he had received seven or eight sabre-wounds upon the head, but assured me that none of them were dangerous.

"As the operator shaved the edges of the different cuts, he said to the young soldier; 'I must give you a good deal of pain, my friend; but have patience a little longer, and I shall soon have finished.'

"'Go on, sir;' was the calm reply; 'I know how to suffer; and, would to God, that the wounds upon which you are employed were all that I am called upon to bear.'

"'How!' exclaimed the surgeon, 'are you also wounded elsewhere?'

"'No, sir, not as you understand it;' said the stripling: 'my hurts are beyond human skill; and all I regret to-day is that they do not kill.'

"'You must be indeed unhappy to talk thus at your years;' I remarked soothingly; 'there; my friend has, as I perceive, completed his task, so come with me and endeavour to obtain a little rest; to-morrow I shall trust to see you better.' He complied with a bow so graceful, that it would have done no discredit to a courtier; and I led him to my bivouac, where I left him to seek such repose as the pain of his wounds would permit.

"On the following morning I awaited with impatience the moment when I might renew my acquaintance with the poor boy, whose extreme youth and gallant bearing had greatly interested my feelings; and while he was sharing my breakfast, I urged him to tell me by what extraordinary chance he had been placed in his present situation, assuring him, at the same time, that I would befriend him by every means in my power.

"'I am very grateful for your kindness, captain;' he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion; 'but I am so wretched as to be beyond the reach of consolation! I am alone in the world. Yesterday my two brothers were killed beside me, a few hours

Digitized by Google

only after we had learnt that our father had been made prisoner by your troops—and shot. I have no longer a tie on earth, and should have died with them.'

"'Are you quite certain,' I asked, 'that both your brothers fell?'

"'I am; the same ball struck them both. I tried to hope, but there is no mistaking death.'

"'There may, however, be some error as regards your father. What authority have you for believing that he has perished?'

"'The authority of a witness of his execution. Ah, sir, it was not thus, as a felon, and with banded eyes, that Captain Santa-Croce, the finest man and the most devoted patriot of Spain, should have met his death!'

"My start of surprise attracted the attention of the brave boy. 'Yes, sir; he, the noblest grenadier of our army, was my father;' he repeated with enthusiasm; 'he had been intrusted by the General-in-chief, who was his close friend, with a secret mission of the highest importance; and he perished—as I have said.'

"'How long ago?' I asked hurriedly.

"'About a week since when he left us, and crossed the Tagus.'

"'Well?'

"'Well, sir, yesterday morning, a few hours before the engagement commenced, a soldier by whom he was accompanied, and who was also disguised as an *arriero*, informed us that he had been selected as a guide to a column of French infantry; but that, ignorant of the country, he had led the troops astray; that his papers had been discovered; and that he had been tried and shot at Truxillo.'

"It was with difficulty that I could control my agitation. 'What did you say was the name of your father?' I asked, as I anxiously sought in the pockets of my uniform for the card which the non-commissioned officer had brought me from the prisoner at Truxillo.

"'Santa-Croce,' was the reply.

"I held the card towards him. 'My young friend,' I said, 'your father still lives.'

"'Lives!'

"There was an age of passionate emotion compressed into the agonizing joy of that one word, as it burst from the quivering lips of the boy; and then, regardless of his wounds, he threw his arms about my neck and wept. He had found no tears for his own sufferings, but my cheek was wet with them as he hysterically repeated, 'He lives! he lives!'

"'Yes,' I said, with as much composure as I could assume; 'it is true that he was arrested, and would have been subjected

Digitized by Google

to the extreme rigour of martial law if, by a blessed chance, we had not discovered that he was a Freemason. The marshal who commands our army, and who is also one of the Craft, granted him his life—you will soon see him once more; come with me, and I will endeavour to have you sent to Truxillo.'

"I conducted him to our ambulatory hospital, which was about to start for that city; and among the wounded I recognised one of my comrades (M. de Turckheim, an officer of the 2nd Hussars, who was subsequently aide-de-camp to General Rapp). The carriage upon which he was to be conveyed to Truxillo, and which formed part of the convoy, was not yet filled, and to his care I consigned the young soldier.

"Some months subsequently I heard of my two prisoners. They had reached Madrid, and had obtained, through the intercession of one of the king's aides-de-camp, their liberty on parole. Need I say that it was never violated.

"I was not fortunate enough to meet them again; and was utterly ignorant as to what had become of Santa-Croce, when some years afterwards I read the following paragraph in an English Journal:—

"'Among the Spaniards who rendered the greatest services during the war, and who were subsequently imprisoned in the citadel of Ceuta, was the famous Santa-Croce, who succeeded in effecting his escape. This extraordinary man has just arrived in London; and is beyond all dispute one of the finest models of human symmetry upon earth. His superb appearance excites universal admiration.'

"Vague as was the information contained in these lines, I read them with the most lively interest; and the rather as they conveyed the only intelligence which ever reached me of an individual whom I would have given a year of my existence to have embraced once more. Was not this a romance, Mademoiselle? And do you feel inclined to deny that old Captain Jules Marnier, of the Light Company of the gallant 24th Infantry, has had one pleasant adventure in his time?"

"Monsieur le Capitaine," I asked in my turn, as I wiped away my tears, "will you make me a present of that story?"

"Bah!" said the brave veteran, sweeping back his grey hair from his broad forehead, "what can you want with it?"

"I want to tell it over again."

"*A quoi bon?*"

"You shall see;" but, alas! I could not fulfil my pledge, for I now relate it for the first time; and the warm heart that was once so keenly alive to the sufferings of others is laid to rest for ever!

Digitized by Google

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS,

AND OF MATTERS CONNECTED WITH SCIENCE AND ART.

"Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is alone able to refresh and repair us?"—*Ben Jonson's Discoveries.*

Of all styles of writing, that least understood is the biographical. Authors seem leagued in conspiracy against the public and, if we may venture to be so severe, against good taste, when they insist upon making the life of an eminent individual subservient to some secondary object. Why they should persist in the practice, we are at a loss to conceive. The life of a celebrated man, or even of one whose celebrity consists chiefly in the good or evil fortune, as the case may be, of having lived in stirring and eventful times, is, if it is worth recording at all, of interest, not because it illustrates any particular social or political theory, but because it is history more or less individualized, and supplies the reader with information relative to a state of society which has passed away, or gives him a picture, faithful or not, according to the industry, talent, and truth-lovingness of the biographer, of the mind of a man living under circumstances and acting under influences, of which we know but little, and are anxious to know more. Into the fault to which we here allude, Mr. Madden, in his "Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola,"* has undoubtedly fallen. He has made the biography of the bold monk subservient to a history of Church and State connection. To this end, translations of some of the writings of Savonarola are produced, and the incidents of his life, which illustrate the evils and advantages of this connection are pointedly brought forward, to the neglect of others, which would have been a thousand times more interesting, as illustrative of the struggles and agonies with which new opinions are born into the world. The best part of the work, and we do not hesitate to bear witness to the industry and attention which the author has paid to his subject, is that which is devoted to pictures of the different branches of that society with which Savonarola had to contend, and which finally condemned him to martyrdom.

From a life of voluntary suffering, the result of a stern and unbending religious ascetism, we pass to a detailed account of the life, sufferings, and death of young Louis XVII.,† who, in obedience to the wicked villany of the Jacobins, and the more than brutal and debased spirit of the times, was the victim of as foul a conspiracy as ever disgraced the history of mankind. Perhaps some of our readers may think that enough has been written concerning the horrors of sans-culottism and the French Revolu-

* "The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola, illustrative of the History of Church and State Connection." By R. R. Madden, M. R. T. A., author of "Travels in Turkey, Syria, and Palestine," &c. &c. Two vols. Newby.

† "Louis XVII., his Life, his Suffering, his Death: the Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple." By A. Du Beauchesne. Translated and Edited by W. Hazlett, Esq. In two vols., embellished with Vignettes, Autographs, and Plans. Published by Vizetelly and Co.

Digitized by Google

tion, and that works such as those of Du Beauchesne, while they add but little to our knowledge on the subject, are merely recalling to our minds a time of trouble and of wickedness which it may be just as well for humanity's sake to forget. We, however, beg to differ from so sentimental a conclusion. Painful and terrible as it may be, to be so constantly reminded of that monstrous succession of foul murders, useless cruelties, and ferocious madness, the record of the sufferings which individuals underwent is still useful, if it only serves to warn us against the kind of liberty which ignorance covets, and that tyranny which springs from power when in the hands of those who have no other feelings or aspirations to gratify, but the grossest sensuality and the coarsest as well as most degrading brutality. We extract one paragraph as a special illustration of the intense thirst for blood exhibited by the population of Paris. It is descriptive of the scene that followed the murder of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and is in Du Beauchesne's best style:—

"After having killed the friend of the queen with pikes and sabre-thrusts, they exposed her fair body for hours to the lascivious gaze of the spectators, and to brutalities at which cannibals would have blushed. Death itself became an insufficient guardian of modesty. Then cutting off her breasts, her head, and other parts of her body, each of these bleeding remains was placed on a pike. Her left side was opened; a man plunged his hand in, and drew forth the bleeding heart, which was also stuck on a pike, and, in like manner with the rest, to be paraded through the streets. Civilization, which separated itself from God, thus surpassed at one bound the fury of savages; and the eighteenth century, so proud of its intelligence and humanity, finished by cannibalism."

"Private Trials and Public Calamities, in the Early Life of Alexandrine des Echerolles,"* is an autobiography of a young lady whose misfortune it was to live in the midst of the scenes to which we have adverted. It is an interesting account of the numberless dangers to which she, and every member of her family, was exposed, and which proved fatal to most of them. Like every other work on the same subject, it calls forth one continued feeling of horror and indignation, and the more our attention is drawn to the utter abuse of anything like human feeling or human kindness in the breasts of the chief and minor actors, the more intelligible becomes the necessity of the iron rule which now holds France in chains.

From this sad tale we pass to the fourth volume of Miss Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain,"† in which the life of Mary is continued; and despite it being an oft and thrice-repeated tale, familiar enough to the ears of every school-boy, it gains greatly from the pleasing and unaffected style in which the author presents it to our notice. No matter from what source Miss Strickland gleans her information, or whether it is a very new or very old one, she deserves credit for her industry, and the evident desire to make her undertaking as perfect as unremitting labour can make it.

With the industry, however, that devotes time, type, and paper to the

---

* "Private Trials and Public Calamities, or the Early Life of Alexandrine des Echerolles, during the Troubles of the First French Revolution." From the French, by the Translator of the "Sicilian Vespers." Two vols. Bentley.

† "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain." By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. IV. Blackwood and Sons.

Digitized by Google

discovery of some royalty in the descent of Nelson and Wellington, we have no sympathy; and from us, at least, Mr. George Russell French* will not even get thanks for the trouble he has taken to prove that two of the greatest heroes of modern times claim kith and kin with King Edward I. of England. The discovery, if it is one, is not likely to redound to their credit, any more than it will increase the respect or admiration of posterity for their memories. We do not mean to say that the study of genealogy is not all very well in its way: it is even useful in an historical point of view, and may now and then draw the attention of the ignorant to a fool; but men of the calibre of Nelson and Wellington need no ancestry to ennoble them, or pedigree to look back upon.

With the next work on our biographical list, "The Memoirs of the Late John Abernethy, F.R.S.,"† written by his pupil and friend, Mr. George Macilwain, we have no hesitation in expressing more satisfaction. It is every way worthy of the subject; and although in some parts too strictly bearing upon matters of mere professional interest, it presents an earnest, honest, and faithful account of the life and doings of the great surgeon. To the public of the present day Abernethy is perhaps better known by the anecdotes which are told of him, and by the quaint sayings attributed to him, than by the great changes in medicine and practice which he introduced, or by the vast amount of human kindness which lay beneath the brusque wayward manner for which he became famous. His pupils delighted in him, and his patients, particularly the poorer class, have always been loud in their praise. In the hospitals, too, and in the medical schools, he worked many important reforms; and unceasingly applied himself as a lecturer to the diffusion of sound practical knowledge in every branch of the profession, to which he devoted the best energies of a powerful mind.

From medicine to poetry is almost as rapid a transition, as from Abernethy to the Laureates who have basked in the sunshine of royalty, at the extremely small cost of a poem, and generally a very bad one, upon any occasion of great public interest. Why these gentlemen deserved—*quâ* Laureates—the great distinction of two biographers,‡ is not, we think, to be easily explained, seeing that those who have been really distinguished as poets, have generally relied more upon the fame they have won by their works, than by anything they ever wrote in the capacity of poetic retainers of the Crown; while the rest, having no particular merit at all, might more decently have been allowed to slumber on undisturbed by any attempt at making them famous. In a kindred field of literature we have the first portion of the "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris,"§ by Dr. Veron, descriptive of the life of the author, one of the most successful of French editors. Several of the chapters are devoted to literature, science, cooking, and Paris gambling-houses, and in the

---

* "The Royal Descent of Nelson and Wellington from Edward I., King of England, with Tables of Pedigree, and Genealogical Memoirs." Compiled by George Russell French, author of "A Concise Genealogical History of England." Pickering.

† "Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character." By George Macilwain, F.R.C.S. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

‡ "The Lives of the Poets Laureate; with an Introductory Essay on the Title and Office." By W. S. Austin, jun., and John Ralph, M.A. Bentley.

§ "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris." Par le Docteur Veron. Tome Premier. Paris, 1853.

Digitized by Google

forthcoming volumes, we are promised a detailed account of the doctor's political life.

In that branch of literature which the French so admirably describe as "Matériaux pour servir," and which consists of journals and correspondence, there have been recently published two works which, beside their intrinsic merit and interest, have a peculiar bearing upon present times and present emergencies. The first contains the "Journals and Correspondence of General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., G.C.B.,"* during the war in France and Flanders, in 1793-4. Of this campaign, commenced and ended under the auspices of the Duke of York, England has no reason to be proud. It was in truth a failure, and the result of a monstrous amount of jobbery and incapacity. The English Government was selfish, boastful of resources which showed themselves in raw levies without arms, and often without clothing,—officers promoted through family influence to posts they were incompetent to fill, or by having proved themselves adepts at the dignified process of crimping; while our allies were jealous, and our Gallic enemies enterprising and active. Much, however, of the mal-success of the campaign was undoubtedly occasioned by the treachery of Austria, which, after having invoked our assistance, concluded a separate treaty with France, the condition of which was hostility to England. Well, indeed, may Sir Harry Verney apply the warning which his father conveyed to Mr. Pitt, to the present aspect of European affairs: trust Austria,—trust in allies whose want of ability, exertion, principle, and honesty, stigmatized the year 1794 with infamy, and loaded Europe with calamities, and we may expect the same reward as we then reaped. The second work to which we have alluded is a review, by the late Sir Charles Napier, of the "Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government;"† and right vigorously are they exposed. In the same way as the gallant general cut his way through swarms of Sikhs and Afghans, so does he come down upon the red-tape Civil Service of India, ruthlessly laying bare all the jobbery and corruption of Indian administration, regardless of Boards and officials, of Governor-Generals and Leadenhall Directors. Abuses he hated more than an Indian enemy, and he as promptly endeavoured to annihilate them. The second book is thus described by an able Reviewer:—

"It tells," says he, "of the cruelty and injustice that lie at the root of many of our Indian quarrels with the native population. It points to the number of little wars set on foot by political underlings, without any communication with the Commander-in-Chief, four or five of which were carried on during Sir Charles's term of office. It tells of peculation, of the oppression and reckless taxation of natives, of the senseless management and disposition of troops, and of the consumption of soldiers in the mere house-service of political officials. These, and a hundred other rotten things, are struck with a strong hand."

The conclusion of the work is most affecting. It speaks to us in the language of a wounded but a noble spirit; and leaves posterity to sit in judgment on the memory of a man who did great things for his country, and whose chief fault, in the eyes even of those he so unsparingly chas-

---

* "The Journals and Correspondence of Gen. Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., G.C.B., comprising the Campaigns in France and Flanders, in 1793-4." Edited by his Son, Sir Harry Verney, Bart. Hurst and Blackett.

† "Defects, Civil and Military, of the Indian Government." By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. Edited by Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. F. P. Napier, K.C.B. Westerton.

Digitized by Google

tised, was his intolerance of wrong. We extract it for its eloquence, its earnestness, and above all, for its *truth* :—

"A wronged man I have been—more wronged than this work tells of. for ever the public good has guided me in suffering as in action ; but when falsehood is in vigorous activity, with encouragement and support from power ; when even from the judgment-seat insolence and oppression are dealt forth ; the dignity of human nature gives a right, without imputation of vanity, to avow good services. To me also, as an inspired truth, has come that passionate burst of eloquence with which Charles Fox repelled foul enmity. *'There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man, proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.'* That spirit prompts me to vindicate a claim to better usage. I have won victories, subdued a great kingdom by arms and legislation, governing so as to enable a million of human beings to enjoy life and lift their heads in freedom. I have opened a field for commercial enterprise by the Indus, augmented the revenue of the Indian Government by millions ; and in a moment of imminent peril saved the Anglo-Indian empire from mutiny more formidable than ever before menaced its stability. The return has been, twice to drive me from high and honourable positions, and all but proclaim me a public enemy. In Parliament vilified by men without honour or truth ; out of it libelled ; and from the Bench, with vulgar insult, refused protection against slander ; I leave my actions to history."

Similar in object, and equally admirable in point of execution, though limited in extent, is Mr. Capper's well-arranged account of our Indian Possessions.* The volume forms one of the "London Illustrated Library," and fairly lays claim to be considered the best condensed account of India that has yet been written. Independently of the historical part of the work, which is carefully compiled and brought down to our own times, Mr. Capper, with the knowledge of a man who has resided in India, mixed with every branch of Indian society, and made the condition of the natives a study, has endeavoured, and we think succeeded, in placing before the public, a clear and impartial view of the chief questions touching Indian affairs. Not the least interesting or important, is the picture presented to us of the reckless trading indulged in by the Anglo-Indian commercial houses. During the crisis of 1830. the hollowness of the fabric reared by rash speculators made itself apparent :—

"In that year," says Mr. Capper, "the bubble burst, scattering ruin and desolation amidst the homes of thousands of helpless victims. None were prepared for the catastrophe, and least of all the heartless men who had caused the mischief. They were not moved ; few of them had lost much. The storm overtook them steeped in princely luxuries, deep in selfish physical enjoyment. Bankruptcy stared them and their victims in the face ; but how different the result ! A month or two without their race horses, their dinner-parties, and their ducal establishments, and the Insolvent Court kindly enabled them to make a fresh start, as bold, as unabashed as ever ; whilst their *constituents* (*i. e.* their victims) became pauperized, and dependent upon charity for a subsistence. Six houses alone in Calcutta failed for an aggregate amount of nearly 15,000,000*l.* sterling, paying among them an average of *5s.* in the pound, and consequently entailing on their creditors losses to the amount of 11,250,000*l.* sterling ; and yet, notwithstanding this terrible warning, the commerce of that vast territory is still based on the same volcanic foundation, is still liable at any moment to experience a shock

* "The Three Presidencies of India ; a History of the Rise and Progress of the British Indian Possessions, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. With an Account of their Government, Religion, Manners, Customs, Education, &c. &c." By John Capper, F. R. A.S., late Editor of the "Ceylon Examiner." Illustrated by numerous Engravings, and a Map by Wyld. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

Digitized by Google

capable of almost annihilating it; and solely for the profit of the few rash and fraudulent speculators, who, trading upon insufficient, or without capital, trust to a credit they do not deserve, and to a state of society that looks upon insolvency, thus brought about, as a misfortune, and not as a crime."

Mr. Capper has judiciously divided his subject into four parts; viz., the historical, political, physical, and moral. The first commences with the era of fable and the early Hindoo dynasties, and ends with the second Burmese war and the annexation of Pegu; the second comprises the local governments of India, and the various fiscal systems prevailing; the third is a sketch of the progress of the arts and of science and industry in India; and the fourth treats of the language, religion, manners, education, together with the administration of justice, and *morale* of Indian society.

Last on our journalistic list, is the "Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason." * The letters of the former, as indeed those of the latter also, will always be worthy of perusal. Independently, too, of their literary merit, they have the quiet charm of being the natural productions of a kind heart and a cultivated mind; while the highest praise we can give to either writer is to say, that the one was well worthy of the esteem and friendship of the other.

In the department of History, strictly speaking, the last three months have not been particularly bountiful. We have a new edition of Mackintosh's History of England, edited and revised by the author's son; † and an antiquarian work, if we may be allowed to call it one, on China, carefully edited and reprinted by the Hakluyt Society; ‡ with an introduction from the pen of Mr. Major, having reference to the religious war now waging between the Tartar dynasty and the indigenous Chinese.

If there is one species of literature typical of the times we live in, it is that which records the wanderings of our countrymen throughout the world. Every one, in the present day, travels with the apparent object of writing a book, and although the very large proportion are not worth reading when written, yet amongst the mass, there are a few which are interesting as containing novelties, and readable, as being more or less full of adventure. The first on our list records Mr. Tyrone Power's recollections of a ten years' residence in China; inclusive of peregrinations in Spain, Morocco, Egypt, India, Australia, and New Zealand.§ The greater portion of the work, which, notwithstanding the extent of country over which Mr. Power travelled, is not a long one, is devoted to China and to the excursions which he and his two English friends made in the neighbourhood of the chief cities. The descriptions of the various temples

---

* "The Correspondence of Thomas Gray and William Mason; to which are added, some Letters addressed by Gray to the Rev. James Brown, D.D., Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge." With Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. John Mitford, Vicar of Benhall. Bentley.

† "The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Final Establishment of the Reformation." By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. A new Edition, revised by the Author's Son, R. J. Mackintosh, Esq. Two vols. Longman and Co.

‡ "The History of the Great and Mighty Kingdom of China, and the Situation thereof." Compiled by Juan Gonzales de Mendoza, and now reprinted from the early Translation of R. Parke. Edited by Sir George Staunton, Bart.; with an Introduction by R. H. Major, Esq. Printed by the Hakluyt Society.

§ "Recollections of a Ten Years' Residence in China; including Peregrinations in Spain, Morocco, Egypt, India, Australia, and New Zealand." By W. Tyrone Power, D.A.G.G. Bentley.

Digitized by Google

they visited, the idols they saw, and the light sketches of such Chinese society as a foreigner is now permitted a sight of, are amusing enough, and the style in which the whole is written is too simple, easy, and unaffected, to make the book otherwise than pleasant reading.

Mrs. Colin Mackenzie's "Six Years in India," * is a work of greater pretensions. The lady, from her husband's position, had ample opportunities of collecting information, of which she has unsparingly availed herself; and the consequence is, three volumes of entertaining matter, abounding in anecdotes of Anglo-Indian life, of Lord Gough, Lord Dalhousie, and Sir Charles Napier. Moreover, we have a good deal of what every book on India is full of, namely, strange tales of administrative neglect, and military incapacity; while, with hardly the semblance of an attempt to hide the cognito of living persons, the conduct of many is freely questioned. The picture of social life among the Company's servants says as little for them as it does for the mode in which the Company's patronage is distributed, while the absence of those little courtesies of society, in which both sexes in India are apparently so deficient, does not give a very favourable idea of the state of education, even amongst the higher ranks. Here is an instance:—

"On Lady Dalhousie's arrival Lord Hardinge gave a ball in her honour, in order to introduce her to the ladies of Calcutta. Instead of the company rising to receive her, as common politeness dictated, every one kept her seat; not one came forward to receive or welcome her; and, consequently, she very naturally declined having them presented to her. Again, at a ball here, a sofa had been retained for her. She arrived late; every seat was occupied. Colonel Grant led her up to the sofa, which was occupied by three 'Simla women,' who never moved: after looking them full in the face, he said with a loud voice, 'I think, Lady Dalhousie, we must look for a seat elsewhere.' Again they paraded the whole length of the room, not a lady having the politeness to rise: until at last she found a seat by Mrs. Mountain. No wonder, indeed, that she was not very cordial afterwards. On one occasion dining at Lord Gough's, the news came that Sir Charles Napier had arrived, and instantly taken upon himself the duties of Commander-in-Chief. It was the very day fixed for returning public thanks for those victories which had rendered his arrival unnecessary. The old chief felt most keenly this supersession; which, however, was warranted by the terms of the commission, and softened by a handsome letter, which subsequently arrived from his successor. 'How merciful He has been to me personally,' said Lord Gough, 'in enabling me to win that battle (Chillianwala) before my successor arrived.'"

As might be supposed, the contest on the banks of the Danube has drawn several tourists into Russia and to Constantinople, and amongst these Mr. Oliphant† is entitled, by precedence, to our attention. Having already had to thank him for an interesting account of a "Journey to Nepaul," his visit to the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea, with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Turn into the Country of the Don Cossacks," is welcome. The volume is really a valuable contribution to this class of literature, being full of lively narrative, besides affording us an insight into the material power and resources of Russia, a matter of no small importance at the present moment. These, Mr. Oliphant does not value very highly, believing them to exist more in shadow than in actual sub-

---

* "Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana; or, Six Years in India." By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. Three vols. Bentley.

† "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1853; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks." By Laurence Oliphant, Author of "A Journey to Nepaul." Blackwood and Sons.

Digitized by Google

stance, and wholly disproportioned to the apparent strength and vastness of the empire. As to the Cossacks, of whose courage, and excellence as soldiers, we have heard so much, our author scouts the very notion of it. He says, that so far from being brave, they make cowardly warriors, and are in fact an emasculated people—their province the worst treated in the empire, and themselves thoroughly disaffected. The valour of the Don Cossacks is then, apparently, one of those popular delusions which the Government is most anxious to encourage, inasmuch as it answers, Mr. Oliphant observes, the double purpose of flattering the vanity of a discontented race, who are thereby rendered more easily subservient to their designs, and of inspiring a wholesome dread into other nations, who have been hitherto accustomed to regard them with mysterious awe, and to conjure up monsters of appalling ferocity, and of a terrific aspect, as representations of the high-sounding title by which they are distinguished. One thing, however, is certain, that if the Cossack is a coward, he is not the less grossly brutal when let loose upon an unarmed and unoffending people.

Leaving Russia, let us now glance over the pages of Dr. Michelson's work on the Ottoman Empire,* and calculate its resources, from the reliable data with which the author has furnished us. "Absurd," as Dr. Michelson thinks it is, "for any one to suppose that Turkey could, single-handed, dislodge the Northern Power from the Principalities," we have already seen what Turkish arms and Ottoman "pluck" can accomplish; and when, therefore, statistics show us that the Sultan can command an effective army, consisting of 136,680 men, well armed and disciplined, and an equal number of reserve, besides 61,000 irregular troops, and 110,000 contingencies from tributary provinces, we may be excused in withholding our opinion as to what Turkey can and can not do. The army, too, is better paid, better fed, and better quartered than our own, and in so far as hospital attendance is concerned, the military surgeons assert that the men become effeminate by the too tender care of the nurse. However plain, therefore, it may be to the eyes of some travellers, that Turkey is in her decline, Dr. Michelson assures us that the whole reign of the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, under the fostering care of Reschid Pasha, a man of enlarged views, and thoroughly well acquainted with our Western institutions, has been devoted to the work of reform, and to bringing the government of the country to a level with the best European systems. That a perfect success has not crowned the young Sultan's efforts, is perhaps true; but as Rome was not built in a day, so neither can Turkish abuses and Turkish institutions be uprooted or remodelled in the short space of a few years. We heartily recommend the book to those of our readers who are really anxious to become well informed on matters connected with the prospects of the present struggle in the regions of the Dardanelles.

"Home Life in Germany,"† is the production of an American travel-

---

* "The Ottoman Empire and its Resources; with Statistical Tables of the Army, Navy, Trade, Navigation, Institutions, &c. &c. Drawn from the Consular Reports, as given in the elaborate Returns of the Board of Trade, and various Foreign Documents of an Official Character. Preceded by an Historical Sketch of the Events in connection with the Foreign and Domestic Relations of the Country, during the last Twenty Years." By Edward H. Michelson, Phil. Dr. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

† "Home Life in Germany." By Charles Irving Brace, Author of "Hungary in 1851." Bentley.

Digitized by Google

ling in Germany, and is altogether an excellent, pleasant, readable book. Yet it is less a volume of travels, than a collection of the author's thoughts on many topics, and of descriptions of many scenes to which he was an eyewitness. Thus, we find Mr. Brace to have been in Holstein during the war; in Berlin when Prussia was summoned to repel the insidious attack of Austria upon Hesse-Cassel, and in the midst of that democratic society in Vienna, which, although silenced for the present, is patiently awaiting an opportunity to make head against the hated Austrian rule. On asking an actor in the late Vienna tragedy, whether he had any hopes of a second revolution, the man unhesitatingly answered, "Certainly, this war will never end until tyrants or people are gone. I know how the working men feel; give them another chance, and they will fight till the last man. *We cannot bear this long!* Taxes, spying, every damned annoyance of tyranny. We get little work, we have no kind of freedom, and then we are paying all the while for the immense armies. You have no idea of the brutal oppression here. Every day *women* are publicly scourged. You must have seen the *Notizen* on the walls; and if I should go out in a white hat, or a long beard, I would be in the guard-house in an hour." So he went on, in tones earnest and passionate, telling of the wrongs and sufferings of the labouring classes; the dark eye kindling at the thought of fighting the good fight over again with the hireling soldier. A determined dangerous man for the Austrian authorities when the next struggle comes!

Miss Bunbury's "Life in Sweden"* deserves a good word. It is an amusing work, containing plenty of variety, and if in some parts rather prolix, from the length to which some of the descriptions run, this defect is compensated by the mass of matter, and the evident care bestowed upon the whole. To those who are desirous of picking up information about Sweden and Swedish society, diversified by an occasional digression about Norway and Denmark, we heartily recommend the volumes before us.

We must now turn to the accumulation of works to which each succeeding month throughout the year introduces us, on Australia and its gold-diggings, and, giving priority to the sex, turn over the pages of the volume which describes Mrs. Charles Clacy's† visit to the Eagle Hawk Gulley, in the company of her brother and the smart band of gold-digging adventurers with whom he associated himself. Fortunately for the lady of the party, the trip proved auspicious in more ways than one; for besides gold, of which she got her share, she also enriched herself by bringing home a husband. As might have been expected from the library of works on the same subject, there is not much that is very novel, yet there are many pictures of daily life in the bush, and many a rough experience, that give an interest from their very actuality, in which many other works are deficient. The roads to the diggings, Melbourne itself under every aspect, the thousand and one varieties of living, work, and accommodation, are very graphically described. The following is a fair specimen descriptive of the first scene which the writer witnessed on anchoring off Melbourne:—

"Our party, on returning to the ship the day after our arrival, witnessed the French leave-taking of all of her crew, who, during the absence of the captain, jumped overboard, and were quickly picked up and landed by the various boats about. This desertion of the ships by the sailors is an every-day occurrence; the

* "Life in Sweden; with Excursions in Norway and Denmark." By Selina Bunbury. Two vols. Hurst and Blackett.

† "A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia in 1852-3. Written on the Spot." By Mrs. Charles Clacy. Hurst and Blackett.

Digitized by Google

diggings themselves, or the large amount they could obtain for the run home from another master, offer too many temptations. Consequently, our passengers had the amusement of hauling up from the hold their different goods and chattels: and so great was the confusion, that fully a week elapsed before they were all got on shore. Meanwhile, we were getting initiated into colonial prices—money did indeed take to itself wings and fly away. Firearms were at a premium: one instance will suffice—my brother sold a six-barrelled revolver, for which he had given sixty shillings at Baker's in Fleet-street, for 16*l.*, and the parting with it at that price was looked upon as a great favour. Imagine boots, and they very second-rate ones, at 4*l.* a pair. One of our between-deck passengers, who had speculated with a small capital of 40*l.* in boots and cutlery, told me that he had disposed of them the same evening he had landed, at a net profit of 90*l.*; no trifling addition to a poor man's store. Labour was at a very high price: carpenters, boot and shoe makers, tailors, wheelwrights, joiners, smiths, glaziers, and in fact all useful trades, were earning from twenty to thirty shillings a day. The very men working on the roads could get eleven shillings per diem; and many a gentleman, in this disarranged state of affairs, was glad to fling old habits aside, and turn his hand to whatever came readiest. I know one in particular, whose brother is at this moment serving as colonel in the army in India, a man more fitted for a gay London life than a residence in the colonies. The diggings were too dirty and uncivilized for his tastes; his capital was quickly dwindling away beneath the expenses of the comfortable life he led at one of the best hotels in town; so he turned to what, as a boy, he had learned as an amusement, and obtained an addition to his income of more than 400*l.* per annum, as house-carpenter. In the morning you might see him trudging off to his work, and before night, might meet him at some ball or *soirée*, among the *élite* of Melbourne."

We conclude our notice of Mrs. Clacy's book, in the words of one of the rough diamonds of the mines,

"That every young man, before paying his passage, should take a few days' spell at well-sinking, in England; if he can stand that comfortably, the diggings won't hurt him."

The Rev. Mr. Jones* follows much in the same track as Mrs. Clacy, although his adventures are confined to Moreton Bay and Sydney; and Mr. Westgarth gives a summary of the Port Phillip district of New South Wales, together with some account of the colony and its gold-mines, in a volume† which, if not very lively or original, contains a good deal of useful information and practical knowledge. With these three works we must perforce bring to a conclusion our notice of what we may well call, for it is a department by itself, our Australian literature. Not a day passes but one or more volumes issue from the press, and fill the advertisement sheets of every newspaper and periodical. To do them all justice, or even to discriminate between the good and the bad, the useful and the useless, would be an endless task. For the present, therefore, we abandon the idea, until the rage for writing "our personal adventures in the land of gold" shall have somewhat subsided.

Returning again to Europe,‡ we have a scientific American's description

---

* "Adventures in Australia in 1852-3." By the Rev. H. B. Jones, M.A. Bentley.

† "Victoria, late Australia Felix, or Port Phillip District of New South Wales; being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Colony and its Gold Mines." With an Appendix, containing the Reports of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce for the last two years, upon the Condition and Progress of the Colony. By William Westgarth, late Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria. Oliver and Boyd.

‡ "A Visit to Europe in 1851." By Professor Silliman, of Yale College. Two vols. Low and Son, London.

Digitized by Google

of what he saw there during the year of the Great Exhibition, and of the changes which he found had taken place between the year 1805, when he visited this country, and that of 1851. The contrast of the one year with the other is interesting as well to Englishmen as to Americans, for it evidences the vast strides this country has made in every department of science and art,—in material luxuries and enjoyments,—and, in a lesser degree, in education. "Indeed," says Professor Silliman, "while opening my eyes again in England, I seem to myself to have been awakened, like Rip Van Winkle, from a long oblivion,—from a sleep of more than twice twenty years; or to have returned, like the genii of Arabian tales, after a still longer lapse of time, and to find such changes, that in many places I should not suspect that I had ever been there before." We suspect that the professor will have told his countrymen ere this to look alive, or they will find, when they shall condescend to give the subject a little consideration, the Britishers quite as go-ahead a race as themselves.

In the way of hand-books,* a Mr. Stephenson Ellis has just published at Copenhagen a very excellent one of that city and its environs, for the use of the English travellers. It not only possesses a great amount of valuable and interesting information, but it can boast also of considerable literary merit.

In the ethnological department of scientific observation, a new serial publication has been set on foot, which bids fair to become popular among that class of the public who take a deserved interest in the various branches or races into which the great family of man is divided. It is called the "Ethnological Library,"† under the superintendence of Mr. Edwin Norris, the well-known secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society. The first volume of the series is from the pen of Mr. George Windsor Earl, the Australian explorer. Its subject is the Oriental Negro, or Papuan, a race condemned to servitude in the East in the same way as his kinsman the African Negro is in the West. This race is found in the Philippine and Adaman Islands, as well as in those which lie between them and the coast of New Guinea, and, with the exception of not being so muscularly developed as the African Negro, are in appearance very like to him. Without, however, at the present going deeper into the subject, we can recommend this work with confidence to our readers, trusting that the remainder of the volumes may maintain the character and prestige with which Mr. Earl has so decidedly opened the series.

We now enter the world of romance, and apply ourselves with laudable industry, good temper, and an indulgent disposition to the mass of novels with which our library table is crowded. And first, we will notice two remarkable changes in this line of light literature worthy of comment. *Imprimis*, Mr. Bentley has changed the standard value of the three-volumed novel from 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*, while other adventurous publishers have condensed into two volumes the matter which in olden times would have made three. These innovations ought to be the subject of grave satisfaction; for still to us has it always been matter of wonderment whether anybody *ever* gave the first-mentioned price for any novel that ever was written or published. Since, at least, circulating libraries have been established, no one has certainly ever committed so great an extravagance; and it must be the knowledge of this little fact that has induced Mr. Bentley to try the experiment of cheaper editions.

* "The Traveller's Hand-book to Copenhagen and its Environs." By Anglicanus. With Maps and Views. Chr. Steere, Copenhagen. Russell Smith, London.

† "The Ethnological Library." Conducted by Edwin Norris, Esq. Vol. I. "The Native Races of the Indian Archipelago Papuans." By George Windsor Earl. Hippolyte Baillère.

Digitized by Google

The first novel on our list is "Margaret; or, Prejudice at Home and its Victims;"* and in its favour we may safely say that it is written with a good object, and with the pen of a practised writer. The author, however, in our view of it, has fallen into the error of exaggerating in order to condemn, and making the world appear worse than it really is, for the mere pleasure of administering a sound castigation to every one in it. The moral of the tale is this,—that worth is almost always neglected,—that wealth rules the roost,—that to be rich is to be bad,—while to be poor is not always to be good. Accordingly, almost every individual in the book is an abominable sinner, except the heroine, her poor grandfather, and aunt, while the only character who really practises Christianity is an infidel, those who proclaim themselves to be Christians being little better than inhuman brutes. Formal religion, and the favour with which society looks upon "respectability," are both alike condemned,—the writer stigmatizing the former as hypocrisy, and the latter as very little short of vulgarity. Now in all this, while there is much truth, there is also much exaggeration; and we cannot therefore praise the work as a true picture of general life. Nevertheless, it is written with force and thought, and contains many an apt illustration, besides many a page of good writing.

"Avillon, and other Tales,"† by the author of "Olive," is a collection of sparkling stories, contributed by the author at different times to various periodicals. Without exception, they are charming reading, full of pure and holy thoughts, the foundation of a quick and ardent imagination, not uninfluenced by a spirit of deep and earnest reflection.

In "Oakfield"‡ we have a view of Indian military society and Indian friendships. The hero is a young officer, who joins his regiment in India, is disgusted with the vulgarity of the mess-room, and the respect he is bound to pay to certain conventional rules of honour. These last he takes an early opportunity of disregarding, by declining to fight a duel with the bully of the regiment, although he subsequently administers to him a sound horsewhipping, and establishes a reputation for "pluck" by his conduct at Chillianwallah. The book is evidently written with the intention of exposing the vices and abuses of the military and civil service in India, and if not very artistic, has at least the merit of being sincere and truthful.

"Ailieford,"§ by the author of "John Drayton," is undoubtedly a work of merit, although the writing is somewhat unequal. The story is thus told by William Mitchell, one of the three brothers in the tale, who writes the book in an autobiographical form. Andrew, the elder, is a prudent and respectable tradesman, though somewhat selfish withal; he marries his master's daughter, and to save his family and himself from disgrace, advances money to enable his younger brother, the scapegrace of the family, to escape. William, the autobiographer, is a quiet, unimportant character, is jilted in early life, falls in love again in Germany only to see the object of his passion carried off by a more successful rival. The hero is the other brother, James, a popular, winning character, intensely selfish and weak, unable to resist the temptation which ultimately leads him into crime. He marries secretly, and when discovered, treats his

* "Margaret; or, Prejudice at Home and its Victims." Two vols. Bentley.

† "Avillon, and other Tales." By the Author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," &c. Two vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

‡ "Oakfield; or, Fellowship in the East." By Punjabee. Two vols. Longman and Co.

§ "Ailieford; a Family History." By the Author of "John Drayton." Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Digitized by Google

wife with cruel indifference. This is the most forcibly written part of the work. The undying affection of the wife, even under circumstances of reproach and fear,—the hope with which she clings to her first and only love, and the pure woman's faith in the probability of his redemption, are purely and strongly painted, redeeming many a common-place saying and general want of freshness in the other and less interesting parts. No sooner, however, is the hero pardoned, than he again falls into bad company, in spite of numerous warnings, and robs his master, a stern, misanthropical individual, to whom punishment is a duty. The consequence of this crime is the immediate flight of James Mitchell with his wife and child to Canada, where he dies; and the *dénouement* of the whole is the marriage of his daughter with the younger brother of William's rival in Germany.

We must not forget, however, the third edition of an excellent translation of Ranke's "History of Servia,"* by Mrs. Alexander Kerr, which arrived too late to fall in with our remarks on other works of a similar nature. This book, although devoted principally to a detailed account of the Revolution which emancipated it from Turkish thraldom, presents us with a sufficiently complete and interesting *résumé* of its history anterior to that eventful struggle. Mrs. Kerr has very conscientiously performed her task, adhering with laudable exactness to the text, besides transplanting—if we may be allowed to use the term—so far as was possible, the peculiarities of style, by which almost all Ranke's works are distinguished, into her translation. To this edition Mr. Bohn has added a translation of the same author's sketch of the state of Bosnia, as well as a brief account of the other Slave provinces of Turkey, derived chiefly from the work of Cyprien Robert, which cannot fail, from the events which are now crowding in upon us from the East, to excite the attention and interest of a public greedily desirous of learning as much as can be told them of the countries through which the Danube flows.

To these may be added "The Twin Sisters,"† by Lucy Field; "The Roses,"‡ by the author of the "History of a Flirt;" "Walter Evelyn; or, the Long Minority;"§ "Christie Johnson,"‖ an excellent little novel in its way; "Hope,"** a story of chequered life, by Mr. Alfred Cole; "Mary Dundas,"†† by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, a tale illustrative of the necessity of strength and firmness of character and religious principle; "The Colonel,"‡‡ by the author of the "Perils of Fashion;" "Blanche the Huguenot,"§§ by Mr. William Anderson; and last, but not least, "Saville House,"‖‖ by Addlestone Hill. To those who have doubted the possibility of there being anything romantic in the heavy matter-of-fact

---

* "The History of Servia and the Servian Revolution, with a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia." By Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German by Mrs. Alexander Kerr. To which is added, "The Slave Provinces of Turkey." Chiefly from the French of Cyprien Robert. Bohn.

† "The Twin Sisters." By Lucy Field. Three vols. Chapman.

‡ "The Roses." Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

§ "Walter Evelyn; or the Long Minority." Three vols. Bentley.

‖ "Christie Johnson." By Charles Reade. Bentley.

** "Hope." By Alfred W. Cole, author of "The Cape and the Kaffirs." Three vols.

†† "Mary Dundas; or Passages in Young Life." By Mrs. Thomas Geldart.

‡‡ "The Colonel." By the Author of "The Perils of Fashion." Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

§§ "Blanche, the Huguenot; a Tale." By William Anderson. "Illustrated Family Novellist."

‖‖ "Saville House." By Addlestone Hill. Three vols. Routledge and Co.

Digitized by Google

days of the "Georges," this novel will be a welcome surprise. It is well written, lacking neither incident nor interest, and sufficiently connected with the history and the *dramatis personæ* of the period to savour of reality. It moreover possesses the charm of dialogue between persons with whose names, history, and conduct we are all more or less familiar; and it is some credit to the author to have done neither violence to their characters, nor to have placed them in situations which they would never have filled. There is probability in all they say and do; and if we are at a loss for any distinct authority of what they did do, nobody at least can say that that which the author says they did is untrue, or that that which he or she puts into their mouths never came out of them.

In poetry, there is literally nothing deserving of attention or notice but a volume with a somewhat sad title, by Walter Savage Landor. "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree," * is indeed suggestive of much that is melancholy. Though the fruit is full ripe, and indeed in its prime, so far as its intrinsic excellence is concerned, we are forcibly reminded that the tree whereon it grew is old, and that, in the ordinary course of nature, its last fruit-bearing season is rapidly passing away. We regret it sincerely, for with manly courage the veteran poet has, through a long life, fought the battle of liberty, imparting by the magic of his rhymes, a new courage to the oppressed, and holding up to scorn and everlasting censure the memory of the oppressor and the tyrant. Landor's fame will endure long after the recollection of the scenes which have so often called forth his eloquent indignation, shall have passed away; and the present volume will last as a record of the pure thoughts, and generous feelings, which filled the head and heart of him who was ever ready to kindle with enthusiasm at the sight of noble deeds, or to glow with generous indignation at the recital of foul wrongs.

We have also, what we rather think is a re-issue of a vigorous epic, published several years ago, under the title of "The Fall of Nineveh," † by Mr. Edwin Atherstone. Grand as the subject is, the writer has risen even equal to it, and in the gorgeous flowing style, rich conceptions, and graceful melody of the poem, we recognise the work of a man thoroughly and conscientiously impressed with the magnitude of the undertaking, and determined that it shall lack nothing which imagination can suggest, enthusiasm dictate, or judgment sanction.

During the last quarter, the second and third volumes of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" have afforded matter for the gentlemen who write on the fine arts in the pages of our contemporaries; but the tone of indiscriminate adulation has been somewhat modified. Even those little learned people to whom is consigned the inquiry into subjects calling for some previous study and thought, have begun to suspect that they were not altogether on a sound foundation. As to the volumes themselves, they are entitled "The Sea Stories," and "The Fall," and are marked not only by the same beauty of word-painting and engraved illustrations, but also by the same "dogmatism" of tone. From any earnest thinker like Mr. Ruskin, much is to be learned, provided the seductions of style, and the wayward episodes of opinion, be properly regarded. There are few writers as to whom the duty of a Reviewer is more important, for there is none who, whether Mr. Ruskin be right or wrong, is so inconsistent. He has, nevertheless, supplied matter which one day, in the hands of others, will be turned to good account.

---

* "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree." By Walter Savage Landor. Moxon.

† "The Fall of Nineveh; a Poem." By Edwin Atherstone. Two vols. Pickering.

Digitized by Google

The injurious effects of "competitions" upon art, so much felt in the architecture of the day, seem to be gradually manifesting themselves through the art of the sculptor. Great outcry is raised in Manchester against the choice of the artist for the statue of the Duke of Wellington, by a small committee; and from the information which has reached us, we do not think the merchants and manufacturers of the town would have done worse had they kept the selection in their own hands,—for even in the warehouses we notice more of living art than is to be generally seen elsewhere.

From the artistic we pass to the scientific, and under this head notice an invention which bids fair to work a revolution in the value of gold, by making its extraction from soils in which it has been known to exist, but which have been never hitherto thought rich enough to work, profitable. It is the invention of an American mechanical engineer, of the name of "Berdan," who has exhibited it hitherto in private only, and at the Society of Arts, who have reported most favourably of it, through the mouth of Professor Ansted.

The machine performs at one operation, the pulverizing, washing, and amalgamating of the ore, and so perfectly does it exhaust it of the precious metal, that eminent assayers and chemists have certified that no trace of gold was to be found in the tailings of the auriferous quartz that had passed through the machine.

The construction of the apparatus is simple. It consists of a cast-iron basin, seven feet in diameter, revolving upon an inclined axis or shaft. In this basin are placed two cast-iron balls, the larger one 34 inches in diameter, and weighing two and a half tons; the smaller one 24 inches in diameter, and weighing one ton. Under the basin, and attached to and revolving with it, is a furnace of conical form. The whole, being hung in a strong framework of timber, receives motion from hand, horse, or steam power, by means of a simple cog-gearing.

The operation is as follows:—Fire is made in the furnace beneath the basin; quicksilver is placed in the basin, and the auriferous ore thrown in, in lumps of considerable size. The apparatus is then set in motion; the balls, by their gravity, revolving in a direction opposite to that of the basin. The two balls, moving in contact with each other and with the inclined bottom of the basin, receive a spiral as well as a rotary motion—a combination which is found to possess the greatest efficiency in the pulverization of the ore. The ore is brought under the balls, and instantly crushed to an impalpable powder. The crushing is effected, of course, at the point of contact between the large ball and the basin, and below the surface of the mercury. Thus, the moment the gold is disengaged, it comes in contact with pure and heated mercury, which seizes upon it, and secures every particle. The refuse powder rises to the surface of the quicksilver, whence it is carried off, in the form of a thin paste, by a small stream of water, which runs in at the upper side of the basin, and escapes through suitable openings, just below its rim, into a trough placed for the purpose. The tailings may thus be preserved for analysis if desired.

The novel features of the machine are both mechanical and chemical. The arrangement of an inclined revolving basin in connection with balls of corresponding size and weight, produces a rolling and grinding motion never heretofore attained, and as efficient as it is new. The chemical novelty consists in the heating of the mercury, which greatly increases its affinity for the gold. The result of the combination of these features is, that every particle of gold is secured.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE.

[THE EDITOR *does not hold himself responsible for any opinions entertained by Correspondents.*]

HIGHER DEGREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I HAVE been often told, "I will never take any of the Christian Degrees; the three first are quite enough for me, or, at all events, the Royal Arch added." I confess, when I hear this, I look on the Brother who says it as a weak, unthinking man, who would no doubt be much annoyed to be classed with the bigoted and unbelieving Jew of old; and yet he adheres to his prejudices, not considering that those were but types, which are either now fulfilled in the person of our Saviour, or are in the course of fulfilment day by day. And so, Masonry is to be the only thing in nature without change! We are to rest in the dark ages of Heathenism, whilst the glorious light of the Gospel and completion of prophecy sheds its bright rays over every other system!! Masonry alone is to be that dark corner, on which the Sun of Righteousness is not to shine!!! Is Christianity, which we are taught out of the Word of God is to be universal, to bow to Judaism, instead of being the completion of a system originally begun by our forefathers, in like manner as they worshipped God, and which worship, in our present age, is completed by including the Son and Holy Ghost. That Brother who says, "I will not take Christian Degrees," would perhaps hesitate to say, "I do not believe in Jesus as the author and finisher of all things," and who was to complete in his body the predictions uttered at the period, when Masonry took its rise, and even long before. He does not confine his belief to the Old Testament, but following out the beautiful path of religious instruction therein contained, he finds it leads to, and ends in, the fulfilment of all things by the miracles and wonders revealed in the New Testament; and thus Judaism merges into Christianity: and so Masonry, which was begun in the darker ages, by the blessing of the G.A.O.T.U., *now* adds Christian Degrees, and completes the beauteous system, which is universal in its fullest meaning. And this reminds me that some object to the Christian degrees for *not* being universal! These Brethren look so far afield, that they consider all foreign and heathenish nations as Brethren,

Digitized by Google

and most properly so; and *yet* they are slow and loth to recognise Christians at home; as real Masons, they only tolerate them, and that toleration is sometimes even denied by the inveterate disciples of the old school,—men high in office, and from whose liberal education we were taught to look for better things, but with whom, I fear, table Masonry and conviviality were formerly more commonly cultivated than the pure doctrines of this most holy rite. It mattered not then if a man could open and close a Lodge, could go through a ceremony without missing a word (and perhaps not understanding a word), and, after these solemnities, could be the boon companion of others like himself, this man was pronounced a *good working Mason;* but in our present enlightened days such things cannot be permitted, and a Mason must be able to do something more than a mechanical discharge of his duty in Lodge and at table. I would ask those Brethren who say that the Christian Degrees are not universal, and do not extend to the relief of all who need it, good fellowship and brotherly love, where would they have found (as a general rule) a Jew give relief to one of another sect? Charity, universal love, relief, and truth came into Masonry in full force with Christianity, as any one, who reads the Gospels and Epistles of St. Paul, will find in every page; and as Christianity is, and is to be, the most widely-diffused religion, its effects, Masonic and otherwise, must be the most universal; and, therefore, Christian Masonry must do more good in the world than that confined alone to the narrow limits under the Jewish dispensation. The illiberality of those who condemn the Christian Degrees, also, is very striking, for, by the rules and constitutions of our Order, until admitted, they can know nothing of their object, their working, or their qualities, either good or bad.

There are many who confound the pure Christian Degrees under the Thirty-third with Knight Templarism; this is *now* perfectly distinct, though, for some years, whilst the Supreme Grand Council was in abeyance, Encampments of Knights Templars gave the degree of Rose Croix. Now, all that is necessary to enable a candidate to receive the Eighteenth, or Rose Croix Degree, is being a Master Mason, and of good repute. I can understand, that the mind which cannot grapple with the idea of the utility and necessity of the Christian Degrees, may confound them with Knights Templars; but I trust the foregoing notice will disabuse them of the idea, and that hereafter they will comprehend that Knight Templarism is consentaneous with, but is not included in, the degrees of Christian Masonry. Knights Templars, by mistakenly persecuting Christians, endeavoured to force their religion at the point of the sword; but the Rose Croix Degree breathes the peaceful doctrines of Jesus Christ, and is more suited to our refined age than the barbarous times of the Crusaders.

The Degree of Knight Templar, as given in the present day, is a very interesting one, and also very useful if abroad, for in many parts of the south of Europe it is kept up strictly, and a Brother Knight is welcomed and protected with true chivalric feeling. It is

Digitized by Google

a degree which I strongly recommend to all, *but not until the Eighteenth, or Rose Croix, has been taken,* for I consider this last to be the completion of Masonic degrees for Masons in general.

I now come to the utility of the Christian Degrees, and especially of the Rose Croix under the Supreme Grand Council: I only say, let two Brethren travel on the continent, one a Blue Mason, with his M. M.'s and R. A. certificate; the other with his Rose Croix, or other higher degree, under the Thirty-third, and see the difference of their reception;—the first is received as a Brother, certainly, and all attention shown him; the latter, as a *dear* Brother, and as "the friend who sticketh closer than a brother," one to whom all hearts and hands are open, and to whom confidence is at once shown; and this from the monarch downwards.

Among heathen nations, where the light of Christianity has not yet dawned, the three first Degrees will pass you; but surely there can be no harm (not to say that there is positive good), in adding to these three degrees (which, be it borne in mind, *are requisite to be first taken, as the foundation for others*), the completion of the Masonic fabric, by the finishing Christian Degree of Rose Croix.

I shall conclude by remarking, that the objectors to the Christian Degrees allow the Royal Arch, which, as now practised, was the compilation from several Christian Degrees under the rite of the Thirty-third by the chaplain to the duke of Sussex, in the year 1835, who, being possessed of a smattering of Hebrew (which, by the way, he does not always employ correctly), got up this scenic Degree, containing, covertly, the doctrine of the Trinity, and which, in the present day, is freely taken by those who object to Christianity in Freemasonry!—Yours fraternally,

✠ 18°

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

ON looking over some back numbers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine and Review,* I find two letters on the Valley of Jehoshaphat, one from Past Master Stephen Barton Wilson, the other from Bro. De Rhé Philipe, P.G.S.B. There is no doubt whatever as to the correctness of the statements of Bro. Philipe, that Joshua's great battle, when the sun and moon stood still, could not have been in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; for we are told in the book of Joshua that it was in "the going down to Beth-Horon," that is to say between Gilgal and Beth-Horon, and therefore some miles to the north of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which is close to Jerusalem, on the north and east sides of that city. Neither could it have been in the Valley of Rephidim at the foot of Mount Sinai: it is true that Joshua did

Digitized by Google

fight against the Amelekites in Rephidim, but this was even before the law was given from Mount Sinai, before the forty years of wandering even began; whereas this battle was after the Israelites had entered the land of promise. Those, therefore, who say "Valley of Jehoshaphat," make a geographical error of about ten or twelve miles; those who say "Valley of Rephidim," make a chronological error of forty years. The correspondence on this subject is to be found in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine and Review* for December, 1850, and March, 1851. But on looking into the history of this battle in Joshua x. I should infer that it did not take place at Gibeon, but near it. However, the difficulty seems easily obviated by adopting the plan of several Lodges that I know of, which simply use the Scripture phrase, "In the going down to Beth-Horon." The first thing undoubtedly to be aimed at in our ceremonies, is correctness in stating facts; and the next, uniformity of working. "Elis" has offered an excellent suggestion for carrying out uniformity of working, viz. by appointing a visitor to each Province. To insure correctness, and to expunge the errors, which have by some means or other crept into many of our Lodges, I should respectfully suggest that a Committee of Past Masters should be selected from the most talented members of Grand Lodges, to examine the ceremonies and lectures, and report the result of their investigations to G. L. This would, at any rate, be a step in the right direction; and I hope that ere long some step of this kind will be taken, and also that the suggestion of Elis will be carried into effect. I remain,

Dear Sir and Brother,
Faithfully and fraternally yours,
B. A.

September 3rd, 1853.

Camden Town, Dec. 3, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I FEEL assured no apology is necessary for troubling you with a few remarks upon the letter of your correspondent P. J. W.

Although, doubtless, Lodges of instruction are capable of considerable improvement, they are conducted with the greatest propriety by the very able and respected Brethren, who devote so much time and attention to the advancement of the junior members of our ancient and honourable institution.

It is true, drinking and smoking are permitted, but only in moderation: were any Brother to commit himself by excess, he would be instantly excluded; indeed, from the circumstance that they are visited by Brethren from all parts of the world, and that we never know who may enter at a moment's notice, a check is felt by those, who might be disposed to exceed the bounds of moderation. I have been some years a member of several of those Lodges, have attended

Digitized by Google

them very frequently, sometimes four or five in a week, and assert most unhesitatingly that I never saw, nor heard—and I have spoken of it to Brethren from almost every Lodge of instruction in London—of any such disgraceful scene as our Brother witnessed. Let us, therefore, indulge a hope that it was the only occasion upon which it was presented. I should be obliged by P. J. W. mentioning the name of the Lodge to which he refers.

With respect to clothing; as the meetings are not for the despatch of Masonic business, but simply for instruction, it appears to me, and is generally considered, unnecessary.

We now come to the more serious portion—Sunday Lodges. Desecration of the Sabbath cannot be sanctioned by Masons. We know that in Masonry there is nothing contrary to the purest principle of piety and virtue; no one knows better than Masons that we are strictly commanded to rest upon the seventh day, the better to contemplate the wonderful works of the creation, and to adore the M. H. as our Divine Creator, to go into His Sanctuary, to return thanks for our well-being, preservation, and all the other blessings we have so liberally received at his all-bountiful hands; but from the fact of many Brethren being unable to acquire Masonic knowledge during the week, excepting by the sacrifice of domestic comfort, I think we should not *harshly* judge those, who devote two hours of that evening to the study of that, which will excite as pure and truly pious feelings as can be inculcated by any other means.

That their meetings do not end in debauchery, a visit will show, to any Brother's satisfaction.

I shall not discuss the question of the impropriety of permitting these meetings; but, bearing in mind the obedience inculcated at my initiation, leave that for the consideration of the Grand Lodge, under the sanction of which they are held, and rest assured they will decide in accordance with religion and morality.

I am, Sir and Brother,
Yours fraternally,
A. S. D.

PROVINCE OF DORSET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir and Brother,—

Will you permit me, through the medium of your Review, to make known to the Brethren a letter which I received from the M.W. the G.M.,* in reference to the circumstances preceding my removal from the P.G.M. of Dorset, and which was quite unintentionally

---

* This letter will be found in the Report of the Quarterly Communication, Dec. 7th, when it was read, with the other correspondence, by the M.W. the G.M.

Digitized by Google

omitted from the pamphlet I recently published, containing the otherwise perfect correspondence, which has passed between the M.W. the G.M. and myself?

At first sight it may appear remarkable, and still more so when the date of the G.M.'s letter is noticed, that I did not at once write to the G.M. and request that my *Private* letter should be returned. Certainly this would have been the proper course to have followed, but it would have been useless, inasmuch as my *Private* letter was already in the possession of the G.S., and the direction of the G.M.'s letter to me was, with the exception of my name, written by the G.S., and sealed with the G.S.'s private seal!

I remain, dear sir and Brother,

Yours very fraternally,

Coryton Park, Dec. 5, 1853. WILLIAM TUCKER.

Digitized by Google

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *Nov.* 2, 1853.

Present.—E. Comps. A. Dobie, as Z.; H. L. Cröhn, as H.; C. Baumer, as J.; S. Rawson, G. Sup. for China; W. H. White, as E.; R. H. Giraud, as N.; B. Lawrence, as P. Soj.; H. Faudel, as Assist. Soj.; G. Biggs, as Assist. Soj.; H. B. Webb, P. Sword B.; J. Havers, P. Stand. B.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. Stand. B.; T. Tombleson, P. Stand. B.; R. Gibson, P. Dir. of Cer.; G. Leach, P. Dir. of Cer.; the Principals, Past Principals, &c., of several subordinate Chapters.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and confirmed.

Charters were granted for Chapters to be attached to Lodges as follows:—No. 795, Stokesley; and No. 874, Bradford.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *December* 7, 1853.

Present.—The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M., on the Throne; the Rt. Hon. Lord Methuen, Prov. G. M. for Wilts, as Dep. G. M.; R. W. B. B. Cabbell, *M.P.*, P. J. G. W., as S. G. W.; H. Stuart, *M.P.*, J. G. W.; A. Dobie, Prov. G. M. for Surrey, and G. R.; S. Rawson, Prov. G. M. for China; C. P. Cooper, *Q.C.*, Prov. G. M. for Kent; Lieut.-Col. Vernon, Prov. G. M. for Staffordshire; H. R. Willitt, Prov. G. M. for Dorsetshire; W. H. Smith, P. J. G. W.; F. Dundas, P. S. G. W.; W. F. Beadon, P. J. G. W.; J. Pattison, P. J. G. W.; Chev. B. Hebeler, P. S. G. W.; Revs. J. E. Cox and E. Moore, G. Chaps.; Rev. Sir John W. Hayes, P. G. Chap.; W. H. White, G. S.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from G. L. of Hamburgh; R. H. Giraud, S. G. D.; G. Leach, J. G. D.; B. Lawrence, P. J. G. D.; S. C. Norris, P. J. G. D.; C. Baumer, P. J. G. D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. S. G. D.; L. Chandler, P. J. G. D.; G. R. Rowe, P. S. G. D.; T. Parkinson, P. J. G. D.; J. Havers, P. S. G. D.; J. B. King, P. J. G. D.; J. Nelson, P. S. G. D.;

Digitized by Google

J. Hodgkinson, P.S.G.D.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cer.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cer.; A. A. Le Veau, G. S. B.; J. Masson, P. G. S. B.; G. P. de Rhé Philipe, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.; H. B. Webb, P. G. S. B.; E. H. Patten, P. G. S. B.; T. W. Breitling, G. Pur.; the Grand Stewards of the Year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The M.W. the G.M. intimated to G.L. that he had accepted the nomination by the G.L. of Scotland, of Lord James Murray as a Representative to the G. L. of England. Lord James Murray was then introduced by two P. G. W.'s and the D. of C. and Assist. D. of C. and presented to the M.W. the G.M., who received the Patent of appointment from the G.L. of Scotland, and accorded to the noble brother the rank of a P. S. G. W. in the G. L. of England. Bro. Lord James Murray then returned his acknowledgments to the W.M. the G.M. and the G.L., expressing his satisfaction at the honour conferred upon the G.L. of Scotland and himself, and the hope that the bonds of union would be cemented by the occurrence.

The minutes of the last Quarterly Communication of Sept. 7th were respectively read and confirmed. Their grant of 30*l.* accorded to Bro. H. E. Drake, of the Lodge of Rectitude, No. 420, Monckton Farleigh, recommended by the Board of Benevolence, for July, was also especially put for confirmation, and passed unanimously in the affirmative.

This being the usual period for nominating the G.M. for the ensuing year, the Rt. Hon. Thomas Dundas, Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas of Aske, in the county of York, Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire, &c., was put in nomination for that high office by Bro. Vesper, P.M. of the Yarborough Lodge, No. 812, and seconded by Bro. Elliott, of the Castle Lodge, No. 36, and supported by Bro. J. Savage, P.M. of the Royal Athelstan Lodge, No. 19; the nomination being accompanied with every demonstration of respect, gratitude, and affection.

The M.W. the G.M. then rose and intimated to the G.L. that he had felt it incumbent upon him, however painful was the duty, to remove the Rt. W. Bro. Wm. Tucker from the Prov. G.M. of Dorset, and read the following correspondence which had passed relative to that decision:—

FREEMASONS' HALL,
London, 18th October, 1853.

R. W. Brother,—

The subject of a report given in the last number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, of the proceedings which are there stated to have taken place, at a meeting of the Prov. Grand Lodge for Dorsetshire, holden at Wareham, on the 18th of August last, at which you are stated to have presided, having been brought to the notice of the M. W. Grand Master the Earl of Zetland, I am commanded by his Lordship to inquire of you "whether the report given in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*,* of the proceedings of the Prov. Grand Lodge, held at Ware-

* Vide *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, Sept., 1853, p. 543.

Digitized by Google

ham on the 18th of August last, is correct in substance, as to the Costume in which you appeared, and the Address you delivered to the Brethren." And I am to request that you will favour me with a reply as early as possible, for the Grand Master's information,—I have the honour to be, with fraternal respect, R.W. Prov. Grand Master, your obedient servant and Brother,

To the R.W. Bro. Willliam Tucker, Esq., Prov. G. M. of Dorsetshire. WILLIAM H. WHITE, G. S.

CORYTON PARK, AXMINSTER,

M. W. Grand Master,— *24th October*, 1853.

My Lord,—I have received a letter from the G. S., written at your command, requesting to know whether a charge, printed in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, was delivered by me at Wareham, as it there appears, and whether I wore on that occasion certain robes, there described.—The substance of the charge in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, I did deliver; and if your Lordship wishes it, I can send you the original draft. The Robe also I did wear, but with and in addition to my full clothing as Prov. G.M. I wish in this matter to be open and honest, and therefore as a Brother County Magistrate, as well as Brother Mason, I throw myself entirely on you. If I have done anything annoying to you, or that can be magnified into the most minute scintilla of an attack on you, or your dignity as Grand Master, I regret it; I never intended it; I never for one moment had such a thought. My endeavour has ever been to uphold Freemasonry in every way, and to endeavour to take away the reproach which it once had of being Antichristian, and a mere convivial club: in this I have eminently succeeded; the ladies are with us, and the clergy, if they do not absolutely support us, are not against us, in my Province. You have no Prov. G. M. who would support you in the *hour of trial* more than I would: did I not do so to * * * * * when I had personal reasons to go the other way? From you I hold my appointment as Prov. G. M., my allegiance is due to you, and you have it. I have myself, before receiving the G. S.'s letter, well considered the matter over, and I had determined never more to mix anything with Craft and Royal Arch Masonry, than what was sanctioned by G. Lodge and G. Chapter.—I have the honour to remain, M. W. Grand Master, your Lordship's most obedient servant and Brother,

Right Hon. Earl Zetland, Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire.* WILLIAM TUCKER, Prov. G.M., Dorset.

UPLEATHAM, *Oct.* 30, 1853.

Dear Sir and Brother,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst.

As that letter relates entirely to a matter of business concerning the interests of the Craft, the official reply will be made by the G.S., to whom the letter has been sent, and who will have to consult the G.R.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours fraternally,

Wm. Tucker, Esq. ZETLAND.

FREEMASONS' HALL,

R. W. Brother,— *London, 10th November*, 1853.

I have the commands of the M. W. Grand Master, the Earl of Zetland, to acknowledge the receipt by his Lordship of your letter dated the 24th October last, in answer to the official inquiry, "whether the report given in the *Free-*

---

* After reading this letter, the M.W. the G.M. intimated that he had discovered from a printed copy of this correspondence, that the envelope, in which this letter had been conveyed to him, had been marked "Private." He begged to assure the G. L. that, if it were so marked, he had not perceived it. Having many letters delivered to him every day of his life, he scarcely ever noticed the envelopes, and, therefore, it was not strange that such a circumstance had escaped his observation.

Digitized by Google

masons' Quarterly Review of the proceedings of the Prov. Grand Lodge, held at Wareham on the 18th of August last, is correct in substance, as to the Costume in which you appeared, and the address you delivered to the Brethren ?" and to which you reply, that

"The substance of the charge in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, I did deliver; and if your Lordship wishes it, I can send you the original draft. The Robe also I did wear, but with and in addition to my full clothing of Prov. Grand Master;" and you add, that if you had done anything annoying to his Lordship, or that could by possibility be magnified into an attack upon him, or on his dignity as Grand Master, you regret it.

His Lordship never for a moment imagined any intention of a personal attack, and therefore begs you will dismiss from your thoughts any such idea; but the Proceedings referred to were so completely at variance with the Ancient Constitutions and foundation of Freemasonry, and to the expressed and declared Laws of the Grand Lodge, which he, as Grand Master, is solemnly pledged to uphold and enforce, that he feels it impossible to view them without the deepest pain. He doubts not that the opinions you expressed are the convictions of your Mind, but the doctrines promulgated are so opposed to the universality of the Craft, which admits within its pale all who "believe in the Glorious Architect of heaven and earth, and practise the sacred duties of morality," and that without inquiry into their particular mode of worship, that he cannot permit any of his Officers while in Lodge to introduce subjects of controversy, and thereby risk the breaking asunder those ties by which the virtuous of every persuasion may be united in the firm and pleasing bond of fraternal love.—You say, that, with your robe, and in addition to it, you wore your full clothing as Prov. G.M.: that it is which makes it obnoxious to the law; out of Lodge every one may wear whatever decorations he chooses, and express whatever opinions may please him; it is only within the Lodge walls that the laws forbid the introduction of aught which might excite differences of feeling, and be a prelude to personal discord and contention.—It is not here necessary to enter upon an examination of the statements made in your address, many of which are historically incorrect, but the publicity you have given to opinions so opposed to those which have ever been held and pronounced by the Grand Lodge of England, and by the Ancient Craft, imposes upon the Grand Master the necessity of these remarks, and at the same time of relieving you from the burthen of an office, the duties of which it is manifest you cannot longer discharge without a sacrifice of your convictions.

The G.M. cannot refrain from reiterating how deeply he is pained by the course which he is compelled to adopt, at the same time assuring you, that personally his sentiments of regard remain unaltered.—I have the honour to be, R.W. Sir and Brother, yours truly and fraternally,

WILLIAM H. WHITE, G.S.

To the R.W. Bro. William Tucker, Esq., &c. &c. &c.*

---

* The following letter, which also appeared in the printed correspondence, to which the M.W. the G.M. alluded, was not read, inasmuch as the M.W. the G.M. stated that he had never received, or seen it till it had appeared in print:—

CORYTON PARK, 21*st November*, 1853.

My Lord,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your decision, communicated to me by the G.S. in his letter dated Nov. 10, and I trust your Lordship will see no objection to the course I am about to pursue, in replying to that letter in the present form, inasmuch as my removal from the P.G. Mastership of Dorset must eventually be published.

I had trusted that when I addressed the letter to your Lordship, dated Oct. 24, and marked "*private*" on the address, either that your Lordship would have afforded me an opportunity of more fully stating my opinions respecting the course I had thought proper to pursue at Wareham, previous to your Lordship's coming to a decision, or in case of your Lordship's declining to receive any private communication, you would have requested from me an *official* reply to your official

Digitized by Google

The M. W. the G. M. having read this correspondence, again expressed the pain it had given him to have been compelled to come

---

communication. I may, my Lord, be mistaken, but I apprehend that a letter distinguished as "private," should not have been regarded as either official or conclusive, or employed as a means for substantiating the propriety of removing me from my office; nevertheless, I have thought it right to publish my *private* letter to your Lordship, as, in consequence of your Lordship's decision, I desire nothing more earnestly than that the widest possible circulation may be given to the circumstances which have led to my dismissal.

It is natural, after the attachment which I have ever shown to Craft Masonry, and after my constant endeavours to sustain its principles, and, as I am convinced, to carry them out to their legitimate development and conclusions;—it is but natural, I repeat, that I should strive to justify myself before my Masonic Brethren, and deprecate the severity of your Lordship's sentence upon me, seeing that, unfortunately, there is no appeal from your Lordship's verdict.

In the first place, it appears that the union of Craft jewels with the dress and decorations of Christian Masonic Degrees, not recognised by the Book of Constitutions, and decided by your Lordship as opposed to them, is one ground of offence. If your Lordship can take the trouble to make the inquiry, it will be found that the late George IV. and also the duke of Sussex wore non-Masonic jewels with the full Masonic costume of G. M. This combination of non-Masonic with Masonic decorations is by no means uncommon in many Provinces, and not always discountenanced by P.G. Masters. I am aware that it is irregular, and that in this point I had erred against the Book of Constitutions, and had in consequence taken the resolve as expressed in the concluding paragraph of my private letter to your Lordship, not to repeat that error for the future. I am obliged, however, to seek for other reasons for your Lordship's decision, inasmuch as every brother must consider that the infraction of the law referred to, regulating a mere question of costume, and not any vital point of Masonry, has been too severely avenged by the deposition of a P.G.M. from his office.

In the next place it is asserted that "the *proceedings* referred to, at Wareham, were so completely at variance with the Ancient Constitutions and foundation of Freemasonry, and to the expressed and declared Law of the Grand Lodge, which you as G.M. are solemnly pledged to uphold and enforce, that you feel it impossible to view them without the deepest pain." I think that the authority for your Lordship's accusation, the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, does not contain in its report of the proceedings at Wareham, any proof of the assertion hazarded in the paragraph I have quoted. I unhesitatingly assert that the "proceedings," by which I understand the "*business* of the P.G.L., held at Wareham, were strictly conducted NOT 'at variance,' but in perfect accordance with 'the Ancient Constitutions and foundation of Freemasonry, and with the expressed and declared laws of the Grand Lodge.'" The meeting was numerously attended, and witnesses will not be wanting, if required, to sustain my opinion. I now turn to the last point of accusation, namely, that "the doctrines promulgated (by me) are so opposed to the universality of the Craft, which admits within its pale all who 'believe in the Glorious Architect of heaven and earth, and practise the sacred duties of morality, and that without inquiring into their particular mode of worship.'" One difficulty attends my free discussion of this point, which also affects your Lordship. I advocate the full development of the worship of the Divinity in all its attributes, and that of the sacred duties of the moral law as expanded in the Christian law. In a word, I profess the principles and hold the degrees of Christian Masonry, to which your Lordship is Masonically opposed, and for which I firmly believe I have been deposed by your Lordship. But the universality of Craft Masonry is not affected by Christian Masonry; no one can enjoy the privileges of the latter who has not proved himself a good man in the former, and who consequently has promised his allegiance to Grand Lodge. It is a necessary qualification for the Ancient and Accepted Rite, that the candidate comes recommended by his honest practice of the principles of Craft Masonry.

Digitized by Google

to the decision of dismissing Bro. Tucker from his office of Prov. G. M. for Dorset, but that he had no other alternative than to take such a course, and to abide by the Articles of Union of 1813, which he held in his hand, and which were open for the inspection of the Brethren then present in G. L.

On the recommendation of the M.W. the G.M., a motion was duly moved, seconded, and carried in the affirmative, that the fees paid by Grand Officers on their appointment, which of late have been augmented, should be paid only at the time such appointment took place, and not be repeated annually, as heretofore.

The G.S. stated that, at the General Committee of W.M.'s, on Wednesday, Nov. 30, the following Brethren had been put in nomination as P. M.'s, to serve on the Lodge of Benevolence for the ensuing twelve months:—Bros. C. Robinson, No. 8; H. Williams, 30; W. H. Absolon, 40; W. H. Varden, 57; F. Burges, 72; G. Barratt, 188; J. Smith, 206; M. Attwood, 212; J. W. Long, 257; D. Lamiels, 264; H. S. Cooper, 276; W. H. Andrew, 752.—The Brethren thus put in nomination being no more than the number required by the law, a ballot was unnecessary. They were then declared duly elected.

The Report of the Lodge of Benevolence for September, October, and November, was read; when, on the recommendation of the Lodge of November, it was proposed and seconded, that the sum of 100*l.* be granted to the widow of the late Bro. W. Shaw, P.M. of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, and of several other Lodges. Upon this an amendment was proposed by Bro. Dobie, and seconded by Bro. Masson, that 50*l.* be granted to the said widow, instead of 100*l.* After considerable discussion, in which the mover and seconder of the amendment and Bro. Havers took part, to make the grant 50*l.*, and by Bros. Lord Methuen, Giraud, Rev. J. E. Cox, and J. Savage, in favour of the original proposition, the amendment was put, and lost by a considerable majority. The original motion was then submitted to the G.L., and passed in the affirmative.

The Report of the Board of General Purposes was read and approved, and ordered to be entered in the minutes.

How, then, such can be adverse to the universality of Craft Masonry, or check its success or promulgation, I am at a loss to imagine! I trust, my Lord, that you have not been prompted by others to take a hasty step, on grounds which they have not the ability, and your Lordship has probably not the time sufficiently to examine!

I acknowledge all the principles of Craft Masonry, I quarrel not with him who is satisfied with them, and cares not to pursue them farther; he will still claim, and I will ever render to him the privileges he may seek at my hands. Imperfect as these statements are, from the circumstance I have alluded to, they are due both to your Lordship and my Masonic Brethren generally.

It is my intention to publish a letter to the Officers and Brethren of my Province over which I presided, who have served me so well, so faithfully, and so affectionately. I have no disposition to revive the discussion, unless urgent circumstances demand it of me, satisfied that those who know me best, will most truly and justly appreciate my actions.—I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant and Brother,

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Digitized by Google

A memorial from Bro. W. B. Packwood, P.M. of the Castle Lodge, No. 36, praying to be restored to his Masonic functions, was then read by the G.S., but was not concluded, inasmuch as the said memorial imputed improper motives to a Brother, contrary to the spirit of F.M.

A memorial of some of the members of the Castle Lodge, No. 36, praying the restoration of Bro. W. B. Packwood to his Masonic functions, was then read, and provoked considerable discussion, which led to a decision, that unless steps were immediately taken to restore the Castle Lodge, No. 36, to unanimity, it would be presented to the next G. L. for erasure.

All business being concluded, the G.L. was closed in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The following is the letter which Bro. Tucker has addressed to the Officers and Brethren of the Prov. G. L. of Dorset, alluded to in the note in the preceding page:—

"CORYTON PARK, 21*st Nov.* 1853.

"To the P. G. Officers, Masters of Lodges, and Brethren of the Province of Dorset.

"My dear Brothers,—The Grand Master has deprived me of the Office of Prov. Grand Master. The correspondence which precedes this letter will inform you of the grounds on which his Lordship has dismissed me; and I leave you to form your own opinions on the statements therein contained. I need not say to those not holding the degrees of Christian Masonry, that I could no more enter on the full explanation of its principles to them, than they could unfold Craft Masonry to the popular world. Those who are acquainted with those degrees will really understand my position.

"Provincial and Past Provincial Officers, Masters, and Brethren of the Province,

"I thank you collectively and individually for the good, faithful, and affectionate service you have ever rendered me as your Prov. G. M. The office of Prov. G. M. enabled me to do much that a Mason not so exalted in rank is unable to perform. The possession of that office could not increase my Masonic zeal; the loss of it cannot diminish it; and if I required incentives to keep that zeal still alive and active, I have but to turn to the congratulatory addresses which attended my installation seven years ago, as your Prov. G. M. One word in conclusion: Study carefully the principles of Craft Masonry,—practise them,—reflect upon them,—examine their bearings,—search for their essentials,—and, rely upon it, you will appreciate with many others their vital importance, and their universality increased and augmented by the principles developed in the degrees of Christian Masonry. And now farewell. Your Prov. G. M. no longer, still your Brother in Masonry,

"WILLIAM TUCKER."

LODGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

The amount of relief granted by the Lodge of Benevolence during the months of September, October, and November last, was 228*l.*; viz.:—

On Wednesday, Sept. 28, W. Bro. R. H. Giraud, S.G.D., in the chair, three petitioners were relieved, to the extent of 25*l.*

Digitized by Google

On Wednesday, Oct. 26, W. Bro. J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B., in the chair, seven petitioners were relieved, to the extent of 85*l.*

On Wednesday, Nov. 30, R. W. Bro. W. F. Beadon, P.J.G.W., in the chair, thirteen petitioners were relieved, to the extent of 118*l.*

On the recommendation of the Lodge of Benevolence, on the 30th of November, the petition of Mary, widow of the late Bro. W. Shaw, P.M. of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, was recommended to the Grand Lodge for relief, to the extent of 100*l.*, which recommendation, as will be seen by the report of the G.L., passed in the affirmative.

MASONIC CHARITIES.

We beg to call especial attention to the advertisement announcing a Festival to be held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, February 6th, 1854, under the Presidency of the M. W. the G. M., the Earl of Zetland, in behalf of the funds of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for aged Freemasons and their widows. A more influential list of Stewards could not have been published; and we are not without hope that a goodly muster of the Brethren will rally round the G. M., and respond liberally to the appeal, which will be made in behalf of the recipients of this Charity, especially of the widows of deceased Brethren. We also sincerely hope, that a well-directed effort will be made to raise sufficient funds for the completion of the building at Croydon.

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.



The summer Convocation and Festival of the Order under the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, was held at Freemasons' Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 6th day of July, A.D. 1853. A large assembly, comprising some of the most distinguished Masons in the kingdom, were present at the Convocation. The Treasurer-General of the Order (who in the absence of the Sov. Commander, Dr. Leeson, occupied the throne), said he had the gratification of announcing, officially, that

Digitized by Google

since the last Convocation of the Order, their friend and Ill. Bro. Col. Vernon * had been advanced to the dignity of a Sov. Grand Inspector-General, of the 33rd and last Degree of the Order, and had been inducted into the vacant stall in the Supreme Council for England and Wales. This official announcement was received by the Brethren present, with the most lively satisfaction. The Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Udall, then proceeded with the beautiful and sublime ceremony of Kt. K. H., the 30th Degree of the Order. He was assisted in the senate and areopagus by the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, William Tucker; the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, J. A. D. Cox; the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Emly; the Ill. Grand Inqr. Commander, Matthew Dawes, Prov. Commander of Templars for Lancashire; the Ill. Grand Inqr. Commander, J. N. Tomkins, of London; the Ill. Grand Inqr. Commander, Thomas Ward, of Newcastle-under-Lyne; the Ill. Bro. Sir John de la Pole, Bart., of Shute, in the county of Devon, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. C. Vigne, of Bath, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles Goolden, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Beauchamp Cole, of Twickenham, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. P. Fischer, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Dr. Goolden, of St. Thomas's Hospital, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Thomas Best, of Andover, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Dr. Randle Wilbraham Falconer, of Bath, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Augustus Trotter, of Victoria, Hong Kong, China, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Francis Thomas Allen, of Bath, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. A. J. Gibb, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Alexander Muttlebury, of the 29th Bengal Native Infantry, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Snell, of London, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. W. Jones, *M.D.*, of London, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Evans, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythesea, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree, and Chaplain to the High Grades Union; and many other distinguished Brethren of the Order.

At this interesting meeting the R. W. Bro. Lord Leigh, Prov. Grand Master for Warwickshire, had the rank of Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree of the Order conferred on him.

After the installations had been concluded, the Council of the 30th Degree was closed in ancient and solemn form.

A chapter of Rose Croix (the 18th Degree of the Order) was then opened, and several Brethren, members of chapters of Rose

* This has been a most interesting Masonic year for the Ill. and R. W. Bro. Col. Vernon. He was on the 9th of May placed in the vacant stall, as a Sov. Grand Inspector-General in the Supreme Council for England and Wales, as announced in the July number of this Magazine; and in the September following, he was made Prov. G. M. for Staffordshire, as the successor of Maj.-Gen. Anson. He had been for several years previously, and still is, the Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for that Province.

Digitized by Google

Croix, held under the sanction of the Supreme Council for England and Wales, were admitted to the convocation.

The Sov. Inspector-General, J. A. D. Cox, then presided, as Most Wise Sovereign, over the Metropolitan Chapter of Rose Croix, and several Brethren were admitted to that Degree in the Order. The anthems of this sublime Degree were given by a full choir, conducted by Bro. Jolly.

After the Degrees in the Rose Croix chapter had been concluded, the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Udall, addressed the convocation as to the progress of the Order during the past year. He said, that since the last summer festival the Order had been progressing in a highly satisfactory manner, and the fruits of their exertions had become apparent in the Masonic and social rank of the Brethren who, during the past year, had had the higher Degrees conferred on them. At the last year's festival he had, in the absence of the Sov. Commander, publicly placed in the hands of several distinguished Brethren, patents, granted by the Supreme Council, for conferring Degrees in the Order, up to the rank of Rose Croix. He was glad to say that in the chapters opened under those patents, Brethren of eminence were being advanced to that rank in them. When he delivered out the patents, he read from the regulations of the 18th Degree, this part of the instructions to the M. W. Sov. of Chapters of R. C., "*That the Degree could never be conferred but after the most satisfactory inquiries into the true Masonic, as well as the civil qualification of every candidate.*" He was glad to inform the convocation, that so far as he had been informed, the M. W. Sovereigns who have presided over the chapters of Rose Croix, had religiously followed those instructions. The social rank and position of the Brethren were clearly apparent, and from all he heard he had the best reasons for thinking that their previous Masonic rank in craft, or symbolic Masonry, had been fully tested. Application had been made to the Supreme Council for a patent for a Rose Croix chapter, at Bath, to be called after the patron saints of that ancient city, St. Peter and St. Paul. This patent he had hoped to have been able at this convocation to have delivered into the custody of its M. W. Sov. the Ill. Bro. Chas. John Vigne, who would be assisted in it by the Chaplain of the High Grades Union, the Rev. George Bythesea. The patent of constitution was, however, not quite ready, but would be forwarded to his Ill. Brethren at the earliest opportunity.* He said he was happy further to announce, that the success of the efforts of their Supreme Council had given the liveliest satisfaction to members of Supreme Councils in other countries, and to none more so than to the members of that to which they are so much indebted, the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States of America. In the published reports of the proceedings of

* The Chapter has been since opened, and has held several meetings. Under the guidance of the Ill. Brother above named, and other distinguished Brethren of the Order, it is progressing very successfully.

Digitized by Google

that Supreme Council, held in March last, at Boston, the Most Puissant Commander, Raymond, thus speaks of our Council :—"*Its interests,*" *he says,* "*are in able and discreet hands, and the present indications are, that it is destined, at no very remote period, to take its stand at the head of all the Supreme Councils of Europe, for character, ability, and efficiency.*" .The Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Udall, after alluding to other matters of great interest to the convocation, called upon the Brethren to assist him to close the chapter, which was done in ancient and solemn form.

The Brethren then proceeded to the banquet, which was presided over by the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, William Tucker. Several addresses of much Masonic interest were delivered, and the whole evening was characterized with that unity of sentiment and good feeling which has so strongly marked the meetings of the Members of the High Grades Union, since the establishment of that body.

The Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, held a Convocation of the Order, at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street, on Monday, the 31st of October, A.D. 1853, for the purpose of conferring the rank of Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree. In the absence of the Sov. Commander, Dr. Leeson, the Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order presided at the dignified ceremony of the Degree, being ably assisted by the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Emly, Grand Chancellor of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars, and Treasurer of the High Grades Union; the Sov. Inspector-General, J. A. D. Cox, Grand Registrar of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars; the Ill. Bro. J. N. Tomkins, Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree; the Ill. Bro. M. Costa, Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, and about thirty Brethren having the rank of Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree.

The R. W. Bro. Lord Methuen, Prov. G. M. for Wilts; Bro. Henry Hughes Hill, of Exeter College, Oxford, and Tunbridge Wells; and Robert Mosley, of London, then had the rank of the 30th Degree conferred upon them, and took their seats in the Council of Kt. K. H.

After some other business had been concluded, the Council was closed in ancient and solemn form. The Members of the High Grades Union, and the newly admitted Kts. K. H. then banqueted together, the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, J. A. D. Cox, presiding; and the evening passed with that kind and generous feeling towards each other that ought to be found amongst all Masons, but especially amongst those who have been admitted to degrees that inculcate as their fundamental principles—peace on earth and good will towards men.

It appears that some mistake has arisen as to the mode of admission to the High Grades Union, and it has been thought by some that the mere fact of being a Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree of the

Digitized by Google

Order, entitles such a Brother, as a matter of right, at once to become a subscribing member to the High Grades Union. This is not so. It is true that no person can be a member of that body who has not attained the rank of the 30th Degree of the Order, but that does not of itself make him even eligible, for he must dine once at the banquet of the High Grades Union before he is so eligible, and be either proposed at the public meeting of that body, or his name sent round by circular to each of the members, when the ballot for his election will take place at the next meeting.

At a meeting of the Supreme Council of Sov. Grand Inspectors-General for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, held on Thursday, the 3rd of November, A.D. 1853, the dignity of Grand Inq. Commanders, the 31st Degree of the Order, was conferred on the Ill. Brethren Sir John George Reeve de la Pole, Bart., of Shute, in the county of Devon; Charles John Vigne, of Westfield House, Weston, in the county of Somerset; and George Beauchamp Cole, of Heath House, Twickenham, Middlesex.

A meeting of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, called for general business, was held at their Grand East, Freemasons' Hall, London, on Friday, the 9th of December, A.D. 1853. It was attended by M.P. Sov. Commander Dr. Leeson, and most of the Grand Dignatories of the H. E. Letters giving sufficient reasons for absence were received from the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Sir John Robinson, Bart., and from the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, J. A. D. Cox.

The Supreme Council at this meeting conferred the dignity of a S.P.R.S. of the 32nd Degree of the Order on the Ill. Bro. Matthew Dawes, of Westbrooke, and Prov. Commander of Knights Templars for the county of Lancashire.

After the Supreme Council there was a Convocation of members of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, who had attained the rank of Kts. K.H. of the 30th Degree of the Order. The Convocation was attended by the M. P. Sov. Commander, Dr. Leeson; the Ill. Treasurer-General of the H. E., Henry Udall; the Ill. Grand Almoner of the H. E., William Tucker; the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Henry Emly; the Ill. Sov. Inspector-General, Col. George Vernon; the Ill. Bro. Matthew Dawes, S. P. R. S. of the 32nd Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. G. Reeve de la Pole, Bart., Grand Inqr. Commander of the 31st Degree; the Ill. Bro. Frederick Dee, Grand Inqr. Commander of the 31st Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Beauchamp Cole, Grand Inqr. Commander of the 31st Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles John Vigne, Grand Inqr. Commander of the 31st Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles Goolden, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. E. S. Snell, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. W. G. Caw-

Digitized by Google

dry, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Dr. Goolden, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Bishop, Jr., Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythesea, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree, and Chaplain of the High Grades Union; the Ill. Bro. Evans, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Frederick Walker, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Henry Hughes Still, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. G. A. Trotter, Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree; and many other distinguished Brethren of the Order.

The sublime and dignified ceremony of the degree was given by the Ill. Tr. Gen. of the H.E., assisted in the areopagus and senate by the Ill. Sov. Inspector-Gen. Col. George Vernon; the Ill. Sov. Inqr. Commander George Beauchamp Cole, and the Ill. Bro. Evans; the important part of Grand Marshall Introducer was intrusted to the Ill. Bro. Charles Goolden. The accolade of the degree was conferred by the Sov. Commander of the Order, Dr. Leeson.

The Ill. Brethren upon whom the degree of Kt. K.H. at this Convocation was conferred, were the Rev. John Edmund Cox,* Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge; Andrew Gammell, Lieut. of the 12th Lancers; and Charles Chandos Pole, of London.

After the proclamation of the newly-admitted Kts. K.H., they took their seats in the Council of Kts. K.H. The Sov. Commander then closed the Council.

After the closing of the Council a meeting took place of the members of the High Grades Union, the Ill. Sov. Inspector-Gen. and R.W. Bro. Col. George Vernon, Prov. G.M. for Staffordshire, presiding.

The following Ill. Brethren, who had been proposed at the last meeting of the High Grades Union, were then ballotted for, and duly elected, the Ill. and R.W. Bro. Lord Methuen, Henry Hughes Still, and Robert Mosley.

No other business being before the High Grades Union, the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, where addresses of a highly interesting Masonic character were delivered by the Ill. and R.W. Brother in the chair, Col. Vernon; the Sov. Commander Dr. Leeson; the Ill. Tr. Gen. Henry Udall; the Ill. and R.W. Bro. the Grand Almoner, W. Tucker; the Ill. Sov. P.R.S. Matthew Dawes; the Ill. Bro. Sir John de la Pole, Bart.; the Ill. Bro. Lieut. Gammell, and other Brethren, but no copies having been preserved of them, we deeply regret we cannot lay them before our readers.

It is now about two years (June, 1851, No. 6, p. 214) since the names of the members of the Supreme Councils for the United Kingdom were published in the *Masonic Quarterly;* as several changes have been made since that period, we now republish the lists. It will unfortunately be seen that two most worthy and

* Both the Grand Chaplains of the Grand Lodge, the Rev. Edward Moore and the Rev. J. E. Cox, have been for a long time members of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, as S. P. R. C. (the 18th Degree of the Order).

Digitized by Google

accomplished Sov. Inspectors-General are omitted from the list of the Irish Council. Death has deprived us and our Irish friends of the able assistance and co-operation of the Ill. Bro. John Norman, the Ill. Grand Sec. of the H. E., and the Ill. Bro. James Kenny. The Ill. Brethren have been long known and valued for their services in the higher degrees of Freemasonry.

The Ill. Bro. Norman and the Most Ill. Sov. Lieut. Grand Commander, John Fowler (still happily spared to us and to Masonry), now many years ago applied for authority to found a Supreme Council of the 33rd and last degree in Ireland.

At that time but little was known of the higher degrees there. How different it is now. During their lives how very much has been accomplished towards the establishment of legal order and discipline in these degrees. Our deceased Brethren have given every support in their power to the true principles of the Order, and although taken from their places of earthy Masonic power, we have a sure and steadfast hope that they have ascended on high—only to be transplanted into that Grand Lodge above, where the world's great Architect lives and reigns for ever.

Members of the Supreme Grand Councils

Of Sov. Grand Insp. Gen. of the 33rd Degree for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Supreme Council for England and Wales and the Dependencies of the British Crown.

Henry Beaumont Leeson, Esq., *A.M.*, *M.D.*, of Trinity College, Oxford, and Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, *F.R.S.*, Greenwich, Kent, and Pulpit Rock, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, Most Puissant Sov. Grand Commander; Rev. George Oliver, *D.D.*, Scopwick Vicarage, Lincolnshire, Most Ill. Lieut. Grand Commander; Henry Udall, Esq., Temple, London, Ill. Grand Tr. Gen., H.E.; Davyd W. Nash, Esq., Temple, London, and Clifton, Bristol, Ill. Grand Sec. Gen., H.E.; Richard Lea Wilson, Esq., Streatham Common, Surrey, and St. Leonards, Sussex, Ill. G. M. of Cer., H.E.; William Tucker, Esq., Coryton Park, Axminster, Ill. Grand Almr., H.E.; John A. D. Cox, Richmond, Surrey, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Sir John Robinson, *Bart.*, Arthur's Club, London, and Rokeby Hall, Dunleer, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Col. George Vernon, Junior United Service Club, and Hilton Park, Wolverhampton.

The following members have retired from the Council, but specially assist the Supreme Council in superintending Provincial districts:—Henry Emly, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, London, and Gravesend, Kent; Frederick A. Winsor, Esq., Lincoln's-Inn Fields, London; and Capt. A. Q. Hopper, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., 33rd.

Supreme Council for Ireland.

His Grace the Duke of Leinster, Most Puissant Sov. Grand

Digitized by Google

Commander; John Fowler, Esq., Most Ill. Sov. Lieut Grand Commander; Richard Wright, Esq. Ill. Grand Tr., H.E.; George Hoyte, Esq., Ill. Grand Chan., H.E.; Sir John William Hort, *Bart.*, Ill. Capt. Gen., H.E.; Thomas James Quinton, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Thomas Macgill, Esq., Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Col. Chatterton (Hon.), Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.

Members of Foreign Councils recognised in the Irish Council by affiliation:—Michael Furnell, Esq.; and John Jones, Esq., Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., 33rd.

Supreme Council for Scotland.

His Grace the Duke of Athole, Most Puissant Sov. Grand Commander; Hon. A. Jocelyn, Hon. Grand Commander; J. Whyte Melville, Esq., Most Ill. Lieut. Grand Commander; Samuel Somerville, Esq., *M.D.*, Ill. Grand Tr., H.E.; Andrew Murray, Ill. Grand M.C., H.E.; William Donaldson, Esq., Ill. Grand C.G., H.E.; The Master of Torphican, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Walter Arnott, Esq., *M.D.*, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; Col. John Swinburne, Sov. Grand Insp. Gen., H.E.; J. Linning Woodman, Esq., Ill. Grand Sec. Gen., H.E.

*** To prevent mistakes, our country Brethren are informed that all petitions for Warrants for Chapters of Rose Croix, &c. (without which that sublime Degree cannot be conferred), should be addressed to Davyd W. Nash, Esq., Secretary-General of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales, &c., Freemasons' Hall, London. To whom, also, all applications should be made in writing for admission into the higher Degrees of the Order.

METROPOLITAN.

GRAND STEWARDS' LODGE.—This Lodge had a public night at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dec. 19, Bro. Tomkyns, W.M., presiding. The second and third Lectures were very ably worked.

GRAND MASTERS' LODGE (No. 1).—The Brethren of this Lodge met at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dec. 19, Bro. J. J. Blake, W.M., presiding, when the second and third ceremonies were both most ably gone through. Bro Potter, P.J.G.D., was elected W. M. for the ensuing year. Nearly thirty of the Brethren afterwards dined together, Bro. Giraud, P. M., presiding in the absence of the W. M., who was compelled to leave in consequence of indisposition. There were

Digitized by Google

several visitors present, amongst whom was Bro. Rawson, Prov. G. M. for China, an old and highly-esteemed member of the Lodge.

Royal York Lodge of Perseverance (No. 7).—This Lodge met as usual, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dec. 21, when Bro. Adlard, M. M., most ably performed the business, consisting of four initiations and a passing. Bro. Dr. Jones, S.W., was unanimously elected W. M. for the ensuing year.

British Lodge (No. 8).—At a meeting of this Lodge, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dec. 19, Bro. Stohwasser, the W. M., raised three of the Brethren to the third degree in a most able manner. Bro. Massey Dawson, the S.W., was elected W. M. for the year 1854. There were several visitors present, including the Prov. G. M. for Kent, Bro. Purton Cooper, Bro. Dr. Rowe, &c.

Enoch Lodge (No. 11).—The monthly meeting of this excellent Lodge was held at Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, Dec. 14, when Bro. Young, the W. M., most ably initiated two gentlemen into the Order, passed two, and raised one to their respective degrees. Bro. F. Ledger, the present S. W., was unanimously elected W. M. for the ensuing year, and Bro. W. Williams, Treasurer, in the room of the late respected Bro. Watts. It was resolved that an elegant jewel should be presented to Bro. P. M. R. Temple, for the great services he had rendered to the Lodge, he having most efficiently discharged the duties of M. C. for a period of seven years.

Globe Lodge (No. 23).—The members of this Lodge met together at the Freemasons' Tavern, Thursday, Dec. 15, when Bro. Newton, W. M., most ably initiated Mr. George Oliver into the Order. Bro. W. Evans then took the chair by permission of the W.M., and most ably raised his son, who had been initiated in All Souls Lodge (No. 199), Weymouth, and another Brother, to the degree of M. M. In a later part of the evening, Bro. Davenport and another were advanced to the second degree, the ceremony being postponed until after supper, in consequence of Bro. Davenport being detained by his engagements at the City of London Theatre. Bro. Hewlett, S.W., was unanimously elected W.M. for the year 1854, and P.M. Bro. Bennett, Treasurer, in the room of the late lamented P.M. Bro. Banks. It was the wish of the Brethren to elect Bro. Watson, the respected proprietor of the Freemasons' Tavern, to whom the Lodge is chiefly indebted for its resuscitation, as Treasurer, and a deputation of the Brethren had an interview with the G. Sec. on the subject during the past month, to know whether a dispensation would be granted for the purpose, it being one of the fundamental rules of the Order, that no Mason shall hold office in a Lodge meeting at his own house. Prior to the election of Bro. Bennett, P.M. Bro. Blackburn communicated to the Lodge that he had received a reply from the G. Sec., stating that the M.W.G.M., though he highly appreciated

Digitized by Google

the great Masonic abilities of Bro. Watson, felt that he could not consistently relax the law, as, if it were done in one case, others would be applying, who would feel themselves aggrieved if a similar indulgence were not extended to them, and the law might be thereby rendered almost a dead letter. The Brother elected to the office is one of the oldest private friends of Bro. Watson, who introduced him into Masonry.

Old Concord Lodge (No. 201).—The W. M. elect of the above Lodge, Bro. Kennedy, has, with his usual endeavours to promote the happiness of his friends, as well as the welfare of the Masonic charities, called a meeting of the other Brethren of the Lodge, who have the same interest at heart, to assist him in carrying out the usual arrangements for their Annual Masonic Ball. The Stewards of this ball have hitherto been able, with the surplus arising from the receipts, to present one of the Charities with a handsome donation. Under such able guidance as that of Bro. Kennedy, we have no doubt they may again look forward to their endeavours being crowned with success. The ball is to take place on Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1854, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

Phœnix Lodge (No. 202).—The members of this Lodge, which, since its resuscitation about six months since, has been rising most rapidly in importance, held their usual meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, Saturday, the 10th inst., Bro. Warren, W.M., presiding, when a gentleman was duly initiated into the Order, two Brethren were passed to the second degree, and four Brethren were unanimously elected joining members. The Brethren of this Lodge also held an emergency meeting, Dec. 17, when two gentlemen, an architect and a surgeon in the Royal Navy, were duly initiated into the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry. The Lodge of emergency was held in consequence of the latter gentleman desiring to be initiated in the Order prior to leaving England on foreign service.

Domatic Lodge (No. 206).—At the last meeting of this Lodge, at the Falcon Chambers, Fetter-lane, on the 12th Dec., four gentlemen having been ably initiated into the Order, and a like number of gentlemen passed to the second degree, Bro. P.M. Smith installed Bro. Harvey into the chair as W.M. for the ensuing year. The new Master was pleased to appoint Bro. Poletti, S.W., Bro. T. A. Adams (P.M. of 196), J.W., Bro. Shea, S.D., Bro. Marshall, J.D., and Bro. Horseley, J.G.

North York Lodge (876).—The annual meeting of the North York Lodge of Freemasons (No. 876) was held at the Lodge-room, on the 13th Dec., when Bro. Richardson was most ably installed W.M. by Bro. Marwood, D.P.G.M., assisted by Bros. Handyside, Reade, and Graham. The W.M. appointed Bro. Thompson, S.W., Bro. Atkinson, J.W., Bro. Brown, Secretary, Bro. Garbut, S.D., Bro. Holt, J.D., and Bro. Jordison, J.G.

Digitized by Google

KEW.—*Consecration of the Beadon Lodge* (No. 902).—The interesting ceremony of consecrating a new Lodge took place on Tuesday, the 29th, when that solemn ceremony was most ably and efficiently performed by Bro. P. M. W. Watson, of the Freemasons' Tavern, in his usual impressive manner. The visiting Brethren having arranged themselves in order, a procession was formed by the petitioning Brethren for the warrant, when Bro. Beadon was placed in the chair as Installing Master; the procession was accompanied by a symphony by Bro. F. Smith upon the seraphine. The anthem was composed by Bro. Genge. The 122d Psalm, and the ode by Bro. F. Smith, were given with good effect, the whole being under the direction of Bro. Genge, assisted by Bros. G. Perren and F. Smith. The 122d Psalm was chanted by them, with "Glory to God on High," so perfectly, that all those who had the gratification to hear them must ever remember it.

After the new Lodge had been duly opened, according to the law and constitution, Bro. Beadon installed Bro. Norris first W. M. under the warrant granted from the G. L., and in presenting him with that charter, entered upon the charge, forcibly impressing upon him the onerous duties, which devolved upon him, to support the character and prosperity of the Lodge. The W. M. then invested Bros. D. Williamson with the collar and insignia as S. W.; R. Temple, P.M., *pro tem.* for Bro. M. Tiley, in Scotland, J.W.; W. Watson, Treasurer; W. T. Haywood, Sec.; G. F. Goodman, S.D.; B. Banks, J.D.; T. J. Coggin, I.G., by a representative. The following Brethren were then ballotted for and elected:—R. Temple, H. Tyler, W. Williams, Lodge No. 11; J. T. Archer, C. Collins, J. Ponsford, No. 23; W. Carter, H. Dawson, G. Harrow, T. Murray, No. 25; Warwick, No. 30; J. Coggin, Thomas J. Jerwood, No. 108; Blackburn, A. Hewlett, C. Mosby, Otway, Scott, No. 169; H. Cullingford, the Rev. Robert Rowe Knott, No. 183; G. Elkington, D. Shrewsbury, No. 196; Bohn, No. 201; H. Warren, No. 202; Potter, No. 281; J. B. Folkhard, No. 338; Hurst, W. J. Haywood, No. 753.

Among the visiting Brethren the following were present:—Bros. H. Carter, No. 752; Carter, No. 276; T. Tombleson, Healy; Moxton, of Leicester; Evans, Blackburn, Scott, Newton, Fox, Salter, Todd, Boyd, Turner, Bursell, Burridge, &c., &c.

Previous to the Lodge being closed, Bro. W. T. Haywood addressed the V.W.M. Bro. Beadon, saying: "It is my duty, Worshipful Sir, to inform you, that the volume of the Sacred Law placed before you is the property of the Lodge of Prudent Brethren; allow me to present to the W.M. and the Brethren of the Beadon Lodge a copy of the same, trusting the Brethren will be instructed and taught the principles, which that unerring Book of wisdom contains."

The Brethren then adjourned to refreshment, supplied by Bro. Adams; after which *Non Nobis* was sung by Bros. Genge, Smith, and Perren.

The V.W.M. Bro. Beadon gave the following Masonic toasts:—

Digitized by Google

"The Queen," with all the honours; "The Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M.;" "The Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M., and the rest of the Grand Officers," and "The W.M."

The W.M. having returned thanks, Bro. P.M. Watson called upon the Brethren to do all honour to the next toast. Although inadequate to his task, he still wished to impress upon their minds the honour conferred upon them by the W.G.M. by naming the Lodge after so distinguished a Mason as the R.W.M. Bro. Beadon, after twenty-five years' service rendered to the Craft, and his zealous support of all the Charities, of which he is a Vice-President. As to the manner in which he had fulfilled the office of Installing Master that evening, there could be but one opinion. It must be gratifying to the Lodge to have so bright "a son of light" amongst them; and he trusted that T. G. A. O. T. U. would long spare him to be among them, to derive benefit from his council and wisdom.

Bro. Beadon, in rising to acknowledge the compliment paid him, felt honoured in presiding over a Lodge named after him. When first applied to for his permission to have the Lodge so named, his impression was to follow the example of Bro. White, who, when applied to by some Brethren of "Canada" to call a Lodge after him, had suggested another name; but being informed that he (Bro. Beadon) was solicited not only as a Brother Mason, but as being connected with that district by his magisterial duties, he gave his consent, being ever anxious to promote the interest and welfare of the Craft. Should it please T. G. A. O. T. U. to spare him to see his son arrive at the proper age to become a Freemason, his great happiness would be to see him presiding over this Lodge, which had conferred so distinguished an honour upon himself.

"The Visitors."

Bro. T. Scott, P.M., returned thanks for himself and Visiting Brethren.

"Bro. Tombleson, as P. Master."

Bro. Tombleson returned thanks.

"Bro. P.M. Watson."

Bro. Beadon, in proposing Bro. Watson's health, descanted upon the able manner in which he had worked the Ceremonies of the evening.

Bro. Watson returned thanks, stating that he was most happy at all times to render his services, whenever required, to advance the interest of the Order.

We cannot close this notice without bearing testimony to the efficient services rendered by Bros. Blackburn and Cooper, as M. of Cers.; and to Bro. Haywood, in reading the warrant and minutes of the preparatory meeting, and the customary duties of the Secretary of the Lodge. About sixty Brethren sat down to the banquet. A more delightful day could not be spent in Freemasonry. It cannot fail to be ever remembered as a "red-letter day" in the annals of the Craft.

Digitized by Google

EMULATION LODGE OF IMPROVEMENT.—The Members of this Lodge held their annual festival on Tuesday, the 29th November, which was most numerously attended, to hear the first lecture worked, the seven sections of which were given by the following Brethren, in a manner which left nothing to be desired, and reflected the highest credit on the instruction of the veteran and talented Bro. S. B. Wilson, who occupied the chair, and put the questions:—Bro. Rixon, whose proficiency was much remarked, having only been initiated in January last, worked the first section; Bro. Oram the second; Bro. Symonds the third; Bro. Palmer, Honorary Secretary to the Lodge, the fourth; Bro. Absolon, the fifth; Bro. S. B. Wilson, jun., the sixth; and Bro. Hervey, the Treasurer, the seventh. After the conclusion of the lecture, an unprecedented number of visitors were proposed as joining members. The Brethren then proceeded to the Great Hall, where upwards of 150 sat down to an elegant banquet, under the Presidency of Bro. J. Hervey, Treasurer to the Lodge, and Vice-President of the Board of General Purposes, who had for his officers, Bro. H. Lloyd, S. W.; Bro. J. Robinson, J.W.; Bro. S. Oram, S.D.; Bro. L. Artus, J. D.; and Bro. J. Symonds, I.G.; and was supported on his right and left by Bros. H. Crohn, G.S. for German Correspondence; P. L. Evans, P. G. S. B.; G. R. Rowe, *M.D.*, P. G. D.; Baumer, P. G. D.; Bisgood, D. P. G. M., Kent; Luxmore, P. P. S. G. W., Devon; Massey Dawson, G.S., and many other influential Brethren.

The cloth having been drawn, the first toast was to the "Pious memory of Bro. Peter Gilkes," which was drunk in solemn silence.

The W. M. then rose, and stated that it was not his intention to weary the meeting with long speeches; and as the next toast required no comment, he would at once call upon them to drink "The Queen and the Craft."

This was followed by the "M. W. G. M., the Earl of Zetland," which was received with every demonstration of respect.

The W. M., in proposing the health of the D. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough, and the past and present Grand Officers, having paid a well-merited tribute of respect to that nobleman, and a proper compliment to the G. O. by whom he was supported, called on the Brethren to be upstanding, coupling the toast with the name of Bro. Crohn.

Bro. Crohn briefly returned thanks, stating what pleasure the G. O. always had in attending such meetings, and in upholding the interests of the Craft.

Bro. Dr. Rowe then rose, and in very complimentary language proposed the health of the W. M., recommending all young Masons to join and attend Lodges of Instructions, whence all Masonic principles took their germ, and where they were so ably discussed and elucidated.

The W.M. regretted that the chair was not more ably filled, and stated that, in the absence of the Brother who was to have presided over them, he had been most unexpectedly called upon to fill his place. He thanked

Digitized by Google

Bro. Rowe for the kind way in which his name had been introduced, and the Brethren for the manner in which they had received it, but more especially for the indulgence they had shown to his shortcomings. The W. M. then called upon the Brethren to fill bumpers, and gave "Success to the Emulation Lodge of Improvement," coupling with it the name of Bro. W. H. Absolon, and said, that if anything could reconcile him to the chair not being filled by some more influential Brother, it was the opportunity which it afforded him of presenting to Bro. Absolon a small token of the respect in which he was held by the Lodge, and the sense they entertained of his late services. He stated that Bro. Absolon, although obliged to resign the collar on going into the country, was now as regular an attendant at the Lodge as ever; that he did not confine his instruction to the Lodge, but was always happy to assist the Brethren at his own residence, when Mrs. Absolon's hospitality was always most liberally dispensed.

A very massive silver teapot, of most elaborate workmanship, was then handed round, on one side of which was a suitable inscription.

Bro. Absolon returned thanks in most feeling terms, adverting to the fact of a similar tribute of respect having been shown, at a comparatively recent date, to our late esteemed Bro. Mountain. He disclaimed the idea of his services being at all worthy so costly an acknowledgment, and expressed the warm attachment he entertained for the Lodge, and how anxious he should be at all times to promote its interests.

"Success to the Lodge of Unions, No. 318, under whose sanction the Lodge works," was then given, and was responded to by Bro. A. Browne, who said the Lodge esteemed it one of its highest honours to give its sanction to the working of this Lodge.

"Success to the Lodge of Instruction, working under the sanction of the Lodge of Stability, No. 264, and the other Lodges of Instruction," was then given, the W. M. expressing the cordial feeling entertained by this to its sister Lodges.

The W. M. then gave "The Officers of the Lodge," thanking them for their able assistance, and the support afforded to him; to which Bro. Lloyd, S. W., replied in his usual happy manner.

"The Treasurer and Secretary" was the next toast. The W. M. stated that he should say very little about the Treasurer, who had only to receive and disburse the money, but he passed a very high eulogium on the Secretary, whose duties are very onerous, having to attend fifty-two meetings in the year, those of private Lodges being only seven, who gives his time gratuitously, and to whom the Brethren ought to feel most grateful for any instruction he may afford them.

Bro. Palmer expressed his thanks very briefly, but appropriately, saying, if he only followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, he should be sure to enjoy the esteem of his Brethren.

"Success to the Masonic Charities" was coupled with the names of Bro. Thiselton, Secretary to the Boys' Institution, and Bro. Whit-

Digitized by Google

more, Secretary to the Aged Masons' Asylum, who both acknowledged the compliment in eloquent terms.

"The Stewards, and thanks for their excellent arrangements," was shortly responded to by Bro. Bigg, in a very humorous speech, in which he alluded to the then empty state of the room, and the damp it threw on eloquence.

The last usual Masonic toast of the evening was then given, and at twelve o'clock the W. M. quitted the chair.

We cannot conclude our notice, without congratulating the Lodge on having had one of the most successful meetings at which we ever had the privilege of being present. The work in the Lodge was excellent, thanks to Bro. S. B. Wilson, who quitted the hall at an early hour, before the compliment of drinking his health could be paid him. The attention which was given to the lecture was most striking. In the hall order was admirably preserved, and the Brethren seemed to vie with each other in their anxiety to maintain proper decorum. The arrangements made by the Stewards were admirable, and never was an evening passed more agreeably.

Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution.—The first meeting of the Stewards, to carry out the approaching Festival on the 8th of February, in aid of this Institution, for aged Freemasons and their widows, held their first meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, Dec. 16, Bro. Blake presiding. It was announced that the names of thirty-five Stewards had been received, and the Right Hon. Bro. Lord Methuen was chosen President of the Board of Stewards, Bros. Blake and Snell, Vice-Presidents, Bro. Tomkins, G.T., Treasurer, and Bro. Goodman, Secretary. It is understood that the M.W.G.M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, will preside on the occasion. After making various preliminary arrangements, the meeting was adjourned to the 13th of January.

The Masonic Almshouses.—On Thursday, Dec. 15, a few Brethren met at the Windmill Inn, Croydon Common, and presented to the aged Freemasons and widows of the Masonic almshouses, the proceeds of a benefit taken in their behalf at the Grecian Saloon, City-road, together with the result of a subscription got up amongst the members of the Committee. The benefit was (owing to the weather), unsuccessful; but, after paying all expenses, the sum of twenty-eight shillings was handed to each of the eighteen inmates, who were first regaled with a solid old English dinner by the Committee. Trifling as was the amount, it was felt to be most acceptable in the present inclement season. Bro. Biggs acted as Chairman, Bro. Perrin filling the office of Vice-Chairman; Bro. Barrett, Vice-President of the Institution, was present. After spending a pleasant and harmonious afternoon, tea and coffee were provided, and the party broke up mutually pleased with one another. We hope that other members of the Craft will imitate the example thus set them, and endeavour to increase the comforts of the aged during the present

Digitized by Google

season. The amount collected included five guineas, a donation from Bro. Conquest, of the Grecian Saloon. Bro. Keast, of the Star Tavern, City-road, kindly allowed the use of a room for the meetings of the Committee, and thereby limited the expenses of those engaged in conducting the benefit.

PROGRESS OF FREEMASONRY.—It is always with the greatest pleasure that we are enabled to announce that our Order, combining in its ceremonies so much of morality, sublimity, and real religion, is progressing favourably in the opinion of our fellow-men, and therefore it gives us extreme gratification to learn that during the last year more than 2,600 certificates have been issued for new Brethren from the Grand Lodge; and that since the commencement of the year, twenty-two charters for new Lodges have been granted, the last number out, 908, having been issued to a number of the Brethren at Glossop, in Derbyshire. The large majority of the new Lodges are granted to Brethren in our rapidly-increasing colonies of Australia and Canada, where Masonry appears to be extremely popular, a circumstance which cannot fail to give us a very favourable opinion of colonial life. During the year there was only one Lodge granted to the London district, viz., the Beadon, No. 902, held at our esteemed Bro. Adams's, Star and Garter, Kew Bridge, the last of the previous London Lodges, the Fitzroy, No. 830, having obtained its charter in 1849.

CROSS OF CHRIST ENCAMPMENT, 16*th Dec.* 1853. — *Present*— Sir Knights, R. Costa, E.C.; R. Mosley and Foster White, 1st and 2nd Capts.; R. Spencer, P. C. and Regr.; C. Baumer, P.C. and Trea.; Lieut.-Colonel G. Vernon, P.C. and Prov. G. C. for Staffordshire; Major Robb, Prov. G. C. for Hampshire; G. Wackerbarth, P. C. and Grand Treas. of the Order. At this meeting it was moved, and carried unanimously, that five guineas be presented to the Committee for carrying out the testimonial to be presented to our esteemed and revered M.E. and S. Grand Master, Col. C. K. K. Tynte. At this meeting, also, the sum of ten pounds was voted to the widow of an old, valued, and beloved P.C. of this Encampment, the late Sir Kt. W. Shaw.

PROVINCIAL.

DERBYSHIRE.

DERBY.—On Tuesday, the 25th of October, the Brethren of the Tyrian Lodge No. 315, met to celebrate the anniversary of their Lodge, established in 1785. The W. M. Bro. Samuel Henchley, jun., in a most able manner, initiated two candidates into the mysteries of the

Digitized by Google

Ancient Craft, and also passed a Brother to 2nd Degree in Freemasonry. We have no doubt, under the able guidance of the W. M., whose courteous but firm conduct has won the respect of all the Brethren, this Lodge will increase in numbers and respectability.

A Provincial Grand Lodge was held on the same day by the R.W. Dep. Grand Master C. R. Colvile, Esq., *M.P.*, for the despatch of business. Application was made to open a new Lodge at Glossop. It was stated the funds for the erection of a Masonic Hall in Derby were progressing favourably. The following is the list of P. G. Officers for the year:—Prov. D. G. M. John Gadsby, P. M., No. 315; P. G. S. W. the Rev. G. Wright, P. M., No. 315; P. G. J. W. Wm. Garrard, P. M., No. 446; P. G. Chaplain the Rev. W. Hope, No. 315; P. G. Treas. Samuel Willder, P. M., No. 315; P. G. Reg. Samuel Henchley, W. M., No. 315; P. G. Sec. Josh. L. Davenport, No. 315; P. G. S. D. W. Stewart, W. M., No. 315; P. G. J. D. John Dean, S. W., No. 335; P. G. Sup. of Works Geo. Walton, S. W. No. 315; P. G. D. of Ceremonies Geo. Mason, J. W., No. 446; P. G. Asst. D. of Cer. Thos. Newbold, No. 315; P. G. Sword Bearer, John Stone, No. 315; P. G. Purs. R. W. Tempest, No. 315; P. G. Tyler John Riding, No. 315.

After the Lodges were closed, the Brethren sat down to a sumptuous banquet, provided by Bro. Huggins, of the Royal Hotel, in which he excelled his usual liberal style of catering for the creature comforts of his guests. The wines were excellent, and the dessert of the most *recherché* character.

DORSETSHIRE.

Ralph Willett, Esq., of Merley House, near Wimborne, has been appointed by the Earl of Zetland to the office of P.G.M. of Dorset, *vice* William Tucker, removed.

DURHAM.

A Prov. Grand Lodge was held at the New Town Hall, Nov. 8th, when the P.G.M. Bro. Fawcett appointed the following Officers for the ensuing year, and invested them with the insignia of their office:—Bros. H. Fenwick, P.D.G.M.; G. Hawks, P.G.S.W.; J. Culliford, P.G.J.W.; the Rev. R. J. Simpson, P.G. Chap.; R. Reynolds, P.G. Treas.; G. W. Hudson, P.G.R.; J. Crossby, P.G. Sec.; W. Graham, P.G.S.D.; H. L. Munro, P.G.J.D.; G. A. Middlemiss, P.G.S. of W.; J. Crowe, P.G.D.C.; J. Spark, P.G.O.; H. Hammerbom, P.G.P.; T. Hutton, P.G.S.B.; W. M. Laws, P.G. Tyler.

The following Grand Stewards were also appointed:—Bros. J. Potts, Phœnix, No. 111; B. Brooks, Palatine, No. 114; J. Buglass, St. Hilda's, No. 292; J. Hopper, Borough, No. 614; J. Dodds, Tees, No. 749; G. Moor, St. Helen's, No. 774.

The P.G. Lodge having been closed, the Brethren retired to Bro. Thwaites's, Waterloo Hotel, where sixty-eight sat down to an excellent dinner, and the day was spent with that conviviality and harmony which ever distinguishes Freemasons.

Digitized by Google

ESSEX.

CHELMSFORD LODGE OF GOODFELLOWSHIP. — The ceremony of installing a new Master in the Lodge of Goodfellowship, No. 343, Chelmsford, was performed on Thursday, Dec. 14th, at the White Hart Inn, in this place, by Bro. P. Matthews, P.M., Enoch Lodge, No. 11. There was a numerous attendance of members of the Craft, inclusive of visitors from various Lodges in the district, amongst whom may be mentioned Bro. Capt. Skinner, *R.A.*, P.D.G.M. The names of the other Brethren present were—Bros. R. Wilson, S. Court, J. W. Surridge, P.M.; Wakeling, P.M.; A. Meggy, P.M.; P. Matthews, P.M.; Durrant, P.S.; Treasurer, P.M.; E. Butler, P.M.; Bro. Brown, P.M. (North Essex Lodge); Tarell, Pullen, Warner, Archer, Goring, Arning, Burton, sen., Forster, and Sheppard. A passing was most ably gone through by Bro. Burton, P.M.; and Bro. Wilson, the W.M. elect, was also installed in due form by Bro. P.M. Matthews.

KENT.

Br. Purton Cooper, installed in June last P.G.M. for this district, during the month of October visited all the Lodges of East Kent, with the exception of that at Sheerness, where he has announced his intention of holding the Festival for the ensuing year.

Both in Lodge and out of Lodge (we mean at the different banquets), the Prov. G.M. urged with great earnestness the necessity of giving greater support to the Masonic Charities. We sincerely hope that the Brethren of the Province will show themselves sensible of the strong appeals which were made to them, and that they will not forget that conviviality, excellent as it may be, is, nevertheless, only a means to an end. At one of the Lodges, a lecture delivered by a Brother afforded an unexpected opportunity to the Prov. Grand Master, of displaying his knowledge of the history of Craft Masonry, in this and other countries. His impromptu discourse on this subject elicited great applause, in which he expressed a hope that nothing might be ingrafted upon Craft Masonry which would diminish its universality. He observed that for forty years he had been a member of the University of Oxford—and that was to say he belonged to the Church of England; but when he entered a Mason's Lodge, he recognised all whom he found there as Brethren, whatever might be their religious creed. He also further expressed a regret that Jews had some years ago been excluded from Prussian Lodges; and added, that some of the West Kentish Masons are of the Hebrew persuasion.

We understand that the Lodges which still remain for the visitation of the P.G.M. are those of Maidstone, Dartford, and Gravesend.

A warrant has been issued for a Lodge at Sandgate, which the P.G.M. will shortly consecrate.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

NEWCASTLE.—The annual meeting of the Prov. G. L. of Freemasons of Northumberland was held Nov. 25, in Freemasons' Hall,

Digitized by Google

Newcastle. The Rev. E. C. Ogle, R.W.P.G.M., was present, Bro. M. L. Jobling acting as D.P.G.M., in the absence of Bro. R. Medcalf. There were deputations present from the different Lodges of the Province, and a numerous attendance of Brethren. The business of the P.G.L. having been transacted, the R.W.M. appointed and installed the following Brethren as the Prov. Grand Officers for the ensuing year:—W. R. Todd, P.S.G.W.; G. Weatherhead, P.J.G.W.; Rev. J. F. Bigge, P.G. Chaplain; J. S. Challoner (unanimously re-elected), P.G. Treasurer; A. E. Donald, P.G. Sec.; T. Fenwick, P.G. Reg.; J. Barker, P.S.G.D.; H. Bell, P.J.G.D.; B. J. Thompson, P.G. Sup. Works; W. Dalziell, P.G.D.C.; F. Welford, P.G. Usher; T. Haswell, P.G.O.; A. Wilson, P.G.S.B.; W. Swan, P.G. Standard B.; W. Richardson, jun., P.G.P.; A. Dixon, Tyler. P.G. Stewards were also selected from each Lodge in the Province.

The Brethren, to the number of about fifty, afterwards dined together at the George Inn, the R.W.M. in the chair, Bro. Todd, S. Prov. G.W., vice-chairman. The usual Masonic toasts, and the R.W.M.'s compliments to his chief Office-bearers, and to the different Lodges of the Province, were given with due honours. The R.W.M., in responding to the toast of his health, given by Bro. M. L. Jobling, feelingly referred to the pleasure he experienced in once more meeting the Brethren of Newcastle, after the dreadful visitation which the town had suffered. He dwelt at length upon the privation which had been thereby caused, and upon the Masonic duty of relieving the distressed, and suggested, as a suitable thank-offering and mark of gratitude for deliverance from the pestilence, that a collection should be made in aid of those, who have suffered by the epidemic. The sum of 14*l.* 10*s.* was accordingly contributed by the Brethren present. The evening wore away pleasantly, and the Brethren broke up at a seasonable hour, after a protracted period of business and enjoyment, the proceedings having been throughout conducted with the most complete harmony in the true fraternal spirit of Freemasonry.

NORTH WALES AND SALOP.

SHREWSBURY.—The annual Provincial Grand Lodge for North Wales and Shropshire was held in Shrewsbury, on Wednesday, the 26th October, 1853. The Prov. G.M., Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., *M.P.*, accompanied by Lord Methuen, Prov. G.M. of Wilts, and attended by his Officers, arrived at the Lion Hotel, at 2 P.M., together with several distinguished Masons from London, Lancashire, and Cheshire. Immediately on the arrival of the Prov. G.M., a Craft Lodge was opened by Bro. G. Marriott, of the Fortitude and Old Cumberland Lodge, No. 12, and of the St. John's Lodge, Admonton, Shropshire, No. 875, when Major P. B. Williams, and H. Fane, Esq., of the 79th Highlanders, were duly admitted to a participation in the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry. Previous to the ceremony of initiation, a procession of the Prov. G. L. was formed in the magnificent Assembly-room of the hotel, and thence proceeded to the Craft Lodge.

Digitized by Google

The business of the Craft Lodge being ended, the Prov. G. L. was opened in ample form, when the minutes of the last G. L. were read and confirmed. The R. W. Prov. G. M. then appointed the various Officers for the ensuing year; viz.—E. H. Dymock, 328, D.P.G.M.; Sir A. V. Corbet, Bart., 328, G.S.W.; J. L. Rowland, 328, G.J.W.; C. Guise, 328, and P. Bentley, 328, G. Chap.; J. White, 328, G. Tr.; G. Marriott, 875, G. Reg.; C. Wigan, 328 and 875, G. Sec.; W. Brightwell, 328, and J. Broughall, W. M. 328, G. Deacons; J. Kennedy, G.S. Wales; T. Campbell Eyton, 875, G. D. Cer.; B. Churchill, 328, Ass. D. Cer.; J. W. Towers, W. M. 875, G. Sword-Bearer; H. Bloxam, 328, G. Organist; J. Bache, W. M. 887, G. Puist.; W. Nicholls, 328, G. Steward; W. Patchett, W. M., 135, G. Steward, W. Austin, 875, G. Steward; G. Gordon, 328, G. Steward; W. Cureton, 875, G. Tyler; E. Mallard, 328, G. Tyler.

The business of the G. L. having been transacted, the Brethren accompanied the M. W. P. G. M. to a sumptuous banquet, which had been provided by Bro Lewis for the occasion, towards which the Prov. G. M. had contributed half a noble buck, from the park at Wynnstay, with pheasants and hares, &c., from the same magnificent domain. The M. W. P. G. M., Sir W. W. Wynne, was supported right and left by the following Brethren:—The Right Hon. Lord Methuen, P. G. M. Wilts; Sir A. V. Corbet, Bart., S. G. W. North Wales and Shropshire; Thos. Campbell Eyton, Esq., 875, G. D. Cer.; E. H. Dymock, Esq., 328, D.P.G.M.; C. Wigan, G. Sec.; E. Lewis, (Cestercien), P.G.S.D., Cheshire; J. Bach, W.M., 887; J.W. Somers, W.M., 875; J. Broughall, W.M., 328; W. Morris, S.W., 887; T. C. Smith, 161, Wicklow; J. P. White, G. Treas., 328; H. Bloxam, G.O., 388; W. Nicolls, 328; D. Newell, 875; Captain C. Sparling, 328; W. Anslow, G.S., 875; W. Evans, 875; W. Barber, 875; J. Hamor, 328; Major B. Williams, 328; R. Putchard, St. David's, Bangor; W. Dixon, 875; R. P. Weston, 875; H. Freame, 328; F. Dance, 135; G. Gorslen, G.S., 328; Marten, St. David's, Bangor; Baker; Pickering, 135; Dixon, 875; H. Dubs, 328; J. Purcell, 875; E. Jeffries, 328; W. Patchett, W. M. G. S., 135; G. Marriott, G. R., 875; B. Churchill, A. D. C., 328; W. Carston, Tyler, 875; G. Malhard, Tyler, 328; W. P. Winter, Cestercien; R. Haycock, 328; G. Rotlings, 328; T. Onions, 328; W. Brightwell, S. G. D., 328; H. Wace, M. W., 328; J. H. Heathcote, P.J.G.W. 328; J. Randal; S. Pugh, 135; C. M'Kenzie, 875; C. J. Lloyd, 328; S. Wood, 328; W. J. Clement, P. G. G. W., 328; H. Evett, 875; R. Mason, 875; C. Guise, G. C., 328; J. L. Rowland, J.G.W., 328; P. Corbett, 328.

During the evening several excellent speeches were delivered, but we regret that our space will only permit us to give a portion th reof.

Before dinner, a blessing was asked by the G.C., Bro. Rev. C. Guise; and after the cloth was removed, "Non Nobis Domine" was well given by Bros. Hay, Baker, Purcell, and Savage.

The Prov. G. M., in giving the first toast, "The Queen," said that, as loyal subjects, all should, in a true Masonic manner, without

Digitized by Google

any observation from him, do honour to the name of her Most Gracious Majesty. If, however, anything could, by possibility, render so agreeable a toast still more palatable, and secure for it more than ordinary enthusiasm, it must be the fact that *our* Queen is not only the daughter of a Mason, but the niece of most illustrious Masons. —(Loud and long-continued applause.)

The next toast, "The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and the other members of the Royal Family," induced Sir Watkin to remark, that he had mentioned the son before the father, because the title of the son was drawn from the Principality. On such an occasion, therefore, having so many Welshmen present, he was, he thought, justified in the course he had taken.

The next toast given from the Chair was "The Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M. of England; the Earl of Yarborough, and the other Grand Officers of England."

The Right Hon. Lord METHUEN then rose amid the loudest cheers. His lordship spoke as follows: "Brethren, I assure you it affords me very sincere pleasure indeed, in being here to-day, to do honour to my friend and Brother, Sir Watkin, and to meet the Brethren of North Wales and Shropshire. And first, let me offer my warmest congratulations to the Brethren, not only upon the establishment of a Province, but also on the appointment of Sir Watkin to the high and distinguished office of Prov. Grand Master. I have known Sir Watkin very long; I am fully sensible of his qualifications, his zeal, and above all, his great determination of character, a determination which has, to my knowledge, carried him through many difficulties, and which will, I am confident, enable him to make the Province over which he presides, at least equal to any other in the kingdom. I will not trespass longer on your time; I will say but a word or two more. I have travelled a long distance to be here to-day, so that my head may not be so clear as ordinary; and yet I feel I have sufficient energy and sufficient clearness left me to induce you to join me in drinking a bumper to the health of Sir Watkin, your M. W. P. G. M."

Loud and long-continued applause, the Brethren all rising, followed the announcement of Sir Watkin's name.

Sir WATKIN, in returning thanks, said: Brethren, I know not how I am to return you thanks for the more than kindness you have always shown me—for the most enthusiastic reception you have now given to the mention of my name. I do, indeed, most sincerely hope I may be able to promote Freemasonry among you, to justify my appointment to the distinguished office I hold, as Grand Master of your Province, and to satisfy you all that I am not insensible to the kindness and good feeling, which has been exhibited towards me on every occasion we have met, since I became your Grand Master. When I look along this table and then see so many distinguished Masons, it will not do for me to expatiate on the principles of our Order. I need not allude to our noble Charities, encouraged and supported by Royalty itself—to our Institution for the maintenance

Digitized by Google

and education of the indigent female children of reduced Freemasons—to the Royal Masonic Institution for the educating and apprenticing the sons, or the Royal Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons, their wives, or their widows; all these are well known to all of you; they are all, not only deserving, but *demanding* of our best support. I cannot, I repeat, sufficiently thank you for your great kindness to me; but I do, I assure you, most fervently hope I may be a humble instrument in the development of Freemasonry, and that, by the determination alluded to by Lord Methuen, I may be, at least, able to maintain, with your assistance, the position our Province now holds in the Grand Lodge of England. (Protracted applause.)

Sir WATKIN then proposed the health of his noble friend Lord Combermere, G. M. for Cheshire.—"As Welshmen," he said, "we are proud of the Cheshire hero; indeed, we must all be proud to think that the three Peninsular General officers, present at the funeral of the Ill. Bro. the Duke of Wellington, were all connected with the Principality. Yes, Brethren, our Province is justly proud of its generals, for it has sent forth Hill, Anglesey, and Combermere. May I with Lord Combermere couple the name of my noble friend and Brother Lord Methuen, G.M. of Wilts?" (Loud applause.)

Lord METHUEN, in returning thanks, said,—"Your Grand Master has coupled my name with one so great and so good, as to render the task of returning thanks even more difficult than it would have been under other and ordinary circumstances. As I have before mentioned this evening, I am not only much gratified in being here to-day, to do honour to my friend, but I am also gratified in the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Brethren of North Wales and Shropshire. Though I have Freemasonry deeply at heart, though I have been recently appointed to the high and distinguished office of G. M. of Wilts, I am, I fear, very rusty, as Bro. Marriott would soon find out were he to take the trouble to examine me. The greatest and best of men have belonged to our Order. If we turn to the army, we find the best of its officers, from Julius Cæsar to the gallant Napier (who has been so recently gathered to his fathers), members of the Craft. If we turn to the Church, we find she had given members to it—St. Alban's—who formed the first Grand Lodge in Britain. Time will not allow me to enumerate further; sufficient, that Churchmen were amongst our oldest Masons. From King Athelstan, who granted a Charter to Freemasons in 926, to his Majesty King William IV., who, on his accession, declared himself Patron of the Order, we find the Craft supported by the best, the bravest, the wisest of the land. I must, however, conclude by again thanking you all for the kind welcome you have given me, and by assuring you that, if any of you ever come to the West, you shall have the heartiest reception *I* can give you."

Sir WATKIN then proposed the health of the Grand Chaplains.

Bro. the Rev. C. GUISE, in returning thanks, said,—"To you, who have so kindly received the toast, and to you, R.W.G.M., for having

Digitized by Google

proposed it, I beg to return my thanks, as also to Sir Watkin, for the honour he has again conferred upon me in having appointed me one of the Chaplains to the Province of North Wales and Shropshire."

Sir Andrew V. Corbet, Bart., said,—"In conformity to the request of the G. M., he had very great pleasure in proposing as the next toast, the health of the R.W.D.P.G.M. Bro. Dymork."

Bro. Dymork said,—"He felt deeply the high and flattering compliment now paid to him; he was proud of his distinguished position, and that his best energies would be given, as they had been devoted to the promotion of the Craft, not only in this Province, but generally."

Sir Watkin then proposed the health of Bro. Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart., the S.G.W.

Sir Andrew returned his best thanks for that and the many other favours he had received from the Brethren during the thirty-three years he had been a Mason.

Sir Watkin then proposed the health of Bro. W. J. Clement, whose excellent father, before him, had through a long and useful life marked his sense of the Order by his long and valuable connection with it.

Bro. Clement said,—He felt quite unequal to return thanks for the compliment just paid him. He regretted he had done but little for Masonry, but his venerated father, who had so lately been borne to his fathers, was upwards of sixty years a member of the Order.

Bro. Clement again rose and said,—He did not know why a toast, all harmony itself, should be proposed by a voice so discordant as his; he had, however, very great pleasure in mentioning the names of Lady Wynn, Lady Corbet, and Lady Combermere, the Patronesses of the Order.

Sir Andrew Corbet returned thanks.

Sir Watkin then proposed the health of Bro. Marriott, with thanks to him for his valuable services; he had experienced very great pleasure in witnessing the ceremony of initiation which had been performed by him, and he was quite sure his valuable services in the Province would be fully appreciated by the Brethren.

Bro. Marriott spoke as follows,—"Most Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren, I am convinced, from all I have seen, the Royal Art must prosper in North Wales and Shropshire. So long as the Province is presided over by one so distinguished and so determined to carry out the principles of our Order, as alluded to by Lord Methuen, in his very able address—I say as long as our M.W.G.M. is so enthusiastic, and our Brethren so zealous, the Order has nothing to fear in this part of the world, and will stand out not only second to no other Province, but an example of what can be accomplished by perseverance and determination. As regards the high and flattering compliment, which our G.M. has this day been pleased to pay me, both in having mentioned my name to your notice now, as also in having appointed me Grand Registrar, I can

Digitized by Google

only say that I deeply deplore my inability to express, in words, the sense I entertain of his very great kindness. I have, as yet, I feel, done but little in this Province to merit your approbation, but little compared with the pleasure I feel, at all times, in lending a helping hand towards the furtherance of our Order; but I assure you that I shall feel the highest gratification, if it be your pleasure, in visiting every Lodge in the Province, and affording to the younger members that knowledge of Freemasonry so essential to our orthodox working of the Craft. W.G.M. and Brethren, however much I may have failed in giving expression to my deep feelings of respect for the high honour you have this day done me, I trust you will believe that for your kindness my heart is overflowing with gratitude. In plain language, then, be pleased to accept, from my heart, my warmest thanks. I humbly trust, by my actions, to prove to you at the commencement of another Masonic year, that the favour of our G.M. has not been undeservedly conferred upon me."

Bro. MARRIOTT again rose and said,—"Brethren, the W.G.M. has honoured me by calling upon me to submit the next toast. Will you do me the favour to charge your glasses, and to drink the toast in a bumper? It is one that always receives a hearty response in every Lodge I visit. I call upon you to drink the health of Bro. Major Williams and Bro. Freeme—those make the *ninety-nine* initiated by me into Freemasonry, and I may add, speaking from *some* experience, that I never performed the ceremony with more pleasure and satisfaction than I did this evening. I trust the little they have seen is sufficient to satisfy them of the excellence of our Order, and will act as an incitement to them to make the sublime Art their study, so that at no remote period we shall find them no mean constellations in the Craft.

Major WILLIAMS returned thanks.

Several other toasts followed, concluding with the usual Masonic one, "To all poor and distressed Masons."

Music enlivened the proceedings, and Brothers Hay, Baker, Purcell, and Savage, contributed songs. At half-past ten the W.G.M. and Brethren retired, after a most agreeable and truly Masonic festival.

OXFORDSHIRE.

MASONRY AT OXFORD.—The Apollo University Lodge has had some brilliant meetings during the last term, and has enrolled a large number of new members, many of whom will, doubtless, at some future day, do much to propagate and extend Masonry in those different counties in which they may be located. It is for this reason that peculiar interest attaches to the University Lodge, the members of which remain in Oxford but a few years, and then are scattered over various parts of the kingdom. The Masonic knowledge, which they acquire during their sojourn at the University, qualifies them to take their share of Masonic duties in their new spheres of action; and, at the present time, many of the best Provincial Grand Masters and Provincial Grand Officers were first

Digitized by Google

admitted to the light within the walls of the University Lodge. The last meeting of the Apollo Lodge for this term was held on Wednesday, the 7th of December, and was invested with additional interest, in consequence of there being no less than twelve candidates for initiation. The following gentlemen were initiated on that occasion :—Mr. Edward Henry Pember and Mr. Drummond, of Christ Church; Mr. William King, Mr. Crawford, Mr. T. E. Withington, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Dalison, of Merton College; Mr. Boscowen Trevor Griffith and Mr. Edward Heaton Ellis, of Exeter College; Mr. Luke Gerald Dillon and the Hon. Edmund John Monson, son of Lord Monson, of Baliol College; and Mr. Walter Hugh Erle Welby, of Corpus Christi College. The ceremony of initiation was performed by the W.M. Bro. Thomas Best, of Magdalen College, who delivered the charges, and conducted the whole of the business in an admirable manner. The election of a W.M. for the ensuing year then took place, and Bro. W. B. Beach, Prov. G.S.W., of Christ Church, was duly elected.

On the conclusion of the business in the Lodge, the Brethren, in number about seventy, withdrew to the banquet-room, where the Stewards had provided an entertainment worthy of the occasion. The Prov. G.M. of Oxfordshire, Bro. Rev. C. J. Ridley, attended the banquet, and availed himself of the opportunity to communicate to the Brethren that he had appointed Bro. Captain Bowyer, W.M. of the Cherwell Lodge at Banbury, to be D.P.G.M. of Oxfordshire, in the room of Bro. Stephen Burstall, *M.A.*, of University College, who is gone to Australia. The appointment has given the greatest satisfaction to the Brethren of the Province, for, in addition to the high estimation in which Captain Bowyer is held, he is distinguished as a Mason, having been Master of the Richmond Lodge for two years. In his present position as W.M. of the Banbury Lodge, he is doing essential service to Masonry, and through his instrumentality, with the aid of his zealous officers, this young but promising Lodge bids fair to hold high rank among Provincial Lodges.

The Alfred City Lodge.—The Alfred City Lodge has had some large and excellent meetings during the past quarter, and under the Mastership of Bro. Alderman Dudley, late mayor of Oxford, has kept up its credit as a well-conducted working Lodge. At the last meeting, held on Tuesday, the 13th of December, the Brethren proceeded to the election of a W.M. for the year ensuing, when Bro. Thomas Randall, S.W., was duly elected. The election of Bro. Randall to the Master's chair will tend greatly to uphold the high character which this Lodge enjoys; for, in addition to his literary acquirements, he combines habits of business and the strictest integrity, and possesses a heart truly Masonic in every sense of the word. Few men have done more to ameliorate the moral and social condition of the humbler classes, or more readily and heartily devoted their time and attention to promote measures calculated to advance the general good of the community. The estimation in which Bro. Randall is held by the citizens, may be judged of from the fact that,

Digitized by Google

some months ago, when there was a vacancy in the office of alderman, the Town Council, for the first time since its formation, made their choice away from their own body, and selected Bro. Randall, who at that time was not a Councillor, to fill the vacancy. A greater compliment could not possibly have been paid to any citizen, and it reflected great credit on the Council, for one more worthy of it could not be found within the walls of this ancient and loyal city. It is no less gratifying to find that the Masonic Brethren have also taken the earliest opportunity of testifying that they appreciate the services and kindness of heart of one, who will reflect honour on the chair which he will fill, and credit on the Lodge, over which he is selected to preside.

At the same Lodge, Bro. Alderman Dudley was elected Treasurer, and Bros. Frazer and Townsend were re-elected Stewards for the ensuing year. The W.M. Bro. Dudley was unable to be present at the Lodge, and Bro. Alderman R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B., officiated for him; later in the evening Bro. Dudley was enabled to take his seat at the head of the banquet, which was graced with the presence of the R.W.P.G.M. Bro. Rev. C. J. Ridley.

Civic Honours bestowed on Masons.—The corporation of Oxford have elected Bro. Alderman R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B., a most distinguished Mason, and well known to the members of Grand Lodge from his services at the Board of General Purposes, and Grand Sword Bearer for two years, to fill the high and responsible office of chief magistrate of the city. The mayor of the past year was Bro. Alderman Dudley, who is the present W.M. of the Alfred City Lodge; but he will vacate the latter office on St. John's Day, when Bro. Randall will be installed. The corporation of Oxford includes among its members the following Masons:—Bro. R. J. Spiers, mayor; Bro. C. J. Sadler and Bro. W. H. Butler, aldermen; Bro. G. P. P. Hester, town clerk; Bros. J. Wyatt, W. Thompson, F. Thomas, and J. Plowman, councillors.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Taunton.—Bro. Eales White, P.P.J.G. Warden, Somerset, and P.M. No. 327, has been elected High Bailiff of the ancient borough of Taunton.

The annual festival of St. John was celebrated on the 30th Dec.

Lodge No. 327.—The Hon. Major Charles Napier has been chosen W. M. of this Lodge for the ensuing year. Much approbation has been awarded to the W.M. Bro. Abraham, for the able manner in which the working of the Lodge has been accomplished in the past year.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Newcastle-under-Lyme.—On Thursday, 17th Oct., the foundation-stone of the new covered market, intended to be erected on the site of the Crown Inn, in Penkhull-street, was laid by the Worshipful the Mayor, John Lamb, Esq., with considerable ceremonial.

Digitized by Google

Additional interest was excited by the circumstance of the Prov. G. Lodge of Freemasons of Staffordshire uniting with the civic authorities in the pubic demonstration, and thereby adding to the *éclat* with which the proceedings went off. The ceremonial of the day was preceded by a handsome luncheon at the Castle Hotel, at twelve o'clock, given by Alderman Henry Hall, W.M. of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, Newcastle. The invitations were extended to every Brother in the Province, and others at a distance. Upwards of eighty Brethren partook of Bro. Hall's hospitality. At the conclusion of the repast, the Brethren adjourned to the temporary Lodge-room, at the Literary and Scientific Institution, when the Craft Lodge was opened by Bro. Hall. Soon after, the R.W. Prov. G.M. Lieut.-Col. Vernon, R.W. Prov. D.G.M. T. Ward, and the other Officers of the Prov. G. Lodge were admitted, and the P.G. Lodge opened in due form. This being a Lodge of emergency, the only business transacted was in connection with the ceremony of the day, which being done, the Brethren formed in procession about two o'clock, and proceeded to Marsh Parade, the residence of the Mayor, where they were joined by the civic procession.

On arriving at the site, the Brethren and others composing the procession opened to the right and left, forming an avenue, through which the Mayor, the civic body, the P.G. Master, and the Masonic body passed, and took up the respective stations allotted to them. The ceremony was commenced by the P.G. Chaplain, the Rev. W. H. Wright, offering up a prayer; at the conclusion of which the choir, under the direction of the P.G. Organist, sang a portion of the Hundredth Psalm. The upper stone was then raised, and the lower one adjusted. The P.G. Treasurer then deposited the coins in the cavity of the lower stone. A copy of the *Staffordshire Advertiser* of October 8th, and of the *Times* of October 13th, were also deposited in the stone. The P.G. Secretary then read the inscription on the plate, and placed the same in its proper situation. The P.G. Chaplain again offered up a prayer. The cement was next placed on the upper surface of the lower stone, and the Mayor adjusted the same with a silver trowel, which was handed to him for that purpose by the P.G. Sup. of W. The stone was then slowly lowered, and the Mayor gave it one knock with the mallet, amidst the applause of the assembled multitude. "Rule Britannia" was then played by the band. The P.G. Master next proved the just position of the stone by the plumb-rule, level, and square, which were handed to him by the several Brethren whose duty it was so to do, the P.G.M. giving the stone three knocks with the mallet, and making the customary declaration. At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony the band played the National Anthem. The cornucopia containing the corn, and the ewers containing the wine and oil, were next presented to the Prov. G.M., who sprinkled the corn and poured the wine and oil with the usual ceremonies, the choir singing an anthem in the intervals between each invocation. The architect then handed the plans of the building to the P.G.M., who, after inspecting them, returned

Digitized by Google

them to the architect, together with the tools used for proving the position of the stone, requesting him to proceed to the completion of the work in conformity with the plans. The P.G. Chaplain closed the ceremony with a prayer, and the band played the National Anthem. Three hearty cheers were given for the Mayor.

The procession was then re-formed, and returned in reversed order; the P.G. Lodge first accompanying the Mayor to his residence, and then proceeding to the institution, where the Lodge was duly closed.

On the brass plate deposited in the stone was the following inscription:—

"Borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme,
13th October, A.D. 1853.
The First Stone of this Market was laid by
His Worship the Mayor,
In the presence of the R. W. George Augustus Vernon, Prov. G. M.,
And the R. W. Thomas Ward, Dep. Prov. G. M.
of the Freemasons of the Province of Staffordshire, and the
W. M. of Lodge 674, Newcastle-under-Lyme.
John Lamb, Esq., Mayor.
John Nickisson, Esq., Alderman and Magistrate.
Alderman Samuel Mayer.
James Astley Hall, Esq., Alderman and Magistrate.
Edward Wilson, Esq., M.D., Magistrate.
William Dutton, Esq., Alderman and Magistrate, P. P. S. G. W.
Francis Stanier, Esq., Magistrate.
Alderman Henry Hall, W. M. Alderman Liddle Elliot.

COUNCILLORS:—

John Hallam, P. M., 674; John Leech; Thomas Walton Mayer;
Thomas Phillips; William Hargreaves, P. M., 674; Elias Shaw;
James Dickson; John Broomhall, P. M., 674; Samuel Mayer Turner;
Thomas Mason; William Cartwright, P. M., 674; James Miller;
Richard Tilsley; James Hinds; John Williams;

Thomas Harding, Town Clerk.
Joseph Knight, Coroner.
J. W. Ward, Clerk of the Peace.
Robert Chapman, Architect.
James Trubshaw, Surveyor of Works."

The trowel used on the occasion was of silver, and very handsomely got up by Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool. It had the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to the Worshipful, John Lamb, Esq., Mayor of the Borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme, by the Town Council and the Officers, on the occasion of his laying the Foundation-stone of the Borough Covered Market, 13th October, 1853." On the face of the trowel were also engraved the Borough Seal, and the front elevation of the building.

The mallet used by the Mayor deserves a passing notice, it being the same used by George the Fourth, when he laid the foundation-stone of Windsor Castle, at the time of its restoration in 1824. It was presented to the Brethren of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, Newcastle, by Bro. Jenkins, of Windsor, formerly a member of the Newcastle Lodge.

Digitized by Google

THE CIVIC BANQUET.—In the evening, the Mayor, John Lamb, Esq., gave the customary anuual dinner to the corporate body, in the Town Hall.

The Mayor, John Lamb, Esq., presided, and was supported on his right by the Rev. H. Veale, Rector of Newcastle, Sir F. Dwarris, Recorder of the Borough, and S. Christy, Esq., *M.P.*; and on his left by Lieut.-Col. Bagot, Lieut.-Col. Vernon, P.G.M., and W. Davenport, Esq. John Hallam, Esq., occupied the vice-chair.

The Mayor, in the course of the proceedings, said he hoped they would all fill a bumper to "The health of Colonel Vernon, and the other Masons who had honoured him with their company, and assisted in the ceremonial of that day." He expressed the pleasure it had afforded him to entertain them, and added, with reference to the ceremony, that had it not been attended by those gentlemen, it would have lost much of its effect and attractiveness. The toast was very cordially honoured.

Col. Vernon, in reply, said it had afforded him, as no doubt it had the other Brethren, the greatest gratification to assist at the interesting and important ceremony, in which they had had the honour to participate; but an additional inducement to them to attend, was to pay respect to the Mayor, not only as the chief magistrate of that borough, but also as a Brother Mason. Having assured the Mayor that the remembrance of that day would long live in their hearts, and feelingly acknowledging, on behalf of the Fraternity, the kindness and liberal hospitality, with which they had been entertained by Bro. Hall, and by the Mayor, Bro. Vernon concluded by wishing for the latter health, prosperity, and all the blessings which T. G. A. O. T. U. might be pleased to bestow on him.

SUFFOLK.

HALESWORTH.—A Prov. G. L. was held on Monday, Oct. 3rd, at Halesworth, the R.W. Prov. G.M. Sir E. S. Gooch, Bart., *M.P.*, presiding. The Prov. G.L. was opened at the Assembly rooms, the regular Lodge-room at the King's Arms being found too small to accommodate the Brethren. Bro. Sir E. S. Gooch was accompanied by his brother Capt. T. Gooch, R. N., A. Arcedeckne, Esq., and other influential members of the Craft. The town presented an unusually animated and gay appearance, every exertion having been made by the members of the "Prudence" Lodge and many of the inhabitants to welcome the gathering of the ancient and honourable Order. The Brethren assembled at the King's Arms, which had been made head-quarters, and proceeded from thence to the Assembly-rooms, where the Board of Finance met at twelve o'clock, presided over by Bro. R. Martin, of Holbrook, the Dep. Prov. G.M. The Prov. G. L. was opened at one o'clock precisely, by the R.W. Sir E. S. Gooch, Bart., *M.P.*, assisted by his Officers. The business of the Lodge having been disposed of, the R.W. the Prov. Grand Master appointed the following Brethren as Officers of the P. G. Lodge: — Bros. R. Martin, Lodge, No. 131, *vice* G. Thomas, Esq., dec., D.P.G.M.; J.

Digitized by Google

Hatton, 544, *vice* P. Allez, P.G.S.W.; F. B. Strathern, 544, *vice* J. Pitcher, P.G.J.W.; Arcedeckne, 131, *vice* T. Gooch, P.G.S.D.; J. Williams, 813, *vice* H. J. Bridges, P.G.J.D.; Rev. E. Neale, 522, P.G. Chap.; T. Jones, 131, P.G. Treas.; F. W. Ellis, 813, P.G. Registrar; E. Dorling, 522, P.G. Sec.; J. A. Pettit, 522, P. G. Sup. of Works; S. S. Brame, 383, P.A.G.D. of Cer.; S. Freeman, 757, P.G.D. of Cer.; A. Bowles, 522, P.G. Organist; J. Whitmore, 96, P.G. Sword-Bearer; J. Batten, 272, *vice* C. T. Townsend, P.G.P. Pursuivant; Alex. Robertson, P.G. Tyler; and Bros. Grimwood, 96; Neale, 253; Tyrell, 272; Whitehead, 383; Schulen, 131; and Stagg, 751, as Stewards.

A procession of the Brethren was then formed, about 200 in number, and proceeded to divine service at St. Mary's Church. The prayers were read by the Rev. R. E. Hankinson, the rector of Halesworth, and an impressive and appropriate sermon was delivered to the Brethren by Bro. the Rev. E. Neale, P.G. Chaplain, who took his text from the 15th chapter of Deuteronomy, and part of the 7th verse:—"Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother."

A collection was made in the Lodge in aid of a building fund for the extension of the Boys' schools at Halesworth, when 13*l.* 11*s.* were collected; which added to 6*l.* 9*s.*, amount collected at the church, made the total of 20*l.* The day was unusually fine for this season of the year, and the splendid regalia displayed on such occasions appeared to great advantage and effect. After divine service, the procession re-formed, and proceeded to the new Girls' School recently erected, when the Masonic body was addressed by John Crabtree, Esq., who, in very appropriate terms, returned the thanks of the School Committee for the interest the Fraternity had showed in their behalf.

The banquet took place in the Assembly-rooms, the interior of which had been decorated with flowers, evergreens, and banners. A gallery was fitted up for the accommodation of a number of ladies, to afford them an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings of the Prov. G. L. at the festive banquet.

At nine o'clock, the P.G.M. left the chair, after giving the last Masonic toast,—"Speedy relief to all poor and distressed Brethren."

This meeting of the Prov. G. L. of Suffolk will be long remembered, and considered one of the red-letter days of the good people of Halesworth.

SURREY.

CROYDON.—The Provincial Grand Lodge of this Province was held, on the 3rd of November, at the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon. A meeting of the East Surrey Lodge of Concord, No. 680, proceeded to the business of the day, at which an initiation and some other regular affairs were transacted. Bro. A. Dobie, G. Reg. and Prov. G. M., opened the Grand Lodge at three o'clock. Bro. G. Francis, the D.P.G.M., being unable to attend, the P.G.M. appointed Bro.

Digitized by Google

R. L. Wilson, the sen. P.G.S.W., to act as D.P.G.M. for the day, Bro. G. Price, P.S.G.W., Bro. King, P.G.J.W. The minutes of the previous P. G. L. were read and confirmed, and the sum of 20*l.* unanimously voted towards a subscription for the widow of the late Bro. G. Penfold, P.G.W. The following appointments were then made:—Bros. G. England, No. 680, P.G.S.W.; C. Lenny, 680, P. G. J. W.; J. H. Mortimer, 683, P. G. S. D.; R. Lashmar, 680, P.G.J.D.; G. White, 583, P.G.D.C.; B. Bean, P.G.S.B. Bro. Elkins was re-elected P. G. Treas.; T. T. Blake re-appointed P. G. Sec.

The Prov. G.M. then addressed the Brethren on the subject of the new edition of the "Book of Constitutions," which he said contained many alterations.

The Prov. G. L. having been closed in the usual form, the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, which was provided with the good taste and liberality of Bro. Bean, in the ball-room of the hotel, the Prov. G. M. presiding.

Bro. R. L. Wilson, acting P.D.G.M., in proposing the health of the Prov. G. M., said he was certain of having a hearty welcome to the toast, since Bro. Dobie's merits as a man and a Mason were so well known and recognised. He could but, however, remark, that in the metropolitan Province of Surrey, Masonry had declined, since, in fact, there were but four Lodges now in action. Where the cause lay he was unable to discover; but it could not, he was persuaded, be in their G.M., whose untiring energies were ever devoted to the cause of the Craft. He ventured to express a hope that the next meeting of the Prov. G. L. would exhibit Surrey Masons rallying round their excellent G.M. with increased numbers.

The toast was greeted with a Surrey fire.

The Prov. G.M., in thanking Bro. Wilson for the manner in which he had proposed, and the Brethren for their warm reception of, his name, assured them that as long as he could be useful, and they were satisfied with him, he should continue to preside over the Province of Surrey with satisfaction.

The accustomed toasts having been disposed of, the Prov. G.M. and most of the Brethren departed at an early hour.

YORKSHIRE.

BRADFORD.—A numerous and influential meeting of the Masonic body took place, Oct. 5, in the large refreshment-room of St. George's Hall, on the occasion of the Prov. G.L. Meeting being held in Bradford. The meeting was well attended.

In the evening there was a Masonic Ball in St. George's Hall, which had been placed at the disposal of the Masonic body by the liberality of the Chairman and Directors, in grateful acknowledgment of their services at the laying of the foundation-stone with Masonic honours by the Earl of Zetland. The surplus proceeds of the ball, amounting to 50*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, were devoted to the maintenance of the

Digitized by Google

Masonic ward in the Bradford Infirmary (furnished by the Lodge of Hope, No. 379, in 1851), and Royal Masonic Girls' School, London.

The ball was held under distinguished patronage. The ladies patronesses were the Countess of Zetland, the Countess of Yarborough, Lady Londesborough, Lady Goderich, and Lady Augusta Milbank. The patrons included the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M. of England; the Earl of Yarborough, R.W.D.G.M.; the Earl of Mexborough, R.W.P.G.M. of West Yorkshire; Lord Londesborough, R.W.G.S.W.; Lord Goderich, *M.P.*; Charles Lee, Esq., R.W.D.P.G.M. of W. Yorkshire; S. Blair, Esq., R.W.D.P.G.M. of East Lancashire; Mark Milbank, Esq., York, R.W.P.D.P.G.M. of North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, &c. &c.

The ladies and gentlemen present at the ball were between 400 and 500 in number.

ROYAL ARCH.

YORK.—ZETLAND CHAPTER, NO. 287, ATTACHED TO UNION LODGE.—A Convocation of this Chapter was held on the 16th Nov., 1853, when T. E. Newnum, M.E.Z., in the name of the Principals, Officers, and Companions, presented to Comp. A. A. Leveau, P.Z., a handsome salver, as a mark of their high appreciation of his invaluable services, and of his unwearied attention to their interests. The inscription which the salver bore was as follows:—

Presented to
A. A. LEVEAU, Esq., G.S.B. of Grand Lodge of England;
P. G. Dir. of Cers. of the Supreme Grand Chapter of England;
P. Z. of Zetland Chapter, No. 287, &c., &c., &c.,
By the Principals, Officers, and Companions of the Zetland Chapter of Royal Arch Freemasons, 287,
As a Testimonial of their fraternal regard and esteem,
And in acknowledgment of the important and valuable services rendered by him
With unremitting zeal and attention during a period of several years.
York, 16th November, 1853.

Comp. Leveau replied in an exceedingly suitable and appropriate manner. There were two candidates for exaltation, which ceremony was, at the request of the M. E. Z., very ably performed by Comp. Leveau, P. Z.; and the proceedings were then brought to a close.

Consecration of a Royal Arch Chapter.—A warrant for a R.A. Chapter, connected with the Pomfret Lodge, No. 463, having been granted by the Supreme Grand Chapter, and Friday, the 18th Nov. appointed for the consecration thereof and installation of the Principals, a very numerous attendance of members of the Order assembled at the George Hotel, Northampton, from London and the adjoining Provinces, for the purpose of assisting in the important and beautiful ceremony, among whom were Comps. Leveau (consecrating principal); W. Watson, P.Z., Chap. 25; J. Savage, P.Z., No. 7; W. Evans, P.Z., No. 7; R. Spencer, P.Z., No. 3; F. Dee, P.Z., No. 51; W. Lloyd, P.Z., No. 51; Kettle, P.Z., No. 51; and several other equally

Digitized by Google

eminent Companions, whose names the space at our command will not permit us to enumerate in this report.

The Chapter having been opened, Comp. Leveau proceeded to consecrate the Temple (dedicated to the honour and glory of the M.H.), assisted by Comps. Savage, Evans, Watson, Dee, Lloyd, and Spencer. That imposing ceremony being ended, Comp. Leveau, as the first arch of the new chapter, then installed Companion C. W. Elkington as Z., who had been appointed by the Grand Chapter; Comp. Savage installed Comp. Green as H.; and Comp. Watson, Comp. Worley as J. We cannot refrain from expressing the high gratification evinced by all those, who were privileged to be present during those solemn and important ceremonies; it is sufficient to state, that in the hands of Comps. Leveau, Savage, Watson, and Evans, no portion of the sublime degree was defective; indeed, we never remember having witnessed the work so efficiently or beautifully performed as it was on that occasion.

The officers appointed to preside over the important Chapter, the first and only one in the Provinces of Northampton and Huntingdonshire, were as follow, viz.: Elkington as Z.; Green as H.; Worley as J.; Welchman as E.; Styer as N.; Smith as P.S.; the Right Hon. the Marquis of Huntley as 1st Asst. S.; the Hon. T. L. Powys as 2nd Asst. S.; Welchman, Sen. Treas.

Between seventy and eighty Companions were present to witness the ceremony of Exaltation, which was most ably performed by Comps. Elkington as Z., Dee as H., Lloyd as J., assisted by Comp. Evans as P.S., and W. Watson as S.N. We have often witnessed the performance of the beautiful ceremony of Exaltation, but are compelled to admit, that we never were present in a Chapter where it was more admirably conducted. When we announce that, in addition to the Consecration and Installation, there were fourteen candidates exalted, and likewise that three Principals of the Shakspeare Chapter of Warwick were installed into their respective chairs on that occasion, the members of the Order will easily understand that none but very talented members of the degree could have accomplished such a task; and it is to be hoped that the new Chapter, which has received such support, will follow the example and emulate the zeal of the Companions, who so kindly aided them on that important day. We have no doubt that the Northampton Chapter will do credit, not only to the Grand Chapter, and to its own immediate Provinces, but likewise to the Royal Order itself.

After the ceremony, the Companions partook of a splendid banquet, at which we were pleased to find that support was not wanting, there being present the M.N. the Marquis of Huntley, Lord Leigh, W. J. Boughton Leigh, and a majority of the most influential Companions from the adjoining Provinces, who individually expressed their approbation, and seemed to vie with each other in their desire for the success and prosperity of the new Chapter. Many speeches were delivered on the occasion, amongst which were those of the M.E.Z. Comp. Elkington, the Marquis of Huntley, Lord Leigh,

Digitized by Google

J. W. B. Leigh, Esq., Comp. Kettle, &c., which, as before stated, space will not permit us to give in this report. This we regret, because they were not only addresses, which propounded the pure principles of our Order, but were also of a character which claims for them valuable consideration, as specimens of English eloquence.

After a day well spent in a good and valuable cause, the members returned to their homes, bearing with them a recollection which will not be soon effaced, and which, it is hoped, will carry with it a moral and beneficial result.

TEMPLARISM.

HOLY CROSS ENCAMPMENT.—*October 20th*, 1853.—This encampment was opened in due form on this day, at Coryton Park: present Sir Kts. Col. Vernon, P. G. Commander, Staffordshire; Sir John G. R. De la Pole; C. J. Vigne, G. Commander; Rev. G. Bythesea; Dr. Falconer; G. Muttlebury; J. E. White; W. Buckland; Capt. T. Still, Pickering, Bond, Webber, and Sir Kt. W. Tucker, P.G. Commander, Dorset, when Comp. John Charles Bucknill, *M.D.*, Superintendent of the Devon County Lunatic Asylum, was installed a Masonic Knight Templar by the Eminent Commander Sir Kt. C. J. Vigne.

The Godefroi de Bouillon Encampment of Knights Templars, under the command of the M.E. and Supreme Grand Master Col. Kemys Kemys Tynte, was consecrated on the 14th October, at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, by Lieut.-Col. Vernon, V. E. Prov. G. Commander for the Province of Stafford, on which occasion Sir Kt. Henry Charles Vernon, of Hilton Park, the R.W. Prov. G.M. for Worcestershire, was installed E. Commander for the ensuing year, and Sir Kts. Ward and Trubshaw, Captains commanding columns. The meeting was numerously attended, and several distinguished Sir Kts. from other Provinces were present, amongst whom were Sir Kt. Dawes, V.E.P.G. Com. Lancashire; Sir Kt. Cruttenden, V.E.P.G. Com. Cheshire; Sir Kts. Dee and Reece, P.E. Commanders Beaucéant Encampment; Sir Kts. Royd, Cork, and Varley, and many others. Several candidates were installed.

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.

CORYTON CHAPTER ROSE CROIX.—A Chapter of this Order was opened at Coryton Park, Devon, on Thursday, October 20th, when the following Members were present:—Lieut.-Col. Vernon, P.G.M. Staffordshire, 33rd Degree; Sir J. G. Reeve de la Pole, 30th Degree; C. J. Vigne, Esq., 30th Degree; the Rev. G. Bythesea, 30th Degree; G. Muttlebury, Esq., 30th Degree; J. E. White, Esq.; Walter Buckland, Esq.; Dr. Falconer, 30th Degree; and William Tucker, Esq., of Coryton Park, P.G.M. Dorset, 33rd Degree. At this Chapter Bros. John Charles Bucknill, Esq., *M.D.*; William Thomas Barker, Esq.; John Stevens Cousens Stevens, Esq., and Alexis Soyer, were regularly admitted to this sublime Degree. The ceremony was

Digitized by Google

impressively performed by Sovs. Inspectors-General, 33rd Degree, William Tucker, and Lieut.-Col. George Vernon. After the business of the Chapter had been concluded, the above-mentioned Brethren dined at Coryton, together with the following Brethren from the Axminster Lodge, viz.,—Capt. J. T. Still; Messrs. J. Pickering; C. W. Bond; J. S. C. Stevens; W. Keech; J. N. Webber, and Capt. W. T. Barker.

On the following day, nearly the same party met and dined at Shute House, the seat of Sir John George Reeve de la Pole, Bart.

These fraternal meetings will long be remembered, and faithfully recorded by those who were associated, through the kindness of their Masonic and hospitable host, beneath the roof trees of Coryton and Shute.

BATH.—On Tuesday the 25th October, the Rose Croix Chapter of St. Peter and St. Paul was opened and consecrated, at Bath, under the most favourable auspices. There were present many distinguished Brethren from distant parts of England, who availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing this interesting ceremony. Among these were two Sov. Grand Insp. Gen. of the Supreme Grand Council of the 33rd Degree, Bro. William Tucker and Lieut. Col. Vernon, who undertook the ceremonies of consecrating the Chapter and placing the M. W. S. Bro. Charles John Vigne, 31, in the chair, which they performed in the most beautiful and impressive manner; and Bro. Costa, who most kindly presided at the organ, completed, by his playing, that solemn character, for which this beautiful Degree, when well given, is so eminently distinguished. The M.W.S. and his Officers received the most complimentary expressions of the satisfaction felt by the S.G.I.G.'s, at the quiet and perfect manner in which everything was arranged and conducted; and we can assure our Brethren that if any deserving M.M. (which is the only rank necessary to entitle a candidate to receive this Degree) is anxious to become a Sovereign Prince Rose Croix, or 18th Degree, under the Supreme Grand Council of the 33rd, he cannot do better than take it in the Chapter of St. Peter and St. Paul, Bath. We feel sure, that when such zeal and such good management go hand in hand, success must follow; and this we heartily wish to those enterprising Brethren, who have lately so eminently distinguished themselves by their activity in raising Masonry to its proper standard in the west.

Digitized by Google

SCOTLAND.

ABERDEEN.

At the annual meeting of the St. George's Royal Arch Chapter, No. 21 on the Registry of the S.G.R. Arch Chapter of Scotland, held in the Masonic Hall, 115, Union-street, Aberdeen, on the 25th of September, 1853, the following Companions were, after the usual routine of business, duly elected Office-bearers for the ensuing year: —William Bruce, M.E.P.Z.; Andrew Sutherland, M.E.P.P.Z.; David Dobson, Proxy P.Z.; William Kidd, M.E.P.H.; Daniel Sutherland, M.E.P.I.; George Matheson, Scribe E.; John Jamieson, Scribe N.; Alexander Roberts, Tr.; George Sandison, First Soj.; John Lodge, Second ditto; John Ritchie, Third ditto; William Sandison, Jan. After the election of Office-bearers, the Principals were installed into their respective offices by Companion John Jamieson, P.P.Z.; and on retiring, were hospitably entertained by P.P.Z. Andrew Sutherland, when the evening was spent in the most Masonic harmony.

IRELAND.

CORK.

An historical Masonic lecture was delivered on Wednesday, the 9th November, 1853, at the great room of Bro. Burk, in Old George's-street, by Bro. R. Millikin, whose Masonic character and experience created great expectations in the members of the Craft, and which were not disappointed. The veteran Brother, whose advanced age, of eighty-five years, entitles him to be called the Patriarch of the Order, gave great satisfaction, by showing, as far as a human research could go, whence the first dawn of Masonry took its rise, —how its journey through ages had proceeded down to our times,— what are its uses, not only to the members of the Order, but also to society in general,—what the abuses it suffers when in improper hands,—and also what are its pretensions to science,—as well as its Divine origin. On each point the lecturer was so explanatory, as to leave no doubt on the minds of his hearers of the justice of his proofs, and all retired, convinced that Freemasonry, when properly used, is one and indivisible with Theosophy, or Divine wisdom.

The lecture was conducted with strict order, so necessary in all Masonic transactions. The chair was occupied by Bro. R. Meara,

Digitized by Google

with the propriety to be expected from a Brother, whose Masonic knowledge was collected, whilst a pupil in Masonry, under the late celebrated Bro. George Aarons, of London. At the conclusion of the lecture, the W.M. of Lodge 71 proposed the thanks of the meeting to the lecturer, which, being seconded, was unanimously agreed to. It was next proposed, that a lecture to the same effect should be delivered on a future day, as being calculated to raise the character of the Order in general estimation.

INDIA.

SIMLA.—*Himalayan Brotherhood Lodge*, No. 673, 1st Nov. 1853.—The present W.M., Lt. Col. James Mackenzie, informs us that this Lodge is in a prosperous and good working condition, several good men and true having this year joined the ranks, amongst them Lord Wm. Hay, the Dy. Commissioner of Simla, and Supt. of the Hill States, who promises to become a good and zealous Mason.

The Lodge and R.A. Chapter at Simla are in a flourishing condition, Bro. His Serene Highness William Prince of Hesse, late a Lieut. of H.M.S. Cleopatra, having a short time back received his third degree at that important station in the Lodge Zetland in East, No. 748. The above is a brother of the Prince of Prussia, and was initiated at China.

COLONIAL.

KINGSTON, CANADA WEST.—On Thursday, the 17th November, was holden the annual Convocation of the Ancient Frontenac Chapter attached to St. John's Lodge, No. 491, when M.E. Comp. James G. Henderson P.P.S.G.W. as P.Z., duly installed the Companions elect into the respective chairs of Z. H. and J.; M.E. Comps. Angel and Milo, P.Z.'s of the Chapter, assisted in the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the installation and investiture; M.E. Comp. Richard Dowse, late J. of the Albany Chapter, Isle of Wight, was installed as Z.; M.E. Comp. Wm. J. Goodeve was re-installed as H.; and E. Comp. Samuel D. Fowler, W.M. St. John's, 491, as J. The conclave of installed Z.'s being closed, on the admission of the

Digitized by Google

Companions, Z. H. and J. were proclaimed by the installing Z., who, with the Companions, greeted them as Princes and Rulers of the Holy Royal Arch. The M.E.Z. then inducted, with appropriate charges, the following Companions, who had been previously elected to fill the respective offices—Excellent Comp. James G. Fortier; E. Comp. Edward J. Barker; N. E. Comp. Thomas Perkins, Treasurer; E. Comp. Thomas Duncan, Principal Sojourner; Comps. Isaac Hope and John Lauktree, Stewards; Comp. Ellesy W. Palmer, Director of Ceremonies; and Comp. Henry Gibson, Janitor. E. Comp. Duncan, as P.S., appointed Comps. John Medcalf and Sylvester Stevenson, Assistant Sojourners. That this Chapter has obtained in Canada West not only a high position, but a lasting reputation as one that "can best work and best agree," may be sufficiently proved by the fact that among the many candidates for Exaltation are Brethren residents of the adjoining counties to Kingston, who, regardless of distance, seek to attain in the Ancient Frontenac Chapter, after the English ritual, the summit of Ancient Craft Masonry. Preparations are made to open an Encampment of Knight-Templars, under the Jurisdiction of the Grand Conclave of England and Wales. A dispensation for that purpose is daily expected; should it arrive, the encampment at Kingston will be the first ever formed in the Province of Canada, under the above jurisdiction.

FOREIGN.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN.—Some time ago (about twelve or eighteen months), the Prince of Prussia visited one of the Rhenish Lodges, and in his address to the Brethren, mentioned that he had been most agreeably surprised by his son, Prince Frederick William (the future heir to the Crown), expressing a desire to be initiated into Masonry. H R.H. said,—"I might, as head of the Brotherhood, have exercised my prerogative, and at once have complied with my son's desire; but I have advised him to look on for another year, and if he does not change his mind, I shall be happy to grant his wish at the expiration of that period."

On the 6th of November last, the initiation of the young Prince took place at the palace of the Prince of Prussia, at Berlin, where a suite of apartments was prepared for the occasion, and the ceremony was gone through with great *éclat*, in the presence of deputations from the various Grand Lodges. The Brethren present were sixty in number, all of whom had the honour of dining at the palace. The

Digitized by Google

proceedings of the day are regarded as amongst the proudest and most promising events in the annals of Masonry. H.R.H. has since gone on his travels, accompanied by several well-known Brethren; one of whom, in particular, deserves to be mentioned, as showing the Prince's earnestness in the cause, viz., a serving Brother of a Berlin Lodge, who has been specially engaged to attend upon the Prince as one of H.R.H.'s body servants.

CHINA.

Masonic Festival on the Opening of the first Freemasons' Hall in China.—On Thursday, the 13th October, the Brethren of the Zetland Lodge, No. 768, gave a banquet on the occasion of opening the Freemasons' Hall, the first temple specially dedicated to Masonry in China. This building was projected by the able and indefatigable Mason, Bro. S. Rawson, P.G.M. for China, and by his efforts all difficulties having been smoothed, he laid the foundation-stone with due Masonic honours on the 1st February of this year. Since then, by the exertions of the able architect, Bro. Cleverly, the building has been brought to a perfect state, and Masonry, having under the skilful working of the W.M. Bro. Mercer, D.P.G.M., advanced rapidly, the new successful and flourishing Lodge met for the first time in their new Hall, and opened their hospitable doors to their Brother Masons, not of the Zetland Lodge.

The necessary work having been well and duly performed, the Craft retired "from labour to refreshment," and at seven o'clock sat down in their working gear in open Lodge, to the splendid feast placed on the board by the provident care of the Stewards, Bros. Rienaecker, Baldwin, and Grand-Pré. After the banquet, the usual Masonic toasts were given, accompanied with appropriate music by the band of the 59th regiment, kindly lent by Bro. Col. Graham and the officers of the regiment. On giving the toast of "The Earl of Zetland, G.M. and the U.G. Lodge of England," the W.M., Bro. Mercer, D.P.G.M., made the following eloquent oration, which is well worthy the perusal both of those who are Masons and those who do not enjoy that great privilege and honour:—

Brethren, the toasts already given from the chair are those which it is customary to propose without comment, but in introducing to your attention that next in order,—"The Earl of Zetland and the Grand Lodge of England," I may take the opportunity of saying a few words about that bond of Brotherhood that bids us meet together in this place this evening.

I have already endeavoured this day to illustrate in detail the forms and practice of Masonry; may I now offer a few general observations?

Whilst before the outer world humility, that pure attribute of Masonry, forbids us to vaunt the excellence of our Institution, I know of no Masonic law by which a Brother before Brethren is required to preserve silence on the merits of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity; and I know of no occasion which may more properly demand some remarks on our system than this, on which a flourishing Lodge has invited to its board, and is proud to see there, a numerous and a worthy assemblage of the Brethren.

I have said that I take advantage of the earliest toast of which I could make use, for the purpose of addressing the Brethren briefly on the subject of the Craft;

Digitized by Google

and you, Brethren, will, I doubt not, agree with me that the toast is an appropriate one on which to append a brief (and I promise you a very brief) address on such a topic, when you consider that this Lodge not only holds its warrant under the United Grand Lodge of England, but that it derives its title from the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, whose name cannot fail to be familiar even to our foreign Brethren, as that of a great and good ornament to manhood as well as to Masonry at the present day.

To many whom I see around me as experienced Masons, any words that I may offer will appear trite and unnecessary; but they will bear with me while I attempt to show to others the extent and importance of Masonry—while I endeavour to give heart to such of the less experienced as may be, in their intercourse with the unitiated, accustomed to hear the disparaging remark and the uncomplimentary jest, when the Masonic Brotherhood becomes the subject of conversation.

For myself, when thus unpleasantly placed, if I see that the ordinary weapons of reason would be vainly wielded, I bow in silence to the disparagement, and I essay to blunt the point of the jest by a ready and cheerful acquiescence with the jester.

And such, or somewhat similar, according to circumstances, is the course that I would recommend to all the Brethren; for I hold that it does not, as I have already said, become us to parade our excellence before strangers. I hold that it is not necessary for any Mason before strangers to defend, or indulge in panegyric on a Society, so well and widely reputed as ours, existing from the earliest ages, spread over the universal globe, known and valued in every civilized nation,—a Society, not bounded by heaven's concave, nor by earth's centre—that reaches "from Indus to the Pole;" that provides for its disciple

"Rest and repose, a Brother and a friend,"

whether under the burning sun of the tropics, or the chilling snows of a northern sky. Yes—a Society that rears its head in truth ubiquitous—that stretches forth its arms of love from the genial south to the inclement north, from where that bright Masonic luminary the sun rises from the eastern wave to where the west receives him in his parting splendour,—an organized system by which, although a Brother may in his journey through life be cast in distress among a people, not a syllable of whose language he can articulate, and of whose manners and customs he is entirely ignorant, he still finds himself in possession of a universal language of mystic union, which is no sooner expressed by the lips than responded to by the heart; he quickly receives consolation to his soul, and refreshment to his wearied frame, and is enabled to pursue his lonely path in a foreign land with renovated strength, and rejoicing;—a system, let me say, that is patronized by the pulpit, by the bench, and by the throne; that is honoured and protected by princes of every rank, and by civil governors of every title—a fraternity that is graced by the allegiance of sages and of warriors, of poets and of patriots, of legislators, philosophers, and divines—a Brotherhood that can boast among its members the mighty ones of all ages and of all lands; for as our R. W. Brother, the Prov. Grand Master, remarked on a memorable occasion, we can proudly "point to a long list of worthies, eminent for rank, station, talent, and moral worth, whom we have numbered, and still do number, under our banners."

And, Brethren, to that I will boldly add, that amongst all these, there is not one, however high his rank, however proud his name, though boundless the wealth that flows into his coffers, though the floodgates of pleasure fly open at his command,—there is not one to whom Masonry cannot offer some charm—there is not one but will freely acknowledge that he derives some true happiness from that mystic tie that binds him to our fold.

And, Brethren, while endeavouring to place before you, however feebly, the grandeur and importance of our Order, it may not be unbecoming, with reference to one of the toasts already given without comment, to call your attention to the fact that her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, whom may T.G.A.O.T.U. long preserve,—the Queen—in whose dominions and under whose protection we British Masons know ourselves secure—was preceded on the throne of Britain by

Digitized by Google

two Freemasons, and is herself the daughter of a Mason, who was mainly instrumental in effecting the glorious and happy Union of the Two Grand Lodges, and whose Masonic fame shall be revered in England as long as time shall last.

Such, then, Brethren (not to detain you longer), such and so great is our Masonic Order, and in the bumper we are about to drink we are understood to pledge its welfare, and to wish its co-existence with all time. We have no fear for it—it shall endure as it has endured; as it has stood, so it shall stand on its own merits. It has resisted the barbaric sword and the rage of bigots; it has outlived the persecutions of the powerful, and the slow canker of corroding age. The Masonic structure, founded long ago in strength and stability, still uplifts its front amongst us, vast, mysterious, symmetric, and sublime—

> "And it shall last till that dread signal's given,
> Whose trumpet-tongue shall rend the vault of Heaven.
> Age own its moral—it gives strength to youth,
> Its prop is honour, its foundation truth."

Brethren, I call on you to drink, with nine times Grand Honours, to the M.W the Earl of Zetland and the United Grand Lodge of England.

After this, several toasts and healths were given, and responded to with true Masonic cordiality, of which we cannot attempt to give an account; but we must make an exception to this in reference to the reply of Bro. Col. Graham, on his health and that of the officers of his regiment being drunk, "with thanks to them for the loan of their excellent band, which had added so much to the enjoyment of the evening." Bro. Graham, in a plain, sensible speech, pointed out the many advantages which every person derived who belonged to the Masonic order, but especially pointed out the advantage which Masonry afforded to soldiers; how that many times it had smoothed the rugged front of war, and the successful enemy had not only spared his captive Brother, but had been to him a true Brother, comforting him in his captivity and softening its rigour; that in more peaceful times, however uncertain under what climate his duty would call him to serve, the soldier could never have any doubts about the fact that a hearty welcome awaited him from his Brother Masons in that part of the world, of which the present banquet was an instance.

The evening thus begun and continued in peace, was closed in harmony at a late hour.

Digitized by Google

Obituary.

BRO. THE REV. GEORGE BYTHESEA.

We have the melancholy duty of recording the death of the Rev. George Bythesea, of Bath. Our deceased Brother was in London on Saturday, the 17th of Dec. 1853: he went to Bath on that day; did duty in his church on the Sunday, and died on Monday night. One of those who knew him intimately, and loved him well, says, "We shall miss him much in Masonry; for he was always ready to do his best for the cause." And in another letter it is said, "He is most deservedly regretted by all who knew him, for he was one of those men who never spoke ill, or said an unkind thing of any one; and if he could not praise he was silent. Our deceased Brother graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, and was in early life much about the Court, being a Royal Chaplain. He was initiated into Freemasonry in the Royal York Lodge, of Bath, and was a P.M. of the Lodge of Honour, at Bath. He was a Royal Arch Mason, Knight Templar, and Kt. K.H. of the 30th Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Rite; he was also Chaplain of the High Grades Union, amongst the members of which he will be greatly missed, having by the kindness and courtesy of his manners gained the goodwill of all. We close this slight notice with the memorable words used by our deceased Brother on having the Degree of Kt. K.H. conferred on him, and reported in this Magazine during the last year, at p. 155; they are words we all ought ever to bear in mind. After stating the length of time he had been connected with the Order, he added, "I may finally, then, be considered competent to give an opinion as to its advantages, and to have formed a correct judgment as to its principles and objects. I have always supported Freemasonry, and after what I have this day witnessed shall, if possible, give it increased support. I am, I believe, the oldest Mason present; and my zeal for the Order at no time exceeded what I entertain for it at this moment. WITH INCREASED KNOWLEDGE, I FEEL RENEWED ATTACHMENT, and shall always remember with pleasure the Fraternal meeting we have had this day."

BRO. THE REV. RICHARD HARRINGTON, D.D.

THE Masonic Brethren have great reason, in common with the inhabitants of the university, city, and county of Oxford, to lament the sudden death of Bro. Harington, late Principal of Brasenose College. The deceased Brother caught cold on Friday, the 9th inst., and although his indisposition was regarded at first as only a slight and temporary matter, it assumed so serious a character on Monday morning, the 12th, that Dr. Jackson, a physician, was called in, and later in the day, Dr. Acland was sent for. At that time the disease, inflammation of the gullet and stomach, had gained such ground that fears were entertained as to his recovery, but it was not anticipated that there was any immediate danger. On the following morning, however, between 7 and 8 o'clock, the deceased experienced a sudden faintness, and while in the act of taking some sal volatile he fell back, and expired without a sigh or the slightest indication that death was so near at hand.

The deceased was initiated into Masonry in the Apollo University Lodge, on Feb. 19th, 1820; he served the office of Senior Warden in 1825, and that of Worshipful Master in 1826, 1827, 1832, and 1833. He did much to advance Masonry in this university, and from the time of his presiding over the Lodge, it has gradually increased in importance. During his Mastership, especially in

Digitized by Google

1832, he initiated many distinguished Brethren, among others, the present Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Waterford, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Folkestone, the Marquis of Ely, the Earl of Granville, the late Lord Cantelupe, and the late N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq.

The *Oxford Journal* gives the following sketch of the character and qualities of the deceased Brother, and we have great pleasure in giving it further publicity through the medium of our pages, especially as it is from the pen of one of the Craft, who has had frequent opportunities of noticing the business habits of the deceased, and his truly Masonic conduct in promoting the welfare of his fellow men :—

"Dr. Harington was formerly a member of Christ Church, from which he was elected to a Fellowship at Brasenose College, in March, 1822, having in Michaelmas term preceding obtained a first class *in literis humanioribus*. He was a Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College until 1833, when he accepted the Rectory of Oulde, in Northamptonshire. At Oulde he was well known as a hard-working parish priest, and a most active magistrate. He also held for some years the office of Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in that county. In 1842 he was elected Principal of Brasenose College on the elevation of the Rev. Dr. Gilbert, then Principal, to the Bishopric of Chichester. There was a severe contest for the Principalship, the other candidates being the Rev. T. T. Churton, one of the college tutors, and the Rev. T. T. Bazely, Rector of Poplar. In 1848 and 1849 he was appointed one of the Select Preachers by the University. At the time of his decease he was one of the Pro-Vice-Chancellors, a Delegate of Appeals in Convocation, a Visitor of the Littlemore Lunatic Asylum, a Commissioner of the Market and Streets, a member of the Public Baths and Wash-houses Committee, and a County Magistrate.

"Few events that have occurred in Oxford have excited so deep a sensation or so much regret throughout the University, city, and county, as the almost sudden death of this most useful and estimable man. In the affairs of the University he took an active and prominent part, and enjoyed to the fullest extent the confidence of that body. His talents were of a diversified order, and he was a zealous lover and promoter of all that related to architecture and archæology. He filled the office of President of the Architectural Society for several years, and only retired from that post at the commencement of this month. At the annual meeting of the Archæological Society, held in Oxford in 1850, Dr. Harington read a valuable and interesting paper on the restoration of the spire of St. Mary's Church, in which he had taken great interest, and which had been done, in a great measure, under his personal superintendence. That paper was illustrated with numerous drawings, and was afterwards published. In his character of a divine, he was regarded with great respect, and although he was not often called on to officiate, yet his sermons before the University were such as reflected credit on himself, and were worthy of the University pulpit.

"In politics he was a Liberal Conservative, having always given a consistent support to Mr. Gladstone. In him the movement party in the University loses a stanch supporter, one of his latest acts having been, it is said, to support a proposition in the Committee on the subject of University reform, in favour of substituting a new governing branch, of twelve Heads of Houses and twelve elected representatives of Convocation, for the present Hebdomadal Board.

"It is, however, in his position as the connecting link between the University and the city, that his loss will be most severely felt, for he mingled more with the citizens, and more earnestly joined in every measure calculated to be to the mutual interest of the two bodies, than any other Member of the University. His qualities of mind were essentially of the practical and useful cast, and in all public bodies in which he took any part, he was regarded as a man of excellent business habits. For many years past, he had been a zealous and active member of the Board of Commissioners of Paving and Lighting, and might, indeed, be considered as representing the whole University in his single person at that board, as there was no other member of that body who attended its meetings so regularly,

Digitized by Google

or who identified himself so thoroughly with those questions of local importance in which the interests of the two bodies were mutually concerned. He brought to the discussion of every question a fund of sound common sense, aided by the resources of a highly cultivated intellect, and never failed to elucidate satisfactorily the bearings of the matter in hand, and to present them most clearly to other minds. Although, to a casual observer, there might appear in his demeanour a degree of *hauteur*, it was dissipated on a more intimate acquaintance, and no one was more accessible or more courteous to all grades of society than the late Principal of Brasenose College. Through his instrumentality, in a great measure, the question of rating the colleges, which has agitated the University and city for so many years, has been brought to its present satisfactory position, and it is an additional matter of regret that he has not been spared to see the successful consummation of a subject, the settlement of which he regarded as a means of cementing and consolidating a kindly feeling between the two bodies. That appeared to be his ruling principle through life, and for that he has devoted many years, pursuing that object with untiring zeal and energy. It is for these reasons that, great as his loss is in the University, it is far greater and will be more severely felt throughout the city, while the county will have also to deplore the loss of one of her most useful, active, and intelligent magistrates. Dr. Harington was in his fifty-third year, and has left a widow, his second wife, and four children, the eldest of whom is at present at Christ Church."

BRO. JOHN FORTUNE.

DIED at his residence, No. 2, President-street, Goswell-road, on the 21st Nov., 1853, Bro. John Fortune, aged seventy-eight years. He was a builder by profession, and from early life engaged as clerk of works at many large mansions in various parts of the country, particularly — Compton's, Esq., Manor House, near Lyndhurst, Hants; Lord Somers', Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, Herefordshire; Lord Gray's, Kinforn Castle, near Perth; West Hackney Church, near London. But his principal sphere of action was at the excavation for and entire erection of the General Post-office, Saint Martin's-le-Grand, London. His name, with other principal officers, is engraven on the foundation-stone of that edifice, which was laid under the north column supporting the porch, and with his own hand he laid the first brick. After the completion of the building, he was appointed resident clerk of the works, which position he maintained upwards of twenty-six years. The following is an extract from the *Morning Advertiser* of the 22nd, and *Civil Service Gazette*, of the 26th Nov. inst., highly creditable to his memory, viz.:—

"Death of the architect to the General Post-office.—We have to announce the death of Mr. John Fortune, for many years architect to the General Post-office, who expired at his residence, King-square, Goswell-street, yesterday morning, after an illness of three weeks' duration. The deceased, who was far advanced in years, attended his duties to the last, and was actively engaged in expediting the alterations now in progress in Saint Martin's-le-Grand. He was much esteemed by the various Postmasters-General under whom he served, and is regretted by the whole of the officials on the establishment." In the neighbourhood in which he had so long resided he rendered himself essentially useful in the office of churchwarden to the district of Saint Barnabas, King-square. His opinions and advice on public matters were received with reverence, and generally adopted. Long will he be remembered with respect by his fellow-parishioners.

He was initiated into Freemasonry in the Robert Burn's Lodge, No. 27, in October, 1821, and discharged therein the several offices, especially that of Master, for which he was acknowledged by the Brethren presenting him with a Past Master's Jewel and Collar. He subscribed to the Lodge until his decease. He received the Royal Arch Degree in the Chapter of Prudence, No. 12, and there passed through the several offices to the satisfaction of the Companions, which was testified by receiving their thanks inscribed on vellum, and framed and glazed, the following being a copy:—

"Prudence Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, No. 12. 22nd December, 1835.—At

Digitized by Google

a Convocation holden this day, it was moved, seconded, and resolved by acclamation, that to mark the grateful sense that the Companions entertain of the valuable services of their M. Excellent Companion Fortune, P.P.Z., it be recorded on the minutes, and inserted on vellum, that the Companions do earnestly express their obligations to him for his indefatigable exertion in the promulgation of the principles of this Sublime Degree, and for the able manner and courteous conduct, which distinguished his government as First Principal.

(Signed) "THOMAS FRANCE, E. / "WILLIAM MARTINSON, N. } Scribes."

He was a member of the Committee of Grand Chapter at the period when his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex requested of them an improvement in the ritual of the Ineffable Degree, and the provision of suitable regalia worthy of its meetings; then, as in all other instances, from his deep research, his advice was taken, and his services duly appreciated. About that time his Masonic assistance was further called into requisition by the unanimous voice of the Mount Sion Chapter, No. 169, by electing him an honorary member, and immediately after to their chair of Z. These honorary distinctions he enjoyed until his death. Many of the Brethren and Companions will severely feel the bereavement, and the link in the chain of friendship thus broken will not be very readily supplied.

In discharging the last painful duty to departed merit, we have to state that Bro. Fortune's life was strictly guided by the morals attached to the several working implements, by which our Fraternity is peculiarly distinguished. As a builder, consequently an operative Mason, he was well acquainted with their applications; and as a speculative Mason, was thoroughly conversant with their spiritual illustration; but especially, he deeply studied the Volume of the Sacred writings, which for many years past was his greatest consolation.

He resigned his spirit to his Creator and Redeemer, in the full hope of a joyful resurrection, relying on that "bright morning star, whose rising will assuredly bring peace and salvation to the faithful and obedient of the human race."

It may be truly said of our late Bro. Fortune that he was the poor man's friend; and the most gratifying evidence of this fact was furnished by the large number of workmen and others from the General Post-office, who attended at his funeral to pay their last tribute of respect to one, who had ever treated them with urbanity and kindness.

His remains are deposited within a very short distance from those of his esteemed friend and Brother the late lamented Bro. Thos. Pryer, at the Highgate Cemetery.

BRO. RICHARD BANKS.

ON the 3rd of November, at his residence, 108, Guildford-street, Russell-square, Bro. Richard Banks, P.M., Globe Lodge, No. 23, in the forty-fourth year of his age, deeply regretted by an extensive circle of friends. He was an enthusiastic lover of Masonry, and a free-handed donor to its Charities. The Globe Lodge testified its sense of his worth by the presentation of a valuable P.M. jewel, the reception of which—unfortunately for the interest of the Craft and the Lodge—he did not survive six months. Although but five years a Mason, his assiduity had enabled him to pass the chair with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Lodge, whose condition, financial and Masonic, improved considerably in his year of office.

BRO. EDWARD MULLINS.

DIED, on 11th Dec., at his residence, Brunswick-square, Camberwell, Bro. Edward Mullins, aged forty-six, a Past Master of the Bank of England Lodge, No. 329,—*a Brother in deeds!*

Digitized by Google

BRO. GEO. MUGLISTON, SEN.

Died at Repton, on Monday, October the 24th, in the 80th year of his age, Bro. Geo. Mugliston, Sen., P.M. 446, P.Z., Knight Templar, and Knight of the Rosy Cross.

He was initiated in 1811, and by his superior attainments in Freemasonry the Brethren in this and the adjoining Provinces have received much valuable instruction and assistance.

As proof of the esteem in which he was held by the Brethren, he was presented with two silver cups, bearing the following inscriptions:—

"Presented by the
Members of the Royal Sussex Lodge, 446, to
Bro. Geo. Mugliston, W.M.,
as a token of their esteem, and as a tribute of gratitude for his long
and valuable services to the Craft in general, and to that
Lodge in particular.
III. October, MDCCCXXXII."

"Presented to
Bro. George Mugliston, P.M.
of the Royal Sussex Lodge, 446, Masonic Tavern, Repton, Derbyshire,
by the Brethren of
Saint John's Lodge, Lichfield, 431,
in token of their respect and esteem for him as a man,
and their gratitude and fraternal regard for him as a Mason.
11th Feb., 1845."

It was our deceased Brother's wish to have a Masonic funeral, and all necessary arrangements were made; but owing to family arrangements, the Brethren were prevented paying a last mark of respect to one universally respected and regretted.

Digitized by Google

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by *the first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion.. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

TRINIDAD.—D. H.—1. Does section the first, page 84, of the Book of Constitutions of 1847, under the head of "Proposing Members," allude to a Mason who had been made a Mason in the Lodge, to which he applies to be re-admitted?—Section 1, p. 84, Book of Constitutions, 1847, and sec. 1, p. 77, Book of Constitutions, 1853, do allude to Masons, who have been made in a Lodge, to which they apply to be RE-admitted. 2. A member of a Lodge, who resigns from his Lodge, and who afterwards applies to his Lodge for re-admission as a member, is it necessary again to go to the ballot for such a Brother, particularly his having been made a Mason in that Lodge, and holds his Grand Lodge certificate as a member thereof?—It is necessary that he should be proposed and ballotted for again. 3. Members of a Lodge, who have been excluded therefrom for non-compliance of the by-laws, but who afterwards feel a desire to return to their Lodge, and therefore make application to that effect, and express their willingness to comply with the by-laws, is it necessary to go to the ballot for such members?—If a member have been *regularly excluded*, he must be proposed and balloted for before he can rejoin the Lodge, from which he has been excluded, and the *cause* of exclusion has nothing to do with his re-admission.

TRINIDAD.—D. H. 585.—Many thanks for the document, which will be very useful. We regret that our pages are too full to give it at present, but we shall hold it in reserve.

KINGSTON.—CANADA WEST.—MIZPAH.—It would be much more correct to alter the by-laws. It is impossible to answer the question without having full particulars of the point at issue. Thanks for the hint. If you will look carefully at our Notices to Correspondents, you will find that we do not give questions on Masonic practice "the go by." The American practice is a very good one, but we do not think the quotation,

"*Fas est ab hoste doceri,*"

applicable. We look upon every Mason on the other side of the Atlantic and elsewhere as a Brother, *not* as an enemy. We would advise our Canadian Brethren to read and study the Book of Constitutions carefully, which will obviate the necessity of asking and answering questions. We never advise an application to the G.S., unless the question put to us is of a nature, which it is not within our province to attempt to answer. The G. S.'s duties are already onerous enough without our doing anything to add to them.

UNITED MARINERS' LODGES, No. 33.—The Report of the Centenary of this Lodge, July 13th, did not reach us till Dec. 1st! This will explain the cause of its not being inserted in the last No. of the *F. M. Q. M.*

Digitized by Google

GIBRALTAR.—D. D. 345.—The only bar to the insertion of the Report is the length of time since the event took place, April 4th, 1851. We shall be glad to receive any further communications of more recent proceedings at Gibraltar.

TAUNTON.—Bro. EALES WHITE.—We beg to assure this worthy Brother that we have never received one of the communications, to which he refers. Had they come to hand they should have received our best attention. We have been for some time past much surprised at not having heard from our Bro. E. White.

BIRKENHEAD.—P. P. J. G. W.—There is no doubt "profane world" is the older term; "popular world" has, however, come into use in modern times, though, with our correspondent, we scarcely think it to be so correct an expression as the former. Thanks for his good opinion, as well as for the promise of again communicating with us.

ZETLAND.—*Morton Lodge, No.* 89.—We have not room, unfortunately, for the poetry. The intelligence of the flourishing condition of Masonry is most satisfactory.

SUTTON COLDFIELD.—J. B.—All the advice you have kindly given has been well considered; indeed, every point has been for a long while under discussion and deliberation; but it is found to be practically impossible to enter upon the changes you recommend. The complaint *you* make as to the arrangement of subjects is continually met by similar fault found in the opposite direction. Recollecting the fable to which you allude, we can but act upon our own judgment, which has been formed by dearly-bought experience. After all, what do the reports of Masonic proceedings amount to? They all run in the same strain—Lodge business, election of officers, *banquet*, and after-dinner speeches! We heartily wish we could hear more of *Charity*, and patronage of "the liberal arts and sciences;" then a purely Masonic publication might sell upon its own merits—but not till then.

DORSET.—K. H. ✠ 18°.—We have referred to this matter, and have expressed our opiuions upon it. The worthy Brother was clearly wrong; we know that he admits publicly that he was so; indeed, he has said quite as much in his letter to the M. W. the G. M., which will be found in the Report of the last Q. C.

BOYS' SCHOOL BUILDING FUND.—All donations to this Fund are requested to be *in future* made payable to the Treasurer, B. B. Cabbell, Esq., *M.P.*, P.J.G.W., 1, Brick Court, Temple; or to the Secretary, Bro. A. Thiselton, at the Office, 34, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—J. K.—The Brother through whom your MS. was sent was never anything more than the advertising agent to the *F. M. Q. M.* We never saw him, to the best of our recollection, and certainly never consulted, or were consulted by, him. There has been no change of Editors, and the sole reason for not publishing the paper referred to is, that the illustrations would have been more expensive than the nature of the article seemed to warrant. We shall be very glad to receive your future communications.

MANCHESTER.—R. W.—We can only refer you to PRESTON, and the author you have mentioned. The lectures are not written, and must be learned from *oral* communication. Put yourself in communication with the Secretary of the "Emulation Lodge of Improvement," Freemasons' Hall, London.

MASONIC ORTHODOXY.—C. DE PANOUILHERES.—The paper on this subject, which appears in the present number, had been received and was printed several weeks before your MS. arrived. If it had not been so, the late receipt of your communication, Dec. 21st, would have made it impossible to have obliged you.

THE MASONRY OF FLOWERS.—F. S. B.—We are delighted both with your letter and poetry, and deeply regret not to have been able to make room for them in the present number. We hope to use them, however, in our next.

Digitized by Google

HULL.—INNER GUARD.—We should think not. We have no means of ascertaining the fact, and would advise you to send the question to the Editor of "Notes and Queries." There is little internal evidence in Shakspeare's writings—and we know them well—to show that he was one of our Order.

No. 707.—W. C.—We have reason to believe that our Brother is misinformed. We can assure him that he is quite wrong in his supposition. Where we have *one letter* in support of his views, we have at least *twenty* in opposition to them. We have never heard of the general idea of "the concern not being a paying undertaking." We beg to assure him that this is far from being the fact; that there is no need "to cut down expenses"—nay, it is preferred advantageously to increase them—and that if we were to adopt the advice given, the publication would speedily become extinct. We do not, of course, know in what Masonic circles our Brother W. C. moves, but in those with which we are in the habit of associating, we find it is just the reverse to what he meets with. It is a fault with many Bro. Masons, as in general society, that too many offer recommendations upon subjects with which they are unacquainted, and which, if they could be adopted, would be most injurious.

NORFOLK.—P. S. G. W.—We have not the slightest idea, who will be appointed as a successor to the late Prov. G. M. Lord Suffield. We have heard several names mentioned, but we believe nothing definite has been determined upon. There are several Brethren of good family, and long standing in the county, who are quite capable of holding the office, and raising its reputation.

CASTLE LODGE, No. 36.—We believe it is the general opinion of a majority in this Lodge that *erasure* is the only course that will tend to settle existing differences. The whole of the proceedings, as far as we have been able to learn, are most unfortunate.

BOARD OF G. P.—INQUIRER.—We believe that no appointments have been, or will be made, to fill up the vacancies, which have been occasioned by untoward circumstances.

CHALCOTT, WESTBURY.—O. S.—To your first inquiry, addressed to our publishers,—YES! To your second,—No! We shall be happy to hear further.

OXFORD.—W. P.—We have heard, with some surprise, that offence has been given in this University, by no report of Masonic proceedings having appeared in our September number. The best reason we can assign for the absence of such a report is *that it never reached us.* Will the Brother be kind enough to inform us, *when, how,* and *where,* such a report was transmitted! He may rest assured we will spare no exertions to find out in what quarter the blame of omission rests. Whilst replying to this matter, we must once more entreat our Oxford correspondent to furnish us with his MS. *earlier* than it is *usually* received. It was almost too late this month for insertion; and but that we put ourselves to inconvenience to make room for it, it must have stood over.

CALNE.—W. J. M.—We are glad to hear of the introduction of Masonry into this borough.

BOARD OF MASTERS.—A W. M.—A Board is not formed unless three W. M.'s or P. M.'s be present. The Brother was regularly installed under the circumstances named.

TEMPLARISM.—MANUAL.—We should recommend an application to Sir Kt. Emly, 3, New-square, Lincoln's Inn, who is better versed in these subjects than any other Templar that we are acquainted with.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

PAGE

A Century of Freemasonry .. 431, 595
Alfred Tiptop 440
Ancient Masons' Marks 70
Artists' Benevolent Fund 164
A Sketch from Cologne..... 581

Benefit Societies 221
Board of Benevolence 577
Burns' Apron and Mallet 563

Carnaby the First..... 493
Correspondence 135, 321, 525, 675
Critical Literary Notices 512, 661
Crystal Palace and the Arts 501

Eleonora Ulfeld..... 293
Episodes in the Life of a Freemason..... 48, 229

Father and Son 452
Female Literature in France in the Nineteenth Century 13
First Cruise of the Vixen..... 108
Freemasonry, M. Michelet on.... 131
Freemasonry, Increase of..... 218
Freemasonry in Bath 136
Freemasonry in France 138, 330
Freemasonry in Germany..... 321
Funeral of the late Sir C. Napier 572

Interesting Discovery at Jerusalem 397

Legend of the Holy or San Graal 405
Liberorum Latomorum Primordia et Recentiora Vera 640
Lodge of Benevolence 687

Masonic Charities 688
Masonic Congratulations 402
Masonic Lodges on the Continent 530
Masonic Intelligence—
Ancient and Accepted Rite 149, 352, 688
Grand Conclave of Masonic Knights Templar 346
Supreme Grand Chapter 147, 336, 537, 681

PAGE

United Grand Lodge 147, 336, 537, 681

Metropolitan :—
Bank of England Lodge 169
Beadon Lodge 698
British Lodge..... 696
Cross of Christ Encampment 703
Domatic Lodge 697
Eastern Star Lodge 169
Emulation Lodge of Improvement 700
Enoch Lodge..... 696
Globe Lodge 696
Grand Master's Lodge .. 167, 695
Grand Steward's Lodge .. 166, 695
Masonic Almshouses..... 702
Mount Moriah Lodge 168
North York Lodge..... 697
Old Concord Lodge 697
Phœnix Lodge 697
Progress of Freemasonry.... 703
Pryer Testimonial Fund 170
Royal Arch :—
Chapter of Fidelity 170
Knights Templar 171
Yarborough Chapter .. 171, 539
Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge 167
Royal York Lodge of Perseverance 696
Testimonial to Bro. R. L. Wilson 370
Yarborough Lodge 170
Yarmouth Lodge 538
Provincial :—
Banbury..... 187
Bath..... 192, 194, 722
Birmingham 382
Bradford..... 718
Brighton 382, 553
Carmarthen 192
Carmarthenshire 540
Chelmsford..... 705
Cheltenham 172
Colchester 548
Coryton 721
Croydon 717

Digitized by Google

Masonic Intelligence—
Provincial (*continued*) :— PAGE
Derby 703
Dorsetshire 704
Durham 704
Essex—Royal Arch 370
Falmouth 542
Folkstone 371
Huddersfield 193
Hull 193, 387, 558
Kent 705
Liverpool 173
Ludlow 380
Manchester 173
Middlesborough 193
Neath 172
Newcastle 705
Newcastle-under-Lyme..... 713
Oldham 174
Oxford 176, 180, 377, 711
Plymouth 171
Salford 175
Salisbury..... 192
Shrewsbury 706
Staffordshire 551
Stockport 540
Stoke-upon-Trent 721
Taunton 713
Walesworth 716
Wareham 543
Weymouth and Portland 172
Wiltshire..... 553
Yarmouth 175
York 719
Ireland :—
Armagh 199
Cork 723
Dublin..... 563
Dundalk 200
Durrow 566
Kilkenny 566
Leinster 566
Limerick 200
Londonderry 200
North Munster 200, 566
Royal Arch Chapter, Desmond 567
Scotland :—
Aberdeen 195, 723
Dundee 559
Elgin 199
Forres..... 199
Fort William 198
Lerwick 391
Nairn 199
Tain..... 198
Jersey and Guernsey..... 202, 567
Colonial :—
Antigua 210
Bermuda..... 212
Bahamas 213
Canada, Hamilton..... 213
Kingston (Canada West) 724
Quebec and Three Rivers.... 392
India :—
Madras 207, 571
Simla 724
Foreign :—
Berlin 725
China 214, 726
Napoleon: a Page from his History 57
New Series, Introduction to the ..
Notices to Correspondents 216, 399, 575, 736
Obituary :—
Banks, Richard 732
Burt, Hon. G. H..... 215
Bythesea, Rev. G..... 729
Elworthy, T..... 574
Fortune, J..... 731
Harrington, Rev. R..... 729
Jervis, T. 574
Mugliston, G. 733
Mullins, Edward 732
Shaw, T..... 574
Suffield, Lord E. V..... 574
Thomas, G..... 398
Vaughan, J. T..... 215
Olden Holiday Customs 309, 482
Order of St. John of Jerusalem.. 99
Our Model Lodge 635

Poetry :—
Shakspeare's Sonnets..... 481
Si j'étais Roi 320
Sonnet (from Petrarch)..... 69
The Mason's Farewell 78
The Prison Flower 306
Popular Delusions about Masonry 529
Pretender, The, relic of 292

Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution 365, 702
—— Masonic Institution for Boys 156
—— Freemasons' Girls' School .. 358

Sad Affair of the Year..... 579
Symbols and Symbolism 275

The Countess and the Serf 242
The Fairy Family 610
The "Golden Ass" of Apuleius.. 39
The Guide 652
The Knights of St. Helen's..... 264
The Two Jews of Meshid..... 623
The Worried Bishop 30

Universality of Superstition 79

COX (BROTHERS) AND WYMAN, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

Digitized by Google