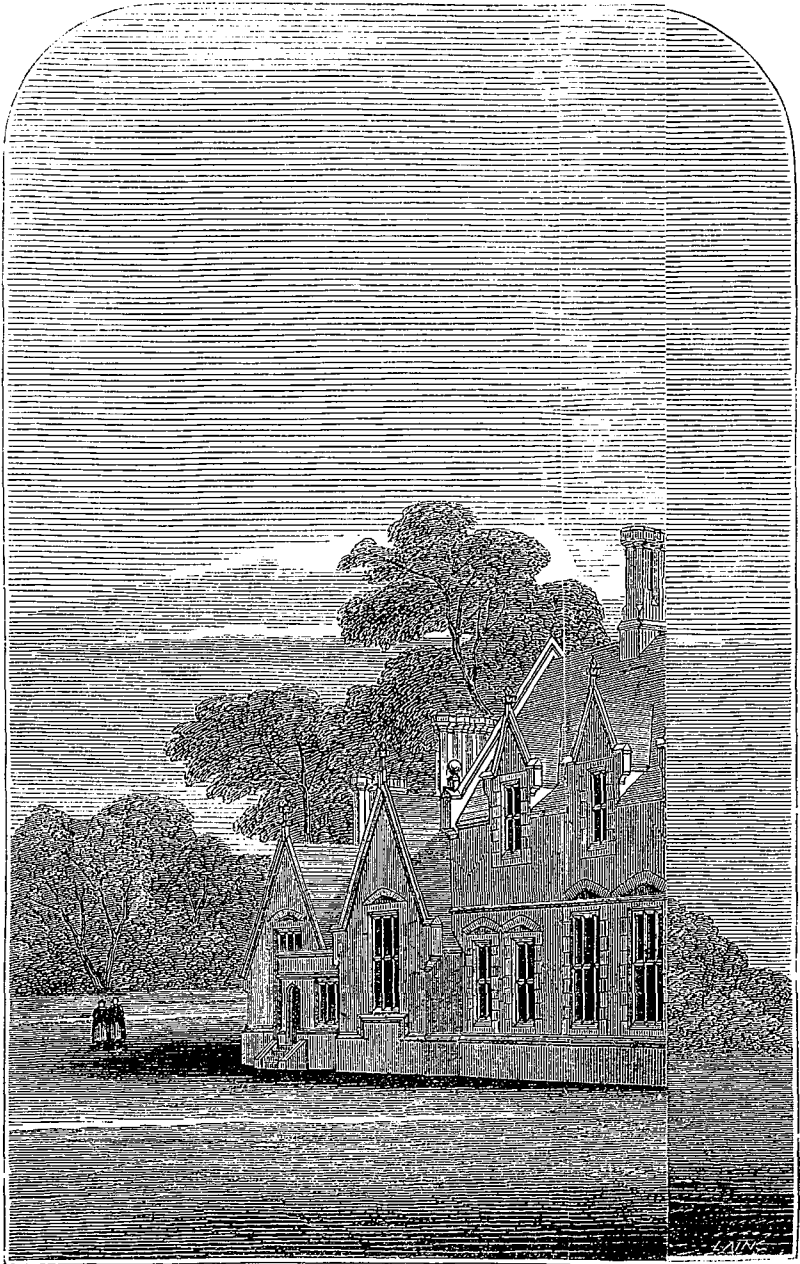


THE ROYAL FREEMASONS' SCHOOL FOR FEMALE CHILDREN, WANDSWORTH.



THE ROYAL FR

FREEMASONS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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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

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 Masoury 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.

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 discreditably by the

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 befall 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.

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

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

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.

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,"

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 *arcantum* 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

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.

“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.

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 twelve-month, 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

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 re-enumeration 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.

Nor 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

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

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, "*Præquam 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

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 liberté*, 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

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

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

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 unmistakable 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

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.

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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,

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

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

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 overzealous 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

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

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.”

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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

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 overzealous 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

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

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.”

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.

“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

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 enthusiastic 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

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

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-

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-

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 unwieldy 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.

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

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

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 unsuspecting 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

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

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

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

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

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

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. Madened 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

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-

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

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

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 departed, 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."

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 upon 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;

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

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,

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-

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 vitæ majoris staple Ville Caleis, et Agnetis Uxoris suæ, ac Thomæ Richardi, Johannis, Margaratæ et Johannæ, Liberatorum ejusdem Johannis Crosby, Militis. Ille obiit MCCCCLXXV et illa MCCCCLXVI, quorum animabus propitiatur 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

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 worthele 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 fyfey
 And eight died this wortheie staplar
 Worslhyppyge his posterytye.

This is not the only monument he left behind him, however,

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 cre 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

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:—

S^r 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-

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

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

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

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 kinsman 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

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.

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

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 depicted 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

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

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, 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

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.

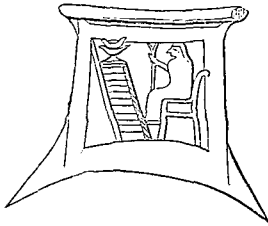
The charity of the Order may be compared to a stream, which, when dammed and confined within its banks and proper limits, is useful and beneficial compared with the same body of water allowed to spread uncontrolledly over the adjoining meadows and plains. In the latter case it runs great risk of becoming 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

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 steps, 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

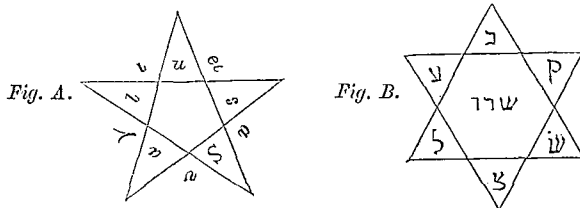
these notes on the ladder without adverting to the remarkable coincidence, that the magic *spell* should also designate the steps of the ladder. In Gray's fine lyric, "The Descent of Odin:"—

"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 ship-board—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

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.



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 pentalfa 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 Archaeologist," 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 Rê and Oleron, were adopted by Richard I. into the English maritime code, and still influence the decisions of many of our admiralty judges.

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 Ernälgen, 1837:—

"The pentalfa of the Druids, with *vyiea* (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, Säüdreck*—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.

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 μερεος). 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 (νοvc), 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 νοvc.' 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-

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 can not 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 Schönggrabern, 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

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 druiden 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-

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 oculo;
Dic mihi, Ruta, precor usquam si conspicias 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 Shakespeare'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.

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.

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 Ezechieh (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

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.

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 Archaeology 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.

and perhaps Chew Magua, 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, Irudenhcim, Hohen-Trudening, Wasser-Trudening, &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.

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 "Improvvisatore," 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 *Museus* 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 quibusdam 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

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 rosa*, we aver, *ex cathedra*, that it is the wisest thing in the world to marry on

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 inquire 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

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

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

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

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. Fraulein 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.

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

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 ultra* 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 Andryanc. All came out saddened and sobered, but the passionate Italian was far less changed than the impetuous lively Frenchman. France is

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.)

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*.

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,

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 Mariboë 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.

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—

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—

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.

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

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."

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 Ætolycus, 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

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

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

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 *steals* '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."

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

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-washing*"—*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

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 North-umberland 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 Char-treux 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 nobby, 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

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. Fana-ticism, 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!”

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 downfall 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.)

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.

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

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-Meiningen.

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 MEININGEN 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 1773, 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

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-

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.

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,

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 LXXXII. 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,

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.,

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

they fail to excite notice, still the attempt cannot, it is believed, be regarded as unworthy.

I am, dear Sir and Brother, fraternally yours,
ELLS.

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,

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 avons 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 6s. 6d."

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, }

Je donnai ma voix à ceux des Maçons qui me parurent réunir, à un degré éminent, 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, 33^e,

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

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'Obéissance. Heureux que nous sommes de n'être pas dans la nécessité de faire

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 2^e 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.

“ 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, T. T. C. C. F. F., 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

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.

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. Cröhn, 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. Cröhn; 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. Cröhn; 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,

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 Hamburg ; 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 Philippe, 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 Hamburg), 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.

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

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."

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-

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-

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

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. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from G.L. Hamburg; R. H. Gerand, 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.;

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 Hamburg; 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.

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, 1853-4, 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. Cröhn; 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

Surrey, and G.K.; S. Rawson, Prov. G.M. for China; C. P. Cooper, Q.C., Prov. G.M. for Kent; Lt. Col. Burlington, 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. Cröhn, 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.

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.

Grand Prelate	The Crosier.
Grand Captains	Cross Swords.
Grand Chancellor and Grand Vice-Chancellor	} The Purse.
Grand Registrar	
Grand Treasurer	Cross Keys.
Grand Chamberlain	Gold Key erect.
Grand Standard-Bearers	} Beauceant Banner, and White Banner with red Cross <i>patée</i> , <i>en saltire</i> .
Grand Director of Ceremonies.	
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 Herald, 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 Herald.

"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

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.* 6*s.* 3*d.*, which added to the balance in the Treasurer’s hands at the commencement of the year (which was 330*l.* 19*s.* 5½*d.*) amounts to 463*l.* 5*s.* 8½*d.*, out of which there have been made during the past year payments to the amount of 145*l.* 17*s.* 6½*d.*, leaving a balance in favour of the Grand Conclave of 317*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* 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 7*s.* 6*d.*

“It having been stated to your Committee, that there is not an

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 EMILY,

“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,

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.

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

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

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.)

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 PUSSANT 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

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. Daves 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 BYTHERSEA 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

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,

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. Munday, 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.

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. Cröhn, G. Sec. for Foreign Correspondence; Bros. Belamy 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. CABELL 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

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 enjoyed.

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

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

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).

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 courtied 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.

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

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

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		£406	6	8
Subsequent Receipts		1588	3	9
				<u>£2084 10 5</u>
Disbursements	£1357	10	7	
Purchase of £400, 3 per Cent. Consols.....	398	0	0	
				<u>1755 10 7</u>
Balance.....		£328	19	10

FOR WIDOWS ANNUITANTS.

Balance 31st March, 1852.....		£89	13	5
Subsequent Receipts		213	7	1
				<u>£303 0 6</u>
Disbursements.....	£255	2	9	
Purchase of £45 3s. 2d. 3 per Cent. Consols.	45	0	0	
				<u>£300 2 9</u>
Balance.....			2	17 9

FOR BUILDING.

Receipts		£56	6	6
Disbursements.....		1	18	0
				<u>54 8 6</u>

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

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.* 3*s.* 2*d.* 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
<i>Disbursements:—</i>				
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	51	11	1	

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:—				
Annuityants.....	£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	
				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 Annuityants....	{ Consols, £3700 0 0 } .. £7200 0 0
	{ Reduced, 3500 0 0 }
Widows' Fund	{ Consols, 395 3 2 } 795 3 2
	{ Reduced, 400 0 0 }

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,
 London, 11th May, 1853."

Chairman.

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 ballotting 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.	No. Polled.	Total.
	1852.	1853.	
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

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.

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. Quaitte, 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 Dover, No. 235.
- The United Lodge of Benevolence of Chatham, No. 216.
- Adams Lodge of Sheerness, No. 134.
- 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.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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., Oriol 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-

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

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.

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

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, } P. G. Steward.
 with the Square.

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

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

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 the public as an architect. I am certain that the population of this large town are well fitted to receive such a work as this ; that it will be benefited for many ages to come by the work which is now about to be commenced, and which I trust may be speedily finished, so that it may remain, in future ages, the admiration 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

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. | |
| | P. M. Bro. Broadhead, bearing Cornucopia,
with Corn ; | |
| Prov. Grand
Steward. { | P. M. Bro. Lewis, bearing Ewer,
containing Wine ; | } Prov. Grand
Steward. |
| | P. M. Bro. Chaffer, bearing Ewer,
containing Oil. | |
| | 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. |

- P. M. Bro. Hagerstadt, bearing the Doric Light.
 F. 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 } Steward.
 Compasses, on a Purple Velvet Cushion.
 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

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 ever 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 ever 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

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.

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. HARRINGTON 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. Harrington, 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.

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 blazoury. 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.

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 requested 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,

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 speaker, 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

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 unpolled 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*

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

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 cortege 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 ;

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.

"Palnam 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.

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 reproduction 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 établies à cet égard avec des autres Frères dans votre pays, que nous ne pourrions pas interrompre.

DR. CRUCIFIX.—„Die Geschichte Freimaurerei in Frankreich" von Kloss, war fehl- 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*.