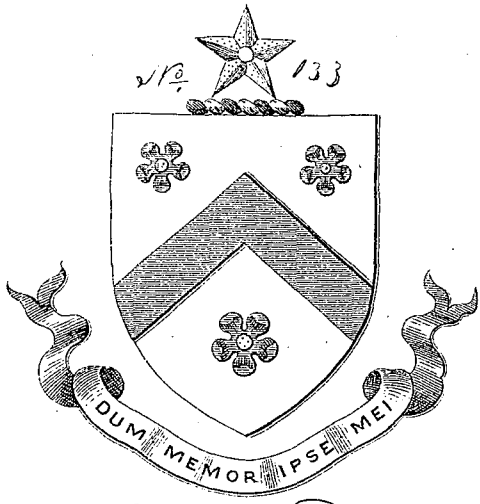


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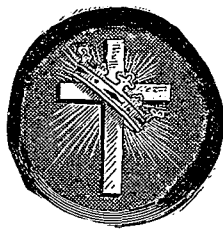
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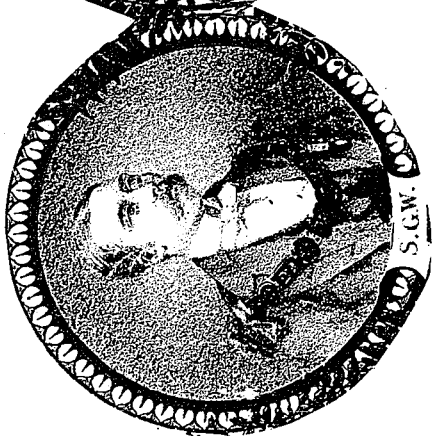
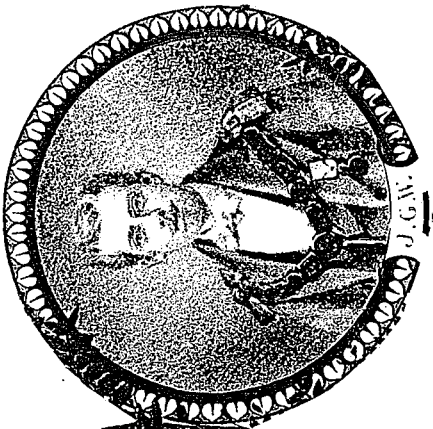


United Grand Lodge
of
A.F. & A.M. Masons
of
England.

2514







THE

FREEMASONS'

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.

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THE
FREEMASONS'
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 31, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

“ Nothing to extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice ;”

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

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

“ A change came o’er the spirit of his dream ;”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We commence a new æra of our existence at a period

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

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

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

1. “That this Grand Lodge entertains towards the Grand Lodge of England feelings of the highest respect and esteem; that it is our most ardent desire to cultivate those feelings, to advance the interest, and to establish upon a firmer basis the character of Masonry in this Province.

2. “That with a view of carrying out one of the primary objects of our time-honoured Institution, viz., that of being more useful to our fellow-creatures, it is necessary that all the funds accruing from the operations of the Craft in this Province be retained by this Grand Lodge.

3. “That it is absolutely necessary for the welfare of Masonry, that a separate Grand Lodge be established, with full power to control the working and operations of the Craft in this quarter of the globe, to secure which, a Committee be appointed to draft a Petition to the Grand Lodge of England, based on the foregoing Resolutions, praying for permission to establish a Grand Lodge in that part of the Province of Canada, formerly constituting Upper Canada, with full power and authority to manage and control all matters connected with such Grand Lodge, and all Lodges now working under the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, and that the said Committee be fully empowered to carry on all correspondence with the Grand Lodge of England, for the purpose of securing the absolute independence of such Grand Lodge.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Emollit mores, neque sinit esse feros,"

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

FEMALE LITERATURE IN FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

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

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

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

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

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

The seventeenth century was especially rich in female talent;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And again in her "Treatise on Friendship:"—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENVOI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WORRIED BISHOP;

OR, WHEN WAS KINDLY DEED BARREN OF BLESSING?

I.

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

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

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

"On what ground?"

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

"He is an orphan, Fanny."

"So are thousands beside."

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

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

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

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

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

And the cautious housewife spoke with unusual deliberation.

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

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

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

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

II.

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

“ London—Harry—Monday ; what may all this mean ?”

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

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

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

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

The curate still hesitated.

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

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

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

III.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hit was hap-hazard; but it told.

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

But his lordship made little progress.

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

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

“I can’t see it, my lord.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The youth bowed; sought out Harry; and withdrew.

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

IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ugh!” cried the bishop. “I shall be eaten alive!”

V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Say you so, my lord?” cried Cecil, earnestly.

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

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

Dr. Umphelby started.

“The benefice is *very* small——”

“About £180. per annum,” suggested the bishop, correctingly.

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

“So! Mr. Warrham is dead!” said the prelate, musingly.

“How did he die? Suddenly?”

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

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

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

And the bishop shook his head reprovingly.

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

“He has served a fair apprenticeship,” was Dr. Umphelby’s comment.

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

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

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

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

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

“His son, my lord ?”

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

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

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

“No ! my Lord.”

“Your guardian ?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE "GOLDEN ASS" OF APULEIUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Divine Legation, p. 297.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ Irreligious.

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ See Oudendorp's note on the word *γραμματεὺς*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Oliver, *ibid.* p. 167.

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

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

THEODORE A. BUCKLEY.

* Zanoni, vol. ii. p. 49.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF A FREEMASON.

— Sic me servavit Apollo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was early in the summer of 18— that W—— left the University of—— for the long vacation. He was³⁶ about a year junior to myself, and was intending to present himself as a candidate for the honours of "Great-go" in the ensuing term. We had long been friends, and our admission into the Masonic Order on the same day served to cement, still more strongly, our mutual sentiments of regard. I had already arrived at the dignity of B. A., and was about to enter on my professional studies at the Temple. W—— too, had intended to become an aspirant for the wool-sack in course of time, though his own personal predilections were never very strongly enlisted in favour of what he considered so "slow" a course of existence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.*

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

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

I.

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

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

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

Napoleon sometimes succeeded, but more frequently failed.

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

* From the French.

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

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

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

"Yes, sire," was the reply.

"What is the name of that château?"

"Kervégan le Bocage."

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

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

"Has it not sustained a siege?"

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

"Do you remember any of the details?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“‘I give it you,’ I replied.

“He made a sign, and I was released.

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

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

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

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

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

“His soldier’s costume was a hunting dress; he held a double-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“‘Yes,’ said the count, ‘I do!’”

“‘I am a simple lieutenant in the Republican army,’ I

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

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

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

"'What is it?'

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

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

"The count then showed me his four sons.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I recoiled shuddering.

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

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

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

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

"'Well, then, I will remain.'

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

"This was, indeed, a most noble refusal.

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

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

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

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

The emperor abruptly interrupted his aide-de-camp.

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

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

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

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

“And the other?”

“The younger entered the Spanish army.”

“How old is he?”

“About eighteen.”

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

II.

Three days after this conversation, Napoleon was in Spain.

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

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

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

The emperor was obeyed; the colonel appeared shortly after.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Where is this young man?” inquired the emperor.

“Quite near me;—in my tent.”

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

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

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

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

"It is the emperor," whispered the colonel.

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

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

"Yes, sire."

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

"No, sire."

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

"I served in the king's guards."

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

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

"Why do you not return to France?"

"I am an emigrant, sire."

"So young!"

"I quitted France at the age of six."

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

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

"Why so, sir?"

The young man hesitated.

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

"Well."

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

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

"Max de Kervégan, sire."

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

"Yes, sire."

Napoleon became silent.

"Where are your mother and your brother?"

"In England, sire, with the king."

"Are they rich?"

"Exiles never are, sire."

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

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

An impatient expression crossed the features of the emperor.

“You forget your country, sir,” said he, harshly.

Max hung down his head.

“It is true,” murmured he.

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

Max still hesitated.

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

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

“Why a simple soldier?”

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

“You shall be one of my pages,” replied Napoleon.

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

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

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

III.

Ten years rolled away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The emperor started on beholding him.

"Ah!" said he "is it you, Kervégan?"

"Yes, sire."

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

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

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

“Ah!” rejoined the emperor, what would you, then?”

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

“Where would you go?” asked the emperor.

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

A cry escaped Napoleon. “What men!” murmured he.

PONSON DU TERRAIN.

SONNET.

(FROM PETRARCH.)

“Se lamentar augelli, or verdi fronde.”

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

W. BRAILSFORD.

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

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

as further illustrations.


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

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

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

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

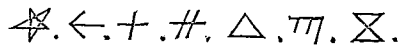
Among the nations of the east, the triangle, single and double, has from remote antiquity formed the geometrical emblem of the Trinity, and in the form of a pentalpha, it constituted of old the Pythagorean emblem of health.



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

the proper Solomon's seal; I find the same sign is on the signet of the Sultan and his coins. The Moors have adopted it as their arms. The very same symbol is found in Mexico.

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

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



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

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

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

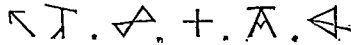
problems which relate to the striking agreement in religious tradition, manner of dividing time, and works of art, in eastern Asia and America, will one day be cleared up by discoveries of facts hitherto entirely unknown to us." Since Humboldt thus wrote, a new impulse has been given to migration; the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

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

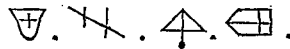
Under such shelter we shall introduce the mark budget, with

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

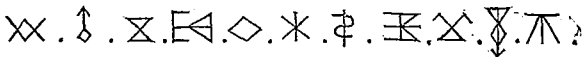
the travellers and the antiquary—Camden and Lieut. Spratt, R. N., Caerphilly Castle, Glamorganshire: "From the west wall of this room project single stones like those in the hall, but with characters on them, probably only Masons' marks," *ecce signa.*



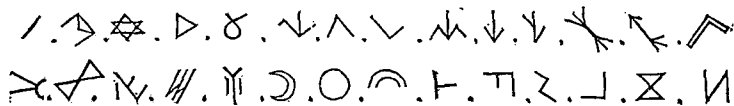
Again at St. Ital's hermitage in Llan Hammwlch parish, Brecknockshire, on the top of a hill, not far from the church, on the two side stones there is this variety of crosses.



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



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



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

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



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

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

We shall now give two Masonic devices from the carved bosses of a Gothic church. Early on a winter morning, cold and wet, with a dark grey sky, a deserted street, and the wind hissing round the tall gables of the antique house, and raising lines of white foam on the dark bosom of the lake of the broad hollow, from which it takes its name, we entered again the royal burgh of Linlithgow, and were quickly reassured; for there, as formerly, stood the pillar, with the flattering inscription concerning the patron saint (and much on such a morning did he need it), "St. Michael he is kind to strangers;" and nearly opposite, over an archway, the ruddy lion ramped in gold,—sign of good cheer and comfort. The inner man refreshed, we visited the church, the pillars of which are most sedulously supplied with periodical coats of whitewash, to heighten the effect produced by the building!!! We believe it—*i. e.* the whitewash—is not appreciated. On the boss, next the eastern end of the church, is this device: within a circle, a book, upon it the square



and compasses. At the western end of the church, as at present used, but in reality at the western end of the choir, opposite the little chapel pointed out as the aisle of St. Catherine, where the gallant and chivalrous James IV., shortly before the battle of Flodden, is represented by Sir Walter Scott paying his devotions "with sackcloth shirt and iron belt, and eyes with sorrow streaming,"



—on a boss may be seen this figure.

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

“She just gaced through the town, but a’ folk like to see where she *was* to sit.”

“*Insula parva situ, sed rebus
Maxima gestis
Africa et Europæ ac Asiæ
Contermina, Pauli
Hospes, et Alborum Procerum
Gratissima mater.*”

Adieu.

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

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

Chatham, 25th February, 1853.

✉

THE MASON'S FAREWELL.*

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

We’ve met on the “Level,”
We’ll part on the “Square,”
For prized as the sunlight
My Brothers, you are.

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

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

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

THE UNIVERSALITY OF SUPERSTITION.

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

Wife of Bath's tale.—CHAUCER.

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

OLD PLAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Daniel, in one of his sonnets, says,—

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

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

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

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

extinguished, secured immunity from the evil influence of witchcraft.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gay, in one of his pastorals, says—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Reach the bays:

I'll tie a garland here about his head;

'Twill keep my boy from lightning."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drayton says, in allusion to the Fairies,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. B.

THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE "VIXEN."

AND so I bought a yacht.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you really think so?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you all snug?" asked Tom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh!" groaned we in a faded chorus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And this is the native country of Catawina," said Fin; "I breathe the same air with her. I shall dream that her great eyes are fixed upon me. Ah! what luxury!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Up-stairs," replied the lieutenant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. MICHELET ON FREEMASONRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,—

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

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

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

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

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

W. B.

MASONRY IN BATH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASON'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have now endeavoured to give some slight sketch of the prospects of Masonry in Bath; and I sincerely hope I may soon have another opportunity of visiting, and making a prolonged stay with my Brethren in that city, who add to their other Masonic virtues, that of hospitality in the highest degree.—I am, Sir and Brother, Your obedient Servant,

VISITOR.

MASONRY IN FRANCE.

Monsieur et très cher frère Rédacteur,—

*La presse maçonnique n'est pas plus libre, en France, que la presse politique, et si quelques sages avertissements peuvent arriver au G.M. actuel de l'Ordre, il en aura, sans doute, obligation au recueil le plus complet d'utiles documents sur notre importante Société, c'est-à-dire, au *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*.*

Dès 1847, l'esprit de démocratie, qui s'était introduit dans le monde profane et tourmentait l'administration des affaires publiques, s'était glissé dans la maçonnerie, par la réapparition dans l'ordre des F.F. Pagnerre, Altaroche, Blaize, etc.; qui étaient devenus membres du G.O. On crut céder aux exigences des temps en abolissant les officiers du G.O., qui, jusqu'alors, avaient été composés des maçons les plus anciens, les plus instruits, et les plus propres à conserver les traditions. On décida que, désormais, le G.O. ne serait plus composé que des députés des loges, et que chacun d'eux ne pourrait représenter plus d'une loge.

Certes, il y avait alors quelque chose à faire, car les députés jusques-là, n'avaient été que des muets inutiles, et il était nécessaire de fonder un pouvoir pour contrebalancer celui des officiers, qui était, quelquefois, trop absolu. Mais en introduisant, d'un seul coup, le système représentatif absolu, comme élément de pouvoir

législatif et judiciaire, on détruisait les traditions, on amenait la confusion. D'un autre côté, les députés devant être pris à Paris, et les ateliers de la capitale n'étant pas les mieux composés, sous le rapport de l'instruction, on s'exposait à introduire, dans l'administration, des instruments incapables et faciles à devenir la proie des intrigants.

Après la révolution de 1848, les hommes avancés se jetèrent dans la maçonnerie, espérant y trouver un élément de succès dans leurs vues. Les Pagnerre, les Altaroche, les Blaize étaient déjà disparus, parceque les affaires de l'état, à la tête desquelles ils étaient enfin parvenus, absorbaient tous leurs instants. Des hommes plus obscurs espèrent se servir d'un semblable marche-pied.

La promulgation de la nouvelle constitution et la révolution opérée dans le G. O., servirent merveilleusement leurs projets. On vit arriver, parmi les nouveaux députés un F. Périer, référendaire à la Cour des Comptes, dont les opinions étaient avancées ; un F. Hubert, jeune maçon gascon, qui avait tout pour *pousser partout* comme disait le bon Henri IV. Ces deux hommes se lièrent bientôt très-étroitement et cherchèrent à recomposer le G. O., le premier dans l'intérêt de son complice, et le second dans un but spéculatif.

Comme les plupart des anciens officiers avaient obtenu des députations, on ne put faire les élections comme on l'espérait ; aussi, la session actuelle du G. O., qui expire au mois de Mars prochain, n'est elle pas aussi mauvaise qu'on l'aurait voulu.

On fut obligé de laisser à la Présidence le F. Desanlis, avocat ; homme d'Ordre, de fortune, et de dévouement au bien public ; l'orateur fut le F. Wentz, avocat, doué également des plus brillantes qualités maçonniques et civiles ; mais le F. Périer parvint à se faire nommer Secrétaire-Général, et il devenait une haute puissance par ses fonctions.

Il y avait, alors, comme chef du Secrétaire, le F. Félix Pillot, maçon de la plus haute Science, qui avait plus de vingt années d'exercices et que imprimait la meilleure direction aux travaux. Le F. Pillot était dévoué à l'Ordre, et adversaire de toutes les révolutions, de tous les révolutionnaires ; il tenait en ses mains toutes les affaires du G. O. ; et il eût été difficile, sous son administration, — d'imprimer une tendance politique à la maçonnerie.

Aussi, les confédérés se contentèrent-ils, dans les premier temps, de poser des jalons pour l'avenir. Les F.F. Périer et Hubert introduisirent dans l'Ordre les F.F. César Bertholon, Clément Schœlcher, Theodore Bai, Ranjat, Lavergne, Lesseps, Napoléon Galloir, Richard du Cantal, Curvier, Détours, presque tous membres de la Montagne ; ils espéraient s'en faire des protecteurs, et ils avaient d'ailleurs toutes leurs sympathies.

Le F. Hubert quitta, un instant, la partie en 1849 ; il fut nommé conseiller de Préfecture à Bourges et crut son avenir assuré ; mais il ne resta que trois mois dans cette position, et personne ne connaît les causes de sa destitution.

Revenu à Paris, il se remit à l'œuvre avec le F. Périer, sur lequel

il prit un empire absolu, et ce dernier tenta de l'introduire dans l'administration du G. O., afin de s'en assurer l'exploitation, il lui donna entrée dans le bureau du F. Pillot. Celui-ci, inquiet de l'avenir de l'ordre; voyant, avec peine, les efforts qu'on faisait pour s'en emparer; craignant qu'on ne parvint à lui faire perdre sa place, tomba malade et mourut, presque subitement, en Février, 1851.

Cette perte était fatale pour le G. O., mais elle donnait occasion au F. Périer de placer son patronné.

Plusieurs F.F. se présentèrent pour solliciter l'emploi de chef du secrétariat; un seul pouvait être redoutable, parcequ'il avait des droits et une capacité reconnus, c'était le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, maçon depuis plus de trente années, ayant étudié spécialement la maçonnerie, la connaissant sous toutes ses faces, dans tous ses rites, et qui seul pourrait prétendre à une si difficile succession. Le F. Leblanc de Marconnay n'avait jamais été l'homme des révolutions; il n'avait pas caché ses principes d'ordre et de fidélité au pouvoir gouvernemental. Le F. Hubert s'était lié avec le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, et celui-ci, avec cette franchise qui le distingue, s'était empressé de lui donner toutes les instructions dont il pouvait avoir besoin.

Le choix d'un chef du Secrétariat au G. O., est une chose très-délicate: il faut un F. capable, instruit, zélé, et n'ayant en vue que l'existence de la maçonnerie, par conséquent son complet détachement de toute préoccupation religieuse et politique.

Le F. Desanlis était toujours President, ou plutôt G. M. (car il n'y avait pas, alors, de G. M. du G. O.); il avait vu, avec peine, les tentatives faites par les meneurs pour donner un caractère politique à la maçonnerie; mais, confiant dans la rectitude du F. Pillot, il avait consenti à garder la direction de l'Ordre. Après le F. Pillot, il n'y avait qu'un F. sur lequel le F. Desanlis pût s'en reposer, c'était le F. Leblanc de Marconnay, et il l'avait déclaré franchement.

Il fallait donc triompher du F. Desanlis, et l'on prit tous ses soins à arriver à ce premier succès. On fit nommer une commission pour examiner les candidats, et on fit promettre aux membres de cette commission de voter pour celui que la majorité aurait désigné. On travailla la commission, et la majorité décida que le F. Hubert serait le premier candidat présenté, tandis que le F. Leblanc de Marconnay ne passerait que le second.

Comme on était encore incertain de la nomination, et qu'on craignait l'influence de la réputation maçonnique du F. du Marconnay, on décida que le chef du Secrétariat ne serait plus, à l'avenir membre du G. O., et ne pourrait prendre la parole dans les séances.

Le F. Hubert ne resta pas oisif; il alla voir tous les membres du G. O., pour solliciter leurs voix, et eût la perfidie de maltraiter son concurrent, auquel il avait écrit tant de lettres louangeuses alors qu'il ne comptait sur la vacance de la place. Aux uns il peignit le F. de Marconnay comme un légitimiste déterminé; pour les autres, c'était un Bonapartiste; pour d'autres, un démocrate; enfin, il alla jusqu'à exploiter le scandale de la diffamation. De son côté, le F. de

Marconnay, fort de ses droits et de son savoir, ne crut point devoir faire de démarches auxquelles son caractère ne pouvait se ployer.

Le jour de l'épreuve arriva. Le F. Hubert obtint 61 voix, et le F. de Marconnay 23. Le premier devint donc, chef du Secrétariat, et le second resta simple membre du G. O. Cette décision fut rendue le 5 avril 1851, et le F. Hubert entra de suite en fonctions.

Le chef du Secrétariat, Hubert, et son protecteur le Secrétaire-Général, Perrier, s'étaient ainsi rendus maîtres de toute l'administration; ils voulaient faire nommer un adjoint au G. M., et jetèrent les yeux sur le F. Ronjat. Le F. Desanlis voyant qu'il allait être responsable d'une administration qui tournait au rouge; voyant que l'homme, sur lequel il comptait pour empêcher ces abus, avait échoué, donna sa démission, et le G. O. resta livré aux meneurs.

Les évènements du 2 décembre 1851 arrivèrent. Le 4 décembre le G. O. devait tenir une assemblée ordinaire. Quelques membres seulement s'y rendirent; quelques F.F. étaient exaspérés; ils parlaient de protestations contre ces qu'ils appelaient le coup d'état du Président de la République; mais le plus grand nombre se retira, et les mécontents restèrent seuls sans échos.

Quinze jours après, les choses étaient changées: deux membres du G. O., dans la loge desquels se trouvait le F. Claude, Secrétaire du Prince Murat, firent comprendre aux F.F. Périer et Hubert que la maçonnerie était perdue si elle ne se raccrochait à l'ordre de choses existantes, et qu'il fallait nommer le Prince à l'office de G. O., afin de donner des garanties au gouvernement.

Le F. Hubert, en homme habile, sentit quel parti il pourrait tirer d'un G. M. chez lequel il pourrait s'insinuer, et que la protection du cousin du chef de l'Etat pourrait victorieusement remplacer celles de membres de l'Assemblée qu'il avait recherchés tant qu'il avait cru que ce parti aurait le dessus.

Le F. Hubert devint Napoléoniste, comme s'il n'avait jamais fait autre chose, et plus il avait d'antécédents à faire oublier, plus il se montra chaud dans ses nouvelles poursuites.

Le Prince Murat fut nommé sans opposition, car presque tous les membres du G. O. étaient partisans sincères du gouvernement, et le peu qui lui étaient opposés n'osèrent exprimer leur pensée.

M. Desanlis, qui vit qu'il y avait, alors, à la tête de l'ordre, un homme sur lequel il pourrait s'appuyer pour faire le bien, se remit sur les rangs pour redevenir Président du G. O., représentant du G. M. Les F.F. Hubert et Périer, qui redoutant la franchise, l'expérience, et la solidité de principes de ce F., mirent tout en usage pour le faire échouer. Par leurs intrigues, le F. Desanlis succomba de quelques voix, et l'on nomma le F. Brugnot, honnête homme, sans doute, mais sans capacités, sans position, sans énergie, qui devait être, et qui fut leur instrument pour tout ce qu'ils entendaient faire.

Il s'établit, alors, une lutte entre les F.F. Hubert et Périer pour s'emparer de l'esprit du Prince. Le F. Hubert, plus délié que son compétiteur, obtint la préférence, et ce chef du bureau, qui ne devait

être que l'instrument des grands officiers, en devint le maître absolu. Il régna sans partage, là ou il ne devait être qu'un serviteur à gages, et réussit à perdre son bienfaiteur, le F. Périer, dans l'esprit du Prince. Le F. Périer n'a d'autre tort, dans tout cela, que d'avoir placé sa confiance dans un ambitieux, qui fait servir tout le monde de marche pied à ses projets de désorganisation du corps qui lui donne du pain, et qui est, sans doute, un jésuite en robe-courte.

De là s'est suivi un système de mesures illégales qui ont fait murmurer tout le monde, et qui ont porté le mécontentement parmi les loges de l'obédience ; mais, à toutes les représentations, le F. Hubert a mis le nom et la volonté du Prince en avant, et ce dernier, entièrement abusé, a résisté à toutes les objections qu'on a pu lui faire contre les empiètements de pouvoir du F. Hubert.

Les choses en sont arrivées à un point intolérable ; le G. O. est réduit à l'inaction, et toutes les mesures qu'on veut faire passer, sans obstacles, sont prises au nom du conseil du G. M., ce qui est une violation de la constitution. Les finances sont dépensées sans contrôle ; les rentrées qui, en 1851, ont été plus fortes que jamais, puisqu'elles se sont montées à plus de 48,000f., ont été départées par les dépenses malgré les efforts de la commission des finances.

Pour couronner l'œuvre, et afin d'avoir probablement une plus grande masse de fonds en maniement, on a mis dans l'esprit du Prince de faire un Temple, à Paris, pour le G. O. et pour les loges de la capitale. Sous ce prétexte, on a mis des impôts sur les initiations, sur les grades, sur les maçons, dont les loges de province se plaignent avec raison, et qu'une grande partie d'entre elles refusera de payer. Les droits actuels du G. O. sont de plus du triple de ce qu'ils étaient sous l'empire, où la maçonnerie comptait les hommes de richesses et de position dans son sein.

On vient d'envoyer, et sans consulter le G. O., par la seule décision illégale du conseil de G. M., 25 inspecteurs qui sont payés 8f. par jour, pour visiter toutes les loges de la province et les engager à prendre des actions dans le nouveau temple. Il est certain que peu de maçons se laisseront aller à cette demande et que la conception échouera.

Le temple qu'on veut acquérir consiste dans une maison, Rue Cadet, No. 16. Le contrat d'acquisition est signé, conditionnellement, par le prince et deux ou trois membres du G. O. ; le prix est de 450,000f., mais il faudra dépenser 150,000f. pour l'approprier à l'usage des ateliers et du G. O. Si, au mois de Janvier prochain, 150,000f., ne sont pas payés, le contrat sera résilié, et le propriétaire recevra 10,000f. d'indemnité.

On parle de renverser la Consitution, de supprimer les députés des loges, et de gouverner avec le seul conseil de G. M., dont le F. Hubert serait l'âme et l'impulsion. Si cela avait lieu, il est probable que la plupart des loges se retireraient de l'obédience du G. O., et qu'il en serait formé un autre, qui introduirait un schisme de plus dans la maçonnerie Française.

Le prince est doué d'excellentes qualités ; il veut faire le bien ;

mais il est fâcheux qu'arrivant dans un ordre dont il ne connaissait pas l'importance et les besoins, il n'ait pas cherché à s'entourer des hommes qui lui présentaient le plus de garanties, tels que les F.F. Desanlis, Janin, Bertrand, de St. Jean, Morand, Garon, Piquenot, Boisson, Portulier, Mongenot, Wentz, Faultrier, Jobert, Chiloret, Veixer, Bailly, d'Arragon, Clément d'Anglebert, Maubané, Contro, Leraller, et de bien d'autres encore, qui seraient à même de lui donner des conseils aussi fructueux que désintéressés. S'il s'était enquis, à l'autorité compétente, des hommes qui mangent au ratelier de la police secrète, il n'est pas probable qu'il en eût été la dupe, car on peut se servir des espions, mais on n'en fait point ses amis.

Tel est l'état des choses en France, et j'ai présumé que ces détails intéresseraient les maçons de ce pays, si amis de la légalité, si prudemment dirigés par les maçons honorables qui composent le gouvernement maçonnique.

[Translation.]

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

The Masonic press in France is no more free than the press political, and if any wholesome truths can be conveyed to the actual G. O. of the Order it will be doubtless owing to the more complete collection of useful documents concerning our important Society contained in the *Freemason's Quarterly Magazine*.

Since 1847, the spirit of democracy which had introduced itself into the profane world, and troubled the administration of public affairs, had also glided into Masonry, by the reappearance in the Order of the Bros. Pagnerre, Altaroche, Blaize, &c., who had become members of the G. O. It was intended to give way to the exigencies of the times in removing those Officers of the G. O., the oldest, the best instructed, and the fittest to preserve its traditions. It was decided that henceforward the G. O. should be composed only of deputies from the Lodges, and that every one of them could only represent a single Lodge.

Truly, there would then be something to do, for hitherto the deputies had been only useless dummies, and it was necessary to create a power to counterbalance that of the officers, occasionally too absolute. But in bringing in all at once an entire representative system as the element of legislative and judicial power was to destroy the traditions of the Order, and to introduce confusion. On the other hand, the deputies, before being brought to Paris, and its working Lodges being not in the best condition on the point of instruction, great risk was run of filling the administration with inadequate instruments ready to become the prey of the designing.

After the the revolution of 1848, our fast men threw themselves upon Masonry, hoping to find in it an element for success in their views. The Pagnerres, the Altaroches, the Blaizes had already disappeared, for the affairs of the State, at the head of which they had at last arrived, absorbed all their time. Men still more obscure hoped to tread in their steps.

The promulgation of the new constitution, and the revolution effected in the G. O., aided wonderfully their schemes. Amongst the new deputies was one Bro. Perier, referendary of the Chamber of Accounts, whose opinions were very advanced; one Bro. Hubert, a young Gascon Mason, who had, as good Henry IV. used to say, "*every thing to gain every thing.*" These two persons confederated themselves most intimately, and endeavoured to reconstruct the Order: the first in the interest of his accomplice, the second in the hopes of what might turn up.

As the majority of the old Officers had received proxies, the elections could not be managed as was exactly wished; so that the actual session of the G. O., which expires the following March, has not been so bad as was expected.

They were obliged to leave Bro. Desanlis, solicitor, in the Presidential Chair: a Conservative of fortune and devotion to the general good. Bro. Wentz, solicitor,

of the most brilliant attainments, Masonic as well as civil, was chosen Orator ; but Bro. Perier succeeded in getting himself named Secretary-General, and derived a high authority from its functions.

The Chief in the Secretary's Office was then Felix Pillot, high in the science of Masonry, with twenty years' working experience, and who gave the best direction to its labours. F. Pillot was devoted to the Order, and adverse to all revolutions and revolutionaries ; he held in his hand all the movements of the Order, and it would have been difficult under his administration to have infused into it any political bias.

The confederates, therefore, at first contented themselves with placing marks for future operations. The Bros. Perier and Hubert introduced into the Order the Bros. Cæsar Bertholon, Clément Schœlcher, Theodore Bai, Ranjat, Lavergne, Lesseps, Napoleon Galloir, Richard du Cantal, Curvier, Détours, nearly all members of the Montagne : they hoped to gain in them protectors, and they otherwise had all their sympathies.

Bro. Hubert left the party for a time in 1849, having been named councillor to the Prefecture at Bourges, and believing his advent was come : but he remained only three months in this office, and the cause of his retirement was never known.

On his return to Paris he fastened himself upon Bro. Perier, over whom he obtained an absolute command, and the latter endeavoured to introduce him into the administration of the G.O., to insure by that means its explosion : he gave him a place in the office of Bro. Pillot. The latter, ill at ease for the prospects of the Order, seeing with alarm the efforts made to gain the command over it, and fearing that he should not be able to retain his Office, sickened, and died suddenly, in February, 1851.

This loss was fatal to the G.O., for it gave Bro. Perier the opportunity of fixing his *protégé*.

Many Brothers presented themselves as candidates for the Cheftainship of the Secretariat : one alone was formidable, because he had claims and an acknowledged fitness for the office ; this was Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, a Mason of thirty years' standing ; having made Masonry an especial study, knowing its forms and all its rites, he alone was worthy of being brought forward for such an important office. Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay had never been mixed up with revolutions : he never had swerved from the principles of order and attachment to the ruling powers. Bro. Hubert had attached himself to Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, who, with the liberality which distinguished him, was anxious to give him all the instruction he stood so much in need of.

The choice of a Chief of the Secretariat of the G.O. is a very delicate matter : he ought to be a Brother, intelligent, skilled, zealous, with nothing in view but the continuance of Masonry, consequently with a perfect freedom from every other tie, religious or political.

Bro. Desanlis still remained President, or rather G.M. (for at that time there was no G.M. of the G.O.) ; he had seen with sorrow the endeavours of the intriguers to fasten upon Masonry a political character ; but, confiding in the straightforwardness of Bro. Pillot, he had consented to hold the government of the Order. After Bro. Pillot there was only one Brother on whom Bro. Desanlis could rely, this was Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay, and this he had openly avowed.

It was necessary, therefore, to triumph over Bro. Desanlis, and every means were essayed to gain this first step. A commission was nominated to examine the candidates, and a promise was made to this commission to vote for the candidate their majority should indicate. This commission was operated on, and it decided that Bro. Hubert should be presented as first candidate, whilst Bro. Leblanc de Marconnay was only placed second.

Whilst the nomination was undecided, and the Masonic influence of Bro. de Marconnay was feared, it had been resolved that the Chief of the Secretariat should for the future be no longer a member of the G. O., nor have a voice in its sittings.

Bro. Hubert was not idle : he went the round of the members of the G. O. to solicit their votes, and had the meanness to traduce his competitor, to whom he

had written such eulogistic letters before he had calculated upon a vacancy in the office. To some he painted Bro. de Marconnay as a determined legitimist; for others he was a Bonapartist, and again a Socialist: in short, he went the most violent lengths of defamation. Bro. de Marconnay, on his side, strong in his claims and his acquirements, thought it unnecessary to take steps which his character would not allow him to use.

The day of election arrived. Bro. Hubert obtained 61 votes, and Bro. de Marconnay 23. The first, therefore, became Chief of the Secretariat, and the second remained simple member of the G. O. This decision was come to on the 5th of April, 1851, and Bro. Hubert in consequence entered on his duties.

This Chief of the Secretariat and his Protector-General Perier were thus become masters of the entire administration; they wished to give the G. M. a coadjutor, and cast their eyes on Bro. Ronjat. Bro. Desanlis, not wishing to be responsible for an administration which was *reddening* fast, and seeing that the man on whom he had counted for stemming abuses had lost his election, gave in his resignation, and the G. O. was left entirely to the intriguants.

The events of the 2nd of December succeeded. On the 4th the G. O. ought to have held a regular sitting; few of the members attended. Some of the Brothers were enraged: they spoke of protestations against what they called "*le coup d'état*" of the President of the Republic; but the majority retired, and the malcontents remained solely without an echo.

Fifteen days afterwards matters had changed. Two members of the G. O., in the Lodge of which Bro. Claude, secretary of Prince Murat, was a member, gave Bros. Perier and Hubert to understand that Masonry was lost if they did not bend to the existing order of things, and that they ought to nominate the Prince to the office of G. M. to give guarantees to the Government.

Bro. Hubert, like an adroit subject, seeing the path he had to take to insinuate himself with the G. M., and that the protection of a cousin of the Emperor might replace to advantage that of the members of an assembly whom he had courted as long as he thought they had the upper hand, became a Napoleonist, as if he had never been anything else, and the more he had to forget in his antecedents, the more he showed himself lukewarm towards his new pursuits.

Prince Murat was nominated without opposition, for most of the members of the G. O. were sincere partisans of the Government, and the few opposed to it did not dare to express their sentiments.

Bro. Desanlis, seeing that there was now a man at the head of the Order from whom he could hope for support for his beneficial plans, put himself on the list for re-election as President of the G. O. substitute of the G. M. Bros. Hubert and Perier, fearing the straightforwardness, the experience, and inflexibility of principle in this Brother, set every engine to work to make him lose the election. By their management, Bro. Desanlis was ousted by a few votes, and Bro. Brugnot was chosen; a very respectable man, certainly, but who, without capacity, position, or energy, might be expected, and who certainly became the mere tool for all this pair wished him to perform.

A rivalry subsequently took place between Bros. Hubert and Perier for gaining possession of the mind of the Prince. Bro. Hubert, more pliant than his competitor, obtained the preference, and the head-clerk in our bureau, who ought never to have been anything but the instrument of its officers, became their absolute master. He reigned now without control where he ought to have been a mere salaried subordinate, and succeeded in poisoning the mind of the Prince against his benefactor. No other blame can attach to Bro. Perier throughout this affair than to have placed his confidence on a party who sought to make every one the steps of a ladder from which he could carry out his projects of disorganization through an Order which had given him bread, and who is certainly but a Jesuit in plain clothes.

He afterwards followed a system of illegal measures which have made every one murmur, and which have strewn disaffection through all the Lodges in our connection; but to all representations Bro. Hubert has pushed forward the name and will of the Prince, and the latter, completely abused, has resisted all the objec-

tions that were made to him against the abnormal acts of Bro. Hubert's power.

Things have arrived at a point that is intolerable; the G. O. is reduced to a nonentity, and all the measures that are wished to be carried without difficulty are taken in the name of the Council of the G. M., which is a violation of the Order. The finances are distributed without control, and the receipts, which in 1851 were the largest known, since they exceeded 48,000 fr., have been frittered away by the expenses, notwithstanding the opposing efforts of the Committee of Finance.

To crown their work, and possibly to have larger funds to play with, it has been suggested to the mind of the Prince to found a Temple in Paris for the G. O. and the Lodges of the capital. Under this pretext, dues have been levied on the Initiations, on the Degrees on Masons, of which the Provincial Lodges, with reason, complain, and which a large portion of them will refuse to pay. The dues of the G. O. are triple what they were under the empire, when Masonry reckoned men of wealth and influence amongst its members.

They are about to send, without consulting the G. O., and from the sole illegal decision of the Council of the G. M., twenty-five salaried inspectors, at 8 fr. per diem, to visit all the Provincial Lodges, and to engage them to take shares in the new Temple. It is certain that few Masons will come into the proposition, and that the scheme will be abortive.

The site which it is wished to obtain for the Temple is a house, No. 16, Rue Cadet. The contract for the purchase is signed, provisionally, by the Prince and two or three members of the G. O.; the price is fixed at 450,000 fr., but a further outlay of 150,000 fr. will be necessary to fit it for the purposes of the Lodges and the G. O. If in the month of February next 150,000 fr. are not paid down, the contract is to be annulled, and the owner to receive 10,000 fr. indemnity.

They speak of overturning the Constitution, of suppressing the Deputies of the Lodges, and of governing solely by the Council of the G. M., of which Bro. Hubert will be the soul and movement. If this take place, it is probable that the greatest number of Lodges will withdraw their adhesions to the G. O., and this will introduce a fresh schism into French Masonry.

The Prince is endowed with excellent qualities; he wishes to act rightly, but it is mortifying that, placed in an Order of which he can know neither the importance nor the necessities, he should not have endeavoured to surround himself with men who could have offered guarantees, such as Bros. Desanlis, Janin, Bertrand, De St. Jean, Moraud, Garon, Piquenot, Boisson, Portalier, Mongenot, Wenty, Faultnair, Jobert, Chilerot, Veixer, Bailly, d'Arragon, Clement d'Anglebert, Manbané, Contro, Leraller, and many others, who would at least have given him advice as advantageous as disinterested. Had he inquired of the competent authority about persons who feed from the police manger, it is not probable that he would have become their dupe; for one may make use of spies without making them into friends.

Such is the state of matters in France; and I have supposed that these details will be interesting to the Masons of a country, the friend of legality and its Masonic government, so prudently directed by honourable Masons at its head.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *February 2, 1853.*

Present.—M. E. Comp. R. Alston, as Z.; W. F. Beadon, as H.; R. G. Alston, as J.; W. H. White, as E.; J. Hodgkinson, as N.: H. L. Cröhn, P. Soj.; C. Baumer, 1st Assist. Soj.; T. R. White, Assist. Soj.; F. Pattison, P. Assist. Soj.; E. H. Patten, P. Sword Bearer; G. W. K. Potter, P. Sword Bearer; B. Lawrence, P. Stand. Bearer; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. Stand. Bearer; T. Tombleson, P. Stand. Bearer; G. Leach, Dir. of Cerem.; R. Gibson, P. Dir. of Cerem.; J. B. King, P. Dir. of Cerem.; T. Parkinson, P. Dir. of Cerem.; A. A. Leveau, P. Dir. of Cerem.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and approved.

On petitions regularly signed and recommended, Charters were granted for Chapters, to be attached to Lodges as follows, viz. :—

To the Lodge, No. 214, Quebec; to the Lodge, No. 461, Bermuda; to the Lodge, No. 463, Northampton; to the Lodge, No. 817, Bocking.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *March 2, 1853.*

Present.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M. on the throne; R. W. Rowland Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex, as D. G. M.; R. W. The Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, *M.P.* as S. G. W.; T. A. Mitchell, *M.P.*, as S. G. W.; W. Tucker, Prov. G. M. for Dorsetshire; A. Dobie, Prov. G. M. for Surrey, and G. R.; J. J. Hammond, Prov. G. M. for Jersey and Guernsey; H. C. Vernon (P. S. G. W.), Prov. G. M. for Worcestershire; R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W.; Hon. G. O'Callaghan, P. J. G. W.; W. F. Beadon, P. J. G. W.; J. Pattison, P. J. G. W.; R. Davis, P. J. G. W.; Chev. B. Hebelier (P. S. G. W.), Rep. from G. L. of Berlin; V. W. Revs. J. E. Cox and E. Moore,

G. Chaplains; W. H. White, G. Sec.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from the G. L. of Hamburg; J. Hodgkinson, S. G. D.; W. F. White, J. G. D.; B. Lawrence, P.J.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D.; C. Baumer, P.J.G.D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. S. G. D.; L. Chandler, P. J. G. D.; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; L. Thompson, P.J.G.D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; J. Nelson, P.S.G.D.; G. W. K. Potter, P.J.G.D.; T. R. White, P.S.G.D.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cer.; G. Leach, G.S.B.; J. Masson, P.G.S.B.; G. P. de Rhé Phillipe, P.G.S.B.; J. L. Evans, P.G.S.B.; H. B. Webb, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B.; F. W. Breitling, G. Pursuiv.; Rev. W. J. Carver, Rep. from G. L. Massachusetts; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master, Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

The Regulations of Grand Lodge having been read by the G. Sec., the minutes of the last Quarterly Communication were read and confirmed.

RE-ELECTION OF THE GRAND MASTER.

Bro. TAYLOR rose, and in an eloquent speech proposed the re-election of the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, as G. M. of Masons for the ensuing year.

Bro. JONES seconded the proposition, and expressed in the warmest terms of eulogium the pleasure he felt in taking part in the re-election of a noble Brother, who had served the Craft so long and so well.

The proposition was carried by acclamation; and his Lordship having been proclaimed in due form, rose and tendered his thanks to the Grand Lodge for this additional mark of their confidence, assuring them that he had the interests of the Craft warmly at heart, and that it was his great desire to promote its usefulness and extend its operations.

Bro. J. Tomkyns was unanimously re-elected Grand Treasurer, and proclaimed.

The Report of the Board of Benevolence for December, January, and February was read; when, on the recommendation of the Lodge of the December, it was proposed and seconded, that the sum of 30*l.* be granted to Kezia Brewster, widow of Edward Brewster, late of the Lodge 109, London. Upon this an amendment was proposed, by Bro. John Savage, and duly seconded, to the effect that 50*l.* be granted to the said widow, instead of 30*l.*, which being put, passed in the affirmative.

On the recommendation of the Lodge of Benevolence for February, and on motion duly made and seconded, it was resolved, "That the sum of 30*l.* be granted for the relief of Elizabeth, widow of the late Edward Chunnah, of Lodge 651, Chester."

The Report of the Board of General Purposes was read, and ordered to be entered on the minutes.

Bro. R. G. ALSTON, as President of the Board of General Purposes, moved the approval of the Report, relating to the decision of the Board in the case of the election of a W. M. of the Castle Lodge, No. 36, upon which Bro. W. B. Packwood, W. M., had given notice of appeal to Grand Lodge.

Upon this proposition considerable discussion ensued, and lasted beyond the hour of eleven o'clock, when the Grand Lodge confirmed the decision of the Board of General Purposes, by a very large and almost unanimous majority.

The Board of General Purposes having laid before Grand Lodge a list of Lodges, which, being more than five years in arrear up to Christmas, 1851, had been written to by order of the Board, and from which no reply had been received, it was ordered that summonses be sent to such Lodges, to show cause at the next Quarterly Communication why their warrants should not be declared forfeited.

All business being concluded, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED RITE.



THE Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the Ancient and Accepted Rite for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, held a solemn Convocation of the higher Degrees of the Order, at their Grand East, Freemason's Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 10th day of February, A. D. 1853, for the purpose of conferring the distinguished rank of Kts. K. H. of the 30th Degree on several eminent Brethren. The

Convocation was attended by many of the most illustrious members of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

The Most Puissant Sov. Commander Dr. Leeson occupied the throne. He was supported in the Senate by the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, Henry Udall, the Grand Treasurer of the H. E., and P. G. Capt., and one of the committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, William Tucker, the Grand Almoner of the H. E., Prov. Grand Master, Prov. Grand Superintendent, and Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Dorsetshire; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, J. A. D. Cox, Grand Registrar and one

of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knight Templars; the Ill. Sov. Grand Inspector, Henry Enly, Grand Chancellor and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave of Knights Templars; the Ill. Sov. Prince of the R. S., of the 32nd Degree, Col. Vernon, Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Staffordshire, and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Matthew Dawes, Prov. Grand Commander of Knights Templars for Lancashire, and one of the Committee of management of the Grand Conclave; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, J. N. Tomkyns; the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Thomas Ward (Newcastle-under-Lyne); the Ill. Grand Inq. Commander of the 31st Degree, Frederick Dee; the Ill. Bro. Ed. S. Snell, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. P. Fischer, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles Goolden, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Charles J. Vyne (of Bath), Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. George Beaumont Cole, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Frederick Wether, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. W. Jones, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Gooch, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Evans, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Sir John G. Reeve de la Pole, Bart., Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythsea (of Bath), Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. J. S. Stephens, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Albert Hudson Royds, of Rochdale, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Richard Henry Goolden, M. D., Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree; the Ill. Bro. Henry Holbrooke, Liverpool, Kt. K. H. of the 30th Degree, &c., &c.

The Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order gave the grand and beautiful ceremony of the Order, assisted in various parts of it by his Ill. Brethren W. Tucker, J. A. D. Cox, Col. Vernon, Matthew Dawes, Cole, and Evans.

The important post of Grand Marshal was intrusted to the Ill. Bro. Tomkyns. The accolade of the Degree was conferred by the M. P. Sov. Commander, assisted by the members of his Supreme Council.

After the Installation had been concluded, the Most Puissant Commander, Dr. Leeson, delivered a most interesting lecture on the history of the Order, tracing the higher Degrees of Freemasonry to the earliest times, in this country, and showing how they were introduced and spread over the continent of Europe, from England, until the complete establishment of the present government of the Order, in the institution of the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree. This highly instructive lecture was listened to with great attention by the Ill. Brethren present. After the lecture, the Council of the 30th Degree was closed by the M. P. Commander, in ancient and solemn form.

The members of "The High Grades Union," which is composed

exclusively of Brethren who have attained the rank of the 30th Degree, then proceeded to ballot for several Brethren who had been previously proposed, and their names sent in the circulars calling the meeting; it being a bye-law of "The High Grades Union," that none but Brethren who have dined at one of the banquets of the Union are eligible for election into that body. A Brother, therefore, who has attained the rank of the 30th Degree, is admitted to dine once before joining, that the Brethren may the better become acquainted with him, before he goes through the ordeal of the ballot. This business being concluded, the Brethren adjourned to the banquet; the Most Puissant Commander presiding. After the usual loyal toasts, followed by the national anthem, had been given, the M. P. Commander proposed the healths of the members of the Supreme Councils of Ireland and Scotland, presided over by the Dukes of Leinster and Athole; which toasts were received with great Masonic regard.

The M. P. Commander then gave the healths of the members of the two American Supreme Councils; that for the Southern division, at Charlestown, and that for the Northern division, at Boston,—lately removed there from New York. He alluded particularly to the position of the English Council in relation to the Northern American Council, and the many bonds that bound them together in brotherly love and esteem. This toast was, as usual, received with great Masonic regard.

The Ill. Sov. Inspector Bro. Tucker then rose and said, that he had the great pleasure of proposing the health of a Brother whom none present could fail to hold in deep regard, viz., their M. P. Commander, Dr. Leeson. His extensive knowledge of the various Degrees of the Order—exhibited, indeed, in an especial manner to day, in the lecture which had so delighted them—was well known to all whom he was now addressing. When we witness (said Bro. Tucker), his talent and learning, and the great care and study bestowed by him in collecting, investigating, and proving the correctness of the valuable documents in his possession relating to the *whole* of the Masonic Degrees; and his extreme anxiety to keep up and promulgate a knowledge thereof, we cannot but feel the greatest obligations to him. For myself, I solemnly declare I do; as I have long felt that the Symbolic or Craft Degrees in Masonry *will not alone, at the present day, satisfy inquiring minds.* An opportunity is now afforded in the Supreme Council of England and Wales, presided over by their illustrious friend, of obtaining a perfect knowledge of the Masonic System. Cordially and enthusiastically, then, Ill. Brethren, let us unite in drinking his health as a man and a Mason. (The toast was drunk with the most affectionate regard.)

The M. P. Commander, Dr. Leeson, returned thanks to the following effect: I am quite certain, Brethren, you will believe me when I assure you, that I can only say, I *wish* to deserve your good opinions. In doing what I have done for these Degrees, which has been to exert myself as far as my ability enables me to do, to put

them in their true position, I am repaid by your very kind acknowledgments of my humble services. I feel it a duty incumbent on me to *promote* the Order. Seeing around me so many eminent Masons, I cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure it affords me in saying, that this is a proud day for Masonry in Great Britain. As long as I have the power, I shall continue to propagate the true principles and tenets of the high Degrees which we this day meet to commemorate. I thank my Ill. Brother for the kind expressions in which he has introduced my name to your notice, and, in conclusion, return my warmest thanks to every one of you for your undeviating kindness; he then added, Ill. Brethren, I have to request you to fill your glasses—bumpers—to the toast of my kind assistants in the Supreme Council, without whose aid I cannot hope to succeed in my endeavours. I call on you, then, to drink to the health of the members of the Sov. Grand Council of England and Wales, coupling with that toast the name of Bro. Henry Udall. And in mentioning the *name* of the Ill. Treasurer-General of the Order, I cannot refrain from expressing the great obligation I am under to *him*. I could not dare to hold the office I do, were it not that I feel myself confident at all times of his valuable assistance and support. My Bro. Tucker has greatly assisted me; it is only necessary to mention the name of Bro. Tucker—it speaks for itself. We all know his skill and industry in his position as Prov. Grand Master for Dorsetshire, and the benefit that the ineffable Degrees have received in the provinces through his fostering care; and I am sure he has the interests of the Order deeply at heart. Brethren, we have present likewise with us to-day two other Sov. Grand Inspectors-General, to whom I am much indebted for assistance in my position; viz., Bros. Cox and Emly. I feel I have reason to look forward to a very good result from the united exertions and ability of my friends the members of the Council, to whom I have alluded, and also the absent members. (He then proposed the healths of Bros. Udall, Tucker, Cox, Emly, and the rest of the members of the Grand Council.)

The GRAND TREASURER said,—Most Puissant Commander, it would ill become us to defer the opportunity of immediately expressing our great pleasure in meeting yourself and the Brethren of these high Degrees to-day, and of tendering our thanks for the kind feelings with which our names have been welcomed in this brilliant assembly of highly instructed Freemasons. Personally we thank you, Sir, for the lecture delivered to-day, which must have convinced every Brother who heard it of the importance, the value, and the necessity for meetings like the present. I am glad to be able to state that I hear from all quarters continued good wishes and acknowledgment of the success of this Supreme Council. In fact, in no other meeting are such Masons got together from all parts of England. One of our chief objects is beginning to work its way—that of giving a *higher tone* to Freemasonry in the provinces. No one ever doubted that much might be done to effect this; but until the establishment of this

Supreme Council, nothing practical had been attempted to bring about so desirable a result. I hope, however, we shall have good reports to this effect from the Chapters of Rose Croix, which we have established. In truth, our Convocation to-day, has shown by some marked evidence, the desire in the provinces to support the best interests of the Order. Encouraged by the good opinion expressed at such meetings as these, we shall at all times give you, Sir, the best assistance in our power to promulgate, in their purity, the high Degrees of the Order. Having said this, I have only now to thank you again, for myself and those friends with whom my name was mentioned, and to wish you all happiness and success.

The Sov. COMMANDER then said—As members of the 33rd Degree, we are greatly dependent on the Princes of the Royal Secret. We look forward to them to recruit our strength. Our kind and highly-gifted friend present, Col. Vernon, is a portion of that valuable body. His zeal and abilities as a Mason are so well known in the provinces and in London, that it would be idle in any one, in such a company as this, to attempt to add to his Masonic fame. We have great gratification in possessing his friendship and support. I now call on you to drink the health of Col. Vernon and the Princes of the Royal Secret.

Col. VERNON said,—Most Puissant, in returning thanks for the Princes of the Royal Secret, I much regret the absence of another Brother of that rank; one well known and esteemed by all of you, and than whom a more excellent man and Mason I know not. I am sure his heart is with us; and that, if possible, he would have been present this evening. On my own behalf, I thank you sincerely for your kind expressions of regard for me; and beg to repeat what I have always said, that some of my pleasantest moments in Freemasonry have been spent in the High Grades Union. I have been much attached to Freemasonry since I entered the Order, and my best efforts shall be used to promote its prosperity and propagate its true principles. In our endeavour to carry out the objects of the high Masonic Degrees, we have been studious in maintaining the constitutions of Freemasonry; neither infringing on other authorities nor permitting any to infringe upon us. Our progress for this and other reasons has been certain and sure.

The COMMANDER then proposed the healths of the Ill. members of the 31st Degree present, viz., Bros. Tomkins, Dawes, Dee, and Ward, thanking them for their assistance.

The Ill. Bro. TOMKINS returned thanks, saying that their best exertions would be devoted to the interests of the Order.

The M.P. COMMANDER then rose and said,—Ill. Brethren, it is now my pleasing duty to propose the healths of the newly-installed Ill. Brethren. I shall, however, divide them into the London and country members. Of the London members I shall first speak. I feel assured our Brethren will not regret the step they have taken, but that they will find that in connecting themselves more intimately than they had previously done with the Supreme Council of England,

whose object is the propagation of the pure principles of Freemasonry, that to them this will be a day too of pleasing remembrance; and worthy, according to the customs of antiquity, to be marked with a white stone. Brethren, I request you to drink to the healths of Bro. Dr. Gooden and the Ill. Brethren living in London, who have this day been installed.

DR. GOOLDEN said,—Most Puissant, I had hoped that one more able than myself would have been called on; but as you have been pleased to mention my name first, I, on behalf of my Brethren and myself return thanks for the honour conferred on us. I do assure you that we are highly pleased at being introduced into this distinguished Degree of the Order; and that the manner in which the important ceremonies were given, as well as the valuable secrets imparted to us this day, will leave a lasting impression on our minds, leading us, as they do, to a more extended knowledge of the mysteries of Freemasonry.

THE M.P. COMMANDER then said,—Ill. Brethren, I have now to speak of our country members, whom we have this day advanced to this rank. We have great pleasure in thus advancing them; and feel assured that, when they meet in their Chapters of Rose Croix, they will be the more earnest, from having attained this high Degree, of maintaining in its purity that most interesting Degree. I propose the health of Sir John De la Pole, Bart., and the country members.

THE Ill. Bro. SIR JOHN DE LA POLE, Bart., returned thanks.—He stated he had been many years connected with the Order; and every new advancement he got in it only further convinced him of the noble principles on which Freemasonry was founded. He felt delighted with the meeting, as well for its social character as for the Masonic intelligence displayed.

THE Ill. GRAND TREASURER rose to propose the health of the Clergy of the Order, who had attained the rank of the 30th Degree. All Degrees of Freemasonry, he said, were much indebted to the learning exhibited by the clergy, in defending the Order. In the Supreme Council we have Dr. Oliver, the historian of Freemasonry, to whom we are all, as Masons, much indebted. He is not with us. His advanced age precludes him from coming to London. We have many others; but I will associate with my proposal the name of the Ill. Bro. the Rev. George Bythesca, not only well known in the West, but highly respected by all who know him. Such men as these support Masonry in this country. How different, however, is it in some countries. The investigation of truth is one of the leading attributes of Freemasonry. Truth itself is on our pillar that upholds the Order. Then we may well claim the English clergy as our allies. To an institution so founded a free clergy could not object. I thank them for their support; and am assured they will exert themselves and use their influence more than ever in extending the beneficial effects of our ancient and honourable institution. I propose the health of the Rev. George Bythesca, and our Brethren the clergy of the Order.

The Rev. GEORGE BYTHESSE said,—Most Puissant Commander and Brethren, on behalf of the clergy I have to express my sincere thanks for the favourable opinion you entertain for them as a body, as shown by the way in which you have received the speech of the Ill. Bro. Udall. I assure you it affords me great pleasure in being able to attest the truth of what has been stated respecting them. I am happy to say that the clergy are the firmest supporters of Freemasonry. It is an institution deserving of support and countenance. I have been a Mason nearly forty years, having had the honour of being initiated in the year 1818. I may fairly, then, be considered competent to give an opinion as to its advantages, and to have formed a correct judgment as to its principles and objects. I have always supported Freemasonry; and after what I have this day witnessed, shall, if possible, give it increased support. I am I believe the oldest Mason present; and my zeal for the Order at no time exceeded what I entertain for it at this moment. With increased knowledge I feel renewed attachment, and shall always remember with pleasure the fraternal meeting we have had this day.

The COMMANDER then proposed the health of Ill. Bro. Emly, the Treasurer of the High Grades Union, and thanks to him for the attention he paid to their interests.

The Ill. Bro. EMLY returned thanks, giving a satisfactory account as to the funds, and other matters highly interesting to the High Grades Union.

The M.P. COMMANDER then proposed the health of the members of the 30th Degree then present.

The Ill. Bro. SNELL returned thanks, and said that the members of the 30th Degree would always be ready to discharge whatever duties might be required of them by the Supreme Council cheerfully and to the best of their ability.

The last Masonic toast was then given, and the M.P. Commander left the chair.

The next meeting of the High Grades Union is fixed by the bye-laws for the last day of April, but as that day falls on a Saturday, which is very inconvenient to members living in the country, it is expected it will be held on Friday, the 29th of April; on which occasion the Supreme Council will hold a Convocation of the Order, and confer the rank of Knights K.H. of the 30th Degree.

* * To prevent mistakes, our country Brethren are informed that all petitions for Warrants for Chapters of Rose Croix, &c. (without which that sublime Degree cannot be conferred), should be addressed to Davyd W. Nash, Esq., Secretary-General of the 33rd Degree for England and Wales, &c., Freemason's Hall, London. To whom, also, all applications should be made in writing for admission into the higher Degrees of the Order.

ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

THE anniversary festival of this Institution was celebrated by a very elegant dinner, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday evening, March 9th, the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M., presiding, supported by about 200 of the Brethren.

The object of the Institution is, to receive under its protection the sons of indigent and deceased Brethren, to provide them with decent clothing, and to afford them an education adapted to the situation in life they are most probably destined to occupy, and inculcate such religious instruction as may be conformable to the tenets of their parents, and, ultimately, to apprentice them to suitable trades. The Institution is founded on the true principles of Masonic charity. Children of all religious denominations, and wherever resident, are eligible to be admitted as candidates, from the age of seven to ten, provided their fathers have been Masons three years, duly registered in the Grand Lodge books, and have continued subscribing members to a Lodge for two years. 748 children have been clothed and educated by the charity, and seventy boys are admitted by the Institution on the establishment.

At the present moment great exertions are being made for the purpose of building a school-house for the reception of part of the children, whilst, at the same time, due care is to be taken that the great basis of religious equality on which the Charity is founded shall never be lost sight of.

At this Festival the M. W. G. M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland presided, and was supported by Bros. Lord Dudley Stuart, S. G. W.; Rowland Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex; Bro. J. J. Hammond, Prov. G. M. for Jersey and Guernsey; Bro. Pestonjee Ramojee, Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chap.; R. G. Alston, J. F. Beadon, F. B. Alston, P. G. Wardens; S. Tomkins, G. Treasurer; W. H. White, G. Secretary; J. Hodgkinson, S. G. D.; W. F. White, J. G. D.; Dr. Rowe, L. Chandler, G. W. K. Potter, and T. R. White, P. G. Deacons; G. Leach, G. S. B.; R. J. Spiers, J. L. Evans, and E. H. Patten, P. G. S. Bearers; R. Gibson, D. P. G. M. for Berks; J. H. Luxmore, P. S. G. W. for Devonshire; J. B. Gibson, Prov. G. Secretary, Berks; T. Best, Prov. G. Registrar, Oxford; Herbert Lloyd, President of the Board of Stewards; and about 200 of the Brethren.

Bro. Rev. J. E. Cox, G. Chaplain, having said grace, the Brethren sat down to one of those sumptuous banquets, which the lessees of Freemasons' Hall, Bros. Watson, Coggan, and Banks, are in the daily habit, we might say, of conducting with that degree of liberality and excellence, which never fails to secure the cordial approbation of the guests, and reflects the utmost credit on the establishment. When we state that this banquet embraced all the delicacies of the season, with a variety of the choicest wines, and was succeeded by a dessert

equally excellent, and that the arrangements were perfect in every respect, it will convey some idea of an entertainment that was well worthy of the occasion which gave rise to it.

Upon the removal of the cloth, grace was sung by Miss Ransford, Miss Bassano, Miss Williams, Bros. Ransford, G. Perren, and Shoubridge; Bro. W. E. Ransford presiding at the piano-forte.

The M. W. GRAND MASTER rose, and said that they all anticipated the toast which he was about to propose, and it was one which all classes of this country drank with peculiar delight and satisfaction, but none more so than the Order, over which he had the honour to preside. It was unnecessary to say one word to recommend the toast to their notice, because it was one which was appreciated by every Englishman, and ought to be appreciated by Masons more than by most classes, because Her Majesty was most munificent in all her dealings with all classes of her subjects; and when he told them she was a subscriber and life-governor to the Boys' School, and a subscriber to the Girls' School, it was needless for him to say more than beg them to join with him in drinking health, long life, and happiness to Her Majesty the Queen (loud cheers).

The National anthem was then sung by the professional vocalists, Miss Ransford singing the last verse in exquisite style.

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said, that the next toast which he had to give them was, "His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family." In giving that toast, although they had not the honour of recognising His Royal Highness Prince Albert as one of their Order, still he followed those pursuits which were most congenial to Masons, inasmuch as he was a liberal patroniser of science, and the arts (cheers). They indulged the hope, however, that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales would follow the example of his progenitors, and become, in the course of time, a member of their Order (cheers).

Glee, "Hail, Royal Heir of England."

Bro. ROWLAND GARDINER ALSTON said it had been the pleasure of the Board of Stewards to commit to him the duty of proposing the next toast, and he should perform that task with as unmingled satisfaction as they would drink it, although he could but feel that he could not do justice to its merits. The toast, which he was about to propose, was that of the President of the Institution which they were met to support this day, the Most W. G. Master (cheers). In common with many other Brethren, he, Bro. Alston, had laboured for some time to advance this Institution, and there was no higher or richer reward he desired than that which he experienced in finding the M. W. G. M. at their head, presiding over this meeting. The noble Lord, who had so worthily presided over the Craft for several years, had enjoyed in that high station the affection, the confidence, and respect of every member, who had had the opportunity of knowing how well he deserved their good opinion. In every relation of life he had shown himself deserving of respect; no one knew him better than he (Bro. Alston) did, and no one carried out more thoroughly the principles of Masonry in ordinary life than his Lordship, and no one deserved a more cordial reception from the Craft generally than he did (cheers). They would drink to his health and prosperity, and pay him every compliment which words and hands could pay; but he would ask them, should they not do more than this? Could they not make a better return for the great services, which he had so long rendered them? Was it not in their power to make a return, which would endure when he and they were no more? It was, most assuredly, within their power, by exerting themselves in favour of this Institution, the great object of which was to establish a school, in which the sons of their less fortunate Brethren might be educated, fed, clothed, and watched, so as to make them good and honest men, and enable them to take part in the business of life. It was in supporting such an Institution that they would raise the most glorious testimonial to the M. W. G. M., the Earl of Zetland, who felt so deep an interest in it. He (Bro. Alston) felt assured that he should

not ask in vain from this assembly, but that his appeal would meet with a ready response from all; for they were met to support an Institution purely and unquestionably Masonic in its character, because it fostered and received all who needed its assistance. The great object of that Institution was, to be a father to the fatherless; and in supporting it, would they not be building the most glorious monument to their noble President? would they not prove in the most unqualified manner their respect for the noble Lord, if they exerted themselves, and by their liberality this night made the period of his rule over the Craft the period of obtaining that which his Lordship so much desired to see accomplished? There was no doubt that the result of this night would make a great step towards that end; and he was sure that the M. W. G. M. would receive it with greater delight and gratification than the most enthusiastic manner in which they could drink to him health, long life, and happiness, and every blessing of which he was so well deserving (loud cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said he begged them to accept his grateful thanks for the kind manner in which they had received the toast presented to them by his worthy Brother, Rowland Gardiner Alston. He entirely agreed with all that he had said with regard to this Institution, and assured them, that as far as he was concerned, it was a great satisfaction to him to find that any exertion of his had, in the slightest degree, conduced to the great object which they all had in view, namely, the establishing of an Institution for the benefit of the orphans of their own Brethren. He was, however, quite sure that the motive inducing them to support this Institution would be irrespective of any feeling towards himself; the motive was far too great to be influenced by any individual whatever, and however much he rejoiced in promoting this establishment, he was quite sure that the hearts of his Brother Masons acted from purely noble and Masonic views. It was particularly gratifying to find that during the time he had had the honour of presiding over the Craft, all the Masonic charities were improving, and likely to assume a more important aspect, and to have much more usefulness in them. He attributed that to no merit of his own, but to the progress making throughout society generally; for there was, not only in the Masonic body, but among all classes, a progressive movement in everything with regard to the subject of education. That he considered to be a movement more likely to conduce to the prosperity and well-being of this country than any that could be made; in the bringing up of the younger members of society, the views as to their instruction were more enlarged than they used to be; and he was confident that the general tone and feeling of this country tended to that end. It was unnecessary to go into the merits of the Boys' School, but he did think that a great improvement would be made when they had an establishment, where the boys could be educated under the superintendence of a master, who would watch over their welfare, and he had no doubt that the education would then be conducted in a much superior manner than it had been hitherto. He trusted that all the Masonic charities were progressing, and from all that he had heard from the Provinces, he was satisfied that there was a feeling of anxiety to unite with the Brethren of the metropolis, to forward the great works undertaken by the Brethren of the Grand Lodge. He again thanked them for the reception which they had given him, and assured them that as long as he had the honour of presiding over the Craft, he should feel it a duty incumbent upon him to forward the best interests of the Order; for his anxious wish was, to do every thing in his power, as long as his health permitted, to carry out every noble object which Masons could desire (cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said that the toast which he was now about to propose was that of the Earl of Yarborough, the D. G. M., and the present and past Officers of Grand Lodge. In the first place, he must inform them with regret, that he had received a letter from the D. G. M. stating that he intended being present, but owing to a severe attack of influenza was unable to do so, notwithstanding that he had felt it was incumbent for him to be present. He, the M. W. G. M., would take the opportunity of reminding them, that the sum of 500*l.* had been voted for the sustentation of the Boys' School, and that that vote had been confirmed at the last Grand Lodge. In consequence of that proceeding,

he had purchased in the Three per Cent. Reduced the 500*l.* voted, and vested it in the names of the D. G. M. Lord Yarborough, Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, C. Scott, Esq., and the Treasurer. From that they would see that no time had been lost in carrying into effect the intentions of Grand Lodge. They would understand that that fund would not go towards the building, but for the sustentation of it, when it was completed. He trusted that they would follow the example of the Grand Lodge, and show that the Brethren did take up the subject with the greatest liberality and cordiality (cheers).

Lord DUDLEY STUART said, in rising to return thanks for the toast which they had just been pleased to drink to the D. G. M. and the past and present Officers of Grand Lodge, he regretted that it had fallen to his lot to make the acknowledgments due to them. He regretted that the D. G. M. was not able to be present on this occasion; his absence was much lamented by the noble Lord, and was a source of the greatest regret to themselves. Lord Yarborough came up a long distance from the country for the special purpose of being present at this Festival, and having seen him himself this morning he was able to confirm that he was prevented attending by severe indisposition. He (Lord Dudley Stuart), therefore, must endeavour to express to them, on behalf of the D. G. M. and the Grand Officers, his thanks for the honour which they had done them. He was sure that they were all very much indebted to the Brethren present, and encouraged by this mark of their kindness to proceed in the discharge of their duties. He could not help expressing the gratification he felt in having the privilege of being present on this great occasion; he called it a great occasion, when men and Masons were assembled together as they were this evening, to carry out an object so eminently Masonic. He begged to direct their attention to the circular of the Boys' School, where it would be seen that its objects were such as deserved the sympathy, and ought to command the support of all who desired the well-being of their fellow creatures; because it there stated, "That the object of this Institution was to receive under its protection the sons of indigent and deceased Brethren, to provide them with decent clothing, and to afford them an education adapted to the situation in life they are most probably destined to occupy, and to inculcate such religious instructions as may be conformable to the tenets of their parents, and, ultimately, to apprentice them to suitable trades." There they had every thing which could be possibly desired; for these children were clothed, educated, and brought up as useful members of society, and placed out in situations where they might work out an honourable independence for themselves; and, at the same time, be brought up in those religious tenets which their parents approved of. This was as it ought to be; for there was nothing of an exclusive, sectarian, or a narrow description (cheers); but this Institution, proceeding on the broad and universal principles of Masonry, embraced all that required its assistance. He was sure that it would meet with support among those present, and that they would make it their business to recommend it to others when they left this room. In the present day, the attention of statesmen of the highest position was directed more than ever it used to be to the subject of education, because it was generally felt, that to make men happy was to train them up in the way they should go: and if that were the general feeling, surely it behoved them, as Masons, to further it, and to assist to the utmost that Institution where education would be dispensed by them in a more generous, a more liberal, and a more extended spirit (cheers). If any thing were wanting to show that there was a growing anxiety among some of the Craft for the Boys' School, it would be found in the Report; from which he learned, that in 1850, the donations and subscriptions amounted to 471*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; in 1851, to 720*l.* 6*s.* 0*d.*; and in 1852, to 1100*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; thus showing, that within the last three years the amount had been nearly trebled (cheers). He trusted that the result of this evening would surpass that of previous years, and that the earnestness and enthusiasm of the Brethren would go far beyond what they had ever before seen. He acknowledged with great pleasure and gratification the assistance rendered by the M. W. G. M., not only on the behalf of this, but of all their charitable institutions. He had referred to the Girls' School, which was progressing in a way which it was most cheering to behold, and he (Lord Dudley Stuart) had the good fortune to be

present at the inauguration of the Girls' School at Wandsworth, in August last, and it appeared to him to be everything that could be desired. He heartily wished to see a similar building for the boys, and he trusted that the day would soon come when they might see that accomplished, and assured them it would afford him great pleasure to co-operate in every way towards that purpose (cheers). It always afforded him great pride and happiness to co-operate in every good object such as had brought them together on this occasion (loud cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER proposed the healths of the Vice-Presidents of the Institution (cheers).

Bro. ROWLAND ALSTON, P. G. M. for Essex, said he was sorry that he was the only Vice-President present. He felt grateful to the Brethren assembled, and to thank them was a pleasure; but to do so in so public a manner was to him difficult, and not pleasant. Long as he had been associated with the Masonic body, and often as he had attended these great Festivals, he had never heard any individual introduce so well, to his mind, the objects, claims, and results of this Charity, or so well explained them, as they had been by the noble Lord who had preceded him; and certainly no one had done more to advance them. It had been stated by the M. W. G. M., that this country was far in advance of former years in respect to education; and he was satisfied, that if thirty years ago persons had been told that science would accomplish what it had done in almost every department, they would not have believed it. In the same way, it was difficult to believe that the annual sum raised for this school a few years ago was less than 300*l.*, but now reached 1,100*l.*; which was one of the most convincing proofs that in Masonry great advances had been made. In conclusion, he urged them to promote this object to the utmost of their power; and hoped that they would display such a spirit of liberality and generosity on this occasion as to make it certain that the undertaking might be carried out in the course of next year (cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER begged to call attention to the next toast,—"The Treasurer and Chairman of the Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, and Prosperity to the Institution" (cheers). In the first place, he regretted the unavoidable absence of Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, their Treasurer; it was unnecessary to dilate on his merits, because it was well known to all that he possessed a hand and heart that were always open to melting charity (cheers). As to the Chairman, he need scarcely allude to Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston, with whom originated the project of the building for this great Institution, which they hoped to raise, and which would do more good and honour to Masonry than anything that had ever been devised, except the Girls' School. The merit of this was mainly due to Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston; and he felt sure that all who attended this day to further the best interests of this Institution, would have great delight in drinking success and prosperity to the Masonic Institution for Boys (loud cheers).

Bro. R. G. ALSTON said, that the absence of the Treasurer, which they all regretted, and the coupling of his name with the last toast, necessarily called on him to return thanks. In the name of the Treasurer he would say a few words; but he would not take up their time at any length, because they well knew how Bro. Cabbell had served this charity, and how great and noble a supporter he was of all charities, and more especially of the Masonic charities. He had communicated his regret in being unable to be present; but although he was absent in person, he was present in spirit; for he had sent his usual liberal annual donation of ten guineas, making his twenty-fifth (loud cheers). He would say for himself (Bro. Alston) still fewer words; and though delightful it was to be spoken of by the M. W. G. M., whose good opinion every one must value, he could assure them, that any labour or exertion which he had given to this Institution, were ten times repaid by seeing his Lordship in the Chair on this occasion (cheers). With regard to the Institution itself, it was of immense importance to Masonry, because it was founded upon the broadest principles; and he did not believe that since the world began any Institution had been projected more in accordance with the spirit of Freemasonry than this upon which he had felt it to be his duty

to address them. This Institution had been carried on without any change for half a century ; but times and circumstances had altered, and things were not now as they used to be. He impressed upon them that teaching by itself was but a small part of education ; and that what was most wanted was the control and discipline of a master to watch over the children, and to lay the foundation for good and true men. He would remind them, that the great majority of boys thrown on their care were those whose parents had known better days ; and his anxious desire was that they should have the power of elevating those boys, and giving them such an education as would fit them to recover their original position ; and he could not conceive a nobler object, or that there was a better mode of achieving it, than by the means proposed (cheers).

The boys at present educated and clothed in the London district at the expense of the Institution were then introduced ; and, accompanied by the Stewards, passed twice round the Hall, amid the cheering of the Brethren. The boys looked remarkably healthy ; and their neat dress, and clean and cheerful appearance, afforded infinite delight. They were then ranged in front of the M.W.G.M., when Bro. R. G. Alston said, the pleasing duty had again fallen to his lot of presenting to the M.W.G.M. the boys at present under the charge of the Institution, and more especially those who, by their good conduct and proficiency, had entitled themselves to prizes. The boys had been examined by himself and the Grand Chaplain for seven hours ; and in the French department they had been examined by M. Delille, one of the first professors of that language, who stated that they had acquitted themselves remarkably well. He (Bro. Alston) would read the Report, which had been made to the Committee :—

To the Committee of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

Brethren,—We beg to report that, agreeably to your instructions, we have this day examined all the boys within the London district, and we have great pleasure in expressing our entire satisfaction at their appearance and demeanour, as well as at their general progress—many of them showing attainments which would be highly creditable to older boys.

We adjudge the prizes as follows :—1st writing, Henry James Timbs ; 2nd or junior ditto, George Bruhl Daly. 1st history, Albert Goodrich ; 2nd or junior ditto, George J. M'Donald Crichton. 1st geography and general information, Francis O'Brien ; 2nd or junior ditto, William Prentice Howlett. 1st arithmetic, Robert Shackell and William Charles Speight, *equal* ; 2nd or junior ditto, William Prentice Howlett. We highly commend—Holt, Manger, and Robinson. We commend—Deighton, N. Gray, Hill, Mackay, Roberts, and Vine.

It is but justice to make special mention of William Prentice Howlett, who, though little more than eleven years old, has attained the highest prizes his age allowed, in geography and general information and arithmetic, and was scarcely inferior to his successful competitor in writing and history.

In the French examination M. Delille with great kindness gave us the aid of his attendance, and we gratefully acknowledge the service thus rendered to the Institution, by a gentleman so distinguished and respected ; for the result of the examination we call your attention to the Report he has been good enough to furnish,* but we must observe with much pleasure that whereas last year only

* 32, Ely-place, Holborn, London, 3rd March, 1853.

Sir,—This afternoon, I examined ten pupils at the Masonic Institution for Boys, in the French department of their education. Considering the age of the pupils, and the short time they had devoted to the study of French, I find their proficiency satisfactory, and I am particularly pleased with the excellent disposition they

three boys presented themselves for examination in this most useful branch of education, ten did so on the present occasion.

Freemasons' Hall,

March 4th, 1853.

ROWLAND GARDINER ALSTON, P. J. G. W.

JOHN EDMUND COX, G. C.

The M. W. GRAND MASTER then presented Henry James Timbs with the silver medal for writing, and afterwards handed the other prizes, consisting of books elegantly bound, to the other successful competitors, addressing each in suitable and encouraging terms. The boys then passed round the Hall once more, and on retiring were loaded with fruit, the remains of the dessert. The M. W. G. M. said, that highly gratified as they must have been with what they had seen of the boys, there were two other Charities which they must not lose sight of, namely, the Royal Freemasons' Girls' School, and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Fund, for Aged Freemasons and their Widows, prosperity to which he now begged to propose (cheers).

The subscription-lists having been handed in, the Secretary, Bro. Thiselton, read them to the company. Among the subscriptions and donations were,—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Her Majesty the Queen, <i>ann.</i>	10	10	0	Bro. Richard Martin . . .	10	10	0
The Earl of Zetland, M. W.				Bro. J. Peetum . . .	5	5	0
Grand Master . . .	10	10	0	Bro. Thomas S. Howell . . .	10	10	0
Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart,				Bro. T. R. White . . .	5	5	0
S. G. W.	10	10	0	Bro. Frederick Adlard . . .	5	5	0
Bro. William Henry White	5	5	0	The Royal York Lodge,			
Bro. Edward Gillman . . .	10	11	0	No. 7	5	5	0
Bro. Rev. Octavius Ogle . . .	5	5	0	Bro. W. F. Beadon . . .	52	10	0
A free gift from a Prov. G. L.	3	3	0	Bro. John Hervey . . .	10	10	0
Bro. J. A. L. Barnard . . .	10	10	0	Bro. Thomas Lucas . . .	5	5	0
Bro. John Symonds . . .	10	10	0	Bro. George Barrett . . .	21	0	0
Bro. Harrison Chilton . . .	10	10	0	The Jerusalem Lodge . . .	5	5	0
Bro. L. Sterne . . .	10	10	0	Bro. George H. Saunders . . .	5	5	0
Bro. J. C. K. Purnell . . .	10	10	0	Bro. Alexander Brogden . . .	5	5	0
Bro. Robert J. Clarke . . .	5	5	0	Bro. Herbert Lloyd . . .	10	10	0
Bro. P. F. Dart . . .	10	10	0	The Tuscan Lodge . . .	10	10	0
Bro. Henry Earle . . .	42	0	0	Bro. George Cox . . .	10	10	0
Bro. Francis Crew . . .	10	10	0	The Stability Lodge of In-			
Bro. Captain Simmons . . .	10	10	0	struction	5	0	0
Bro. G. W. K. Potter . . .	5	5	0	Bro. Andrew Holman . . .	10	10	0
The Grand Masters Lodge, <i>ann.</i>	5	5	0	Bro. Richard Banks . . .	10	10	0
Mrs. George Leach . . .	5	5	0	Bro. John Ingram Travers . . .	10	10	0
Bro. J. H. Dart . . .	5	5	0	The Lodge of Friendship . . .	10	10	0
Bro. Daniel Gooch . . .	10	10	0	Bro. Robert Gibson . . .	10	10	0
Bro. W. Brown . . .	5	5	0	Bro. James Harmor . . .	5	5	0
The Middlesex Lodge, <i>ann.</i>	5	5	0	A free gift from the Lodge of			
Bro. Joseph A. Joseph . . .	10	10	0	Fidelity, No. 364, Leeds	8	8	0
Bro. B. Bond Cabbell, M. P.	10	10	0	Bro. Charles Lee . . .	5	5	0
Bro. Samuel Tomkins . . .	10	10	0	Bro. J. W. H. Richardson . . .	10	10	0
Bro. Edward Warwick . . .	10	10	0	Bro. W. Perkin . . .	5	5	0

evinced for further improvement. The result of the examination according to my list of good marks, shows the following order of merit:—Holt, 1st prize; Speight, 2nd prize; honourable mentions—Gray and O'Brien.

With sincere good wishes for the prosperity of the Masonic Institution.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. U. Thiselton, Esq.

C. DELILLE.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Bro. William Johnson ..	10	10	0	Bro. William Harvey ..	5	5	0
Bro. Levy ..	5	5	0	Bro. H. Barringer ..	5	5	0
Bro. Andrew McCallan ..	5	5	0	Bro. Charles Wilson ..	5	5	0
The Committee Dinner Club of the Masonic Institution for Boys ..	5	5	0	Bro. Robert Harry Sparks ..	5	5	0
Bro. George Howard ..	21	0	0	Bro. J. Watson ..	5	5	0
The Royal Jubilee Lodge ..	5	5	0	Bro. John S. Hobbs ..	5	5	0
The Lodge of United Pil- grims, Lodge of Instruction	10	10	0	Bro. J. E. Green ..	5	5	0
Bro. John Francis White ..	42	0	0	Bro. E. Randell ..	5	5	0
The Jordan Lodge ..	5	5	0	Bro. Golding Bird ..	5	5	0
The Jerusalem Chapter ..	5	5	0	Bro. M. Costa ..	5	5	0
Bro. William Foster White	52	10	0	The Bank of England Lodge	5	5	0
The St. Paul's Lodge ..	10	10	0				
Bro. John Hodgkison ..	42	0	0		£825	11	0
An old friend of the Charity	5	5	0	Other Subscriptions ..	225	0	0
				Making a total of	£1,050	11	0

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said, he had great gratification in announcing that the sum total of the subscriptions already put down to-night (one list being wanting) was 1,040*l.* 1*l.*s. (much cheering).

The ladies in the gallery, who had been watching the proceedings with great interest, then left, and proceeded to the glee-room.

The M. W. GRAND MASTER then proposed, "The Auditors and the Members of the Committee of the Institution" (cheers).

Br. BARRAT briefly responded to the toast, assuring the Brethren that the Committee were most anxious to promote the interests of the Order, and their services might at all times be relied on (cheers).

The M. W. GRAND MASTER said they were deprived of the pleasure of drinking one toast, because their proceedings had been so unusually long that they had driven away the ladies, to whom they sincerely wished health and happiness (cheers). He would, therefore, now call their attention to a most important toast, and to join with him in drinking most cordially to the Board of Stewards (cheers). They were especially bound to do honour to that toast, for among the many Festivals over which he had presided, he had never been present at one which had passed off so satisfactorily (cheers). It had been eminently successful in their great object, the charity, and the amount of subscription exceeded by 100*l.* that of any former occasion (cheers). In the next place, he thanked the Stewards for providing so excellent a dinner, the enjoyment of which was increased by their good management, whereby perfect order was maintained; the music was excellent, and enjoyed by every one present, and no interruption of any sort or kind had occurred to mar the festivities of the evening. It was with no ordinary satisfaction that he stated these things, because he thought they were eminently calculated to forward the interests of Masonry, and it was at all times desirable that good order should be maintained, because it tended to promote that good feeling and those social enjoyments which had been strikingly exhibited on the present occasion. For all this they were mainly indebted to the Board of Stewards, and he begged that the Brethren would cordially join with him in paying due honour to the toast (loud cheers).

Bro. H. L. LOYD responded to the toast, and said that theirs had been a very pleasing duty this evening, because the M. W. G. M. had filled the chair, and the Brethren had supported him in a way that had never been surpassed. It was always a source of satisfaction to know that any efforts were successful, and it was particularly gratifying to them on the present occasion; they had succeeded in obtaining that order which sometimes had been wanting on former occasions, and it was satisfactory to them to know that they had done their duty, and that those

duties had been appreciated. He would not detain them longer than to thank them for the kind reception which they had given them, and for the excellent manner in which they had responded to their efforts (cheers).

Bro. R. G. ALSTON begged to remind them that while they were assembled here to-day to aid this great object, there was in another large town an equally numerous party assembled for the same purpose; for at Huddersfield 200 of the Brethren were meeting at the same time to promote the building of the Boys' School. It was a matter of exceeding interest that 200 Brethren should be assembled there and 200 here at the same moment for the self-same purpose (cheers).

The M. W. G. M. then quitted the Chair; and the Brethren having partaken of tea and coffee, joined the ladies in the glee-room, where Miss Ransford, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Bassano gave a crowning finish to one of the most successful festivals that was ever held within the walls of the Freemasons' Hall.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction that we are enabled to announce the receipt of 50*l.* from the Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 735, CANTON, China, in aid of the building fund of the "Royal Masonic Institution for Boys." The announcement, conveyed to Bro. R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W., and Chairman of the Committee, in answer to his appeal, by a letter from the Sec. of the Royal Sussex Lodge, dated Jan. 24th, 1853, unfortunately did not arrive in sufficient time to be announced at the Festival. We therefore avail ourselves of this opportunity to make known to the Craft one of the most splendid and liberal instances of Masonic charity and feeling on record.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

IN reporting the Anniversary Dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, it affords us much pleasure to notice the support given to this excellent Institution by several of our distinguished Masonic Brethren, as the undermentioned list will show.

The Anniversary Festival of the Artists' Benevolent Fund was held on Saturday, 19th March, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. It was announced that the Chair would be taken by the Earl of Yarborough, but his lordship was obliged to leave town on business of importance, and at the last moment Mr. Rowland G. Alston undertook the duties of Chairman. The Artists' Benevolent Fund was established in 1810, and obtained a royal charter of incorporation in 1827. It consists of two separate and distinct branches,—the Artists' Annuity Fund, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund,—the latter of which extends relief to the widows and orphans of Artists. During the past year a sum of £723 15*s.* has been paid to forty-nine widows of artists, and a further sum of £147 10*s.* to thirty-one orphans. The total receipts of the past year arising from subscriptions, donations, and the dividend upon £21,000 stock, amounted to £1,438 17*s.* 3*d.*, and after all disbursements a balance of about £250 remained in the hands of the bankers. In consequence of the early

period of the year at which the festival took place, and the absence from town of many members of both houses of the Legislature, and other patrons of the arts, during the Easter recess, the attendance was not so numerous as usual; but the friends and supporters of the charity who attended made up in enthusiasm and liberality in the amount of their pecuniary donations for the paucity of numbers. Among those who were present we observed Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.; David Roberts, R.A.; Richard H. Solly, F.R.S.; George Dod, M.P.; E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; Henry Weekes, A.R.A.; Jas. F. Willmore, A.R.A.; Capt. S. H. Lee; Messrs. F. W. Beadon, J. Henderson, J. H. Mann, John Dickenson, John Auldjo, H. Twining; Dr. Thompson, Dr. Rowland, &c., and about eighty other gentlemen. The entertainment and wines appeared to give general satisfaction. A musical party, under the direction of Mr. Genge, gave zest and variety to the festive assemblage, and the duties of toastmaster were, as usual, efficiently discharged by Mr. Harker.

In proposing the usual introductory toasts, the Chairman paid a well-merited and happily-timed compliment to the Prince Consort, for his judicious and liberal patronage of the arts in this country, and was induced to augur well from this circumstance for the future prosperity and encouragement of native talent. The "Army and the Navy" was responded to by Captain Lee, and

The CHAIRMAN then gave the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund." He believed there was no institution of the metropolis more peculiarly deserving of the patronage and support of all lovers of art than that which he had now the honour of advocating. Independently of the claims of artists themselves upon their support, it was well known by all who had studied the history of the world for three thousand years back, that the more the arts were promoted and fostered, the more the people were civilized, and humanized, and elevated, and the more the interests of society in general were promoted. All those whose labours tended to advance the arts were, upon high moral grounds, entitled to their gratitude and respect; but it was well known that, however great the genius of the artist might be, and however highly appreciated, he was not always fortunate enough to obtain, during his lifetime, the pecuniary reward to which he was entitled. He might instance the cases of Hogarth and of Titian in proof of this, and after years of study and exertion the artist was probably compelled to leave those he held most dear to him to the sympathy and the benevolence of the public. He was sure it was unnecessary for him to say more to induce them to give a liberal support to an institution which, so far as its means would allow it, gave relief to the widows and orphans of deceased artists. The toast was drank with much enthusiasm.

Mr. DAVID ROBERTS gave "The health of the Chairman," and in the course of his address observed that at no period in the history of art in that country was it so largely or so liberally patronised.

Mr. ALSTON returned thanks, and gave "The Royal Academy,"

pointing out the many distinguished artists who were members of that body, and whose works need not fear comparison with those of the modern artists of any other country in the world.

Sir W. C. Ross spoke on behalf of the Royal Academy, expressing the gratification it gave himself and other members to assist at so interesting a festival as the present.

The next toast was, "Prosperity to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution," which was responded to by Mr. MANN, who complained of the somewhat anomalous position of art in England, so far as regards the patronage of the State. They had every day instances of literary men receiving pensions from the Crown. The army and navy, the bar and the pulpit, all received emoluments from the State, and in every walk of life higher rewards awaited men than in the department of art, even where their works entitle them to a place in the temple of Fame. But, if all could not find niches in the temple of Fame, all could enter into the temple of Benevolence, and promote the cause of charity by their contributions to the Artists' Fund.

The CHAIRMAN then gave "The Artists' Annuity Fund," and "The Art-Union of London," after which, the Secretary, Mr. THISELTON, read the list of contributions received during the evening, which, including her Majesty's annual donation of a hundred guineas, amounted to the sum of £350. Some other toasts were afterwards given from the Chair, and the company separated about eleven o'clock.

METROPOLITAN.

GRAND STEWARDS' LODGE.—The half-yearly "public meeting" of this Lodge was held on Wednesday, the 16th March, in the Temple, Freemasons' Hall, on which occasion the following members attended and worked the first Lecture:—Bros. J. N. Tomkyns, W.M. *p. t.*; H. Giraud, P.M.; J. A. D. Cox, S.W. *p. t.*; J. Blake, J.W.; F. Burgess, S.D.; W. Johnson, J.D. Amongst the other members of the Lodge present was the veteran Bro. Baumer, and amongst the visitors, Bros. W. H. White, G.S.; J. Rule, P.G.P.; Robinson, Gillman, Marillier, and about forty other Brethren belonging to various Lodges.

The work was most admirably performed in the following order:—

First and second Sections	By Bro. F. Burgess.
Third	By Bro. W. Johnson.
Fourth	By Bro. J. Blake.
Fifth	By Bro. J. A. D. Cox.
Sixth	By Bro. F. Burgess.
and Seventh	By Bro. W. Johnson.

The accuracy of "the work" was acknowledged by all the Brethren present, and most especially that of the W.M., Bro. J. N. Tomkyns, (who was most unexpectedly called upon to preside, on account of the unavoidable absence of the W.M. Bro. Hodgkinson, G.S.D.), to whom a vote of thanks, as well as to the Lodge, was proposed, at the close of the proceedings, by Bro. Marillier, seconded by Bro. Gillman, and carried unanimously.

GRAND MASTERS' LODGE, No. 1.—At the meeting of this Lodge on Monday, March 21, an unusual number of visitors, chiefly consisting of the present and past Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge, were assembled to welcome the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M., who had accepted an invitation to attend, amongst whom were Bros. F. Dundas, M.P., P.S.G.W.; R. G. Alston, P.J.G.W.; the Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C.; W. H. White, G. Sec.; J. Hodgkinson, S.G.D.; W. F. White, J.G.D.;—Rowe, P.S.G.D.; J. King, P.J.G.D.;—Nelson, P.S.G.D.; L. Thompson, P.J.G.D.; T. Chapman, G.D. of Cer.; G. Leach, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; P. de Rhé Phillipe, P.G.S.B., &c., &c. Amongst the members of the Lodge supporting the W.M., Bro. Blake, were Bros. A. Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey, and G. R.; the Rev. J. W. Gleadall, P. G. C.; G. H. K. Potter, P.G.J.D. (S.W.), and many other Brethren. The M.W. the G.M. was received upon entering the Lodge with the usual honours, and with every expression of esteem, respect, and brotherly love. The Lodge having been closed, the Brethren retired to "refreshment," at which peace, harmony, and unanimity prevailed. The M. W. the G. M. took occasion to thank the W.M. of the Grand Masters' Lodge for the compliment that had been paid to himself, and acknowledged, in the most gratifying terms, the pleasure which his visit had afforded to himself, no less than to the other present and past Grand Officers, who had joined him in this reciprocation of fraternal amity and goodwill.

ROYAL SOMERSET HOUSE AND INVERNESS LODGE, No. 4.—At the meeting of this Lodge, on the 28th Feb., a very splendid and costly silver claret-jug was presented to the late W.M., Bro. Joseph A. Joseph, by the members of the Lodge, to mark the sense they entertained of his exertions on behalf of the Lodge, and of his conduct as W.M. during the years 1851—1852. Bro. Joseph presented to the Lodge an exceedingly elegantly-designed charity-box, intended to be passed round to receive the contributions of the members at each of their meetings, and in presenting it expressed a hope that this Lodge, which has been so long celebrated for its antiquity, (being one of the two Lodges which are entitled to work without a Warrant of Constitution), conviviality, and musical proficiency, would henceforth be as well known for its exertions in the cause of charity. We were happy to see so numerous an attendance of members of the Lodge, and to hear that through the indefatigable exertions of Bro. Joseph and the Past Masters, the Lodge has

entirely emerged from the cloud which for a short time overhung it, and promises again to shine forth with the brilliancy which distinguished its best days. Bro. G. F. La Serre, who was installed W.M. on this occasion, bids fair to follow honourably in the footsteps of the late W.M.; and from the manner in which he conducted the working, and afterwards presided at the banquet, we augur for him a brilliant and prosperous rule.

MOUNT MORIAH LODGE, No. 40.—This Lodge held its first annual meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, 28th January, when, although there was a somewhat unusual amount of business, it was most ably performed by Bro. W. H. Absolon, W.M., in the presence of a numerous assemblage of the Brethren, amongst whom were Bro. Hervey, P.M., No. 7, and Vice-President of the Board of General Purposes; Bro. Somers, P.M., No. 225; Bro. Webster, W.M., of No. 275; Bro. Keys, Bro. Pask, Bro. Warwick, Bro. Fenton, and many other distinguished members of the Craft, amounting to nearly forty.

This Lodge but a short time back could boast but of few members; yet of late years, owing to the indefatigable exertions of Bro. the Rev. W. A. Hill, Bro. N. Layton Hadley, and some others (who, duly impressed with the dignity and high importance of Freemasonry, have been untiring in their exertions for its welfare), it has taken a prominent position, from the efficient manner in which the ceremonies are performed, as well from the support it gives to the Masonic Charities, as also for the number of its members.

The business commenced with the initiation of Mr. A. H. Rixon, after which Bro. Robert Phillips was raised to the third Degree; when, it being the evening for Installation, Bro. E. Ellwood was duly presented, approved, and installed in the important office of W.M.

The Brethren afterwards proceeded to partake of an elegant banquet, provided for them by Bros. Watson, Coggan, and Banks; and in the course of the evening many complimentary addresses were made, the visitors speaking in terms of the highest eulogium of the manner in which Bro. W. H. Absolon had gone through the business of the Lodge, and expressing their satisfaction in knowing that the members of the Mount Moriah had voted him a handsome and valuable Jewel, in testimony of their appreciation of his services during the last three years. Bro. W. H. Absolon was for some time Hon. Secretary of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, where he earned for himself the kindest regards of the numerous Brethren, who attend there for instruction; and where, under the able tuition of Bro. Hervey and Bro. S. B. Wilson, he acquired that knowledge of Freemasonry, which he now employs so ably and so creditably to himself, and with such great advantage to the members of his Lodge.

The newly appointed Officers were,—Bro. Skeggs, S.W.; Bro. Ovam, J.W.; Bro. Hadley, Treasurer; Bro. the Rev. W. A. Hill, Secretary; Bro. Cooke, S.D.; Bro. Wye, S.D.; Bro. T. Martin, J.G.; and Bro. G. Elwood, D.C.

The working of Bro. Ovam is well deserving of being mentioned ; and should the other Officers devote a similar attention to the acquirement of a knowledge of Masonry as he has done, this Lodge bids fair to occupy a prominent position amongst those, who pride themselves in carrying through the business with a strict regard to correctness of phraseology used in working the ceremonies.

The Brethren passed a delightful evening, under the presidency of Bro. E. Ellwood, the newly-installed Master, and separated at an early hour, highly gratified with the entertainment afforded them.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, 112, Wade's Arms Tavern, East India Road, Poplar, 12th January, 1853.—Bro. Geo. Corner was installed Master of this respectable Lodge by his brother-in-law, the W. Bro. Thos. Vesper, P.M. of 212 and 812, in the presence of twelve installed Masters. His Officers for the year are,—Bros. W. Eaver, S.W. ; North, J.W. ; Fuller, P.M., Treasurer ; Thos. Vesper, Hon. Sec. ; Grimes, S.D. ; Hammond, J.D. ; Dunstan and Ellim, Stewards ; Sturdy, J.G. ; Hookey, Tyler. For exertions in promoting the interests of the Lodge, while presiding over it in the years 1851 and 1852, and also Freemasonry in general, the Brethren voted to their W. Bro. Wm. Wentworth Davis, P.M., a Service of Plate, and P.M. Jewel, the latter of gold, provided by Bros. Vesper and Corner. By means of this Lodge Freemasonry is much on the increase at the eastern extremity of London.

BANK OF ENGLAND LODGE, No. 329.—The Brethren of this Lodge, at their meeting in December last, to show the high sense they entertain of the valuable services rendered to the Craft by their W. M., and as a mark of the personal esteem, with which he is regarded by every member of the Lodge, did him and themselves the honour of re-electing Bro. Michael Costa to preside over them for another year ; and at their meeting on the 13th of January last, Bro. Costa was accordingly re-installed in the Chair, and received the warm congratulations of his Masonic friends, including several members of the Grand Lodge, who were present on the occasion, amongst whom was the Grand Chaplain, Bro. the Rev. J. E. Cox.

Bro. Costa, to commemorate the event, has since (at the meeting of the Brethren on the 10th of February), presented to the Lodge a pair of valuable Globes, of noble dimensions, elegantly mounted on carved and polished oak stands, corresponding in design with the very handsome chairs and pedestals presented by himself and Bro. R. Costa on former occasions.

This splendid present was duly acknowledged by a vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation ; and the Bank of England Lodge, in addition to its other attractions, is now certainly one of the most elegantly and appropriately furnished Lodges in the order—worthy of the charitable Masons who meet in it, and who have just voted from the benevolent fund the sum of £10 to the afflicted widow and fatherless children of the late Bro. Toller, who was so barbarously murdered in the month of February last, near Ilford, in Essex.

YARBOROUGH LODGE, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, East, 6th January, 1853.—Bro. Thos. Edwd. Davis was this day installed Master of this influential and numerous Lodge, by its founder, the W. Bro. Thomas Vesper, P.M. and Sec., in a board of eighteen Provincials, hailing from various Lodges. The following Brethren were appointed and invested Officers for the year:—Simmonds, S.W.; Edinger, J.W.; W. W. Davis (P.M., 112), Treasurer; Thos. Vesper, P.M. Secretary; W. Vesper, S.D.; Ansel, J.D.; Michelli, Interpreter; Hamptan, D.C.; Gardner, J.G.; Watts and Crisp, Stewards; Hookey, Tyler.

The Brethren voted the sum of ten guineas to purchase a testimonial of respect, to be presented to their late Master Bro. Jno. Gray Henry—a Silver Salver, with a suitable inscription, provided by Bros. Vesper and Corner. There was also much work in all the three Degrees; and the day was closed in conviviality and perfect harmony.

A Tomb has been erected at Stepney Churchyard, Middlesex, between the principal entrance-gates and the western door of the church, to the memory of Bro. Marquard. The following is a copy of the Inscription:—

THE BRETHREN OF THE
YARBOROUGH LODGE, 812,
OF
FREEMASONS,
ERECTED THIS TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT
TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR LAMENTED
BRO. CORT HENRY MARQUARD, J. W.
OF THE LODGE,
AND SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE K DIVISION OF POLICE.
OBIT. SEPT. MDCCCLII, ETAT. XLVIII.

THE PRYER TESTIMONIAL FUND.—The subscriptions to this fund have amounted to £400., and Bros. Bellamy Webb, S. H. Lee, and J. Elliot have been appointed trustees, for the application of this sum for the benefit of the orphan children of the much esteemed and lamented Bro. Thomas Pryer, 33rd Deg., &c. &c.

ROYAL ARCH.

CHAPTER OF FIDELITY, No. 3.—*4th March*, 1853.—This chapter, under the able guidance of the M. E. the First Principal J. N. Tomkyns, a Companion whose worth and esteem has only to be known to be appreciated, added to its numbers two joining Companions and two Exaltations, Bros. J. W. Figg and Jevanjee Pestonjee; the latter, a Parsee (initiated in Lodge Industry and Perseverance, No. 126, Calcutta), was very much gratified and impressed with the ceremony, and expressed his sentiments in a short but appropriate speech, after

his health had been drunk, accompanied with the other novice. A handsome Past First Principal's Jewel was presented, by the unanimous vote of the Chapter, to the immediate Past Z., Companion R. Spencer, as a mark of their esteem and respect, and for services rendered to the Chapter.

YARBOROUGH CHAPTER, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, East, 20th January, 1853.—The ceremony of installation was ably conducted by Ex-Comp. Geo. Biggs, P.G.D.C. and P.Z. of this Chapter, and of No. 169. The following are the Officers for the year:—Ex-Comp. Wynne, Z.; Ex-Comp. Wm. Wentworth Davis, H.; Ex-Comp. Tuxford, J.; Ex-Comp. Purday (P.Z. 169) E.; Ex-Comp. Thos. E. Davis, N.; &c. &c.

The Companions retired to a banquet provided by their worthy host, Comp. Williams, in his usual excellent and liberal style.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—CROSS OF CHRIST ENCAMPMENT.—The roll of this Encampment, meeting under the direction of the Grand Conclave of England, was called on Friday, March 18th, at Radley's Hotel, when the following Sir Knts. answered to their names:—Goldsworthy, Baumer, Spencer, the Rev. J. E. Cox, G.C. of the G.L. of England, P.E.C.'s; M. Costa, E.C.; R. Costa, E.C. elect; Moseley, and W. F. White. After the usual routine of business of the Encampment, Sir Kt. M. Costa, E.C., vacated the Chair, when Sir Kt. R. Costa, in the unavoidable absence of Lieut.-Col. Vernon, P.E.C., was regularly installed by Sir Kt. the Rev. J. E. Cox. The E.C. R. Costa, having been duly acknowledged in ancient form, and having appointed his Officers for the ensuing year, the Encampment was closed. In the course of the evening's proceedings the sum of 8*l.* 8*s.* from the funds of the Encampment was voted to Sir Kt. Whittaker, formerly a member, who has from misfortune been reduced to seek sustenance from the Royal Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and their Widows.

PROVINCIAL.

DEVONSHIRE.

PLYMOUTH.—A Meeting of Lodge Fortitude, No. 122, was held in December last, to instal Bro. Killingly (a dispensation having been granted by the P. G. M. for Devon, to enable the worthy host to take the Chair). The ceremony of Installation was most ably performed by that excellent working Brother, P. M. Doidge, whose great zeal and respect for the Craft in general cannot be surpassed.

On St. John's Day, the W.M. Bro. J. Killingly appointed his Officers: Bro. Pomeroy, S. W.; Bro. Phillips, J. W.; Bro. Franklyn, S. D.; Bro. May, J. D.; Bro. Bulgin, R. N. I. G. Bro. Rogers was again elected Tyler, on whom some high encomiums were paid him for his excellent conduct during the many years he has tyled the Lodge. The Brethren of the Lodge, with many visitors, dined on St. John's Day.

DORSETSHIRE.

WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.—On Friday, the 24th Dec., the day appointed for electing a W. M. for the ensuing year, the Brethren of the All Souls' Lodge assembled at the Masonic Hall, when Brother Richard Hare, the late W. M., was unanimously re-elected to that important office. On Wednesday, Dec. 29th, they again assembled, to celebrate the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, when the re-elected W. M. appointed the following Brethren his Officers for the ensuing year:—Bro. J. B. Harvey, S. W.; C. Robertson, J. W.; C. Besant, jun., Sec.; W. Bryant, S. D.; — Hibbs, J. D.; C. Smith, J. G.; W. Coleman, S.; J. Sansom, S.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

NEATH.—A large party of the Members of the excellent Institution of Freemasons, belonging to the Cambrian Lodge, No. 472, at Neath, and the Indefatigable Lodge, No. 288, Swansea, assembled at the Masonic Hall, Neath, on Tuesday, the 30th of January, to assist at the Inauguration of the Portrait of Bro. Francis D. Michael, of Swansea, for which he sat at the special request of the Cambrian Lodge. It appears that the cause of Freemasonry has been under deep obligations to Bro. Michael for his obliging readiness to communicate his great store of knowledge of the subject, and for his unwearied exertions during a period of forty years. We congratulate both parties on the kind and brotherly feeling exhibited on this occasion, and we trust that Bro. Michael will live long to enjoy the satisfaction which this event must have occasioned him. Bro. C. H. Toplis was the artist selected on this occasion, and he fully justified the confidence placed in his talent.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CHELTENHAM.—*Foundation Lodge*.—The following Officers have been appointed for the year ensuing:—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Burlton, C.B. (Provincial Grand Master of Bengal), W. M.; G. F. Newmarch, S. W.; the Rev. E. H. Bayley, M.A., J. W.; the Rev. T. A. Southwood, M.A., Chaplain; R. J. Ticehurst, Treasurer; R. M. Coley, M.D., Secretary; W. H. Gwinnett, S. D.; T. G. Palmer, J. D.; W. H. Tyrrell, B.A., I. G.; George Atkins, Steward.

Brother Major Ellis, who has held the office of Secretary of this Lodge for the last twelve years, having felt compelled by failing health to retire from office, a vote of thanks and a jewel were awarded to him by acclamation, at the meeting of the Lodge, on St. John's Day, 1852.

LANCASHIRE.

LIVERPOOL.—At the meeting of the Ancient Union Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, 245, on Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, Brother Hand was installed Worshipful Master, with Brother Richard Shaw as Senior, and Brother T. N. Simpson as Junior Warden. There were four initiations. We are gratified to learn that a motion, proposed by the Worshipful Master, was carried, dispensing with the banquet on the occasion of each meeting; and we have reason to believe that the funds of the Lodge, which will be saved by this retrenchment, are to be appropriated to useful and charitable purposes, calculated to increase the repute of the Fraternity.

MANCHESTER.—The following address was lately voted to Bro. Joseph Moody, by the Brethren of the Lodge of Virtue, No. 177; and has been accompanied with a purse of *eighty guineas!* Although some time has elapsed since the vote took place, we gladly accede to the request, which has been made to us, to give such an instance of the benevolence of Masons publicity:—

o Bro. Joseph John Moody, P.M.P., Prov. G.J.W., Cheshire; Prov. G.J.D., Lincolnshire, &c. &c. The Free and Accepted Masons, constituting the Lodge of Virtue, No. 177, held at Manchester, under due Warrant, greeting.

WHEREAS, dear Sir and Bro., we learn that it is your immediate intention to take up your residence in Australia, we, the Master, Officers, and Brethren of this Lodge, do hereby express our grateful sense of the numerous and continuous services which you have rendered unto Masonry during many years, and particularly unto this Lodge, of which you are a member.

In your uniform conduct as a Brother we recognize the truth of the principle, that to be a good Mason, it is indispensable also to be a good man. The exercise of probity, temperance, prudence, and benevolence, in common life, has been carried by you into Masonry. So also in your person, the acquisition of knowledge and the efficacy of truth are alike characteristic of a good Mason and a good man. These virtues, linked together by the social ties of sound fellowship and philanthropy, have creditably characterized your path in Masonry, as well as in the course of ordinary life. We feel that your mastery of all that tends to a knowledge of the Art, and the readiness with which you have always communicated that knowledge to your younger or less instructed Brethren, merit our warmest gratitude. And we are proud to bear testimony, that it was at your suggestion that a course of lectures has been commenced in this Lodge, by which the character and tendency of Masonry cannot fail to be advanced and developed; and that the opening lecture, delivered by yourself, exhibited great research, sound learning, and the full knowledge arising from a recondite and practical familiarity with the history and mysteries of the Art.

Convinced, therefore, that you have personally done much "for the good of Masonry," as enjoined by your obligations, grieving that the Lodge will henceforth lose, by your departure, one of its most shining lights, and assured, that in the new and distant sphere of your exertions, Masonry will continue to have the advantage of your co-operation and support, we conclude by fraternally and affectionately expressing our sincere sorrow at your approaching departure, with an earnest hope and prayer that your integrity, industry, and acquirements, under the guiding and sustaining blessing of the Great Architect of the universe, may advance your worldly prosperity and condition, by the continuance of high character, good health, and domestic happiness, and the attainment of competence, and all other worldly blessings, which make smooth and pleasant the rugged path of life.

Given in a Lodge of Emergency, specially holden therefor, on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of Masonry, five thousand eight hundred and fifty-

two, and in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, under the seal of this Lodge, and signed by the Master, Officers, and Brethren.

ROYAL ARCH.—The companions of the Tudor Chapter held their Annual Meeting on Monday, Feb. 21st, when Comp. W. H. Fletcher was installed as First Principal, the ceremony being performed in a very beautiful manner by P. Z. R. Holt, I. G. Blackburne was installed Second, and Thomas Mattinson Third Principal, by P. Z. I. Gaitskell. Comp. J. S. Hague was appointed S. E. ; Comp. J. Bainford, S. N. and Trea. ; Comp. D. Evans, P. Soj. ; Comps. R. Clegg, and H. Greaves, Ass. Sojs. ; Comp. J. Harrison and S. Barnes, Stewards ; Comp. A. Milnes, Organist ; Comp. U. Shaw, Jan.

Comp. Holt, P. Z., was elected an honorary member of the Chapter, which is progressing very favourably, twelve members having been admitted since its consecration in January, last year.

OLDHAM.—On Wednesday, the 23rd February, the Brethren of the Lodge of Friendship, 344, Oldham, held their annual Festival of St. John in that town. Notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather during the evening, about forty Brethren sat down to a sumptuous repast, provided by the worthy host, Mr. Wm. Heggenbottom. The evening's entertainment was presided over by Bro. Geo. Blackburne, W.M., who, after the usual Masonic toasts, presented to Bro. Gaitskell, P.M., a splendid gold watch, chain, and ring. The watch bears the following inscription :—

Presented to Bro. Isaac Gaitskell, P.M., of the Lodge of Friendship, 344, P. G., J. D., E. L., and P. Z. of the Tudor Chapter, Oldham, by his Masonic Brethren, and R. A. Companions, in testimony of his zeal and assiduity in promoting the interests of Freemasonry, and as a memento of their fraternal affection.—Oldham, Feb. 23rd, 1853.

The Chairman in his speech remarked, that he (Bro. Gaitskell) had in a great measure been the means of resuscitating this Lodge from a low ebb to be one of the best Lodges in the Province.

Bro. GAITSKELL, in returning thanks, said,—“ My dear Brethren, I assure you I receive your valuable token of regard with deep gratitude, and I beg you will individually and collectively accept my warmest and best thanks. The indulgence—the great and uniform kindness I have always received from you—and the warm interest you have, many of you, manifested for my welfare, and the prosperity of our Lodge, have amply recompensed me for any efforts I have ever made ; and I am aware, and feel sensibly, that no conduct of mine merited such a further reward. I assure you it is no slight satisfaction to me, to think that my humble endeavours have remotely contributed to raise our Lodge from a state of utter prostration, to the enviable position of being acknowledged as inferior to few in the Province ; and that such is the fact we have the testimony of our worthy D. P. G. M. I trust it may long continue to maintain its position. The system we practise is a noble one, and though many of the Brethren more closely follow its precepts, yet none more admire it than myself. May it flourish in every quarter of the globe—become instrumental in dispensing the light of knowledge—aiding the strength of reason—diffusing the beauties of virtue—and lessening the aggregate of human vice, misery, want, and woe ! Founded on the purest principles of piety and virtue, let it teach us to measure our conduct by the *line* of rectitude, to *square* our actions by the principles of morality, and to guide our conversation, and our very thoughts, within the *compass* of propriety. Thus shall we learn to be meek, patient, humble, and resigned. Thus shall we learn to rule and subdue our passions, the excess of which disorders and deforms the very soul ! and when

we have thus performed our duty as men and Masons, we may calmly and patiently await the arrival of our final summons to the Grand Lodge above. Brethren, I owe you a deep debt of gratitude, which I cannot adequately acknowledge, and which no conduct of mine can ever cancel. I beg again to thank you for this valuable additional testimonial of your esteem, and I assure you that it, and the truly amiable and Masonic remarks of our very worthy Master, shall not fall upon me unheeded; but that my future conduct shall evince that I appreciate and am not wholly undeserving of your regard."

This is the second valuable token of their esteem, with which Bro. Gaitskell has been honoured by the Brethren, they having a short time previously presented him with a splendid set of Provincial clothing.

The following Brethren were appointed Officers of the Lodge for 1853:—

Bro. J. G. Blackburne, W. M.; Bro. W. H. Fletcher, P. M.; Bro. D. Evans, Lect. M.; Bro. B. Rowland, S. W.; Bro. J. S. Hague, J. M.; Bro. J. Bainford, Chap.; Bro. T. Mattinson, Trea.; Bro. W. Hudson, Sec.; Bros. H. Greaves and W. Blackburne, Dea.; Bro. I. Gaitskell, M. C.; Bro. R. Greaves, Org.; Bros. J. Brierly and J. Lees, Stew.; Bro. J. H. Hayes, I. G.; U. Shaw, Tiler.

The evening passed off in a most entertaining and satisfactory manner, and was enlivened by various songs, glees, &c., sung by members, several of which displayed considerable talent, and well sustained the musical talent for which this part of Lancashire is deservedly noted.

SALFORD.—*Annual Masonic Ball.*—The annual Masonic ball, in aid of the fund for establishing a Masonic Female Orphan Charity for the Province of East Lancashire, was held at the Town-Hall, Salford, on Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, under the usual distinguished patronage. About 250 ladies and gentlemen were present, the latter in full Masonic clothing, and dancing was continued with great spirit until half-past four o'clock on the following morning, to Horabin's quadrille band. The splendid band of the 1st Royal Dragoons, by the kind permission of Major Yorke, was in attendance, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

NORFOLK.

YARMOUTH.—For some considerable time past the number of Brethren connected with this Order has been very small, and for the last twelve months the Yarmouth Lodge has been closed; but a short time since, several Brethren, favourable to the promotion of Masonic principles, determined on endeavouring to revive the interest of the Order, and on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25, the Brethren dined at the Duke's Head Inn, on the occasion of installing Bro. Oswald Diver as Worshipful Master. Gentlemen from every Lodge in the district were present, and the evening was passed in the most harmonious and agreeable manner, every arrangement of the host (Bro. Plumb) being of the most superior character.

OXFORDSHIRE.

OXFORD.—The following Lecture was delivered at a Meeting of the United Lodge of Instruction, on Saturday, February 19, by Bro. the Rev. T. A. BUCKLEY:—

It has doubtless occurred to many Brethren here present, that the constant recurrence of Architectural Terms in our ceremonies requires some deeper explanation than the slight and sketchy one furnished in the words of those ceremonies. The defect is partially remedied in the authorized Lectures, in which a good many useful details will be found; but the object of the present observations is to attempt to show how naturally such a metaphorical use of terms has sprung up, and how well supported it is by the practice of antiquity.

The lapse of time, says Preston, — the ruthless hand of ignorance, and the devastations of war, have laid waste and destroyed many valuable monuments of antiquity, on which the utmost exertions of human genius have been employed. Even the temple of Solomon, so spacious and magnificent, and constructed by so many celebrated artists, escaped not the unsparing ravages of barbarous force; Freemasonry, notwithstanding, has still survived. The attentive ear receives the sound from the instructive tongue, and the sacred mysteries are safely lodged in the repository of faithful hearts. Tools and implements of architecture (symbols the most expressive!) are selected by the Fraternity, to imprint on the memory serious and solemn truths; and thus the excellent tenets of the institution are transmitted unimpaired, under circumstances precarious, and even adverse, through a succession of ages.—*Preston*, pp. 1, 4.

So also it is well observed by Sir Christopher Wren, that—

Architecture has its political use; public buildings being the ornament of a country; it establishes a nation, draws people and commerce; makes the people love their native country, which is assuredly the original of all great actions in a commonwealth. The emulation of the cities of Greece was the true cause of their greatness. The obstinate valour of the Jews, occasioned by the love of their temple, was a cement that held together that people for many ages, through infinite changes. The care of public decency and convenience was a great cause of the establishment of the Low Countries, and of many cities in the world. Modern Rome subsists still by the ruins and imitations of the old; as does Jerusalem, by the Temple of the Sepulchre, and other remains of Helena's zeal.—*Parentalia*, p. 351.

In the explanation given of the tools of an Entered Apprentice, it is observed that, as speculative and not operative Masons, we are required to apply a control to our own minds analogous to that which the tools of the Mason exercise over the rough material he would fain shapen and adorn. In other words, as the Masons of old did rear that matchless temple which King Solomon erected to the honour of God, so ought we to build up our bodies as “temples of the living God.”*

The following passage from a Masonic work, published early in the present century, is so excellently illustrative of this meaning, that I will not apologize for quoting it:—

Operative Masonry raised that temple which was the glory of every age, till (through iniquity) its glory (like Adam's at the fall) was levelled in the dust.

But moral Masonry pulls down the altars of vice, and on their ruins raises temples to virtue, that will outlive the day of doom, survive the reign of time,

* 2 Cor. vi. 16.

outshine the sun, and flourish amid the wrecks of sinking worlds. Temples, whose foundations (when the earth shall quake, and the mountains are no more found) shall never be shaken, for (when the earth and the very heavens shall depart as a scroll) these shall for ever stand, for they are founded on the adamantine rocks of truth and virtue.

Let every Brother of us, then (like our great and venerable Nehemiah of old, when raising the ramparts round Zion), set stoutly and manfully about laying the foot-stone of, and raising this our moral fabric, and putting the cope-stone to this our temple of Zion, whose summit is to reach not to heaven only, but to the heaven of heavens.—*An Introduction to Freemasonry*, London, 1819, p. 111, sqq.

I cannot produce a stronger instance of the prevalence of this usage, as applied to moral improvement, than the word “edify.” In the New Testament the word is *oikodomein*, which is rendered by *œdifico* in Latin. Now both these words, like our own “edify,” originally meant to *build*, or *construct*; but so completely has the metaphorical use supplanted the original sense, that the English word is now only used in the sense of *improving* or *instructing*. It would be useless to instance the many passages in the New Testament, in which “edification” is inculcated as a motive to be borne in view in all our undertakings. Suffice it to say, that Christian men are there considered as so many parts of a great whole, as “pillars in the temple of their God,”* and that by the right instruction and edification of each individual, we do gradually add to the stock of precious materials, and build up an *edifice* of human souls,—an offering more grateful to the great Architect on high, than the most wondrous work of practical handicraft.

Again; as the building of the first temple was a symbol of the Jews’ confidence in the promises of Jehovah,—as the rebuilding of that temple denoted the revival of hopes which they had lost by their delictions from God,—so it was natural that, under a new dispensation, similar types should be applied to the efforts of mankind to build up the neglected fabric of their redemption; for, although Jewish Masons must necessarily take exception at the Christian features of our ritual, yet, even according to their own *anticipations* of that Messiah whom we believe to have already been enshrined in the flesh, the same language will hold good.

So much, then, for the general principle which connects Christian and Masonic morality with the language of architecture. Let me now point out a few details, illustrating them by such parallels as the limited time I have been able to give to the preparation of this paper has suggested.

But I will first give you a somewhat amusing specimen of popular objections to Masonic symbolism, taken from that most celebrated of literary periodicals, the “Grub Street Journal,” Feb. 8, 1732.

In the first place, I verily believe, and so do a great many more, that there are in the Masons’ Society several, nay, a very great number of Brethren, who are not Euclidical enough to comprehend an intricate mathematical demonstration, or even a geometrical definition. Neither are they instructed by their trades, such as are before hinted at; nor can it appear by their performances, that they are

* Rev. iii. 12.

taught in the Lodges to *hew, square, mould stone, lay a level, or raise a perpendicular*. How, then, can they be rightly said to be Masons? In what part of this science can they be skilled? Is a drawer a Mason, because he keeps his reckoning *square*? or a linker, because he rings his kettle by *rule*? If a lawyer can *compass* his cause, or a bookseller erect *monumental* volumes; if a porter stand strong as a Colossus, and an apothecary can temper his electuarial *mortars and cements*, to a new frame, and, as it were, rebuild our animal edifices, yet cannot I perceive the least tincture of Vitruvianisms, Euclidism, or Burlingtonism, in any of these.

This is very funny, no doubt; but geometrical symbols have always, even in savage nations, formed a favourite means of illustrating qualities and attributes. An upright line was as familiar an illustration of honesty and straightforwardness, as a crooked one was of the reverse. A circle, from its completeness of form, and possibly from its affinity to the shape of the heavenly bodies, as viewed by us, became an emblem of perfection and of eternity; while the sphere, from its still greater completeness and uniformity, was regarded as the fitting form for the soul after death. Thus Plutarch, in his book "On the late punishments of the guilty by the Deity," describes the souls of men as encased in a bright luminous bubble.

Again; Pythagoras considered the *cube* an excellent representative of a perfect man, and his "man of four angles" has been repeated by Plato, Julian, Hierocles, and other writers. I may as well observe, that the Oxford term, "a brick," although doubtless highly expressive of every virtue, from preaching down to riding a steeple-chase, can scarcely be regarded as a translation of the language of Pythagoras: Unfortunately, bricks are oblong, not cubical.

A "smooth, *round*" man is an expression used by Horace in a like sense, not however denoting one polished in the sense of the Greek word *τρίμμα*, which is an Aristophanic equivalent for the English "scamp" or "pettifogger."

But if we come to metaphors derived from the various parts of a building, examples would be infinite. Need I set forth the beautiful analogy so often drawn between "the house we live in," and the habitations which we rear as a further protection for that wondrous structure?

The following lines, from a Masonic poem, by R. C. Mudge, published at Weymouth, in 1819, are so full of illustrations of this application of architectural metaphors, and so generally instructive, that I trust the prolixity of the quotation will be excused.

Sublime the stately fabric will appear,
 Whilst all the Glorious Architect revere;
 The cornice, with its ornamented vase,
 The noble temple, on its solid base;
 The well-constructed arch, the fluted pile,
 The massy column, or the vaulted aisle;
 Delighted see the lofty tower's height,
 Its acme soars beyond the reach of sight;
 The ladder's mystic shade, immensely long;
 The fretted roof, in native vigour strong;
 Combining beauties, in each order chaste,
 Display the workman's skill and polish'd taste.

The pavement's tessellated border view,
 Or mark the graceful frieze, with silver hue ;
 Let then your captivated sense admire
 The sable cloister, or the pointed spire ;
 The hollow niche, or venerable dome,
 The grand piazza, or the silent tomb ;
 The ancient fathers' dedicated saint ;
 The variegated windows' matchless paint.
Seek then what's lost—by Masonry unfold
 The faithful records which the archives hold.
Within our reach each useful art we bring,
 When borne on faithful hope's o'erspreading wing ;
 Soon shall the mind's mysterious glass point out
 The deep intrenchment, or the strong redoubt ;
 The rising turret, or the enfilade,
 The careful watchword, and the night parade ;
 The sloping rampart, and the horrid steep,
 The wide o'erwhelming moat, immensely deep ;
 The guarded loop-hole, or defensive mound,
 The shaded valley, or the rising ground.
 Here, then, we stop, *and moralize the whole,*
 To enrich the mind, and elevate the soul ;
 No prejudices here we ever know,
 And merit is alike in high or low.
 A sentimental concord we display,
 The rising temple of religion's sway ;
 Each sober tongue the sacred truth conveys,
 While virtue to the world its worth displays.
 Man's tutor'd mind, with gratitude array'd,
 More rich will shine, by bless'd Masonic aid ;
 Adorning emblems beautify the heart,
 Deriving succour from the *royal art* ;
 The stately edifice of *faith* will rise,
 When *hope* shall lift you to the azure skies ;
 Soon shall soft *charity* her temple form,
 To shield the wretched from the raging storm ;
 While strong redoubts her gen'rous train will plant,
 To shelter poverty from pining want.
 Thus wisdom shall the happy column grace,
 While *strength and beauty* form its modest base ;
Brotherly love, relief, and truth serene,
 Shall then adorn and beautify the scene.
 Seclusive, in their dormitory cell,
 The *triple graces* never wish to dwell ;
 But by gradations, moving into form,
 Teach man his duty wisely to perform.

I trust, hereafter, to point out the connection between Gothic art and Catholic symbolism, and the Masonic symbols employed by those mysterious architects, who, formed into guilds, regularly organized and governed, travelled from country to country, rearing structures, many of which defy the ingenuity of modern geometers to solve the problem of their construction. I will, however, quote a remarkable passage on this "living morality of stone," from a writer, no less great as an historian than energetic in his enthusiasm for Masonry.

Mons. Michelet, in his "History of France" (p. 274), writes to the following effect:—

Art, action, drama, are strangers to matter. For inert matter to become spirit, action, art; for it to become human and put on flesh, it must be subdued, it must suffer. It must allow itself to be divided, torn, beaten, sculptured, changed. It must endure the hammer, the chisel, the anvil; must cry, hiss, groan. This is its passion. Read in the English ballad of the *death of John Barleycorn*, what he suffers under the flail, the kiln, and the vat. Just so, the grape in the wine-press. The wine-press is often in the shape of the cross of the Son of man. Man, grape, barley-corn, all acquire under torture their highest form; heretofore, gross and material, they become spirit. The stone also breathes and gains a soul under the artist's hand, who calls life out of it. Well is the sculptor named, in the middle age, *magister de vivis lapidibus* ("the master of living stones").

When our greatest poet spoke of "sermons in stones," he, perhaps unconsciously, presented to us the concentration of Masonic symbolism, as applied to our lives and characters. Viewed under the guidance and through the medium of the Masonic art, every structure becomes a standing lesson of morality, a permanent monument of those virtues which should ever be the objects of our imitation.

OXFORD, *Feb.* 26, 1853.—During the last week there has been a very large gathering of the fraternity from London and the provinces to celebrate the anniversaries of the Apollo University Lodge, and the Knight Templar encampment of Cœur-de-Lion, as well as to attend the meetings of the Prov. Grand Lodge of Oxfordshire, of the Alfred City Lodge, and the Royal Arch Chapter.

Owing to the celebrity which Oxford has attained for the perfect working of the various degrees, and to the widely-extended connections of many of the members of the Lodges in Oxford, a large number of Brethren, many from distant provinces, and of high eminence in the Craft, were assembled. The first meeting was on Monday, when the Alfred Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was convened, and the large number of nine candidates were admitted to this exalted degree. Bros. Spiers, Thomas, Rev. E. Moore, and Beach officiated as Z. H. J. and P. S., and both candidates and visitors expressed their great gratification at the manner in which this very beautiful ceremony was performed. On Tuesday the Knight Templar encampment of Cœur-de-Lion was held, and four R. A. Masons were admitted as Knights of the Order, and were much delighted with the degrees. This being the day for the installation of their chief, Sir Knight the Rev. C. Pettat, who had been previously elected to that office, was duly installed as Eminent Commander for the ensuing year. Bros. Beach (Christ Church) and Best (Magdalen) were appointed Captains, and Rev. W. Bousfield, Prelate. A very choice and elegant dinner closed the proceedings of this day, which gave the greatest satisfaction to the chosen few, who were qualified to partake in its enjoyment.

On Wednesday a Lodge of emergency was held by the Brethren of the Apollo Lodge for the initiation of two members of the University, and in the evening the regular meeting of the Alfred City

Lodge was convened. A very large number of the Brethren of both Lodges and many distinguished visitors attended. The W. M., Bro. Dudley, Mayor of Oxford, presided, and John Fisher, Esq., who had been duly elected, was regularly initiated. A private subscription had been commenced at the previous Lodge, to present Past Steward Jewels to Bros. Townsend and Fraser, in testimony of the esteem of their Brethren, and as an acknowledgment of their valuable services. These Jewels were presented in the Lodge, and were duly acknowledged by their recipients. The Sen. Warden of the Lodge, Bro. Randall, took the occasion of the very full meeting present, to call the attention of the Brethren to the case of a distressed Brother, who having been in prosperous circumstances, was now, by the pressure of adversity, reduced to the necessity of appealing to his Brother Masons and the public, to enable him to proceed with his wife and family of eight children to Australia. The appeal thus made to the sympathy of the Brethren was not in vain. The W. M. commenced by a subscription of £5. A like sum was voted from the funds of the Lodge, and the same amount was promised from the Prov. Grand Lodge, and also from the funds of the Apollo Lodge. The private subscriptions of the members of the Lodges were also very liberally promised; and fully did the Brethren prove on this occasion, that "the mystic tie" of Freemasonry is a bond of love and charity, which binds man to man with those truly fraternal feelings which neither poverty on the one hand, nor rank and riches on the other, can ever separate.

On Thursday morning the Prov. Grand Lodge was held at twelve o'clock, the Rt. W. the Prov. G. M. the Rev. C. J. Ridley, presiding. The usual business was transacted, the most gratifying of which was, the voting a very large portion of the funds to the purposes of charity. Besides the annual subscriptions to the many excellent Masonic charities in London, sums were voted to the Radcliffe Infirmary, the Medical Dispensary, the Blue Coat Boys' School, the Clothing Fund, and other Oxford charities.

The Rt. W. Prov. G. M. then appointed and invested his Officers for the year as follows:—

Br. Beach (Christ Church), Prov. G. Sen. W.; Br. Martin, Jun. W.; Br. Rev. P. H. Nind (Christ Church), Chaplain; Br. J. C. Dudley (the Mayor), Registrar; Br. Rev. Octavius Ogle, Secretary; Br. R. P. Blake, Treasurer; Br. Capt. Bowyer, Sen. Deacon; Br. J. Thorp, Jun. Deacon; Br. Malcolm (Christ Church), Superintendent of Works; Br. J. T. Hester, Director of Ceremonies; Br. Harrison (Brazenose College), Assist. Direct. of Ceremonies; Br. Fraser, Sword Bearer; Br. Bossom, Pursuivant; Brs. Taunton, Ashley (Oriell), Pickard (Christ Church), Baker, Rev. Vernon Blake, and Sidebotham, Stewards.

The Provincial Grand Lodge was then closed in due form.

At four in the afternoon the Brethren re-assembled to install the W. M. for the ensuing year, Br. Best, P. Prov. G. Registrar, of Magdalen College. This very impressive ceremony was admirably

performed by Br. Beach, the retiring Master, and the assembled Brethren greeted their newly-installed Master according to the ancient forms in the Craft.

The W. M. then appointed and invested his officers.

Br. the Rev. O. Ogle (Fellow of Lincoln College), Sen. Warden; Br. Malcolm (Christ Church), Jun. Warden; Br. Rev. T. A. Buckley (Christ Church), Chaplain; Br. Harrison (B. N. C.), Secretary; Br. W. Thompson, Treasurer; Br. Pickard (Christ Church), Sen. Deacon; Br. Ashley (Oriol), Jun. Deacon; Br. Biber (Merton), Director of Ceremonies; Br. Kerr (Merton), Inner Guard; Brs. Hon. T. L. Powys and Gordon (Christ Church), Stewards.

At six o'clock the Brethren, to the number of nearly a hundred, sat down to a very sumptuous dinner, provided by the Treasurer, Br. Thompson, whose skill and taste as a caterer for such large assemblies can hardly be surpassed. The W. M., Br. Best, presided, and was supported by the Rt. W. the Prov. G. Masters of Oxfordshire, Dorsetshire, Jersey, Guernsey, and Bengal; Col. Vernon, P. Prov. Sen. G. Warden (Stafford); Br. Moore, P. M., G. Chaplain; Br. Spiers, P. G. Sword Bearer; Capt. Bowyer, W. M. elect of the Cherwell (Banbury) Lodge; Br. Atkins, W. M. of Lodge No. 317; Br. De Bernardy, Dep. Prov. G. M. (Monmouthshire); Br. Kain, Prov. G. Sec. (Worcestershire); Br. Cantelon, P. M. from Melbourne, Australia; Br. Rev. C. R. Pettat, W. M. elect of the Churchill Lodge; Br. Thiselton, Sec. to Freemasons' Boys' School; Brs. Vernon, Blake, Hayward, and other members of the Banbury Lodge, and a large number of the Past Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the Alfred Lodge.

On the removal of the cloth the W. M. begged to propose that toast which was the first in every well-regulated society, and more especially among Masons, who had always been distinguished for their loyalty to the Sovereign and attachment to the throne (cheers). He called on the Brethren to assist him in doing honour to "The Queen and the Craft."

The W. M. then proposed, in complimentary terms, the health of the Grand Master the Earl of Zetland, and adverted to his zeal for Masonry, his watchful care over the Provinces, and the deep interest, which he took in all the Masonic charities (cheers).

The W. M. proposed as the next toast, "The Earl of Yarborough, the Deputy Grand Master, and the past and present Grand Officers," and remarked that it was very gratifying to have had at different times so many Grand Officers selected from this Province; among them were one of the present Grand Chaplains, Bro. Rev. E. Moore, and the Past Grand Sword Bearer, Br. R. J. Spiers. It was no less complimentary to the Province than it was to those Brethren to be selected for such high and distinguished offices, and the admirable manner in which they had fulfilled their respective duties justified the choice which the G. M. had made (cheers).

Br. the Rev. E. MOORE said he rose on behalf of the officers of the Grand Lodge to thank them for the hearty and flattering manner, in

which they had been pleased to receive the toast proposed by the W.M. He could assure them that it was the anxious wish of the Officers of the Grand Lodge to maintain the dignity and reputation of the Craft, and he could bear testimony to the urbanity of the G. M., and had always derived great pleasure when he presided. The G. M. was distinguished for his zeal for Masonry, and for uniform kindness to the Craft, and it would be difficult to find one, who could fill more efficiently and satisfactorily the high office which he held (cheers).

Br. SPIERS being loudly called, briefly remarked that he hoped that other Brethren would stand by their side as Grand Officers, and that they would show that the interests of the Provinces were dear to their hearts as well as the interests of Freemasonry in general (cheers).

The W. M. begged to propose the health of one, with whom all in the Province of Oxford were intimately connected; it was one to whom they were deeply indebted, and who, on account of his zeal and interest in Masonry, had earned a reputation, not only in this Province, but throughout England. It was the health of the Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire; and the flourishing state of his Province testified the zeal which he had displayed and the estimation in which he was held (cheers).

The Prov. G. M. said he could not but thank them deeply for the compliment which they had paid him, and assured them that it afforded him great pleasure to see Masonry in this Province so successful, for he had great reason to say that it was so. The compliment paid him on that account was not therefore a false one; but how far his endeavours had contributed to the advancement of Masonry in this Province it was not for him to say; but he was bound to say that he was much indebted to those Brethren, who had filled offices in the Prov. Grand Lodge. He wished that he could double the honours at his disposal, for it would have afforded him great pleasure if he could have invested many other excellent Masons with offices, for which they were so well qualified. He trusted, however, that he had exercised on this, as he had endeavoured to do on every occasion, the utmost impartiality, and selected Brethren, who would fulfil their respective offices in a manner that would be creditable to themselves and to the Province. He congratulated the Brethren on the presence of so many distinguished Masons from different parts of the world, and he felt that it was an honour paid to himself and the Province to have the company of the Prov. Grand Masters of the Channel Islands and of Bengal, as well as of other distinguished Brethren from various Provinces, and of a Past Master from Melbourne in Australia (cheers). He hailed their presence with great delight, and it afforded the best evidence that their mission here was one of peace, and their object to spread happiness around (cheers). Before resuming his seat, he claimed the privilege of proposing the health of their Worshipful Master, whom he had long known as an energetic and active Mason, well worthy of the high office which he now held, and most anxious at all times to advance the interests of the Order (much cheering).

The W. M., in returning thanks for the kind and flattering manner, with which they had received the last toast, assured them that in undertaking the office of Master of this Lodge he was well aware of the heavy responsibility resting on his shoulders; and if it had not been for the kind assurances of assistance, not only from the Past Masters of his own Lodge, but of the Alfred Lodge likewise, nothing would have induced him to accept this high and honourable office. It was by the cordial assistance which he could rely upon having from these Brethren, that he hoped to discharge the duties of Worshipful Master, and to leave the fair fame of this Lodge untarnished (cheers).

The W.M. then called on the Brethren to drink to the health of two Brethren, who

had come from a long distance to share in the festivity of the present occasion. He alluded to the Prov. Grand Masters of the Channel Islands and of Bengal. It always afforded them great gratification to see Brethren from distant Provinces, but how much more so was it when they saw two distinguished Brothers from such remote countries as Bengal and Jersey and Guernsey? He hoped that, on their return to their respective lands, they would carry back a good impression of Masonry in this country, and be impressed with the conviction that it was carried out here as it ought to be (cheers).

Bro. HAMMOND, Prov. G. M. of the Channel Islands, in responding to the toast, observed that ingratitude was one of the worst feelings that man could inherit, or allow to enter into his bosom, and he felt on this occasion that, were he not immediately to rise to respond to the toast, he should be indeed ungrateful, after the kind reception which they had given him. He came amongst them on this occasion as a perfect stranger, but they had received him in every sense as a Brother; and he could only assure them that, if at any time they paid a visit to the Provinces of Jersey and Guernsey, they would find as hearty and as kindly reception from all his Brethren there, as they had been pleased to give to him. As to his having left a warmer climate,—although the Channel Islands might be so in one respect, still the warmth of the reception, which they had given him was sufficient to thaw and soften down the coldness of their English clime. As he found the task of returning thanks for himself to be one which he could not fulfil even to his own satisfaction, he would not undertake to answer for the Prov. G. M. of Bengal, but leave him the pleasurable opportunity of making his own acknowledgments (laughter and cheers).

The Prov. G. M. of Bengal said that their excellent W. M. had insinuated that he had come all the way from Bengal to visit this Lodge; but, although such was not the case, he could assure them that, had he done so, he should have been amply repaid by the pleasure which he had experienced in being present at a meeting like this. He was deeply sensible of the compliment which they had paid him, and was very glad to have this opportunity of expressing to them how highly gratified he was, not only with their hospitality, but with the brotherly and cordial reception which they had given him, and he could truly say that for the last three days he had been enjoying himself in right Masonic style at the festive boards of the Knights Templars' Encampment of *Cœur de Lion*, the *Apollo Lodge*, and the more private gatherings of his Masonic Brethren. He could not fail to regard it as a compliment paid to that body of Masons, over whom he had the honour to preside in Bengal, and it afforded him the greatest possible gratification to receive so cordial a welcome from Brethren, from whom he had hitherto been separated by the boundless ocean; he should not fail to communicate to the Brethren of his own Province the kind reception which he had experienced, and he was sure that they would feel that it was a compliment paid to them, and appreciate it as a token of right good-will (cheers). He had been a Mason upwards of thirty-two years, twenty-eight of which had been passed in Bengal; and it was within the walls of a Masonic Lodge that he had spent some of the happiest hours of his existence, and formed the most valuable and enduring friendships. He was proud to say that his Brethren there had given him unmistakable proofs of their kindness and confidence, for he had received from them testimonials which graced his tables, and which emanated from a body of men whose munificence in their charity was unbounded; in proof of which, he might mention that in one Lodge a grant of 150*l.* was voted in aid of the distressed Irish, and in a second Lodge the sum of 80*l.* The Prov. Grand Lodge of Bengal voted 80*l.* for the same purpose, and 50*l.* for a similar object (cheers). He had felt the greatest gratification in visiting this University, and was delighted to witness the admirable working of the Brethren in the Lodge; and he was no less gratified to find that the working, which they carried out in Bengal, was precisely similar to that which he had witnessed in this most classic and refined locality. In conclusion, he begged to say, on behalf of his Brethren in Bengal, that they were a body of men entitled to every honour which could be shown them, and he should take the first opportunity of telling them how he had been received, and he felt assured that they would send back their hearty greetings for the prosperity of the Craft at Oxford (cheering).

The Prov. G. M. said that the Brethren of the Apollo Lodge having purchased a Past Master's Jewel for presentation to their retiring Master Bro. Beach, he had been requested to present it. Addressing Bro. Beach, the Prov. G. M. said: "In presenting to you this Past Master's Jewel, I do not scruple to say that no one is more worthy to receive such a token, for in all the points essential for the Master of a Lodge, you have highly distinguished yourself, and I cannot but consider it to be a great kindness on the part of the members of the Apollo Lodge to allow me to present this to you. I beg you to accept of this Jewel; and it is not only my individual opinion, but the unanimous and undivided opinion of the Lodge, that you are not only most worthy of it, but one of the best working, active, and industrious Masons in the whole Province."

The Jewel, which was of elegant design and exquisite workmanship, bore the following inscription:—

"To Bro. W. W. B. Beach, Pro. S. G. W. This Jewel is presented by the Brethren of the Apollo Masonic Lodge, No. 460, to mark their high esteem of his private worth, and the great skill and ability which he has displayed in the discharge of his duty as Worshipful Master during the past year.—Feb. 24th, 1853." (Much cheering.)

Bro. BEACH begged to thank the Brethren in the first place for the cordial reception which they had given to his name, and in the next place to assure them that his heart overflowed with gratitude for the token of their good-will in the presentation of a Past Master's Jewel on the close of his year of office. He felt, however, that he had done nothing to merit this token beyond having presided to the best of his poor ability; and he should regret giving up the Chair which he had had the honour to fill during the past year, and in which he had received so much kindness and support, did he not feel assured that under the auspices of the distinguished Brother whom he had had the pleasure of installing, the interests of Masonry and the reputation of the Province would be advanced. In thanking them for this token, he could assure them that it would be worn by him through life as a memorial of their kind regard, and with grateful feelings towards the Apollo Lodge, in which he had received his Masonic education,—in which he had been brought from darkness to light,—and in which he had received knowledge that he desired to propagate to others. He saw on that Jewel the two great lights in Masonry, and they would be monitors to him to direct his life by the principles of the third; and he could assure them that, whenever he placed it on his breast, there would beat beneath a heart not ungrateful for their kindness, or indifferent to their individual and general interests. The presence of the Prov. Grand Master of Bengal brought again to his notice the fact that Masonry, like the rising sun, first dawned in the East, and, coeval with that, had been brought to Europe and to England; and, notwithstanding hundreds of years had passed away, the landmarks remained the same, and so long as they upheld them, so long would they be respected among men. He would take this opportunity of thanking every Brother of the Apollo Lodge for the support given to him, and of thanking more especially his Officers, who had so readily accepted office in order to assist him. He would also tender his grateful thanks to the Brethren of the Alfred Lodge, and he trusted that he had been successful in preserving the cordial feeling which existed between the two Lodges, and if he had handed down the same mutual feeling as had always prevailed, it would be very gratifying to him. In conclusion, he begged to assure the members of the Apollo Lodge, that whenever they required any assistance which it was in his power to give, he should be most happy to render it, and that their welfare would always be near his heart. He could not resume his seat without thanking the Prov. G. M. for his uniform kindness to him, and for his flattering address in presenting to him this valuable Jewel in the name of the Apollo Lodge (cheers).

The W. M. then proposed "The Health of the Dep. Prov. G. M. of Monmouthshire."

Bro. DE BERNARDY returned thanks, and after adverting to the hospitable reception which had been given him, said he would not detain them further than

to state that the tongue of good report had been heard in favour of the Masonry of this Province, and his visit to it had only served to confirm it, and to satisfy him that it was sober and honest truth (cheers).

The W. M. proposed "The Healths of Bro. Col. Vernon and the other Visiting Brethren."

Bro. Col. VERNON responded to the toast, and said that himself and the Visiting Brethren were not only impressed by the admirable manner in which the business had been conducted, but by the cordial feeling which prevailed. The truly Masonic and hospitable feeling evinced towards them would long remain in their remembrance, and the mention of the Province of Oxford would not fail in future to awaken pleasurable associations, and the sincerest wishes for their happiness and prosperity (cheers).

The W. M. called on the Brethren to do honour to the toast of "The W. Masters of the Churchill and Cherwell Lodges."

Bro. the Rev. C. R. PETTAT, as the senior officer present of the Churchill Lodge, returned thanks, and said that the Brethren looked up to the Alfred and Apollo Lodges with great affection and respect, because they knew them to be the fountain-head from which they took their source; they would endeavour to profit by their example in the carrying on the business of their Lodge, and in the maintenance of those principles which would advance its interests, as well as those of the Craft at large. He begged to remind them that the anniversary festival of the Churchill Lodge would be held at Newnham in June, when every Brother who would attend might rely upon meeting with a hearty welcome (cheers).

Bro. Captain BOWYER, W. M. elect of the Cherwell Lodge, said he rose to respond to the toast with considerable interest, for he felt extremely the responsibility of taking the office of W. M., especially as he knew so little of the Lodge; but, from what he had already seen of it, he was sure that it did no discredit to its parents. It had emanated from the Alfred and Apollo Lodges of Oxford, and might be truly regarded as their scion; it had been watched over by them with parental care, and he felt that the office which he was about to take would be rendered less responsible, because he knew that he should receive every assistance at their hands whenever he required it. Their first anniversary would take place on the 28th instant, and he hoped to see as many of the Brethren as could make it convenient to attend, when he would insure them a hearty welcome, and a special train on their return (cheers).

Bro. BEACH proposed "The Healths of the newly-initiated Brethren," and remarked, that during the past year he had initiated forty-three Brethren, which was a circumstance that any Lodge might be well proud of, and any Master look back upon with pride and satisfaction (cheers).

The W. M. proposed "Success to the Masonic Charities," and coupled with the toast the name of Bro. Thiselton, who he said had for a number of years acted as Secretary to the Boys' School, and rendered good service in carrying out the objects of that Institution (cheers).

Bro. THISELTON responded to the toast, and observed that they were so conversant with the Masonic Charities, that it was unnecessary for him to dilate on their value and importance. With regard to the Girls' School, that was obtaining every support which that noble Institution deserved; for, in every sense of the word, it maintained, educated, and protected the daughters of reduced Brethren of the Craft. With respect to the Boys' School, it might perhaps be necessary for him to say a few words; he had been connected with it for twenty-six years, and it was a truly Masonic Institution, for it educated the boys of parents of every denomination. Much as had already been effected, still the improved views with regard to education led many influential Brethren to wish that the benefits might be greatly extended, and as they had funded a considerable property, it had been considered

necessary to have a building where a certain number of boys might be boarded and educated, and they were anxious to carry that out. It might, however, be said that if they had good funds, why not lay them out in that way? But they could not do so, because, as it would be diverting them out of their natural course, it would be necessary to go into the Court of Chancery to obtain power to do so. It was considered, however, that the only fair way of obtaining what they wished was by appropriating the supplies of every year in this way,—namely, for one half to be applied to the building fund, and the other half to general purposes. As they were enabled to put by 700*l.* a year, they would, in the course of five or six years, obtain sufficient to do that for which the Earl of Zetland and Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston were anxious, and they wished to avoid forcing themselves on the Craft, because they knew that the claims upon them were large. The Masonic Annuity Fund deserved the notice of the Craft at large, because it was impossible to know the turn of fortune, or how they might be affected themselves, and need the benefit of that fund in years to come; and therefore he hoped that they should not bear that it had fallen short in its object, namely, the support of decayed Freemasons. He felt highly honoured in coming to Oxford to meet so cordial a reception; and it was indeed a pride and pleasure to visit a Province where so much good had been done towards Masonry by the Lodges in Oxford.

The W. M. proposed “The Health of his Officers,” coupling with the toast the name of Bro. Ogle, Sen. Warden.

Bro. OGLE replied to the toast, and remarked that he had seen a visible change in Masonry, which had become a reality, and he could not refrain from noticing the progress which it had made under the guidance of Bro. Beach, who carried out its leading principles in ordinary life, and enforced by example the precepts, which he inculcated in Lodge—rectitude of life, and uniformity of conduct. He could assure the W. M. that in carrying out the accurate working of the Lodge they would gladly assist, and he promised on his own part, as well as on the part of his Brother Officers, to do so.

Too much commendation cannot be bestowed on the W. M., Bro. Best, for the admirable manner in which he discharged the very onerous duties of President over so large and important an assemblage. His free, hearty, and thoroughly English manner had long since won for him the esteem of all, who made his acquaintance during his college career, but few expected to find the dignified manner, the ready tact, and free natural eloquence, which he so eminently displayed on this occasion. Under such a chairman, and with the enlivening addition of several excellent duets and songs, it is not to be wondered at that the hour of twelve, the usual time of separating, surprised a still numerous party. The expressions of pleasure and satisfaction at the happy termination of the day were universal, and most sincere and cordial were the wishes for a happy and prosperous year to the Apollo Lodge and its excellent Master.

BANBURY.—On Monday, the 8th Feb., the first Anniversary of the Cherwell Lodge was celebrated at the Red Lion Hotel, at which a large number of Brethren from Oxford, Deddington, and other places in the neighbourhood were present. Some ceremonies were performed in the morning by Bro. Beach, and in the afternoon Bro. Capt. Bowyer, P. M., of the Lodge of Harmony, Richmond, and Prov. Sen. Grand Deacon of Oxfordshire, who had been unanimously elected at the previous Lodge, was duly installed as W. M. for the ensuing year. Bro. Spiers, P. M., P. G. Sword Bearer, performed this beautiful and impressive ceremony in a manner which gave

the greatest gratification to all who heard it. This being the first opportunity that the majority of the Banbury Brethren had had of witnessing the installation of the Master of a Lodge, there was in consequence a large attendance, and very strong interest in the ceremony and the occasion was evinced by all present. The W. M., after having been duly greeted by the Brethren, next appointed and invested his officers in the following order:—Bro. the Rev. Vernon Blake, Sen. Warden; Bro. Aplin, Jun. Warden; Bro. the Rev. C. R. Paul, P. M., Chaplain; Bro. Rolls, Treasurer; Bro. Looker, Sec.; Bros. Churchill and Hayward, Deacons; Bro. Harrison, Organist; Bro. Perry, Director of Ceremonies; Bro. Stutterd, Inner Guard. The newly-appointed officers commenced their duties by taking part in the ceremony of initiation, and the very able and efficient manner in which they each performed their part in the ceremony showed, that though young as they all were in Freemasonry, they duly appreciated its beauty and excellence; and that few as their opportunities of observation had been, they had well studied their parts, and by diligent attention were likely to attain to a perfection in working, which would be a credit to them, and an example which might be profitably copied by others. The ceremony was most impressively and beautifully performed by the W. M., who gave on this occasion the fullest evidence of a thorough knowledge of the duties of his high office, and fully justified the commendations which were bestowed on him by all present. At five o'clock the Brethren, numbering about forty, sat down to a very excellent dinner, so well arranged and served as to give the greatest possible satisfaction to the guests. The W. M. presided, and was supported by the Rt. W. the Prov. G. M. of Oxfordshire, Bro. the Rev. C. Ridley; the Prov. Sen. G. Warden, Bro. Beach, P. M.; Bro. Spiers, P. G. Sword Bearer; Bro. Martin, P. M. of the Alfred Lodge, Oxford; and several Members of the Apollo and Alfred Oxford Lodges.

On the removal of the cloth, the W. M. gave "The Queen and the Craft;" afterwards, "The Grand Master of England, the Earl of Zetland," paying a deserved tribute to this distinguished Brother for his zeal in the cause of Masonry.

In proposing "The Deputy Grand Master of England, the Earl of Yarborough, and the past and present Grand Officers," the W. M. made especial reference to Bro. Spiers, P. G. S. B., who, he said, had rendered most essential service, not only to the Cherwell Lodge, but to the Province generally, and who for Masonic knowledge, zeal, and ability, could not be surpassed (cheers).

Bro. SPIERS returned thanks on behalf of Lord Yarborough and the other Grand Officers, and expressed his grateful acknowledgments for the compliment which they had paid them; and, as their representative, could assure them that it was to him a delightful sight to see so large a gathering of influential Masons assembled on this happy occasion. But for the many Masonic meetings last week in Oxford there would doubtless have been more of the Brethren present on this occasion. They rejoiced to find that in the good old town of Banbury so influential and prosperous a Lodge had been established for twelve months, and it was a most gratifying thing to see that gentlemen of various ranks had joined the Order, and

were so cordially uniting to advance its interests. He congratulated them on having during the past year so distinguished a Master as Bro. Paul; and the success which had attended the establishment of the Cherwell Lodge could not be otherwise than highly gratifying to all who had taken part in it. It was scarcely fifteen months ago when a few Brethren met at his (Bro. Spiers's) house to consider a plan for establishing a Lodge in this town. They laid down their lines and plans, and submitted them to the Prov. G.M., who right nobly performed his part, for he not only consecrated the Lodge, but felt so deep an interest in it that he attended the anniversary to witness the success which had attended the establishment of this Lodge. He (Bro. Spiers) begged next, as the representative of Grand Lodge, to congratulate them on having in the Chair this year so excellent a Master as Bro. Bowyer; the experience which he had had in distinguished London Lodges gave every promise of success, besides which he resided in the neighbourhood, and no one had entered into the cause with greater earnestness. He (Bro. Spiers) would only express a hope that this might be a stepping-stone to a higher position in the Craft, for one who so worthily filled the office of W.M. was well qualified to be an officer of Grand Lodge. Amid these congratulations he (Bro. Spiers) must not forget his next duty, namely, to remind them that some of the Brethren had by their acceptance of office become privileged from this day to attend the communications of Grand Lodge. He would also call their attention to an occasion which would afford them an opportunity for the exercise of their charity: on Wednesday week the Festival of the Boys' School would take place, at Freemasons' Hall in London, when he earnestly hoped that every one who could, would make it convenient to attend, and he would insure them a very happy day, in addition to the satisfaction of having rendered an essential service to an invaluable charity. He could speak of the value and benefit of that school from personal observation, and was enabled also to say that the son of a Brother in this province was at this moment participating in its advantages. He would not longer detain them, except to assure them that as a Prov. G. Officer he felt interested in the character of the Province, and, while he thanked them for the compliment they had paid him, he assured them that he was most anxious to do his duty, and to possess the good opinion of the Brethren of his native Province (cheers).

The W.M. then proposed the health of the Prov. G.M. for Oxfordshire, Bro. Rev. C. J. Ridley, who, he said, had won the affection and esteem of every Brother in the Province, not only by the ability with which he presided over it, and by the services he had rendered Masonry, but equally by the kindness and consideration, with which he treated every one who came within the sphere of his acquaintance. He (the W.M.) rejoiced in being brought into closer connection with him by being appointed one of his Officers (cheers).

The Prov. GRAND MASTER thanked them for the way in which they had received the toast, and the W.M. for the kind manner in which he had proposed it, and said how far he had deserved the compliments that had been paid him it was not for him to judge; but this he could say, he had endeavoured to do his duty as Prov. G.M., and trusted that he should never relax any effort in continuing to do so. He had a vivid recollection of the very agreeable day which he spent last year on the consecration of this Lodge, and of the gratification which he derived in meeting the Brethren in that room, which was one of the best he ever met with, for it was not only perfect in form, but those who worked in it were excellent Masons. He had also a strong recollection of an admirable banquet on that occasion, and he was glad to find that on this they had not forgotten that feature of the day's enjoyment, but had given a repetition of it. It was scarcely necessary to remind those who belonged to Banbury that about 400 years ago there were divers contests and disputes in this town and neighbourhood, and direful collisions between the houses of York and Lancaster; nothing but wars, and that greatest curse, civil war, then prevailed. In this immediate neighbourhood the two parties bearing the emblems of York and Lancaster were brought into collision, and one, the White Rose, might well blush for the misery which it wrought, while the Red Rose might turn pale for the bloodshed which it caused. But happily such times and scenes no longer existed, and where these contests once prevailed the sound of the hammer and the

anvil was heard instead of the turmoil of war ; and, in the place of the sabre and the sword, the steam-engine was exerting its giant powers in the extension of knowledge, science, commerce, and other advantages to the town of Banbury and its neighbourhood, and would, he trusted, continue to do so, and to spread intelligence and happiness in various ways. If they combined with that the advantages of Freemasonry, surely they were doing that which would lead to good results in the way of extending information, promoting good-will and concord among men, and cementing a bond of union, of which they might well be proud. He trusted that Freemasonry had taken deep root in Banbury, and that, like the banyan-tree in India, it would grow to a great age, throwing out branches, which, shooting into the earth, grew into goodly trees and flourished around the parent stem. That was the principle of Masonry, and they desired to extend from the Prov. G. Lodge such off-shoots as would take root and thrive, maintaining its connection with the Lodge from which it emanated, and shedding honour on it as the Cherwell Lodge, which might be considered as its daughter, and emulating the example of the Alfred and Apollo Lodges, which were its sister Lodges (cheers).

The Prov. GRAND MASTER again rose, and proposed the health of the W. M., who, he said, had filled a similar office for two consecutive years in the Lodge of Harmony at Richmond, where his ability, courtesy, and true Masonic conduct gained him the confidence and esteem of his Brethren. He came to this Province with a high character, and he (the Prov. G.M.) had the greatest confidence that he would prove himself worthy of every mark of respect, and do all that he could to deserve it. He could not forget also the fact that they were this day indebted to the W.M. for the champagne, and he could only regard that as another earnest of his desire to contribute to the happiness of those around him (loud cheers).

The W.M. said he was quite sure that under all circumstances they would not expect him to express his feelings in a manner commensurate with the honour which they had conferred upon him, because he felt inadequate to do so. He could only say that he would endeavour to deserve all that had been said of him, and that it should be his aim to reach as far as he could the high character of a Worshipful Master as described to them by the Prov. G.M. He confessed that when he accepted the high office of W.M. of this Lodge, and much as he appreciated the honour, he entered upon it with some difficulty, and apprehended that he was entering a young Lodge, where much would be expected and required of him ; but he rejoiced to find that although it was a young Lodge, it could boast of Brethren competent to fulfil every office, to render him every assistance, and to make his duties less onerous. Their admirable working in the Lodge, and kind consideration towards himself, had removed any apprehension from his mind, and induced him to hope that by their co-operation he might be able to fulfil the office of W.M. with some advantage to the Lodge. He congratulated those who had laid the foundation of this Lodge, and now had the gratification of watching the progress of its structure, and assured them that nothing should be wanting on his part to extend its usefulness and increase its stability (cheers.)

The W.M. then proposed "Prosperity to the Alfred City Lodge of Oxford," for which the W. M. Bro. Martin briefly returned thanks.

The W.M. then proposed "Prosperity to the Apollo University Lodge of Oxford," and after adverting to the cordial feeling existing between the University and City Lodges, which he said was delightful to witness, and afforded a striking example of the good effects of Masonry, begged to couple with the toast the name of Bro. Beach, whom he regarded as one of the most accomplished Masons of his age throughout the Craft (cheers).

Bro. BEACH returned thanks, and, after explaining the unavoidable absence of the W.M. of the Apollo Lodge, remarked that it appeared but a short time ago when they met to consecrate this Lodge, which had already reached to such a proud pre-eminence, and boasted of such an array of good working Masons as he

had the gratification of meeting on this occasion. He could not refrain from paying a tribute of praise to the W.M. of the last year, who had presided over the Lodge with so much ability, and in his own person and conduct given the best illustration of the principles and excellence of Masonry. He congratulated them also on the installation of so excellent a Brother to succeed him in the Chair, for he felt assured that under his auspices the principles of Freemasonry would be carried out to the fullest extent (cheers).

The W.M. then proposed "The newly Initiated Brethren," after which the Entered Apprentice's song was given with excellent effect by Bro. Spiers.

Bro. COOKE responded to the toast, and remarked that he had long desired to join the Fraternity, but had delayed doing so until he had seen the working of it, and having had that opportunity, he rejoiced in saying that it was founded on principles which every one must admire. He regarded the introduction of Masonry into Banbury as a great boon; it had already produced many very beneficial effects, and he doubted not would continue to do so to an increased extent. He was proud in being a member of so ancient and honourable a Fraternity, and although he was at present but an infant in Masonry, he hoped as he grew in strength to grow in knowledge and wisdom (cheers).

The W.M. proposed "The Officers of the Cherwell Lodge," and complimented them on the admirable manner in which they conducted the working, and which any Lodge might well be proud of. He felt that especial thanks were due to Bro. Rev. Vernon Blake, his Sen. Warden, who he did not hesitate to say was one of the most skilful young Masons that he had ever met with. He had relieved him (the W.M.) of much trouble, and enabled him to perform his duties in a more efficient manner than he could otherwise have done; all the arrangements of this meeting had been made and carried out by him, and it was unnecessary to do more than call attention to the admirable manner in which everything had been conducted (cheers).

Bro. BLAKE, in responding to the toast, remarked that it was indeed with peculiar feelings of interest that he occupied the proud position of S.W. of the Cherwell Lodge; he said, proud position, because he could not but echo the sentiment expressed with reference to one not present this day, the W.M. of the last year, to whom they looked with pride and satisfaction, as a friend and as a Brother. When, but twelve months since, chiefly through his instrumentality, Freemasonry was introduced into this town, Bro. Paul met with many difficulties in the common prejudices of the uninitiated, but he trusted firmly and hopefully to its intrinsic merits, and under the care and guidance of the Prov. G.M. he launched on the sea of Masonry his well-built ship the Cherwell. They had lost the services of their late W.M.; but he hoped they had caught a little of the spirit which fired him, and he (the W.M.) trusted that he would be regarded by them as a beacon, and be cheered on by his example in the fulfilment of their duties. To their present W.M. let them add their vote of thanks for taking the Chair, for it was a proud thing for the Lodge to have so good a man to preside over it, and they might trustfully and hopefully anticipate that he would emulate the example of his predecessor. In conclusion he would assure the W.M. and the Brethren that the Officers would do all in their power to uphold the fair fame of the Cherwell, and in the emphatic words of Bro. Plowman's striking song, he would say with the utmost sincerity and earnestness:

"God bless the good ship Cherwell!
God speed her on her way!
May she the truths of Masonry
To many a heart convey!"

At this stage of the proceedings the Brethren from Oxford were obliged to leave, in consequence of the Railway company not having put on a special train, as they had been instructed to do, and it was accordingly necessary for them to proceed to Oxford by an omnibus with four horses, in order to get within the College walls before

twelve o'clock. Although this had the effect of diminishing the party, the festivities were prolonged, and under the excellent Chairmanship of the respected W.M. a most agreeable evening was spent, and the only expression of regret was that, which was once given vent to by an Irishman, namely, that such delightful anniversaries occurred but once a year. The energy and ability, which the W.M. had displayed in the Lodge were equally manifest in his manner of performing the duties of president, and the evening passed most merrily. The Banbury Brethren must consider themselves most fortunate in having gained so worthy and efficient a successor to their late Master, Bro. Paul, to whose zeal and energy they are indebted for their great success hitherto. From the high social position of Bro. Captain Bowyer, and the great ability which he evidently possesses and will use in their behalf, there can be no doubt that a bright future is in store for this young Lodge, and that even now, in their second year only, they may be said to be independent of that aid, which they have hitherto received from their Oxford Brethren.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

BATH.—The Lodge of Honour, No. 528, met on the 14th of March, at the Masonic Hall, Corridor, Bath, and inaugurated the room by two initiations. The attendance was very numerous, including some of the P. G. Officers and the P. G. Master of Worcestershire, as well as visitors from other Lodges. The ceremony was well performed by the W. M., Bro. Dr. Falconer.

SOUTH WALES.

CARMARTHEN.—*Saint Peter's Lodge.*—We are happy to record a true example of Masonic spirit, emanating from this Lodge. Our old friend Bro. Ribbans, during his ten years' residence at Carmarthen, has laboured hard to keep this Lodge together, and on the 22nd of January last, witnessed a genuine spirit exercised, under the able Mastership of Brother Fitzwilliams, the Barrister on this Circuit, in the vote of ten guineas from their funds, towards making the W. M. for the time being a Life Governor of the Royal F. M. School for Girls. This is what we wish to urge upon the leading members of every Lodge in the kingdom, and we hope and trust that all the charities will experience the best attention from the Craft, so as to increase the blessings, which such Institutions are calculated to bestow. Bro. Fitzwilliams is ably supported by his Wardens, the S. W. being Bro. Johnes, the Judge of the Small Debts Court, and J. W. Bro. Wm. Davies, R.N., of Trawsmawr.

WILTSHIRE.

SALISBURY.—At the monthly meeting of the Lodge of Elias de Dereham, held at the White Hart Hotel on Wednesday, the 12th of January, the government of the Lodge for the year ensuing was organized as under:—Bro. P. P. Cother, W. M.; Dr. Hewson, S. W.; T. J. Holloway, J. W.; T. Pain, Treasurer; C. M. Lee, S. D.;

Beverley Robinson, J. D.; J. Sutton, J. G.; and Trimiman, Tyler. The ruling gavel has fallen into good hands, and we believe the zeal of the new Master will tend to increase both the strength and efficiency of the Lodge, in which he will be ably seconded by his zealous Wardens.

YORKSHIRE.

Huddersfield.—On Wednesday, March 9, the Brethren of the Huddersfield Lodge, No. 367, and the Lodge of Truth, No. 763, gave a grand Freemasons' *soirée*, exclusively for Freemasons and ladies, in the Freemasons' Hall, Kirkgate, the object being to promote the interests of the building fund connected with the Freemasons' Boys' School, an establishment which cannot be too highly appreciated by the Craft, and the proceeds of the present *soirée* were devoted to that purpose. It was under the patronage of the following noblemen and gentlemen:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, R. W. D. G. M.; the Right Hon. the Earl of Mexborough, R. W. P. G. M. for West Yorkshire; the Right Worshipful Bro. Charles Lee, D. P. G. M. for West Yorkshire; Bro. Rowland Gardiner Alston, promoter of the Boys' School; Bro. Richard Carter, trustee to the Boys' School. The Right Worshipful Brother Charles Lee, D. P. G. M., occupied the Chair, and the Brethren appeared in full Masonic costume. About 300 ladies and Brethren attended, and at six o'clock sat down to an excellent tea, provided gratuitously by sixteen of the uninitiated part of the company. Bro. Lee made an excellent speech in favour of the object they had met to promote, and Bro. Carter Lee, the promoter of the Boys' School, also ably advocated the claims of the Institution, which is established to educate the orphans of deceased Masons.

Hull.—The "Minerva" Lodge, No. 311, since the advent of the present year, have introduced a course of lectures in their Lodge illustrative of the science of Freemasonry.

The first of the series, "On the Masonic Apron," was delivered on the 23rd of January last by Bro. C. R. Codd, and has been ably followed by Bro. J. Crompton "On the Symbols," tracing the connection between the ancient and modern mysteries.

The attendances have shown the interest taken by the Craft in this experiment, and it is intended to continue the lectures at intervals of a month.

Middlesborough.—The flourishing town of Middlesborough, among the many valuable institutions formed to promote the well-being of its inhabitants, has added thereto a Masonic Lodge.

Application for a warrant having been made to the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master of England, his Lordship was pleased to accede to the request, and with the permission of his Lordship, Bro. A. A. Leveau proceeded to Middlesborough, on Tuesday, the 13th of December, to constitute and consecrate the New Lodge.

On Wednesday, the 14th, the principal officers and members from Lodges in the Provinces of York, Durham, and surrounding towns, amounting to between sixty and seventy, assembled in the new and beautiful Lodge-room, lately erected at the Railway Hotel by Bro. Watson (who was initiated in the building erected by him, and that day consecrated).

The ceremony of constituting, dedicating, and consecrating, was performed by Bro. Leveau in his accustomed impressive and effective manner; that ceremony occupied nearly two hours; Bro. Reid, W. M., being already an installed Master, was then inducted into the Chair, and having appointed and invested his officers, after a suitable address from the Consecrating Master, the ceremony of initiation was commenced.

Five gentlemen of the town of Middlesborough were admitted into the sublime mysteries of the Order.

The Lodge was closed at five o'clock, and the Brethren then partook of a very sumptuous banquet, prepared by Bro. Watson. Amongst the Brethren present were Bros. Leveau, of London, the Consecrating Master; E. C. E. Hopkins, P. G. D. C. for the North and East Ridings; R. W. Hollon, P. G., Treasurer; J. Clark, W. M., Cleveland Lodge; W. Graham, Jun. W. M., Tees Lodge; O. Trenchman, W. M., St. Helena Lodge, &c.

The usual Masonic and Loyal toasts were given and responded to in due form; and after an evening spent in delightful harmony, the Brethren retired to their respective homes well pleased at the prospects opened to the town of Middlesborough.

This is the third Lodge consecrated in the North and East Riding by Bro. Leveau within the last four or five years.

TEMPLARISM.—BATH.—On Friday, the 25th of February, the Bladud Encampment, situated at Bath, held their second meeting at the Castle Hotel, the repairs in the Masonic Hall not being sufficiently completed for their accommodation. It was numerously attended, and the following companions were installed Sir Kts. of the Order:—W. Cowdry, No. 528; W. Doveton, 528; J. Shadwell, 528; W. Byers Sealy, 528; J. Browne, 48.

The ceremony was impressively performed by the E. C. Sir Kt. Rev. G. Bythesea, assisted by his officers, who were well acquainted with their various duties, and performed them with that steadiness which adds so much to the beauty of this imposing ceremony. In the course of the evening three Sir Kts. from the Baldwin Encampment of Bristol craved admission, but on their declining to sign a declaration, acknowledging the authority of Grand Conclave, they were courteously but firmly refused admission by the E. C.,* on which they sent in a protest. When the business of the evening was finished, the Sir Kts. partook of supper, served in the usual style of excellence, for which Bro. Temple is so justly famed.

* Under article 20 of the Statutes of Masonic Knights Templar in England and Wales.

SCOTLAND.

ABERDEEN.—*Centenary of St. Machar's Lodge.*—The Brethren of St. Machar's Lodge, No. 54, celebrated the Centenary of their connection with the G. Lodge of Scotland on Tuesday, March 1st. The Lodge met in the Hall, 115, Union Street, at 3 P.M., and having been opened in due form, an appropriate service was performed.

The oration was delivered by the Rev. Bro. Wallis, of No. 93, in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Bro. Cordiner, the chaplain of the Lodge. It was an eloquent address on the subject of Charity, which was listened to throughout by the Brethren with the most marked attention.

The service being concluded, the Lodge was closed; and the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, which was held within Bro. Robertson's (Royal) Hotel. Besides the Brethren of St. Machar's Lodge, there were present the Prov. Grand Master and other Office-bearers of the Prov. G. Lodge, and representatives from the following Lodges:—Aberdeen, No. 34; St. Nicholas, No. 93; St. Andrew's, No. 110; Old Aberdeen, No. 164; and St. George's, No. 190.

Dinner being concluded, the Lodge was opened, and being called to refreshment, the W. M., Bro. Ramage, gave, in succession, "The Queen;" "Prince Albert; Albert, Prince of Wales; and the rest of the Royal Family."

The W. M. then, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed "The Craft."

The W. M. next gave "The Grand Lodge of Scotland;" and expressed his satisfaction that there was now a prospect of the Grand Lodge acquiring suitable premises in Edinburgh, the want of which had hitherto been found a serious inconvenience.

The Prov. G. M., as a member of the Grand Lodge, returned thanks, stating that the Grand Lodge had done, and would do, everything in its power to further the progress of Masonry.

The P. M., Bro. Rettie, then proposed "The Grand Lodges of England and Ireland."

The W. M. proposed "The Health of Bro. Hadden, R. W. Prov. G. M. of the Aberdeen City Province."

Bro. Hadden returned thanks.

The W. M. next gave "Prosperity to the Aberdeen Lodge, No. 34," the oldest Lodge in Aberdeen—whose records date so far back as 1540.

Bro. Smith, S. W., No. 34, returned thanks.

The Prov. G. M. proposed "Prosperity to St. Machar's Lodge," commenting on the changes it had undergone, and the high character it had always held for strict and accurate working.

The W. M. returned thanks.

The W. M. gave "The Memory of our Departed Brethren."—Drunk in solemn silence.

The W. M. then proposed, in succession, the different Lodges present, according to their seniority, for which the respective Masters returned thanks.

A number of other toasts were given, as "The Stranger Brethren," "The Chairman," "The Chaplain," "The Wardens," "The Past Master, Bro. Rettie," "The Proxy Master Bro. Jones," "The Ladies," &c.

Several Masonic toasts were interspersed among the preceding; a variety of excellent songs sung; and the Brethren enjoyed themselves in full Masonic hilarity till *past high time*, when they were called again to labour, and the Lodge closed in due form.

Aberdeen, 14th February, 1853.

At the annual meeting of St. George's Lodge of Freemasons, No. 190, holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, which took place on the 27th of Dec. last (St. John's Day), after the election of office-bearers, the Brethren retired to refreshment. The newly-elected R. W. M., Robert S. Houston, occupied the Chair, when he addressed the Brethren as follows:—

BRETHREN, the duty which, on this occasion, has devolved on me, is one which I am sorry has not fallen to the lot of some party more adequate to do it justice than I am. However, it is one which fortunately requires no preface from me, the merits of the Brother, whom I am now about to address, being well known to each and all of us. About two years ago, when, from circumstances which it would be useless now to refer to, our Lodge was in such a state as almost to hazard its existence, we were fortunate enough to secure the able services of this Brother, whose assiduous and untiring zeal in the discharge of his office has raised our Lodge to its present prosperous state; and while he has been at the helm, as he has now been for a considerable period, our Lodge has sailed triumphantly through the billows of adversity, and is now safely moored in the harbour of progressive prosperity; and we fondly trust that we shall be able to hand it down to our successors as prosperous, if not more so, than when it was handed to us: thus it shall stand, an enduring monument of the energy and assiduity of our worthy P. M. In every office he has filled in the Lodge, we have always found him ready and prompt to further our interests; his gentlemanly deportment, his urbanity of manner, his knowledge of Freemasonry, and the zeal, with which he has endeavoured to promote it amongst us, have, I am sure, endeared him to us all. Now, while Bro. Jamieson has so ably and successfully discharged the duties attendant on his important office as Master of this Lodge, and as he has now retired, we have done but our duty when we have provided this small token of our regard for him. And now, Bro. Jamieson, deputed by the members of St. George's Lodge, I have the very great pleasure of presenting you with this silver snuff-box, which bears the following inscription: "Presented to Bro. John Jamieson by the members of the St. George's Lodge, No. 190, as a token of respect for him, as their R. W. M. Aberdeen, 27th December, 1852." This small token of our regard for you, Sir, is to mark our unqualified approbation of your conduct as Master of this Lodge, and as a mark of our gratitude for your very valuable services to us as a Lodge; and while it does this, you will also, I hope, look upon it as the silent, but really sincere and true symbol of our warmest well-wishes towards you and yours for your future prosperity in this life. In conclusion, then, we, the members of St. George's Lodge, cordially and sincerely wish you happiness and success in all your present and future undertakings.

The Past Master Jamieson replied in the following terms:—

R. W. SIR, you have certainly intended and succeeded in giving me a surprise; and it is impossible, filled as my mind is at this moment with varied emotions, adequately to return you thanks for this substantial, this valued proof of your

fraternal regard. I feel the more difficulty in doing so, because honours have been, by your kindness, conferred upon me for which I have never been able to make so suitable a return as I could wish to have done: you have paid me a compliment which I feel I can scarcely merit; but if any is due, my Brethren ought to have it with me, for all have been zealous for the prosperity of our Lodge.

For four years I have held the office of Master in this Lodge, the two latter of which you have been pleased more particularly to refer to. This, then, is a mark of confidence and trust which demands from every Brother thus elevated the faithful performance, to the best of his ability, of the duties attached to the office; and if, during the time I have held office, I may have been successful in promoting harmony and good-feeling, or in imparting a knowledge of Freemasonry amongst us, I felt a pleasure in doing so, because you have supported my efforts for this desirable object. I may have had opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of Freemasonry which many of you did not possess, and if I have availed myself of those opportunities, it was not only for my own information, but also to enable me to impart it to those over whom I was placed, being deeply anxious that every member of this Lodge, as well as members of other Lodges who might choose to attend, should have such amount of knowledge of Freemasonry as that, wherever his lot in life might afterwards be cast, he might be so able to acquit himself as to reflect credit on the Lodge in which he was first admitted a member, or which afforded him instruction. Aware of the value of knowledge myself, I have been solicitous that my Brethren might participate with equal advantage, if they chose to avail themselves of it; and if what I have endeavoured to communicate be beneficial and useful to those who have received it, my most sanguine wishes are realized. In this I had no other aim in view beyond that of conscientiously performing my duty; your approval of my conduct at the time I should quit it being an ample reward. Never did I imagine, nor was I vain enough to think, that a simple act of duty on my part would have been, by the fraternal regard of my Brethren, magnified into one of service, and the result so handsome a present as has now been tendered me at my termination of office.

To you, then, my older Brethren,—you who witnessed my first admission, and whose successive votes have placed me in the position I lately quitted, and whose friendly and fraternal regard—notwithstanding my many short-comings—has never for a moment abated towards me, and who now, as the keystone of that friendship, have contributed to this memorial—to you this debt of gratitude is due and is tendered, not with the formality of lip-service, but from the deepest recesses of a heart fully alive to your continued kindness.

To younger members, and to those I have assisted to admit within the Masonic bond, to you also my grateful and warmest thanks are due and are given; that you with our more limited acquaintance should, in conjunction with your older Brethren, have deemed me worthy of contributing to this token, is to me a source of sincere pleasure. I do not know the extent of obligation I owe you individually, because, till now, I have been kept in ignorance of your proceedings; had I known in time I certainly would have interfered, deeming your approbation of my conduct sufficient reward. Think not, however, I undervalue this proof of your esteem; on the contrary, I prize it the more highly. No gift to me could be more valuable, coming as it does from a body of men I so deeply esteem, and with whom I have been so long and so intimately connected; and believe me, I fully appreciate the delicacy of your proceedings, while it is pleasing to reflect, that to judge from its value, I have more true friends here than ever I anticipated.

I have been enthusiastic in favour of Freemasonry because I love it, and have felt its influences on my mind; its antiquity has a claim to our respect. In no human institution is there so wide a range for the cultivation of those virtues that elevate the mind as in the Masonic. It was the birthplace of those arts and sciences that now illuminate the world. Its principles are love to God, the Author of our being, and love to our fellow-man. The virtues recommended for our rule and walk through life, and which we ought to practise, are benevolence, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, honour, mercy, faith, hope, and charity. Those virtues, if we act up to them, will tend to make us wiser and better men, to live peaceably with all men, and prepare us for another and better world.

Impressed with those ideas, my aim, as your Master, has been to bring our minds into harmony with those principles we profess. To rule with mildness, because more in accordance with our Masonic usages; and a proof that this was the proper step is afforded me this night. I have not been able to accomplish all I could wish; but if my advice or instruction can be of any benefit to you, my successor, or the Lodge, it will always be cheerfully given. And to all who aspire to office I would say, in this token of your regard for me to-night there is a spur for industry. Circumstances may prevent your filling the offices I have done, yet by acquiring the necessary knowledge to fit you, you will have a feeling of satisfaction; while my earnest and fervent wish is, that we may continue so to cultivate a true Masonic regard for each other as will prove the best test of our stability and success, and prove before the world that there is more in Freemasonry than the name.

I share with you, Sir, in the hope in our future prosperity, and cordially thank you and the rest of my Brethren for your wishes for my future welfare, and sincerely hope that no act of mine in after-life will place me in a lower position in your esteem than I at present enjoy. I left the chair of this Lodge deeply grateful for your kindness, and now bear with me a proof of your esteem, the remembrance of which, so long as I live, will never be effaced from my memory.

It is needless to add, that after the usual loyal and Masonic toasts, and a night spent in true fraternal enjoyment, the parties separated, delighted with the evening's proceedings.

TAIN. — *St. Duthus Lodge.* — The election of the office-bearers took place as usual on St. John's Day, when the appointments were as follows: — Bros. W. H. Murray, of Geanies, W. M.; D. Munro, Depute Master; Ken. Murray, Past Depute Master; Thomas Flint, Senior Warden; William Ross, Junior Warden; Wm. Ross, Treasurer; James Christie, Secretary; William Murray, Senior Deacon; W. R. Ross, Junior Deacon; John Ross, Senior Steward; John Mackay, Junior Steward; and Charles G. C. Christie, of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, Proxy Master for the Lodge, at the Grand Lodge of Scotland. This flourishing institution has been now in existence about 100 years, and at present it numbers 140 benefit members and 40 honorary members, besides 30 Royal Arch Masons in connection with the Lodge. As a benefit society, the advantages from it are very considerable. The sum of £87 was paid on St. John's-day to thirty-four widows and annuitants.

FORT-WILLIAM. — *Ball, &c.* — The members of the Fort-William Lodge of Freemasons met in their room on the 27th of Dec., being St. John's Day. From the state of the weather, they did not walk in procession through the village, as usual in former years. They, however, marched in a body to church, when their Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Macintyre, delivered an excellent discourse. After the service, the Brethren returned to their Lodge, and shortly after sat down to a substantial and well-served dinner — Dr. Crichton, the R. W. M., in the Chair. There was a pretty fair attendance, including James Macgregor, Esq., D. M.; Bro. Wm. Taylor, S. W.; Bro. J. Rankine, J. W. The evening was spent in the harmonious manner so conspicuous among the Brethren of the mystic tie. The Masons gave their usual ball on Friday evening. It was very well attended, and

sustained the high standing of its predecessors. The party did not separate till a late hour; and the whole arrangements passed off with great *éclat*.

NAIRN.—*St. Ninian's Operative Lodge.*—The annual meeting of this Lodge was held in Low's Hotel on the evening of Monday, St. John's Day, when the following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—John Wilson, R. W. M.; Alex. Dallas, S. W.; John Mackintosh, Treas.; Alexander Ross, Steward and Key-Keeper; Charles Macwatt, Clerk. The usual business of the Lodge was then transacted in a satisfactory manner, and the meeting separated.

FORRES.—*St. Lawrence Lodge.*—This Lodge met on St. John's Day, and after transacting the ordinary business, elected the following office-bearers for next year:—Right Worshipful Master, Thomas Davidson; Depute Master, John Fraser; Substitute Master, Wm. Sclanders; Senior Warden, William Kelly; Junior Warden, R. Davidson; Senior Deacon, G. Smith; Junior Deacon, A. Leitch; Treasurer, A. Williamson; Secretary, J. G. Manford; Grand Steward, William Fraser.

St. John's Operative Lodge.—This Lodge met on the festival of their patron, and transacted the usual annual business. They afterwards elected office-bearers, as follows:—R. W. M., John Bezeck; S. W., Joseph Dunbar; J. W., Alex. Batchen; Dep. M., Thomas Ferrier; Treasurer, John Fraser.

ELGIN.—*Kilmolymock Lodge.*—The annual meeting of the above Lodge took place on St. John's Day, when there was a numerous attendance of the Brethren, and the following office-bearers were elected:—R. W. M., William Smith, Lossiemouth; Dep. M., John Rutledge, jun., Elgin; S. W., Robert Mackenzie; J. W., William Arnott; Chaplain, John Murdoch; Sec., James Sutherland; Treas., Robert Gill.

IRELAND.

ARMAGH.—On St. John's Day, the Freemasons of the ancient city dined together in the Lodge Rooms, according to the usual custom. The Worshipful Master, Bro. M. McNeale Johnston, performed the duties of the Chair with his usual tact and ability, and was ably supported by Bro. Robert Gamble Wallace, of the Belfast Bank, who occupied the vice-chair. A numerous and respectable party partook of a most sumptuous entertainment, provided by Mr. William Bright in his customary style of superior purveyance. A number of strangers were present on the occasion, and felt highly delighted with the hospitality of the Armagh Brotherhood. The usual loyal

and Masonic toasts were given and duly responded to, and the members of the Craft separated, after an unusually happy and agreeable reunion. From the prosperous condition of Freemasonry in Armagh, it is confidently expected that the erection of the proposed Masonic Hall will shortly be undertaken, with every prospect of its being both an ornament to the city and creditable to the old and time-honoured institution.

DUNDALK.—The Duke of Leinster, as G. M. of Ireland, has fixed on a site (now occupied by a stage-coach yard) for the new Masonic Hall to be erected at Dundalk.

NORTH MUNSTER, *November 6, 1852.*—North Munster Provincial Grand Lodge met to elect officers for 1853, at the Freemasons' Hall, Cecil-street, Limerick. The Ill. M. Furnell, Sov. Grand Ins. Gen. 33rd, R. W. P. G. M.; H. W. Massy, K.H. 30th, Dep.-Pr. G. M.; Capt. S. A. Dickson, P. M., Pr. S. G. Warden; William F. Holland, P. G. R. C., Pr. Junr. G. Warden; Revs. W. Eyre Massy and W. Fry, Pr. G. Chaplains; G. Furnell, Pr. G. Tr. and Sec.; R. B. Corneille, Pr. G. S. Deacon; W. Williams, Pr. G. Junr. Deacon; Illust. Frère Bugnot, Garant d'Amitié près le G. Orient de France.

LIMERICK, *January 8, 1853.*—The Union Lodge, No. 13, met on the 8th inst., at the Freemasons' Hall, Cecil-street, for the Installation of officers to celebrate their festival. At high noon the Provincial Grand Master, Bro. M. Furnell, inducted Bros. W. Williams, Master; J. Massy, Senr. Warden; Capt. Walnutt, Junr. Warden; R. H. Mason, Junr. Deacon; Dr. Murphy, Junr. Guard. Lodge adjourned to six o'clock, when the reunion at the festive board tended to enhance the mystic and enthusiastic bond to which social rational enjoyment adds such an unalloyed zest, guarded by the moral and happy influences integral to the ancient and sublime association. The *cuisine* of Mr. Moore justly merited high encomiums, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was not a vacant seat at the table.

The Worshipful Master, W. Tamsett, presided at 73 Lodge on St. John's Day. Peace, love, and harmony were distinguishing features of the Craft, who mustered remarkably strong on the festive occasion. Officers appointed to No. 73, Eden Lodge—W. Tamsett, W. Master; Mr. Merrick, Senr. Warden; Mr. Guest, Junr. Warden; J. Bassett, Senr. Deacon; David Johnston, Junr. Deacon; Wm. Peacocke, Secretary; Capt. Jervis, Treasurer; Rev. T. Elmes, Chaplain.

The Desmond Lodge, 202, Newcastle, met on St. John's day for the election of officers:—Bros. Curling, W. M.; Hon. Deane, S. W.; Bolster, S. W.; Gun, S. D.; Leahy, J. D.; Lanauze, Tr., and Evans, Sec. The festival in the evening was supplied in best manner, and was attended by several visitors from 49, 13, and 50.

LONDONDERRY.—Monday, Dec. 27th, being St. John's Day, the Brethren of "the mystic tie" dined together in the Masonic Hall.

Owing to the severity of the weather, there were very few of the country members in attendance. The chair was filled by Bro. Alexander Grant, D. G. Master, in the absence of Sir Jas. Stewart, the Prov. Grand Master. When the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts given, the following Masonic toasts were proposed in succession:—

“The Craft.”

“The Grand Masters of Ireland, England, and Scotland.”

“The Provincial Grand Master” was next proposed by the Chairman, and received with much enthusiasm.

The Master of Lodge 69 then proposed “The health of Bro. Grant, Deputy Provincial Grand Master” (cheers).

Bro. GRANT rose and responded as follows:—Gratifying as the expressions of your esteem and feelings towards me always are, still the recurrence of the period which calls forth the reiteration of them, tends to remind me that the tide of time flows on with an unvarying steadiness of motion, and this night tells us that another of its circling waves has rolled on towards the ocean of eternity, leaving us all nearer to our final rest. Though this onward rush of years warns us of our mortality, it at the same time impresses on our mind the fact that the mission of Masonry is not ended, and that our responsibilities are neither diminished, superseded, nor suspended; for we, its present guardians, have a work to accomplish, so that we may leave behind us, for the guidance of future generations, as they may successively greet the light, the indisputable fact that Masonry is benevolence, embracing in its extent the wants of the body, as well as the wants and capabilities of the soul, and thereby constituting the very perfection of charity, affecting us in its twofold relationship as regards time and eternity; for, while with one hand it relieves bodily suffering, and lights up a milder sun, which dissipates from the overcast sky the clouds of misfortune, with the other it impresses with a powerful energy on the heart the purest doctrines of morality: teaching that life without virtue is but loss in all its stages; warning us to shun ambition, which never yet imparted consolation to the breaking spirit; that wealth, unless rightly used, brings but envy on its possessor; in short, that the glory of this world is but as the explosion of a volcano, resplendent, beautiful to gaze on, but a brightness soon to be swallowed up in death, but at the same time breathing into the soul the holiest aspirations of undying faith, and thereby kindling a blissful hope of a glorious immortality. For nearly nineteen hundred years has history chronicled the onward parallel course of Christianity and Masonry; and though we may record a thousand causes, both antagonistic and co-operative, which have combined to produce the wonderful improvements, even in our own time, that have been brought to bear on the great framework of society, to none does Christianity more willingly or more cheerfully award her share in producing these vast results than to Masonry. Ay, Masonry, which in geometrical proportions adjusted the ark to the flood; which was mysteriously communicated to Jacob in Padanaram; which constituted the basis of the league between Solomon, king of Israel, and Hiram, king of Tyre; and which was consummated by the presence and aid of Hiram, the widow's son, at the building of the Temple; which made the captives a brotherhood in Babylon; which was heard in the sound of the gavel in the quarries of Zeradatha; which was read in the strange characters on the stone gathered from the rubbish; which constituted the council for Zerubbabel, Haggai, and Joshua, at the re-edification of the Temple; which awoke the long slumbering echoes in the wilderness of Judea; which was evoked to life in the *logos* of the Almoner; which has survived the destruction of two Temples; has witnessed the burial of patriarch and prophet, and now links its immortality to the car of the Gospel. After this, Brethren, will it be denied that the sphere of Masonry is as broad as humanity itself? Consequently, where the true interests of man are to be found, there should the Mason be in his round of duties; and in what more appropriate way, I would ask, can those interests be better or more

effectually accomplished or supported than by imparting education in this direction? I am happy to say a move has been made—all honour to the worthy Brother who first introduced the subject; and may all success attend the efforts of the noble-hearted Brethren who are maturing measures, the tendency of which will be to afford education to the children of deceased Masons of the province, at the expense of the Fraternity. Often, indeed, do we find it recorded in the history of the world, that the naked have been clothed, the hungry fed, and the homeless sheltered beneath some overarching dome of charity; while far too seldom do we find the hand of moral benevolence extended to dissipate the darkness, or neutralize the bane of ignorance. I am aware the good work you contemplate cannot be begun or accomplished without encountering many and serious difficulties; but, let it be encouraging to you to look even prospectively at the result of your undertaking, you will see the good you devise ends not here, but will reach to far-off generations. Go on, then; and the good work once accomplished, your reward will be, that memory will cause you to look back on the difficulties you have surmounted with a joy that will know no pause, with hope that will not admit a doubt, because you may rest assured that numbers yet unborn will reap the benefit of your exertions, and bless your memory, when you sleep peacefully and quietly in the grave. Let us then, my Brethren, both individually and collectively, render our assistance toward the promotion and completion of this noble undertaking; and when accomplished, we will have achieved a victory without a battle, a crown without a conflict (great cheering).

CORK.—The Annual Spring Ball, in favour of the funds of the Masonic Orphan Asylum, came off on the 16th March, at the Imperial Hotel. The ball-room was brilliantly lighted with numerous candelabra, and the walls tastefully decorated with the flags of the numerous Masonic Lodges. The Brethren themselves mustered in tolerably large numbers, and presented a goodly array as they advanced in procession to open the Ball. The spectacle when the company had assembled was at once brilliant and imposing. There were two military bands stationed in the gallery, those of the 39th regiment, and the 7th dragoon guards, and played several quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes, with considerable effect during the progress of the Ball. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock, and was kept up with spirit until near morning.

JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

MASONIC FUNERAL.—The following ceremonies were performed at the funeral of Bro. Francis Levens, late of Lodge No. 302, St. Helier, Jersey, on Wednesday, 10th of November, A.D. 1852, A. L. 5852:—The body lay in Masonic state at the temporary Lodge Room, at the Queen's Assembly Rooms, Belmont Road, from ten o'clock till twelve. The Prov. G. Lodge of Jersey and the Farmers' Lodge, with other Lodges of the Province, and visiting Brethren, proceeded with the business of the Masonic funeral in the temporary Lodge Room at twelve o'clock, which being concluded, the R. W.

P. G. Chaplain, in clerical robes.
The Curate of St. Helier.
The Parish Clerk.

The R. A. clothing of the deceased, borne on cushions by two
Royal Arch Masons, in R. A. clothing.

THE BODY,

with the regalia of the deceased, a sprig of acacia, and
two swords crossed on the coffin.

Pall Bearers, Royal Arch Masons.
Chief Mourner.

Assistant Mourners.

P. G. Tyler, with drawn sword.

The following was the order of proceeding prior to the funeral procession:—The Lodge was opened at twelve o'clock. The body was placed in the centre, and there laid in state from ten o'clock till twelve. The Brethren of the several Lodges were arranged under their banners in the order of procession, as they severally arrived after twelve o'clock. The Masonic funeral service commenced with an anthem. The R. W. P. G. M. rehearsed that portion of Scripture beginning, "What man is he that liveth." The Grand Honours were given in the usual form. The organ played a solemn dirge, whilst the R. W. Prov. G. M. strewed the herbs and flowers in ancient and accustomed form. The R. W. Prov. G. M. took the sacred roll in his hand and repeated the usual invocation. The Brethren then repeated, "God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." The P. G. M. deposited the sacred roll, and said the usual invocation. The Brethren then answered "The will of God is accomplished." The Grand Honours were given three times. A prayer was offered by the R. W. P. G. M., after which a Masonic hymn was sung.

At the close of the funeral service the following Oration was delivered by the R. W. P. G. M.:—

BRETHREN,—We here view a striking instance of the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of all human pursuits. The last offices paid to the dead are only useful as lectures to the living. From them we are to derive instruction, and consider every solemnity of this kind as a summons to prepare for our approaching dissolution. Notwithstanding the various mementoes of mortality we daily meet; notwithstanding death has established his empire over all the works of nature; yet, through some unaccountable infatuation, we are apt to forget we are born to die. We go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, until we are suddenly alarmed at the approach of death when we least expect him, perhaps in an hour which, amidst the gaudies of life, we probably conclude to be the meridian of our existence. What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth, or the charms of beauty, when nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes on the last scene, view life stripped of her ornaments, and exposed to her natural meanness; you will then be convinced of the futility of those empty delusions, for in the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks levelled, and all distinctions done away. But, whilst we drop the sympathetic tear over the grave of our departed Brother, let charity incline us to cast a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and not withhold from his memory the praises which his virtue claims, but suffer the apologies of human nature to plead on his behalf. Perfection on earth has never been attained; the wisest as well as the best of men have erred. His meritorious actions alone it is our duty to imitate, and from his weaknesses derive instruction. Let the present example excite our most serious thoughts, and strengthen our resolution for amendment.

Life being uncertain, and all earthly pursuits vain, let us no longer postpone the important concerns of preparing for eternity, but embrace the present moment, whilst time and opportunity offer, to prepare for that great change, when all the pleasures of this world shall cease to delight, and the reflections of a religious and virtuous life will yield our only comfort and consolation. Our expectations will not then be frustrated, nor shall we be hurried unprepared into the presence of an all-wise and powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known, and from whose dread tribunal no culprit can escape. Let us, while in this stage of existence, support with propriety our profession, advert to the nature of our solemnities, and pursue with assiduity the sacred tenets of our Order. With becoming reverence, let us supplicate the Divine Aid, and insure the favour of that great I AM, whose goodness and power know no bounds; and when the awful moment shall arrive that we are about to prosecute our journey, be it soon or be it late, we may be enabled to prosecute that journey without dread or apprehension, to that far-distant country from whence no traveller returns. By the light of the Divine countenance we may be enabled to pass through those gloomy mansions where all things are forgotten, and when arraigned at the bar of Divine Justice, we may hope that judgment will be given in our favour, and that we shall receive our reward in the possession of an immortal inheritance, where joy flows in one continual stream, and no mound can check its course.

May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love—So mote it be.

May we profess what is good, and always act up to our profession—So mote it be.

May the Lord bless us, and prosper us; and may all our good intentions be crowned with success—So mote it be.

The P. G. Sec. and the W. M. of the Farmers' Lodge broke their wands over the grave, whilst the R. W. Prov. G. M. repeated

“Glory be to God on the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men.”—

Answer—So mote it be.

Brethren,—From time immemorial it has been a custom among the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a Brother on his death-bed, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, and to deposit his remains with the usual formalities. In obedience to that custom, and at the request of our deceased Brother, we are here assembled in the character of Masons, to resign his body to the earth from whence it came, and to offer up to his memory before the world the last sad tribute of our fraternal affection, thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem, and our inviolable attachment to the principles of the Order. With all proper respect to the established customs of the country in which we live; with due deference to our superiors in Church and State; and with unlimited good-will to all mankind; we appear clothed as Masons, and publicly express our submission to good order and government, and our wish to serve the general interests of mankind. Invested with the badge of eminence, we humbly bow to the Universal Parent, implore his blessing on all our zealous endeavours to extend peace and good-will, and earnestly pray for his grace to enable us to persevere in the principles of piety and virtue. The Great Creator having been pleased out of his mercy to remove our Brother from the cares and troubles of this transitory life to a scene of eternal duration, thereby to weaken the chain with which we are united, *man to man*, may we who survive him, anticipating and approaching dissolution, be now closely cemented in the ties of union and friendship; and during the short space allotted for our present existence, usefully and wisely to employ that time in the reciprocal intercourse of kind and friendly acts, and mutually promote the interest and welfare of each other. Unto the grave we resign the body of our deceased friend and Brother, there to remain until the general resurrection, in favourable expectation that his immortal soul will then partake of the joys which have been prepared for the righteous from the commencement of the world. And may Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, extend his mercy towards him and all of us, and crown our hopes with everlasting bliss in the expanded realms of a boundless eternity. This we beg for the honour of his name, to whom be honour and glory, now and for ever.—So mote it be.

The duties of R. W. P. G. M. on the occasion were very onerous, but excellently performed. The prayers and orations were delivered with much solemnity and impressive effect.

Each Member of the Farmers' Lodge, No. 302, to which the deceased belonged, carried in his hand a white wand, displaying a bow of crape, the usual sign of mourning.

Through the kindness of the Superintendent of the Government Works, the services of the St. Catherine's band were given on the occasion, and, by its excellent performances, added greatly to the solemnity.

Much credit is due to P. M. J. Baker, who was both undertaker and conductor of ceremonies, and to his able management it was owing that the whole of the procession was so well conducted.

The service in the church, as well as at the grave, was performed by V. W. Bro. Chas. Marett, P. G. C., Rector of St. Clement's. The beautiful anthem, "Vital Spark" was admirably sung during the church service by a portion of the choir and several amateurs, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Fentum.

Upwards of a hundred Masons attended to pay their last respects to a deceased Brother.

Pursuant to an unanimous resolution of the Farmers' Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 302, a vote of thanks was presented to the R. W. Prov. G. M., J. J. Hammond, Esq., at Samarés Manor House, on Friday evening last, by a deputation from that Lodge.

The deputation was received by the Prov. G. Stewards, headed by Bro. Nott, P. G. Dir. of Cerem., and escorted to the R. W. P. G. M., who was attended by the G. Officers of the Province, the G. Chaplain of Guernsey, and the W. Masters of all the Lodges in the Province, except one, unavoidably absent on his professional duties. Several others of the Brothers were present on this interesting occasion.

The W. M. of the Lodge (Bro. Radcliffe) then advanced and said,—

RIGHT W. SIR,—The duty that devolves on me this evening, I can assure you, I scarcely feel myself competent to fulfil. However, I hope you will take the will for the deed, as we are not all gifted with the same talent, and that fluency of language which we are accustomed to hear from some of our Brethren present, and which I only wish had fallen to me. However, Right W. Sir, as it has fallen to my lot, I will endeavour to discharge that duty to the best of my weak abilities; that duty is, Right W. Sir, to present to you this evening a small token of respect voted to you by the Farmers' Lodge, some short time since, when there was a Committee of that Lodge appointed to word the same and agree on some respectful mode of presenting it to you. That Committee, having completed their labours, now wait on you, Right W. Sir, to present you this vote of thanks, as a token of respect for the very able and efficient manner in which you headed and conducted the funeral obsequies of our late Bro. Francis Levens, on the 10th of November last. I am very sorry to say, Right W. Sir, that it is not in the power of the Farmers' Lodge, at present, to present you with something more valuable. Although small, Right W. Sir, I feel confident that our testimonial will be received with that same feeling as if it were something more substantial. Therefore, Right W. Sir, without any further ceremony or preface, I now present to you this vote of thanks, unanimously adopted at Farmers' Lodge on Monday, the 6th of December. And I do hope and trust, Right W. Sir, that *this* may be the cause of our being united

stronger together than ever we have been, and that from this very day all dissensions among Masons in the Province may end and terminate for ever, and that, should any differences of opinion arise among the Brethren in this Province, you, Right W. Sir, will step forward and endeavour, with your sound judgment and kind intervention, to allay and quell the same; that we may be enabled to go hand in hand, and work together with love and harmony, as Brothers ought to do. I now resign, Right W. Sir, into your hands, this vote of thanks; and I only hope and trust that, should your services be required on any future similar occasion, you will come forward with the same generous feeling as you did on the last occasion; and I can assure you that the Brethren in this Province will be always ready to assist you in carrying out your views in furtherance of Masonry in general, and in this island in particular.

At the conclusion of his address, Bro. Radcliffe presented the vote of thanks most skilfully and artistically emblazoned on vellum by Bro. Adams, and inclosed in a very handsome gilt frame.

The R. W. P. G. M. returned thanks, saying,—

My dear Sir, and Worshipful Brother,—I cannot find words adequate to enable me to unburden my breast of those feelings which now agitate it; to acknowledge, in suitable language, the kind, handsome, and truly fraternal address, presented me by the Lodge over which you have the honour of presiding. If my humble exertions on the melancholy occasion referred to, met with the approval of Farmers' Lodge, believe me the sentiments expressed will be a still greater stimulant to encourage me in carrying out that which has always been dear to me, namely, the welfare of Masonry in this island. As the welfare of any society is best preserved by the unity of its members, let us, one and all, strive to act up to those principles inculcated in a Masons' Lodge; let us all labour together in such a manner as to prove to the world that Masonry is not a vain thing, but a great instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to bring about such a moral renovation as shall at length give another aspect to our world, and finally unite the people of every tongue and kindred into one common brotherhood—one affectionate family.

The Brethren were afterwards very hospitably entertained by their worthy Host.

INDIA.

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE, MADRAS.—At a quarterly Communication, holden at the "Masonic Hall" of Lodge Pilgrims of Light, Mount Road, at half-past six, P.M., on Tuesday, the 21st of December, A.D. 1852, A. L. 5852. Present—M. W. Bros. R. H. Williamson, G. M.; W. B. W. P. Macdonald, S. G. W.; A. M. Ritchie, J. G. W.; A. S. Partridge, G. Tr.; J. Ouchterlony, G. Reg.; J. Maskell, D. G. Sec.; C. A. Roberts, As. S. G. D.; J. G. Laurence, J. G. D.; A. J. Greenlaw, G. D. of C.; P. Coultrup, G. S. B.; J. Brock, G. Tyler, and the representatives of the undermentioned Lodges:—Perfect Unanimity, Nos. 175 (1); Social Friendship, 326 (2); Rock, 325 (5); Universal Charity, 340 (6); Pilgrims of Light, 831 (7).

The Provincial Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and with solemn invocation of God's blessing.

The Proceedings of the quarterly Communication of the 7th of

July, 1852, and of the Special Meeting of the 6th of November, 1852, were read.

Before confirming the minutes, the S. G. W. wished to know whether it was proper that the speeches made in Grand Lodge should be printed in the Proceedings. The D. G. S. explained that such was the practice with the Grand Lodge of England, and which had been followed at the Provincial Grand Lodge ever since the Proceedings were ordered to be printed. The J. G. W. confirmed the statement of the D. G. S. regarding the practice in England, but observed that before the Proceedings were printed, they were submitted for the approval of the Grand Master, who had the right of striking out such portions as it was not thought advisable to print. The D. G. S. replied that this was also the course pursued here, and that none of the proceedings were issued until they had been approved by the Grand Master, or in his absence by the D. G. M. The minutes of the last two Meetings were then confirmed.

The D. G. S. reported that the Presidency Lodges,—viz., *Perfect Unanimity, Social Friendship, Universal Charity, and Pilgrims of Light*, had forwarded their Returns and payments to 31st of December, 1852; that lodge *Rock*, Trichinopoly, and *St. Andrew*, Kamptee, had submitted theirs to 30th of September, 1852, and were not consequently in arrears; that Lodge *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, Ootacamund, was in arrears for 18 months, or since 30th of June, 1851; that Lodge *St. John*, Secunderabad, was also 12 months in arrears, or from 31st December, 1851; and lastly, that the G. S. believed that the *Cantonment* Lodge, Bangalore, had again become dormant.

The Grand Master expressed his regret that *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, and *St. John*, were so much in arrears; he would, however, take no special notice of the matter, as the Worshipful Masters of those Lodges would observe from the printed proceedings of this evening that their Lodges were in default, which would, he trusted, be the means of inducing them at once to transmit their Returns and payments.

The Grand Treasurer produced his accounts, which were read and approved, and exhibited the following balances.

In favour of Grand Lodge . . .	Rs. 30 5 0
In favour of G. M. C. Fund . . .	„ 174 12 5
In favour of Suspense Account . . .	„ 707 4 0

W. B. Ouchterlony, as President of the Committee of the Grand Masonic Charity Fund, read the Report, which was ordered to be recorded on the Proceedings of Grand Lodge.

The Grand Master then laid before the Grand Lodge a letter which he had received from Bro. (Doctor) Key, suggesting that a Masonic Sermon should be preached on St. John's Day this year, in aid of the funds of the Friend-in-Need Society.

Several Members of Grand Lodge delivered their sentiments on the subject. The feeling appeared to be against having a Charity Sermon preached to the fraternity, and the principal arguments adduced against it were as follows. In former years most of the

Lodges had large surplus funds, from which donations were liberally given. At the present day neither the Grand Lodge, nor any of the Subordinate Lodges, had any Cash balances; any aid that might therefore be bestowed would have to be given from individual contributions of the Brethren. It was remarked that most of the Brethren had, in their private capacities, assisted the Friend-in-Need Society—that Sermons were also to be preached in the several Churches to which they belonged in aid of the same Charity—and that to make a further and special call upon them as Masons would not be desirable. Under these circumstances, it was urged that if a Sermon was preached, the amount contributed by the small body of Masons would be so insignificant, as probably to cause some invidious reflection upon the Craft. On the whole, therefore, it was deemed inadvisable to have any procession or sermon this year.

The Grand Master observed that the sentiments of the majority of the Brethren present appeared to be unfavourable to Bro. Key's proposition; but he requested the representatives of the Subordinate Lodges present to lay it before their respective Lodges, when any representations they might wish to make would receive due consideration.

A ballot was next taken for a Grand Treasurer for the ensuing year, and on its termination, W. B. Patridge was declared to be duly re-elected to that office, the majority of votes being in his favour.

The Grand Master was pleased to appoint the undermentioned Brethren to be Grand Officers for the ensuing year:—R. W. Bro. J. Ouchterlony, D. G. M.; W. Bros. A. M. Ritchie, S. G. W.; A. J. Greenlaw, J. G. W.; W. A. Serle, G. Registrar; H. Taylor, B. C. L., G. Chaplain; W. Glover, G. Secretary; J. Maskell, D. G. S.; P. Coultrup, G. S. D.; G. Snelgrove, G. J. D.; M. McDowell, G. D. of C.; G. M. A. Storey, G. S. B.; J. Brock, G. Tyler.

The following is a list of Stewards for the ensuing year, nominated by the Presidency Lodges:—Lodges "Perfect Unanimity," Bros. J. W. Sherman and H. C. Roberts; "Social Friendship," J. A. Hicken and R. D. Dansey; "Universal Charity," G. Lewis and J. T. Greateorex; "Pilgrims of Light," G. Williams and R. T. Laurence.

The Grand Master then adverted to the Brethren whom he had appointed to assist him in conducting the duties of Grand Lodge during the ensuing year. He was happy to see among the representatives of the several Lodges present so many of the principal Masons of Madras, from whom he could select his officers. He felt certain, from what he knew of those whom he had appointed, that he was justified in looking forward to a very efficient Grand Lodge, and to its duties being conducted with the zeal, harmony, and Masonic feeling, which had hitherto characterized them.

There being no other business, the Grand Lodge was closed in ample form.

COLONIAL.

ANTIGUA.—The Brethren met at their Lodge Rooms, on St. John's Day, in the forenoon, for the purpose of proceeding in a body to the Cathedral. The attendance was not so numerous as had been expected, probably in consequence of the occasion falling on a Monday (which is usually a busy day, and which in the present instance succeeded two holidays), but was sufficient to make a most imposing appearance. The procession, to and from the church, was headed by the excellent band of the 67th regiment, whose performances have elicited great and merited praise. The exceedingly unfavourable state of the weather prevented many from attending the church; the collection, consequently, was not so large as it would otherwise have been; it will, nevertheless, prove of valuable assistance to the local charities in aid of which it was contributed. As usual, the crowd was immense; but the discipline of the police force, whose most respectable appearance and conduct reflected credit on the superintendent, preserved as much order and decorum as could possibly have been expected.

Upon the return of the procession to the Lodge Rooms, the Brethren proceeded to the performance of the interesting and impressive ceremonies attending the installation of the Master and Officers of the Lodge for the ensuing year. These ceremonies occupied the better part of the afternoon. The Staff of the Lodge thus established stands as follows:—

Bro. J. L. Thomas, Royal Engineers, W. M.; Bro. F. S. Jewett, Sen. W.; Bro. J. Graham, 67th Regiment, Jun. W.; Bro. Rev. J. Curtin, Chap.; Bro. I. G. Glenny, Treas.; Bro. P. Horsford, Sec.; Bro. C. H. Curtis, Reg.; Bro. Dr. F. G. O'Kearny, Sen. D.; Bro. G. W. Norman, Jun. D.; Bro. John Shervington, Dir. of Cerem.; Bro. Daniel Wright, Inn. G.; Bros. Alex. MacFarlane and C. J. Evans, Stewards.

Subsequently to the performance of the ceremonies of Installation, the thanks of the Brethren were unanimously awarded to the Rev. James Curtin for the excellent Sermon he had preached; to Lieut. Col. Brooks, of the 67th, for his kindness in giving the use of the splendid band of his regiment for the occasion; and to the Rev. Mr. Baum, of the Moravian Mission, for most ably presiding at the organ in the Cathedral. In the evening, the Brethren assembled at a grand banquet in the large hall at the Lodge-rooms. The late W. M. Bro. Shervington, on retiring from the Chair of the Lodge, delivered the following address:—

BROTHER OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.—On retiring from this Chair twelve months ago, on the anniversary of one of our patrons, St. John the Evangelist, the occu-

pation of which, by your kind election and re-election, I had been honoured with for the two preceding years, I little thought it probable that it would have devolved upon me, on the recurrence of the day, again to address you from this position. In December last, you did this Lodge good service, Brethren, and consulted the interests of the Fraternity, when you installed as Master, and as my successor in office, the talented, much-esteemed, and ever-to-be respected Bro. Richard Dowse, at that time staff-surgeon of the garrison of this island. Fully persuaded as we all were of the advantages to be derived from such a valuable acquisition to our Lodge, we entertained the hope of his being amongst us, at all events, for the full term of his election; but, alas! ere a few months elapsed, orders emanating from the authorities of that honourable profession to which the doctor is attached, frustrated that hope, by removing him hence to a distant military station. But even that short control, Brethren, effected vast improvement in our working. Our present state of efficiency, as far as it has gone, and the additional lights we now enjoy, are in a great measure attributable to the efforts of, and the instruction received from, our beloved though absent Brother. What otherwise, indeed, could have been looked for from him, who had occupied the Chair of the Albany Lodge, No. 176, with so much honour to himself and benefit to the Craft? I feel assured that I only echo the sentiments of each member of the Lodge who knows the estimable qualities and high deserts of our late and zealous Master, in declaring, that we can feel no greater pleasure than in hearing of the health and happiness of himself and family wherever he or they may be, though oceans roll between us. As the military duties of Bro. Dowse constrained him to leave us, he, with much kindness, distinguished me by his recommendation that I should take the Chair for the unexpired term of his presidency. To his proposition the Lodge unanimously consented; and this, Brethren, is one among the many other acts of your fraternal regard, which places me under an additional obligation, and for which I pray you to receive my best acknowledgments. While a portion of my preceding remarks shows that the Lodge has much to regret from one of the occurrences of the year just about being closed, there are yet some relieving circumstances to which I shall now advert,—one of which is the advance of Masonry in Antigua; another, the choice you have made in the election of a Master for the ensuing year. When, in December, 1849, you spontaneously placed me here, our Lodge numbered eighteen Brethren; on relinquishing the Chair in December last, that number had increased beyond forty, and on retiring this day our members exceed sixty. These facts are sufficient to prove that Masonry is making—as it always did and always will—its onward course, notwithstanding the efforts of its detractors—for these have existed in all ages and in all countries. But, Brethren, bear with the slurs and insinuations of its impotent enemies, and consider, that as there is no society exempt from such, so should we feel no surprise at them from the uninitiated. Look upon these as you would on the silly man who, to discover how the ball made its exit from the mouth of a cannon at the moment of its discharge, applied both eyes to the muzzle—the forfeiture of his head would be the result of his ignorance—and console yourselves with the reflection, that although we venture nothing in the way of reproof, yet the success of those who would stop the progress of Masonry will be equal to the disappointment of the short-sighted courtiers of Canute, who regarded his power as uncontrollable, and all things as obedient to his will. He, to reprove them, commanded the sea to retire, exclaiming, “The land upon which I sit is mine, I charge thee, therefore, to approach no farther, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign.” The advance of the waters, however, soon proved their ignorance, and convinced them of their folly. Thus showing, then, the present position of the Lodge, the number of its enrolled members, and the utility of any attempt to check its progress, it remains with the Brethren to deliberate upon the propriety or expediency of petitioning at some suitable time for the granting of a second charter for this island. Judicious has been your choice of Bro. Thomas as Master for the coming year. Independently of his standing as second officer in the Lodge for the last twelve months, his acquirements in Masonic knowledge so often exemplified here, the instruction gained by him from his close connection with the worthy Bro. Dowse, by whom he had been initiated, together with his attachment to and zeal in the cause,—all these point to him as in every respect a fit

and proper person to be placed at the head of our affairs. I feel assured of his receiving from you all the assistance in your power in the performance of his duties commensurate with his own anxious desire for the good of the Craft, and for the extension of its operations. The year just closed has been a stirring one with us as regards admissions and preferments, there having been in that time thirty initiations, thirty-four advancements to the second, and thirty-two to the third Degree, leaving no opportunity or leisure for Lodges of instruction and for lectures; but after the press of business now about being closed, arrangements will doubtless be shortly made to take up those desirable objects. It may not be inopportune, while so many recently initiated Brethren are congregated, to take up some few points in connection with the Fraternity. There are many of these extant in the writings of eminent authors, among them Doctor Anderson, in his "History and Constitution of Masonry," in the works of the Rev. G. Oliver, *D. D.*,—Moore, Carnegie, and other Brethren: two or three of these I shall briefly quote. "The end, the moral, and the purport of Masonry is to subdue our passions, *not* to do our will, to make daily progress in a laudable art, and to promote morality and humanity." "Masonry is a science confined to no particular country, but extends over the whole terrestrial globe,—wherever arts flourish, there it flourishes also. Add to this, that by secret and inviolate signs carefully preserved, it becomes an universal language. Hence many advantages are gained,—the distant Chinese, the wild Arab, and the American savage will embrace a Brother Briton." "Speculative Masonry is so far interwoven with religion, as to lay us under the strongest obligations to pay that rational homage to the Deity which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness. It leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of Creation, and inspires them with the most exalted ideas of the perfections of the Divine Creator." "Masonry being found in all nations, the Brethren are taught, as far as religious or political tenets are concerned, to leave each Brother to his own particular opinions, by whatever names, religions, or persuasions they may be distinguished. Thus Masonry is the centre of their union, and the happy means of conciliating persons that otherwise must have remained at a perpetual distance, being constituted in such a manner as to forbid the introduction of startling facts or unacceptable doctrines which may cause disputes or divisions to arise among a Brotherhood, who profess to be cemented by the indissoluble chain of Brotherly love." We are not so absurd or egotistical, Brethren, as to assume the axiom that all Masons are good men, and hold fast the principles of the Order; this would be indeed beyond what is seen in every other association. It has been truly written, that "all are not Christians who profess the faith;" so neither are all Masons who wear the badge. But it behoves us always to keep in mind our Masonic engagements, remembering that the Square is emblematical of the rectitude of our dealings with our fellow-men,—squaring our actions by the rule of right and justice; and the Compasses, to circumscribe all our transactions, bringing them within the bounds of prudence and honour. In a word, Brethren, you will permit me to paraphrase one of the last declarations of the most illustrious of England's naval heroes, and exclaim,—Masonry expects every Brother to do his duty.

BERMUDA.—On Monday, the 27th December, the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons celebrated the occasion by a public ceremony and worship. It being the arrangement of the several Lodges of these islands to celebrate the holy day in regular turn, it became the duty of St. George's Lodge, No. 200, on this occasion. The weather was remarkably fine, and a large concourse of spectators from the various parishes was present. At high noon, the procession, marshalled by Bro. P. M. Roxburgh, and preceded by the splendid band of H. M.'s 56th regiment (which had been kindly granted by Col. Eden for the purpose), commenced to leave the Lodge-room in the following order:—

Loyalty Lodge, No. 461, from Ireland Island.
 Bro. Howes, W. M. pro tem.
 Atlantic Phoenix Lodge, No. 271, from Hamilton.
 Bro. C. M. Conyers, W. M.
 Visiting and Sojourning Brethren.
 Past Masters.
 St. George's Lodge, No. 200.
 Bro. W. C. Hyland, W. M.
 Prov. G. M. Joseph S. Hunter, Esq. *M. D.*, with his Deputy,
 Past Deputy, Chaplain, and
 Standard Bearer.

On reaching St. Peter's Church the procession halted, faced inwards, and entered in inverted order; the devotional services of the day were performed by Bro. Mantach, Chap. of Lodge, No. 271; and Bro. the Rev. Robert Hoare, Chap. of the Grand Lodge, delivered a most elaborate and edifying discourse from 1 Cor. xiii. 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, inculcating *that* love and charity, without which unity and harmony can never prevail amongst any order of mankind, especially amongst those of the Royal Craft. The services of the choir were conducted by Mr. Thompson, organist of St. Peter's Church, and reflected great credit for the efficient manner in which he had trained it. The "Te Deum," and Oliver's anthem, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity," were never given in a happier style in these islands.

On leaving the Church, the procession formed in a similar manner as on quitting the Lodge, and taking a different route, reached the Lodge-room about half-past three, P. M. At five o'clock about fifty of the Brethren sat down to a most sumptuous repast, furnished by Bro. Mitchell.

The Brethren of "Loyalty Lodge," No. 461, assembled on the evening of the 23rd December, at their Lodge-room, Ireland Island, for the purpose of installing the W. M. and Officers for the ensuing year. In the absence, unavoidable from severe indisposition, of the W. M. elect, Bro. Searle was installed as proxy for him. The Officers appointed are as follows:—

Bro. Capt. W. H. Jervis, R. N., P. M., W. M.; Bro. Cole, S. W.; Bro. Lieut. Whitmore, R. E., J. W.; Bro. Heney, P. M., Sec.; Bro. Calder, Treas.; Bro. Manghan, S. D.; Bro. Dempsey, J. D.; Bro. Guest, P. M., I. G.; Bro. Cuniffe, Tyler.

BAHAMAS.—NASSAU, N. P.—*The Royal Victoria Lodge*, No. 649, installed its Officers for the year 1853, on the 27th December, 1852.

Bro. Gustave Benouard, Vice-Consul for France, P. M. of said Lodge for 1848, was elected and installed as W. M.

HAMILTON.—The members of "The Lodge of Strict Observance," and a number of visiting Brethren of "The Barton" and "St. John's Lodge," met at the Masonic Hall, in this city, on the 27th Dec., for the purpose of installing their Officers for the ensuing Masonic year. Prior to the installation, the Worshipful Past Master presented a very handsome silver snuff-box to Bro. John Harris, on his retiring

from the office of Secretary, bearing the following inscription:—
 “Presented to Bro. John Harris, by the Lodge of Strict Observance of Free and Accepted Masons, as a recognition of his zeal as Secretary for the past two years. Hamilton, C. W., Dec. 27th, 1852,”—to which Bro. Harris made a suitable reply, after which the following Brethren were installed as officers for the ensuing year, viz.—W. Bros. Lieut-Colonel M'Dougall, W. M.; Richard Bull, P. M.; John Brown, S. W.; John Harris, J. W.; Dr. Lundy, Chaplain; Richard Benner, Treasurer; A. D. M'Dougall, Secretary; Samuel Pollard, S. D.; John L. Swift, J. D.; William Bellhouse, M. of C.; James Gibson and Edward Clarke, Stewards; William Wright, J. G.; John Morrison, T.

After the officers had been installed, the Worshipful Master presented to the Past Master an elegant Past Master's Jewel, and in doing so made the following remarks:—

BROTHER BULL,—The first duty that has devolved upon me, as Master of the Lodge of Strict Observance, is one, the performance of which affords me the greatest possible degree of pleasure. At the request of the Brethren, I now present you with this Past Master's Jewel, as an acknowledgment of their appreciation of your services, as Worshipful Master for the past three years. Although the intrinsic value of the gift is but trifling, and not at all an equivalent for your untiring exertions, and the many and valuable services rendered by you to the Lodge, yet, the spirit in which it is given, will, I trust, enhance its value in your estimation. That the Great Architect of the Universe may long spare you to wear it, and to be an ornament alike to this Lodge and the Craft, is the sincere and heartfelt prayer, not only of myself, but I feel assured, of every Brother present.

Bro. Bull acknowledged the gift with much feeling.

The Brethren then adjourned to Bro. Davidson's City Hotel, where a sumptuous repast awaited their arrival.

Previous to the Installation of the officers of the Strict Observance, a new Lodge was opened in this city, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, named St. John's Lodge, No. —, when the following officers were duly installed:—Bros. T. B. Harris, W. M.; A. Booker, Jun., S. W.; J. W. Kerr, J. W.; D. M'Rae, Treasurer; H. Langdon, Secretary; T. C. Clark, S. D.; Geo. F. Thomas, J. G.

FOREIGN.

CHINA.

Projected Ceremony on Laying the Foundation-stone of a New Masonic Hall.—Tuesday, the 1st of February, was appointed for laying, with due ceremony, the foundation-stone of a Masonic Hall in Hong-Kong; a building the want of which has been, on several occasions, of serious inconvenience to the Fraternity. The site of the intended hall, on the Inland Lot, No. 34, just below St. Paul's College, is as central as can well be, and the plans, prepared by Mr.

Surveyor-General Cleverly, S.W. of the Zetland Lodge, give promise of an erection that will prove a unique ornament to our city. The Prov. Grand Master, and Officers of the Grand Lodge of China, with the Masters, Past Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the two southern Lodges, will convene at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, the ceremony taking place at noon. To complete the day's festivity, the Zetland Lodge have issued numerous invitations for a ball at the Club House, of which we hope to furnish a full account in due time, the meeting being taken advantage of to present to the R. W. Samuel Rawson, P. G. M., a valuable token of the esteem in which he is held by the Brethren in Hong-Kong.—Dated *January 26th, 1853.*—*Extracted from the Overland "Friend of China."*

BIRTH.

On the 9th Dec. 1852, at St. George's, Bermuda, the lady of Bro. Lieut. M. S. Whitmore, Royal Engineers (J.W. of 461), of a daughter.

DEATHS.

BRO. THE HON. GEORGE HENRY BURT.

Died, in the island of St. Kitt's, West Indies, Oct. 9, the Hon. George Henry Burt, Speaker of the House of Assembly of that island for twenty years, and Surveyor-General of Roads. At a Meeting of the General Committee of the Mount Olive Lodge (No. 336—241), held on the 12th Oct., it was resolved "that, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, who had for many years so ably presided over the Brethren as Worshipful Master, the Lodge-room be hung in black until the next annual election on St. John's Day."

BRO. JOHN T. VAUGHAN.

Died, Dec. 1852, at the residence of Mr. John F. Brown, Falmouth, Jamaica, to which he had been removed for the benefit of medical advice, Mr. John T. Vaughan, many years overseer, but at the time of his decease lessee, of Sunderland estate, in this parish. He was the youngest son of the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, formerly Custos of St. James. The regret experienced by the relations and friends of the deceased, may in some measure be arrived at from the universal testimonial of respect bestowed on his remains, which were followed to the grave by upwards of one hundred of the most respectable inhabitants of Montego Bay and its vicinity, preceded by the officers and members of the Friendly Lodge, who, in deep mourning, and wearing their insignia, joined the procession, and imparted an affecting solemnity to the mournful occasion. The body was received at the entrance of the churchyard by the Rev. Mr. Moore, while the Brethren opened their ranks to permit the coffin of their deceased Brother to pass between them, and after the beautiful service of the Church was performed, the Worshipful Master, A. Isaacs, supported by P.Ms. Thomas Watson and Richard I. Foster, advanced to the head of the grave and went through the impressive funeral service, comprising a prayer and exhortation. At the conclusion of the prayers and responses, Masonic honours were given, and each Brother cast into the grave his left-hand glove, accompanied by a sprig of myrtle, emblematic of eternity. The scroll recording the birth, Masonic initiation, passing, and raising, of the deceased Brother, was then placed upon the coffin, and the concluding oration was delivered, when the Brethren left the churchyard in the same order that they had entered it. The deceased through life exhibited in every relation a thorough knowledge of his duties to society. His manners were pleasing, his conduct upright, and his integrity undoubted. His age was thirty-seven.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, by the *first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

BERMUDA.—ROYAL CRAFT.—We shall only be too glad to be favoured with contributions as proposed. Pressure upon our column prevents an insertion of all the favours this month received.

DEVONPORT.—C. M. A.—The subject of your communication is better suited to "*Notes and Queries*," than to this publication.

A COLONIAL CORRESPONDENT.—An influential Brother, to whom we committed your inquiries for reply, has unfortunately mislaid them. If, however, you will oblige us with a repetition of the questions requiring elucidation, we will transmit a reply privately to your address.

HUDDERSFIELD.—J. B. junr.—We were not aware of the existence of such a publication; a translation might be useful.

GRAND LODGE.—INQUIRER.—The breach of privilege was too positive to be overlooked. If the M.W. the G.M. had followed the *literal* direction of the law, expulsion must have immediately ensued. "Judgment," however, was "tempered with mercy." More than this we would not say upon a very painful subject.

BOYS' SCHOOL.—A.—Doubtless! We have not the slightest doubt that Rev. Brethren would only be too glad to augment the proposed Building Fund by preaching in its behalf.

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.—The report is too good to be true.

IRELAND.—REPRESENTATIVE.—We believe that a fit and proper person will soon be nominated to the G. L. of England.

———.—REPORTS OF G. L.—No reports of the G. L. of Ireland are permitted to be printed, published, or circulated.

GIRLS' SCHOOL.—H. P.—The children were removed about two months since.

CANADA WEST.—WELCOME.—An allusion to the circumstance will be found in our Introductory article.

OFFICERS FOR 1853-1854.—Z. T.—We have not the slightest idea, and if we had, we should not satisfy curiosity. Time will prove. This much, however, we may say, that no change will this year take place as to the G.S.B.

ROYAL ARCH.—N.—The Chapter has been guilty of an informality; but it is not sufficiently serious to have incurred the suspension of the unwillingly offending Companions.

A WEST INDIA COMPANION had better write to head-quarters.

KNIGHT TEMPLARS.—BATH.—The E. C. was decidedly right in his ruling. The Bristol Sir Kts. may date their privileges long before the re-establishment of G.C.; but unless they conform to its resolutions, they have no claim to share in the privileges of such Encampments as are under its jurisdiction.

———.—BIRMINGHAM.—An Encampment was consecrated about three years ago.

ROSE-CROIX.—J. V.—The higher Degrees are much in vogue on the Continent, and without this particular Degree it is scarcely possible to enjoy any privilege.