

FREEMASONS'

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MASONIC CONGRATULATIONS.

THE three months just passed are invariably the most dead periods of the year as respects the progress and work of Masonry in the metropolitan districts. During those months very few of the London Lodges meet, and little or no Masonic business is transacted. Even the Quarterly Communication of G. L. is but thinly attended; and unless any special business calls for debate, nothing of any very great importance is brought forward. It is but natural that this should be the case, inasmuch as by far the greater portion of the Brethren, who can get away from the metropolis, are only too glad to escape, in order to enjoy the freshness of the sea, country, or continental air, and to lay in a stock of health for the ensuing nine months of active business and employment.

As such is the case, it is not singular that we have little or nothing of any moment to report, if we except the announcement of daily augmented funds and the increased influence of the Craft in all those localities—Home and Colonial—where “the work” is carried forward under the warrant of the G. L. of England.

A reference, however, to our metropolitan reports will show, that although the work and progress of Freemasonry in London have been, as usual, quiescent during the months

of June, July, and August, the Provinces have been manifesting as much spirit and activity as heretofore, and testifying to the fact, that the Craft is rapidly increasing in the estimation and good opinion of the popular world. The statements of the proceedings at Colchester on the 12th of August, under the auspices of our esteemed and excellent Bro. Rowland Alston, are declaratory of the prosperity of the Essex Lodges; whilst the splendour and dignity of the Dorset meeting, under the presidency of our worthy Brother, William Tucker, clearly prove that the Order is losing nothing of its beneficial effects in that part of the country. In Cheshire, Bro. Lord Viscount Combermere has again proved himself to be a worthy representative of the M.W. the G.M.; whilst Guernsey "echoes back" the welcome news of noble deeds performed in Masonry, under the superintendence of our indefatigable Bro. J. J. Hammond, the Prov. G.M. of the Channel Islands, for the future and permanent defence of one of the most important harbours of the British dependencies.

But perhaps the greatest cause for congratulation yet remains to be mentioned—the installation, in the Province of Staffordshire, of Lieut. Col. Vernon, as the successor of Maj. Gen. Anson, the late worthy and much-respected G.M., who having accepted a high military appointment at Bombay, has been compelled to vacate an office which he has held for many years with honour to himself and credit to the Craft. Had it been practicable to have searched through the entire ranks of Masonry in this country, it would have been utterly impossible to have found one more worthy to assume the duties of this high and important post than Lieut. Col. Vernon, who, independently of his being a first-rate *working* Mason, has also endeared himself to all, who have the privilege of his friendship, by the urbanity of his demeanour, and his noble and estimable character. Most heartily is the Province of Staffordshire to be congratulated upon the wisdom of the M.W. the G.M.'s selection, and upon the prospects which are before it, as the result of this most unexceptionable appointment.

Till this year Freemasonry might almost have been said to

have been extinct for the last quarter of a century in Wilts ; but an important revival has taken place, and the nomination and installation of Lord Methuen as the future Prov. G. M. of that district, can but give an impetus to the operations of the Order, and resuscitate the noble principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. The tongue of good report is also heard in behalf of Cornwall, where Bro. Sir C. Lemon, with indefatigable zeal, follows out the ancient landmarks of the Society, and exerts his influence both as a man and a Mason to promote the best interests of the Fraternity.

We doubt not, if our space would allow of it, that we could have recorded many other instances whereby the Provinces have testified during the last three months that they are keeping pace with the metropolis ; and it is most satisfactory to us to know, and to be able to announce to the Craft in general, that not only have our observations in the last number of this periodical, as to the too hasty admission of many of the popular world into the Order, been universally approved, but that a vast number of the leading Lodges are beginning to act promptly upon our suggestions. Thus we may hail a still further improving æra as rapidly approaching, and may yet see the Order—what it is so eminently calculated to be—a beacon set on a hill, whose diffusive light tends to cheer the hours of sadness, to relieve the darkness of human calamity, and to cement the best feelings of Fraternal affection between man and man.

The death of the late Prov. G. M. for Norfolk, the Right Hon. the Lord Suffield, painfully induces us to refer to the condition of that Province. It is not fitting that we should particularly advert to the circumstances, which have tended to depress that once prosperous Masonic county. But it has our hearty good wishes that a worthy and active successor to the late Prov. G. M. may speedily be appointed, who will be able to revive the *prestige* which the G. L. of Norfolk once enjoyed, when Bro. the late Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was G. M., and the late Bro. Jeremiah Ives his indefatigable Deputy. Immense credit is due to the active

exertions, and persevering assiduity of the Prov. G. Sec. of this Province, Bro. W. H. H. Turner, who has kept the Brethren together in unity and fraternal regard; and, therefore, we have reason to anticipate that Norfolk may once again become one of the most eminent districts under the guidance of a worthy and gifted Brother.

It is a happy condition when there exists no opportunity to find fault; and truly, we may say, at the present juncture, that such is our own. Not only does unanimity prevail on all sides amongst the members of the Order, but Charity, its brightest jewel, increases and multiplies a thousand-fold. The Girls' School flourishes; the Boys' Institution is rapidly making its way, so that very soon we shall have to intimate that the desirable object of finding these children of our decayed Brethren a home is realized. The Asylum at Croydon, we have reason to anticipate, will ere long be completed, when the circle of our Masonic obligations will, doubtless, be thus far complete.

Our Editorial labours for the past three months have been thus unusually light, and being now ended for another three months, we beg to close these observations—which cannot but be satisfactory to all, who have the interests of the Craft at heart—with the expression of all gratitude to T. G. A. O. T. U. for the favours we have already received, and with earnest supplication to the M. H. that our labours, begun in order, may ever continue to be conducted in peace, and from time to time be closed in harmony! So MOTE IT BE!

ON THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY OR SAN GRAAL ;

ITS CONNECTION WITH THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS,
AND THE MASONIC TRADITIONS ; AS ALSO WITH THE
SACRO CATINO AT GENOA.

By the Author of " Symbols and Symbolism."

A sinful man, and unconfess'd,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with naked eye.

SCOTT'S *Marmion*, Introduction.

THERE are few who have at all attended to our ancient history, or the legends of our Church, but suppose, from the confident manner in which the fact is frequently stated, that the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea is clearly traditional and legendary, equally with his having founded a modest monastery at Glastonbury under his invocation, which, from wattled walls and a thatched covering, subsequently grew into the most splendid conventual structure of the kingdom ; the staff which he planted on the spot chosen for his resting-place flourished immediately into a vigorous tree, and the Glastonbury thorn, still attesting its miraculous origin by a supernatural verdure and blossoming each anniversary of the sacred Nativity, is a belief, even at the present day, fondly cherished around the Mendip Hills, and unquestioned at a greater distance. By many, too, it is thought equally documented that this proto-missionary brought with him a sacred dish, from which our Saviour had eaten the Paschal Lamb with his disciples (Matt. xxvi. 18, 19 ; Mark xiv. 13, 25 ; Luke xii. 15, 25), and that it had been further sanctified by having received into it the blood issuing from the five wounds, by which the body of Christ was pierced when on the cross.

This dish, subsequently, under the name of the SAN-GRAAL, and a variety of differing ones, which we shall shortly mention, takes a quite different character ; it becomes the great pivot round which nearly all the tales of romance and chivalry, in what may be called the cycle of King Arthur, Merlin, and the knights of the Round Table turn ; its *search* is their great purpose, and they follow it through every danger ; its achievement their greatest glory ; though its shadowy form and character seem scarcely to

have been clearly fixed by the imaginative writers of these poems.

Once more the scene is changed, and as the *Sacro Catino* now at Genoa, it again resumes its character and form, "palpable both to feeling and to sight," as the sacred paschal dish, to which is superadded the merit or virtue of being a gift of the Queen of Sheba (when she came from her distant empire to admire the wisdom of Solomon), to the royal treasury of the kings of Judah; who, in compliance with Solomon's command and example, only permitted its rare and solemn use at their annual celebration of the passover. When the line of David ceased to be regal, it passed to the priesthood and the family of Joseph, who claimed a royal descent, and was by him used when the Saviour condescended to eat his last meal with the disciples under his roof. Being forewarned of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem by Christ's predictions, and troubled in his new belief by the Jews, Joseph, with his friend Nicodemus, and other Christians, carried the sacred vessel to the Roman colony of Cæsarea on the Mediterranean. In their families it remained to 1101, when that city was taken and sacked by the Crusaders, and was then transferred, as the most precious portion of the booty, to the Genoese church militants, who had been foremost in the attack.

It is evident we have here three distinct and independent fictions, though generally the subject is considered as connected. It will be interesting to trace the causes of such a prevalent belief, and whilst unravelling the different narratives, to show how each might have been influenced by the other, as well as the points of their general conformity from hitherto unconsidered facts in very distant countries; nor will the gratification of this inquiry be confined to mere general readers, or deep scrutinizers into our national antiquities; there are certain points of the investigation where the search for a lost hoard, and the quest after the *Sangreal*, connected as it is with the effusion of blood and corruption of the body, will give unlooked-for conformities and points of contact with the most abstruse mysteries of Masonic Craft, perhaps to the extent of points of fellowship in fives.

We shall find, too, in the investigation of this woven tissue of fiction, ligaments thrown out into the much-abused, the unjustly-vilified Order of the Templars; its character and credit, at the highest pitch of its prosperity and wealth, described as honourable and pure, and totally inconsistent with the horrible charges brought against it. We shall hereby obtain a better scale for the general merit of the Order than the long

lists of accusations brought against it by its enemies, the monks, in the still subsisting interrogatories which they framed, or even in the admissions of many of the knights themselves, enticed by promises of immunity and pardon, or extorted, if not by the most severe torture, by at least the imminent fear and precedents of a dreadful and ignominious death; for these, however, it will be necessary to adduce foreign evidence and undeniable testimony, which the most exact historians of the Order, both condemning and exculpatory, have hitherto overlooked.

From the above it will be seen, that the subject necessarily branches out into three divisions, which we shall treat separately and seriatim, under the following heads:—

The first embraces the earliest and our own legends of the San Graal, from its exit from Palestine to being interwoven into the Lays of the Troubadours, and the metrical romances of Arthur and the Round Table.

The second will embrace the visionary reveries of those old Troubadours and Minne-Sänger, wild and fanciful in idea, but rich in imagery, easy in diction, and often fraught with sentiments drawn from the deepest insight into our common humanity. The principal of these foreign singers of love, Wolfram von Eschenbach, who flourished early in the thirteenth century, was declared, even after Schiller and Göthe had produced some of their most admired works, by no mean judge of the literature and poetry of his countrymen, F. von Schlegel, to have produced in his "Titurel" and "Parzival" two of the finest poems in the German language.

Under the third head we shall examine the more practical, certainly less poetical legends of the monks, on the existing *Sacro Catino* at Genoa, perhaps with a rival or a duplicate at the rich Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, an island in the Boden See, or Lake of Constanz. These cloistered scribes imagined, no doubt, that they were surer of the approbation of posterity, and entitled to full credence for their reveries, from the ocular demonstration they could bring of an existing vase of inestimable value, and whose authenticity they believed proved beyond the possibility of a doubt by a long chain of tradition; by its monetary value beyond the possibility of purchase; by its long preservation, and the attested miracles of which it was the immediate sphere. Under this head, also, will be found some clue why the sacred Graal was supposed to have chosen a lodgment for some time in Britain; in this the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* are principally concerned, and if proved, it may, on the principle of *nullum tempus regi et ecclesie*, give the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as ordinary of Glastonbury,

the right of reclaiming from his Sardinian Majesty whatever may still remain of this inestimable relic. It is curious, however, that in our indigenious annals we find no name given to the dish during its British sojourn, and it will only be by disinterring a very neglected passage from the monk William of Malmesbury, and a comparison with foreign facts and authorities, that we at all trace its existence amongst us.

Before, however, proceeding further, it will be necessary to give the differing forms under which the name is found. *Garalis*, in an Anglo-Saxon glossary, is explained by *acetabulum*, which would mean any vessel for holding vinegar. *Gradales* and *Graaltz*—*scutella lata propter contentum gratum, id est ordinem multiplicem pretiosarum dapium*. *Graal*, Roquefort (*Dict. Provenc.* with many unimportant varieties), *vase à boire, grand plat*. *Grasal*, at Marseilles, a soup-tureen. All these agree in the common meaning of a dish. In Bennet College, Cambridge, is a poem on the subject, of forty thousand verses, hitherto unpublished, in which the name is given *Sank Ryal*, and *Seynt Graal*, and in Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur," we have the more usual *Sangreal*. Some have believed the name but a corruption of *sanguis regalis*, giving countenance to the legend of the holy blood. There are some other suppositions which we shall pass over to come to the most ridiculous of all, that of Joseph von Hammer (and now Baron Purgstall), in his "Mysterium Baphometis Revelatum." Having found that in Arabic *Gar* signifies a hole, and having fully made up his mind that the curious offertory-dishes, which have caused much discussion on the Continent, and are not unknown in England, from their interesting and enigmatical inscriptions, were Templar utensils; and reading the five-times repeated letters on many, as, *Have ait Garal*; he comes, by I know not what species of reasoning, to the conviction, that they and the Scriptural figures at their bottoms are most damning proofs of Templar atrocity. As these dishes have caused inquiry in England; and as a specimen of the estimation Von Hammer's theory is held in by his countrymen, the following translation of a passage, on both subjects, from Justizrath Schulz (pseudo-named San Marte), on the Graal may not be out of place.

"J. von Hammer's deduction falls with his documents, the 'Offertory Dishes,' which are nothing less than Templar. Their characters are, as every one might convince himself, from the engraving in the 'Curiositäten,' neither majuscules nor minuscules, nor indeed the alphabet of any language whatsoever; these scrawls are but mere purposely or ignorantly formed contortions. Since so much noise was made concerning these dishes, numerous others have turned up (in England especially); and on the brokers' stalls at Nürnberg and Augsburg, numbers may still be met

with, in which places they used to be made in great quantities by copper-smiths. There is therefore no dependence to be placed on this new hypothesis of the Graal legend, more especially as Von Hammer was often so shamefully badgered in similar attempts, in the journal of the Thuring-Saxon Union, and in the vindication of the Order, by his antagonist Nell, on his great work."

In the above approved explanations nothing occurs opposed to the meaning of *simple rotundity*—a form peculiarly affected by the Templars, as we find in all their buildings with us, and as we shall find in many abroad, more especially in the *beau idéal* of a Templar cathedral, of which I shall have occasion to say more shortly; also in the round table; and thus there must be something inherently significant of rotundity in the word, or its etymological identities. A few may be mentioned: *Kral* is a round assemblage of round huts; *Gracilis* has its beauty from rotundity, from which the French take their *grêle* (hail), and the Germans *Hagel*, which also means shot. The *kreel* and *reel*,—to *reel*, either subjectively when drunk, or objectively when winding yarn—indicate rotatory motion; *krüuel*, its German form, unites, says Adelung, "the crooked form with the idea of grasping," as *Kralle*, the claw; so *Kreise*, circulus, *Kreisel* or *Krüsel*, the top: hence *coral*, *cor* the heart; *garland*, *crook*, *crown*, *crowd*, *cravat*; *Granum*, *Grand*, German for gravel; in which latter sense, besides innumerable other instances, we have in Spenser—

"Here upon this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying down upon the sandy *grael*,
Dronk of the stream as clear as crystal glass."

And again:—

"The bottom yellow, like the golden *grayle*,
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streams."

Nor would the modern name of *catino* differ in meaning, being, from the etymological identity of *t* and *s*, derived from the low Latin *cassis*, *cassela*; English, *kettle*; German, *Kessel*; *Ketti*, a round seat, as in Adelung. Thus the *radix* is so comprehensive, that anything round in itself, or the cause of rotundity, may be contained within it. Its propriety, therefore, as the peculiar designation of a vessel consecrated to the Templar use, and guarded, as we shall find hereafter, by their Order, is apparent: it was almost a necessity.

After this probably too dry discussion on the meaning of the word, we now approach the first portion of the divisions we have made of our subject. The most full and comprehensive account that we find of the Sangreal abroad (passing by for the present our own country), is in an ancient German poem, entitled "Titurel," of which there were formerly two versions; one, the

elder, generally attributed to Wolfram von Eschenbach (on whose "Parzival" I have already adduced the flattering testimony of F. von Schlegel), exists only in a couple of fragments; the second, or younger, is entire, by various writers, the latter part by one who calls himself Albrecht von Scharfenberg; and as the original is closely followed, a slight analysis of some passages will give us a fair idea of the remainder, and his view of the miraculous Graal. Its distinction from the succeeding poems of the troubadours and romances is, that it is throughout divested of any of the subsequent machinery derived from Merlin, or from Arthur and his Paladins, which characterizes so decidedly the next period, of which Christern de Troyes, a North French troubadour, sung, and may possibly have given the first example.

As his principal object is the description of the gorgeous temple formed to hold worthily the Graal, the author refers for an account of its virtues and worth to another lay:—

Chap. II. strophe 5.*

Wie viel nun Tugende waere
An dem *Graal* und wirde,
Das seit ein ander Maere,
Und wie von mannigem Lande da mit girde
Des Engels reine Diet do ward Gesinde
Des hat man viel gefrieschet.

Chapter III. contains, how Titurel builds a castle for the Graal, called Monsalvatsch (Mons Salvatoris), and in it a costly and richly-decorated temple in the centre of a wood, 60 German (300 English) miles on every side (sechzig Meil der Walt was zuo allen Seiten). In its centre was a hill, from which to come to the skirts on every side was thirty miles, called Floreissalvatsch; it was so completely embosomed in the wood, that no one could find his way through it unless angel-led. The poetical description is in the following stanzas:—

Strophe 1.†

Der Berg überall so michell
Ein Felse var vom Grunde,

* Now what great virtues' ray
Was in the Graal or deed,
Tells you another lay,
How from many lands with greed
Angelic hosts to serve it came:
Of that great quest has ever been.

† That hill, immensely great, was grown
Entire from its base a rock,

Nicht anders denn Onichel
Mit wunsche man die Reichheit des wohl gunde :
Verwachsen doch mit Grase und auch mit Kraute ;
Titurel der süsse
Mit Fleisse war des Baues also traute.

The temple's ground plan is found delineated, supernaturally shining on the onyx rock :—

Strophe 4.*

Die Tempel's Grundfeste
Kam auf den Stein gerissen,
Dass Titurel nun wüsste
Wie das Werk werden sollte und erfassen ;
Der Stein war Klafter hundert und mehr breite,
All umher von der Mauere
Klafter fünf bis an der Gräde Aufgeleite.

It is particularly noted, that the ground plan of the edifice is a rotunda. Boisserè's plan and elevation are exact to this description :—

Strophe 5.†

Sinwel als ein Rotunde
Nach Aventür Gehöre
Des Tempels man begunde
Mit Werck, darinne zwen und siebenzig Chöre
Aussenher dazu achtecke und vorgeschossen
War jeglich Chor besonders :
So reicher Kost ein Armen hätt verdrossen.

Its gorgeous adornment with bronze pillars, costly marbles,

And of nought else, save onyx stone :
(You might wish of like wealth a stock)
But overgrown with weeds and grass—
Titurel the lovely
In earnest to begin the building was.

* That temple's plan below,
Was seen graven on the stone,
That Titurel might know
How best his work be done ;
The rock was hundred fathoms and more deep,
And round was from the wall
Fathoms five to the steps steep.

† But like a bow rotund,
As us stories tell,
The temple was begun,
For choirs twelve six with zeal :
Eight cornered outside and forward thrust,
Each choir was separate.
Art so rich had poor men crushed.

and gems of every colour, and a multiplicity of imagery, is commenced in the following stanzas :—

Strophe 6.*

Aufeerne Saeculen gewölbet,
Das Werck war so spaech,
An Freuden ungeselbet
Waer mein Herze, ob ich es noch gesaeh; ;
Innerhalb gezieret überall begarbe,
Das schien aus rothem Golde
Jeglich Edelstein nach seiner Farbe.

Strophe 8.†

An Säulen und an Pfeilern
Ergraben und ergossen
Viel Bild waren, kostbaere
Sam Engel dar vom Himmel wärn geschossen
In Freudenfluge, und also lachebaeren
Dass ein törscher Bayer
Geschwöre wohl dass sie bei Leben wären.

But we should never finish if we were to give a full analysis, or even only such parts as appear to us particularly pleasing. The beauty and magnificence, with which the boundless imagination of the poet clothes his building, can only be perceived in the original: the thoughts might be conveyed by a translation, but the beauty of the diction would be lost.

Commentators have fancied that the poet might have received hints from some of the fine edifices of Gothic architecture with which Germany then began to be stored. Wolfram von Eschenbach flourished in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and was one of the principal competitors in the poetical contests at Wartburg, in 1207. Albrecht, his continuator, flourished in the same century, later; but the plan of that cathedral of cathedrals at Cologne was already, before the death of Wolfram, in the mind of the high-minded archbishop Conrad von Hochstetten, who laid the foundations for this stately edifice in 1248.

* On brazen pillars turn'd,
The works so fair in show;
With pleasure great were burn'd
My heart, could I it view.
The rich inside to sight was view'd,
As dight with bright red gold,
And jewels many-hued.

† On pillars high, and walls
Deep graven or sharp cast,
Were many statues there;
As if angels from heaven there pass'd
In sportive flight, and so alive to sight,
A Baier lout had sworn them living quite.

It may have been the inspiration of this poem which, in 1356, induced the emperor Charles IV. to build, in his castle of Carlsstein, near Prague, a chapel, as the depository of the Czechian regalia, which, only inferior in size, seems to have equalled in gorgeous decorations and interior splendour the wildest fancies of the poet. It is described as not only profusely decorated with jaspers, onyx, cornelians, and all the other costly marbles, but spangled along its roofs and walls with pearls, and emeralds, and other stones of great value: its very windows were diaphonous gems of different hues, to give the appearance of windows "in painted livery dight," set in gilded frames. In later times this splendour of decoration has been followed with greater taste by the ex-king Ludwig of Bavaria, in a chapel attached to the new royal palace at München, and with greater success in the unrivalled basilica, which his piety and munificence has raised to the memory of our English Winifred of Crediton, under his more distinguished title of St. Boniface, in requital for the benefits of Christianity and civilization, which the missionary labours of his life conferred on Germany. The beautiful frescoes, representing numerous scenes of the life and labours of the saint, should be visited by every Englishman who enters Bavaria; and copies of their great work, by Wilhelm Hess, Schraudorff, and others, engraved by some English public body, presented to that monarch, would be a graceful and suitable acknowledgment. It would be a fitting undertaking for the Art Union.

Were I desired to name any building in Britain, setting aside the palace of Windsor Castle with its round tower, which we are told once went by the name of "the round table," but never seems to have been a consecrated building, I should cite the Castle at Ludlow, in Shropshire, as it must have been in its splendour, when, as the frequent residence of our English monarchs, and subsequently the permanent stronghold of the lords of the marshes and the principality, this extended range of spacious halls, now roofless and in ruins, was doubtless fitted up with all that luxury required, or unbounded means could furnish. I should, in naming it, picture to myself the time when the liberality and taste of its lords could furnish Milton with the means and a scene for one of his most imaginative creations—his "Comus;" but most of all should I keep in view the curious and unique rotunda of the chapel, to bear out my parallel. The ground plan of the edifice might almost be laid down upon the model given in "Titarel," could we suppose for a moment that the Teuton's poem could have been known in England when it had been forgotten by his own countrymen.

One, we trust, living artist seems to have caught all the inspiration of the poet, and to have infused all into his abilities as an architect, to produce a building worthy in design of the poetical conception. Boisserè, the discoverer of the original long-lost plan of the cathedral at Köln, by which alone its completion, according to the first design of its architect, has become practicable, gave, in 1835, to the Royal Academy of Science at München, an *Essay*, published the same year in their "Transactions," on the architectural feature of the poem of "Tituel," and accompanied it with three designs; ground plan, section, elevation, according with the description of the sacred edifice of the poem. It may have been this writer's own cultivated taste, and intimate knowledge of the best specimens of Gothic architecture at its most flourishing period, or the facile directions of the poet; but few that have examined the elevation will deny that it presents the *beau idéal* of a circular Gothic cathedral. To those who have not the opportunity of examining the original, the general plan would be much like Barry's river front of the new palace at Westminster, if rounded and broken by countless absides, each crowned with its reticulated lantern and turrets of open work,—a worthy Pantheon for a Propaganda.

This edifice was inspired by the precious burthen, which Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have brought with him; but we have had in Britain a temple raised to the memory of himself, that, less grand, less gorgeous, less spacious, is a gem of simple beauty and exquisite proportion in style and ornament. When Glastonbury was entire, at the east end of her great church, the post of honour, usually conceded in cathedrals to the Virgin, was dedicated to his memory; and the still existing ruins, in their delicate mouldings and chaste sculpture, evince that it must have been, in its integrity, one of the most pleasing specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. The site was offered last year for public sale, and it was generally stated that the Catholic hierarchy of the kingdom had it in contemplation to make the purchase, and in a good measure to restore the buildings. Numerous colleges for the education of the rising generation are springing up in different parts; it would be well if the rich dignitaries of our own Church were to step in and secure the ruins for their own establishment, and a similar purpose; the institution in St. Augustine's monastery at Canterbury is an excellent example.

Of *existing* specimens of Gothic architecture which come nearest the plan chalked out in "Tituel," the Church of Notre Dame (unserer lieben Frauen) at Trier is the best. It is a

rotunda, with the sides broken by circular chapels, of which one to the east is larger than the rest, giving the ground plan somewhat the form of a Greek cross; as the Virgin Mary was the special patron of the Knights Templars, this invocation and a circular plan are at least Templar reminiscences. The reason why a round ground plan was fixed on by the Order for their favourite form, as we find still existing not only in the buildings real or visionary we have mentioned, but also in the round Temple Church in London, in Cambridge, Northampton, Little Maplestead, and Temple Bruer, is variously stated:— Amongst the heathens the idea of chastity must have had some immediate connection with a circle, as all the temples to Vesta have that form. The Pantheon may be looked upon as the round table of the heathen Olympus, round which each deity could receive his peculiar worship, without an implied superiority of place to any. But the rotunda may have been originally fortuitously taken up by the Templars from their first institution in the East, and from the donation by the king of Jerusalem to Hugo de Paganis of a Moslem mosque built by the Caliph Omar, for their first place of assembly and worship, after it had undergone the purification of a consecration by the patriarch. The Mohammedan mosque is well known to be always circular, and as this had been built on Mount Sion, and the ancient site of Solomon's glorious temple, both form and name passed to the infant Order, and remained with it to its final extinction. Hence many points of contact and ritual in the Lodges.

But we must continue the conformities that we have found mentioned, or ourselves first noticed in the poem, with the Templars, and, consequently, with the Orders proceeding from them. Some ritual observances differing from the usual celebration of the Mass, as the inserting the three first verses of St. John's Gospel, in both have been insisted upon; also the very worship of the Graal, like the supposed Templar Baphometum, known from the interrogatories in the proceedings, both which were to bring their votaries unbounded wealth, and a supernatural fertility to their possessions, as the following points from the Templar protocols prove.

“52. Item, quod dicebant, quod illud caput poterat eos salvare. 53. Item, quod divites facere. 54. Item, quod omnes divitias ordinis dabat eis. 55. Item, quod terram germinare faciebat. 56. Item, quod faciebat arbores florere.”

Another congruity is, the prostration thrice that the poem requires for the Graal, and which the knights are said to have practised to their Baphomet. As the Order received its first rule from St. Bernard, the founder of the Cistercians, it is but reasonable

to suppose that many of the observances of these Bernardines would be practised by the Templars. Amongst the monkish Orders none of them were lavish in the use of bells; the Benedictines had them in the greatest number, but the Cistercian rule strictly prohibited the use of more than two, one for the steeple, the other for the chancel-turret, to announce the elevation; the following stanzas of the poem would seem to have merely put this precept into verse:—

Stanza 62.*

Aller Stimme Krone
 Ist Harfensaiten Ziere:
 In süßem hellen Tone
 Klingt dennoch fürbass der Kalkofon Aerzubiere.
 Zwo Glocken waren daraus gedräht mit Kunste,
 Die Klöckel drin von Golde,
 Der Reichheit zu einer vollkommenen Gunste:
 Die eine zum Tempel sollte,
 Die ander zum Convente,
 So man zu Tische wollte,
 Oder an Streites Soldamente;
 Glockenklanges wollten sie nicht mehre
 Nach klösterlichem Orden,
 Und durch des Grales Schauē dar kehren.

The most striking proof, however, has been hitherto overlooked in the following stanza; an interior chapel is being described, which, like the Holy House at Loretto, or the Tabernacle of the three kings at Cologne, shall more especially hold the holy Graal. The covering of the circular centre, where the groinings of the arches meet at the top, had been originally a diaphonous emerald gem-plate; it had been replaced by a boss with the lamb of St. John carrying in his foot (claw) the red cross banner of the Order, which still marks the entrance-gate to the Middle Temple in London, from Fleet Street, and dates from 1648, most probably replacing one more ancient.

* The sound that pleases best
 From the harp's cord is press'd;
 Still in sweet clearest tone,
 Booms forsooth from the core's zone,
 Two bells there cast with wondrous art,
 Their clappers of pure gold,
 In richness were what desires the heart.

The one was for the temple's grace,
 The other for the convent's place,
 When reflection's hour was near,
 Or strife of wits to mock the ear:
 But more of bells to sound were not,
 Or mark the Graal's view, heavenly lot.

Stanza 68.*

Ein Smaragd zu einer Scheiben
 In mitten drein gefälzet,
 Mann liess das nicht beleiben.
 Darauf ein Lamm von reiner Kunst geschmelzet,
 Das trug in seiner Klau die Fahn' geröthet:
 Das Zeichen hat uns Heil erstritten,
 Und Luzifern an seiner Gewalt ertödet.

If to all this be added, that the Graal is committed to the care of a community of *chaste knights*, whose very name is conforming, as *Tempeleise* (one MS. even gives *Tempelhere*, the sole German term for Templar), it must be admitted that the coincidences are more than accidental.

Aussen war von Fraise
 Ergraben und ergossen,
 Wie die *Tempeleise*
 Täglich verwappnet unverdrossen,
 Ritterlich stritten in grossem Herte
 Zu Dienst dem heren Grale,
 Damit man ihn von arger Diet erverte.†

Individually some of these conformities are slight; but there are others, particularly the last, undeniable; and the whole are cumulative. They prove, that in the thirteenth century the Order of Knights Templars was chosen by a poet of great discernment and knowledge as the watchers and guardians of a jewel, sent down by ministering angels from heaven, to be intrusted on earth to the care only of pure and virtuous knights; that this Order is selected by the poet at a time when, if ever, it must have been at the height of its impiety and impurity, for it was at the height of its prosperity, seems a sufficient answer to the monstrous charges brought against it as a body,—many impossible, all improbable and ridiculous.

There are, however, some other circumstances attendant on the Graal, adduced by the French writer Douhaire, in his

* For light smaragds of softest green
 Were in the centre housed,
 But longer not there to be seen.
 In lieu a lamb of purest mass was fused,
 And bears high in its foot the flag red cross'd:
 That sign hath us salvation wrought,
 And Lucifer his power and might hath lost.

† O' th' frieze outside, the deeds
 Were carved, or cast in mould,
 How its chaste Templar priests,
 Daily armed and alway bold,
 Knightly fought, à l'outrance,
 In service of holy Graal,
 To guard it from ill folk disturbance.

memoir on this myth. I lament that from its absence from our National library I have not been able to consult the original, and I take, therefore, a notice of it by the able archæologist M. de Caumont, of Caen, given in the eighth volume of "Bulletin Monumental," p. 129.

"Les poètes du XIII. et XIV. siècle, qui composaient les romans de la Table Ronde, firent de Joseph d'Arimatee le chef d'une Francmaçonnerie guerrière et pieuse. A les en croire, il aurait hérité après la Passion, de la coupe dans laquelle le Sauveur aurait fait la Cène. Cette coupe, qu'ils appellent du nom de Graal, était donné des vertus les plus merveilleuses. D'abord il y avait dans la forme quelque chose de mystérieux et d'ineffable que le regard humain ne pouvait bien saisir, que la langue humaine ne saurait décrire complètement. Pour jouir de sa vue, même imparfaite, il fallait être baptisé. Le Graal rendait lui-même des oracles par lesquels il prescrivait toute ce que dans les cas imprévus devait être fait pour l'honneur de son culte. *Ces oracles étaient merveilleusement figurés à la vue en caractères écrits sur la surface de la vase, et disparaissaient aussitôt qu'ils avaient été lus.*"

For the present I content myself with this portion of the curious passage, and refer more especially to the latter sentence in Italics. Wherever in antiquity a priesthood had been able to gain credit for immediate communion with its deities, the answer was feigned to be given in a manner more or less adapted to shield the fraud: the brazen kettles at Dodona allowed in their dissonant clatterings a liberal latitude of interpretation; the virgin "rapt inspired" on the tripod at Delphi, could accommodate her responses to the wishes of the votary; and the troubled dreams of the Hole of Trophonius could be induced by the narcotics given to promote sleep: but it was left to the invention of our Graal myths to devise a method by which the will of Heaven could be communicated on earth, at once novel, perspicuous, and poetical; we see the answers to the votaries of the Graal were given by characters in characters shining upon its paler tint of green, in all the brilliancy of the deepest emerald, and vanishing as soon as read. I again lament that I am not cognisant of the authority of Douhaire for this statement; I should wish to find it French, since it would be then corroborative in such a very remarkable and curious particular with the poem before us; for there, in the following stanza, we find a medium of response exactly similar.*

* It will be observed that we have not in the text alluded in this passage to the Scriptural manifestation of Divine revelation by the URIM and THURUMIM (although it is more than probable that the first idea of the writer of "Titarel" may have been deduced from such venerable authority), seeing that commentators are much divided as to the mode of its revelation. Josephus must be supposed to know best the circumstances attendant on such a remarkable appearance, of which the most lively

Als ich den Gral empfangend
 Die Botschaft vernommen,
 Die mir der Gral brachte
 Vom höchsten Himmel gekommen,
Ward mein Gesetz in Schrift an Gral geschaut :
 (Noch war die hehre Gabe
 Nie vorher Menschenhänden vertraut).*

Thus far for the myths of the Graal, pure and unmixed by the intrusion of the Breton and Armoric tales of Merlin, Arthur, and his twelve Paladins. Having so largely discussed the first portion of our subject, our notice of the second must be comparatively brief; the subject is too extensive to be exhausted even in volumes, and their editors throughout Europe, with all their enthusiasm and industry, have been unable yet to bring them all before the public. We must content ourselves with such parts as more immediately refer to the Graal myth.

The first impulse seems to have been given to these later lays from Spain, where such Moorish-Oriental tales had been received with its Moslem conquerors.† The writer of the romances of "Parzival" and "Titarel" acknowledges that he received or adapted his poems from the French versions of Ryot, who stated that he met with them in the writings of an unbeliever named Flegantianis, of Toledo, that focus of sorcery and the supernatural.

traditions must have existed in his time at Jerusalem; for it was scarcely two hundred years since the glorious action had ceased. He says the Urim and Thummim were the precious stones of the high priest's breast-plate, which discovered, on inquiry, the will of Jehovah, by their extraordinary lustre. In this he is followed by St. Cyrill, in *Expos. Symbol.* and others. The Rabbis think that the high priest, having his eyes fixed on the ephod which he wore, observed the stones with the various initials of the twelve tribes; and as each rose from its place and shone with more than ordinary brilliancy, formed from them the letters to compose the oracular responses. There are, however, a number of other opinions, of which, perhaps, the most improbable is that of Spencer, in his *Dissertation* on these two words. He supposes that the divine oracles were given orally by two little golden images, shut up in the pectoral or breast-plate, as in a purse. This would militate so much against the fourth commandment, and the universal abhorrence of graven images amongst the Jews, that it cannot be entertained for a moment.

* When I the Graal received,
 And tidings could understand,
 That Graal had brought
 At highest Heaven's command,
 My law written on the Graal was seen;
 Nor had the gracious boon
 As yet been viewed by mortal e'en.

† In the Grenville collection of books, presented to the British Museum, No. 10,241 is a very scarce Spanish work, in black letter, on the

Spain is, however, also the earliest European cradle of the priestly Knights of the Temple; for it was on the Pyrenees that a Count of Foix gave them, in 1136, their first Temple-house in Europe, and Spain was the stronghold of the Order. One of the monarchs of Arragon devised them his entire kingdom in fee, and when this was proscribed and abolished in every other part of Europe, the Peninsular knights, by a mere change of title, in Spain into that of Calatrava, in Portugal that of Do Christo, preserved their property and protected their persons from injury; thus it may have been, that even at its origin, this species of romance could not withdraw from Templar influence. It is certain, however, that the original fiction of the Graal, when it got more extended over a wider field, became less distinct in outline, less precise. The ideas of the poets themselves are confused concerning it; beyond a shadowy and fleeting vision, they have no common gathering-ground. Sometimes the Graal would appear to be a hero in the flesh, as in the following extract from Caxton's "Morte d'Arthur," book xiv. cap. ii. :—

"When Merlyn had ordained the rounde table, he said, by them that be fellowes of the rounde table, the truth of the Sangreal shall be knowne, &c. They which heard Merlyn say soe, said thus to Merlyne: Sithence there shall be such a knight, thou shouldest ordayne by that Craft a siege (seat), that no man should sitte therein but he only which shall passe all other knights."

Its personal appearance and human shape seem pointed out also in the following passages from the same work.

"At a celebration of the Feast of Pentecost, at Camelot, by King

"*Sancto Grial*," which seems hitherto to have escaped the notice of all writers on the subject.

On the first page, beneath a wood-cut of the Resurrection, is the following title :—

*La demāda de Sancto Grial,
Con los marbilhosos
fichos de Nācaro;
tixe de Galtao,
Hijo,
1535.*

A MS. note, by the honourable donor, says, regarding it,—“The present edition of 1515 is the earliest that is known in Spanish. The earliest French translation was produced in 1516, and again in 1530; but I have a rare edition of Paris, 1523. The present copy is purchased from Mr. Heber's library, and his note in it was, that he had never seen or heard of any other.”

A hasty examination satisfied us that our immediate object (the Sangreal) was but slightly introduced. Capitulo xxx. p. cii. seems the principal mention of it :—

“*Como la Reyna Gendra pregunta al Donzel si abia jurado Zancrote e Galban de andar en la demāda el Santo Grial.*”

Arthur, the *Sangreal* suddenly enters the hall, but there was no man might see it, nor who bare it."

And the knights are instantly supplied with a feast of the choicest dishes. A dish, however, is still the prominent feature of the belief, and its power of furnishing every desire, particularly of eatables, is admitted throughout. In the German romance of "Parzival" it is also found very fully worked out, as in the following translated passage.

"The scene is laid at one end of a palace: from the steel door come two ladies, and a duchess with her waiting-woman; two carry a species of tressel-board. Then eight ladies in green coats. Then appears the youthful bearer of the pageant, supporting the Graal. Before the Graal four long glass vases, in which incense and balsams burn. The queen and her virgins offer the incense and the Graal before the king. Hundred varlets take with deference from before the Graal, bread in white napkins. Everything that a stretched-out hand desired was found in it: warm dishes, cold dishes, new or accustomed dainties, tame and wild fowl, was all the handiwork of the Graal. From small golden cruets each took the suitable seasoning—salt, pepper, agraz (?)—both the abstemious and the greedy were satisfied. Morraz (?), wine, sinopel (?)—any potable each offered his cup for was immediately to be had. Such was the work of the Graal. The honourable company were feasted from it. The queen and the other virgins then carry the Graal out of the room through the door of steel."

From this extract it will be seen, that the quality of the pure celestial dish has changed into the larder of a dining-hall, which seems to have been a reverting to perhaps its original repute. One of the titles given the Graal was Solomon's Table, and even a higher antiquity than Solomon's has by some been found for it, in a relation which we meet first in Herodotus, where he mentions (book iii. cap. xviii.) the Table of the Sun, *τραπεζα του ηλιου*, amongst the Ethiopians. This is described as a meadow stretching before their city full of the boiled flesh of all sorts of quadrupeds, which is spread there by night by the individuals that hold the civic charges; all the daytime whoever chooses may come and eat. *The inhabitants, it is said, affirm that the earth itself produces all these good things.* From the identity of Bel and the sun, we might almost be induced to believe that the imposture which Daniel so cunningly detected might have a spontaneous production, superadded to the supposed consumption of the viands offered to the idol; both passages would but tend to confirm the belief of the earliest origin of this phase of the fable in a heated Oriental brain. It is also a link connecting the *Sangreal* with eastern legends, that the fabled Phoenix is stated to choose it for its centenary funeral-pile, when it is then called *exillis*, most probably only a corruption of *silex*. The imagination of Mahomet was not less

fertile in inventing similar fables; for the famous Betulia, or meteoric stone, inserted into the wall of the Caaba, at Mecca, he states to have been one of the jewels of Paradise, and to have fallen with Adam to earth; and after it had been saved from the Deluge, the angel Gabriel brought it to Abraham when he built the Caaba;—in one of the reveries of the German songsters, the stone Exillis is said to have fallen from Lucifer's diadem, out of which the San Graal dish was afterwards sculptured.

We have seen the Graal was visible only to those who looked with the eye of faith; it is not, however, always so, but it is often *lost*; and its quest or the search for the *lost word* (for from its general impersonality, its visionary nature, it can only be looked upon as a sound, *vox et præterea nihil*) may in this view be deemed a strong link with some of the most important traditions of the Craft. That the priestly Knights of the Temple were but a *mezzo termini*, which stretches betwixt and connects the most ancient periods of Masonic history with our own, is a cherished idea with many a worthy Brother, which this view of our subject, and the mysterious revelations under which are veiled our sacred myths, would confirm; and the more, therefore, they deserve a fuller inquiry than can be now gone into. It may, however, be here just noted, that in the Niebelung's lied, the *search* for their lost Hort, or treasure, is a principal feature of that beautiful poem.

Proceed we now to the third portion of our undertaking in the consideration of the still existing *Sacro Catino* at Genoa, which professes to be the only true and veritable holy dish used by the Saviour when last breaking bread with His disciples, and at the institution of the most solemn ordinance of Christianity.

We have already, at the commencement of our paper, given the history of this precious relic as reported by the Genoese, till it came into their possession. That they believe in its truth seems most certain; for of the six ancient frescoes which decorate each end of the hall of their ducal palace, with the six great deeds of the Genoese, the first represents the division of the spoil at the taking of Cæsarea. A young man holds this vessel of the sacred emerald in his hand, turning his back upon two other heaps of rich accumulated booty: and, to leave the subject beyond doubt, on a scroll beneath is written: "*Vas tantum ex Cæsarea spoliis stipent Genuenses.*" It must be observed, however, that the dates given for this important transaction vary considerably. The guide-books, and generally-received accounts, give 1101, the second year after the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, under Godfried von Bouillon;

and they name Caffaro the historian as their authority and eyewitness, who proceeded to Palestine under Godfried as a young man about twenty, and returned to his native town in 1101, where he afterwards fulfilled some very important civil offices. If by Caffaro's history be meant that contained from page 252 of the sixth volume of Muratori's great collection of Italian historians, I can safely aver, that though he fully describes the siege and sack of Cæsarea, the Sacro Catino is not even mentioned. Another account gives the year 1107, and the famous Genoese hero Guglielmo Embriaco. We lament, therefore, not having been able to refer to the original account by the learned Theatin Fra Gaetano de Santa Theresa, in a ponderous quarto (1727), under the following title: "Il Catino di Smeraldo, orientale gemma consecrata da N. S. Jesu Christo nell' ultima Cena degli Azimi, e custodita dalla serenissima Repubblica de Genova come glorioso Trofeo iportato nella Conquista di Terra Santa P' anno MCI." Even the "Guida" of 1766, by Ratti, might have thrown some light upon the matter; but neither are to be found in our national library. That, however, the ancient territory of the Ligures must have met some special grace with the holy Arimathean Joseph and his fellow Nicodemus, from heaven (possibly to compensate its bad odour on earth—*assuetum mali Ligurem*), we might almost be induced to suppose from their favouring it with both the great relics they are connected with in sacred history: this Catino at Genoa, and at Turin "the clean linen cloth" (Matt. xxvii. 39), in which the dead body of the Saviour was wrapped previously to being laid in the new sepulchre, and which is now shown in that city with great devotion, saturated in many places with the precious blood.

Commensurate with the dignity of the Sacro Catino as a relic, was the veneration and jealousy with which it was guarded by the Genoese. It was deposited in the cathedral in a separate sacristy, in which, in a niche in the wall adjoining the nave, it was kept, secured by several locks, the keys of which were in the custody of separate nobili, hence called *Clavigeri*, individually sworn never to let them pass out of their possession. On the three great festivals of the year it was (is?) exhibited by a prelate of high rank, for the edification of the faithful, surrounded and guarded by these Clavigeri. At other times it was extremely difficult to obtain a sight of it, and the special permission of the archbishop was requisite for each inspection; though now, when the regular fee of about five shillings is fixed for each visit, an examination may be less difficult. It was, however, at all times prohibited for any stranger to touch

it under the most heavy penalties; and if any one, impious enough for doubt, wished to test the substance "by steel, or gem, or coral," or any other real or supposed touchstone, he was punishable by heavy fines, by imprisonment, and when the scrutiny was strict, even by death. This jealousy of examination may not, however, have been owing entirely to the sacred character of the Catino. Until within about a century, not a doubt was ever entertained but that the relic was one vast oriental emerald; as such, therefore, from its great size, even in a commercial point of view, inestimable; and a fact mentioned in Genoese history proves this value to have been more than ideal. In 1319 the town of Genoa was closely pressed by a besieging army of Ghibellines, and in want of funds; in the emergency, the Cardinal Duque di Fiesco was found willing to advance the sum of 9,500 livres, equal, it is said, to 200 marks of gold, taking the sacred relic as a pawn; which, in so high a dignity, smacks rather of simony and profanity;—fortunately the town was pious and rich enough to redeem it, after a seven years' bondage. Having, however, such a resource against pecuniary embarrassments, it might be not only pious but politic in the venerable fathers of the Ligurian senate to prevent the too prying scrutiny of the curious or the sceptical. Nor was it without reason that they were thus cautious; for, alas! the talented author of the "Travels of Anarcharsis the Younger," M. Barthelmy, obtained a sight of the relic, on a journey into Italy in 1755; and the sanctified cheat could not longer stand before his scientific eye. In a letter, describing the object to Count Caylus, he mentions, that even the restricted permission to view had enabled him to discern *slight air-bubbles* in parts of the interior, which unmistakeably proved it but a beautiful piece of glass.

The Catino continued notwithstanding an object of great veneration, and the pride of Genoa, to the invasion of Italy by Buonaparte, whose indiscriminate appetite for plunder, and desire to heap up in Paris whatever had been sanctified in other countries by the respect and observance of ages, caused the sacred relic to be removed to the Louvre; there, no longer screened by piety or locks from the inquisition of the curious or the scrutiny of the heretic, the doubts as to the material became louder, and a scientific investigation was demanded and obtained; but the verdict of the *savans* composing the commission could only be confirmatory of Barthelmy's opinion, that it was but a green pasta. When Paris, in 1815, had to disgorge its ill-gotten plunder, the Sacro Catino was reclaimed by Sardinia; but as if to prove by brittleness that the Paris verdict was

correct, the relic, from imperfect packing, got broken on the road. We are told, however (and in this it has a like fate with the exquisite Portland Vase), that the fragments have been skilfully united; and, as before, a fee of five shillings opens its repository to the tourist.

Still, how much soever this dish may have lost in monetary and marketable value by the investigation, it has perhaps gained in the estimation of the antiquary and the artist. The skilful examiners declared it decidedly antique and of superior workmanship; its colour is beautifully imitative of the emerald; its transparency lucent, and the few bubbles in the mass but slight blemishes; its corners are sharply cut, its form pleasing, and its handles well placed, and cut from the solid. Its date is variously fixed. Chevalier Bossi, of Turin, believed it a production of the Augustan age at Rome; but Millin thinks it cast during the Lower Empire, either at Constantinople or Caesarea: this latter place may have been mentioned to bring the locality in accordance with the strong and unvarying tradition of the Eastern city, whence it was brought into Europe. As an object of the art of glass-moulding and cutting by the ancients, this vase certainly holds a high rank; and if, as undoubtedly the Portland Vase in the British Museum must be esteemed the finest specimen of this kind existing, the *Sacro Catino* cannot be denied the second place.

Such are the three differing relations we mentioned at the outset, having, moreover, the *Sangreal*, or *Sacro Catino* as a common centre. Ancient and received tradition has, however, generally some foundation in fact, though frequently faint and almost obliterated by effluxion of time, or confused by false interpretations or ignorance; and it is therefore the more desirable that what can be recovered should be raked up and concentrated in as close a juxtaposition as possible, that by the light still remaining an all-sufficient illumination may be effected, to observe its genuine character and origin.

We will try, therefore, if, in the above three varying legends, some consistency, and many points of contact, cannot be introduced.

Beginning then with the poem "*Tituel*;" it is not entirely without allusion to England, and it would seem, also to Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve missionary companions, sent by the apostle Philip from Gaul into Britain. Stanza seventy, speaking of the interior decorations of the Temple:—

Gesimset und gespinnelt
Waren die Kanzel allumme,
Viel Schönheit darauf gesinnelt.

Man sah in all der Laube Bogel krumme,
Zwölf-Boten, Beichter, Maide, Patriarchen,
 Martyrer, Propheten; ihr Briefe
 Sagten viel der Materie starken,
 Darzu die Hülfe biethen
 Von Heiligkeit *der grossen*,
 Und sich der also niethen
 Von Milde, von Erbarmde, des Genossen,
Der in England vier Kronen tragende:
 Da standen Maide klare von den Kränzen,
 Nur vier Wunder sagende.*

These passages in Italics seem to have reference, though remote, to the English traditions; the connection with them and the later French and German traditions is self-evident; and it will be only necessary to examine our English traditions more closely in comparison with foreign accounts.

William of Malmsbury, it is true, neither in his special description of Glastonbury, nor in its epitome in his greater work, mentions with certainty either Joseph of Arimathea's visit to England or this sacred relic; but there is a fair latitude given to piety or credulity, when, at the point at which he takes up his history with St. Patrick and St. David the bishops, he still states, from older documents, that the Christian doctrine was planted in Britain by the immediate disciples of the Saviour.

“Sunt et illæ non exiguæ fidei literæ in nonnullis locis repertæ ad hanc sententiam: Ecclesiam Glastoniæ non fecerunt aliorum hominum manus, sed ipsi discipuli Christi eam educaverunt.”

The apostle Philip is also mentioned as having probably converted the Britons in the same mission he exercised in Gaul, as related by Triculfus; so that, so far from a negative testimony against the preaching of Joseph here, since he is frequently elsewhere mentioned in conjunction with the apostles, it is more than possible that if the one came the other accompanied him.

* Moulded well and spindell'd
 Were all the lecterns round,
 Much beauty thereby kindled.
 You saw on each arch's ground
 Apostles, shrivers, virgins, patriarchs of old,
 Martyrs, holy prophets, duly labled, each
 With saws of price in molten gold,
 That resignation teach,
 In sanctity to those high born,
 And men of lowly growth,
 Was he of England, where four crowns are borne,
 Meek and with pity to his comrades fill'd:
 Richly crown'd were virgin martyrs kill'd,
 That would wonders four recount.

And again, though Malmesbury makes no mention of the sacred emerald, he describes, in his special history of Glastonbury, a gem of inestimable value, as still in his time (*adhuc*) preserved in the monastery. His words, somewhat condensed, are:—

“De Altari Sancti David quod dicitur vulgo *Saphirus*.

“Tunc Patriarcha (Patricius) venerabilem patrem Dewy quatuor muneribus ditavit: altari scilicet consecrato in quo *Dominicum corpus sacrabat* quod et innumeris virtutibus *pollet*, insigni tamen *nola*, baculo, et tunica auro texta. *Accipit tamen munera per angelum. Inde ea vulgus vocat e caelo venientia.* Sanctus autem David cum tam pretiosi thesauri postea custodire gestiret, habere dignissimum eundem *Lapidem* Ecclesie Glastoniæ adhuc vivus delegavit. Ostenditur autem *adhuc* memoratum altare in Glastoniense ecclesia in memoriam dicti sancti non humana reservatum industria sed divina providentia,—omnibus aliis (reliquiis) pene sublatis ejusdem subreptione avidas hostium manus jugiter contraxit,—cum vero *sæpe dictus Lapis* olim metu guerre *latuisset absconditus*, omnibus loci nesciis, piæ recordationis Henricus Wintoniensis, episcopus et abbas Glastoniæ, eundem in quodam hostio Ecclesie Mariæ reperit; auro et argento et lapidibus pretiosis sicut adhuc apparet mirificè decoravit.”

Let us now examine if a pious exegesis, a willing interpretation, the latitude of faith, and perhaps the ignorance of grammar, may not from this description have extracted the first germ of all the legends of the Church, or the imaginative lays of the troubadours we have alluded to, respecting the San Graal, or the Sacro Catino. We will premise, however, as an introduction to this part of the subject, the opinions of two distinguished writers, which may add their weight to our own remarks. Bishop Warburton, in a post-fixed note to “*Love’s Labour Lost*,” in his edition of Shakespear’s plays, says:—

“In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagances, as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of ‘*Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*,’ is called the ‘*History of Saint Graal*.’ This *Saint Graal* was the famous relick of the holy blood, pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea*. So another is called ‘*Kyrie of Eleison Montauban*.’ For, in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be names of holy men. And as they made saints knights-errant, so they made knights-errant of their tutelary saints, and each advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus, everything in those days became either a saint or a devil.”

Our next extract is from Gerwinus’ “*History of Teutonic Poetry*,” the well-known professor at Heidelberg (vol. i. p. 407):—

“It would be lost labour to endeavour to arrive at the bottom of the Graal-Sage; for, in my belief, it had no other foundation than the fancy of probably a *Provençal* or *Spanish* monk, to which, perhaps, a costly relic gave the first impulse. Wilcken may possibly have expected to have found some elucidation of this myth, from his inquiries into the history of the Crusades, since he gave an indirect promise to revert to it, which

he has not, and possibly could not redeem. All relation (in these poems of the troubadours) to the knightly orders, and to the so-named dish of Cesarea, is carried exclusively into the mystical and symbolical, and rests only on the introduction of the new elements of their times into the older lays, which is as accordant to the French, as the introduction of old heroes under new names is to the German character. This legend, however, to judge from the focus of its localities—from the Sacro Catino—from the glorification in it of the Templars—from its praises of the house of Anjou, and from the like facts, would have been enthusiastically received through the entire district of the high French dialects, wherein these were all united.”

Should the antecedent extract from a neglected work of our best early historian, the Monk of Malmesbury, and the relic it describes, turn out to be the foundation of the beautiful fictions of the Middle Ages, which under the name of Lays, metrical Romances, Sagen, &c., have exercised so many pens in their elucidation, and still fill us with wonder and astonishment at the luxuriant imagination, the richness of description, and their beauty of versification; should the inestimable gem mentioned above have (in the words of Gervinus) given the first impulse to all this, it will redound both to the credit of the Heidelberg professor to have mooted the idea *à priori*, and to the satisfaction of the readers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine* to find it first established in these pages. It will also be gratifying to the higher branches of our Order to find that a community of knightly priests from which they claim descent, have received the highest testimonials for morality and virtue from writers who have taken their themes from the most venerated remembrances of the Church, and been themselves the objects of enthusiastic and general praise.

To revert, however, to a closer consideration of this relic, it seems with the commonalty that it went by the name of *Saphirus*; it was intrinsically very valuable, but could not have been of very great size, as it had been hidden in a *hostio* (which I take to be a pix). That a miracle or relic which took greatly with the people, was often duplicated in the dark ages and Catholic countries, I believe not the most strenuous advocate for papal supremacy in this country will now deny. There are more than two Sudatories, or cloths, with the *Veron-icon* of the Saviour; but the most notorious instance is the twofold head of the Baptist, one at Amiens, the other at Turin, and both equally fortified by papal bulls vouching their separate authenticity. We need not, therefore, wonder that the gem at Glastonbury had its double in Germany. In the Boden Sec, or Lake of Constanz, on its most beautiful island, still exists the edifice of one of the most ancient and the richest of their Benedictine prelaties. It was founded by Karl the Hammerer, grandfather of Charlemagne; and his charter of 725 is still

extant in the archives of Karlsruhe. It was ever a favourite establishment with that family, and the burial-place of one of the last of his descendants, Karl the Fat, who added to the rich donations of himself and his ancestors a jewel of inestimable price. The most specific description of this gem is given in Keysler's (F.R.S.L.) Travels, in 1755, where there is a diagram so badly drawn that it is impossible to divine if it be hollow, though from stating its thickness (at the sides?) at two and a half inches, it would appear probable. Its sight was guarded with almost equal jealousy with that of its fellow at Genoa, for "since the attempt to rob the abbey, about four years since, a view is not to be had without difficulty; the prior for greater security lets but few of the order know where it is concealed, &c. They keep it in a red wooden box, something larger than a folio: it weighs about 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. Several jewellers have offered 50,000 guilders per pound for it." This would give a monetary value to it of nearly £140,000. But alas! for the convent and its treasures. After the success of Calvin's reformatations in Switzerland, the Bishop of Constanz complains to the Pope of the diminution of his revenues, and the rich abbey was permanently joined to his mitre as a corrody, in this sharing the fate of its rich rival at Glastonbury, which we see from Malmesbury was held with the bishopric of Winchester. Nor is this their only point of contact,—the rich gems of both shrines seem to have experienced common danger from thieves. In the Thirty Years War the Swedes could not, in 1632, enter Bavaria and leave this rich convent unscathed; amongst their plunder they took some valuable jewels belonging to the bishop, which had been embarked in a vessel on the lake; but perhaps by a miracle equal to that at Glastonbury, or some fortunate oversight, the great prize escaped them, or it would not have been shown in 1755. But a still more curious conformity between the two jewels is, that in Zeidler's Universal Lexicon (*s. v.* Reichenau), the German one is called a *Sapphire*, exactly the species of gem named by Malmesbury. The modern accounts describe it as an emerald like the *Catino*, but in the confusion which existed in the dark ages on the nomenclature of natural history, the error of Malmesbury may be palliated and excused by the mistake of the German compilers, and thus the Reichenau dish would become a *mezzo termini*, the link of junction betwixt the two precious dishes at Glastonbury and Genoa. We now claim the right to predicate of all, what is reported of either of the three, basing it upon the maxim of Euclid that two things equal to a third are equal to one another, and should put in the same claim for Malmesbury's Sapphire to be reputed the Paschal dish as is made for the *Sacro Catino*; but a very slight alteration of

Malmesbury's words would give even his support to this assumption. In his expression, *in quo Dominicum corpus sacrabat*, we need only for the active put the passive sense of the last word, *sacrabatur*, to make out such meaning, and from the use of the preposition *in*, a more consistent one than now appears. Nor need we find anything contradictory in the word *corpus* when we consider that *contentus* is as frequently put *pro continente* as the reverse; or that the weighty words *hoc est corpus meum* might have been suggestive to Malmesbury of his expression, and indicate the use of his jewel for the awful celebration in which they were used. Superadded to all this may be mentioned the account we have read in some German work, that the jewel at Reichenau was popularly supposed to have been used at the Last Supper, and we may therefore readily suppose that the Anglo-Saxon laity had a similar belief for the Glastonbury jewel, when we find that angels brought it thither, and the people believed it came from heaven. The same miraculous mode of conveyance is ascribed in "Tituel" to the Sangreal; and all the rest easily follows: the supernatural once admitted, the idea was dilated and improved upon by the imaginative powers of later poets, each striving to excel the other in grandeur of thought, and sublimity of imagery. This would account for the inferiority of the younger "Tituel" over such portions as remain of the elder poem, for it is even the privilege of original thought to be unsurpassable. The locality of the jewel at Glastonbury will also account for the scene of all the metrical romances which centre in King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table being placed in the island or district of Avallon, within which Joseph of Arimathea's foundation was situate.

From all the above facts and circumstances we think it may be fairly conceded, that the belief in a dish of great value brought by Joseph of Arimathea into Britain, and that it had been used at the Paschal Supper, once existed in this country, though this belief or legend seems to have been unknown or forgotten at the time of William of Malmesbury, and the allusion he makes to it is not understood by himself. We may also conclude, that when the Genoese became possessed of an ancient murhine dish at the sack of Cæsarea, their wonder and their admiration of its beauty soon grew into a species of veneration, and as the British legend was then in abeyance, the vacant myth was willingly transferred (and the same would hold good of the Reichenau dish) to the *Catino*, which afterwards was never mentioned but with the epithet *sacro*.

WILLIAM BELL, *Phil. Dr.*

A CENTURY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

No. 1.

VERY important is it for every Mason to know the history of the Craft, in its influence upon the lives, habits, customs, and actions of historical nations, in less auspicious times; and every step which is taken in that direction must be applauded—every addition to our knowledge must be welcomed in a truly fraternal and kindly spirit. We propose in the following articles to lay before our readers an abstract of a very important work, which has within the last few months appeared in Germany; and we trust that we shall be enabled so to direct attention to it, as to afford others a pleasure similar to that, which we have ourselves enjoyed in its perusal.*

After a few words of introduction, which are intended to show that the institution of Freemasonry, although very ancient, has rather gradually grown up as circumstances led to it,—than originated all of a sudden, or started into life without any preparation, or foreshadowing,—the author proceeds to the matter in hand, and remarks:—

“When Wren had completed the building of the cathedral of St. Paul in London, in 1708, and thus the work-people had no common centre remaining, their corporate customs, like the customs of many other bodies, would in course of time have been lost and wiped away if the brotherhood had not been sustained, as such, by the power of that ancient addition—the non-professional members from the most various grades of society. The religious contentions, which had been dominant for two hundred years, were at last compelled to recede before the spirit of toleration; the necessity for some place of rest, where political discussion might not enter, was the cause and reason for the formation and adoption, about the year 1716, of an organized system then first appearing as Freemasonry.†

* “Geschichte der Freimaurerei in Frankreich, aus ächten Urkunden dargestellt (1725—1830), von Georg Kloss.” [History of Freemasonry in France, eliminated from trustworthy documents.] 2 vols. Darmstadt, 1852.

† “C’est alors (1703) que la Loge de St. Paul, la plus ancienne des quatre loges existant à cette époque à Londres, prit une décision importante, ayant pour but d’augmenter le nombre toujours décroissant des membres de la confraternité, et de lui rendre son importance morale; elle arrêta qu’elle continuerait cette belle association en conservant religieusement les symboles traditionnels et ses doctrines humanitaires, et que désormais les privilèges de la Maçonnerie ne seraient plus le partage exclusif des Maçons constructeurs, que des hommes de différentes profes-

“That this Freemasonry originated in England, and was thence transplanted into other lands, is an assertion which has not been disproved by any since-discovered evidence. That French writers, however, should carp at this, is to be referred to a pardonable nationality, by which they would assume for their own nation the acknowledged property of another. For there are many cases, without the bounds of Freemasonry, where one nation arrogates to itself the world-important movements originated by another nation. If, therefore, those writers prove from Anderson’s history (very *jeune* indeed within itself), that Freemasonry went out from France to Britain, returning thence in due season, and then again going to Britain, and, finally, being re-introduced in the manner which has been affirmed—when all this is proved, it is but an empty contention for facts which, in the course of seventeen centuries, may well have occurred under certain circumstances. . . . But those writers are, however, dumb, when they enter upon those periods denominated as those of the Masons; and, finally, they cannot allege anything whatever, beyond an allusion to the year 1688 (still to be discussed), when the question of the re-introduction of true [symbolical?] Masonry into France is raised. The oldest date of any certainty is 1725.”*

We would cite these remarks simply to dissent from them, as far as the antiquity of symbolical theoretic Masonry is concerned; for that the idealization of the tools, the use of them to denote the moral virtues, is far more ancient than even the Craft itself would insist (although scarcely of pre-Adamite origin, as some affirm), has, we think, been most indubitably proved, by Bro. the Rev. T. A. Buckley, in his dissertation on the “Golden Ass of Apuleius,” published in a late number of the Magazine; and the assertion is borne out by the fact, that Masonic marks have been recognized on the remains of the ancient Roman city of Corinium, now lately discovered near Cirencester. In a note, however, the words of an eloquent French writer will be found.

Let us, however, pass to the historical sections, of far greater importance for our present object than the theoretic or discursive portion of the work.

The oldest reference to the time of the introduction of Freemasonry into France, is in the “*Sceau Rompu*,” 1745, where 1718 is asserted to be the earliest recognizable landmark for its practice; and the Abbé Robin says, in 1776, that “there is no memorial of its origin in France remaining; all that has been found does not go farther back than 1720, and seems to have come from England.”

sions seraient appelés à en jouir, pourvu qu'ils fussent régulièrement approuvés et initiés dans la confraternité. Cette importante décision changea entièrement la face de la société et la transforma en ce qu'elle est aujourd'hui.”—Rebold, “*Histoire Générale de la Franc-Maçonnerie*,” p. 51; Paris, 1851. Of this important book we hope to give some account ere long.

* Vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

But it is Lalande, the encyclopedist, who is the first *great* authority, and whose accounts have been acknowledged as authentic by later writers. According to him, Lord Derwentwater, the Chevalier Maskelyne, Mr. Huguerty, and some other Englishmen, founded, in 1725, the first Lodge in Paris. It was held in the Rue de Boucheries, at the house of an English confectioner named Hure. In less than ten years the fame of the Lodge attracted five or six hundred* persons into the Fraternity, and caused the opening of other Lodges, first in the house of Goustaud, an English† stone-cutter, then at Le Breton's (known by the name of the Loge de Louis d'Argent, from its being held in an inn of that name), and finally the De Bussy Lodge. This last one was also called the Loge d'Aumont, after the Duc d'Aumont was elected Master.

As the first Paris Lodge had been opened by Lord Derwentwater, he was regarded as the Grand Master of the French Masons, and he continued in this post without any formal recognition on the part of the Brethren (as it would seem by the fact of the London Grand Lodge being still the head), until he returned to England, where, on the 19th of December, 1746, he was beheaded.‡ But ten years before this time, Lord Harnester was chosen, by four or six Lodges (according to the various accounts), [Provincial] Grand Master, and his election is the first formal one; and we learn from the notes of the G. O. that Dr. Ramsay was Orator on this occasion. In 1738, two years afterwards, however, we find the Duc D'Antin elected General Grand Master in the kingdom of France for life. This occurred on the 24th June, 1738, according to some writers; the Masters of Lodges, however, still changed every three months. In 1742, Lalande informs us there were twenty-two Lodges in Paris.

It would seem that the Lodges at Hure's and Goustaud's are not noticed in the oldest attainable register of English Lodges ("Pocket Companion," 1736), although their legal constitution from England cannot be disputed. Yet it is asserted by Thory, in his "Histoire du Grand Orient," that the first Lodge at Hure's "worked under the protection and according to the usages of the Grand Lodge in London, and left no historical

* Another more trustworthy account (written in 1744) give fifty or sixty as the whole number at the end of 1736.

† It may be remarked, that the English names, which are now beyond correction, are evidently altogether misrepresented, after the manner of Frenchmen.

‡ Lalande seems somewhat confused in his accounts here. See Kloss, vol. i. p. 27.

memorial of its existence behind, by which a certain degree of doubt hangs over the first Masonic labours in Paris.”

The first French Lodge noticed in the “Pocket Companion” is the Lodge No. 90, Louis d’Argent, constituted 3rd April, 1732. It would seem as if there were some confusion between this and the De Bussy Lodge, which is noticed in Entik’s Constitution Book, 1756, and in Jachin and Boaz (1764);* it is here marked variously:—

Pocket Companion.

No. 90, à l’Hotel de Bussy, Rue de Bussy.

Entik and Jachin and Boaz.

No. 49. à la Ville de Tonnerre, Rue de Boucheries.

The date of constitution in both cases is the same, proving that Lalande was partly mistaken, for the Lodge first assembled at Le Breton’s, then at Landelle’s, and was at length erased, on the 27th June, 1768, as inactive.

The following observation is remarkable:—

“As in former times the Lodges were occasionally called after their Masters, so do we find the Lodge Rue de Bussy sometimes called Loge du Duc d’Aumont. Possibly this circumstance may explain the origin and significance of the highly revered word in the Scotch grade of Strict Observance, Notuma-Aumont.” †

The only two Lodges at present working in France with their original English certificates, are the Loge l’Anglaise, at Bordeaux, No. 204 (working since 1732), and another at Valenciennes, since 1st July, 1733. Besides this, we find mention in Anderson of a Lodge at Aubigny Castle, the seat of Lenox, Duke of Richmond and Aubigny, in 1735. It was the scene of the Duke of Antin’s initiation, and it was found inactive in 1768.

As to Chapters, we find that Irish Chapters existed in Paris from 1730; at least, so it is asserted by Thory. But if we regard the condition of Freemasonry in Ireland, where in 1730 (this very year) a Grand Lodge was first formed from a few elements, there is great reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement. The constitution, it was alleged, came from Dublin.

Of the inward life of Freemasonry we gain a lively, but not very pleasant glimpse, in a letter written from Paris on the 20th March, 1736. ‡

“The Society of Freemasons, so ancient and famous in England, is also

* I trust this work will not be confounded with some penny publication, now satisfying the curiosity of the many, without teaching anything whatever.

† Vol. i. p. 20.

‡ Kloss, vol. i. p. 26. The writer of the letter does not seem himself to be a Mason; but this is doubtful.

becoming the fashion in this city; whoever desireth to enter therein must give ten Louis d'ors, and many fair words beside. A small while since, ten new members were admitted into this society, and the ceremony closed with a splendid entertainment, which was supported by persons of the highest rank, and at which, *before even sitting down to table, a certain duke won seven hundred Louis d'ors of an English lord at piquet.* On the thirteenth of this month there were six more initiated into the Order, among whom, it is reported, was one of the noblest gentlemen of our court; so that this new institution is confirming itself by such high credit more and more. Yet it is a misfortune for it that our court so speedily, and before it could attain perfection, determined upon its suppression. For it was urged in council that 'these far too extensive societies, no matter how innocent, in consequence of their subsequent results, were never tolerable, but certainly pernicious to a state, let alone that although all such fraternities, if they existed without permission of the king, were in themselves forbidden, therefore that here also good order required that the Freemasons should again be suppressed, as it had already happened in Holland (30th November, 1735)."

As to the fees in the Lodges, to which an allusion has been made in the above extract, "*Der Sich selbst vertheidigende Freimaurer*" (the Self-defending Freemason), a work compiled on authentic information, and published in 1744, says, that "in the English Lodge ten guineas was given, and in the others five Louis d'ors. For this money," continues the writer, "every-one desired to become a Freemason; a duke and a pedlar, a French peer and a merchant, were like brothers, and without any difference."

The same work confirms the letter written about the ten persons initiated at one time,—a proceeding which now would not be permitted, and which was only warrantable then by the press of the times, and the fear and trembling with which the meetings were carried on; and of these persons, six were knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. In some points it may be remarked, that the statements of Lalande are modified and cleared up by this work, which would therefore deserve much more attention than its rarity has admitted of.

The threatened royal persecutions of the Freemasons speedily began; and among the many reports of questionable authenticity, as to the extent and measure of the persecution, we find some actual occurrences which are of sufficient certainty to merit our notice. After speaking of the many doubtful reports,—

"On the 10th of September, 1737," says Kloss,* "the police did, in fact, surprise the society of Freemasons, in the tavern-keeper Chapelot's house, à la Rapée, St. Bennett's. He had employed the stratagem of bricking up the door of his public room outside, and breaking through another secretly to the meeting-room. It was reported that, besides

* Vol. i. p. 30.

these outward changes in the appearance of the house, a great number of footmen and equipages, as well belonging to citizens as to the nobility, together with public vehicles, were remarked in the square before the house. The commissary ordered the assemblage, for whom there were fifty covers provided, to disperse; upon which these persons declared 'that they had no intention of doing anything wrong.' He then interrogated Chapelot, who excused himself by affecting ignorance of the objects of the meeting; had he known them, he said, he would not have admitted them. Still he did not appear in court, and was condemned to 1,000 livres fine, and deprivation of license for six months."

It seems, however, that even on this occasion the affair was not directed especially against the Freemasons, but it was prompted rather by the consideration that the persons had assembled "contrary and against the express ordinances of the kingdom, and the decrees of the Parliament, which forbid meetings and all descriptions of unauthorized societies." There is certainly nothing which testifies to the honest, independent manner in which the Craft has made its way to the pitch of public esteem it has now attained, than the quiet and bluff way in which it sought no aid from the support of kings and princes, but rather trusted to time and its own merits, together with the Divine aid, to win its way to the hearts of men.

Bègue Clavel informs us that about this time, rather later in the year, all French subjects, whether noble or base in family, were forbidden the court if belonging to the Craft. Still, as Bègue Clavel goes on to say (writing in 1744), "all France knows that the excellent Prince de Conti is an open member of the Order of Freemasons." The persecutions, however, of the Crown, when they became absolute persecutions, had only reference to French Lodges, and not to English ones; for it was argued, "that as the English were strangers, and only for a time residing in Paris, the Lodges would end of themselves; but the French Lodges they had always with them." And of course, until Freemasonry became an institution of the people, while it yet remained among the higher nobility, it would remain unassailed; but when it did come down among the middle classes, the royal edicts flew about, the police commissioners were set to work, and the advantages gained were attempted to be taken away as soon as attained.

It does not seem, however, that the king's decree was carried out with much severity beyond the boundaries of Paris. According to the newspapers, a grand Masonic festival was held on the 12th of February, 1738, at Luneville. The company were arrayed in white satin, but no aprons were worn (an interdict having come down from court), and no trowels, compasses, or

other Masonic insignia in confectionary, were permitted to be served* at the dessert. All the guests, both male and female, were disguised. Music, the table, dancing, play, all formed parts of the entertainments of the evening. Indeed, a crowned head was even expected; but, as is usual, the crowned head staid away.

Rumours of the independence of French Masonry now begin to assail our ears; we find continued accounts (authentic, perhaps,) of negotiations between the French Lodges and the Grand Lodge in London. We find (in 1738) a French Grand Master for the Province, probably chosen in contradiction to the king's edict: and Anderson, in his "Book of Constitutions," has a passage, written *before* the election of the Duke d'Antin, which contains within itself a dark hint or two as to the course of coming events; nor, perhaps, was Anderson unacquainted with the facts relative to a reputed deputation from the French Lodges to the London Grand Lodge (alluded to just now), which is said to have proceeded to London on the 24th of June, 1735, to propose the formation of a Grand Lodge of France. "Under any circumstances," as Kloss well remarks, "Anderson's observations bears witness that the link between the mother in England and the daughter in France must have been very slight (*höchst locker gewesen seyn müsse*);" yet, on the other hand, the link is confirmed by the discovery of Herault as to the *similarity in the work*.

An interesting historical document, which offers a lively picture of the state of the Masonic institution at this time, I shall translate entire from the pages of Kloss†:—

"The General Grand Master of the Freemasons resides in London, where the society has perfect and free liberty. The nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland, consider it a great honour to be admitted and initiated into it. In London there are more than sixty Lodges, and in England there is no considerable city that does not contain two or three. When the first edition of this work was printed in 1739, ‡ the Earl of Carnarvon (installed 27th April, 1738) was Grand Master, the Prince of Wales Master Mason. Several lords, earls, and peers of England are also Master Masons. Several English archbishops and bishops are also Master Masons.

"At Paris there are several Lodges. The Duke D'Antin is Grand Master in France; the Duke of Villeroy, former Grand Master, head of a Lodge; Comte de Mailly also chief of a Lodge; several gentlemen Master Freemasons. Several other Lodges are found about different

* Even at this early period of French Masonry we find the confectioners (the only triumph of France) exercising their art, and assisting the work by the sugarification of the tools.

† Vol. i. p. 35.

‡ This review of Masonry is appended to Naudot's *Chansons Notées*.

parts of France. At Lyons, one; at Rouen, three; at Caen, one; at Marseilles, one; at Montpellier, one; at Nantes, one; at Avignon, one; at Turin, in Piedmont, one. There are also many in Italy.

"The English have nominated Pope Benedict XIV. Honorary Master of a Lodge.

"At Florence, Leghorn, Placenza, Parma, there are Lodges. His Excellency the Grand Duke of Tuscany is a Master Mason, and has been the head of a Lodge. In the North there is an infinite number of Lodges, among which the Lodge of Berlin (cons. 13th September, 1740) occupies the most distinguished place, by reason of the favour with which it is regarded by the reigning monarch of Prussia, who is himself a Master Mason.

"The English and Dutch, zealous partisans of this noble society, have spread it in the most far-off regions by means of their commerce; so that there are Freemasons at Constantinople and in all the ports of the Levant; in India, in China, even in Japan."

Kloss well remarks, that two things are proved by this document,—that the title of Grand Master was here only equivalent to Worshipful Master; and that at the time of the publication of this book,* the third degree was the highest in Masonry, a fact very important for the estimation in which the higher grades should be held. Indeed, one would be almost led to conceive, that the opinion of their being desirable, but not indispensable, adjuncts to Masonic life is, after all, the most just.

Spain will not admit of any reference to Masonic matters beyond France; yet it may be remarked, that in 1737 the papal court began first to make a stir about the society of Freemasons. We find the pope and cardinals, Ottobone, Spinola, and Zondadari, in consultation on the subject with the Inquisitor of Florence. Doctor Crudeli, member of the Florence Lodge, was arrested in May, 1739, in consequence of a determination of the Conference; nor did the London Grand Lodge succeed in their negotiations for his freedom until December, through the means of the new Grand Duke Francis Stephen, subsequently Francis I. of Austria, who had been initiated in 1731, at Haag.

In a bull of the 28th of April, 1738, of Clément XII. (*in Eminentis Apostolatus Specula*), we find these words:—

"For which reason the temporal and spiritual communities are enjoined, in the name of holy obedience, neither to enter the society of Freemasons, to disseminate its principles, to defend it, nor to admit nor conceal it within their houses, or palaces, or elsewhere, under pain of excommunication *ipso facto*, for all acting in contradiction to this, and from which the Pope only can absolve the dying."

If this bull was stringent for the whole of Christendom, yet more so was the edict of Cardinal Firrao (January 14th, 1739)

* Naudot's *Chansons Notées*.

for the Papal States, in which death and confiscation of property, without hope of mercy, was the penalty. Similar measures had been taken in Sweden and the Netherlands. Even in Malta, some Knights of St. John were banished for being Freemasons; a fact which corroborates the assertion respecting the wide distinction there was made between the Craft and the other societies to which the Middle Age had given birth. Spain, Zurich, and many other places, followed in the track of persecution.

On the other hand, the enlightened mind of Frederick II. of Prussia saw the beauty of Masonic principles, and determined, come what might, to shield and defend the Order from the attacks of the prejudiced monarchs of other countries. In Prussia at least should be found one continental "city of refuge" for the Freemasons; and it was a proud and important day for the Craft that witnessed the opening of the Lodge at the palace of Charlottenburg, on the 20th of June, 1740. This influenced the wavering opinions of some of the other princes, and among those who aided Frederick in his work, we find the Margrave of Bayreuth. Even in France brighter days seemed on the dawn; the Order was more "graciously entreated" respecting a projected meeting of Masons of all nations at Paris, in 1741.*

The bull of Clement XII., if it failed in its intention of doing away with the Craft, had one totally unexpected effect; this was the institution of the Order of "Mopses." Its ceremonies are obscure; but some of them may be found in the "Franc-Maçon Trahi" (1745). There was no oath, only a word of honour given. The society is more important for being the cause of the admission of females to the Order in France, than for any intrinsic merits known to the world. Kloss says, that even to the present time the wife of a Freemason is sometimes called a "Mopsa."† In 1742 also we find M. de Chambonnet founding the "Ordre de la Félicité," for both men and women, an Order which does not appear to have borne the highest moral character; and the "Ordre de l'Ancre" (1745) seems to have been a similar institution, originating in the other. Adoptive Masonry dates, it is said, from 1730; but all these caricatures and distortions of the true Fraternity appear to have dwindled away to nothing a few years only after their origin. A significant fact is it for the worth and actuality of the ancient Fraternity, that all these excrescences, all these unfruitful suckers from the great root, grew up and withered away, leaving the immutable principles of justice and integrity, as developed in the system of

* Geusau, iii. 327.

† Vol. i. p. 41.

Freemasonry, deep in the hearts of the Brethren. The Fraternity had now struggled through its first years of existence as a wide-spread plan, as far as modern times were concerned: it had been persecuted, it had bent before the storm, and it was gradually, like the reed in the fable, rising up again into an erect position.

How it fared in after years, when protecting, and no longer protected, we hope to tell in the next number.

HOW ALFRED TIPTOP WON THE PRIZE POEM.

A MISCHIEVOUS friend of ours once observed, that he never knew a man who had not been in love with an "Ellen" at some time in his life. We are not going to question the truth of this vehement piece of young lady statistics, but we are going to say something about a young gentleman who fell in love with a young lady bearing a totally different name.

Leila Derwent was the prettiest and nicest young lady in the whole world. This is a very bold thing to say; but it must be remembered that we are not giving our own opinion, but the opinion which somebody else formed of the pretty little woman who now sits at the foot of the table, nurses a baby or so occasionally, and takes the right arm of the "somebody" about whom we are talking.

If you had known Derwent Lodge, Surrey, you would have said that it was just the sort of casket in which such a little jewel as Leila ought to have been kept. It was not very large, and yet you could certainly have performed that zoological feat (so strangely contrary to the principles advocated by humane societies), of swinging any number of cats round the drawing-room, while (as Leila well knew by experience), a very pretty quadrille, and just the least suspicion of a waltz, might have been managed, without driving half the company into the cloak-room or the pantry; or condemning them to oyster patties and abuse of things in general, on the staircase. It was very snug and pretty, and yet modern. You were never alarmed about the salt being turned into a solution of muriate of soda by the damp, nor was the predominance of black-beetles in the kitchen

at all injurious to the nerves of the housekeeper. The windows excluded air when shut, the smoke generally went up the chimneys, and the doors opened without carrying the carpet along with them. Altogether, it was a pretty, and unquestionably "desirable family residence," on a small scale, and utterly unsuggestive of suicide, high-art criticism, or any other discomfort.

The Reverend Augustus Derwent, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., was one of those clergymen, who prefer being good to being great, in the world's sense of the term. He had written pamphlets, and yet he had never pamphleted his bishop; he had been the adviser and mainstay of many a sound literary and religious undertaking, and yet he had never got abused in the newspapers for the sake of notoriety. His face was one in which you believed before you asked a question; his kindness was so great that you dreaded his severity (if he exerted it); and his knowledge so sound that he never set himself up as a clever man. He had had a large family of sons, many, clever, and successful fellows, and he loved them all. But, like they did, he loved one being a little more, and that being was Leila.

Although a good working clergyman, the Rev. Augustus Derwent held but moderate preferment, and he took a few select pupils as a means of supporting the elegant and simple comfort, in which he had brought up his family. People do not always know how much is included in an educational course. It was left to Alfred Tiptop to ascertain, and we will tell you how he succeeded.

Alfred Tiptop was one of those young gentlemen, who are notorious nuisances and favourites at the same time. He was always causing somebody a deal of bodily fear and anxiety, and always doing some kind or dashing thing, which turned the scale in his favour. If his aunt felt annoyed at the rat-murdering appearance of some of his dogs, the manner in which he "worked a break," or took a fence, inspired a secret admiration, which even his irreverent contempt for China monsters and tea could not suppress. If he spent every farthing he could get hold of, his aunt had never heard of his being in any particular debt; and if he avowed a preference for wind instruments over stringed, he at all events never practised them when the family had gone to bed.

He was very industrious in the pursuit of pleasure, and yet he was a very fair scholar. Too much a gentleman to love ignorance for its own sake, he had always kept up a respectable amount of study, but without doing anything really worthy the ability which even his boyhood had manifested.

It is a fine thing to see a young fellow start for the university—at least, such a young fellow as was Alfred Tiptop. To be sure he had been rather a naughty boy at times, but everybody is the same; and we are not quite sure that Leila did not recollect a certain handsome curly-headed boy, who once put on old wax doll of hers down to roast, with a degree of kindness somewhat remarkable, considering the offence.

Unfortunately, Alfred had a little money, and the expectation of a little more. Mind, we only speak of the misfortune *relatively*. Money is, with all its disadvantages, a very decent sort of thing, and, despite the many contemptuous assertions of ancient philosophers, we believe that, as long as you have enough of it, it really comes in rather useful and agreeable than otherwise.

But a "little money," like a little learning, "is a dangerous thing;" and we fear that Alfred Tiptop would have been better off, in some respects, had his income been below even a sliding scale of income-tax. Moreover, your grandmamas and aunts are dangerous people. Women—especially single women—will spoil boys; and our private belief is, that there are few boys, who will not consent to be spoilt under such gentle and agreeable guidance.

And so Alfred went to Oxford. He took a few words of great kindness and greater sense from the Rev. Augustus Derwent, a few kisses and not a few bank-notes from his aunt, and a little trembling tear and an averted look of Leila's. We fear,—nay, rather, we hope, that the glance of that pure, that tender young face outlived the bank notes, if not the advice.

Leila and Alfred were cousins, and, even if Mr. James Sheridan Knowles had not written the "Hunchback," we should have known that cousins are not always content with their present relationship. Young people are never too young to make love; "master crows at miss, and miss coos at master," almost on the nurse's knee; and we cannot well see how such a pair as Leila and Alfred could have helped thinking of what high and low, rich and poor, are perpetually coming to. As to Mr. Derwent, he had good hopes of Alfred, despite his idleness, and he could not resist the little creature who had once put her arms about his neck, and asked, in the simplicity of twelve years and a white frock, whether "she mightn't love dear Alfred." Verily, there is a mysterious depth in children's words, as well as in children's play.

As to Alfred, he never dreamed about the possibility of Leila not being his "little wife," but we cannot say that his first year

displayed much exertion towards "settling in life" in any way whatsoever. Before his second term, he was leader of the drag, stroke in the college boat, and had "spoilt" a bargee on the fifth of November. By the end of his first year, he might have been seen sitting in a pleasant set of rooms overhanging the High Street, and looking lazily at the then unfinished spire of St. Mary's.

He had certainly never forgotten Leila, and we are more than certain that Leila had never forgotten him. But yet the state of his rooms was scarcely such as to indicate the remembrance, or indeed to be very suggestive of feminine influence.

Scandal might have drawn uncomfortable comparisons between the sporting prints, boxing gloves, foxes' skins, and knock-me-downs, that decorated the low-roofed, large-windowed apartment, and the hundred pretty trifles that told of woman's taste in Leila's little room at Derwent Lodge. Nor was the half-finished tankard of beer suggestive of the quiet cup of tea at eight o'clock. To judge by the mixture of objects in the room, you would have been at a loss to judge of its owner's real occupation. Thucydides, open on a desk, was half-covered by *Bell's Life*. A lot of odd kid gloves, looking a great deal too small for any gentleman's hand, were kicking about in an emptied cigar-box, into which a figure of Punch, in pasteboard, was stuck. Two tame hawks in a cage were evidently annoyed by the deprivation of light, caused by a Turkish dressing-gown having been thrown over it; and a couple of terriers were playing with a five's-ball.

The pictures and ornaments were equally miscellaneous. Winners of the Derby were placed *vis-à-vis* to Bouvier's prettiest rusticities; Kiss's Amazon was placed in front of a yet unframed "*Vierge et l'Enfant*," after Raphael; a *débardeur* of Jullien's looked complacently at a grinning nut-cracker; and a "Madonna" cast her eyes in the direction of the "Death of the Stag."

As to the chimney-piece, it was a perfect museum. Halfpence, clay pipes, meershaums more or less coloured, Swiss châteaux made of chip, China dogs, comic songs, daguerreotypes, bits of biscuit, ends of cigars, seals, penknives, tickets for the Mendicity Society, invitation cards, scratches in pen and ink, mostly par-taking of the caricature style, lucifer matches, shirt buttons, wafers, and a thousand other things, apparently put there in a hurry, and left to accumulate in undisturbed tranquillity, formed a chaotic assemblage, which it would have taken a week's ingenuity to arrange.

The pianoforte was covered with music—vocal and instru-

mental, sacred and profane, all huddled together. An enormous ophicleide, two or three violins, and a pair of cymbals, which chiefly furnished playthings for the dogs, gave one an uncomfortable idea of the capabilities of the street for quiet study. Walmisly's chants were half covered by "Ida," and the "Katinka Polka" was similarly obscured by the "Creation." Altogether, there were instruments enough for a dozen or fifteen players; and Mr. Alfred Tiptop's concerts had more than once attracted the attention of the proctors, and a request that a performance on two French horns and an obligato trombone might be discontinued after twelve o'clock.

All the rest of the room was filled up with books, and with the same amusing want of order. Shakespeare, Molière, and Eugene Sue, or Paul de Kock, jostled Horace, Euripides, or Kant. Languages of all kinds were huddled together, and heaps of memoranda, pieces of paper covered with algebraical figures, and chronological abstracts, were stuck loosely between the books. But a glimpse of the backs of the books—few of them uncut—would have shown the varied and *recherché* reading of the owner. The whole room, in fact, was a curious contest between study and amusement.

The Rev. Augustus Derwent (for he had been down to look at his old pupil), looked rather more astonished than pleased; but the kind-heartedness with which Alfred welcomed him, utterly disarmed his displeasure. But, as they conversed together, he speedily saw that the wrong ambition was far ahead of the right. Alfred had read variously, and was sharp, and often just, in his opinions, and always clever in expressing them; but, like the generality of quick readers, his knowledge was desultory and uncertain, and his former tutor felt disappointed at what he evidently saw must be the result, and thought of his future son-in-law with a sigh.

He did not say much *then*. He knew that, when a man is in the middle of a course of pleasure, advice comes with a very blunted edge, and often proves an active agent against its own purpose. He simply made a few quiet remarks, expressed a hope, and received an assurance (somewhat to his surprise), that Alfred was not getting into debt, and secured his company at the vicarage for the ensuing "long."

It was full a year since *Leila had seen her cousin, and her little heart, which was growing more and more womanly every day, fluttered with a dozen pretty anxieties. Her quick perception of the smallest change in her father's placid countenance and gentle speech, soon enabled her to see that something was*

hanging on his mind, and that all was not quite as it should be with Alfred. But she was in no humour to condemn him unseen and unheard.

I am afraid it would be thought very improper if I were to detail *all* that took place at this meeting; especially as Leila's "Don't,—there, *that* will do," evidently implied that there was some little proceeding upon which strict honour would lead one to prefer silence. Alfred felt more in love than ever, and Leila forgot to find fault even with the very Meltonian style of his shirt studs and watch-chain trinkets. Besides, Leila rode well herself, and had thought, once or twice, that her papa's style was somewhat too quiet.

A nice girl is not a bad companion in your study, especially if she be as sharp and clever as Leila. Her help became quite necessary; and it was incredible how much more Thucydides or Pindar Alfred could manage, if Leila sat either doing her own work by his side, or occasionally catechizing him. He was becoming almost a reading man; and, if his face *did* wander sometimes to another face in the room, Leila's exquisite scolding, and sometimes the promise of a musical reward in the evening (entirely contingent on his good behaviour), gave a zest to his Greek that was rapidly telling a clear and a pleasant tale. Nor was there wanting in Leila's mind some of that deeper influence, which may lie beneath the behaviour even of the prettiest and most lively little women in the world. Sometimes she talked of the comfort in after life which had rewarded the studies of her father,—of the valued friends, and the certain, though moderate and inexpensive celebrity, which made Derwent Lodge the constant haunt of people of taste and attainments. Sometimes, would not her own attainments provoke a kind of not unpleasing jealousy, and make him think whether he ought not to be something better than he was at present, to deserve so clever a partner of his future life?

Such stimulus was not thrown away upon one insensible; and reading for "honours," which had been rather remote from Alfred's thoughts, now became his definite and avowed intention. Mr. Derwent thought with delight how his little daughter's work had abetted his own, and toiled incessantly with his grateful and promising pupil. Instead of lazily living upon six or seven hundred a year, visions of the bar, and some of its hereafter consequences, began to occupy the mind of Alfred; and by the time his third year commenced, his whole work was in steady arrangement, and he had only carefully to re-read and digest all the knowledge which his talent and perseverance had united in

enabling him to acquire. It was difficult to say whether Mr. or Miss Derwent were more proud of *their* pupil, for such Alfred frankly confessed himself.

By some chance, a friend of Alfred's had won that most English and truly Oxfordian prize, the English heroic poem, recited annually at Commemoration. It is quite unnecessary to say that Leila had a great desire to appear in the ladies' gallery at the theatre on the next occasion, when, it was hoped, Alfred would appear in the glories of a first class, and would be quietly keeping his bachelor's term till "putting on his gown" the next winter.

Now this prize poem had hung on Leila's mind. Although, believe us, dear reader, she never confided to us any of Alfred's effusions, we feel morally convinced that she *had* some reasons for believing him something of a poet. At all events, we do not know what reason she could have had for saying, very laughingly, but with a great deal of purpose, as she bade a thirty-seventh last farewell to Alfred, "Mind, if you don't get the prize poem, I won't come to Commemoration."

We do not believe that Alfred was very frightened at this threat; but we are certain that he followed up its suggestion. He was quite a changed man; and though he did not cut a single acquaintance, most of them had the good nature to leave him to himself for the most part. Idle as numberless men are at Oxford, there are few of them, now-a-days, at least, who do not respect industry in others, especially when there is a prospect of its being crowned with success and honour.

Alfred now rode and boated for health only. His mornings and evenings were devoted to study, and sometimes he stole half an hour to reply to a little pink paper note, which used to make a rather frequent appearance on his breakfast table. But fast young De Boots, who lived in a next room, separated only by one of those wainscot partitions (which appear made for the benefit of oral conversation between two houses or apartments), began to circulate a mischievous report to the effect that Alfred Tiptop was turned poet,—that he walked about his room repeating verses,—that he was liable to fits of abstraction,—that he had "spouted" his Greek grammar, and purchased "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary,"—that he vacantly passed his fingers through his hair when asked a question,—and that he had been distinctly heard to order hock and soda-water at half past seven o'clock A.M.

This was not all strictly true; but Alfred *was* writing for the prize poem. Were we to recount all his troubles no one would believe us. How he began something splendid about "Dark was

the night, and scarce the pale moon's light," &c., and abandoned that, because the "Art of Pluck" had been sarcastic on the subject of the sun, moon, and stars, as applied to university prize poems. How he then fell into an invocation of some muse or other, and then recollected that invocations were used up from the time of Homer downwards, would be a still more tedious story. Suffice it to say, that the dread of being charged with *personality* prevents our saying what he really eventually *did* write, by what examiners it was approved, and in what manner he delivered it in the theatre. But we are anticipating.

What was it that made Leila's little heart throb as she read a letter one evening, bearing an imperfect FORD postmark on it? How was it she thrust it into papa's hand, and ran off to her own room, and there shed a few delicious tears, which were too sacred even for her father's presence? And why looked she so much lovelier, so much more joyous, when she came back again?

It was not mere joy that Alfred had won the prize, but he had won it for her sake; her inspiration (and believe us, the muses are by-gones, except in allegorical paintings) had nerved his pen; her few words of pretty banter had made him resolve to please her. Pet little heroine! she almost felt ashamed to have teased so gallant a hero into the trial.

* * * * *

Commemoration! And so Alma Mater is really going to be at rest at last! *At rest!* the idea of the thing. When every ten minutes are sending omnibuses thundering down the High or down St. Oldfish's, laden so high with luggage, that they seem inclined to shunt it violently into first-floor windows, to the utter derangement of respectable householders, or the personal damage of the heads, grotesque, pretty, or ordinary, which decorate the windows as thick as oyster-shells in a poor neighbourhood. Going to rest! when waiters are raving mad, cooks frantic, and hotel-keepers in a fit of delirium at the impossibility of letting the same set of rooms to a dozen families at once. It is a state of things. Unheard of stocks of salmon are being sawn into cutlets; the poultry market (even in the face of the Cochin-China mania) bids fair to prove bankrupt; not a lamb can be left to bleat and look picturesque in the adjacent fields; and it is our private opinion that Oxford will be in a state of famine for the next three weeks. *At rest!* when streams of undergraduates are hurrying along the streets, carrying in one vast human "lasher" an occasional bright-red, pink-sleeved, or gold-decked gown, who is presently to make a grand feature, "a tremendous hit" in the pageant of commemoration:—at

rest! when that stream is marbled, so to say, with the brightest porphyry of muslin-clad young ladies, or with the sky-emulating hues of shot silk:—at rest! when human heads defy you to count the panes in the windows—when even the cats are scared from the house-tops—and when the very colleges seem to have turned their population forth to pick up an *al fresco* living for themselves.

At rest! did you say! I only ask, have you been into a single college kitchen? *Have* you inquired into the feelings of any letter of “lodgings” for the last fortnight? Do you know that Dickson and Trafalgar, the publishers, who are to publish the “Newdegate” and the “English Essay,” have been, as usual, in agonies with the printer for the last four days; and that, even now at the eleventh hour, the binder is a defalcator? At rest! indeed. I ask you, Mr. President de Beauchamp, are you not tired of being well nigh turned out of your own house? And was not that last unexpected triplet of cousins from Derbyshire a heavy pack upon the well-laden camel? But Mrs. de Beauchamp takes it in excellent part; the dinner will be a success; and the cheerful old president, who never will be persuaded that a cough is anything more than a slight hoarseness, and who still retains a magnanimous contempt for claret, will tell his favourite anecdotes about Elmsley and Dr. Parr with as much relish as ever.

At rest! Just step into Le Grand’s; multiply the square feet contained in the area of the dining-rooms by the company who are to dine, lunch, and sup; and tell me about Ten Hours’ bills after that. What becomes of the waiters? Do they melt away, or are they merely reduced to skeletons, and sent away to be re-fleshed during the long vacation? Step into Spiers and Sons’, and wonder how it will be possible to find even an army razor. And yet nobody looks flurried, and you will get whatever you want, from Dorothea in Parian down to a knife-cleaning machine.

Breakfast is over; fish, flesh, and fowl, have gone long ago, *unde negant redire quemquam*; and parties from all directions are streaming towards the theatre. We cannot help Sir Christopher Wren’s taste, and as he built St. Paul’s dome, we will not stand still to abuse him—even if the mob would give us time.

As yet there is no very serious row. To be sure, some windows are broken by a few half-stified undergraduates, with the view of oxygenizing the *plus quam* calorized atmosphere of a staircase, in which men are piled upon one another something like the victims to be burnt within an ancient Briton idol of wicker-work. One man faints, and another couple nearly faint

over their efforts to get him out. But not a woman is hurt, not a bonnet injured, except (peace be to the ladies; but truth must be spoken!) when the dear creatures push and shove a little on their own account, into their own gallery.

The calls for applause or the reverse of various agreeable or disagreeable, popular or unpopular parties, have already begun from the gallery: "DDDD-iii-ssrael-iii! Whiiiiirrh! hooorrahhh!" and from a smaller dissentient party, "Yoicks! Hhhhiissahhh!" "The Bishop of London!" "The Man Round the Corner!" "Charles Dickens!" "The Guardian!" "The Ladies in Pink Bonnets!" "The Ladies in Blue!" "The Provost of St. Blazius!" And then some wag puts up a stock joke, such as, "Things in general!" and himself leads the hissing with which it is followed. Each young lady trembles prettily, and wonders whether she is the particular "pink bonnet" which led to such a demonstration; but just as her wonder is at its least satisfactory stage, "God save the Queen" is struck up; Sir Henry Bishop is doing his best with the worst of organs, and the men are doing much better with hearty enthusiasm, and a recklessly loyal expenditure of lungs.

No sooner are the dons seated than a similar development of feeling is manifested with equal force. No one can see why a D.C.L. should be conferred upon the ex-governor of Badcurry, who took so many "pulls at the pagoda tree," and who has done nothing except fail in that affair about the Quassia bark settlement. Accordingly, the ex-governor is hissed most heartily; but the tide is changed in favour of the Honourable Francis Byng, who has been licking Sikhs, and getting yellow fever and military honours with incredible rapidity. Then the vice-chancellor, proctors, heads of houses, tutors, and everybody else, come in for *their* share; and if any gentleman among those learned authorities wish to ascertain his real position as far as the feeling of the undergraduates is concerned, he cannot do so better than at Commemoration. It is glorious to see so much fun and heartiness, and yet a fair respect for authority. Hoary severity, coupled with kindness and ability, meets with far greater honours than mere passive leniency, however innocent and agreeable.

At length the noise is hushed, save to applaud or condemn each candidate, as he is received to the honorary degree. And now, the Latin oration being over (after many a sarcastic request from the gallery to "cut it short," "put on the steam," &c. &c.), the recitations commence. All very well those Latin and English essays; but our heart and our pen are with little Leila Derwent, who is seated, by some chance, almost *vis-à-vis*

to that tall, handsome young man, who, in faultless white tie and black evening dress, stands, not nervously (for that was one of Alfred Tiptop's very last failings), in the little pulpit opposite, with his prompter, the wicked De Boots, who circulated that wicked report about his poetical tastes, but who, till a day or two since, never knew how near the truth he was.

To be sure, Alfred was always rather a "budding Chatham," and his speeches, whether on the non-admission of dogs, or the Cuba question, had always been voted capital. But to-day he outshone himself—*velut inter ignes luna minores*. Clear and audible, every word told; and when some two thousand hands met in applause at the end, we fear that poor Leila's were more busied with her pocket-handkerchief,—that everlasting resource (as Mr. Thackeray holds) of our dear little British females, under all excitement soever.

Commemoration is over, but there is plenty more to be done. There is that grand party given by the senior proctor, where Leila is to shine as the prettiest girl (so somebody thinks) who ever graced Oxford with her presence. Before that there is the flower-show in those lovely gardens, at the jolly, but rather lazy college, which fronts all sorts of trees, and "no end" of river.

It is our private opinion that flower-shows in Oxford are a deception,—a simple excuse for contemplating English beauty of a different kind under false pretences. What do I care about pressing into an already hot-pressed tent, to look at exaggerated tulips stuck into tin tubes; or to compare the relative size of Lady Marrowfat's geraniums, and Sir Giles Horsepond's magnolias? They come, happily, every day in the season; but Commemoration, with its bevy of lovely girls, but once in the year, and that seldom with the glories with which we always associate what is present.

So we walk about, occasionally patronizing the Coldstream or the Thame band, and condescending to inform an inquirer as to the overture to *Le Près aux Clercs*, or *Roberto toi que j'aime*. But it is of no use, despite our almost pro-proctorial dignity, as M.A.'s of the first water, we are too busy with the ladies we have got with us, or with those whom other people have got. Chat, chat, chat, occasionally hoaxing our pretty listeners with some detail of Oxford life, not generally known to Oxford men,—suddenly recognising or being recognised by some hitherto unperceived acquaintance,—we walk along the soft turf, wondering why Oxford never looks so lovely, and why *Alma Mater* does not treat her boys to a few more such days in her heavy, same-faced career through the year.

To say how, on this occasion, the gardens looked like a

colossal, Brobdignagian, Watteau picture, adapted to academic costume, and much prettier girls than Watteau ever thought of,—to say what a fiction the flowers were, and what a reality the faces were, would take a volume of our full-paged octavo size. Some painters hold that sheep are essential to a landscape; all we can say is, that we do not care a straw about sheep, provided we have plenty of young ladies.

We *could* write all this, though; but we could *not* describe how proud Alfred felt of his pretty wife (for who could doubt what they were talking about?), and how his fastest friends agreed that if “it was a case,” or if “Hal was a gone ’coon,” there were few among them who would not change their fortunes for his. De Boots went home in a fit of melancholy, and took so many solemn resolutions to read—that we are really afraid he didn’t keep them.

“So you *did* get the prize poem, Alfred,” said Leila, as she leant more closely on his arm, as he led her to the carriage which was to take them from the gardens.

“Say, rather, *you* got it for me,” replied Alfred; “and, dearest,” he added, “if success meet my next efforts, it will be you—you only; nay, rather, you and your kindest of fathers, to whom I owe all.”

Winter came, and Alfred left his affianced bride only to return and claim her with the increased glories of a first class. For a “fellowship” he cared little: alas! (but with good reason) one cannot marry on a college fellowship.

The prettiest villa near Richmond now sends the most diligent of juvenile barristers down to the Temple, and the prettiest of wives welcomes that same young barrister, as he returns home with a faultless punctuality with which even business is scarcely allowed to interfere. A sound and happy, perhaps a high and distinguished career, lies spread before Alfred; but he is only as ambitious as a perfectly contented man should be.

When Leila’s first little boy saw the light, she smiled divinely upon her husband, and said, “Will *he* ever win the prize poem?”

FATHER AND SON.

BY MISS PARDOE.

“ Sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.”

How well I remember one cold winter evening in the Isle of Wight, which I passed at a cozy and comfortable fire-side, seated on a low stool between Jane Porter and her venerable mother, I will not say how many, many years ago. Suffice it that I was, at the time of which I speak, a girl of about twelve, already terribly tainted by the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and looking upon the glorious mortal whose name had actually figured in print on the title-page of a book, as a being only one degree lower than the angels. How dear and precious to me was the touch of the thin and delicate hand which had called into existence the chivalrous, high-hearted Thaddeus of Warsaw, the heroic Wallace, the magnificent Duke Christian, with all their attendant train of stately knights and dames,—no myths to me, but as real, as sentient, and as human as my own small self. And Jane Porter was, at that period, as stately as one of her own heroines. Even long years of poverty and struggle had failed to bend her spirit, or to lessen her self-reliance. Calm and equable by temperament, her resolution, once formed, was immovable; her charity was universal; her filial devotion unaffectedly beautiful; and if past sorrows had left deep traces of their passage upon her placid countenance, long, very long ere she passed away for ever, they had by no means robbed it of its noble and exalted expression.

Of her sister I knew but little, and confess that, from what I saw, I liked her much less. In Jane, who was an admirable conversationist, the chief characteristic was an earnest simplicity, which never failed to captivate the attention, and to convince the reason; while in the studied manner and expressions of Anna Maria there was a perpetual straining after effect, which was, to me at least, I confess,—and I had grown to womanhood before I made her acquaintance,—peculiarly unpleasant. I will quote one instance of this. The two sisters, the friend at whose house we were on a visit, and myself, were seated together in the drawing-room, when two gentlemen, both strangers to our hostess, were announced, and remained with us a considerable time. On their departure, Anna Maria inquired how she liked

Sir J—— E——? The reply was, as it could not fail to be under the circumstances, very flattering to the gallant and veteran general.

“Ha!” was the rejoinder of Anna Maria, “I felt sure that you would appreciate his merits; but *you must taste him several times before you can relish him.*”

Of her literary abilities, although infinitely inferior to those of her elder sister, she was also far more vain; and altogether she made, perhaps, a more brilliant, but decidedly a less endearing impression upon a stranger, which after-acquaintance failed to alter. None, however, who witnessed her affectionate and unremitting attention to her mother could be otherwise than touched by its earnestness; and as, being many years younger than Jane, she was the pet and plaything of the family, some excuse may readily be found for the less perfect discipline of her character.

Mrs. Porter, the mother of these gifted sisters, was a singularly neat, gentle, meek old lady, the widow of a surgeon of the Enniskillen dragoons, with whom she had cheerfully shared a scanty income and a modest station; and who appears to have been an essentially amiable man, whose memory was cherished to the last by his affectionate helpmate.

Of Dr. Porter, the elder son, I know nothing, save, indeed, —and perhaps that sole fact may prove of more interest to my readers than any other which I could advance,—that to him is due the honour of the long and warmly-contested authorship of that admirable fiction, edited and published by his sister under the title of “*Sir Edward Seaward’s Narrative.*” It was the only imaginative work ever written by Dr. Porter; nor was it originally intended for publication: but the earnest entreaties of the circle for whose sole amusement it was meant, finally induced him to give it to the public; although fearing that a production of that nature might injure him in his profession, he absolutely refused to avow its authorship; and so fearful was he of the betrayal of his secret, that he caused it to be placed in the hands of his sister, precisely as she has described in her introduction; while it is only justice to her to add (for her denials of all knowledge of the writer’s identity were for a long period of time positive and persevering), that she remained for years in the same state of mystification as her readers.

Sir Robert Ker Porter was, on the contrary, early known to the public as a successful artist and tourist; although it is not, I believe, generally patent that he was the inventor of those fascinating exhibitions known as panoramas.

Truly the Porters, take them one and all, were a gifted family ! And now—after this long parenthesis—I return to my fireside.

The old lady had been carefully installed by her daughter in a well-cushioned arm-chair, in which her diminutive figure was almost buried ; I have her at this moment before me, with her silver hair, smoothly banded under a cap of snow-white lace, and a dress of dark-coloured silk, above which was crossed a muslin 'kerchief, tightly fastened about her waist, and ornamented by a pale China rose, which had been placed there by the fond hands of her ever-watchful child. Jane herself sat erect, glancing from time to time at the venerable face of her mother, and occasionally relaxing into a smile at some of my own girlish sallies.

Gradually, however, the conversation became more sustained and serious, as Mrs. Porter took a larger share in it ; and ultimately she volunteered to relate to us a reminiscence of long-passed years, which had, as she declared, made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. Need I say that the offer was eagerly accepted by myself ? A story, and a true story, from the lips of the venerated lady whom I regarded almost with awe, was indeed a thing to covet ! So more coals were thrown upon the fire, a shade was placed before the lamp, and with my head resting upon the knees of Jane, I prepared to listen.

“I had formerly a friend—” thus did the narrator commence her tale—“a man of wealth and station, who had once been the father of a family ; but who, at the period when I first made his acquaintance, was a childless widower. He was a singularly fine-looking and high-bred man, still in the very prime of life ; and, when he could be induced to enter into society, was remarkable for the *amenity* of his manners, and the correctness of his judgment ; but it was seldom that he appeared in the world, or made an effort to shake off his habitual melancholy. By the crowd this gloom was supposed to have originated in the domestic losses he had sustained, for many still expatiated on the superb beauty of his dead wife, and the loveliness of the two little ones whom he had successively followed to the grave ; while, if the gossips were to be credited, more than one fair woman still hoped to dissipate his sadness. There was, however, a deeper pang at his heart than even the sore bereavement to which I have alluded could have fastened there ; nor did I learn for years the true nature of the misery and remorse by which he was devoured.

“By slow and almost imperceptible degrees he became a constant guest in my widowed home ; a community of sorrow had created a deep sympathy of feeling between us. We talked

together of the past, although not altogether unconstrainedly; for while I could trace back my calm and happy married life year by year, and almost day by day, without seeking to create one hiatus in the record, I remarked that his own memories were less freely poured forth. Often would he pause, falter, and turn away, as though some bitter recollection had suddenly obtruded itself upon him; and for hours afterwards he would remain brooding moodily over his own thoughts. As our intimacy increased, I occasionally urged him to a more active career; representing, with the authority of one considerably his senior in years, the great responsibility entailed upon him, alike by the name he bore, and the noble fortune to which he had succeeded; but all my efforts were in vain. 'I have no son,' was his constant reply, 'either to succeed to my name, or to inherit my wealth. Why should I toil, and struggle, and strive with a world in which I have no part? No, no; believe me, it is better as it is. My stake in society has already been played, and lost.'

"Still, I was not to be disheartened; for, as time passed on, my regard for my unhappy friend increased. Never did one unkind or uncharitable word escape his lips; while he ever sought to silence those who were inclined to censure others. Even where the fault was manifest and undeniable, he had always some extenuating suggestion to make, some deprecatory comment to offer. He was, in short, the very soul of that charity which 'thinketh no evil;' and was so evidently pained by every allusion to the frailties of those with whom he was brought into contact, that none of his intimates ever ventured to indulge in a tale of scandal when he was present.

"Nevertheless, you will readily understand that he was very far from a popular member of our little circle; for, although he respected the feelings of all, he flattered the foibles of none; and I remember being on one occasion forcibly struck by the remark of a very shrewd old friend of mine, who whispered to me as he left the room; 'That man has deep remorse, even if not actual guilt, upon his mind. It is useless for you to be either hurt or offended by this frank expression of my opinion, for I would peril my existence on its correctness.'

"'What possible foundation can you have for so harsh and uncharitable a judgment?' I asked, somewhat angrily.

"'My dear Mrs. Porter,' was her rejoinder, 'consider his position dispassionately. He is a widower, it is true, and we will believe his wife to have been everything that was amiable and attractive; he is the childless father of two fair boys, and we will admit that they were as beautiful as angels, and full

of the most brilliant promise ; still, you must remember that these trials, bitter as they may have been, occurred many years ago ; that he has survived the blow ; and that time is a great magician. I have not studied human nature closely and carefully throughout a long life without discovering that the heart requires aliment to the full as much as the body. It is only when it feeds upon itself that it is independent of extraneous support. Mr. — is still in the prime of life ; rich, well-looking, and well-born. Had he only been called upon to struggle against misfortune over which he had no control, and in whose advent or progress he had had no share, his human nature would ere this have asserted itself, and he would have found consolation and comfort in new ties. These are not the days of the paladins, when men vowed away their hearts for a lifetime, and kept the pledge ; and, trust me, it is better as it is under such circumstances, that the heart should expand a second time. With him, however, it is plain that it will never do so, for the seeds of happiness have perished in a soil too dank and ungenial for any after-growth. I see that you are ruffled by my assertion ; you cannot realize such a fact ; so be it for the moment. I leave it to time to justify me.'

"And she *was* justified," said the old lady sadly ; "for at length the hour of confidence, full and unlimited, arrived. He is in his grave now, and I may tell the tale without indiscretion. It is a lesson, and a stern one, alike to parents and to children ; and may, in some moment of temptation and selfishness, prove more efficacious than a score of homilies. Listen, therefore."

But I will now tell the story in my own way, as it fastened itself upon my memory ; and by bestowing fictitious names upon its personages, render still more impossible the identification of the several actors in the simple but striking little drama which she related.

Mr. Sydney Leicester was an only son, whose mother survived his birth but a few months, during which time she seldom permitted him to be out of her sight ; and daily and hourly did she entreat of her devoted and agonised husband that he would love the beautiful infant for her sake as well as for his own ; shield him from all sorrow, guard him from all suffering, and render his life one long dream of happiness and enjoyment.

"Give him no second mother," she said earnestly ; "for none could love him as I have loved him : promise me this. Let me not be forgotten in my grave by my husband and my child. Talk to him of me often—very often. Be to him all that I would have been could I have lived to watch over him, and to pluck away the thorns from his path. You have wealth ; let it

not be shared with the children of another, and perhaps a dearer wife! See how beautiful he is! How worthy of such a sacrifice! And do not chide me for my selfishness!"

"Be calm, Mary, be happy," was the low reply of the afflicted listener; "I can never love again. Your child—*our* child—will, should I indeed lose you, be all my interest in this life."

And the bereaved husband redeemed the sacred pledge given to a dying wife. The grave closed over the lovely and the young, and his heart went down into the same darkness. A tutor was provided for the boy so soon as he was capable of profiting by his instructions, and his studies were pursued under the eyes of his father in youth, even as his sports had been in childhood. It was touching to contemplate the fond affection which existed between them. The strong man bowed himself to the weakness of the stripling, and the boy as eagerly strove to elevate himself to the level of the tastes and feelings of his parent; and so years went by in peace, and confidence, and mutual trust. There was not a secret, not a misgiving between them; they were all in all to each other; and if some of those about them hinted that such a state of things could not endure for ever, they were at least careful not to breathe their forebodings into the ears of those whom they regarded.

Time wore on, and Sydney Leicester attained his twenty-fourth year. Singularly handsome in person, an only son, and the heir to a noble fortune, it is by no means surprising that he became the mark of many an ambitious mother's hopes, and many a fair girl's day-dreams; but for a while The Grange did not appear likely to own a new mistress. With a well-cultivated intellect, and a warm and affectionate heart, the young man was singularly deficient in firmness of character; and while, with the usual susceptibility of his age, he was perpetually attracted by the beauty and fascinations of the bright beings who flitted across his path, a newer face sufficed to change the current of his feelings, and to obliterate the first fleeting impression.

"And yet you must one day marry, Sydney," would his father often say with a smile; "the old halls must ring before I die with the glad voices of children, and the laughter of their mother. I must not go to my grave with the apprehension that our ancient race is destined to be extinguished. Remember, that although you are still in the first pride of your manhood, my hair is growing grey, and my part in the drama of society is played out. Let me live again in you. You have great duties to perform, and great responsibilities to meet. With your means of good you owe yourself to your tenants and de-

pendants; and although I have striven to render myself equal to the emergencies which have forced themselves upon me, I have been conscious that this could not be done effectually without the aid of an amiable woman, who would, as your lamented mother did, go hand in hand with me in the task."

For a while, however, these representations produced no effect. Sydney Leicester danced, trifled, and even flirted, wherever he met with encouragement to do so, as heart-whole as any school-boy, until, at a county ball he made the acquaintance of the beautiful Miss Lauriston, the orphan daughter of a West-Indian planter, whose rich and glowing loveliness, contrasting as it did so forcibly with the pale pure beauty to which his eye had hitherto been accustomed, produced a powerful and lasting effect upon his heart. The young lady was under the sole guardianship of a city friend of her father's, who worshipped his ward; not because she was the daughter of one whom he had known and respected for years, but because she had become the recipient of his wealth; not because she was young, and beautiful, and fascinating, but because it was creditable to himself to be known as the guardian of the rich West-Indian heiress; and thus Caroline Lauriston became the presiding genius of his establishment,—thwarted his meek wife, controlled his servants, and even set his own pleasure at defiance, without reproach or expostulation.

Accustomed from her childhood to exact submission from all around her, the wilful beauty never appeared to remember that the roof beneath which she exercised such despotic sway was not her own; and the impetuous nature, which might have been tamed to gentleness by careful guidance, was thus left unrestrained to work its own will, and to undermine the more genial and holy impulses which naturally germ and fructuate in the heart of woman.

Sydney Leicester, as we have said, saw her and loved her; nor was the haughty beauty insensible to his admiration. She soon discovered that he was an *object of attraction* to all the manœuvring mothers of the county, and that many a fair cheek flushed, and many a bright eye sparkled beneath his gaze. Had he been obscure in station, and merely tolerated in society, it is probable that Miss Lauriston, despite his handsome person and graceful manners, would not have wasted a second thought upon so insignificant a suitor, and would have flung off his memory as readily as she did her gloves at the termination of the ball; but such was not the case. With the instinctive tact of her sex, she at once discovered that he was the cynosure of all female

eyes, the coveted of many hearts ; and she accordingly resolved to try her own power.

When does a pretty woman do so, and fail ?

Had he known her as she really was, there can be little doubt that Leicester would have shrunk timidly from any closer contact with a nature so opposed to his own ; but who can know a woman save as she desires to be known ? Long years of intimacy, even of courtship, must fail to show the inner workings of the heart ; for the very desire to please, the very thirst for affection, renders each sex alike unconsciously actors ; and thus, where a mask is deliberately worn, no certain indication can ever be obtained of the hidden features of the soul. Nor can it be adduced as a reproach against the weaker sex that they practise an unintentional deceit. With more impulsive feelings than those of men, they seldom pause to speculate upon the prudence of their attachments, but wilfully close their eyes upon the shortcomings of the idols to whom they have erected a shrine in their own bosoms ; and involuntarily they practise a self-abnegation which causes them to immolate all their tastes, their prejudices, and their wishes, at the altar of what too frequently proves to be a false deity. Can it then be subject of wonder that while thus deceiving themselves, they too often deceive others ? Surely not. The whole state of society is factitious. Men seek in women rather playthings than companions ; rather objects to please the eye, or to further the ambition, or to increase the means of luxury, than to satisfy the demands of mind ; and truly "they have their reward."

Enough, however, of generalities. The mask of Miss Lauriston was voluntarily assumed, for she appreciated at a glance the character of her new admirer ; she detected his ardent devotion for beauty, his chivalrous respect for her sex ; his yielding disposition, which would even lead him to submit to a sacrifice rather than to be guilty of a discourtesy ; nor did she omit to number among his good qualities a handsome fortune, and an admirable social position. Thus, long ere her maid had arranged her magnificent hair under its lace covering for the night, Caroline Lauriston had decided, that as it was evident the female members of many of the best families in the county considered Mr. Sydney Leicester to be a most eligible match, and were anxious to secure him accordingly, it might be very well worth her own while to convince them that he was beyond their reach. It must, however, be admitted that, mingled with much that was selfish and unworthy in these mental speculations, a strong feeling of admiration for the remarkably fine person of the young heir,

made the lady more anxious than she might otherwise have been to confirm the conquest which she was conscious of having that night achieved; and ere she fell asleep, more than one pleasant vision swept through her busy brain for which she had no cause to blush.

"I am sure I could make him happy," she whispered to herself; "I should be so proud of him; and I would endeavour to please him by making his home brilliant and attractive. With our united means existence must be one long holiday; and where there is no care, there can be little difficulty in compelling the chariot of life to run smoothly. Well; we shall see." And the bright eyes closed, only that the fancy might renew in dreams the triumphant anticipations of her waking hours.

The wooing of Sydney Leicester proved prosperous, as regarded the fair idol of his devotion, who won the heart of the father as easily as she had conquered that of the son. She was so gentle, so winning, so fascinating; her respect for the old gentleman was so graceful; her admiration of The Grange so openly and earnestly expressed. Not a cloud passed over her brow; she was the very embodiment of light and sunshine; the very wife for Sydney, whose heart was as light, and whose buoyant spirits were as elastic as her own. It was beautiful to see with what ease she threw off the trammels of conventional restraint; and with what zest she entered into country pleasures and country enjoyments. Her guitar and voice enlivened every pic-nic; her glowing beauty was the ornament of every rural fête; no trace of the formal finishing of a fashionable London school could be detected in her easy and artless manner; she rode, she boated, and she climbed fearlessly, whenever Sydney was her companion. She was so sure, she said, that Mr. Leicester would not lead her into any danger, and that his dear kind papa would not sanction anything incorrect, that she was determined to enjoy herself to the utmost; while, grateful for so full and flattering a confidence, Sydney caused his favourite hunter to be carefully broken in for her especial use, built a new boat for the lake, which he christened "The Caroline," and ran up to town to purchase "a love of a pony-chaise," which was always in attendance on any fatiguing pedestrian excursion, to enable him to drive her home.

Thus four months went by, and her guardian talked of their return to town; a threat which had long ceased to alarm the lover.

"You *must* go, I am aware, Caroline," he said tenderly, as he sat beside her, with her hand clasped in his; "there is some

horrid law business, dearest, to be got through ; but rely upon it, that what money and energy can accomplish to abridge all that nonsense, shall be done. So do not loiter over your own preparations, for I will not give you an hour to waste upon finery."

"As if I cared about finery!" exclaimed his betrothed with a playful pout. She was rewarded by a look ; and such a look.

"You know," resumed the lady an instant afterwards, "that I understand nothing about business ; so that, while Mr. Crawford croaks over settlements with the lawyers, I shall have little to do but to think of you and the dear old Grange. I declare that you have made me hate London, and the murky streets, and leaden sky. Why do men build great cities, when they might be so much happier living as we are doing now?"

Nothing could be more apparently natural than such a reflection at such a moment. They were seated beneath a stately tulip-tree on the lawn ; a golden light, like that which plays upon the surface of the sea when the sun is about to set, flickered among the flexile branches of the flowering shrubs as they bent lovingly to the breeze of evening ; the delicate blossoms of the gum-cistus fell like snow-flakes to the earth ; and a thousand perfumes floated about them as the dew dropped silently into the open cups of the thirsty flowers, and filled the air with incense.

Sydney listened with delight to the silvery voice beside him.

"And yet all this, lovely as it is, must seem pale and poor beside the glowing magnificence of the tropics, Caroline."

"Perhaps it might to others," was the fond reply, as a pair of brilliant eyes were raised to his face, and he felt the clasp of fairy fingers upon his hand ; "but I do not regret my home. How should I, when I have found another at once brighter and dearer?"

Two days afterwards they parted ; but, before the close of a week, Sydney was in his turn in town, immersed in business, and almost endangering the sanity of the family solicitor by the eagerness of his haste. Then there was a new carriage to be built ; jewels to be reset ; and a suite of furniture à la *Louis XIV.* to replace the less sumptuous fittings of his mother's apartments. Never had Leicester so relentlessly exerted his energies, but he felt neither lassitude nor fatigue ; he was labouring for happiness ; and as he saw case after case despatched to its destination, he began to satisfy himself that all his difficulties would ere long be at an end.

He was wrong, however.

"Are you aware, Mr. Leicester, of the extent of Miss Lauriston's fortune?" inquired the lawyer on one occasion, as he entered the office to ascertain the progress which had been made towards the completion of the settlements.

"Not in the least. I have never cared to ask. All I know is, that I am authorized by my father to secure 700*l.* a year to her, and to leave her property, whatever may be its amount, entirely in her own power."

"So I understood, and upon these instructions I was prepared to act; but I regret to say that they do not meet the views of the young lady's guardian. It would appear that Miss Lauriston inherits from the estate of her father no less a sum than 5,000*l.* a year; and Mr. Crawford has definitively declared to me, through his man of business, that his ward shall not, with his consent, bestow her hand upon any individual who cannot command an equal income. Now, my dear sir, as I know this to be impossible in your case, you must pardon me if I confess that instead of proceeding with the papers, I was about to wait upon you for further instructions, and at the same time to assure you that I do not, personally, entertain the slightest hope of effecting any change in the extraordinary resolution at which this most impracticable guardian has arrived."

The very lips of Sydney Leicester turned white as he sank into a chair.

"What is to be done?" he asked, falteringly; "you are aware that my father's entire income barely exceeds that amount."

"I am. Our only hope is therefore in the influence of the young lady herself over her Cerberus."

"And that she will exert, I am satisfied," was the triumphant rejoinder; "for never did there exist a less selfish or exacting creature upon earth than Caroline. I feel convinced that she never sanctioned so extraordinary an arrangement."

"There can, I should imagine, be little doubt upon that point; and my advice is, that you should see Miss Lauriston on the subject without loss of time."

Within half an hour Sydney Leicester was in the presence of his lady-love.

And very beautiful she looked, with her splendid hair smoothly banded back from her high forehead, and half veiled by a costly scarf of black lace; her dark morning-dress reaching to her throat, and her little delicate hands peeping from beneath her elaborate ruffles, as she lounged upon her well-cushioned sofa.

"Well, Sydney," she exclaimed, laying down her book, and beckoning her lover to a seat at her side; "you are really a

good boy to-day. I did not expect you for an hour to come. But what a grave face! What has happened to annoy you?"

The tale was soon told.

"A horrid old tyrant!" said the young lady, with a slight laugh; "he is determined, apparently, to have his own way to the last. But I suppose that it is a mere matter of form."

"It is an insuperable obstacle to our marriage, Caroline, unless you can induce him to change his resolution," replied Sydney, gravely.

"Oh! nonsense; the two old gentlemen will make some arrangement, you may depend on it."

"Perhaps a word from you, dearest Caroline——"

"Now don't try to frighten me, Sydney. I have such a horror of law and lawyers, that I would not be mixed up with them for the world; and as to interfering with Mr. Crawford, I really do not dare, he is such an old savage when he is contradicted."

"In that case, if you refuse to exert your influence, Caroline—but surely you cannot be serious,—I know not what is to be done; for, as I have already informed you, my father's whole income does not exceed your own."

"It is very annoying, certainly," said the young lady, playing with the tassels of her *cordillère*; "but no doubt it can be arranged in some way. When I am your wife, of course I shall be free to do as I please; but at the present moment I do not see what I can do. Now, don't look angry, Sydney. How could I possibly foresee such a circumstance?—and how can you expect me to know anything of business?"

"I do not, dearest; but you have been so accustomed to have your own way with Mr. Crawford, that I cannot help thinking you might induce him to listen to reason upon so serious a point as this."

"Well," said Miss Lauriston with one of her sweetest smiles, "I will try; but I know Stephen Crawford's hard-headedness of old. He has worried me enough about bills and receipts, I can assure you, since I have been under his control."

"And you will make the attempt?"

"Of course. Does not the matter concern me as much as yourself? And now clear your moody brow, dear Sydney, and leave all in my hands."

No proposition could be more agreeable to the lover; and ere long the drawing-room of the "savage" old guardian rang with merry laughter; and then Sydney hastened home to prepare for their daily ride, while Miss Lauriston put on her habit. The horses came to the door; and in half an hour they were

gaily cantering along green lanes, and under the cool shadows of overhanging boughs.

It was strange that the heiress, who had hitherto bent every one to her will, should be unable to shake the resolution of her guardian upon a point so important as that on which, as she tenderly declared to her agitated suitor, the whole happiness of her future life depended; but such she asserted to be the case, and two large tears rested upon her cheeks as she told the tale.

"And only imagine, Sydney," she concluded with a sob; "he is so determined to persist in his persecution, that he has actually written to your father—dear old darling! how could he have the heart to tease him?—to request that, failing the stipulated condition, our engagement should at once be put an end to."

"But you will never, surely, consent to this, Caroline?"

"Now do be good, and don't look so angry, for you frighten me out of my senses. Let us wait quietly to hear what dear good Mr. Leicester says before we do anything rash."

"What *can* he say, love? I feel that he has already done all, and more than all, that I had a right to expect from him during his life-time."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that; but perhaps he might suggest something. At all events, it will only be respectful to await his decision."

"You are always right, dearest," said Sydney, as he gazed fondly upon her; but the eyes of the young lady sank beneath his own, and a slight hectic flitted over her cheek.

The reply of Mr. Leicester to the extraordinary communication of Miss Lauriston's guardian astonished that gentleman as much as it delighted the heiress herself.

"Upon my honour, Caroline," he said, as with raised eyebrows, and a most unequivocal expression of amazement, he placed the letter of the noble and high-hearted father in her hands, "you are an incomparable woman of business. I should no more have dreamt of making so preposterous a condition in favour of a daughter of my own, than I should have attempted to fire the city of London; and when you urged me to try the experiment, I felt so certain that it must prove a failure, that I can scarcely even now credit my own senses."

"And what, then, my good sir, does my papa-in-law say?" asked his listener, with a triumphant smile.

"Caroline," was the grave reply of her guardian, "he says that which will make your position one of almost fearful responsibility; and I would seriously advise you to consider, before you consent to accept from him so great a sacrifice, whether you are sufficiently sure of yourself and your own principles to incur

a risk which I should not covet for a child of my own. Your father was my oldest and fastest friend, and I will not believe that his daughter could act unworthily. It is not yet too late. Do not persist in so poor a jest. I am willing to take upon myself the charge of inconsistency, and to leave to you the merit of having overruled an unjust and exorbitant pretension."

"Perhaps you will, in the first place, have the kindness to communicate to me the contents of Mr. Leicester's letter," was the cold rejoinder of the heiress.

With a look of extreme vexation Mr. Crawford drew a chair towards that of his ward; and without a single interruption on her part read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—To assert that the nature of your late communication did not take me by surprise, would be idle, as I confess that I was by no means prepared, particularly when matters had progressed so far between Miss Lauriston and my son, for so extreme an ultimatum on your part; and I may consequently be permitted to add, that nothing, save my perfect appreciation of the young lady's character, could have induced me to comply with a condition by which I am called upon to relinquish my birthright, and to become the dependent of my own child. Convinced, however, alike of Sydney's dutiful affection for myself, and of his sincere attachment for your amiable and accomplished ward—whose own happiness I believe, from her frequent admissions to myself in our moments of confidence, to be equally involved in this marriage—I will even consent to make the sacrifice which you demand of me; in the full and perfect persuasion that, by contributing to the felicity of the two beings most dear to me on earth, I shall have no need for anxiety as to my own comfort. By the arrangement which I had made, my children would have dwelt in my house; by that which is to supersede it, I shall, as a matter of course, become a guest in theirs,—a welcome one, however, I cannot doubt; and therefore I will instruct my solicitor to take without delay the necessary steps for the transfer of my whole property to my son, Sydney Leicester, trusting that both Miss Lauriston and himself will feel how much I prefer their happiness to any personal and worldly consideration. I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"MONTAGU LEICESTER."

A deep silence succeeded, as Mr. Crawford refolded the letter, which was broken only by the laboured breathing of the heiress.

"Well, Caroline," at length exclaimed her guardian somewhat sternly, "what think you of your future father-in-law?"

"What *can* I think?" said the lady rallying; "save that he is a good, sensible, amiable old gentleman, who sees the affair in a most rational light, and who will be as happy as the day is long when I am mistress of The Grange."

"You persist, then, in your purpose?"

"Did you ever know me guilty of the weakness of vacillation where a great principle was to be worked out?"

"A great principle!" echoed Mr. Crawford, in an accent through which penetrated a slight shade of disgust.

"Certainly. You cannot for one moment imagine that my admiration for the fine person, or my appreciation of the amiability of Mr. Sydney Leicester, has blinded me to the fact that he possesses neither vigour nor energy of character,—that he is totally wanting in moral courage,—and, having every reason to place faith in my veracity, you will understand me when I add, that I soon discovered this vacillation and absence of self-reliance to be an hereditary defect; even more evident, perhaps, in the father than the son. Why, my good sir, I appeal to yourself, both as a man of business and a man of the world, does not the letter which you now hold in your hand convince you that I have acted judiciously?"

"Caroline, you terrify me!" said her guardian. "This is not the feeling with which to enter upon so important a step as marriage. If you really feel so little respect for the moral attributes of Mr. Sydney Leicester as you would lead me to suppose, I conjure you to terminate your engagement at once; for believe me when I assure you that you must, by uniting your fate with that of a man whom you consider as your inferior, insure your own misery. Marriage may reconcile a woman to every feeling towards her husband save one,—and that one is contempt. Hope for no change where it exists, for it is like rust—the longer it lasts, the more deeply it eats into the spirit, and the more indelible become its traces."

"Contempt!" said the beauty scornfully; "why should you infer that I entertain anything approaching to contempt for my affianced husband? Have you forgotten that he is the *bon parti* of the county?—the trump card?—the highest throw on the dice?—and that, until he is safely married, —shire will not recover its composure? It is with a very different feeling, I can assure you in my turn, that I shall become Mrs. Sydney Leicester; while you may, moreover, rest satisfied that I shall prove precisely the description of wife the best suited to his peculiar disposition."

"All further interference on my part is, under these circumstances, superfluous," replied Mr. Crawford with evident dis-

pleasure. "My guardianship will soon terminate, and I shall rejoice indeed to find that I have wronged you."

Two months subsequently to this conversation, the lawyers having completed their task, to the disgust of some and the amusement of others, Miss Lauriston, with her noble fortune secured to herself, and a further settlement made upon her by her enamoured suitor, became a bride; Sydney Leicester found himself in possession, not only of the beautiful woman whom he worshipped, but also of the family inheritance, as fully and completely as though he had been the head of that family; and the self-devoted and confiding father saw himself a pensioner on his own son. Little care, however, did that consideration entail upon the delighted old gentleman, who found in the lavish caresses of his new daughter an ample requital of all that he had done. Nothing could be so gracefully affectionate, nothing so earnestly anxious, as the desire of Mrs. Sydney for "dear papa's" comfort; and when, on her arrival at The Grange, she found that the state-chamber had been prepared for her reception, she absolutely refused to set her foot across the threshold.

"What! instal myself in an apartment which belongs by right to the master of the house!" she exclaimed with charming indignation; "certainly not. But here is a charming room immediately beyond it, which I really cannot resist! What a delicious bay-window, and what a lovely view over the park. Dear papa, how could you be so naughty as to suppose that I could aspire to anything beyond this?"

Never had The Grange presented so perpetual a scene of gaiety. The grace and beauty of Mrs. Sydney, the urbanity of the old gentleman, and the amiable *insouciance* of his son, combined to invest it with attractions which few sought to resist. For the sportsmen of the party there were well-stocked preserves; for the mere loungers, horses and equipages, billiard-tables, and fishing-tackle; for the ladies, musical instruments of all descriptions, boats upon the lake, and balls in the noble picture-gallery. Every season offered its own pleasures; and so months wore away, until the delicate health of the young wife rendered a less exciting mode of life essential to her welfare. Gradually, so soon as this fact became apparent, the guests reluctantly took their departure; and for the first time since she became a member of the family, Caroline found herself alone with her husband and his father. Sudden quiet, after so long a period of dissipation, produced a violent reaction; and for several weeks she remained a confirmed invalid, watched and tended with unceasing care and tenderness. In the whirl of society her worst qualities had slumbered; she had been all and

everything that those who loved her best could anticipate or desire; and even Mr. Crawford himself began to hope that he had done her injustice, and that she was indeed "wise in her generation," when he saw her unostentatiously withdraw herself from her guests to ponder with the land steward over documents, the very sight of which was odious to both the gentlemen of the family.

"Aye, that's the lady for my money," frequently remarked the worthy functionary, as he was about to withdraw from The Grange with all his papers duly examined and approved. "Master Sydney could never be brought to sign the new leases, or to prosecute the poachers, or to do anything that is necessary on the estate, if it were not for his pretty young wife. Trust me, he feels that he has done wrong. I am quite sure he does; but when the wrong *is* done, why it is well that there is one strong head in the family to see that no further harm comes of it."

And so it was. There *was* one strong head, which not even physical weakness could bow; and very closely and very minutely did Caroline labour to master all the intricacies of the legal business which came before her. Totally unaccustomed hitherto to affairs of the kind, this had been no easy task; but her own interests were involved, and she left no energy unemployed, no power of her mind unexercised, until she had made herself mistress of every detail, and was equal to every emergency!

Nor was this all. Spoiled by the over-indulgence of her husband and his father, she soon taught herself to forget their relative position, and the evil which had been apprehended by her guardian began to work. Upon the pretext that she could not bear to be parted from her infant son, Mr. Leicester was induced to resign his cheerful and luxurious sleeping-room, with its southern aspect and costly appointments, in order that it might be metamorphosed into a nursery; while two apartments on the story overhead were fitted up for his use, Mrs. Sydney having suddenly discovered that he would be much more comfortable with a private sitting-room of his own, to which he could retire when weary of the company in the house. Nor was the old gentleman displeased with this arrangement; to which he acceded the more willingly that he was enchanted with his grandson, and could not consider any sacrifice too great which was intended to conduce to his convenience.

A few more months went by. The infant heir thrived apace; and The Grange was once more loud with revelry, when it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Sydney that the heat and hurry of a crowded dinner-table, and the steam from the numerous dishes, must, as a natural consequence, be highly injurious to Mr.

Leicester. She had long ceased to call him "papa," and had assumed the matronly and dignified deportment suited to the mistress of a family. At his time of life, she declared sententiously, that however he might strive to conceal the fact, it must be both wearisome and unwholesome; and although the genial old gentleman earnestly assured her to the contrary, she refused to be convinced.

"Try retirement occasionally, sir," was her pertinacious reply; "and you will soon find that my opinion is correct."

Unaccustomed to contend, Mr. Leicester yielded, though with real reluctance. There could be no doubt, as he persuaded himself, that Caroline had his welfare at heart, and it would be very ungrateful of him not to gratify the exigency of her affection; so at frequent intervals his solitary meal was laid out in his private sitting-room; and ultimately, by slow degrees, this arrangement became permanent; and while the lady of the mansion, as she took her seat at the head of her sumptuous table, pathetically lamented to her guests that the failing health of Mr. Leicester's father rendered it necessary for him to avoid all excitement, the neglected and injured lord of the domain ate his desolate dinner with what appetite he might, alone and uncared for.

It was impossible for him longer to remain blind to the fact that he was *de trop* in his own house; and his hitherto buoyant spirits gave way beneath this bitter conviction. He became nervous and hypochondriacal; and played the cards of his thankless daughter-in-law to perfection, by finally withdrawing in his turn from all contact with the gay throng which crowded his saloons.

At the expiration of four years a second son was born to the haughty lady of The Grange; a contested election was about to take place for the county, and a general excitement pervaded the whole neighbourhood. A new emotion rose in the bosom of the young mother. She had never been ambitious for her husband, but she suddenly became so for her children. She would induce Sydney to offer himself as a candidate. He had a great stake in the country; and should he succeed, a brilliant prospect would be opened for her boys! The hope of success gave her new energy; and ere long she was declared by her physician to be convalescent, and to require only care and genial society to render her recovery complete. This prescription sufficed, and once more Mrs. Sydney Leicester resolved to "work out a great principle."

"It has struck me, my dear," she said on one occasion to her still doting husband, as he sat beside her sofa with her

hand clasped in his, "that we have made a strange waste of life since our marriage, and that we have now an excellent opportunity of redeeming the error. What say you to making a grand effort to represent the free and independent county of —shire in Parliament?"

"You must surely be jesting, Caroline."

"By no means. The good easy existence which you have hitherto led may have been very agreeable to yourself, and very pleasant to your associates; nor did I say a word to urge you to any exertion so long as we had only one son, feeling that we possessed ample means to secure to him the same position in society as we ourselves hold; but a great duty has grown upon you since our last boy came into the world, and it is time that we should look carefully into the future. You are popular in the county, Sydney, and by a little effort may easily become still more so. We have an admirable pretext for filling our house, by declaring that my wretched state of health on the birth of our first child having compelled us to christen him in the most private manner, we are now anxious to celebrate the forth-coming ceremony in a more suitable style. Besides, love," she added, with one of those sweet smiles which she knew were irresistible when turned upon her husband, "I am doubly desirous that this should be the case, as the dear infant will be your own namesake. You know what it cost me to yield, when, in compliance with your earnest request, I consented that our eldest boy should be named after his grandfather; so you must not attempt to thwart me again."

"I have no inclination to do so, my dear Caroline. Arrange everything as you think proper. But surely you cannot regret that our first-born darling should bear my father's name, when you remember how deeply he felt the attention, and how he dotes upon the child."

"Dotes indeed!" was the somewhat ungracious reply of the lady; "if he had his way, he would make a tyrant of the boy, who already loves him better than his own parents. However, let me pursue my subject. By collecting beneath your roof some of the most influential men of the county, you will have an opportunity of strengthening your interest, and of furthering your views. I have set my heart upon seeing you in Parliament, and you may rely upon my playing my own part with energy and perseverance; while, if you only second me efficiently, I feel convinced of your success. Let me see. Above all others, we must secure Lord Bridlington and Colonel Fotheringham. I will invite them here for a week; a good table will be inducement enough to the old peer; while the prospect of a

quiet flirtation with Mary Somerset will be an irresistible temptation to the colonel; and between them they command, as I have ascertained, no less than eleven votes. Then there is young Thornton, and Frederic Fortescue, and those two pretty daughters of Mrs. Mornington's. What a gay party we shall have! And when people are happy and amused, they require little persuasion to fall into the views of the hosts, to whom they are indebted for their enjoyment."

"But how on earth will you contrive to accommodate so many persons?" asked Mr. Leicester; "the late increase in our family has, as you are aware, considerably diminished the number of our guest-rooms."

"Leave that to me," said the lady with a significant smile; "I have already made my calculation, and I find that I can arrange the matter admirably."

"So be it, then," was the easy reply of the husband, as he was about to resume the volume from which he had been reading aloud previously to this conversation.

"Never mind the book now, Sydney," said his wife, letting her head fall back upon the cushions; "I want to reflect on our great project, and to decide upon certain arrangements which still remain to be made. So be kind enough to stir up the fire, for the frosty air makes me shiver; and presently I will ask you to fill in the names on the invitation-cards. In the mean time take your ride; and, if you have no objection to do so, call at Bridlington Park, and inform the earl of our projects. It may be as well to prevent his engaging himself elsewhere."

To this proposal Mr. Leicester at once assented. His horse was brought to the door, and he cantered off, crashing the thin ice which encrusted the gravel, and gleamed bright and sparkling in the cold keen sunshine, beneath the hoofs of his hunter; and waving his hat gaily to his wife, who watched his departure from one of the windows of the library.

She answered the greeting with her handkerchief, but it was evident that her thoughts were not occupied with the handsome horseman, whose whole soul was absorbed in herself; and he had no sooner disappeared than she rose from her recumbent posture, and stood for a few moments absorbed in deep reflection. A dark flush rose to her brow, and her head sank upon her bosom for a few seconds; but suddenly she rallied, her large deep eyes flashed fire, and walking haughtily towards the fire-place, she rang the bell, and desired that the housekeeper might attend her on the instant.

The interview did not occupy more than a few minutes; and then the elegantly-dressed female who had replaced the

respectable but antiquated matron who had previously presided over the domestic arrangements of The Grange, made a sweeping curtsy, and withdrew.

"Where is my father?" was the first inquiry of Sydney Leicester as he entered the warm and comfortable dining-room, where he found covers laid for two, and the old gentleman's arm-chair empty; "he is not ill, I hope, Caroline?"

"Oh no," was the careless reply; "but he declined coming down, and I have had his dinner served in his room."

"He has been too much alone lately;" said her husband; "I have not seen him on horseback more than twice for the last month. He will become hypochondriacal if we do not contrive to rouse him."

"I think you had much better leave him to do as he pleases," observed Mrs. Leicester. "I have remarked more than once that he is very jealous of any interference; and, for my own part, I consider it better let alone."

"But are you quite sure that he is perfectly comfortable, Caroline?"

"Why," said the lady, with evident reluctance, "perhaps not at the present moment quite so much so as I could wish; for as we shall shortly have the house full of company, and that Cummings and myself, after having consulted together on the subject, found it utterly impossible to accommodate Lady Trevor and her two girls without the rooms which he has hitherto occupied, I found myself compelled to request that he would be good enough to give them up; but only, you know, during their stay."

"And where have you lodged him?" asked the husband, visibly annoyed.

"In the room immediately above the south chamber."

"Above the south chamber! Why, you surely cannot mean to say that he now occupies an attic in his own house."

"Call it what you please," said his wife, in a voice which was divested of much of its usual melody; "it is a very good and spacious room, with a warm aspect, and a delightful view over the park. He was spared all trouble in every way. I had his books, writing-table, and favourite chair carried up while he was asleep, as well as his wearing-apparel; and he had nothing to do but establish himself at once."

"But are you sure," asked the already mollified husband, "that the room is thoroughly well-aired and warm?"

"It ought to be," was the sullen reply; "for I desired that a brazier might be placed in the centre of the floor for two

hours before he took possession. I could not, I think, have been more careful; and really, Sydney, by the way in which you are pleased to catechise me, one would imagine that I was incapable of regulating my own house."

"My dear Caroline, you well know that my inquiries were not intended to infer anything of the sort, and that I have the most perfect confidence both in your judgment and kindness of heart; but we are placed in so delicate a position with my father, he has made such enormous sacrifices for us, that I could not brook that he should for an instant imagine us capable of preferring the convenience of comparative strangers to his own; and really he now secludes himself so perpetually, that he requires every comfort in his own apartments that we can collect about him."

And the well-meaning but weak young man was right. Mr. Leicester, the self-denuded master of the lordly mansion which he had inherited from his ancestors, did indeed each day seclude himself more and more. He had long refused to admit the belief that he could be looked upon as an intruder and a burthen under his own roof, and when he was at length reluctantly compelled to do so, the process was a cruel one; he wrestled with his own reason, and anxiously watched for some indication to the contrary, long after he had ceased to hope that any such would be vouchsafed by the heartless woman whom he had enriched; as the Egyptians were wont to lay their dying relatives upon the threshold of their dwellings, in the hope that some pilgrim from a far land might pass by, gifted with a healing power, and save the sufferer.

Long, however, ere he was subjected to the last humiliation which we have recorded, the hideous truth became all-apparent to the aged man; his son, it was true, ever met him with a smile, and solicitous inquiries as to his health and welfare, but he was always immersed in pleasure, or so absorbed by his beautiful young wife, that he saw little of him, save when at rare intervals he joined the party in the drawing-room; upon which occasions the ostentatious attentions of Mrs. Leicester, while they tended to heighten his own disgust, excited the admiration of her guests. Only one happiness remained to him on earth, and for that one he was indebted to his grandchild and namesake, Montagu, the future lord of the domain—a glorious boy now verging on his fifth year, full of life, energy, and affection, who would at all times abandon his sports, and escape from the pettings and praises of his mother's circle, to sit on his little stool at the feet of the old man, listening with a

gravity beyond his years to the tales which he delighted to tell him of the worthies of his house, the wonders of creation, and the duties which would one day devolve upon himself.

"Above all things, my boy," constantly repeated the unhappy old man, "love and honour your parents; for on your dutiful affection will depend much of their comfort and peace of mind on this earth."

"To be sure, gran'pa," would lisp the docile child; "love pretty mamma; every one loves pretty mamma; I do as pa bids; good kind pa; always gives 'Gu all that he wants."

Mr. Leicester sighed deeply. "Poor child! Poor child!" he murmured to himself. "Heaven grant that you be not one day destined to become an avenging spirit!"

From the moment in which the foot of Mr. Leicester passed the threshold of the squalid attic to which he had been consigned without any previous appeal or subsequent apology, he resolved that he would never again cross it alive; and as he stood in the centre of the floor, and looked around him, his head grew dizzy, and his brain whirled. The apartment had been prepared for him as his daughter-in-law had stated; the solitary window had been hastily sheltered by a faded and colourless drapery; the bed was similarly hung; a painted book-case, unglazed and unvarnished, and which had been transplanted from what had been the schoolroom of his own boyhood, glared cold and vacant along one entire side of the wall, as though in mockery of the score of volumes which had been ranged upon one of its shelves; a colourless carpet imperfectly covered the floor; and worse than all—though at the first instant of his entrance into his new home the precaution of Mrs. Sydney had prevented any sudden sensation of chill—he discovered that there was no chimney in the room.

"And perhaps it is better so," he murmured to himself; "the struggle will be sooner over. Charles V. abdicated in order to occupy a conventual cell—and I, to end my days in a garret. We shall meet on equal terms when my own trial is at an end."

Meanwhile, the cheerful *tête-à-tête* dinner of the husband and wife had come to a conclusion; the handsome heir had been fondled and fed with sweetmeats to his heart's content; and at length, satiated both with *friandise* and kisses, his bright eyes began to twinkle, and he declared that he would say good night to gran'pa, and go to bed.

"A wise resolution, 'Gu," said his fond father; "and I will go with you, my boy, to wish gran'pa good night, for I have not seen him since yesterday."

"Nor I either, papa," whispered the child; "Simmons would not let me, but she can't stop me when I am with you."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Sydney sharply; "you shall do nothing of the kind, Montagu. Your grandpapa has changed his room, and I cannot suffer you to go from this warm atmosphere along the cold galleries and staircases; so ring for nurse, and go to your bed at once, like a good boy."

The young heir pouted and obeyed, after one appealing look towards his father; for he had already learned that all opposition to the will of his "pretty mamma" was useless—when they were alone.

"Well then, 'Gu, I will say good night to gran'pa for you," said Mr. Leicester, as he gave the child a parting caress; "and I will tell him that you wanted to do so yourself, but that mamma did not think it prudent. So now, away with you, and we will do something astonishing together to-morrow.—Shall I give you a book, love," he asked, "to amuse yourself while I am with my father?"

"Really, Sydney," said his wife peevishly, "you are quite incomprehensible. You have been from home nearly the whole day, and we are no sooner left together in peace than you are anxious to get away. I *do* think that, considering my weak health, and all that I have lately undergone, you might endeavour to make an effort to amuse and cheer me."

"And I shall only be too much delighted if I can succeed in doing so," was the fond reply, as the infatuated husband pressed his lips to the beautiful brow which was upturned towards him, and tenderly pressed his hand over the lustrous and luxuriant hair by which it was shrouded. "I had no idea of leaving you more than a few minutes, love; but as I had not seen my father all day——"

"Well, do as you please; of course I have no right to complain of your unkindness, deeply as I may feel it."

Need we say that old Mr. Leicester received no visitor that evening in his cheerless chamber.

Days went by, and the outraged father never saw his son. Imperious and independent as she was, Mrs. Sydney felt that she had for once overstepped the bounds of decency; and that her husband, supine and yielding though he might be, could not do otherwise than deeply resent the indignity offered to his generous and ill-requited parent. Thus she was constantly on the watch; and whenever the young man evinced a disposition to fulfil the highest and holiest of his duties, she was invariably provided with a pretext for opposing his purpose. At times she was fretful and exacting, declaring that her constitution was

undermined, and her nerves ruined, and that she could not drive or walk out unless he were her companion; at others she was so affectionate, so gentle, so fond, that he could not tear himself from her side; or, again, she would detain him for hours in the library, and compel him to examine into the accounts of the land steward, and to give audiences to his tenants.

Who requires to be told that the human heart is treacherous and "desperately wicked," or that it can in time accustom itself to circumstances from which it originally shrunk with terror and disgust? Who requires to be reminded that conscience, pertinacious as it may be for a time, can be ultimately silenced? The fact is, unhappily, too true; and thus, by the time that *The Grange* was once more loud with revelry, Sydney Leicester appeared to have as totally forgotten the existence of his father as the most thoughtless of his guests.

And during these long days and weeks the miserable old man, exposed by the position of his dreary apartment to every vicissitude of temperature, was suffering bitterly from the sharp and piercing cold of a severe winter. The heated brazier had never been renewed—the lady of the mansion, amid her multifarious duties, had forgotten to give any orders upon the subject; and the female attendant who had replaced the discarded valet of Mr. Leicester, preferred the comfort of the servants' hall to any unnecessary exertion for that of her helpless charge. And helpless he in truth had soon become; for, scorning all complaint, and accepting his martyrdom as it had been assigned to him, he uttered neither request nor expostulation, even when he found himself so crippled by rheumatism that it was with difficulty he could crawl from his chair to his bed; and if occasionally the torture which he endured wrung a groan from his overcharged heart, there were none by to hear it—none whose sleep could be broken, or whose pleasures could be marred, by any pang of his. And still, as he sat striving to conceal his sufferings in the well-padded chair, which was his only refuge against the biting cold, that bright child gambolled about him; for, with the usual carelessness of his age, he had soon overcome the astonishment and fear which the first aspect of his grandfather's apartment had produced; and his love for the old man had urged him to his first act of wilful disobedience. The head nurse and her dependant had received strict orders from their mistress not to suffer the young heir to visit Mr. Leicester after his removal from his well-warmed and well-furnished rooms, upon the plea that such constant contact with an aged person must be unwholesome for Master Montagu, while on the other hand his

boisterous gaiety could not be otherwise than fatiguing to the invalid—for such Mrs. Sydney persisted in considering the desolate victim of her heartlessness, little aware as she was that he was indeed “sick even unto death;”—but with this arrangement the boy refused to comply, stoutly declaring to Mistress Simmons that he would neither eat nor drink unless he were allowed to see his grandfather.

“And you shall see him, my own darling;” at last conceded the nurse; “mercy knows he hasn’t so much love spent upon him that he can afford to spare yours, poor gentleman! Only you musn’t tell your mamma, Master ’Gu, for she’d never forgive us.”

“No, no; ’Gu won’t tell,” said the eager child; “and gran’pa shan’t either.”

“No fear of that, poor soul!” murmured Simmons as she turned away, “unless it be to the sparrows on the eaves, for he has little company besides. Well, well; we shall see some day what will be the end of it, for a strange heathenish business it seems to me, sure enough.”

Meanwhile, Mr. Sydney Leicester had announced his intention of standing for the county, despite the four candidates who were already in the field; and many of those who had pooh-pooed his intention when it was first made known to them, and declared their intention of voting for one or other of his opponents, began gradually to think that his pretensions were sufficiently well-founded; and his wife was so handsome, his table so well-appointed, and his wines so excellent, that there was really a great deal to be said in his favour. The Leicesters were a good old family; their ancestors had come in with the Conqueror; and for centuries they had been stanch and true to their political principles. But still the prudent electors hesitated to commit themselves, and lived on joyously in the full consciousness of their importance, enjoying the constant hospitalities of the new candidate, and only suffering the most vague and inconclusive expressions to escape them. With the commercial population of the post-town, the beautiful, fascinating, and liberal Mrs. Sydney Leicester had been eminently successful. Not a day passed but her carriage was to be seen at the doors of the principal shops; and that, accompanied by a bevy of fair girls, she did not make the most expensive purchases, with a recklessness of cost delightful to the obsequious tradesmen. Then, all winter as it was, she and her brilliant companions visited the several farms upon the estate, and partook of warm milk, and brown bread, and newly-churned butter; and made acquaintance with the children and their

mothers; and projected almshouses, and a dame-school, and a local hospital; and went to see the labourers threshing in the barns, and the dairy-maids milking in the cow-sheds, until all the honest folk in the neighbourhood began to believe in a revival of the golden age. Gay-coloured ribbons and smart shawls figured on every side; not an urchin but possessed the most marvellous toy of which he had ever been the owner; Whitney blankets were as rife as smiles and kind words; and flannel waistcoats and warm gaberdines appeared to rain from the sky. The good, and amiable, and condescending Mrs. Sydney Leicester had done wonders; and as the period of the great contest approached, her heart was full of confidence and triumph.

She had purposely deferred the christening of her infant son as long as possible; for that, as she felt, would be her most important trial; and at length the day came. Lord Bridlington had volunteered to officiate as one of the sponsors, and had domesticated himself in the most satisfactory manner at *The Grange*. There were to be bonfires on the lawn; illuminations in the shrubberies; an ox roasted whole for the tenants; a dance in the barn for the household; a ball in the great gallery for the guests; and a banquet after the ceremony, which was to take place in the principal saloon, and to be performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of the diocese. No one apparently regretted the absence of the venerable master of the house more deeply than the brilliant young mother of the charming infant which, half smothered in laces and satin, was introduced to the admiration of the assembled circle. It was so sad, as she declared, that the dear old gentleman could not be present; but, unhappily, he was so thoroughly weakened, both in body and mind, as to be totally unequal to the exertion; almost, she grieved to say, in a state of dotage, requiring the most absolute repose. And, as a matter of course, the guests echoed her regrets; and eulogised the self-denial which had induced her to keep him in ignorance of what was going forward; and then another subject was started, and the recluse in his garret-solitude was forgotten.

At the appointed hour for the ceremony, the stately dean led his sumptuously-attired hostess from the library to the great drawing-room; the remainder of the guests followed; and ere long the chubby babe was greeted by the name of Sydney; congratulations were offered to the happy and exulting parents; the christening-vase was respectfully removed; and politics soon absorbed the whole attention of the gentlemen of the party. Never had the always-beautiful Mrs. Sydney appeared so gloriously handsome; her lips were bright with smiles, and her eyes

danced in liquid light. She was the centre of an admiring circle, who applauded her wit, laughed at her lively sallies, and did homage to her grace and vivacity. Among the high-born and the lovely she was "the fairest ladye there," and she exerted her powers of pleasing to the utmost.

In the deep bay of the centre window stood a group, consisting of the host and the two guests whom he was the most anxious to propitiate,—the portly and kind-hearted Lord Bridlington, and the fashionable and somewhat effeminate Colonel Fotheringham; both of whom had hitherto dexterously "hedged off" the momentous question. Now, however, they appeared to be expanding into confidence; and the conversation was rapidly becoming animated, when the heir of the house suddenly entered the room unsummoned, and rushed towards his father, his large eyes opened to their widest extent, and his cheeks flushed with excitement. Heedless of the brilliant crowd into which he had thus intruded, or the murmur of admiration produced by his appearance, he had no sooner reached his father's side than he plucked him by the skirt of his coat, with an impatient and appealing cry of "Papa! papa!"

"Hush, my darling," was the rejoinder of Mr. Leicester, as he laid his hand upon the curly head of the idolized boy; "do you not see that I am conversing with his lordship, and that we must not be disturbed? Wait an instant, and then I will hear what you have to say."

The child obeyed, but without relinquishing his hold; and, struck by the energy of his expression, the good-natured peer interceded in his behalf: "Nay, Leicester," he said, with a smile, "it is evidently a matter of serious importance which brings your boy here. Let him tell his tale, and then we can resume our conversation."

"Well, Montagu, what do you want?" asked his father, annoyed by the interruption.

The boy hung his head for an instant; but rapidly overcoming his momentary bashfulness, he lisped out, "'Gu wants to know, papa, if Cummings may give him a blanket?"

"A blanket!" laughed the two gentlemen in astonishment.

"A blanket, 'Gu!" echoed his equally surprised father; "what can you want with a blanket?"

"Oh, 'Gu won't tell, because pretty mamma would be angry."

"You young scapegrace!" said the Colonel, twirling his mustachios.

"Well, well, it's a strange fancy; but tell Mrs. Cummings that papa says she may give you a blanket."

"May 'Gu have a new one, papa?"

"Oh, by all means;" and the assent was no sooner given than Master 'Gu scampered from the room.

"That's a magnificent boy," said the earl; "a noble fellow, as ever I saw in my life. But what can be the mystery of the blanket? It's a queer whim for a child of his age."

"Oh, he has probably seen some strolling beggar," said Mr. Leicester with a gratulatory smile; "and has heard that he was suffering from cold. He is a fine-hearted urchin."

And the suspended conversation was resumed.

Five minutes had not elapsed ere the host felt that he had no longer cause for anxiety. He was evidently secure of the interest of Lord Bridlington and the colonel; and with two such auxiliaries superadded to the pledges which he had already secured, the county must be his. His fine face glowed with excitement and triumph; and he was earnestly seeking to meet the eyes of his wife in order tacitly to give her this assurance, when his little son reappeared scarcely less elated than himself.

"Hilloo, young sir," exclaimed the peer, seizing him by the girdle of his velvet tunic, "come to me, and tell me if you have got your blanket."

"Yes," whispered the boy under his breath.

"And what have you done with it?"

The child glanced timidly towards his father, as if to inquire if he were to answer the question.

"Tell his lordship what you have done with it," said Leicester in an accent of encouragement.

"'Gu has given it to gran'pa."

"Given it to your grandfather! And what induced you to give it to your grandfather?" was the laughing rejoinder.

"'Gu gave it to gran'pa because he was so cold."

"So cold!" echoed Leicester, with a choking in his throat as singular to himself as to those about him; "what could induce you to suppose that your grandfather was cold?"

"Because there is no fire-place in his garret, and 'Gu saw that he was shivering in his chair."

Leicester staggered, and leant against a sofa; his lips turned ashy white, and the whole expression of his altered countenance so terrified the boy that he threw his arms about his knees, as he sobbed out, "Don't be angry with poor 'Gu, papa; don't be angry, for 'Gu got Thompson to cut it in two, *and he has saved half of it for you when you are old, and that pretty mamma and 'Gu put you into the garret.*"

There was a heavy fall, a loud cry, and the master of the mansion was carried to his bed. Neither banquet nor ball took place at The Grange that night. Lord Bridlington, led by the

child, ascended to old Mr. Leicester's wretched room, and with his own hands assisted in conveying him to that which had been appropriated to his own use; but his friendly care was unavailing, for the wretched old man had learned from the prattle of the boy all that was taking place under his own forfeited roof. This last trial had been too bitter; his heart was broken; and the following morning he was a corpse.

His son did not contest the county. Within a month The Grange was shut up, and Mr. and Mrs. Leicester were travelling on the continent.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

THIS is Love's book, men say, and only meant
For the fair leisure of a summer's day;
Yet antique Time, whose march brooks no delay,
Still pores upon its page with rapt intent,
And shields its truth from Love's embellishment.
Ah! oft by storm-cloud, and through winter way,
Have chance and change rung out their potent lay,
Albeit the world holds on, with calm content,
To its old poet guides and chosen friends,
Whose music thrills responsive chords that wake
Heart melodies, wrought to divinest ends,
With charms no new song ever dares to break;
Faithful this singing is,—let us be wise,
And welcome ever its sweet harmonies.

W. BRAILSFORD.

OLDEN HOLIDAY CUSTOMS.

(Concluded from page 319.)

THIRTY years ago, a custom existed on May-day morning, quite irrespective of floral celebrations. It was that of washing the face in May-dew early, in order to acquire beauty; no doubt originally devised to secure the complexional benefits of early rising, as the brothers in the fable tilled their land during their search for the hidden treasure. Pepys' diary has the following entry:—"My wife went away, down with Jane and W. Herver to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre; and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with;" adding—"and I am contented with it;" the latter sentiment, by-the-bye, receiving elucidation from his subsequent recital of visiting Spring Gardens, where there was "a great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant,—a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here and there a fiddle and there a harp, and here a jew's trump and there laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting," says Pepys, his wife being at Woolwich, "in order to a little ayre, and to gather May-dew."*

A usage connected with ancient rites lately existed, and may still continue to exist, at Tissington, in Derbyshire. This was well-dressing, and took place on Holy Thursday, in the first week in May. At the Fontinalia of the Romans, wells were adorned with crowns of flowers and nosegays; and garlands were cast into the fountains—customs which have descended to succeeding ages, as seen in the usage of well-dressing. On this occasion the wells are similarly decorated with flowers and ribbons, and honoured with almost religious ceremonial. The principle of veneration for waters, however, when not carried to idolatry, is rather pleasing than otherwise,—the patriarch's journeying in the wilderness, the modern traveller in African deserts, or the beholder of the bubbling fountains among the

* At Randwick, near Stroud, there has been a custom, from time immemorial, of rolling three Gloucester cheeses, of large dimensions, and profusely adorned with flowers, round the church thrice. Thence they are carried in state, and distributed piecemeal to the inhabitants.

snows of Greenland, alike have had occasion to feel interest and delight in welling streams. In the period of papal darkness this feeling became exaggerated to such an excess as to cause Edgar and Canute to check its manifestation by edict. From a similar sentiment Seneca wrote—"Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." This is, too, evinced throughout our own land, by the names of saints attached to wells and fountains.

It was a recent custom to sprinkle the waters of the Severn, and other rivers near Wales, with various flowers; described thus by Dyer:—

"With light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled; thither every swain—
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mixed with the green of burnet, mint and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:
Such custom holds along the irriguous vales,
From Wrekin's brow to Archy Dolvoryn."

In reference to the same subject, these lines occur in Milton's mask of "Comus:"—

"The shepherds at their festival
Carol the good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into the stream,
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."*

We now arrive at the period of Whitsuntide. The festivals held of old at this time were called "Whitsun ales," or "church ales." At these a company met to drink and regale, and also to contribute charity. This charity in many cases supplied the absence of parochial poor-rates. Whitsun ale feasts were derived from the "Agapoi," or "Love-feasts" of the early Christians. The primitive sports at this season were always of a coarse and boisterous character, and have been chiefly kept up in the western counties. Thus at the "Hungerford Revel," in Wiltshire (in 1820), might have been witnessed "girls running for smocks;" "climbing a greased pole for a piece of bacon;" "old women vieing with each other to drink boiling tea, for snuff;" "grinning through horse-collars;" "hunting a pig with soaped tail;" "jumping in sacks for a cheese;" "donkey-racing and duck-hunting," &c.

* On or before Holy Thursday it is usual for ministers and parishioners, accompanied by school-children, to march round the parish bounds. These perambulations resemble those at the heathen celebration of *Terminalia*, in honour of the god Terminus, the guardian of landmarks. Among ourselves it was formerly headed by the bishop, who used several litanies on the occasion, and implored continuance of seasonable weather.

On Whit-Tuesday we have to notice a triennial pageant but lately discontinued—Eton Montem; supposed to have its title from an ancient procession of monks, which took place at the summit of a small mount called “Salt Hill,” on which they sold consecrated salt. The mount is probably an old Saxon barrow.

On the 29th of this month, the merry month of May, occurs the celebration of the restoration of Charles II., on which day the statue of that monarch, standing in the old Exchange, was annually decorated with oak. The celebrated historical oak was flourishing (though enclosed in brick walls for preservation from the spoiler) in the time of Dr. Stukeley, 1724. After his return to the sovereignty, the king planted some of its acorns in St. James’s Park, which he used to water with his royal hand.

At Sheffield, the festival held on this occasion was called “Scotland Feast,” in the year 1826. It was held in Scotland Street, which was adorned with branches of trees in profusion; the decorations centring in one particular spot, where was displayed the effigy of his Majesty Charles II.

Still adhering to the calendar as a text, we may note the origin of the term *Lammas Day*, in the injunction to the apostle, “Feed my lambs.” At this season, a mass was formerly performed to St. Peter, who was implored to preserve *lambs* from the inclemency of the weather during shearing time. The idea that St. Peter should be made the guardian or patron of lambs seems rather absurd; but the same error has been perpetuated by Raphael, who represents Christ as pointing out to St. Peter a flock of lambs for his cherishing care.

With genial September we arrive at the celebration of *Harvest Home*. Macrobius informs us that heathen masters were wont to feast with their servants, who had assisted them in tilling the ground. This is a parallel to the sense of equality subsisting at the harvest-supper between men and employers. Bourne thinks that the heathen custom was derived from the Jews; and quotes Hospinian to the effect that the latter held a similar feast, after having made their offerings of first-fruits. After harvest the deity sacrificed to by ancient rustics was *Vacuna*, the goddess of rest and ease. It was customary during the last century, to carry about at Harvest festivals an emblematical figure, crowned with flowers, holding a scythe and carrying a sheaf of corn under her arm; doubtless representing the ancient goddess *Ceres*. In Northumberland this was termed a harvest-doll, or kern (i.e. corn) baby. Harvest-

feasting in the North generally goes by the name of the Mell or Meal supper. In Kent, the "ivy-girl," a female figure made of a corn-sheaf, is mounted on the waggon, and brought home with the last load of corn, amid considerable acclamation.

The notion of celebrating the prosperous conclusion of harvest is one of very wide extent. It will be sufficient to give in illustration two instances; one from the remote West, and the other from the extremity of the Eastern continent. Acosta, speaking of Peruvian superstitions, tells us that after the completion of harvest, a figure is formed of the best maize, termed *Perva*, and enfolded in a rich garment. This is highly venerated, termed the mother of the maize, and of their inheritance, and is believed to have the gift of preserving future crops. In China, harvest is attended by the emperor in person; as well as at the early spring, when, accompanied by his mandarins, he offers sacrifices to Chang-ti, to obtain plenty, before tilling and sowing the ground; the latter he commences with his own hand, by scattering abroad seeds of wheat, rice, maize, and millet.

Towards the end of September we have the custom of *Hallow-eeen* fires, kindled at that season. The following is an extract from a letter, describing them as seen at Paisley, about twenty years ago:—"In a shallow part of the stream *Whitecart*, parties of boys construct on *Hallow Eve* (the night when varied superstitions engross most of old *Scotia's* peasantry) circular raised hearths of earth or clay, bordered by a low round wall composed of loose stones, sods, &c. Within these enclosures the boys kindle on their hearths bonfires, often of considerable size. The number and glare of the fires, their tremulous reflection in the surrounding water, the dark moving figures of the boys that group around them, and the shouts and screams set up by the youthful urchins, might almost make one fancy that the rites and incantations of magic, or of wizardry, were taking place before one's very eyes. What is the origin of this custom I do not know."

Before taking leave of this month, we have only to refer to the goose at *Michaelmas* tables, relative to which there is nothing of much interest to dilate upon. It was much in vogue in *Queen Elizabeth's* time. Leaving then *Michaelmas*, when (as *Churchill* says):—

"By custom, right divine,

Geese are ordained to bleed at *Michael's* shrine,"

we pass on to the succeeding month, which is rather barren of general holiday customs. The celebrated *Pack-Monday Fair*

is held at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, on the first Monday in October; a mart for the sale of horses, oxen, sheep, and pigs, with fruits, earthenware, toys, &c. Tradition says that it originated at the completion of the building of the church, on which occasion the workmen packed up their tools and held a wake in the churchyard, enlivened by the blowing of cows' horns, then popular music. This was in the sixth century. In November, many Popish ceremonies have been retained in North Wales, and are still practised. At Monmouth, the lower classes beg bread for the use of the souls of the departed on All Saint's day, which they term "dole-bread."

The fifth of November, commonly called "Guy Faux day," brings to mind an old custom, as energetically kept up perhaps as any previously mentioned; although it is with the rest on the road to oblivion. Formerly more than two hundred cart-loads of fuel have been known to arrive at the Great Queen Street corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to supply the large bonfires erected there. At this place upwards of thirty effigies of the traitor Faux used to be burnt upon gibbets.

At the town of Purton, the boys of the place assail the farmers during the previous five or six weeks, and beg from each a faggot towards the completion of their loyal preparations. This request, however, appears to carry with it somewhat of a demand, when accompanied by the following chorus,—

"If you don't give us one
We'll take two;
The better for us, Sir,
The worse for you."

A few days after the patriotic element has been expending itself, we reach a festival of a different nature, and one on which Pope would have us believe that "*sober* citizens got drunk by wine,"—Lord Mayor's day.

"Now countless turbot, and unnumbered soles,
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall.
From pot to spit, to kettle, stew, and pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullions sounds.
Cook threatens cook, in high and saucy vaunt
Of rare and new-made dishes. Confectioners,
Both pastry-cooks and fruiterers, in league,
With candied art their rivals closing up,
Give pleasing notice of a rich dessert."

The ancient Chinese emperors appointed feasts, which were prepared annually by governors of towns for such as were noted among their fellow-townsmen for probity and integrity.

The last duodecimal portion of the year now only remains for consideration, in the brief manner our limits compel us to

adopt. Many remarkable customs were in vogue on the vigil of St. Nicholas, of which Naogeorgus writes:—

“ St. Nicholas money used to give to maidens secretly,
 Who, that he still may use his wonted liberality,
 The mothers all their children on the eve do cause to fast,
 And when they every one at night in senseless sleep are cast,
 Both apples, nuts, and pears, they bring, and other things beside,
 As caps, and shoes, and petticoats, which secretly they hide.
 And in the morning found, they say, that this St. Nicholas brought:
 Thus tender minds to worship saints and wicked things are taught.”

On this day a ceremony prevails in the courts of certain Italian princes termed *Zopata*, from the Spanish for “shoe.” Presents are concealed in the shoes of the persons to whom honour is desired to be shown, in order that they may discover them in the morning upon dressing. St. Nicholas is said to have thrown in purses during the night to the chambers of poor maidens, in order to supply them with marriage portions.

Upon the festive season of Christmas so much has been written, that in accordance with the remarks we have made hitherto, we shall omit to recapitulate all the ordinary and well-known observances connected with this period, adducing a few only which may be new to the general reader. Christmas was of old termed *Yule*, an Anglo-Saxon word meaning Feast; we may conclude, therefore, that the term was thus applied by way of pre-eminence. The French word *noel* is probably connected with *Yule*, although it has been stated that the *noels* (or carols) derived their name from the Latin *natalis*, signifying originally a cry of joy at Christmas, the season of the nativity. The custom of singing carols, or canticles in the vulgar tongue, originated at the period when the common people ceased to understand Latin. *Waits* are likewise of old institution. The latter are thus alluded to in “Money masters all things,” a set of satirical poems, published 1698:—

“ ON PUBLIC WAITS.

“ The public waits, who liveries do own,
 And badges of a city or some town;
 Who are retain'd in constant yearly pay,
 And at their solemn public meetings play;
 And up and down the streets and town, in cold
 Dark nights, when th' instruments they scarce can hold,
 They play about, and tell what hour it is,
 And weather, too. This course they do not miss
 Most part of winter in the night; and when
 Some gen'rous persons come to town, these men,
 They cry, ‘ God bless you, Sirs;’ again they play,
 Expecting money ere they go away.”

Before the last civil wars, the first dish upon the Christmas board was a boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth. At

Queen's College, Oxford, it is well known that this observance is still continued, the dish in question being brought in with much ceremony, at the same time that is sung the old Latin rhyme "Caput apri defero."

Festivities used to be marked at Ramsgate by a procession, accompanied by what was called the *hoden*. This *hoden* was a fictitious horse's head, to which a cloth was attached, and a person beneath made the jaws of the head snap continuously by means of strings properly contrived. Much revelry, noise, and ringing of handbells, were added on this occasion, and the whole formed what was termed "going a *hodening*." This practice is also prevalent on Christmas Eve in the Isle of Thanet; and is believed to be a relic of a festival instituted originally in commemoration of the landing of the Saxons in Kent.

We must not leave this season without noticing the ancient wassail-bowl. Health-drinking seems to have been in use from a distant period. The Roman gallants drank as many cups to the health of their mistresses as there were letters in their names; thus Martial says:—

"Six cups to *Navia's* health go quickly round;
And he with seven the fair *Justina's* crown'd.

The Highlanders drink healths with much ceremony, and are especially careful that the bottle shall pass round with the sun.

The use of the expression "I pledge you," is supposed to have arisen after the treacherous murder of her son-in-law, while drinking, by Elfrida—thus to express a pledge that no evil is meditated upon the drinker, and as a means of perpetuating the odium consequent upon such a deed of unparalleled atrocity. The ancient Britons expressed their pledge by the words "*Wass-baile*," equivalent to our "Good-health;" hence the origin of the word Wassail-Bowl, which may be pleasingly illustrated by the following lines, in allusion to the well-known historical circumstance of Rowena presenting the cup to the stranger prince:—

" 'Health, my lord King,' the fair Rowena said;
'Health,' cried the chieftain to the Saxon maid,
Then gaily rose; and midst the concourse wide,
Kissed her hale lips, and placed her by his side.
At the soft scene such gentle thoughts abound,
That health and kisses 'mongst the guests go round;
From this the social custom took its rise
We still retain, and must for ever prize."

Herrick, speaking of the Wassail-Bowl, breaks forth:—

"Neat crown the bowl full
With gentle lambs' wool;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,

With store of ale, too,
And thus ye must doe,
To make the wassail a swinger."

The loving cup passed round at corporation festivals is merely a relic of the Wassail-Bowl of olden time.

Before quitting our theme it will not be amiss to observe some of the ceremonies attached to certain other prominent occasions, not of an annual public nature. Such are *funerals and weddings*, which have, among nations of every grade of civilization, been marked with such ceremonies as appeared in their estimation most appropriate and desirable. The hired mourners who form part of an English funeral observance, are not without their parallel among the ancients; for, says Marolles, the Romans used *Lictors*, clothed in black, to give effect to their funeral rites. We have lost a far more grateful custom—that of strewing the flowers over the resting-place of the departed. At old English funerals, the grave was covered with flowers and hung with garlands—the latter always in the case of a deceased maiden, when gloves were also suspended over the grave. The performance of these ceremonies was looked upon as a religious duty due to the deceased, and was so regarded anciently. Describing the grief of Anchises for Marcellus, Virgil sings:—

" Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow."

St. Jerome says, speaking of the death of the wife of Paumachus, " Whilst other husbands strewed violets, lilies, roses, and purple flowers, he bedewed her ashes with the balsam of alms." Gay writes:—

" Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue."

The Natches, on the Mississippi, paint the body of the deceased, and bury with him his arms, together with a kettle, and a supply of food. They bewail him for three entire months, entirely relinquishing employment and amusement.

The day is not long past when the funeral ceremony was, among ourselves, concluded with feasting. This frequently led to excess and presented the feature of an Irish wake. In the north of England traces have been found of the observance of burial feasts, called *Arvils*, believed to have been instituted by Cecrops. We have accounts of the continuance of these in the Highlands, and also in the Isle of Man. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1780, says: "Our ancient funerals, as well as some modern ones, were closed with merry-makings, at

least equal to the preceding sorrow, most of the testators directing, among other things, victuals and drink to be distributed at their exequies. One in particular, I remember, orders a sum of money for 'a drinking for his soul.' The following was written upon Yorkshire customs, in 1798:—"On funerals, the attendant who serves the company with ale or wine, has upon the handle of the tankard a piece of lemon peel, and also upon her left arm a clean white napkin. I believe these customs are invariably observed."

This funeral festivity was prevalent in Cumberland until about 1828, which gave rise to the following lines in King's "Art of Cookery:—"

"In northern customs, duty was exprest
To friends departed by their funeral feast;
Though I've consulted Hollingshed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who to refresh th' attendants to the grave,
Burnt claret first, or Naples bisket gave."

Marriage ceremonies are very varied. "As marriage is the nearest and most endearing tie," writes Henry, in his *History of Great Britain*, "and the foundation of all other relations, certain ceremonies have been used at the celebration of it in almost every country. In the early stages of society, these ceremonies were commonly few and simple." We read in *Park's Travels in Africa*, a very affecting narration of an incident between an affianced couple, though sufficiently simple in its nature. "At Baniseribe, a Slatee having seated himself upon a mat at the threshold of his door, a young woman, his intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before him, desired him to wash his hands. When he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eye, drank the water: this being considered the greatest proof of her fidelity and love." When the Indian labourer marries (and also when he pierces his ears), we read in an old book of travels, that no less a sacrifice is required of him than the presentation of two of his fingers to an idol: in place of them he is, however, at liberty to substitute two of solid gold.

The Natches, in common with numerous other semi-barbarous tribes, purchase their brides. If the bridegroom in future be a good huntsman, or successful in sport or war, the purchase-money is considerably reduced. On his part he also makes presents to the bride, never omitting a pipe for her relatives, as soon as the arrangements are concluded.

Highland marriages, with which those of many parts of the north of England correspond, are in some points singular. The bridal men collect fire-arms, which they vie with each other in

firing during the wedding procession. This procession is sometimes a mounted one, and consists of couples, generally candidates for wedlock; being preceded by a piper playing suitable Scotch tunes, and whose presence is subsequently indispensable when the reels are struck up. The festivities last for two or three days, the whole party remaining at the house of the new-married couple, during which period the "*Wisga na Baidh*" circulates freely. Among the hills of Northumberland, a custom exists (a genuine piece of folk-lore), which was witnessed by the writer a few months ago. Upon the arrival home of the bride, a napkin is placed over her head, and a plate containing small pieces of bridal-cake is tossed over, which falls to the ground, and is shattered to atoms, the cake being scrambled for eagerly by a host of *bairns*, who never fail to be in readiness for the occasion. It is thought that should the plate fall and remain entire, it omens some misfortune to the youthful pair. Mr. A. Macauley describes a curious old ceremony at Claybrook, Leicestershire, known as "riding for the bridecake;" and mentions that during the last century a custom, coeval with Theocritus and Virgil, was kept up, that of throwing nuts and almonds to the people at weddings. Not many years since, "trashing" was a popular observance in Yorkshire, and consisted in pelting the couple with old shoes upon their return from church. Whether this may be connected with the old shoe-casting for good-luck, does not appear. At Dunmow, Essex, it was customary to give a fitch of bacon to every couple who, a year and a day having elapsed since their union, swore that they had neither quarreled nor repented, sleeping or waking, of their marriage vow. A similar usage prevailed at Whichmore, in Staffordshire.

With regard to wedding concomitants, bridal-cake is derived from the Romans, bridal-favours from the Danes, and bride's-maids are, as Strutt tells us, as old as the Anglo-Saxons. Small presents were formerly much in vogue. In Queen Elizabeth's time, these consisted of small silken embroidered kerchiefs, which were fastened and worn outside the dress. Gloves were always distributed. In the "*Silent Woman*," Lady Haughly observes, "We see no ensigns of a wedding here—no character of a bridal. Where be our scarves and our gloves?" We have before named gloves in connection with other ceremonies, and may therefore be allowed to complete their uses, by quoting Gay upon a popular practice—

"Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed with smacking lips the snoring lout;
For custom says, who'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

By way of conclusion to this paper, we may briefly remark how the various methods of salutation among different peoples, exhibit their national characteristics. The Dutch, who are considered great eaters, salute in the morning, among all ranks, with "*Smaakelyk eaten.*" "May you eat a hearty dinner!" Or otherwise, "*Hoe vaart awe?*" "How do you sail?" adopted during the early period of the republic, when they were mostly navigators or fishers. At Cairo, where a hot dry skin is indicative of an ephemeral fever, the usual address is, "*How do you sweat?*" Some author has remarked that the inflexible dignity of the Spaniard is illustrated by the inquiry, "*Come esta?*" "How do you *stand?*" While the French "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" is equally descriptive of the activity and mobility of the race. In the southern provinces of China, the lower orders salute by the question "*Ya fan?*" "Have you eaten your rice?" perhaps inscribed as one of the three thousand rules of civility preserved by the tribunal at Peking, and in their highly-venerated volume.

We have now come to the conclusion of our subject, which does not seem to require any comment in addition to that with which it was opened. In accordance with the nature of those remarks, then, we may violate the old custom of winding up with a literary flourish, and—*sans ceremonie*—go at once.

CARNABY THE FIRST.

A GRAND MULTIECCENTRIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

IN TWO FITS.

BY HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

“ Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod ;
 Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
 Grave mummies, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
 All sudden, Gorgons hiss and Dragons glare ;
 The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,—
 Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies.”

POPE.

FIT THE FIRST.

READER, can you, no matter what time of year, fancy a fine, burning, blazing, redhot day? If you cannot, I pity you for several reasons. *Imprimis*, because you cannot understand what is good ; secondly, because you must be but a cold-blooded creature—a fish content always to swim in *aquâ purâ*, without the infusion of something more genial in his element ; and thirdly, and lastly, and chiefly, because you must be sadly deficient in imagination.

Now imagination is one of the greatest goods, for possessing it, we possess everything. Dumb waiters to that dumb devil who is always content to see things as they are ! What is it but to intensify our imagination to the proper power, to have all the riches of the earth !

To the reader who pleads to no imagination—who cannot boast an acre of that *windy splendour*—I can say nought but alack ! and pass by, folding my robe about me, and walking up my own steps,—like an *apôtre* or scriptural personage, ascending a grand temple-like staircase in an old picture.

Fancy the burningest of your burning July days, and then you would not have half done. Our scene is a flaming plain in Upper India—all sand and serpents. Scatter over the landscape some dozens of palm trees, shining like noon-day torches : your eyes ache with the glare. Close to you the pebbles are so hot that you scorch your fingers in touching them. Sitting upon such is impossible, except from an intervening protection afforded by spotted shawls of fifty doublings.

The landscape swims at a mile or two distance. A restless, silently-undulating *mirage*, glancing like quicksilver, stretches around you. You cannot breathe in the hot air—only gasp. Afar off, some strip-like, latitudinal belts of dusky verdure proclaim a space of Indian forest, which hums and buzzes with innumerable insects. You almost fancy you can hear the murmur, like a distant cascade. Nature, in fact, seemeth to force the heat into life. On the horizon are some bright blue mountains—in one place soaring into peaks, each, almost, with its crown of blazing cloud. Here they are ranged and terraced out like airy bastions and battlements. Only look up! Consider the depth of blue. Is not that a scorching azure?—purple, nearly, in its intensity, and spread out like a universe. To speak fact, the sky is nearly as deep as midnight in the purple of its own inexpressible glory.

At the spot where we are surveying this picture, behold a group of Indian travellers, small in number, but great in their sense of this Indian afternoon. They sit on shawls in a variety of elegant attitudes, all indicative of profound heat. Supported on poles are a series of canvas screens, which form a kind of *impromptu* pavilion and keep out that searching sun, which seems alive and pertinacious enough in its determination to enter. Sleep—sleep seems to pervade all the world without this little snug encampment. Within all is sufficiently busy, as far as tongue is concerned. The club consists of six. They are gathered in conclave, three on one side, and three, very naturally, on the other. Beyond them are seen sundry black heads, which belong to their servants, and over these again are the long crooked necks, and gaunt, piteous physiognomies of some half-dozen camels—patient, sleepy, and stupid. Here and there amidst the blackies are long straight spears, sticking up like needles, each with a little sarsnet of different colour dangling about the spear-point, for a pennon. Some distance off, seen from under the miniature colonnade constituted by the reeds (bent all ways) that supported the patchwork pavilion, and casting his huge black shadow far in, was a goodly elephant, whose great sturdy legs, and long dependent ears, were most if not all that was disclosed of him.

The six

“Potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,”

must be severally introduced. First, and nearest to the observer, is—

1. *Perkin Peterkin*: a man of many countries, for his father (be he living or dead, which deponent sayeth not) was an Englishman of such sturdy independence that he never paid

his taxes; his mother was a Scotchwoman, educated in Denmark; and his grandfather a Pole, who early emigrated to Kamskatka, and married a Japanese princess of the fifteenth lower empire. Perkin has a large face and small features, his eyes being round and grey, his nose a corkscrew sort of nose, of a somewhat diligently persuasive twist, and his mouth small ordinarily, but capable of indefinite expansion. Master Perkin Peterkin's body is long, and his legs short, which naturally interferes with the symmetry of his lower man. He wears a sugarloaf hat, with an ornament of brass beads twining spirally up it, and with a single red, soldier's feather; a bright green coat, with large horn buttons and yellow linings; and ample Turkish trousers, slit down the sides for the adequate stowage of two large pipes, one of which he highly values as having been smoked by the Emperor Napoleon during the burning of Moscow. Perkin's voice is a shrill whistling sort of voice, something like the wind through the keyhole of a street-door.

2. *Giles Scroggins*: who, as our readers will perhaps remember, courted Molly or Margaret Brown, an old lady living in Cheshire during the latter half of the past or the beginning of the present century. Mr. Giles is just as long as his friend and chieftain Perkin Peterkin is broad. Called Longitude at college from the many high degrees he had taken in his growth, Giles Scroggins had early seen the necessity of stirring himself in the world; and at the earnest advice of the then Lord Mayor, Longitude, who felt sensibly the arguments of his lordship as to his distinguished talents, endeavoured for a cadetship, which he obtained, and left England for India with a bootjack and ten guineas. Giles advanced by great strides in his career to distinction; he was present at the taking of the Nepaulese, and assisted at the dismemberment of Lol Sing, a Burfur, or Burrumpooter, of the Lower Ganges. At present he is escorting his Treasurer, or Nan-keen, with four chests of rupees, to be deposited in the Bank of Madras, of which there is a Director in company, and of whom, as being such, he is naturally jealous.

Giles Scroggins being a military man, has, of course, the privilege of a red nose, which, like the poop lantern of a Dutch admiral of the seventeenth century, is displayed to conspicuous advantage over two curled *mustachios* of most ferocious amplitude, one pointing east, the other west, and daily adjusted by Giles, who is a trifle of a coxcomb, by his ivory compass. Giles wears his usual travelling dress of yellow leather, and the only token of his military rank is a pewter medal emblazoned with the arms of England, and on the

reverse with the rampant lion of the Honourable Leadenhall-Street Company.

3. *Ignatius Loyola.* Ignatius is a Spaniard, born of Maltese parents, with a complexion the colour of the inside of a boot, and one leg. His standing is consequently decisive and peculiar, and being a large man with a small head, he looks exactly like a puncheon with a cannon-ball on its top. He is rolled round in fifteen yards of white muslin, "spotted with strawberries," like Desdemona's handkerchief; and he wears on his single leg (his wooden leg being of plain mahogany) a hessian boot, highly polished, with a pearl the shape and size of a pear for a tassel. Altogether the appearance of Ignatius Loyola is singularly imposing and irregular; and suspended over his shoulder he boasts a broad morocco belt, with a cabbage pouch of the finest but stiffest iron wire. In his mouth is a soft reed of about two yards long, for a cigar, from which, when he inhales, is taken in a quantity of green smoke, that when he shuts his lips to, passes off through his nostrils, like the steam from the safety-valve of a locomotive.

On the other side, behold, dear reader, three other items of this little travelling community.

Imprimis. Bob Huckaback, M.R.C.S., S.T.C., &c., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Superintendent and Peculiar of the Durbar of Hooghly-Parahmattah, Chief Confidant of the Council of Constance, and Arch-Ejector of the Fum-Hoam, and Töplitz divisional contraband administratrixes.

Secondly. Pierce Plowman, Esq., a native of Cumberland, in Great Britain, travelling for the benefit of his country, which has expressed itself, through the mouth of one of the circuit judges, most desirous of his absence for seven years. Pierce wears the mark of Cain in his forehead, which he successfully conceals by a magnificent curly-wig, shining with oil from the plain of *Pe-Queue* in Persia, and built, after the most approved designs, by Truefit, of the Burlington Arcade, in the district of Piccadilly, England.

Thirdly. Luke de Linlithgow, a Gascon architect of extraordinary *promise*. Linlithgow hath in his possession a portfolio of blue glass, with three clasps of cork, in which he carries a design for a royal palace. A distinguished projector, he has secured an excellent subsistence for five years out of this unaccomplished design; and he is now travelling for the purpose of the discovery of some heathen prince smitten with a passion at once for magnificence and building. He proposes to place this prince's whole revenues under contribution for the space of at least three years, for the purpose of raising this unheard-of royal

residence ; and, in the mean time, he has demonstrated that he can feed the people upon the saw-dust, at a reduction of five and twenty per cent. of the cost of the original timber ; thus maintaining them upon the proceeds during the construction of a glory to their country, and giving them it besides ! Luke is employed in the perusal of a folio tome of Parisian mathematics, and has beside him a measuring-glass, with which he ascertains the progress of the information.

Three of our circle of travellers are professed Mussulmen, and the other three have not yet made up their minds as to their religious belief. An abundance of wine-bottles and claret-jars, Persian *bouteilles* and classic *cruches*, are in the midst, the Mussulmen professors having paid for a dispensation to drink wine any day that they should chance to see, on first waking, three wild penguins flying to the hitherward. Such was the case the morning of the day in question, and such, we are free to confess, was very often the case.

In conclusion, we may say that the whole party had a curious way of opening and shutting their mouths, like nut-crackers, which had an ominous and terrible effect. As the reader will perceive, there was something sinister and dreadful about this queer fraternity, an irregularity of which even the camels seemed to be aware, for they sneezed their discomposure at it.

FIT THE SECOND.

Every now and then, greatly to my surprise, there happened an extraordinary convulsion of the ground, which impressed me as terrific in the extreme, but which these truly singular personages seemed to pass over as in nowise remarkable. Gathered in a circle, and, as I regarded them, their fixed, statue-like faces were bent upon me in a calm, imperturbable, Sphynx-like manner, which every minute threatened to grow most terrible. Their heads, like heads of images rather than of men, at every fresh *snatch* of the ground, divided bodily at the throat, and started back, as if at a hinge. This effect was truly alarming ; but it seemed to be treated as a matter of course, and I even appeared, in a little time, to grow accustomed to it. So much will an appearance of complacency over a thing do, that I even grew reconciled, without any feeling of the dismay so natural at it, to see the heads come snap down again like a box-lid.

In a little while, adding to the marvels, a slow, stony sort of conversation commenced. It was just such an unimaginably diverse, ungainly exchange of ideas as, if they were gifted with speech, one might look for in half a dozen or so of noseless statues. My feelings remained much about the same ; they

were of self-satisfied astonishment. The talk, however, proceeded with some certain development and regularity, though it was all sententious and profound (I may add profitable), and although the remarks had very little, or very distant, relation to each other. The speakers rarely troubled themselves to answer to each other's ideas, but harangued in some such independent fashion as the following:—

"The attempt," began Perkin Peterkin, "to extract a glow out of the heart of a coquette, is about as wise as the thinking to warm oneself at the flame of a candle."

"Women," remarked Giles Scroggins, "form their own ideas of a hero, and then fall in love with him. It is not because you approach the ideal, but because you are not the furthest off it, that you have at all a place in her mind."

"True," rejoined Perkin Peterkin. "Women are variable; men are so, also. The torch of love never yet did burn so strong, that it did not sputter into smoke. Love, indeed, is a grand firework that has many rounds to make—many zigzags to describe. Its finest fires spin in silence; but the squibs, crackers, and reports—all the hurry, whirl, and noise, are a hasty and vehement display—that, in expressing little else, hint much paper. After all the fizzing, flaming, and scattering, what so very frequently remains but the mere—stick?"

"A beautiful woman," murmured Perkin Peterkin, abstractedly, "is the last in the world to be pleased with the praises of her beauty. Imply your admiration, but do not speak it, for fear she see herself reflected ugly in your representation. Be assured that your warmest eloquence must fall short of that perfection which she deems already but too manifest. Convinced that your brightest colours must fail before that picture of herself which she long ago painted, you will rather pique her interest by doubting her power, than waste your breath, and weary her, in telling her that which she knows already. If you are a lover, and wish to retain yourself in, as it were, the value of a sovereign, and not as a five-shilling piece, in the estimation of your mistress, show yourself seldom to her. Be you Phœbus himself, you will shine but as a dull candle in comparison with your image. When in sight you are beheld as what you are—perhaps not much. When absent, you are at the safest in being calculated as what you are *not*. The present rapidly fall in their value with every one—down, as it were, a descending table of coins, as from gold to copper—and we may consider ourselves fortunate if there be not felt a very speedy disposition to change us away."

"Many loves, friend (like many roses), embellish," said Giles

Scroggins. "The heart, like old china, is all the more valuable for having been frequently broken, and as often mended."

"Cease your vain discourse," interrupted Ignatius Loyola, "for it is noonday, and the sun sees us."

Here Ignatius Loyola blew his nose, and I heard a loud shout of laughter high up the hills in the distance.

"Nature," said Ignatius, "has provided two cradles for her great child, man—the cradle proper, and—the coffin."

"True!" sighed Bob Huckaback, who had not yet spoken; "our original cradle is white, and our last one is black, and that is nearly all the difference. There is a *noise* between, and that is all. Old women officiate at our reception into life, as also at our departure from it. Our necessities shrink to the meanest at the beginning and at the end of our time. Our glory is about as great when we retire from it as when we enter upon the grand drawing-room of life. We are poor candles, that are to burn a certain time in the wind, and then, with a puff, that *which men saw* is gone—whither? The jewel is tossed out, and we have the rotten setting: watch-wheels without that which comprises them into watch—the bag with the string run out and snatched away—the writing without the means to read it—the horse without the back upon which to mount. We begin with the rattle, and end with something like it, too. We commence with the spoon, and end with the spade; two domestic and almost as equally significant implements, of which the only difference seems to be that the one is used within the house, and the other without. We come noisily, and we go silently. As shadows pass along a wall, so whole generations gain the knowledge that they, at all, are but by a certain something resembling lamp-light. As wise would it be to send some one to gather up the shadows when the lamp was carried away, as to look for these human shows of past ages in the blank of the present. O unhappy man, and most mistaken shadow! perpetually purporting to yourself to be, certainly not that which you appear to others, for all the sense that you have of your present life, you lived long ago."

"Life," ejaculated Ignatius Loyola, "is the enigma of which death is the answer."

At this moment a wild unicorn came running across the plain, and it was instantly pierced by the eye of Bob Huckaback. Sending out his slaves, of their fans wherewith to make a litter to gather up the body, Bob Huckaback continued,—

"Death, seen through the true spectacles, is the seed to which life runs. All life is a profuse and impulsive growth. Matter

teems, pulsates, and rings with energy. All forms of vitality are an electric sprouting. From the very centre of the starting mass, by an unseen sort of self-exercitation, it radiates. The round of articulations is the restless fruitage of a pregnant nature. Trees, bushes, and plants are a mathematical efflux. Forms of all kinds are nature striving for expression. Natural meaning wrecks itself in shape. The innumerable forms of articulate animals are but earth under another name: they are the impulse of nature, forced beyond its original superficial limits—a dropped product—a highly-wrought, organically active growth—the mechanic concentration up to a point, and then its spreading fitness to a certain set of new conditions. Locomotive life is an independent and fructified perfection. As the apex and end of this grand tree-like superfecundation, and as the triumph of a *Flora*, we behold Man. In all his mechanic glory he is nature's primest self assertion. Knit in one common origin with, and compounded of, the same congregate and active atoms as the feeblest item of the universal efflorescence, his brethren are the plants. Thus allied by a thousand ramifying links to that universal growth bursting out all over the world, Man himself, in his ultimate disentanglement from it, may be regarded but as the disengaged and locomotive vegetable!"

At this point of the discourse, I felt a sudden thumping at my breast, almost as if some one wished admittance therein. A thickheaded sort of unintelligible conviction beset me that some one was calling up an area, turned within-side a house, and possessing some unimaginable means of communicating with myself, high up in the air, in some outrageous cockloft, where half of me was without and the other half within, and where I was madly endeavouring to escape from the violent solicitations from below, and yet compelled to attend to them. All at once, by opening my eyes, or *somehow*, I became aware of an altogether new state of affairs, for *I awoke*; and in the moment of my coming to myself away was rolled aside the Indian plain, with all the trees in it, like a curtain. The speakers stepped into cupboards, as it were. Things gradually settled down about me, and the corners of the room betook themselves into their places. Two windows came behind me; two decanters and a glass rose up before me on a table that seemed to ascend grandly, like a theatrical trick, out of a floor that I all at once discovered had a carpet on it.

I now discovered how the matter stood. I had had my dinner, and, after it, being very comfortably deposited in an arm-chair, with my book in my hand and close beside a good fire, I had fallen asleep (which was all), and I had had a nightmare.

The *noise* I felt on my breast was the thump administered on the door by my servant ; who having, in his endeavour to open the door, found it locked, took this method of ascertaining whether I had really debarred access. This latter was fact, as when I desire to be extra comfortable, I take my softest scat, rouse up the fire, and to prevent a wrong-timed entry upon me, which I detest, just take the liberty of turning the key, as the most effectual mode of doing away with the chance of it.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND THE ARTS.

WHATEVER of truth may appertain to the common supposition, that there is little resemblance between the Craft of Freemasonry of the present day and that of the Middle Ages, no worthy Brother of the Order can at any time regard attentively, the art and science of architecture, without becoming convinced of its importance to the progress of society, and without advancing to the conclusion, that the knowledge and practice of art in general, and the observation of beauty in works of architecture, sculpture, and painting, are worthy of every aid from governments and public associations.

The fact of the mutual relationship of these branches of art at all flourishing periods of their development, indeed is not more worthy of our consideration than that of their intimate connection with household fittings, furniture, and utensils. Whatever the precise nature of the labours of the old Freemasons—whether the Brethren are chiefly to be considered as the practical executors of the designs of others, or whether this Order as well as the priesthood, furnished the architects of the buildings, it is quite clear that the practical skill of the ordinary members of the Craft was far more favourable to the expression of art-works, than what we generally observe in artisans at the present time. There must have been great aptitude to feel the merits of such forms as were designed, and yet great self-denial in subordinating the efforts of individuals to one grand result. How strongly also does such a spirit contrast with that of modern artisans, up to this moment, in England at least, where the least skilful are generally the most opinionative.

But it cannot be doubted, that the marvellous variety and the beauty of ornamental details in the mediæval cathedrals and churches, proceeded from a class who were artist-designers as well as art-*workmen*. That, however, to which we would just now more especially invite attention, is to the evidences of the same art in design, and skill in execution, which characterized the especially structural features of the building, as pervading every part of the fittings, vestments, plate, and the church furniture generally. The same unity has been observed in all important periods of art-history, not simply in the accessories of religious ceremonial, but down to common accompaniments of daily life.

It is by the forms and ornamentation of such objects that the mind in individuals receives its particular impress. The education of the child commences from its birth: images depicted on the *retina* help to animate the thinking powers, and begin to form the character of the man, even long before the power of speech is attained. Thus, not only as the means of that innocent relaxation which is so essential to the very activity of the intellectual powers, not merely because the relaxation which art affords is itself of an elevating kind, not because most assuredly art has its allotted "mission" in the progress of society, is it important as an object of national solicitude in every well-ordered state. The advantages attendant upon the existence of works of art indeed are of several kinds. To reach to the production of such works, the power of correct delineation is required; and this is not simply a mechanical aid towards design, or to the reproduction of a beautiful work to a wider circle of observers, but is itself valuable to one possessing it,—because the exercise of it compels observation, and so leads to the knowledge of form, colour, and structure, as characteristics of objects. The study of "how to observe" is, in short, without one of its most important requisites, if what is called "the education of the *eye*" be wanting. No words can convey a conception of external characteristics at all comparable to the result from one glance at the object itself: if that cannot be obtained, language will still fail before a well-executed model; if the last be wanting, description will not supply what could be learned from faithful drawings. These points might be obvious enough, yet they have long been, in effect, ignored in education. The new Department of Practical Art, however, is, we believe, thoroughly alive to the importance of drawing as a part of general education, and the several educational societies have lately done much towards a more rational system of instruction, in which teaching by objects and by pictures receives an amount of attention which

must lead to results of permanent advantage to society. Whilst the *virtuoso* amasses the relics of the past, he neglects philosophical deductions which they might afford; and modern science, intent upon the present and the future, sometimes disregards the obvious teachings of nature, and too often the discoveries of the men of old. Thus writing by picture, which grew up by the waters of the sacred Nile, and which alone could to lasting ages, speak the language of devotion amidst the persecutions of the Catacombs,—which expanded into the noblest works of art, at a time when such were the sole means of instruction to the people,—which Nature, through the earliest emotions of the infant, shows us as the direct means in our hands for instruction,—this rational system had nearly become extinct—as though the possession of new facilities through the press had rendered all others unnecessary.

It would therefore be appropriate to the present time, that we should give particulars as to the most important step yet taken, in provision of permanent means for this *rational method* of instruction—as well as that we should hail the prospect of extended appreciation of art—even had not the building itself, now so far advanced at Sydenham, peculiar features, which should be of great interest to Freemasons. Masons indeed there can be none at work, where—if we except the external terraces and steps—not a particle of stone enters into the construction. Rubble walls, and groined roofs, give place to a transparent case, in which glass and window opening bear relation to structural support, the same as the painted glass of the mediæval window to its *leaden framework and cross-bars*, rather than to thick and buttressed walls. Mechanism more than art-workmanship is characteristic of the execution. Yet in the general plan of the building, and indeed in some features in the effect externally and internally, there are points of resemblance between the structure at Sydenham and the finest works of the old Freemasons.

Placed on a site, which the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company—not without reason—say is one of the finest sites in England; in magnitude exceeding the largest of the cathedrals; like them, the great structure towers above its adjacent city, and is a conspicuous object from every point of the compass. There is not indeed the same effect of grouping with the houses as in the case of structures like Durham and Lincoln, where some six miles of country do not intervene; nor, from a distance, is anything realized like the beauty of the effect of the great metropolis as seen from the building itself, with the dome of St. Paul's rising from the midst. Seen from a nearer point, the

lover of the older architecture may find points of inferior merit, as compared with the grand features of works of art in masonry, yet much withal that is strikingly beautiful and indeed sublime; and in which the modern building, it must be confessed, attains something of what has been so long sought for in the architecture of the present day—features strikingly its own.

Yet, there are some drawbacks which were inevitable in the manner in which the building had grown up. The equal heights of story above story, caused by repetition of the same castings, are fatal to all grace from proportion of parts. Bulk in general, and breadth of base in supports, too, are so essential to the idea of stability, even with those who are well acquainted with the strength of materials—and leaving out of consideration certain accidents in slender iron structures—that the building will in this respect, ever fail in one important particular.—The stunted towers at the intersections of the transepts, are positively unsightly, and can be improved only by the addition of domes, as in the manner suggested by Sir Charles Barry in the model which he exhibited last season at the Royal Academy.

On the other hand, we know of no building in England, where the spreading base and foreground of the structure have been managed with equal success. On the common neglect of these points—indispensable to architectural effect—much might be said,—although in the present case, the massiveness of the architectural foreground is too harshly contrasted by the superficial character of the edifice itself. We may see also in the combination of the structural forms of architecture with water and sylvan scenery, that of which the absence in other cases has, as much as anything else, led to errors in the design of public buildings, and to complaints from architects as to the comparative distaste for their art amongst the public. If our theory be correct, buildings such as Chatsworth, or Castle Howard, or many of the old baronial halls, will always impress the beholder, when the architecture of confined streets may fail to do so. In fact, the office of art is not, as too often supposed, the *imitation* of nature: it has rather to effect contrast, and be so, productive of reciprocal advantage. The banks of rivers—sites like those of Greenwich Hospital and the Houses of Parliament, therefore (other things being equal), are favourable to the estimation of architectural beauty, if only from their combination in the view, with the water. Thus, fountains may be amongst the most pleasing objects; and so, large open spaces are conducive to the same result, not only because they allow of a view from a proper distance, but because the eye can then take in a sufficient extent of the blue sky and rolling clouds. So,

even small shrubs and flowers, disposed about the building with artistic effect, contribute to the same result; and thus, the trees which line the footpaths in many continental cities, comprise advantages which our English street architecture has to but a limited extent. The private gardens in the large squares, enclosed by iron railings, are not so advantageous in this respect as, from their number, they might be; and even the parks are capable of great improvements in the laying out. Non-professional persons are, therefore, dependent for their appreciation of works of art upon that which Chevreul, in the case of colour, has called the *successive contrast*; that is to say, the power of retaining in the mind, consciously or unconsciously, previous images; or in this case, those of natural scenery. We therefore see, how completely our modern life in towns unfits us for the complete enjoyment of works of art, and how especially it must unfit us for the full perception of the beauty of *architecture*. We see, too, one reason why in Athens, under a beautiful sky, and on the commanding site of a rocky acropolis, architecture not only reached so high a state of perfection, but was fully appreciated by the *people*. We discover also what may be the value of sculpture as an essential part of architecture. Lastly; the works in progress at Sydenham lead us to augur the best results in relation to future development of art in England—from the *examples* of architecture and sculpture which will be exhibited indeed—but also from the opportunity for the observation of natural beauty newly afforded to the inhabitants of towns.

Our readers need not be told that the project of the Crystal Palace Company originated from the Exhibition of 1851. The value of that remarkable display as an educational agent—the means which it afforded of comparison and selection—pointed to the necessity for a permanent museum of materials and machinery, and of manufactured works, industrial and artistic. The impediments to such an institution previously, had been summed up in the expenses of ground and roof covering.—Some saw in the building in Hyde Park, a noble work of architecture, and on that account wished it preserved.

We are not undervaluing the great beauty of some features in the latter building, if we say that we do not wholly agree with the indiscriminate praise at first showered upon it in the newspapers, and which has since been modified. If people, *unfamiliar with the principles* of architectural design, would honestly examine the impression of their own feelings, or inquire into the cause thereof, instead of taking up the *dictum* of another who knows no better, simply because that has boldly appeared in print, real progress in architecture would be

advanced thereby. To our thinking, a spectacle so melancholy as was afforded by the tone of the chief part of the public press, and of the leading men of this country, in the adulation of an individual, for a plain suggestion, which had been rejected from others, and to which the building did not owe any of the beauty of its effect, had never before been witnessed in England. The matter indeed involves a question of deeper moment than what may be connected with this particular instance. How is it that in all subjects, popular opinion so constantly sets in favour of the prescriptions of quackery, and disputes or suspects the learning of the professor? Is knowledge of a subject necessarily an *encumbrance*; or (and this may to a certain extent be true) is the system of education in all professions, behind the standard of the age; and does it require to be remodelled, to escape the chance of suspicion as to superficial or partial knowledge?

Fortunately, as we think on every ground, the removal of the building was decided upon. The result in one way, has been the intention to erect a grand industrial college and museum in connection with galleries of art at Kensington; and in another, the project which forms the subject of the present notice. For the first object, a valuable and extensive collection of specimens has already been formed, principally from the contents of the Exhibition building; and plans for a National Gallery, which will probably include sculpture and other works of art, are already being talked about. An amalgamation of the institutions proposed for this site, has long been demanded: it is to be regretted, however, as regards the scientific societies especially, that the advantages of a central situation are not obtained, whilst in other respects the site has not the advantages looked for from one in the country:

It will be recollected, that the materials of the building in Hyde Park remained the property of Messrs. Fox and Henderson, to whom (if we except suggestions as to the architectural design and decorations by others) the real merit of the work, such as it may have been, was due.—It was barely known that the building would have to be removed, when a company was formed to take it on a commercial speculation, and a prospectus was at once issued, with the names of a well-organised staff. The officers chosen had principally been connected with the Exhibition of 1851. The chairman was Mr. S. Laing, chairman of the London, Brighton, and North Coast Railway Company. Mr. John Scott Russell, late secretary to the Royal Commission of 1851, and Mr. Francis Fuller, one of the executive committee, were amongst the directors; and we also find set down the following:—Director of winter garden, park, and conserva-

tory, Sir Joseph Paxton; Director of works, Matthew Digby Wyatt (late secretary to the executive committee); Director of decorations, Owen Jones (who had designed and superintended the decoration of the former building); Secretary, George Grove, late secretary to the Society of Arts; and Contractors for the re-erection of the building, Fox, Henderson, and Co. Recent lists include the names of Charles Heard Wild (who also had been connected with the former building), as Engineer; Mr. Wyatt becoming a director of decorations; so that we are not aware to whom the credit of the important changes in the architectural features of the Sydenham building are mainly due, nor who is professionally responsible for the safety of the work in points, which a recent melancholy accident may have placed in doubt.

The tone of the prospectus appeared to be somewhat inflated; but really now does not seem to have been unwarrantably issued. Deeming that they took upon themselves, what in other countries would be the duty of a government, namely, provision for the masses of the people, of the means of recreation and instruction in their leisure hours, the directors fixed upon a beautiful spot, which by existing and extended railway communication could be made to London what Versailles is to Paris—"a place where the people may be admitted by thousands to all the enjoyments of art, of science, of beauty, of skill, and of mechanical invention; enjoyments hitherto accessible only to the educated, the refined, and the rich." Recreation, calculated at the same time to elevate and instruct, and to improve the heart, were to be open to those who have now little other resource from noisome courts and uncomfortable homes, but the gin-palace and the ale-house. The triumphs of industry and art, and the natural beauty of flowers, plants, and birds, were to be brought together. Externally, the park of 150 acres was to be filled with specimens of every tree and plant which could be found in England; and by the agency of steam and mechanical resources, the fountains of Versailles could be surpassed by such as would be the finest in the world. Internally, through all the inclemencies of the seasons, the visitors were to be gratified with a winter garden eighteen acres in extent, and periodical shows of flowers and plants were to be held. Sculpture, and casts of works by artists of every age and nation, were to occupy all parts of the building. The French, Germans, and Italians were to "cease to be the only European nations busy in educating the eye of the people for the appreciation of art and beauty." Models of machinery at work, records of progress in invention, and illustrations of the succession of stages in various manufactures, were to be shown.

In all these, great advantages seemed to be attainable by classification, which had been barely attempted in the Great Exhibition. Geology, mineralogy, and botany, were to be illustrated on a far greater scale than had ever before been attempted; and trees, plants, architecture, costumes, and manufactures, were to be so disposed, as to present, as far as practicable, a study of every country in the world.

The best description we could give of the present state of the project might be summed up in saying, that it does not show that any of these professions will not be followed up; whilst, in some respects, the plan has become much amplified. Nevertheless, a few details may be here recorded. The 500,000*l.* capital, in 100,000 shares of 5*l.* each, paid up in full (since increased to 750,000*l.*), was soon obtained; a charter was granted, and the first column was raised on the 5th August, 1852, in presence of a large concourse of persons eminent in the walks of literature and science, to about 600 of whom, a handsome entertainment was given by the contractors;—and though the original intention of opening in 1853 has not been realized, the speed with which the work will have been executed will be sufficiently marvellous, if what is now in hand be properly completed in May, 1854. The building in Hyde Park was not nearly completed at the time originally specified, nor was it quite so even at the day of opening; and in the present case it may be difficult enough, even with superior work, to prevent the admission of wet, which was the source of so much annoyance in the other case. Already, however, there is the best evidence of the interest which is taken in the scheme. The price of ground for building upon, in the neighbourhood has greatly increased; indeed, at the very commencement of their work, the Company disposed of 149 acres of surplus, at a profit of 51,000*l.* Every Sunday, the scene in the neighbourhood is not very unlike what was witnessed in Hyde Park.

The building is at the top of the hill on the west side of the Brighton Railway, and stands not quite north and south. From the west side, there is a noble view over Upper Norwood, and over London to the hills beyond, and on the east the prospect extends over “the garden of England.” On this side is the park; and here the rapid descent of the ground at once rendered necessary an additional story, which is to be devoted to machinery, and to the various heating and steam apparatus.

Thus, with the other changes in the design and construction, opportunity has been taken to remedy some of the defects of the old building. The really meritorious features in the building in Hyde Park were the roof of the transept, and the fine effect of

perspective which so vast a number of columns, regularly disposed, admitted of. It was always a subject of regret that an arched roof did not cover the whole length of the nave, and it was further thought that the overlapping, so to speak, of the columns, as seen in the perspective of the farther end of the interior, was unfavourable to the effect. We ourselves might be of opinion, without thinking they should necessarily be reproduced, that these features had their own particular advantages. There was, however, great want of harmony between the roofs of the nave and transept. In the new building, therefore, a fine effect has been realized by carrying the arched roof (forty-four feet higher) over the whole length of the nave, and by projecting a pair of columns, twenty-four feet apart, for the support of the main arched ribs, eight feet in advance of every fourth twenty-four feet space throughout the length of the nave and transepts. Moreover, there are now three transepts, the centre one, as our readers have learned elsewhere, having to be covered by a roof with the enormous span of 120 feet. Roofs of that character, the Freemasons of the Middle Ages never attempted, although they raised vaultings of stone on slender supports to great heights. The centre transept reaches 200 feet or more in height, and the end transepts reach 150 feet. On the park side, externally, they have large arched recesses, twenty-four feet deep, enclosing open galleries, from which, as before intimated, there is a fine view over the county of Kent. With these alterations, the new building, though shorter than the old one by 240 feet, is a much greater work. Looking at a cross section of that last-mentioned building, it will be recollected that the two upper of the three stories, were "set back" from the front on each side, to a very considerable distance,—so that the effect of the vast size was never properly realized externally, and decorations intended to be seen were never seen at all. This, and the roofless appearance, were blunders which would have been quite inexcusable in any other case. Such mistakes in the present building have been to a great extent avoided; though the retention of the ridge and furrow system of roofing has not allowed the possibility of avoiding them altogether. The merits of this system, the sole peculiarity in the suggestion as made to the Building Committee, and that not the invention of Sir Joseph Paxton as asserted, we have never heard explained. Its defects must be great in reference to cost of keeping in repair; and by the use of it we lose the appearance of a roof, or the actual terrace, one or other of which would seem to be the proper termination to a building.

Adjoining the edifice at each end, but detached, is a lofty tower, formed by galleries of iron-work round a chimney. This structure is, we believe, to support a water-tank. The towers have as yet no great merit. One of them was originally intended to form the terminus to the branch railway, and was to be united by a covered way with the palace.

Standing upon one of the upper galleries in the building, the scene below is interesting to one who would continue the parallel which we suggested at the outset. Instead of progressing, with often a cessation of years, and then with works resumed in a new style of architecture, this great work grows steadily into realization. No work, probably, has given employment to a greater number of individuals, and yet in none have the mechanical resources for saving labour been developed to so great an extent.

Amongst the objects of interest in the interior, the principal are the courts representing separate styles of architecture, and filled with casts and objects of interest in the respective styles. The Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Moorish, Byzantine, and Norman, Mediæval, Renaissance, and Italian styles, have their respective localities. The collection of casts from statues and groups in all parts of Europe, and from architectural ornaments,—in extent, variety, and instructive value, is beyond the power of any description that we can here afford. The collection of busts of individuals of every age and country is the most extraordinary and interesting ever brought together.

In another part of the building a complete *fac simile* of part of a Pompeian house, with most elaborate and beautiful decorations, approaches completion. It is worthy of remark, as a matter which is highly suggestive, that the workmen employed, both here and in putting together the casts, are almost all foreigners.

But, *art* is not receiving exclusively, attention. Valuable statements of *desiderata* for the collection, in the departments of Ethnology, Raw Materials, and Natural History, have been issued, and much has already been got together. Life-sized representations of men of all countries are to be given, with the dress, arms, implements and utensils appertaining to them. Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fish and mollusca, are all to appear, as near as possible, in their natural state,—the fish as though in water. Representations of extinct animals, as the Megatherium, and Plesiosaurus, of their original dimensions, are in progress.

The directors are engaged upon a great design, one which, we believe, they sincerely put forth as something far beyond a

commercial speculation of theirs. Our manufacturers and inventors now require that publicity for their works which once they feared. The education of the large body of the people must be made a national concern, and have every facility which can be afforded. In knowledge of art, and especially of architecture, much has to be learned. Great part of the continent of Europe; America, and even Scotland within our reach, have all been long alive to the national importance of matters in education, which in England we still neglect. There is much lost ground to be recovered. Therefore, since the work has to be done, we are glad that, in one respect, means will be at our doors for doing that work in the best way, namely, by instruction through the eye.

But, more than this, the cities of our empire must no longer grow up at hap-hazard, and with all noxious elements, such as we hear of in Melbourne, and which are merely *less* obvious at home. As cities, positively they should possess advantages,—not become the *foci* of disease, of ignorance, and of degrading and brutalizing vice.

Recreation for the people is one of the points which must no longer be disregarded, and that must be of an elevating kind. The haughty indifference of classes one to another must be broken down. In truth, all, whether rich or poor, independent of labour or hard-handed, have much to learn—one from another.

The Crystal Palace Company are engaged in a great experiment, one which if it fail will be disastrous to them. We have every hope that the precedents of the attendance at the Great Exhibition, though apparently a peculiar case, have not been reasoned from unfairly; and so long as the directors are animated by their present spirit, they will have the best wishes, not only of ourselves, but, we may answer for it, of the entire body of Freemasons.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST
THREE MONTHS,

AND OF MATTERS CONNECTED WITH SCIENCE AND ART.

“Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is alone able to refresh and repair us.”—*Ben Jonson's Discoveries.*

ON the introduction of a new feature into a magazine, it has been the practice of editors, from time, we might almost say, immemorial, to make use of the opportunity thus afforded them of assuring the public how greatly they are likely to be advantaged, and how infinitely the work they have been pleased to patronize is about to be improved. We shall, however, in the present instance, pursue a different course, and neither extol the originality of the idea, by which we trust to attach an additional interest to our undertaking, nor draw upon our imagination for any brilliant picture of the benefits, which our subscribers are likely to derive from it. Our business is not to take credit for what may not perhaps be justly and exclusively due to us, nor to foreshadow in outline, what in the end we may not be able so completely to fill up with colour and shadow as we could wish. But it is our desire, as well as our design, to give our readers a general critical sketch of the state of literature, science, and art, during the intervals between the publication of each number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*; and thus, by abridging the labour of those who, in this busy age, have but little time to exhaust the treasures, which progress in everything contributing to the happiness, knowledge, and amusement of man is hourly making, increase their gratification by affording them, without any very great call upon their attention or time, the means of acquiring such a general acquaintance with what is going on around and about them, in matters within the limits of our design, as they could not, perhaps, so usefully obtain from any other source. We shall, in short, endeavour, by careful and judicious notices, to give our readers an idea of what, in this age of authorship, is being written for their edification, and to furnish them with information of what is most interesting in the scientific and artistic world, and thus exhibit a bird's-eye view of the daily progress, in our own land, of all that is useful to know, or amusing to read, in the hope that the sketch may not prove without its value and instruction.

We shall begin our notice of the current literature of the day with that portion which treats of the history of past times, and introduces us, through the pages of Mr. Finlay's work, to an interesting account of the rise and fall of the Byzantine empire.* Most heartily do we welcome this accession to the historical literature of our country. It supplies the void which Gibbon left, and completes the account of Roman decadence, so that little remains to be desired. Mr. Finlay, however, is not

* “History of the Byzantine Empire, from DCCXVI. to MLVII.” By G. Finlay. Blackwood.

content to let the loss of provinces, the ravages of Mahometans, or the incursions of Bulgarians, conclude the declension of this once favoured empire. It is not enough for him that the ruin which followed in the wake of corrupted morals and general effeminacy of manners should be simply acknowledged or only regretted. He raises the curtain, which even then hung over the last spot where Roman arms and civil administration yet lingered, and shows that some portion of that vigorous vitality, which made Rome mistress of the world, infused, even in the last agonies of dissolution, a transient energy, and the semblance of at least a material prosperity, into the Eastern empire, during the reigns of the Isaurian princes. The work is, moreover, full of light and easy historical narrative, with many characteristic sketches of incidents that are as romantic as the crimes with which they are distinguished are startling and terrible.

From this work we pass to Mr. Grote's eleventh volume of his "History of Greece,"* which includes the later years of the usurpation of Dionysius the elder, and the sixty years which end with the death of Timoleon and Philip of Macedon. We have, therefore, in the present volume, that charmed passage of Grecian history over which every school-boy loves to linger, because it describes the march of Xenophon and his handful of brave companions, and the first check given by Grecian valour to the might and power of Persia. In the character of Xenophon, Mr. Grote draws the picture of the true democrat of classic times. In the chivalrous soldier, we have the free citizen, the patriot, and the orator combined. For him Grecian education did its utmost; and it was only when the military spirit of Greece gradually sank, after Alexander's destruction of the Persian host, before the inordinate pursuit of wealth, and the advent of literature and learning, that the race of Xenophons became extinct, and the glories of Greece gradually died away. Of Demosthenes, Mr. Grote speaks with hearty and unqualified admiration. The narrative of his life and administration is a masterpiece, excelled by nothing that Mr. Grote has hitherto written throughout the whole of this delightful work. We are inspired with the eloquence, by which the mighty orator and the profound statesman sought to move his countrymen to action; and with him groan in mournful sympathy over the decline of Athenian spirit, which led to the transfer of the duties of soldiership from the citizen militia into the hands of paid mercenaries and foreign legions.

From Greece to France is a rapid transition; yet Miss Louisa Stuart Costello's amusing compilation of anecdote and history, entitled "Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Burgundy," † is deserving of mention, if it cannot claim a high place among the historical literature of the day. There is hardly any period of French history more interesting than that, in which the daughter of Charles le Téméraire played no unimportant part. She was, if we are to believe her biographer, her father's idol; though he showed his affection in a rather unusual manner, by using her as a snare to entrap the surrounding potentates into lending themselves to his schemes of territorial aggrandisement. Miss Costello's work, though not a profound, is a pleasant piece of biography, gleaned from sources in themselves not worth the trouble of exploring; and if we are not treated to any very elaborate discussions on matters more nearly connected with politics, or to surmises touching the end and aim of the far-sighted cunning of Louis, the master of State craft, we are amused with abundance

* "History of Greece." By G. Grote. Vol. XI. Murray.

† "Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Burgundy and her Contemporaries." By L. S. Costello. Bentley.

of living anecdote and pleasing observations on matters more feminine, if not equally important.

We pass, then, to Scotland, and with the valuable assistance of Mr. Burton,* glance over the more important fragments of Jacobin history. His work embraces that period during which the real union of England and Scotland existed in name, but was only gradually becoming a reality, so far as the people of each kingdom were concerned. It traces also the growth of the present church establishment in Scotland, and, without fear or prejudice, gives a calm and impartial account of the rise and progress of ecclesiastical affairs, after the religious settlement occasioned by the revolution; while throughout the whole are interspersed a great many curious and interesting facts and anecdotes, which will well repay perusal. For instance, there is a lively description of the "entertainments" which, in 1745, one Mr. Peter Williamson, a kidnapped Aberdeen boy, and subsequently a Virginian slave, gave, "*à la Albert Smith*," of his adventures and sufferings to a wondering audience; and at the time, we are told, he excited as lively an interest, and as intense a sensation, in the various towns of North Britain, as the Wizard of Mont Blanc has done in our own times in these more southern latitudes.

From Mr. Forsyth's pen we have a "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena," † written, we should imagine, to confound Mr. O'Meara, if he had been alive, and to exalt Sir Hudson Lowe, at the expense of the Whig wits of the period. It is, however, an interesting, and what is more to the purpose, a truthful and unprejudiced work, full of incidents during the most painful period of a great man's life. Napoleon's confinement in St. Helena is treated according to a view now generally taken of it, as a political necessity; while Sir Hudson Lowe's conduct, exaggerated as it undoubtedly was, is correctly attributed to an inordinate sense of the responsibility which his trust imposed upon him, and also in a great measure to the ill-humour of the emperor himself. Nevertheless, no one can do otherwise than lament the governor's want of judgment, as well as the impolicy of allowing himself to be drawn into personal altercations with either his prisoner or his attendants. On the whole, the book cannot be considered in any other light than an acquisition, and as throwing a new light on a period of history, of which more that is false has been written and said than can well be imagined. With this work the more strictly historical productions of the last three months may be said to close.

In the fertile field of biographical memoirs we have first to notice Mr. Tom Taylor's "Life and Autobiography of the Painter Haydon." ‡ To call this an interesting work, we must pre-suppose that every reader of it has more or less affection for the memory of the man whose struggles with the world, and with himself, it so carefully records. Mr. Taylor has executed a painful and a melancholy task with considerable skill and judgment; and we are glad that he has left to the reader the liberty of forming an opinion of the genius and character of a man whose wasted powers, terrible disappointments, and tragical death, did more to render him an object of interest than any particular merit of his own. The fact is, that Haydon was cursed, if we may be allowed to use so strong an

* "History of Scotland from the Revolution of the last Jacobite Insurrection (1689—1748)." By J. H. Burton. Longmans.

† "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena." By W. Forsyth. Murray.

‡ "Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon; Historical Painter. From his Autobiography and Journals." Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. 3 vols. Longmans.

expression, with the belief that he possessed all the powers of a great artist, who was never able to express on canvas all that he felt excellent and perfect in his art. He considered himself, as he expressed it, "a man of great powers, excited to an art which limits their exercise;" and in this belief, doubtless, was concealed the secret of all his many disappointments, and vain aspirations after excellence and perfection. That Haydon was a man of genius no one will question; but he was also a being of a very peculiar temperament; and there are many passages in his life, which might have been just as well passed over and forgotten. The work, however, is full of anecdote, and abounds in interesting notices of men and events, which will always cause it to be read even by those who may be inclined to think less of the unfortunate painter than Mr. Tom Taylor himself does.

From the charmed pen of the author of "Vanity Fair,"* we have the substance of a series of lectures, delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America, on the English humorists of the last century. To call this a lively and interesting work, is to give but a very faint idea of its excellence in point of style, truthfulness, and powerful portraiture of the times and men of which it treats. Mr. Thackeray introduces us not only to individuals, but also places us in the midst of the times in which they lived and had their being; he makes us sympathise with their sufferings, when shrinking from the neglect, or mayhap from the withering sarcasm, of their contemporaries, as well as with their delight when triumphing over rival wits; in excess of joy at having proved themselves victorious in the gay struggles of humour, for which the last century was famous. As a matter of dry fact, it may perhaps be said, that Mr. Thackeray has too high an opinion of the morality and intellect of the *times of which he writes*. Confining himself to the most brilliant men of the age, he seems apt to conclude that the general intellectual standard of the nation was equally high, forgetting, apparently, that those, of whom his sketches are real portraits, shone as bright particular stars in a firmament, which had little that was either particularly dazzling or truly imposing to recommend it. To all those, however, who have the taste to appreciate, and the sense to understand the sound feeling, delicate irony, and profound knowledge of human life, with which every page of this charming book is full, its perusal is a treat, enhanced by the information and instruction it affords, and rendered all the more attractive by being conveyed in a style which is simple without being bold, and familiar without being careless or flippanant.

From Mr. Thackeray's humorists we then turn to two masterly essays, by the late Mr. Napier, on Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon,† which for clearness and simplicity are, in our opinion, almost unequalled. It is not, perhaps, fair to give to these admirable sketches the authoritative title of biographies; yet they possess in the highest degree the essential characteristics of all good memoir-writing, namely, sound and solid information, derived from a careful examination of authorities, and an earnest mode of communicating it.

We wish we could say as much for Dr. Vaughan's "Wycliffe,"‡ which,

* "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century; a Series of Lectures delivered by W. M. Thackeray, Esq." Smith, Elder, and Co.

† "Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh." By the late Manry Napier, Esq. Macmillan and Co.

‡ "John de Wycliffe, D.D.; a Monograph." By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Seeleys.

although light reading enough, is neither worthy of the reputation of the writer, nor the dignity of the subject. Perhaps the Doctor thought that his previous biography of the great Reformer was sufficiently full of detail to excuse the omission of much that would have contributed to render the present volume interesting as well as instructive. From the title we were led to expect some particulars of Wycliffe himself; and from the contents we are fain to rest dissatisfied with some not very connected remarks upon Wycliffe's opinions on matters of theological importance; and a few valuable passages corrective of some errors which previous writers had fallen into, relative to what they were pleased to consider a want of consistency and firmness on the part of the "Father of the Puritans," as Wycliffe is often called, in his views on doctrinal subjects. As a summary, however, of the great Reformer's character and opinions, the work is not wholly without its value; although a great deal more might have been usefully said and written on the subject, while Dr. Vaughan, with all his opportunities and his talent, was about it.

The life of Bishop Bathurst,* by his daughter, is that of an excellent liberal-minded prelate, who, in an age when it was not so much the fashion as it fortunately is at present to be tolerant, distinguished himself by acting up worthily to the lessons it was his great privilege to teach, and setting an example of purity of character and kindness of heart, which the leading members of every church would do well to imitate. If Mrs. Thistlewaite does not attempt to make the world believe that her father was more of a man of genius and learning than he really was, she shows him by every word and act to have been eminently a good man. As a shepherd, he performed his duties with singular earnestness and simplicity; as a husband and father, his conduct was beyond all praise; and as a bishop, his life is one bright example for his successors to follow.

In Church history † we have a work by the Rev. A. Martineau, purporting to be a popular history of the Church in England from the first probable introduction of Christianity to the period of the Reformation; in which, while a thoroughly earnest and Protestant view is taken, there is no abuse of Romanism; and although the errors which sprang from it, and the vices of the clergy, are clearly pointed out, full credit is given to the useful influence exercised by the Church of Rome during the dark ages. The subject is treated well, and with unusual moderation and liberality.

Archdeacon Forster has developed his own views respecting the rules which should govern the interpretation of Holy Scripture, in a volume entitled "The Apocalypse its own Interpreter;" ‡ and Dr. Cumming has published half a dozen discourses upon the favourite Egyptian exclamation, "The Finger of God." §

Amongst the most interesting of the books of travel, which have been brought under our notice during the last three months, are two single volumes, descriptive of expeditions in search of Sir J. Franklin. "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski," || by Lieut. Hooper, is a clever

* "Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich." By his Daughter. Bentley.

† "Church History in England, from the Earliest Times." By the Rev. A. Martineau.

‡ "The Apocalypse its own Interpreter." By the Ven. Archdeacon Forster.

§ "The Finger of God." By the Rev. J. Cumming.

|| "Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski." By Lieut. W. H. Hooper, R. N. Murray.

little work, full of incidents of peril and privation, interspersed here and there with short characteristic notices of the Tuski, a people inhabiting the extreme East and North of Asia, and bearing some resemblance to the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, although more civilized. Mr. Hooper, it appears, belonged to the "Herald" surveying-ship, and was ordered in 1849 to take the command of a boat-expedition to search the shores of North America, and, if practicable, to explore the unknown land to the north of the continent. As was almost expected, difficulties of the kind that have hitherto baffled every Arctic voyager prevented the accomplishment of this undertaking; but nevertheless, Mr. Hooper has very successfully managed to acquire a good deal of information about the Tuski, amongst whom he was forced to reside for some little time, the full benefit of which he gives us in the volume we are now noticing. They are a race higher in the scale of civilization than the Esquimaux, possessing amongst them some signs of wealth, living in tents that have separate apartments in them, and having crude ideas on what may be called the rougher observances of life. Many of them carry on a trade; some live by manufacturing sledges, cars, and warlike and hunting instruments; and others tame and breed reindeer for sledge-drawing; while the poorest own dogs. Moreover, curious as it may seem, Mr. Hooper gives us more than one instance of the drama being in an incipient state of being, highly amusing and interesting.

Captain Inglefield's book* is also a brief, spirited account of a summer voyage in the Arctic regions, undertaken voluntarily in a small screw steamer, provided by Lady Franklin. It appears that he penetrated through Smith's Sound, thus disabusing the notion that it was only a narrow strait, or a deep bay; and, curiously enough, reached a climate very different from what he had hitherto experienced. The rocks were of a natural colour, nor was herbage wanting; a most agreeable change, he assures us, from the eternal ice and snow by which he had been surrounded. Unfortunately, a gale of wind prevented him from proceeding farther; and thus both he and Lieutenant Hooper, while they have added something to our stores of knowledge, have been unable to discover the faintest traces of the missing hero and his gallant companions.

From the ice-bound regions of the North, it is pleasant travelling to the sunny plains of smiling Spain, although, to speak the truth, we would rather not journey with Mr. Cayley † until he has married the object of his affections, and therefore less likely to bore both his companions and his readers with his very dear "Mabel," and his hopes and fears about her happiness, &c. &c. Nevertheless, Mr. Cayley is a clever writer, and a good hand at making the best of a dull story; and he has, moreover, had the enterprise and the good sense to deviate from the beaten track of ordinary tourists, and to strike into the byways of travel. The consequence is, that he has drawn, for the amusement of all those who have any interest in matters Peninsular, a lively sketch of genuine Spanish life, and many a pretty picture of the charming country through which he wended his way.

Equally interesting, and still more attractive from the number and beauty of the wood-cuts and lithographed drawings, which are plentifully interspersed throughout the work, is Lady Louisa Tension's "Castile and

* "A Summer Search for Sir John Franklin." By Commander E. A. Inglefield, R.N. Harrison.

† "Las Alforjas, or the Bridle Roads of Spain." By G. J. Cayley. 2 vols. Bentley.

Andalusia."* Her ladyship, pursuing her vocation of an amateur landscape artist, has found in Spain all that she could wish for; and in grateful return for the scenes of surpassing loveliness with which Dame Nature gratified her insatiable love of the picturesque, we have a book teeming with admiration for all that is good and excellent in that favoured land; and gently forgetful of the many drawbacks which a bad government and a mutative spirit of commercial monopoly has entailed upon it.

From old Spain the genius of travel bids us accompany her across the ocean to a distant continent, and with Mr. Palliser explore the prairies of America,† in pursuit of the buffalo and the grisly bear. Like a true hunter, as he doubtless is, this gentleman seems to have rambled over hill and dale, rifle in hand, content to dine off wolf chops preparatory to an encounter with the evil spirit of the Rocky Mountains, in the shape of a huge bear, or a still more terrible brush with a band of Red Indians. Yet in spite of these little excitements, Mr. Palliser seems to have had an eye to the scenery in the midst of which they took place, and of which he has given us several living sketches. A description also of Indian and trading life forms a part of the work; and several shrewd observations, showing that the author is something of a naturalist as well as a hunter, are interspersed with incidents of travel on the Western rivers, in the neighbourhood of slave-loving New Orleans. Altogether, the book furnishes an amusing narrative of field sports in the far West, well deserving the perusal of those who have a taste for them.

Dr. Forbes,‡ also, has favoured us with a sketch of his travels, somewhat nearer home than those of Mr. Palliser, and in default of bears and wolves, has provided a genial sketch of the state of Ireland, through the length and breadth of which he and his companions strolled together during the autumn of last year. Like the tour in Switzerland, by the same author, the book is more than a pleasing account of a vacation trip. It abounds, in truth, with the careful results of shrewd observation upon men and things; and is calculated, if people will only read it as it deserves to be read, to dispel many foolish prejudices against Ireland, and to open up to English lovers of the picturesque and beautiful many a pleasing journey, as far out of the line of ordinary tourists as Norway, or the Arctic regions. Moreover, it will set to rights a few very wrong notions about Irish landlordism and tenantism, and some few other *isms* bearing on the political and social condition of the sister isle, which cannot be too soon got rid of.

Properly speaking, Colonel Churchill's "Mount Lebanon"§ has no very distinct claim to be ranked amongst travels, since it is rather the result of a long residence under the cedars of that noted mount than of any journeying thither or thence. Unfortunately, also, the work is rather a heavy one, although full of valuable information upon a vast variety of subjects; and for this reason a summary of its contents is altogether out of the question. The least we could say of it, were we to attempt the task, would occupy more space than we can conveniently spare, and certainly more than our readers could get through with anything like patience; for

* "Castile and Andalusia." By Lady Louisa Tenison. Bentley.

† "Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies." By John Palliser, Esq. Murray.

‡ "Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852." By John Forbes, M.D. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

§ "Mount Lebanon; a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852." By Col. Churchill. 3 vols. Saunders and Otle.

the Colonel not only gives a description of the surrounding country, but he goes into all the particulars about the different sects of religionists, and the innumerable number of superstitious tenets which they hold, the variety of laws and customs they observe, the relative antiquity and origin of the several races, besides several long discourses upon land-tenure, tenant-right, and modes of provincial government.

It is a relief, therefore, to turn off into Turkey proper, and with the assistance of Mr. Crowe,* and Mr. Bayle St. John,† not forgetting the melancholy effusion of Mr. Faber,‡ learn something of the true state of the case between the Porte and the Czar. And the first thing that strikes us is the identity of opinion entertained by the two former of these gentlemen regarding the precarious position of Mussulman rule in Europe. Mr. Crowe takes, it is true, the bolder course, and declares it to be his opinion that war alone can save the Turkish empire, even for a time; while Mr. St. John, with no very great inclination to save it at all, prophesies its downfall on the bare presumption of its internal rottenness. Without meaning to disparage the work of the latter author, for it is really a clever little book, though it should be read with caution, we should advise our readers to trust themselves and their judgments to Mr. Crowe in preference to Mr. St. John. From the first page to the last of Mr. Crowe's book, there is a calm spirit of investigation, an accurate calculation of chances and data, and an intimate knowledge of the spirit of European policy since the general peace, which places the reader almost immediately *au fait* with all that it is most essential for him to know at the present moment. The picture which is drawn of Turkey, socially and politically, is a true one; and so also are those which depict Greece and its king, and Russia and its Czar; while interspersed throughout the whole are graphic sketches of the places the writer visited, and many admirable comments and reflections on the nations of the Mediterranean.

M. Demidoff's Southern Russia,§ although decidedly stale, is not wholly uninteresting at the present moment, on account of the description which it contains of the provinces on the Danube now in the occupation of Russia. Yet the reader of it must not forget that fourteen important years have passed away since it was written, and that changes of no insignificant character have taken place, not only in the provinces themselves, but in the other countries with which they had, and still have to a much larger extent, commercial relations. Still the work is a valuable one, and from it the reader may learn to estimate how far these provinces are in a fit state for the independence, which is perhaps at this moment on the eve of being offered them.

With Mr. Watson's "Cruise in the Ægean,"|| and Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Rambles,"¶ the more strictly itinerant (to use an expressive word in a wrong place) literature of the last three months is brought to an end. The former work is partially new ground beyond the reach of ordinary

* "The Greek and the Turk; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant." By Evans Eyre Crowe. Bentley.

† "The Turks in Europe." By Bayle St. John. Chapman and Hall.

‡ "The Pretended Downfall of the Turkish Empire the Preparation for the Return of the Ten Tribes." By G. S. Faber, B.D. Bosworth.

§ "Travels in Southern Russia, through Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, during the Year 1837." By Mons. A. de Demidoff. Mitchell.

|| "A Cruize in the Ægean." By W. Watson. Harrison.

¶ "A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast." By P. H. Gosse. Van Voorst.

tourists; but even then Mr. Watson draws more from memory of what others have written and said upon the subject, than from his own observation, and not unfrequently betrays a most unaccountable carelessness in his descriptions, pardonable enough in a private journal, but not exactly to be tolerated in a published work; and this is the more to be regretted, as it is evident he has the power as well as the information, if he would only make a proper use of both, of imparting additional interest to his travels by just taking the pains to note accurately what he did see, and quote correctly from authentic sources such things as he did not see; but which he, nevertheless, thinks it necessary to describe. The author of the "Rambles of a Naturalist," on the other hand, is as careful as Mr. Watson is the reverse. Every thought and observation is accurately noted, and whether it be a landscape or a zoöphyte, we may be certain that the description is a true one. Moreover, Mr. Gosse has had the good taste to make his book a readable one to non-naturalist readers; and thus he tempts those, who probably would only take it up to enliven an idle moment, to continue its perusal, in the hope and with the feeling that they are really learning a good deal of what they knew nothing beforehand, and thus laying the foundations of what may be a source of pleasure and gratification at some future moment.

Of all books, novels are the most difficult to review; first, because without we give the whole tale, extracts are, generally speaking, wholly without interest, and the fine bits, if they do not happen to have a decidedly intimate connection with the thread of the story, are always "skipped;" and secondly, because it is unfair to take the merit of telling the tale out of the author's mouth by comprising it all into one or two octavo pages—a matter of no very great difficulty at the best of times, or with the works of the best authors. We shall, therefore, confine our critical notices of such as have meteor-like appeared during the last three months, to a comparative estimate of their respective merits, with some few observations upon their faults and excellencies. And first in order, we will draw our readers' attention to "Cranford,"* by the authoress of "Mary Barton," than which a more delicately pencilled sketch of men, women, and of manners, with all of which we are most of us more or less acquainted, does not exist anywhere or in any language. This is high praise; but we feel it to be richly earned. "Cranford" is not a romantic novel; but is a tale of every-day interest, and a startling picture of life in its best reality, with all its weaknesses, with all its goodness, and with all its truthfulness. It lacks, perhaps, the gorgeous descriptions, the intricate plot, and the studied *fantoccini* attitudes, which distinguish the orthodox romances of the day; but it more than replaces all these by the unpretending simplicity of its style, the more than accurate expression given to the feelings of a class of people with whom we are all in the habit of associating, but of whose excellent qualities, alas! we know but little; and the variety of the natural pictures of life, which it so modestly submits to our criticism and kindness. In spite of ourselves we feel interested in all that is said, done, and felt in the quiet little town of Cranford—we sympathize with the dear old spinsters when, in spite of all their precautions, they let out their little foibles and vanities, and who make up the sum total of all the active life in the place—we listen to their quiet talk, we grieve with them over the bustle and hurry in which Bumble, the adjacent town, "only twenty miles removed by rail," appears

* "Cranford." By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," &c. Chapman and Hall.

to be constantly plunged; and we as acutely feel, as did dear Miss Matey herself, the failure of the county bank, and the sad loss and distress it brought upon all the industrious middle classes in her immediate neighbourhood. It is almost needless to say, that this charming little work first appeared in "Household Words," for in that excellent magazine it had thousands and thousands of warm admirers and attentive readers. Still, if any yet remain to whom "Cranford" is a novelty, we bid them take it up, nor stand upon the order of their reading, but to read it at once.

As "Cranford" described life in a provincial town, so "Charles Delman"* is descriptive of life, and by that is meant, in this instance, political life, in the metropolis. It is eminently "a story of the day," in which the actors, with a few exceptions, are living personages, of whom the world talks, and who themselves talk occasionally to good purpose, in both actual society and in Parliament. Whether they like to see their portraits sketched by a powerful hand, and thus exposed to public view and criticism, is a question with which we have nothing to do. We only wish, for his own sake, that the author was more hopeful, or had suffered less disappointment in political life than we are inclined to think he has done. Throughout the work there is a tone of vexation, which is dispiriting, and a hollow sneer at honourable ambition, which is not exactly agreeable; nevertheless, the work is an able one, full of thought, originality, and knowledge of human nature, and abounds in quiet reflections on men and things, which are never wholly without interest or aim. By far the most interesting characters in the book are Charles Delman, intended to represent the late excellent Charles Buller, and Mr. Jacobi, or, in other words, Mr. D'Israeli. The last scene of all in the life of the former is exquisitely touching; and the political atheism of the latter, if not very praiseworthy, has a good deal of the truth of reality. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of mania at the present day to convert the incidents of actual life into a romance. To judge from the number, we should be half inclined to believe that we lived in an age similar to that of the Troubadours and Crusaders, when every man would make his life into a romance, and only required a chronicler to convert it into a novel. Now men perform this latter office for themselves. And so in fact it is, although, in nine cases out of ten, the romance of a man's life in the nineteenth century is one in which sorrow and oppression play by far too great a part.

"Lorenzo Benoni,"† is the true account of the sufferings of an Italian patriot under foreign oppression. It is a tale of sorrow, yet so graceful, and full of earnest truth in every part, that we know not, in spite of the absorbing interest which hangs on the greater portion of it, whether to call it an autobiography or a novel. In one sense it is the former, for it requires but little astuteness to pierce the thin veil which shrouds the chief actors, or to mistake the despotism which nipped in their bud the youthful aspirations of Benoni after liberty, and delivered him body, but not soul, into the hands of the oppressors of Italy. As a sketch of the political and social wrongs under which the ablest men of Italy have now so long laboured, it will well repay perusal; and as a romance full of startling interest, stands second to none in modern times.

* "Charles Delman; a Story of the Day." 2 vols. Bentley.

† "Lorenzo Benoni; or, Passages in the Life of an Italian." Edited by a Friend. Constable and Co.

The "Clintons,"* "Sir Frederick Derwent,"† "Electra,"‡ "The Maiden's Town,"§ "The Young Heiress,"|| "The Maid of Florence,"¶ "Fortune,"** and the "Life of Silas Barnstarke,"†† are a strange medley. The first is a semi-religious novel, in which two young ladies discard their lovers, the one for being too religious, and the other for not being sufficiently so. The second is full of mystery, one or two duels, and a return to life under somewhat peculiar circumstances; and the remainder are genuine novels, with the fair complement of love scenes, difficulties and dangers, and happy terminations. The "Life of Silas Barnstarke," however, is an exception. It is the life of a man devoted to the acquisition of wealth, in whom every other feeling is dead, and whose influence on those around him is as baneful as his own self-caused misery is complete. In a literary point of view, the work is entitled to praise, the author keeping his object steadily in view, and drawing a healthy moral from his tale.

Amongst the most interesting works in what may not be inaptly termed the miscellaneous department of literature, are Mr. Urquhart's volume on "Russia's Designs and Progress,"‡‡ and Mr. W. S. Lauder's "Imaginary Conversations."§§ The former having very correct notions on the recent "diplomatic blunder;" and the latter being determined to force a taste for semi-English classics on the good practical people of England. Both are clever works in their way; only Mr. Urquhart is somewhat too prosy, and Mr. Lauder a great deal too learned. Mr. Bruce's work on "Classic and Historic Portraits,"||| is full of amusing parallels, and if not very profound or carefully written, is well planned and tastefully executed. The Rev. Alexander Dyce's "Notes on Shakspeare,"¶¶ are so many blows levelled at poor Mr. J. P. Collier; although we are bound to acknowledge that they show singular ingenuity in solving some difficulties connected with the text, and very considerable knowledge of the writings and language of the early English writers. Mr. Fletcher's "Autobiography of a Missionary,"* is more than half a romance, derived from a series of events in a missionary's life of daily occurrence; and cleverly made up from foreign experiences, for the most part the result of actual observation. Captain Chesterton's "Peace, War, and Adventure,"† is a series

* "The Clintons; or, Drops and Shadows of Life." 3 vols. Bentley.

† "Sir Frederick Derwent." A Novel. By the Author of "Fabian's Town." 3 vols. Newby.

‡ "Electra; a Story of Modern Times." By the Author of "Rockingham." With Illustrations, by Lord Edward Fitzgerald. 3 vols. Bentley.

§ "The Maiden's Town." By Emilie Carlen. 3 vols. Bentley.

|| "The Young Heiress." By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

¶ "The Maid of Florence." By the Marquis d'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian by W. Felgate.

** "Fortune; a Romance of Real Life." By D. J. Coulton, Esq. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

†† "The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke; a Story of the Seventeenth Century." By Talbot Gwynne. Smith, Elder, and Co.

‡‡ "Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South." By David Urquhart. Trübner and Co.

§§ "Imaginary Conversations." By W. J. Lauder. Moxon.

||| "Classic and Historic Portraits." By J. Bruce. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

¶¶ "A Few Notes on Shakspeare." By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Russell Smith.

* "The Autobiography of a Missionary." By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

† "Peace, War, and Adventure." By George Laval Chesterton. 2 vols. Longmans.

of sketches of campaigns in the Peninsula, in North America, in France, and in South America, together with several adventures of a personal character, concluding with the experiences of a London prison, of which the captain is, for what we know to the contrary, still a governor. The "Castlereagh Correspondence,"* is a vast undigested mass of letters and despatches, of which something might have been made if the noble editor had thought it right to give the work the necessary time and labour; as it is, no one is ever likely to wade through the collection, nor indeed would he derive much profit from the performance of the Herculean task, without he had as much knowledge of all the events and transactions there alluded to, as the writer himself had.

In poetry and verse there is little that is really worthy the attention of our readers. Robertson's translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered,"† like every other attempt to render it into English (and several have been made), is marred by the scrupulous fidelity which the translator endeavours to attain, and which, though to a certain extent meritorious, detracts greatly from the pleasure with which an English reader would read the poem. It is, however, the best that has been done; and undoubtedly great credit is due to Captain Robertson for the sincere zeal and generous admiration with which he has followed every line of the original.

To notice all the serial publications of the day is a task which fairly sets us at defiance, so numerous are they, and so rapidly do works of this description follow upon one another. The volumes of the railway libraries and shilling series of all kinds may now be counted by hundreds, and they are daily on the increase. The best of the former description are unquestionably those of Messrs. Longman, Murray, and Chapman and Hall; and of the latter, Mr. Bohn, Messrs. Ingram and Cooke, Messrs. Routledge, and Mr. Bentley, carry off the palm.

Of scientific works the Messrs. Reeve have lately published some very excellent treatises on elementary and practical geology‡ and botany.§ To these gentlemen, those who take an interest in such studies are largely indebted. Much has been already done to popularize science; and it is works such as these that prompt active minds to engage in pursuits adding materially to the sum total of human knowledge. We must not forget Dr. Cocks's work on sea-weeds,|| a clever and ably written volume, intended alike for the collector and student.

In the department of practical science, the last three months have been unusually bald, there being literally nothing of sufficient novelty to call for even a short notice.

Perhaps one of the most interesting Exhibitions connected with matters of art is that which has been lately held at Gore House; where, under the superintendence of the Department of Science and Practical Art, several magnificent and interesting specimens of cabinet work, furniture, and tapestry, as well as works, the production of students in the schools of art receiving Parliamentary grants, have been displayed. Mr. Redgrave in the introduction to the catalogue thus describes the collection:—"The styles," he says, "principally represented are

* "Correspondence, Despatches, and other Papers, of Viscount Castlereagh." Edited by his Brother. In 12 vols. Murray.

† "The Jerusalem of Torquato Tasso." Translated by Capt. Alexander Robertson. Blackwood and Sons.

‡ "Popular Physical Geology." By J. Bute Jukes. Reeve and Co.

§ "Popular Economic Botany." By T. C. Archer. Reeve and Co.

|| "The Seaweed Collector's Guide." By J. Cocks. Van Voorst.

Italian, German, French, and English Renaissance, sixteenth and seventeenth century; and French furniture of the period of Louis XIV. and XV., and the latter period of the French monarchy, until the end of the last century;" and from all these, we may add, many ideas of beauty, simplicity of form, and elegant workmanship, have been conveyed to minds practically engaged in the production of similar articles. In the second part of the collection, the display made of the progress of the students was most satisfactory, and if greater evidence of what industry could accomplish than what taste could design was visible, there were also signs of a dawning power, which it is the object of the schools to foster and mature.

The Fejérvary Museum has also attracted considerable attention; consisting as it did of several specimens of art from all parts of the ancient world, and intended to illustrate some most excellent lectures by M. Pulsky on archæology and the history of art, which were most admirably delivered, and we are glad to say, well attended. M. Pulsky's theory on the philosophy of art is as simple as it is, we believe, correct. He starts with the belief that art has a higher aim than mere observation, amusement, or pleasure. It is in fact, he tells us, connected with all the religious, political, and social institutions of a country. It marks its progress in civilization, and faithfully bears to the end of time the true index to the character of each particular people. It follows, therefore, that mere imitation on the part of artists, is degrading and beneath the dignity and purpose of art. We may copy excellencies and learn to appreciate details, but it must also be our aim to lead as well as follow, and to labour up to the requirement of the age in which we live.

Mr. Layard's views of the monuments of Nineveh are perfect models of drawing as well as of lithography; and as every ornament which covered an Assyrian wall is supposed to have had a distinct and settled meaning, plenty of opportunity is now afforded to all who are curious in such matters to study the strange histories, and perhaps still stranger facts, connected with science and art which yet lie concealed, enveloped in all the mystery attaching to everything we yet know of that far-famed buried world.

We cannot conclude these brief notices of matters connected with art, without calling attention to the fact of four new pictures being added to the collection in the National Gallery. The first is "An Adoration of One of the Three Kings," ascribed to Giorgini. The second, "Christ Driving the Money-changers from the Temple," by Jacopo Bassano. The third, a Spanish picture from Louis Philippe's sale—"St. Francis in Prayer," by Zurbaran. And the fourth, "A View of Rome," by Joseph Vernet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I BEG to trespass on your pages, in order to direct the attention of the Craft to a point which I consider of no small importance. Without further preamble I will go at once *in medias res*, and state that the point to which I wish to call attention is the manner in which the Lodges of Instruction in London are conducted. I do not hesitate to say that their conduct is disgraceful and degrading to the Craft; and moreover affords a handle, which the enemies of Freemasonry are only too glad to use against it. Before stating the cause of complaint, I must name as an honourable exception the Emulation Lodge of Improvement, working under the sanction of the Lodge of Unions, No. 318; the numerous merits and excellent order of which Lodge are, I believe, known and appreciated throughout the kingdom; and also, I believe, the Lodge of Instruction, which works under the sanction of the Lodge of Stability, No. 264.

There are, besides these two, twenty-seven other Lodges of Instruction in London and the London district; and it is these that I wish to mention. I write, in part from personal observation, in part from general and uncontradicted report. I will describe to you what I myself experienced on visiting *one* of these Lodges of Instruction. After satisfactory proof that I was a Mason, I was proceeding to clothe myself as usual, when to my surprise I was informed that Masonic clothing was unnecessary. I was then requested to enter the Lodge and salute the Worshipful Master; but as he was not distinguishable through the dense and almost suffocating cloud of tobacco-smoke which filled the room, I found some difficulty in saluting in the proper direction. However, as I wished to hear the work, I took my seat, especially as the sections of the second degree were being worked, which are difficult, and therefore not usually so well managed as the others. I must do them the justice to say that the work was really well done; but its concomitants were anything but Masonic. When I was able to look about me a little, I perceived that the Worshipful Master and Wardens wore aprons and collars, and the Inner Guard an apron; no one else had on any Masonic clothing whatever, and some not even all their ordinary clothing, for I counted

five Brethren with their coats off, and one (shame on him!) had his waistcoat off, his braces thrown back, and his shirt unbuttoned. Every one was furnished with a cigar or pipe, and also with spirits and water, &c., according to his taste. One of the Brethren was acting as serving Brother (I suppose he was a waiter of the house where the Lodge met), and went out from time to time to supply the various wants of the Brethren.

Can you, Sir, imagine anything worse than this? Is it not giving an opponent just reason to say that Freemasons make their Lodge meetings an excuse for drinking and smoking? And this takes place, not when the Lodge is closed, or called to refreshment, but while actual business is being transacted, "while the Lodge is engaged in what is serious and solemn." I cannot see upon what ground such proceedings can be for an instant defended; they give real cause for scandal against the Order, lower the character of Freemasonry to the level of a boozing club, and are undoubtedly in themselves injurious habits. Some may say that such customs induce Brethren to attend Lodge, who would otherwise stay away;—let them stay away rather than act thus.

Such habits, moreover, are enough to make the ladies completely set *their* faces against the Craft; for it is not very likely that an evening so begun will end with the closing of the Lodge; and what wife can be expected to entertain a friendly feeling towards a society, which she regards merely as a club, which keeps her husband out late at night, and returns him to her reeking with spirits and tobacco? What a contrast does the Emulation Lodge of Improvement present, the members of which always disperse by ten o'clock at the latest, after an hour or two of innocent and intellectual recreation, unpolluted by such practices as I have mentioned. To take no higher ground, it is a mere act of policy to act up to our own declaration—

"No mortal can more
The Ladies adore,
Than a free and accepted Mason,"

by paying some deference to their feelings, and to endeavour to secure their good offices and kindly sympathy, by abandoning such practices, and closing our Lodges and returning home at a seemly hour. Then, and not till then, may we expect the large portion of the fair sex, who at present look with suspicion on the Craft, to look upon it with a favourable and friendly eye.

Many of your readers have, I doubt not, felt indignant on reading the description of the Scotch Lodges in "Fellow-craft's" letters in some former numbers of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*; but those Brethren, who have not visited the London Lodges of Instruction, have yet to learn that the same thing described in "Fellow-craft's" letters occur almost nightly in England,—nightly! Yes; and even on Sunday night!—even the Sabbath is not respected—for there are eight Lodges of Instruction which meet on Sunday, the names of which I subjoin, as taken from the calendar for this year:—The Albion Lodge of Instruction, No. 9; the Royal Athelstan ditto,

No. 19 ; the Royal Jubilee ditto, No. 85 ; the Sincerity ditto, No. 203 ; the Joppa ditto, No. 223 ; the Israel ditto, No. 247 ; the United Strength ditto, No. 276 ; and the Zetland ditto, No. 752.

Now the Lodge of Joppa, No. 223, and the Lodge of Israel, No. 247, being, I believe, Jewish Lodges, are not to be blamed for meeting on our Sabbath, but what excuse is there for the rest ? “ As a Freemason,” says the Worshipful Master in the charge at initiation, “ I would first recommend to your most serious contemplation the Volume of the Sacred Law, charging you to regulate your actions by the divine precepts it contains.” One of those precepts is, “ Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.” Freemasonry is undoubtedly an excellent institution, but does not pretend to set itself above, and take the place of, the religion of the Bible ; and yet most of these Lodges meet at *seven o'clock*, the hour of evening prayer in London places of worship of nearly every denomination ; others at half-past seven and eight o'clock, by which hours scarcely any of these places of worship can have closed, and must therefore prevent those who are present from attending Divine service. But even if they did not interfere with public worship, Freemasonry is scarcely a pursuit for the Sabbath-day ; we have six days for the study of Freemasonry in common with other pursuits, Sunday has its own peculiar duties, which ought not on any account to be broken in upon. It may be urged in defence of Sunday meetings, that there are Brethren who *can* attend Lodge on that day and *cannot* do so on any other. I do not think that this can be really a valid reason ; at any rate, even supposing the accompaniments of liquors and smoke to be excluded, Brethren would be drawn from their homes, where they ought to be on that day, endeavouring to make their earthly Sabbath a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath above. Let us hope that, for the future, Freemasons will cease to be Sabbath-breakers, under colour of advancing the interests of the Craft, or that Grand Lodge will take serious notice of practices so opposed to right principle, and therefore so injurious to the Order.

What can be worse than that a body of men professing what Freemasons do profess, should meet together on the Sabbath-day, and that at a time when places of worship are open and Divine service is being performed, to transact business under the auspices of spirits and tobacco ?

If in this letter I have wronged any Lodges, I regret the injury I have unintentionally done them, and shall rejoice on being corrected, to find other exceptions to my statements than the Emulation and the Stability Lodges of Instruction. Let the Brethren give me credit for having written with good intent and charitable feelings, and for not having “ set down aught in malice,” and

Believe me, dear Sir and Brother,

Yours very sincerely and fraternally,

P. J. W.

—shire,
September 2nd, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

I FELT the greatest pleasure in reading the first article in your last number of the *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*; the sentiments it contains are precisely what I have long entertained myself, and have often expressed, both in open Lodge and in private conversations. There can be no doubt that admissions to this ancient and holy Order are too easily attainable by the curious, or by those who, in their ignorance of its real worth, only consider it as an excellent vehicle for the enjoyment of creature comforts and good *table* fellowship; that we do not sufficiently attend to the necessity of the tongue of good report having been not only heard, but loudly heard, in the candidate's favour; that we propose a man, who at the time we may conscientiously think, from our limited acquaintance with him, is a most fit and proper person, but who on further inquiry and knowledge, and that perhaps when it is too late, he having been admitted to our mysteries, is not found to be quite such as we could wish. As a Past Master, I know there are those I have myself admitted into the Craft, others again to whose advancement in the higher grades I have been instrumental; but if the time were to come over again, I should certainly now decline receiving them; not that the most scrupulous could find anything flagrant, or even questionably wrong in their conduct as men and Masons, yet they have that apathy and lukewarmness in the cause, with such a total want of energetic search after knowledge, that are not compatible with so perfect and beautiful a system as ours is found to be by those who have studied it well, and discovered how intimately it is interwoven with religion and good works, proving, though they confess it not, that the result is not what they anticipated before their admission. I hope and believe the days are now passed when the sensual delights of the table were the chief ties that united Masons; such were not necessary in the ORIGINAL state of the Craft, and in these enlightened days something more than this is required to satisfy the intelligent beings who, in our system, can find ample scope for intellectual enjoyments, and the attainment of useful knowledge, which must necessarily add to the good character of man in social life; and I believe, we shall find among the rising generation of Masons, that private character is more cared for than formerly. I do not pretend to find a complete remedy for this evil. Time alone and an improved class of men can effect this; but still I think, that if the attention of those high in office, the Provincial Grand Masters in particular, were directed to the subject, and that they would enforce the necessity of a more strict examination, I would even say, of a considerable probation, previous to admission, by all the Lodges under their control, and in their various provinces, much might be done to improve the Order. All the Lodges, however, must be unanimous in this, or else a candidate anxious for admission, if he be requested to wait by one Lodge, and is instantly

accepted by another, for the sake of his fees, or to add to their numbers, will of course go to that body where he is received with the least trouble and inconvenience. I would also suggest the possibility of the name of every candidate, who had been rejected by a Lodge, being communicated to the body in general, with the cause of such rejection, if known, or if done by black-ball, stating the same, and any particulars that could be collected; the whole, of course, under the strictest seal of Masonic secrecy. This might be carried out by having a book kept at the Grand Secretary's office in which such entries should be made, and to which no one but the Worshipful Master of a Lodge alone, or a member of Grand Lodge, should have access. Dispensations and emergencies also should be more rarely resorted to than at present; it would even be better to lose a few, than to admit one who hereafter might be a subject for regret.

The examinations between each degree are now merely a form, the Deacon generally answering for, or prompting the candidate; *these I always feel inclined to vary and to make much more severe, not confining them to a few routine questions, but extending them over the course of every-day life, and the studies the candidate pursues, besides requiring him to give some proof of his advancement in Masonic learning and practice.* In short, feeling thoroughly convinced that the ranks of Freemasonry require judicious weeding and thinning out, rather than indiscriminate addition, and that the cause in general would be truly benefited by each particular Lodge being more strict in the admission of members, I have ventured to intrude these remarks, and call the attention of those in authority to the subject.

I remain, dear Sir and Brother, yours fraternally,
P. M.

POPULAR DELUSIONS ABOUT MASONRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I AM a Freemason. It is quite unnecessary to say that, for the profundity of the following remarks will be more than ample evidence that it is an "initiated" who speaks; consequently, I am a victim to "popular delusions"—delusions which, strange to say, are most unaccountably omitted by my excellent Brother, Charles Mackay, in his entertaining work on the subject.

In the first place, my wife has an idea that she has got at the secret. Poor woman! she *is* mistaken sometimes, though she is the best creature in the world. But Masonry is the cause of a hundred other mistakes. My eldest boy Tom (as impudent a good-tempered rascal as ever deserved a thrashing, and didn't get it), when he is

admitted to two glasses of port after dinner, juggles with his glass, and winks at his little sister Agues, who devoutly believes that she has thereby learned a secret quite as mysterious as the use of the great Pyramid, the structure of the roof of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, or the disposal of funds by some Capitular bodies. And I do believe that it was that wicked little Agues that worked the little royal arch (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch square), which was sent anonymously to me last Valentine's Day.

I am what is called a good Mason. I never canvassed to get office, nor did I neglect every duty of life in order to boast of being a Junior Warden. When I am in the chair, I do *not* feel like the emperor of China. I am not a "good knife and fork," that is to say, I would never, from inclination, sit down to a dinner that cost more than seven or eight shillings. And yet people seem surprised because I do not neglect my family to go to Lodge, because I can come home at ten o'clock at night, and because I have not ruined myself! Verily people should not infer the use from the abuse, and believe that a few black sheep—more imprudent than wicked—make a whole fraternity doubtful.

Nor do I think it right that, if I am taking a chop at the "Cock," my friends should come up and say, "Ah! as usual, having your *grill*;" or that, if I shake hands with somebody, he should make insane attempts to give me a grip, entirely of his own invention. Why should fire-irons be held up to me *in terrorem*?

Do, my dear Mr. Editor, endeavour to convince people that Masonry is neither to be quizzed, nor teased out of a man; and that getting a secret out of me is as hopeless an attempt as reading "Punch" for amusement.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours ever fraternally,

XI BOΣXI.

P.S. Mind, if it amuses them I don't care.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

Hamburgh, August 15th, 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

HAVING in my last communication given you particulars of most of the Teutonic Lodges, I shall now follow it up with an account of the Lodges in other countries, except those in which, as Englishman, you may be expected to have better sources of intelligence than my own.

I. DENMARK. On the 11th November, 1743, was the first Masonic meeting in Copenhagen, under the Mastership of Baron Münnich, who held a charter from the Lodge aux Trois Globes, in Berlin: this was *not*, however, constituted a perfect Lodge till Jan. 13th, 1745, under the invocation of St. Martin; and having received a regular constitution from Lord Byron, in London, was raised to the dignity of a Provincial Grand Lodge.

In 1754, a Scottish Provincial Lodge, *Le petit Nombre* (The little Number), was erected by the Great Lodge, also in Copenhagen, which soon declared itself independent. The Order ramified quickly on every side, even to the Danish West-Indian Islands, and in 1792 was formally recognised by the Government. The Protectorate Grand Mastership was assumed by Landgraf Karl von Hessen, and after his death, in 1806, by the king Christian VIII. in person, who often visited the Lodge on their great anniversaries. On the day of his coronation a considerable fund was raised for the widows of deceased Masons. Two Directors superintend the business of the Craft, under the Supreme Grand Master. Bishop Münter and Professor Moldenhauer, whose investigations in the Vatican led to their discovery and publication of the original acts of the proceedings against the Knights Templars, and the authentic statutes of that Military Order, were both members of the Copenhagen Grand Lodge. In their colonies in the West Indies the Danes founded the Lodges of St. Thomas and Curaçoa, and in the East Indies at Tranquebar, and one at Canton, in China.

II. SWEDEN AND NORWAY. These northern countries claim a very high antiquity for their Masonic unions; but as we have no authentic documents on the subject, we will leave it undecided. Modern Freemasonry was brought hither from England, in 1736, and was quickly disseminated, notwithstanding it was forbidden by Frederick I. under pain of death. After seven years' interdict the proscription was withdrawn, and the Order took deep root in the kingdom. The king placed himself personally at the head of the Craft, and received the homages of the Lodges. Of their charitable acts and proceedings, the large Orphanage founded by the Brotherhood, in 1753, is the best proof. Later the simplicity and beauty of their early ritual was materially infringed upon; for since 1786 their observances have a good deal deviated into the metaphysical and mystical theosophic reveries of Swedenborg, whence proceeded the Swedish system with its nine degrees, which soon found favour in England and Russia, and still survives in the great Landes-Loge von Deutschland, in Berlin, where it was introduced by Zinzendorf, though under the modification of only seven degrees. In other places it ramified under Jesuitical auspices into Rosecrucianism and alchemical fooleries. An endeavour to bring about a union with the Teutonic Lodges was unsuccessful, principally from its gaining, through the following circumstances, a political tendency. Gustaf III. to rid himself of the political ascendancy of the state council established by Karl XII., and to inflame the bourgeoisie against the nobility, had his brother, the Duke of Südermanland, elected Grand Master of the Order. Since that time the Order has taken quite a political character in Sweden. But a circumstance cannot be omitted which might be worthy of imitation in other countries. In 1811, Karl XIII., the above Duke of Südermanland, founded an order of chivalry, called after his own name, to be publicly worn by deserving Masons; to the intent, as the statutes express it, that

those who exercise virtues in secret should wear a public acknowledgment, which they had so richly deserved. This Order consists of the princes of the blood royal, twenty-seven lay members, and three clerical ones, who have equal rank with the Knights Commanders of the other Orders. The jewel of these Latomi emeriti is a crown with a cross dependent from it. All the Lodges are under the great State Lodge, at Stockholm, of which a scion of the royal family is always Grand Master. Their doctrine is Christian-mystical, embracing the idea of a yore Christianity, with many degrees. Under it are three Provincial Lodges, a Stewart Lodge, seven Andrew, and sixteen St. John Lodges.

Two remarkable men, one Björnram, secretary of Gustaf III., who was considered by many as a veritable conjuror, by others as a quack, the other Karl Adolf Anderson Boheman, had considerable influence on the Order in this country; the latter, born 1770, in Jönköping, was the chief and apostle of the "*Asiatic Brethren*," whose political intrigues caused at the time some sensation.

III. RUSSIA. As early as 1731, a Lodge at Moscow received a constitution from the Grand Lodge at London, under the reign of the empress Anna Ivanowna, but their meetings seem to have been conducted with great secrecy.

In 1761, Freemasonry was tolerated in the Russian dominions. Katherine II., upon the report of a commission of inquiry, declared herself Protectress of the Lodge Clio, at Moscow, upon which other Lodges arose, and especially at St. Petersburg, that of "*Perfect Unity*" (*zur vollkommenen Einigkeit*), which continued its labours even after the withdrawal of the imperial protection, and numbered many of the nobility amongst its Brethren.

Paul, in the first period of his reign was favourable to the Order, but his own coquetting with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to be chosen their Grand Master, at Malta, backed by the envious insinuations of Graf Liven, a Commander of that Order, caused him to prohibit Freemasonry, as inimical to his favorites; and its Lodges, therefore, could only be held with great circumspection. After his murder, the Emperor Alexander continued at first the proscription, but in 1803, having at the instigation of Baron Böber again appointed a commission and received its report, when the Order was permitted, and Alexander himself initiated in 1803. In 1811, a Grand Directorial Lodge was erected under the Swedish constitution, called Wladimir of Order (*zur Ordnung*), changed, in 1825, into the Grand-Loge Astræa, with a more extended toleration of principles. On the 12th August, 1821, however, a ukase appeared unexpectedly, in which the Order was forbidden under the severest penalties; it is believed because some concealed Jesuits were thought to have insinuated themselves into the Lodges; and this is the present condition of Masonry under the Emperor Nicholas. The hammer of the Lodge and the Russian knout are two articles so perfectly irreconcilable, that little relaxation of this rigorous prohibition can be speedily looked for.

IV. In POLAND, from the continued political agitation in this unhappy country, Freemasonry could never gain a firm footing. Some Lodges were opened in 1736, under English constitutions; they had, however, soon again to be closed, in consequence of the anathema pronounced against the Order in general by the Bull of Pope Clement XII.

From 1742 to 1749, Tabernacles of Freemasonry (*Bau Hütten*) were erected, one of which constituted itself at Warsaw, under Moszgeski, a Grand Lodge. In 1794, with the dissolution of the kingdom and its constitution, the Lodges were scattered: in the parts which fell to the share of Russia and Austria, Freemasonry underwent the same vicissitudes we have noted in those countries, and only in the Prussian division did the Lodges continue. Upon the creation of the ephemeral grand-duchy of Warschau by Napoleon, in 1807, Freemasonry again reared its head, and a Grand Orient of Poland was immediately proclaimed. This continued in activity (with a short interruption in 1813), with numerous affiliated Lodges (in 1818 these amounted to forty), until 1823. In this year, on the 6th November, a total interdict was issued against the Order, in conformity with the ukase of Alexander we have already mentioned in Russia. One or two Lodges which arose during the insurrection of 1830-31, were immediately closed when that was suppressed.

V. HOLLAND AND THE NETHERLANDS. As early as 1731, the first Masonic meeting was held at the Hague, under the Grand Mastership, in London, of Lord Lovel, by Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, in which FRANZ STEPHAN, Duke of Lorraine (afterwards, under the title Joseph I., Emperor of Germany from 1745 to 1765) was initiated; but it was not until 1734 the first actual Lodge was constituted, under the title, *Loge du Grand-Maître des Provinces Réunies et du Ressort de la Généralité*.

The increase of the Order was so quick that it caused uneasiness to the Government, and this free country was the first of all the Continental states to issue a severe prohibition against Freemasonry, which the emperor Karl VI. extended to the Netherlands. Still the Lodge at the Hague continued to labour, and changed its title, in 1749, into *De l'Union Royale*, and, 27th Dec. 1756, gave rise to constituted "National Lodge of the Netherlands," which still continues, and which numbered, in 1842, seventy-five filials, principally in the Dutch colonies. On the 25th April, 1770, a Concordat was entered into with the Grand Lodge of England, in London, by which an entire freedom of connection from it was obtained.

A Lodge was erected notwithstanding, in 1735, in Amsterdam, which raised suspicion. The meetings received from the magistrates an order to be discontinued, and when this order was disregarded the higher members were arrested. On their examination they behaved with great fortitude and firmness. "We are," said they, "as Freemasons, peaceable citizens, and devoted to our country and prince with the most loyal fidelity. We live in unity with one another;

we detest hypocrisy and quackery—works of piety and humanity are our duty and delight. Our customs and secrets we are bound not to disclose. They are, however, contrary neither to Divine nor human laws. Send one of your bench of magistrates to become initiated, and he will confirm our assertions." This language and openness pleased the magistracy: the secretary of state was selected for initiation, and the report he afterwards made was so satisfactory that nearly all the members of the magistracy embraced the Order.

From that period furthermore the Order has continued to flourish in Holland without any obstacle—nay, with continually increasing vigour; and distinguishes itself by its charitable works, amongst which the Institution for the Blind, founded in 1808, is so well known. In 1816, Prince Wilhelm Friedrich Karl undertook the office of National Grand Master. On the 6th June, 1841, the twenty-fifth year of his high dignity was celebrated with much ceremony.

In 1830, when the former Austrian Netherlands separated from Holland, and the kingdom of Belgium was founded, there arose a *Grand Orient Belgique*. Freemasonry may be said to be in Belgium a centre round which liberals of all shades congregate; and it receives the esteem and good wishes of the people in grateful acknowledgment of its active philanthropy; the more, therefore, is it hated by the priesthood, which refuses to Freemasons, most determinately, the last consolations of the Catholic Church, and its benediction to their marriages. Still Lodges continue to increase, and may be found even in the villages.

The Dutch have Colonial Lodges in Surinam (Guyana) St. Eustache, and St. Martin, in the West Indies.

VI. SWITZERLAND. In this country the history of the Order may be divided into three periods—the first, from 1737 to 1803; the second, from 1803 to 1844; the third, from 1844 to the present time.

The English Provincial Grand Master, Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, founded by virtue of a constitution from the then Grand Master, the Duke of Montagu, the first Lodge at Geneva, in 1737; and the 2nd February, 1739, a second in Lausanne; and at the latter place a Masonic Supreme Directory, under the name *Directoire National Helvetique Roman*. It is curious that under the freest constitutions we find the earliest jealousies of Masonic labours; so, in 1745, a prohibition against them was issued by the Council of Berne, and renewed in 1782, without, however, hindering their progress. Freemasonry flourished freely in all the Protestant cantons; but in the Catholic ones, the priests, instigated by the Papal bulls, threw what obstructions they could in its way.

The Lodges erected, 1766 at Basle, and 1772 in Zurich, restricted themselves to the three first degrees of the severest observance. In 1775, owing to the influence of the German superiors, the higher degrees were introduced, and in Basle; the *Old Scottish Directory*, instituted by which two Lodges were erected in 1780 and 1791, at

Neufchald, amongst whose members the famous physiognomist, Lavater, may be numbered.

When, in 1777, by a person named Sidrac, the excrescence of French Masonry was endeavoured to be introduced, it was determined that Helvetic Freemasonry should be governed from its division into languages by Directories; the German portion by the Scottish Directory; and the French one by *Directoire Ecossais Roman*. In 1786 was constituted in Geneva *La Grande Loge de Genf*; which, dissolving for political reasons in 1793, was incorporated into the Grand Oriente de France.

The second period, from 1803 to 1844.—War and its horrors caused a cessation of Masonic action from 1793 to 1803. On the 14th September, in the latter year, the Grand Orient of France founded at Berne the Lodge of Hope (*zur Hoffnung*) which was quickly followed by more; at Lausanne, 1805; Basle, 1807; Solothurn (Soleure), 1819. In 1810 the former Directory at Lausanne constituted itself independent of France under the title *Grand Orient National Helvétique Roman* as a national institution; and in 1811 reappeared the Directory at Lausanne, with all its filials (which had ceased working since 1793), at Basle, though it was soon transferred to Zurich. In 1818, 27th July, a Provincial Lodge was established at Berne by Peter Ludwig von Tavel, by authority from the Duke of Sussex. By a Concordat agreed to 29th April, 1822, in order to abolish the irregularities arising from the *Ordre Maçonnique de Misraïm en son 90ème degré*, all these Lodges dissolved and constituted themselves, together with the separating Grand Orient at Lausanne, into a single union, under the name of the Grand Land Lodge (*Grosse Landes-Loge*) of Switzerland, which was formally installed on St. John's day, and worked according to the old English constitution.

Of the four independent Superior Lodges of the middle of this period, only two, therefore, now existed: the Grand Land Lodge, at Berne (in 1844 with twelve filials), and the Directory of Scottish Masonry with six filials; both of which it had been attempted, particularly in 1806, to unite into a single supreme body, which finishes our third period; for on the 22nd and 24th June, 1844, after numerous conferences at Zurich, Berne, Basle, Locle and Aarau, in which the matter was duly weighed and beforehand prepared, was this long-conceived wish carried into execution. All previous supreme authorities were, of course, superseded, both of the Directory of the purified Scottish Masonry in Zurich, and of the Grand Land Lodge, at Berne; and a new *single SWISS GRAND LODGE* was constituted by the Grand Master Hottinger, under the title *Alpina*, to which most of the Provincial Lodges aggregated themselves, and which still flourishes and continues to labour with sixteen filials.

VII. TURKEY. Even amongst the Moslem, Lodges were erected under the Grand Constitution of London, 1738-48, at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo. In Constantinople the then arbitrary government gave orders to close the Lodges, and no one was admitted. In the present day, however, traces of Freemasonry may again be observed.

In 1829 it was mentioned in the foreign newspapers, that the Russian officers, on their entrance into Adrianople, after their victory at Schumla, had met with Freemasons. We also possess the report of a German physician, at Jassy, that he received there Masonic greeting from a benevolent dervish, with the information that he would find other friends in the Turkish Kloster, close to the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Further particulars are mentioned by a Leipzig merchant, called Schulze, who tells us that on a business journey into Servia he visited the Turkish Lodge, Alkotscha, at Belgrade. It consists of fifty brethren, whose religious dogmas seem to soar above the Koran, for each of them had only a single wife, and at their Table-Lodges wine was quaffed freely. This Lodge is in connexion with the Persian Freemasons, who are computed at 50,000. Their Lodge Master, Ismael Zscholak, is also Grand Master for European Turkey. Mr. Schulze was received by him as honorary member of his Lodge, and had a letter given him to the acting Master of the Lodge at Leipzig, constituting him also their honorary member, upon which a very interesting correspondence was opened. Ali Pacha is considered as the restorer of Freemasonry in the Turkish empire.

G. W.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS OF ENGLAND.

QUARTERLY CONVOCATION, *August 3, 1853.*

Present.—H. L. Cröhn, as Z.; J. C. McMullen, as H.; T. Tomble-son, as J.; J. Havers, as E.; B. Lawrence, as N.; C. Baumer, as P. Soj.; J. H. Goldsworthy, as Assist. Soj.; T. Parkinson, as Assist. Soj.; F. Pattison, P. Assist. Soj.; R. H. Giraud, S. B.; G. H. K. Potter, P. S. B.; J. Hodgkinson, P. S. B.; R. Gibson, P. Dir. of Cer.; A. A. Le Veau, P. Dir. of Cer.; G. Biggs, P. Dir. of Cer.; G. Leach, P. Dir. of Cer.; The Principals, Past Principals, &c., of many other Chapters.

The Grand Chapter was opened in ancient and solemn form. The minutes of the last Quarterly Convocation were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Committee of General Purposes, stating the amount of receipts and disbursements of the last quarter, was read and approved.

After the despatch of the ordinary business, the Grand Chapter was closed.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *September 7, 1853.*

Present.—R. W. R. Alston, Prov. G. M. for Essex, as G. M.; S. Rawson, Prov. G. M. for China, as D. G. M.; H. J. Prescott, P. J. G. W., as S. G. W.; R. G. Alston, P. J. G. W., as J. G. W.; Rev. E. Moore, G. Chap.; Rev. Sir J. W. Hayes, Bart., P. G. Chap.; W. H. White, G. S.; H. L. Cröhn, G. Sec. for German Correspondence, and Rep. from G. L. of Hamburgh; R. H. Giraud, S. G. D.; G. Leach, J. G. D.; S. C. Norris, P. S. G. D.; J. C. McMullen, P. J. G. D.; C. Baumer, P. J. G. D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P. S. G. D.; G. R. Rowe, P. S. G. D.; J. Havers, P. S. G. D.; J. B. King, P. J. G. D.; G. W. K. Potter, P. J. G. D.; T. R. White, P. S. G. D.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cer.; T. Chapman, Assist. G. Dir. of Cer.; A. A. Le Veau, G. S. B.; J. Masson, P. G. S. B.; G. P. de Rhé Philippe, P. G. S. B.; J. L. Evans, P. G. S. B.; E. H. Patten, P. G. S. B.; R. J. Spiers, P. G. S. B.; F. W. Breitling, G. P.; Rev. J. W. Carver, Rep. from G. L. Massachusetts; the Grand Stewards of the year; the Master,

Past Masters, and Wardens of the Grand Stewards' Lodge; and the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

The G. L. was opened in form, and with solemn prayer.

Communications were made to the G. L. as to the unavoidable absence of the M. W. the G. M., the D. G. M., and S. G. W.

The minutes of the last Quarterly Communication, and of the Especial G. L. for June 22nd, and August 2nd (which had been held in order to revise the Book of Constitutions), were respectively read and confirmed.

Upon the recommendation of the M. W. the G. M., the rank of P. G. J. W. was conferred upon Bro. J. J. L. Hoff.

The Report of the Board of Benevolence for June, July, and August, was read; when, on the recommendation of the Lodge of July, it was proposed and seconded that the sum of 30*l.* be granted to Bro. H. E. Drake. Upon this an amendment was proposed by Bro. John Savage, and duly seconded, to the effect that 50*l.* be granted to the said Brother instead of 30*l.*, which, being put, passed in the affirmative.

It being now past eleven o'clock, no further business was proceeded with, and the G. L. was closed in form and with solemn prayer.

METROPOLITAN.

YARBOROUGH LODGE, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, Stepney.—Fifth Anniversary, Thursday, 7th July, 1853. *Present*—Bro. T. E. Davis, W. M.; W. Bro. T. Vesper, P. M., Hon. Sec.; W. Bro. Wynne, P. M.; Bro. Simmonds (W. M. 165), S. W.; Bro. Edinger, J. W.; Bro. W. W. Davis (P. M. 112), Treas.; W. Bro. Jno. Purdy, P. Sec.; Bro. W. Vesper, S. D.; Bro. Ansell, J. D.; Bro. E. U. Gardner, I. G.; Bros. Watts and Crisp, Stewards; Bro. Hampton, D. C. &c. &c.

The Lodge continues to be attended with unabated and unprecedented prosperity, and was hailed by a numerous assemblage of the Brethren, with their usual cordiality of feeling, congratulation, and happiness, under the excellent guidance of their worthy Master, who, (as also his Brother, the Treasurer,) is a Life Governor of most of the Masonic and many other charities. In the brief period of five years this Lodge has initiated into our mysteries, 142; Brethren who have joined the Lodge, 49; Brethren from other Lodges, who have had the Second and Third Degrees conferred, 10. Of the above, there are from Austria, 15; from Malta, 1; from America, 1; from Ireland, 6; from Scotland, 5; from northern British Isles, 5; master mariners, 81; the remainder being landsmen. Consequently the "Yarborough" has done, and is now doing,

much at the eastern extremity of this vast metropolis for the Masonic cause, and especially by means of its seafaring and foreign Brethren, for the dissemination of the glorious principles of Freemasonry in every part of the world; and oftentimes many happy results are testified by its members on their return to their native homes. The proceedings of this day, as on previous anniversaries, were rendered interesting both in Lodge and at the banquet-board, (liberally catered by the worthy host, Bro. R. S. Williams, P. M. No. 11.) In doing honour to the usual toasts, one may be here especially remarked—the health and happiness of Bro. Purdy, P. Sec., which was quaffed by all the Brethren from a massive silver cup, then presented to him, and bearing the following inscription:—

“This cup (with a gold jewel) was presented, 1853, to the W. Bro. John Purdy, P. M. and P. Sec. of 53 and 212, and P. Sec. of 812; P. Z. and P. E. of Chap. 169, and E. 812, as a token of the high estimation in which he was held by the Brethren of the Yarborough Lodge, 812, for his valuable services at the formation of the Lodge and Chapter, and as Secretary during the years 1848, 1849, 1850, and 1851.”

The above-named jewel is “a gold P. Sec.’s,” with a copy of the inscription, and was accompanied with a handsome worked purse, wrought by a lady, (the amiable sister of the W. M.), for this express purpose, much enhancing the present to the veteran brother, who returned thanks for the great and valuable compliment rendered him. Bro. Purdy had the honour of wearing on this occasion, the centenary jewel of the Strong Man Lodge, No. 53; P. M. gold jewel of Universal Lodge, 212; P. Scribe gold jewels of Chapter 169, &c.

The Lodge of Instruction, under the auspices of this Lodge, meeting at the George Tavern, Commercial-road, at eight o’clock on every Tuesday evening throughout the year, is very beneficial to the interests of the Craft at large, and our nautical Brethren in particular.

YARBOROUGH CHAPTER, 812, George Tavern, Commercial-road, Stepney.—On Thursday, 28th July, a Convocation of this Chapter was especially holden for the purpose of admitting to the Supreme Degree two Austrian Brethren of the highest respectability, who were both initiated in the Yarborough Lodge, one of them in the first year of its consecration, and one on the third anniversary; on both of which occasions the Lodge was honoured by the presence of the R. W. D. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough. On this occasion Ex-Comp. Wynne, M. E. Z., presided, and was most ably supported by M. Ex-Comp. Biggs, P. Z., as H., and Ex-Comp. Tuxford, J., when Bro. Nicolo Sguippa and Bro. Giovanni Vincenzo Catarinich were introduced, and exalted in a most able and impressive manner. E. Comp. Michelli, Interpreter to the Chapter, was assisted by E. Comp. Beltzer. We are of opinion that the furniture and regalia of this Chapter are not surpassed by any in London.

PROVINCIAL.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

St. Peter's Lodge, No. 699.—August 21st, 1853.—Bro. Ribbans's labours during the last ten years in this part of the principality are likely soon to be rewarded by some suitable memorial, for his gratuitous Masonic services. It has been suggested that the worthy Brother be consulted as to the nature of the testimonial intended to be given to him.

CHESHIRE.

STOCKPORT.—*Thursday, Sept. 8th.*—The Lord Viscount Combermere, of Combermere Abbey, R.W. Prov. G. M. of the Most Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for Cheshire, held a Prov. G. L. at the Court House, in this borough, "for the despatch of business" relating to the Craft. His Lordship and Lady Combermere, accompanied by their son, the Hon. Major Wellington Cotton, M.P., and his lady, and suite, arrived in town by the 12.5 o'clock train, and were met at the railway station by Bro. W. C. Cruttenden, of Mount Heaton, with his carriage, apartments having been secured at the Warren Bulkeley Arms Inn for the noble and distinguished party. The Prov. G. Chap. (the Rev. J. W. N. Tanner, of Antrobus, in this county), and Bro. G. C. Antrobus, of Eaton, arrived by an earlier train, and were the guests of Bro. Cruttenden. The bells of the parish church rang merrily throughout the day, and the occasion was distinguished by the erection along the projected route of the intended procession of three elegant and stupendous triumphal arches. A great number of flags and emblems of hospitality and welcome were exhibited by the tradesmen from their houses, on the line of the route through which his lordship was expected to pass. The arch over Wellington Road, leading to St. Peter's Square, was of magnificent dimensions, surmounted by a lofty Union Jack, with pinnacles right and left; the words "Right Welcome, Combermere," in blue letters on a white ground, being on the south side, and "Long live the Cheshire Hero," on the north, and elaborately ornamented with flags, floral and other devices, the whole structure being covered with evergreens on dark drapery. The general character of this arch, which was about forty-five feet wide and fifty feet high, was most effective. That over Vernon-street, leading out of Warren-street, was of a similar design, but not so imposing. It was most appropriately decorated with warlike emblems, and a list of the principal victories, painted on drapery, in which Lord Combermere had signalised himself, as follow:— "Flanders, Lavelly, Oporto, Talavera, Almeida, Torres Vedras, Castiglione, Llerena, Salamanca, Toulouse, Orthez, and Bhurtapore." The third triumphal arch was erected in Churchgate, near the Ring

o'Bells Inn. Its dimensions were similar to the one in Vernon Street, and it had the expressive inscription upon it, "Hail to the Craft," in China-asters, and, in point of decorative and floral arrangement, was most pleasing.

The Brethren assembled at the Court House at eleven o'clock, where, by the kind permission of Capt. Marsland, the band of the 5th squadron of the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry Cavalry, headed by Bro. Serj. Major Butt, attended and played during the proceedings of the day. The room was beautifully decorated, under the supervision of Bros. Okell and Evans, with Masonic emblems, flags, Union Jacks, and other attractions. Lodge business having been opened and concluded, the members formed themselves into a procession, to hear Divine service at the parish church, displaying the magnificent regalia appertaining to the Prov. G. L., which was of a most imposing character. The procession passed along Warren-street, Bridge-street, the Underbanks, Hillgate, Cheapside, Waterloo-road, and down the Churchgate, to the church. Here the Brethren halted, opened to the right and left, facing inwards, and the P. G. M. passed up the centre into the noble edifice, preceded by his Standard and S. B. The P. G. officers and Brethren followed in succession from the rear, inverting the order of procession. The Masonic pulpit cloth was displayed on this particular occasion. Divine service was then read by the Rev. the Rector; and full cathedral service was chanted by a powerful and efficient body of vocalists, selected from the choirs of St. Mary's and St. Peter's Churches, with the addition of Bro. Edmondson, Dickson, and Hull, of this town, Bro. Twiss, W. P. G. O., of Hartford, presiding at the Organ with his usual skill and taste, and conducting the musical services in a most masterly manner. The sermon was preached by the V. W. P. G. Chap. Tanner, from chapter xiv. of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans, 16th verse: "Let not then your good be evil spoken of;" after which a collection was made in aid of the "Prov. Masonic Fund of Benevolence," amounting to 21*l*. At the conclusion of the service the procession returned from the church, through the market-place, down Park-street, along Warren-street, to the Court House, where the Craft Lodge was closed by the W. M., who opened it. Then the Brethren proceeded along Warren-street, Lancashire-bridge, Heaton-lane, Wellington-road South, to the Lyceum, where a splendid banquet was provided for nearly three hundred, by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of the "Wellington-bridge Hotel;" the room being already elaborately ornamented with shields, banners, and other emblems of royalty, under the arrangement of Bros. Okell and Evans. Lord Combermere occupied the throne, and was supported by the following Brethren:—The Hon. Major Cotton, *M. P.*, V. W. P. J. G. W.; Gibbs C. Antrobus, V. W. P. S. G. W.; the Rev. W. J. N. Tanner, V. W. P. G. C.; J. Bland, V. W. P. G. T.; W. C. Cruttenden, V. W. P. G. R.; E. H. Griffiths, V. W. P. G. S.; J. Siddall, W. P. G. D. of C.; J. Twiss, W. P. G. O.; &c. &c. A gallery for the accommodation of a limited number of ladies was also fitted up to afford them the opportunity of witnessing

the proceedings of the Prov. G. L., at the festive banquet, Lady Combermere and the Hon. Lady Cotton occupying the front seats.

CORNWALL.

FALMOUTH.—The Prov. Grand Lodge of this Province was held on the 9th August, at the Masonic Hall, Royal Hotel, Falmouth. The Prov. Grand Lodge was opened at half-past 10 A.M. Previous to the business of the county a procession was formed and proceeded to Penwerris Church, where the service was performed by the Rev. Bros. Molesworth and Wright, and the Rev. Bro. Scrivener, the minister of the church; a very excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Grylls, *A.M.*, of St. Neots, Prov. Grand Chaplain, (in the course of the service an anthem, the music composed by Bro. Raffarel, was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ), after which the procession returned to the Hall. Sir C. Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, *F.R.S.*, &c., the P. G. M., presided during the business; the P. G. Treasurer was elected, and the officers for the year were appointed, and being invested by the D. P. G. M., Bro. Ellis, at the request of the P. G. M., took their seats accordingly.

Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, *F.R.S.*, &c., P.G.M.; Bro. Ellis, of Falmouth, P.G.S., D.P.G.M.; Bro. R. Pearce, of Penzance, P.G.T., P.D.P.G.M.; Bro. R. Foster, High Sheriff of Cornwall, P.G.S.W.; Bro. the Rev. H. Molesworth, Rector of Little Petherick, P.G.J.W.; Bro. the Rev. H. Grylls, *A.M.*, Vicar of St. Neots, P.G. Chaplain; Bro. J. K. Kinsman, of Falmouth, P. G. Registrar; Bro. Harris, of Truro, P. G. Deacon; Bro. Robinson, of Hayle, P. G. Deacon; Bro. Ball, of Penzance, P. Deacon; Bro. Mills, of Redruth, P. Deacon; Bro. W. Brunton, Engineer of West Cornwall Railway, P. G. Superintendent of Works; Bro. J. M. F. Heard, of Truro, P.G.D. of Cer.; Bro. E. Gilbert, of Falmouth, P.G. Sword-bearer; Bro. Raffarel, of Falmouth, P.G.O.; Bro. Harvey, of Truro, P.G.P.; Past Grand Stewards, Bro. Kempthorne, of Callington; Bro. Reed, of Penzance; Bro. Rosewarne, of Hayle; Bro. White, of Bodmin; Bro. Wing, of Truro, P.G.J.G.; Bro. Giffin, of Falmouth, P. G. Tyler.

The Dep. Prov. Grand Master addressed the Prov. Grand Lodge; several votes of charity were passed, &c., and the Prov. Grand Lodge was closed; after which the Prov. G.M. retired, leaving the further duties of the day to be carried out by the Dep. Prov. G. M. Refreshment being announced by the Stewards, the Officers and Brethren repaired to the refectory; the Dep. Prov. G.M., Bro. Ellis, presiding, Bro. the Rev. Henry Molesworth taking his seat as Prov. G.J.W., and Dr. Boase, Prov. P.G.W., as Prov. G.S.W., in the absence of the Sheriff. About eighty Brethren sat down.

The procession to church was most respectable, and was considered to be so well conducted by the P.G. Dir. of Cer. as to form one of the most attractive that had ever been witnessed, the numbers exceeding the usual attendance, members from every Lodge being present except from No. 728, St. Austle. Amongst the charitable

contributions one was awarded towards the proposed building-fund of the school for boys of Freemasons in adverse circumstances;—a noble building being already in existence for girls, and another for aged and decayed Freemasons and their widows, in addition to the Benevolent Institution. A Committee was formed for drawing up and presenting an address to the Prov. Grand Master, Sir C. Lemon, Bart., *M.P.*, &c., on his recovery from dangerous illness, and his kindness in the duties of his office. On this occasion of the meeting of the Prov. Grand Lodge, the M. W. the Prov. G. M. ordered a buck to be supplied, the haunches of which were served to the Brethren. Another Committee was formed for carrying out the proposed *testimonial to the W. Bro. Pearce, of Penzance, P. G. Treasurer*, for his constant and unwearied attention to the duties of the Prov. Grand Lodge, and his general usefulness in all Masonic and civil offices. Nearly all the Lodges of the Province, and many private friends have already given in their names to the W. Bro. Ellis, Dep. Prov. G. M., who will receive all future communications. This respected Brother is so well known in Cornwall and in London, that we expect contributions beyond our own Province. The business throughout was highly satisfactory, and the Brethren departed at an early hour for their several residences in different parts of the county.

We understand that the next Prov. Grand Lodge of Cornwall will be held at the Loyal Victoria Lodge, Callington.

DORSETSHIRE.

WAREHAM.—Bro. W. Tucker, R.W. Prov. G.M. for the Province of Dorset, held his annual meeting at Wareham, on Thursday, August 18th, and it was particularly characterized from other meetings by three things: the appearance of the Prov. G. M. in his full robes as a Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the 33rd Degree; the inspection by the Brethren of a clock, as a beautiful piece of Masonic workmanship by one of the Brethren; and the resignation of the Prov. G. Sec. In our report of the proceedings of this day we shall notice these three features in detail. Before doing so, however, we must premise that the Brethren of the Wareham Lodge had provided most profusely for the accommodation of the Brethren of the Province in a more than liberal manner. The morning was ushered in by a merry peal from the church bells. The excellent Cornopæan Band from Blandford had been engaged for the occasion, and to assist the choir in the anthems. The ladies of Wareham had most tastefully decorated the Guildhall with every description of flower to be had from their respective gardens; and last, though not least, had with their own hands embroidered in a neat and tasteful manner a blue silk banner to be used on the occasion. The Brethren proceeded in the usual order to church, where an excellent Masonic discourse was delivered to them by the Prov. Chaplain, the Rev. I. U. Cooke, vicar of East Lulworth, which was listened to by the congregation with marked attention. The Brethren returned from church to their

Lodge Room, and after disposing of some usual routine business, the Prov. G. M. addressed the Brethren nearly to the following effect :—

It is a source of the greatest gratification for me to be here present with you this day, to see a Lodge which has so long remained inactive again springing into its former vigour and activity, and giving every promise of following the Masonic art in freedom, fervency, and zeal. I may say that Masonry is now in a more flourishing state than perhaps it has been at any former period. In proof of this, only look at the number of initiations which are continually taking place in our university of Oxford, and the zeal there displayed in the Masonic art. It certainly is true, as remarked in this last *Freemasons' Quarterly Magazine*, that initiations may be too frequent, and thus many may be brought into this Order whom we may be hereafter sorry to have admitted ; but still, with all due caution before admissions are taken, no good Mason can but rejoice at the initiation of a Brother. In my opinion, the only really dangerous man, and one who should be most thoroughly avoided by all who wish peace, harmony, good fellowship, and comfort in their Lodges, is a contentious man, one who is likely to cavil and find fault with everything which his own mind cannot at once comprehend, and to quarrel with every one who does not instantly fall into his views. Such a man avoid. I would also here give a hint, because it applies to all those who rule and govern in Lodges, and it is this : never, if possible, raise a question when there is no occasion for it ; should any doubt arise on any point, either of Masonic discipline or practice, in the first place refer it to me as a private friend ; I will give it my best attention, and should I feel any difficulty in the matter, I will submit it to the valued opinions of some of my best Masonic friends in London. In all ordinary cases this will be found the best course. I am fully aware cases may arise when such a proceeding will not do, and recourse must be had to a legally constituted Masonic tribunal. It is most gratifying to learn that our great charities are flourishing in a manner before unknown. Look at the noble building for the Girls' School on Clapham Common. Enter the school ; see the discipline carried out—a thorough system of Masonic love, without brute coercion or correction ! Observe the happy faces, neat dresses, and healthy and cleanly appearance of the girls—their progress in all useful duties, in sound moral education, as well as their *training in all domestic occupations of life—and you will then say Masonry “is more than a name !”* The Girls' School was founded in 1788, by Signor Ruspini, and in no one single instance has a girl been known to turn out badly. I know of nothing so likely to touch the heart of any Mason, than a sight of the girls in this school ; and you must remember this is chiefly supported by voluntary subscriptions from Masons, ladies, and kind friends ; and that this establishment, which in 1788 was instituted for eighteen girls, now educates sixty-six, or more. The Boys' School also is rapidly advancing ; a school building-fund has been commenced for them, and it is to be hoped that after the lapse of a year or two, the Brethren may be able to see them also under one master, studying together all the useful and sound instruction which can be afforded to them ; and thus growing up practical illustrations of the sincerity, honesty, and truth of our ancient and honourable society. The establishment for Aged Masons, on Croydon Common, does not advance so quickly as the other charities ; still, we will use the Masonic virtue “ Hope,” which will lead us to a full “ Faith” and belief that this undertaking will eventually become everything which its original projector could have wished. I will now draw the attention of the younger Brethren to a subject of the most vital importance to them, and that is the necessity which there is, if any Brother wishes to rise and be eminent in the Craft, of deep study and much thought, as well as of constant antiquarian research. Masonry, I formerly remarked, is a well-stored mine ; “ dig deep,” and you will find treasures. Do not imagine that you are a perfect Mason if you know, can perform well, and remember *most minutely*, all the ceremonies and lectures of the Order. You must lay them to heart, you must dissect them, you must digest them, and see how perfect they are in all their points, parts, and bearings, and how truly they are “ veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols.” Masonry is a

science, which once entered on, heart and soul, never tires the mind, but ever finds fresh incentives to energy and activity. It is most seriously to be regretted that, at the Union in 1813, the articles of Union should have declared that pure ancient Masonry consists of three Degrees and no more, viz., those of the "E. A. P., the F. C., and the M. M. (including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch). But this article is not intended to prevent any Lodge or Chapter from holding a meeting in any of the Degrees of the Orders of Chivalry, according to the constitutions of the said Order." Thus the Chivalric Orders are allowed, but not recognised; still their existence is fully admitted. This to a great extent cuts us off from Continental, and I may say, even from Scotch and Irish Masonry; for although permission is there given to work the higher Orders, still they are not, as in Ireland, Scotland, France, Prussia, and America, incorporated and made a part and portion of the Order. The Royal Arch Degree, as used by the Grand Chapter, has been so often altered and amended (the last time in 1835, when it was re-arranged by the Rev. Adam Brown, Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, in the elegant language in which we now find it), that it is almost impossible to recognise the Degree first adopted by Bro. T. Dunkerly, and others, in 1782; when it was first taken up by modern Masons, having been originally modelled and framed by the ancient Masons, 1740. To all young Masons, to all who take an interest in the history of our Order, I do most strongly recommend an advancing course. I recommend them to take the higher Degrees, for on the Continent, and in Scotland and Ireland, they will find a greater respect paid to these Degrees than to any other; I have succeeded in establishing a *Rosea crux* Chapter at Weymouth. Many of my Masonic friends belong to it, and I hope to see it every year increase more and more. Masonry, whether in the Blue or High Degrees, must not be mistaken for a system of religion, *per se*; although it contains every moral and religious sentiment. Masonry is the handmaid to religion, and runs concurrent with it in every point. The Red Cross Degree, and others of the higher grade, are pure Masonry, as I will endeavour to show you. Up to the reign of Charles the Second, the whole of Freemasonry had been under the reigning sovereign as Grand Master, *ex officio*. This is still the custom in many countries, and of this we have an illustration in the appointment of Prince Murat G.M. of France, by Louis Napoleon, on his becoming emperor, in which capacity, being a Mason himself, he is Grand Master *de jure*, and thus appoints whom he pleases to perform the duties of the high station of acting Grand Master. Charles died in February, 1685, and was succeeded by James II., who was not a Mason, and consequently could not succeed his brother. During his reign Masonry was much neglected, but at his abdication, those who went with him carried also the whole body of Masonry, and first planted it, as I will show you, on French soil. I read you extracts, which I have most carefully made from all the authorities within my reach.—"1746. In November, Mr. Ratcliffe (C. Ratcliffe, Esq.), titular Earl of Derwentwater, who had been taken in a ship bound for Scotland, was arraigned on a former sentence, passed against him in the year 1716; he refused to acknowledge the authority of the Court, and pleaded that he was a subject of France, honoured by a commission in the service of his most Christian Majesty. The identity of his person being proved, a rule was made for his execution; and on the eighth day of December, he suffered decapitation, with the most perfect composure and serenity."—From *Smollett's History of England*, ster. edit. 1812, p. 458. The above (who must not be mistaken for the young Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716) was the founder of the first Lodge established in Paris, 1725, at the house of Huse, a traiteur, Rue des Boucheries; he was the first Grand Master of France. In 1736, four Lodges alone existed in Paris. In 1746, the mother Lodge, Three Globes, at Berlin, had fourteen Lodges under its jurisdiction. In 1758, the Rite of 25° was established in Paris (for list of Degrees *vide* p. 80, *Acta Latinorum*, vol. i.). In 1761, foundation of the Council of Grand Inspectors, under the Lodge of the Three Globes, was laid at Berlin. In 1772, Grand Orient of France was established, which held its first meeting, March 5th, 1773. In 1781, September 5th, the Grand Lodge of New York declared itself independent. In 1787, America had eighty-five Lodges. In 1802, Feb. 21st, the Supreme Grand Council of the 33° of Charlestown, gave "Count de Grasse

Tilley" the power of initiating Masons in this Degree, and of constituting Lodges, Chapters, Councils, and Constitutions of the ancient Rite, "sur les deux hémisphères." In 1845, Oct. 26th, the London Council was established by the Charlestown Council. After the reign of James II. the sovereign ceased to be Grand Master: a succession of Grand Masters, with Sir C. Wren at their head, carried on Freemasonry, but not with that zeal which had formerly been bestowed on it. The Degrees beyond that of Master seem to have been quite disused, except in some few Lodges where they had been retained. For the history of this period, indeed up to the Union in 1813, I must refer you to two standard Masonic works, Norkouch's "Book of Constitutions," published by authority in 1784; and Preston's "Illustrations of Freemasonry," which is a book that no Mason should be without. During the whole of this period, as you see, Freemasonry was flourishing in all its branches on the continent and in America, and, as I have also told you, was re-established in this country in October, 1845. We, the Supreme Grand Council of Sovs. Ins. Generals of the 33rd Degree, work silently and slowly, but surely. We uphold in every way the Grand Master and Grand Lodge of England; we uphold every institution of the Order; we solemnly renounce the slightest interference with any of the Degrees under the Grand Lodge, Chapter, or Knight Templar Conclave; we merely take up Masonry where it has been let drop in England; and endeavour, as far as in us lies, to grant those Degrees without which no Mason can be called perfect, or can he be received with those honours, which he would wish to have given him on the Continent. Perhaps some of you have lately been in London, and have had an opportunity of visiting the Aztec Lilliputians. These children, of the ages of about fourteen and seventeen, illustrate much of the dark Egyptian Hieroglyphic. They are found in a city hitherto unknown, used as idols, by another race. Their countenances are the same as those found engraved on the Egyptian marbles, and in the worship of these by the tribe among whom they were found, certain signs, tokens, and words are made use of which are familiar to the ear of every Mason. I have the little book which I bought when admitted to see them; I only wish I had a sufficient number of copies to distribute one to every Brother in this Lodge-room now present. The whole of the system practised at Ixamaya seems to be a thorough and vast carrying out of the Masonic institutions, from the strict guard kept up outside the gates of the city, to the vigilance and secrecy preserved in the worship in their temples. All this will forcibly strike every Mason on reading this small book now in my hand. I believe it is eleven years since a P. G. meeting has been held here; I had intended to have held a meeting some years ago, but I found few members then in the Lodge, and I thought it best to allow the Lodge *itself* to revive, before I came officially. I now have reason to congratulate both your Lodge and myself on the rapid strides you have made. I think I may say, generally, with one exception only, that Masonry is now in a most healthy state in the province of Dorset. As Masons, we are every day becoming a more and more important body. To be a Mason is no longer a reproach, applied to us by the "Profanum vulgus;" those who do not belong to us, or who would not join us, at all events treat us with respect; the ladies, as a body, are not opposed to us, but rather, in most instances, give us their encouragement and support. Thus upheld, what institution can fail to flourish? Look at the late ball given in the University of Oxford, which must be considered as the nursery of our future Prov. Grand Masters and Grand Officers,—see how that was attended, and how it went off; see also the remarks of that great organ of public opinion—the *Times* newspaper—and then who will say that Masonry is not taking the stand it should take, and ranking with our noblest civil institutions?—*Magna est veritas et praevalet*—I fear, my Brothers, I have tired you; but Masonry is a subject, when I once take it up, that I scarce know when, how, or where to stop; its resources are inexhaustible,—but the time tells me I must bring this subject to a close; and after thanking you all for your attendance here this day, and expressing a hope that we shall again meet round the festive board at a later hour, I will again beg you, by acting up to the sublime precepts of our Order, to prove to the world at large, that we are a truly noble and privileged Fraternity.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER then informed the Brethren that Bro. Jacob had requested to resign the office of Prov. G. Sec., owing to ill health, that he much regretted the cause of his resignation; Bro. Jacob having served the office for a long series of years, under the late Prov. G. M. Bro. Eliot, and since that time during the whole of his (the Prov. G. M.'s) period of office, and during the whole time he had discharged his duties faithfully and fervently. He then desired Bro. Jacob to accept a small token of his fraternal regard, and placed a beautifully wrought Masonic Jewel on his right breast. The following Brethren were then appointed to the various offices for the ensuing year:—C. O. Bartlett, of Lodge 542, to be S. G. W.; J. Graves, of 160, to be J. G. W.; the Rev. I. U. Cooke, G. Chap.; C. W. Bond, of 802, G. Registrar; W. Hannen, of 694, G. Treasurer; R. Hare, of 199, G. Sec.; J. B. Harvey and C. Bessant, of 199, G. Deacons; J. Purkins, of 802, G. Sup. of Works;—Hatherleigh, of 542, and J. Panton, of 542, G. Dirs. of Cer.; T. Ellis, of 160, G. S. B.; T. Patch, of 605, G. O.; G. N. Dobson, of 160, and C. Hibbs, of 199, G. S. B.; and—Stevens, of 802, G. P.

The banquet was served up at the "Black Bear" hotel, and an unusual number of the Brethren sat down at four P.M. to partake of refreshment, the band during the dinner playing some excellent pieces of music to perfection. At one end of the room was placed the clock we before alluded to, the dial of which was designed by the Prov. G. M., and his J. W. Bro. W. Hancock, of Weymouth; and was executed at Weymouth by the latter skilful artist, by whom also the case was designed and executed. The works of the clock, which is an eight-day one, striking the hours and quarters, were supplied by Bro. Vincent, jeweller, of Weymouth, and are of excellent and substantial workmanship. The back-ground of the dial represents a cloudy canopy, on which is emblazoned in gold the eagle of the 33rd Degree in Masonry, the Triple Cross of Salem, with an inscription, "William Tucker, Sovereign Inspector General," and the Pelican of the 18th Degree. On each side are pillars surmounted with the celestial and terrestrial globes, and at the bottom are seven stars, the jewel of the R. W. G. M. of Dorset, and the mark jewel. The dial is composed of four different circles, the first or outer circle being black, on which the minutes are shown by white equilateral triangles, and the hours by rhomboids. The next is purple, with the hours in old English letters of gold. The third is vermilion, with the working tools of the three first degrees in Masonry, corresponding to the figures in the hour circle. There is also a representation of the First Grand Offering at the bottom, and the Cross of the 18th Degree on the top. The fourth circle is azure, with the signs of the zodiac, also emblazoned in gold. In the middle of the dial is the mosaic pavement in black and white, with its border and tassels and a blazing star (in gold) in the centre. On one side is a ladder consisting of three steps, on the other side a circle and parallel lines. At the top, resting on a pavement, is placed the Ark of the Covenant with the All-seeing Eye, and at the bottom a figure of Time with the motto *Tempus fugit*. Outside these last-mentioned emblems is a continuation of the cloudy canopy. A cable surrounds the whole and forms a fifth circle inside the others. The hour hand is formed to represent a sprig of acacia, and the minute hand an ear of corn. The general design of the case is after

the ancient Doric order. In the base is a panel containing a representation of the tracing board of the 1st Degree of Masonry, elaborately carved in relief, surrounded by an indented border, with the emblems of the four cardinal virtues at the corners. The frieze is ornamented with the jewels of the various Provincial officers; and resting on the cornice, are the three great lights of Masonry—the Sacred Volume, the Square, and Compasses. The feet represent pomegranates. At the back of the case is placed the key-stone of Mark-Masonry, with the crest of the Prov. G. M. in the centre. Our space will not allow us to give a detailed account of the proceedings at table; suffice it to say that the Brethren separated about eight o'clock, highly pleased and satisfied with the proceedings of the day.

ESSEX.

COLCHESTER.—On Monday, August 8th, the imposing ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Mary Magdalene was honoured with a grand Masonic demonstration, the R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., and nearly 200 Officers and Brethren belonging to Lodges in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Middlesex, being present. In the morning the High-street, particularly in the vicinity of the Town Hall and the Cups Hotel, was filled with the populace, who had congregated to witness the arrival of omnibus-loads of the mysterious Craftsmen from the railway. Flags floated from the tops of the principal buildings, and in some parts spanned the streets from house to house. Having held a Prov. G. L. at the Cups Hotel, at twelve o'clock, the Brethren, accompanied by the Mayor and Corporation in their robes, J. G. Rebow, Esq., High Sheriff, the Archdeacon of Colchester, and numerous clergy in their gowns, the Blue-coat School-boys carrying flags, men bearing banners, and the bands of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, from Ipswich, and Essex Rifles, of Colchester, with throngs of spectators, walked in procession through High-street, Queen-street, and the ruins of St. Botolph's Priory, to St. Botolph's Church, to hear divine service. As may be imagined, the novelty of such a spectacle caused a large influx of persons into the town, and windows, balconies, and house-tops throughout the route were crowded with spectators. The following is a programme of the procession, and description of the regalia belonging to the G. L. of England in London, of the estimated value of 3,000*l.*, which was lent for use on the occasion:—

Band of the Sixth Dragoon Guards.

Tyler.

Visiting Brethren, not members of any Lodge present.

Lodges of the neighbouring Provinces, according to seniority, juniors first.

Tyler.

Lodges of the Province of Essex, preceded by their banners.

North Essex Lodge, Bocking, No. 817.

Royal Burnham Lodge, Burnham, No. 788.

Chigwell Lodge, Chigwell, No. 663.

Lodge of Confidence, Castle Heddingham, No. 662.

Lodge of Hope, Brightlingsea, No. 627.

	Lodge of Good Fellowship, Chelmsford, No. 343.	
	Lodge of Hope and Unity, Romford, No. 259.	
	Lodge of True Friendship, Rochford, No. 186.	
	Banner of the Angel Lodge, Colchester, No. 59.	
	Rough Ashlar.	Perfect Ashlar.
	Doric Light.	Ionic Light.
	Celestial Globe.	Terrestrial Globe.
	Members of the Angel Lodge, two and two.	
	Senior Deacon.	Junior Deacon.
	Corinthian Light.	
	G. Chaplain.	
	Secretary.	Treasurer.
	Cornucopia, containing corn, wine, and oil.	
	Square, Level, and Plumb, on cushion.	Trowel and Mallet, on cushion.
	Vase with coin.	
	Senior Warden.	Junior Warden.
	Past Masters.	
	Banner.	
	Visiting Brethren of Prov. Grand Lodges.	
	Prov. Grand Lodge of Essex.	
	Tyler.	Tyler.
	Grand Pursuivant.	
	G. Organist.	
	Grand Superintendent of Works.	
	Past Grand Sword Bearers.	
	Past Grand Deacons.	
G. Steward.	G. Sec. with Book of Constitutions.	G. Steward.
	P. G. Treasurers.	
	Past Grand Registrars.	
	Grand Treasurer.	
	G. Registrar.	
	Past Grand Wardens.	
	Junior Grand Warden.	
	Senior G. Warden.	
	Junior Grand Deacon.	
Grand Steward. {	Prov. Grand Chaplain,	} Grand Steward.
	with the Volume of the Sacred Law.	
	Dep. Prov. Grand Master.	
	Grand Sword Bearer.	
G. Steward.	The R. W. Prov. Grand Master.	G. Steward.
	Senior Grand Deacon.	
	Grand Tyler.	

On the procession arriving at the church door, the Brethren halted, and divided right and left, for the R. W. Prov. G. M. and his Officers to pass up the centre, preceded by his Standard and Sword Bearer, and followed by the various Lodges in inverted order, from the bottom of the procession until the whole had entered the church, when the Brethren took their seats on the south side of the church.

The prayers and lessons were read by the Rev. J. Bruce, vicar of Althorne, Prov. G. C., assisted by the Rev. R. Bewick, of the Angel Lodge, Colchester.

The Rev. C. Badham, D.D., head master of the Royal Grammar School, Louth, Lincolnshire, preached an excellent sermon from Matt. xiii. 33.

After divine service the procession re-formed, and proceeded through Magdalene-street to the site of the new church, to lay the

first stone according to Masonic custom. The procession having arrived at the site, and entered the grounds, the clergy, mayor, and corporation, Freemasons, and other important personages who were to be present at the ceremony, were admitted to platforms raised over the partly-erected walls of the sacred edifice, the Freemasons occupying the most prominent position near to the foundation-stone. The Ven. C. P. Burney, archdeacon of Colchester, performed the religious service, which commenced by singing the Hundredth Psalm, Bro. J. Dace, G. O., presiding at the harmonium. Then followed the usual order of prayers for such occasions.

At the appointed portion of the service, the mortar having been applied to the foundation of the stone, it was spread by the R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., with a massive handsome silver trowel. The stone was then lowered and deposited on its final resting-place. Bro. G. Wackerbath, 259, and W. M. 663, P. Prov. S. G. W., deposited a bottle of coins in a receptacle chiselled in the foundation-stone, and said, "Bro. G. M., by your command I have deposited in the stone a bottle containing every current coin of the realm, with their inscription on parchment." Bro. R. Ellision, G. R., then read aloud the following inscription, engraved on a brass plate, which he placed over the receptacle in the stone:—"The foundation-stone of this church was laid by Rowland Alston, Esq., Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons, Aug. 8, A.D. MDCCCLIII. Prosper, O Lord, the work of our hands." The accuracy of the stone was then tested by Bro. J. Pattison, the acting J. G. W., applying the plumb, and declaring to the G. M. that the Craftsmen had done their duty; the acting S. G. W., Bro. Dr. Williams, applying the level, reported to the G. M. in similar language; the Dep. Prov. G. M., R. G. Alston, applying the square, reported in like manner to the G. M. The G. M. then turning round to his Grand Officers, said, "I trust no man, but will prove the work myself;" and then receiving the plumb, level, and square, applied them respectively to the stone, and addressing the assembly said, "I declare this stone to be correctly laid according to the rules of our ancient Craft," at the same time giving the stone three knocks with the gavel. The G. M. then received the cornucopia from Bro. Cross, and taking from it a handful of wheat, scattered it upon the stone, and said, "I scatter this corn as a symbol of plenty." He then received the ewer of wine from Bro. Norman, of Mersea, and pouring it on the stone, said, "I pour this wine as a symbol of joy and gladness." He then received the ewer of oil from Bro. J. Partridge, and pouring it on the stone, said, "I pour this oil as a symbol of peace and contentment;" and after a short pause, said, "May peace, harmony, and brotherly love ever dwell amongst us, by the grace of our Heavenly Father." After each sentiment expressed by the G. M. on scattering the corn, and pouring the wine and oil on the stone, the Freemasons simultaneously responded, "So mote it be." In returning the elevations and ground plans of the building to the architect, the G. M. said they met with general approbation, and in the opinion of all they did him great

credit. He then begged to thank the archdeacon and the clergymen present for the countenance and aid which they had afforded, and likewise the ladies for their presence, on an event so interesting and important. He reminded those present of that part of the excellent sermon which they had heard in the morning, in which they were truly told that virtue without charity in God's estimation was of no value; consequently, he asked, what charity could be more acceptable to God than that employed in erecting a building for His worship, and for the moral instruction and spiritual improvement of His creatures. Three cheers followed for the Rev. B. Lodge, rector of St. Mary Magdalene, the promoter of the great undertaking, and the ceremony concluded with the singing of the National Anthem, accompanied by the dragoon band, and enthusiastic hurrahs for the Queen. The vast assembly then dispersed, the procession on its return passing through Magdalene-street, Stanwell-street, St. John's-street, Head-street, and High-street, to the Cups Hotel, where the Masons halted. The G. M., who, by an infirmity of lameness, followed in the rear in the carriage of G. Rebow, Esq. now alighted, and taking the arm of his son, Bro. R. G. Alston, walked to the inn through two lines of the Masons, who saluted them *en passant*, and were honoured by acknowledgments of the compliments from the G. M. and his son. The Masons next followed in inverted order.

At five o'clock the Brethren assembled at a grand Masonic banquet, furnished in the Cups Hotel assembly-room by the worthy host, Bro. G. Chaplin. The R. W. Bro. R. Alston, Prov. G. M., presided, the W. M. of the Angel Lodge, Colchester, Dr. Williams, and the P. M. of the same Lodge, Bro. W. Bowler, officiating as vice-chairmen.

Besides the usual loyal toasts, the following were proposed:—"The M. W. G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland;" "The Prov. G. M. Rowland Alston," who responded; "Dep. G. M. the Earl of Yarborough, and the G. Officers of England," responded to by the Dep. Prov. G. M., R. G. Alston; "The Prov. G. M. for Suffolk;" "Dep. Prov. G. M. Capt. Skinner, and the Prov. G. Officers;" "The Mayor and Corporation of Colchester," replied to by Ald. Bro. Williams; "The Archdeacon and Clergy, and especially the Rev. Brethren who had officiated that day," for which Bro. Bewick responded; "The Angel Lodge, No. 59, with thanks for the admirable arrangements of the day," responded to by the W. M. Dr. Williams; "Bro. Barnes, the architect, and Bro. Luff, the builder, of the new church, and success to their exertions;" "The Brethren who had acted as Directors of the Ceremonies," responded to by Bro. Forbes and his assistant Bowler.

The G. M. then vacated the chair, and after other toasts had been drunk, the proceedings of the banquet terminated about ten o'clock.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE.—On Tuesday, Sept. 13th, upwards of one hundred Brethren, consisting of members of the various

Lodges in this Province and several visitors from a distance, assembled together to celebrate this annual festival. The Lodge was held in the upper room of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Newcastle-under-Lyme, and was opened by Bro. Henry Hall, W. M., of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, Newcastle, soon after twelve o'clock. About one the members of the Prov. G. L. were admitted in the usual manner, and the Dep. Prov. G. M., Bro. H. C. Vernon, took his seat at the head of the Grand Lodge, which he opened in due form, and then proceeded to the business of the meeting. He informed the Brethren of the resignation of the Prov. G. M., Maj.-Gen. Anson, who had received a high military appointment at Bombay, and would shortly leave this country, and read a letter from that Brother, expressive of his regret at being severed from the Brethren, over whom he had so long presided. The Dep. Prov. G. M. then proceeded to name his successor, and in doing so had much pleasure in stating that the G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland, had been pleased to appoint a Brother, who had long been known to most of them, and whose Masonic knowledge was such as to leave no doubt as to the future working of the Prov. G. L. He himself felt the greatest pleasure in investing with the insignia of office one who, he felt persuaded, would perform the duties of the office with credit to himself and satisfaction to his Brethren, and was justly entitled to fill the distinguished post that had been allotted him; for none were more fit to command than those, who had been accustomed to obey. The pleasure he himself felt was, if possible, heightened by the fact, that their future Prov. G. M. was not only a Brother Mason, but a brother by blood also; he had the greatest pleasure in introducing Colonel Vernon to them. The Colonel was then installed in the usual manner, and immediately took the chair, amidst the loud and continued plaudits of the Brethren. The Dep. Prov. G. M., Bro. H. C. Vernon, who is likewise Prov. G. M. of Worcestershire, then tendered his resignation as Dep. Prov. G. M. Nothing, he observed, would have induced him to have taken this step, had he not been convinced that the Brother, who had that day been appointed to preside over them, was in every way fitted to fulfil the duties that devolved upon him. He thanked the Brethren for the great kindness he had always experienced at their hands, and said his thoughts would often revert to the pleasant meetings he had had with them. He assured them that although he should no longer hold office in the Lodge, he should make it his pleasure to visit his Brethren in Staffordshire as often as he could. The newly-elected Prov. G. M. expressed his thanks for the honour done him in being elected to the high office of Prov. G. M., and begged to assure his Brethren, that his best exertions should always be used for the good of Masonry in the Province, and that he would at all times, and on all occasions, adhere strictly to the Constitutions of the Order. The Prov. G. M. then proceeded to appoint Bro. Thomas Ward, Prov. P. G. S. W. of the Prov. G. L., and P. M. of the Sutherland Lodge of Unity, to the important office of Dep. Prov. G. M. From the respect, in which Bro. Ward is held

amongst all the Brethren in the Province, not only on account of his well-known Masonic capabilities, but also for his estimable character as a man, this appointment was received with the most cordial and universal spirit of approval. The appointment for the year ensuing of all the other officers of the Prov. G. L. followed. Bro. Lloyd was re-elected Prov. G. Treas., Bro. Dee, Prov. G. Sec., and Bro. Rev. W. H. Wright, of Hanley, was nominated Prov. G. Chap. The accounts for the past year were read and confirmed, and other business of the Lodge transacted. A procession was then formed, and the Brethren, in full Masonic costume, preceded by a band, walked to St. George's Church, kindly granted for the occasion by the Rev. J. S. Broad. An impressive and truly Masonic sermon was preached by Bro. Wright, his text being taken from the 15th chapter of St. Luke, and the 8th, 9th, and 10th verses. The procession was then re-formed, and the Brethren returned to the Lodge-room, when the remaining part of the business was gone through.

The Prov. G. L. was then closed in due form. The Craft Lodge was then adjourned, and the Brethren, having formed in procession as before, proceeded to the Guildhall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, to partake of the banquet.

Since the last Prov. G. L., held in Newcastle in 1845, Masonry has made considerable progress in the neighbourhood; a Lodge has been formed in Longton with much success, and the Lodges in Newcastle, Burslem, Hanley, &c., have also much increased in numbers. We understand the Lodges in the southern division of the Province are likewise making considerable progress.

SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON.—We are requested to intimate, that the Royal York Lodge, No. 394, has removed from the Castle Inn, Castle-street, to the White Horse Hotel, East-street.

WILTSHIRE.

Installation of the Right Hon. Lord Methuen, as Prov. G. M. of the Province of Wilts, at Swindon.—The establishment of a Masonic Province in this county, and the nomination of a popular nobleman like Lord Methuen to the office of Prov. G. M., have been a subject of much congratulation to the ancient brotherhood both here and elsewhere. While Masonry testified its vitality in other counties, by its periodical festivals, its contributions to the cause of charity, and its assistance in laying the foundation-stone of public edifices, according to the ceremonial handed down to us by the Freemasons of the Middle Ages, who built most of the Gothic minsters in England and on the continent, in Wiltshire the Craft has been almost dormant, and the honour of reviving it is mainly due to Bro. Gooch, the eminent engineer and accomplished Master of the Lodge of Emulation at Swindon. He has not only brought his Lodge to a state of the highest efficiency, but has imbued others with a portion of his

own zeal and energy, and has left no effort untried to further the interesting work, of which we are about to speak.

By noon, on Tuesday, the 6th of September, old Swindon was as lively and full of bustle as its young and ambitious neighbour in the valley. The church bells were ringing a merry peal, sight-seers were congregating in the streets, and there was a general hurrying of gentlemen in evening costume towards the Lodge room, where the installation was appointed to take place. The ceremony was attended by about one hundred and twenty Brethren, from different Lodges in the county. The members of the Order present were—

Bros. Lord Methuen; Sir Watkin W. Wynn, P.G.M., North Wales and Shropshire; Col. W. Burlington, W.M., Lodge 97, Cheltenham, and P. Prov. G.M. of Bengal; Bros. J. C. Luxmore, P.G.S.W., Devon; G. Chick, P. G. J. W., Bristol; A. L. Goddard *M.P.*; Major Goddard; Capt. Bulkeley (Director of the Great Western Railway Company); W. Gooch, South Newton, Devon; A. P. Browne, P.G.S., Somerset; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B. of the Grand Lodge of England, Oxford; B. Robinson, G.S. of the Province of Wiltshire; G. C. Harril, P. P. G. J. D., Bristol; J. Hervey, P.P.S.G.W., Northamptonshire and Hunts; Dr. Falconer, Lodge 528, Bath, P. P. G. R. P. G. J. W., Somerset; George Goldsmith, P. P. G. J. W. L. P. M., Hampshire; R. Bisgood, D. P. G. M., Kent, and P. G. S.; W. Walkely; W. Gill, P.M.; F. A. Fellowes; E. Lee; G. M. Tyrrell; C. Robinson, P.M.; Rev. Bro. Hicks, of Ramsbury; Bros. Blake, Plowman, and Walker, members of the Prov. G.L. of Oxford; C. S. Hawkins, Ashton Keynes; Rev. H. Light, Wroughton; W. Sheppard, Ashford, Kent; W. T. K. Perry Keene, Minety House; A. L. Henly, Mayor of Calne; J. C. Townsend; G. Budd; W. Martley, Chepstow; Edwards, Lymington; L. W. Hooper, Winchester; C. E. Owen; R. R. Rea; W. Read; Wright, Paddington; F. Hind; James Brown, Salisbury; William Brown, Monkton; J. Howse; J. S. Forbes; Edwin Arnold; George Campbell; W. P. Markham, Middlesex Lodge; F. T. Allis, W.M., Lodge 420; John Bradley, P.M., Lodge 420; J. Hale; S. Shaw; J. Lovett; T. E. Richardson; W. Wane; George White, late Lodge 341; E. R. Ing; William Morris, Royal Cumberland Lodge; Edward Cripps, Lodge 862; J. G. Monk, S. D.; W. Harwood; Henry Bridges, P. M., Lodges 367 and 680; Samuel Hall Smith; W. B. Sealey; J. H. Sheppard; George Jones; Charles Castle, P. M., Lodge 221; John A. Page, P.M., Lodge 120; G. S. White, Lodge 862; John Kirby, P. M., Lodge 128; James Smith, P. M.; Elias de Derham, Sarum; James Cornwall, Cirencester, S. W.; W. B. Minet, Middlesex, Lodge 167, London; John Evans, Lodge 528, Bath, P.M.; W. M. Crowdy; Henry Weaver, P.P.G.S. for Hunts; Thos. Pain, Treas., Lodge 856; Henry Lyde Dunsford; Philip P. Cother, W.M., Lodge 856; Minard C. Rea; Thomas Graham; Charles Goolden, Lodge 167; R. B. Goolden, Lodge 289; Amos Slead, Lodge 97; Thos. Gill Palmer, Lodge 97.

The Grand Lodge was presided over by Bro. Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Prov. G. M. of North Wales and Shropshire, the other chairs being filled by eminent Brethren from the Provinces of Devon and Hants.

The ceremony of the installation having been completed, and the customary homage paid, his Lordship proceeded to appoint and invest the following Grand Officers:—Bros. Gooch, D. G. M.; Crowdy, S. W.; Withers, J. W.; Campbell, Chap.; Prower, Regr.; Rea, Sec.; W. Brown, S. D.; P. P. Cother, J. D.; J. Matthews, Sword Bearer; J. E. Sheppard, Treas.; J. W. Brown, Dir. of Cer.; Sealey, Assist. Dir. of Cer.; S. Smith, Pursuivant; T. Pain and Beverley Robinson, Jun. Stewards.

The routine business of the Lodge having been transacted, the Brethren proceeded to attend Divine service, in the following

ORDER OF PROCESSION :—

- Band.
 Tyler.
 Visiting Brethren not Members of Lodges in the Province.
 Elias De Derham, Lodge No. 856.
 Lodge of Rectitude, No. 420.
 Royal Sussex Lodge of *Emulation*, No. 453.
 Visiting Brethren, being Provincial Grand Officers of other Provinces.
 Prov. G. Pursuivant. Prov. G. Organist.
 Prov. G. Sup. of Works. Assist. Prov. G. Dir. of Cer.
 Prov. G. Director of Ceremonies.
 Prov. G. Secretary, with Book of Constitution.
 Prov. G. Registrar. Prov. G. Treasurer.
 Visiting Brothers being Grand Officers of England.
 The Corinthian Light.
 The Column of the Junior Prov. Grand Warden.
 Junior Prov. Grand Warden.
 Doric Light.
 Column of Senior Prov. Grand Warden.
 Senior Prov. Grand Warden.
 Junior Prov. G. Deacon.
 Prov. G. Steward. { Prov. Grand Chaplain, } Prov. G. Steward.
 { with the Volume of the Sacred Law. }
 Deputy Prov. Grand Master.
 Ionic Light.
 Prov. Grand Sword Bearer.
 The Right Worshipful Prov. Grand Master.
 Senior Prov. G. Deacon.
 Prov. Grand Tyler.

The procession, as it passed through the streets, had a very gay and imposing effect. The Brethren wore all their decorations, varied according to the degree of office they bore in the Order; and their richly ornamented purple, blue, and crimson silk robes, and their little white aprons, added to the flags and mystic symbols which they carried, presented a *tout ensemble* highly picturesque. Upwards of 100 Brethren attended from different parts of the country—Hampshire, Somerset, Gloucester, Devon, Northamptonshire, Wales, &c.; some of them holding high office among the Fraternity.

On arriving at the churchyard, the van of the procession fell into double file, through which Lord Methuen and the newly constituted officers of the Prov. G. L. entered the sacred edifice, every seat in which was soon occupied by a respectable and attentive congregation.

On entering the church the National Anthem was performed on the splendid new organ, at which Bro. T. B. Richardson presided. The psalms for the day were chanted by the choir, whose assistance was kindly given on the occasion. The services (Jackson in P) were ably sustained, and the anthem (Psalm cxxxiii.) reflected infinite credit on all the performers, especially the soloists. The 100th Psalm, which preceded the sermon, appeared to inspire the congregation with a love of psalmody, as all joined in perfect harmony.

The Sermon was preached by the Rev. Bro. Campbell, P. G. Chap., and was one of the most forcible and eloquent expositions and defences of the principles of *Masonry that we ever heard delivered from the pulpit.*

At the conclusion of the service, the Brethren returned to their place of meeting in due order, when the Lodge having been closed, they separated for a short space of time, and re-assembled in the spacious Lodge-room at the Goddard Arms Hotel, which was splendidly decorated with the regalia of the Order; and with flowers and evergreens tastefully woven into garlands, or placed in ornamental baskets affixed to the walls, united with the gay colours of the Masonic dresses, gave the room a remarkably pretty appearance. Here a splendid banquet was provided by the host (Bro. Westmacott); the Prov. G. M., in the Chair, supported on the right by the Prov. G. M. for North Wales and Shropshire, and on the left by the Dep. Prov. G. M. for Wilts, and a party of ninety Brethren.

On the removal of the cloth (grace having been said by the Prov. G. Chap.), the toasts of "The Queen," and "The G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland," and "The Dep. Prov. G. M. of England, the Earl of Yarborough," were appropriately given from the Chair, and duly received by the Brethren.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER for North Wales and Shropshire then proposed the health of his very old and dear friend, "The Prov. G. M. for Wilts, Lord Methuen," whom he had for many years known and admired for his excellent qualities, exhibited not only in this country, but in America, where he had shown such prowess that it was acknowledged by the men of the New World that they could not produce so fine a specimen as the Old World. He congratulated the Brethren in general, and this Province in particular, on having been so fortunate as to obtain so worthy and excellent a Brother to fill the important office, to which he had that day been installed.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER, in rising to respond to the toast, which had been so kindly proposed and heartily responded to, admitted that the pleasure he felt in so doing was not unmingled with regret—regret that the office he had that day been raised to had not fallen to one more able and efficient than himself. Nevertheless, having undertaken it, he would endeavour to discharge its duties properly. When he was first communicated with on the subject, he felt that Masonry had, as it were, slumbered in Wilts, and in the hope that he might be of some service, he accepted the office, resolved to lend his aid (small as it might be), and to support with all the means in his power (small though they might be), the revival of the Craft in this, his native county; and he trusted, if they lived to re-assemble another year, the interests of Masonry would not be found to have suffered at his hands, but that new Lodges would arise in many places that ought to have them, that old Lodges, which had appeared to have sunk, would revive and again make head, and that the bright stars of prosperity would soon arise and shed their benign influence on Masonry in this Province.

The PROV. GRAND MASTER next proposed the health of a very excellent, worthy, and zealous Brother, well known amongst many of them, whose name commanded respect wherever it was known. He alluded to the Brother on his left, whom it had given him so much satis-

faction that day to appoint as his Deputy. Ancient Rome and modern France had boasted of the laurels which their heroes had achieved, but the well-known exertions of Bro. Gooch, for the advancement and promotion of the liberal arts and sciences, had earned for him a reputation of a higher order. Give me (said his lordship) such laurels as these, before all the boasted honours of the heroes of ancient Rome or modern France! for it was by such pursuits as these that science was to advance, and the more enlightened of mankind were to be knit together. Knowing how far superior Bro. Gooch was to himself in Masonic knowledge, he felt he must in great part leave the working of the Province in his hands. The toast was enthusiastically received, and very feelingly responded to.

The DEP. PROV. GRAND MASTER, in rising to return thanks, was most cordially and enthusiastically cheered. He appeared deeply affected by the manner in which his health had been proposed, and the enthusiastic way in which the toast had been received by his Brethren; so much so, that he was almost unable to express his feelings. It had been his privilege to occupy the office of W. M. of the Royal Sussex Lodge of Emulation, and to observe its rapid growth, evidencing renewed vitality and energy most gratifying to his feelings. The manifestation of the kind regard of his Brethren would not allow him to make any further observation, but he assured them of his determination to promote the interests of the Order to the utmost of his ability.

The other toasts that followed were:—“The Prov. G. Officers of other Provinces, who had favoured them with their presence,” and coupled with this was the name of Bro. Luxmore, of Devon, who duly responded to it; “The Brethren who had that day kindly accepted the Prov. G. Offices to which they had been appointed,” on whose behalf Bro. S. W. Crowdy returned thanks; “Prosperity to Masonry in general, particularly in the Province of Wiltshire,” responded to by Bro. Sheppard, &c. &c.

In the course of the afternoon, the noble Chairman paid a well-merited tribute of thanks to the Rev. Br. Campbell, for the excellent sermon he had preached in the church; and in doing so took the opportunity of alluding to the names of a number of eminent persons who had been members of the Order, mentioning particularly Cæsar, St. Albans, St. Swithin, William Waynesfleet, William Wykeham, and in later times Wolsey, Inigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren. Taking the time of Cæsar’s landing in this country to the present moment, they would find no great name handed down to posterity, which Masonry did not claim as her own. That was the best answer which could be given to the cavils of those rash men, who would hurl down from its high seat the position, which Masonry held; but thanks be, never was Masonry more firmly seated than at present, and he believed that the firm root which it had taken was to be attributed to its close connection with religion.

“For a period of nearly thirty years Masonry has seemed to decline in Wilts, the last Prov. G. L. having been held twenty-eight years

ago; and it was highly gratifying this day to see a Brother so universally respected as Bro. J. H. Sheppard re-appointed to the office of Treasurer, which he held at the above-named period, and for several years previously. Bros. Crowdy and Withers were likewise old and highly esteemed Prov. Officers; and it was observed by many old Masons, that they never remembered having seen, at any former Prov. Meeting, so large a number of 'purple aprons,'—thus showing the unusual degree of interest evinced by the superior officers of Grand Lodges in other Provinces. Where all was harmony and good will, it would seem invidious, perhaps, to mention individuals; but the three above named, and a few other zealous Brethren, impelled by that warm attachment and never-dying regard for their Craft, which all good Masons feel, have revived the smouldering embers of their Order at Swindon, where there is now kindled a flame of Masonic feeling, which is extending itself on every side; and we rest assured that the Craft, firm to its great principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, will soon diffuse itself over this Province in a spirit of

"Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Each sister grace combined,
To roam the world in unity,
And elevate mankind."

YORKSHIRE.

HULL.—*Masonic Trip to Grimston Park.*—On Saturday, August 20th, several members of the Humber Lodge, No. 65, Osborne-street, Hull, proceeded, by express invitation, to Grimston, near Tadcaster, the residence of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. W. Lord Londesborough, S. G. W. of England, who also on that occasion threw open his grounds to the public. The ceremony of presenting to his lordship a recent resolution of the members of the Humber Lodge, electing him an honorary member thereof, took place under the conduct of W. M. Bro. W. B. Hay, in the presence of P. M. Bros. Bannister, Broadhead, Chaffer, Feetam, and Stark. His lordship received the deputation in the most cordial manner, and, in accepting the same, took occasion to assure the Brethren of the high appreciation he had of the honour conferred upon him, and his determination to do all in his power for the Humber Lodge, and to forward its interests on every occasion. His lordship then invited the deputation, with other members and friends, to an elegant *déjeuner*. Several appropriate remarks were made by Lord Bateman; Mr. Ald. Thompson, of this town; Mr. C. Good, Danish Consul at this port; and Bros. Bannister and Charles Frost. The day was most agreeably spent by the company at large in viewing the grounds, armoury, and other objects of interest. Amongst the company present were, with others: P. M. Bros. Dr. J. P. Bell, J. Leonard, J. L. Seaton, and T. A. Ward, in addition to those before named; also Bros. R. Bell, Bothroyd, Chapman, C. A. Davis, J. Glover, W. Holmes, Hustwick, S. Hewson, G. Leng, C. Miller, T. Ross, D. Smales, J. M. Stark, Wheedale, Waugh, Luting, of Beverley, &c.

ZETLAND.

LERWICK.—*Morton Lodge*, 89.—A meeting of the Brethren was held in their Hall on the 24th June, when the usual business of the Lodge was transacted, and one Brother passed the degree of Fellowcraft. The M. W. the G. M. of England, the Earl of Zetland, being in Zetland at the time, on a visit to his estates, the Brethren thought it advisable to request him to honour the Lodge with his presence, he not only being the highest dignitary in Freemasonry in the kingdom, but his noble family for a long period intimately connected with these islands. Accordingly a note was addressed to the M. W. G. M., who most condescendingly replied to it, signifying his willingness to meet his Brethren. A Lodge was therefore summoned on the 25th, at which above thirty of the Brethren were present. The M. W. G. M. entered the Lodge at eight o'clock, and was received with the honours due to his rank in the Craft. He was pleased to express his satisfaction with the impressive manner in which an initiation was performed, which took place that evening. The Brethren were all delighted with his fraternal and affable deportment, and also with the beautiful address which he delivered, containing particulars of the charitable institutions of the Grand Lodge of England, and of the progress of Masonry in various quarters of the world. After a short time spent in harmony and refreshment, the Lodge was closed.

The members of Morton Lodge will often reflect with pride and pleasure on the circumstance of their Lodge having been honoured by the presence of so distinguished a Brother, and hope that he may long occupy his present exalted position.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.

GRAND MASONIC DEMONSTRATION.—*Laying of the Foundation-stone of the Orphanage and Asylum for Imbecile Children, July 7th, 1853.*—To Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy the inhabitants of this district are greatly indebted for the deep interest they take in every useful and philanthropic scheme. Not content with merely subscribing to old and established charities, they have evinced their active benevolence by carrying out new modes of ameliorating the condition of their unfortunate fellow-creatures. It is almost entirely to their exertions that Dundee owes the commencement and successful establishment of the "Home,"—a charity by means of which many young females have been rescued from vicious and abandoned courses, and restored to a useful and respectable position in life.

And in the foundation of an orphanage for defective or idiot children, we have afforded us another instance of their desire to be active labourers in the cause of suffering humanity. The disinterested, able, and unwearied exertions of Dr. Duggenbuhl have proved, that of defective children not one is so sunk in idiocy as to be incapable of improvement; while, through the use of proper curative means, many whose condition was previously looked upon as hopeless, may be ultimately rendered useful and honourable members of society. On the plan of his noble institution, the Abendberg, several establishments have been formed on the continent and in England. Scotland, however, has hitherto been without an institution of this truly Christian kind, and we owe it to the munificent liberality of Sir John and Lady Jane Ogilvy that the reproach is now to be wiped away from us.

In accordance with the arrangements, the foundation-stone of the Orphanage, to be erected on the banks of the Dighty, was laid with Masonic honours on Thursday, July 7th. The Brethren assembled in Bell-street Hall, Dundee, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the Grand Lodge was opened in due form by Bro. J. Whyte Melville, of Bennochty and Strathkinnes, D. G. M. (in the absence of the Duke of Atholl, M. W. G. M.). They afterwards proceeded, in three divisions, to the station of the Newtyle Railway; each division as it appeared occupying the carriages assigned to it, and being drawn up the incline in succession. At the top of the incline one long train was formed,—the longest, we believe, ever seen upon this now somewhat antiquated railway,—and the “merry Masons” proceeded on their way to the Baldragon station, which was reached about half-past one. On descending from the carriages, they were formed under the command of their Marshal, Bro. Cowie, and marched in procession to the site of the Orphanage, in the following order:—

Marshal.

- Camperdown Lodge, Dundee.—Bro. Geekie.
- Panmure, Arbroath.—Bro. J. Kidd.
- Caledonian, Dundee.—Bro. R. Kidd.
- Forfar and Kincardine, Dundee.—Bro. Jack.
- Thistle Operative, Dundee.—Bro. Cloudesley.
- St. Vigeans, Arbroath.—Bro. Arrott.
- St. David's, Dundee.—Bro. Alison.
- Ancient, Dundee.—Bro. Gardiner.
- Operative, Dundee.—Bro. Reid.
- St. Thomas's, Arbroath.—Bro. Roy.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

Band.

With the procession winding along the road, and the large number of spectators from Dundee and the neighbouring parishes viewing it from every elevated spot, the scene presented was both graceful and picturesque, and such as has seldom, if ever before, been witnessed in the quiet and secluded parish of Strathmartine. At Bridgefoot there was erected a very neat arch of evergreens, surmounted by a crown; and pretty floral devices were frequently to be seen along the road. Amid the joyous feelings of the villagers and others, as

evinced by their repeated and cordial cheers, the procession reached the site of the Orphanage, about half a mile north-east of the station, when the Brethren at once took up the places assigned to them around the scene of the ceremony—the officials of the Grand Lodge occupying a raised platform in the centre. Above this was suspended, on gaily decorated beams, the foundation-stone, ready to be lowered to its destined place at the proper time. The elevated ground to the north was covered with spectators, in front of whom we observed Lady Jane Ogilvy, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen, who had come to evince alike their respect for Sir John Ogilvy, and their interest in the benevolent undertaking. The bank on the south of the stream was also occupied by spectators, with the children attending the four schools in the parish, who had been marshalled on the ground by their teachers, drawn up in front. The arrangements being complete, the Rev. A. Taylor, who officiated as Grand Chaplain, gave out the Hundredth Psalm; and the singing of this beautiful hymn of praise by so many voices, and under such peculiar circumstances, had a thrilling and solemnizing effect. And when the singing finished, Mr. Taylor proceeded to offer up a most earnest and impressive prayer, every sound was hushed.

The G. Sec., Bro. W. A. Lawrie, then deposited in the cavity of the stone a glass bottle hermetically sealed, containing copies of the local newspapers, a list of the various Lodges taking part in the ceremony, the current coins of the realm, &c. Over the cavity was then placed a brass plate, on which was engraved the following inscription, read by Bro. J. Winter, G. C. :—

The Foundation Stone of this Building, erected by
Sir JOHN and Lady JANE OGILVY,
As an Asylum for the Treatment of Defective Children,
was laid on the 7th day of July, 1853, by
The Grand Lodge of Scotland ;
John Whyte Melville, Esq., of Bennochy, Deputy Grand Master Mason,
officiating,
Assisted by all the Lodges in Dundee.
Architects—Messrs. Coe and Goodwin, London.
Builders—Charles and Alexander Cunningham, of this parish.

The band then struck up "Great light to shine," during the playing of which the stone was gently lowered into its appropriate place; after which, by command of the D. G. M., Bro. T. Cuthbert, acting S. G. W., applied the square; Bro. G. Bisset, acting J. G. W., applied the plumb; and Capt. M. Drummond, acting Subs. G. M., applied the level. Having each reported to the D. G. M. that they had applied their tools to the stone, and found it correct, he, expressing full confidence in their reports, finished the work by giving the usual three blows of the mallet in the true Masonic manner. The D. G. M. then poured corn, wine, and oil on the top of the stone, and invoked the Divine favour upon the undertaking. At this stage the band played, "On, on, my dear Brethren," and a round of nine guns was fired from cannon stationed on an eminence behind,—the band following with the "Mason's Anthem."

The D. G. M. then delivered a short address, expressing his regret at the absence of Lord Pannure, the Prov. G. M., through indisposition, and the satisfaction he felt at having been permitted to take a part in the proceedings of the day. He said, those in the locality were deeply indebted to Sir John Ogilvy and his amiable lady for having—so differently from what others might have done in similar circumstances—devoted a sum of money towards so charitable an object as the present institution; and he also congratulated them upon having a resident landlord actuated by Sir John's spirit and benevolence. He concluded by expressing a hope that a blessing from the Architect of the Universe may descend upon Sir John and his amiable Lady, that they may both live to enjoy the fruits of their benevolence; that they may see this edifice rise to completion, and find it instrumental in promoting the peace and comfort, the health and happiness, and in some cases also in restoring that light of reason, which is the highest blessing of God (cheers).

Sir John Ogilvy having replied in elegant speech, the ceremonial proceedings were then closed by the band playing "Rule Britannia." Previous to the dispersal, Sir John Ogilvy kindly intimated that Lady Jane and he had thrown open their grounds and garden to the Brethren and others present, and that they would be glad to see as many as could find it convenient enjoying themselves there. The greater number of those present availed themselves of the offer made by Sir John, and the fine parterres and garden at Baldovan House were enlivened by crowds of people, who, we are glad to say, conducted themselves in such a manner as to show that they rightly estimated the favour conferred upon them. And it deserves to be stated that not a single flower was plucked, nor the slightest injury done to anything on the ground. After enjoying themselves wandering through the grounds and garden for some time, a number of the Brethren amused themselves with dancing on the green sward to the stirring music of the band, and continued to keep it up with spirit until the signal agreed upon (the firing of a cannon), warned them again to form in line. They drew up in order before the house, and after giving three cheers for Lady Jane, Sir John, and family, they marched a little to the east, passing close in front of the house on their return. They then proceeded to the railway station in reversed order to the procession of the morning. Having entered the carriages, they were quickly conveyed to the top of the incline, where they left the train, and again formed in order of procession, moving down Constitution Road, down Tay Street, east along the Nethergate, up Reform Street, and west to Bell Street Hall. Here the Grand Lodge was closed in due form by Bro. Thomas Cuthbert, acting for the Dep. Grand Master, who had been compelled to leave by the afternoon train.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the Brethren dined together in Bell Street Hall—Sir John Ogilvy in the chair. After dinner a Grand Lodge was again opened, and the loyal and other Masonic toasts followed, varied by a number of songs. The reception given

to Sir John when his health was proposed by Bro. Captain Murray Drummond, of Megginch, was such as is seldom witnessed for enthusiasm, showing in how great estimation Sir John is held by the Masons of Dundee. The Lodge was closed at ten o'clock, when the Brethren separated.

BURNS'S APRON AND MALLET.—These interesting relics of Scotland's greatest bard were on Friday, July 22nd, on occasion of laying the foundation-stone of Dumfries Workhouse, exposed to the view of thousands of the admirers of the poet. These interesting relics were worn and carried by Mr. James Gilleson, architect, Dumfries, to whom they were kindly granted for the occasion by Mr. Thorburn, of Ryedale, in whose possession they have been for a considerable time. The apron was last worn by the poet on the 14th of April, 1796, at a meeting of the St. Andrew's Lodge, about three months before his death. It is of sheepskin, in a very frail condition, but has at a recent period been lined with a fresh skin, to keep it entire: at the top there is a blue silk fringe, rather faded; the compass and square being also wrought in silk and gold. The mallet is in excellent preservation, the gold upon its circles being quite bright.—*Dumfries Courier*.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—*August 3rd*.—This magnificent entertainment, which, since its announcement, has created such a *furor* among the *élite*, took place in the Rotunda, with a degree of brilliancy and splendour seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, in this city. The ball was given by the Masonic Brethren, under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Leinster, G. M. of the Order in Ireland, and was intended to be a means of heightening the enjoyment of the numerous strangers at present visiting our National Exhibition. The entire suite of rooms in this spacious building were thrown open for the occasion, and were tastefully and elegantly adorned. The decorations were intrusted to the care of Mr. Richard D. Boylan, who carried out the painting and decoration of our Great Exhibition with such effect. The entrance from Britain Street was fitted up as a bower, with arches, and decorated with evergreens and flowers, furnished at the end with a splendid mirror, which heightened the effect considerably. Through this arched bower the company entered the Round Room, which was decorated in a truly magnificent manner. The sides were hung in scarlet and white drapery. The arches were fitted up with fluted azure, blue, and white, and

under each window was placed a helmet, with two crossed swords and three small Masonic banners. There were also a great number of pier-glasses, and large Masonic and other banners decorating the walls. The orchestra, which was raised about seven feet from the floor, was finished with exceedingly good taste. The centre piece in front was a sun of blue and white gauze, surrounded by puffings of pink and white muslin, and at each end was placed a pilaster of white satin. Immediately over the orchestra there was hung a large and handsome banner, twenty feet square, in a circle in the centre of which was painted the arms of his Grace the Duke of Leinster; round this was a scroll work in royal blue and gold. The whole was surrounded by a border formed of a wreath of the shamrock, rose, and thistle; and in the angles were painted four Masonic emblematic devices. On the opposite side of the room, immediately facing the orchestra, was erected a handsome throne for the G. M. and their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of St. Germans. The pillars were painted a deep royal blue, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns of silver, and around the cornice was a wreath of shamrocks. The hangings and drapery were composed of azure-blue and watered white tabinet, with blue and white silk roofing and tassels, the whole surmounted by a royal crown in gold and crimson. Branching off the Round Room were several other apartments. A refreshment-room, very tastefully fitted up in the Swiss style;—the pillars were framed in five different colours, and entwined with artificial flowers and ever-greens; the walls were hung with large pier-glasses, banners, and other devices. A drawing-room, which, on entering, presented a very novel and picturesque appearance. It was all lined with pink, white, and blue drapery. The niches were fluted with blue and white muslin, and filled with statuettes, &c. A small room, fitted up as a Turkish tent, with hangings, draperies, couches, &c. This led into the Pillar Room, which, together with the Round Room, was devoted to dancing, and, as well as the remainder of the building, was well and tastefully decorated. About nine o'clock the company began to arrive, Alderman George Hoyte, Dep. G. M. occupying the throne. At half-past nine o'clock his Grace the Duke of Leinster, G. M., was announced; Alderman Hoyte, accompanied by the Grand Officers, and preceded by the Stewards, proceeded to meet his Grace, and conducted him to the throne, the band playing the Masonic anthem. From that time till eleven o'clock the arrivals continued to pour in in one continued stream, all the ladies being presented to his Grace. At eleven o'clock the arrival of their Excellencies was announced. The Duke of Leinster, accompanied by all the Grand Officers, proceeded to usher them in. After a few minutes their Excellencies—the Countess leaning on the arm of the Duke of Leinster—appeared, accompanied by Major Ponsonby, Major Bagot, Captain Hervey, Captain and Mrs. Willis, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Captain and Mrs. Cust, Captain and Mrs. Molyneux, the Hon. G. Eliot, Lowry Balfour, &c. &c. The Stewards formed into

line, and their Excellencies proceeded at once to the throne, the band playing "God save the Queen." Immediately after their arrival dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit till a late, or rather early, hour next morning. Shortly after twelve o'clock their Excellencies, accompanied by his Grace of Leinster, were conducted round the rooms, with the decorations and appearance of which they expressed themselves much gratified. At one o'clock they proceeded to the supper, which was laid in the large room, immediately over the Pillar room, the decorations of which, as well as the supplying of the good things that were its chief attraction, were intrusted to Bro. Ingram, of York Street, whose success as a *restaurant* has been acknowledged by the many who have participated in the triumphs of his art. At the upper end of the room, on a raised dais, was placed a table for their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of St. Germans, the Duke of Leinster, and the other principal guests. The centre piece of the table was a large and handsome arch, beautifully designed, made of confectionary, and covered with various Masonic emblems. The table was furnished with plate, and groaned under the heaps of delicacies, fruits, *assiettes montés*, wines, confectionary, &c., with which it was crowded. At the sides of the room were placed two long tables, and at the further extremity of the room another cross table, all laid out in the most elegant and tasteful manner. After partaking of the good things provided, his Grace the Duke of Leinster proposed, "The health of her Majesty the Queen."

His Grace then proposed "The Lord Lieutenant and prosperity to Ireland."

His Excellency briefly returned thanks, and said he had much pleasure in drinking the latter part of the toast—"Prosperity to Ireland."

His Excellency then proposed "The health of the G. M., his Grace the Duke of Leinster," whom he extolled as a resident landlord.

The toast was drunk with all the honours.

Alderman Hoyte, Dep. G. M., then proposed "The Ladies."

After which their Excellencies withdrew.

Among the company present, we noticed the following :—

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of St. Germans; his Grace the Duke of Leinster, M. W. G. M.; Sir Edward and Lady Blakeney; Viscount and Viscountess Gough; Lord and Lady Mayoress; Earl and Countess of Beective; Lord and Lady Castlereagh; Viscount and Viscountess Avonmore; Earl and Countess of Lucan; Lord and Lady Rossmore; Lord and Lady Howth; Lady Donner; Ladies Elizabeth and Louisa Cornwallis; Ladies Mary and Emily St. Lawrence; Sir Edward and Lady Elizabeth Borough; Lady Redington; Lady Ashbrook and the Hon. Misses Flower; Colonel and Mrs. Eden; Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, 21st Fusiliers; Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Eld, 90th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Queen's Bays; Lieutenant-Colonel M'Pherson, 17th regiment, C.B.; Lieutenant-Colonel Lord West; Lieutenant-Colonel Burdett; Lieutenant-Colonel Browne; Sir Edward M'Donnel; the Hon. Captain Lindsay; Lady Catherine Whetle; Hon. R. Annesley; Hon. J. L. Browne; Hon. Mr. Boyle; Hon. Misses Yelverton; Hon. Mrs. Deane; Sir

T. Gresly ; Sir Edward Kennedy ; Colonel and Mrs. Pennefather ; Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, and Officer of the G. L. of England ; Sir William Somerville ; Hon. G. Elliot ; the Ladies Louisa and Jane Moore, &c. &c. &c.

LEINSTER.—On Friday, June 24th, being St. John's day, the Brethren of the highly distinguished Lodge, No. 37, of this city, well known and pre-eminently respected amongst the Craft of Great Britain and Ireland, for the excellence of its working and the zeal of its members for the advancement of the sublime mysteries of the Order, assembled for the celebration of the festival, in accordance with prescriptive usage. At five o'clock P.M. the installation of officers for the ensuing six months took place, with all the accustomed attention to the time-honoured and imposing ceremonial of the occasion. The officers who had been selected for investiture were Bro. Capt. G. P. Helsham, W.M. ; Bro. Peter Prendergast, S. W. ; Bro. Lord James Butler, J. W. ; and Bros. John Helsham, and Robert Wright, S. and J. Ds.

KILKENNY, Lodge 642.—The Brethren of this Lodge installed their officers on Friday, June 24th ; Bro. John Maher, W. M., and Bros. Robert Mosse and William Raulow, Sen. and Jun. Wardens. They postponed their refreshment to a future day.

DURROW, Lodge 646.—Bro. Samuel Chaplain, sen., was once again installed as W. M. of this very creditably worked Lodge, with Bros. Watson and Harrison as Wardens. The Brethren dined together, and spent a truly Masonic evening.

NORTH MUNSTER.

EDEN MASONIC LODGE, No. 73.—*June 24th, 1853.*—The Brethren met at their Lodge rooms, Upper Cecil Street, at high noon, for the installation of Officers, when the following were installed for the ensuing six months :—Joseph Merrick, W. M. ; Thomas Trousdell, S. W. ; W. Peacocke, J. W. ; John Bassett, Sec. ; George W. Bassett, S. D. ; W. O'Sullivan, J. D. ; Thomas Fury, Inner Guard ; Rev. Thomas Elmes, Chap.

The Eden Lodge, which rose at half-past eleven, after a most convivial and intellectual evening, is, we learn with much pleasure, so efficiently worked by the Brethren, that it augurs to be one of the first Lodges in the south of Ireland.

NEWCASTLE, DESMOND LODGE, No. 202, *July 5th, 1853.*—On this day the Brethren of this Lodge met for the installation of officers, which took place in the following order :—Bro. the Hon. R. F. Deane, W. Master ; Bro. Bolster, Sen. Warden ; Bro. Murray Gun, Jun. Warden ; Bro. Leahy, Sen. Deacon ; Bro. Morris, Jun. Deacon ; Bro. Evans, Secretary ; Bro. Lanauze, Treasurer ; Bro. Supple, I. G. The labours of a busy season were rounded off by the festival in Desmond Hall, and the interest was in no small degree enhanced by the opportunity afforded them of entertaining the illustrious and Rt. W. Bro. M. Furnell. At conclusion of dinner, grace being chanted

from "Lyra Masonica," the W. M. rose to propose the health of the Queen, which was most enthusiastically received, and the "National Anthem" sung in chorus. To this succeeded many toasts, with appropriate glees and accompaniments by Bro. Supple, Wheeler (of Cork), and Murray Gun. After a delightful symposium, which will be long remembered by all who shared in it, Lodge was closed, and Brethren dismissed with the usual benediction.

ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER DESMOND, No. 202.—This Chapter, the warrant for which has lately been granted, was presided over on the 6th of July, by Prov. G. M. Furnell, who proceeded at high noon to install companions Peirce, Curling, and Murray Gun as principals. The other Officers, Sojourners, and Scribes, having been duly elected, three exaltations took place, and then an excellent lecture was delivered by the Right Worshipful, soon after which the entire Chapter repaired to the hospitable board of Bro. Curling to partake of dinner, comprising every delicacy the season could afford. It is needless to say the assembly dissolved in peace, love, and harmony.

JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

GUERNSEY.—*Laying the Foundation-stone of the Harbour of St. Peter Port.*—This ceremony took place on August 24th. For the greater part of the last fifty years, persons connected with the trade and shipping of Guernsey have felt that the present harbour was greatly deficient in accommodation and protection. Until the close of the war, although this inconvenience was still felt, the island trade was so active, that merchants and shipowners disregarded it, content in finding that, notwithstanding any serious injuries which their vessels might sustain, their purses were rapidly filling. With the return of peace, when commerce sought out new channels, and when Guernsey was deprived of the advantages which it had derived from its geographical position, and from the singular privileges which it had enjoyed, the profits of trade and shipping underwent a rapid decrease, and then merchants and the owners of vessels began to be sensible of the injury which they sustained from the inconvenient and dangerous state of their harbour. Efforts were in consequence commenced nearly thirty years ago to obtain the required improvement. His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, Lieut.-General Sir John Bell, who had previously manifested a lively interest in the improvement of the harbour, now and at all subsequent stages of the business gave his zealous and effectual assistance towards its accomplishment; and the bailiff, P. S. Carey, Esq., cordially adopting the views of the Chamber, with great ability and untiring perseverance carried the proposal for its improvement through the States, that body finally adopting a plan which had by its direction been made by J. Rendel, Esq., the

eminent civil engineer; and in the spring of 1851 engaged with certain contractors for the execution of its first portion, estimated at about 40,000*l.* Owing, however, to the failure of these parties just as they were about to enter on the work, the undertaking was again delayed until other contractors were agreed with. Finally, on the 16th of May of the present year, a contract for the execution of the first section of the plan, and a portion of the second, was entered into with Messrs. Le Gros and De La Mare, of Jersey, for the sum of 46,909*l.*; and August 24th, being the anniversary of Her Majesty's visit to this island in 1846, was fixed on for the ceremony of laying the first stone. The several bodies who were appointed to compose the *cortège* assembled at twelve o'clock, the Brethren and the "Manchester Unity" of Odd Fellows marching in procession from their respective places of rendezvous, the former headed by a company of Rifles, as a guard of honour, and accompanied by the fine band of the 1st Regiment.

A battery of four guns, drawn by four horses each, having marched from the Arsenal to take position on the South Beach, the procession having been marshalled in the court of that building, and three signal guns fired, set out in the following order:—

Advance Guard—Company of Rifles.

Band of 1st Regiment.

Operative Masons, about eighty in number.

Contractors — Messrs. Le Gros and De La Mare,
accompanied by

R. D. P. Goodwin, Esq., States Surveyor.

Resident Engineer, G. Lyster, Esq.

FREEMASONS, IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER:—

Brethren not Members of any Lodge, two and two.

Lodges not belonging to the Province, according to their numbers.

Lodges belonging to the Province, according to rank.

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Jersey, in the usual order.

The Prov. Grand Lodge of Guernsey and Dependencies, in the following order:—

G. Sup. of Works, with the Plans on a Velvet Cushion.

Cornucopia, with corn, and two Ewers, with wine and oil.

The Rough and Perfect Ashlars.

Terrestrial and Celestial Globes.

Prov. Grand Organist.

Prov. Grand Director of Ceremonies.

Assist. Prov. Grand Director of Ceremonies.

Past Prov. Grand Sword Bearers.

Past Grand Deacons.

Past Grand Secretaries.

Prov. Grand Secretary, with Book of Constitutions on Velvet Cushion.

Prov. Grand Registrar, with his Bag.

Prov. Grand Treasurer, with the Coins to be deposited.

Past Prov. Grand Wardens.

Brethren of Distinction.

Corinthian Light.

Column of Prov. Grand Junior Warden.

Prov. Grand Junior Warden.

Prov. G. Steward. | Banners of the Prov. Grand Lodge. | Prov. G. Steward.

Doric Light.

Column of Prov. Senior Grand Warden.

Senior Prov. Grand Warden.

- | | | |
|---------------------|--|---------------------|
| Prov. G. Steward. { | Prov. Junior Grand Deacon.
Prov. Grand Chaplain,
with Volume of Sacred Law.
Banner of Bro. Wood, D. P. G. M.
Dep. Prov. Grand Master.
Ionic Light.
Mallet of the Prov. G. M., carried by a P. G. Sen. Warden.
Banner of Bro. J. J. Hammond, Prov. G. M. for Guernsey and Dependencies,
and Jersey. | } Prov. G. Steward. |
| Prov. G. Steward. { | Prov. Grand Sword Bearer.
The R. W. Prov. Grand Master,
Bro. J. J. Hammcnd.
Senior Past Grand Deacon.
Prov. Grand Tyler.
<i>The Royal Court, consisting of—</i>
P. S. Carey, Esq., Bailiff.
H. O. Carré, Esq., Lieut.-Bailiff,
in purple silk gowns, and with purple velvet caps.
T. Le Retiley, T. F. De Haviland, E. MacCulloch, W. P. Métivier,
J. T. De Sausmarez, J. S. Dobrée, John Le Mottée,
and A. S. Collins, Esqrs., Jurats.
J. De H. Utermarck, Esq., Queen's Procureur.
C. Lefebvre, Esq., Queen's Greffier.
P. Martin, Esq., Queen's Sheriff,
E. Queripel, Esq. jun., Queen's Serjeant.
Advocates of the Royal Court, in official costume.
The Douzaines, in the order of evocation.
Clerical Members of the States,
The Revs. W. Guille, R. Potenger, P. Carey, and C. Brock,
in full canonicals.
Heads of Departments.
Foreign Consuls.
Chamber of Commerce.
Agricultural Society.
Mutual Insurance Society.
Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows.
Band of the Royal Militia Artillery.
Rear Guard — Company of Rifles. | } Prov. G. Steward. |

The procession passed, in this order, through Doyle-road, the Grange-road, St. James'-street, Smith-street, High-street, by the Town Church, along the South Beach, to the spot where the stone was to be laid, the route being lined by the four regiments of Light Militia Infantry, and by the portion of the Artillery not attached to the four-gun battery.

The procession having arrived at the ground, and all the component parts of the pageant being now in place, the Commander-in-Chief, Col. Fraser, R.A., accompanied by the Staff of his Excellency the Lieut.-Governor, who was absent from the island, arrived at the entrance of the enclosed area, where he was received by the Harbour Committee, and conducted to the centre of the platform, the bands playing the National Anthem.

The ceremony of laying the stone was then commenced by the Rev. R. Potenger, Rector of St. Martin's, pronouncing an appropriate prayer in French; at the conclusion of which a numerous choir, under the direction of Bro. W. Churchouse, P. G. Organist, sang the Hundredth Psalm, a large part of the assemblage joining.

The Act of the States for the construction of the harbour was then read by her Majesty's Greffier.

The Vice-President of the Harbour Committee then handed the inscription plate to Mr. Advocate Gallienne, P. G. Treas., by whom it was read as follows:—

“*ILE DE GUERNSEY.*

Le 24 Août, 1853,

*Anniversaire de la présence en cette ile de sa Très Gracieuse Majesté
la Reine Victoria en l'année 1846,*

Son Excellence le Lieutenant-Général Messire John Bell,
Chevalier, Commandeur du très Honorable Ordre

Militaire du Bain,

étant Lieutenant-Gouverneur,

la première Pierre de ce nouveau Hâvre de Saint Pierre-Port a été posée
par Pierre Stafford Carey, écuyer, Baillif,

en présence du Corps des Etats,

et de John James Hammond, écuyer, P. G. M., et du Rév. Henry
Orme Wood, D. P. G. M. des Francs Maçons.

Comité des Etats chargé de l'Exécution des Travaux.

Pierre Stafford Carey, écuyer, Baillif.

Hilary Olivier Carré, écuyer, Lieutenant-Baillif,

Thomas Fiott De Havilland, écuyer, Juré,

Edgar MacCulloch, écuyer, Juré, Superviseur de la Chaussée,
en charge,

Abraham Bishop, écuyer,

Henry Tupper, écuyer,

James Bolomey Matthews, écuyer,

James Ahier De Lisle, écuyer,

Henry Giffard écuyer,

} Douzeniers.

James Meadows Rendel, écuyer, Ingénieur-en-chef,

George Fosbery Lyster, écuyer, Ingénieur-Surintendant,

Messrs. Thomas Charles Le Gros et Philippe De La Mare, Entrepreneurs.”

Various English and Guernsey coins were then handed by the Treasurer of the States to the Prov. G. M., by whom they were deposited in the cavity of the stone, together with the Act of the States, an almanac of the year, and a copy of each of the local papers, viz. the *Gazette de Guernesey*, the *Star*, the *Comet*, and the *Guernesiais*, the whole of which were enclosed in a glass vessel hermetically sealed.

The stone was then slowly lowered, and the Rev. V. W. Bro. C. Lynn, Prov. G. Chap., offered up prayer.

After which the Prov. G. M. proceeded to adjust the stone with the level, plumb-rule, and square, which were severally presented to him by the V. W. Prov. G. J. W., the V. W. Prov. G. S. W., and V. W. Dep. Prov. G. M. This done, he delivered to the Bailiff a mallet, with which the latter struck the stone once,—the Prov. G. M., with his own mallet, afterwards striking it thrice, saying:—

“As Provincial Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England, for the Province of Guernsey and its dependencies, I now declare this stone to be duly and Masonically laid; and may the G. A. O. T. U., without whose invocation no work of importance should be begun, grant a blessing on this undertaking. May He enable us to carry on and complete the building, and may He of His infinite Providence guard over and protect the structure from ruin and decay until the latest posterity. God save the Queen.”

Corn was then presented by the Prov. G. J. W. (V. W. Bro. W. B. Goldstone) to the Prov. G. M., who, sprinkling the same over the stone, said :—

“I sprinkle this corn as the symbol of plenty. May the blessings of bounteous heaven be showered down upon us, and may our hearts be filled with gratitude.”

The choir chanted “Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men.”

Next, pouring wine, which was presented to him by the Prov. G. S. W. (V. W. Bro. Frederick Mansell), the Prov. G. M. said :—

“I pour this wine as a symbol of joy and gladness. May our hearts be made glad by the influence of Divine truth, and may virtue flourish as the vine.”

Again “Glory to God” was chanted ; and, pouring oil, which the Dep. Prov. G. M. (V. W. Bro. Rev. H. O. Wood), had presented to him, the Prov. G. M. continued :—

“I pour this oil as a symbol of peace and comfort. May peace and happiness, good-will, and brotherly love, flourish amongst us.”

The chanting was repeated, and the Prov. G. M. made the following invocation :—

“May the Architect, the Creator, the All-Powerful Author of Nature, the Omnipotent and Merciful Father of all, grant an abundance of corn, wine, oil, and all other necessaries and conveniences of life to this island. May everything useful and ornamental be cultivated in it ; and may everything that can invigorate the body and elevate the soul, shed their blessed influence on its inhabitants ; and may the same Almighty power make us humbly grateful for all His mercies.”

“So mote it be,” was chanted, and the V. W. Rev. Bro. Pendleton, Prov. G. Chap., concluded with an appropriate prayer.

INDIA.

MADRAS.—A Quarterly Communication was holden at the Hall of Lodge Universal Charity, Popham’s Broadway, Madras, on Wednesday, July 6th. *Present*—W. Bros. A. M. Ritchie, S. G. W. in the East ; H. Kennet, As. S. G. W. ; C. A. Roberts, As. J. G. W. ; W. Glover, G. Sec. ; J. Maskell, Dep. G. Sec. ; P. Coultrup, S. D. ; G. Snelgrove, J. D. ; J. Brock, G. Tyler ; and the representatives of the undermentioned Lodges :—Perfect Unanimity, No. 175 (1) ; Social Friendship, No. 326 (2) ; Universal Charity, No. 340 (6) ; Pilgrims of Light, No. 831 (7).

The Prov. Grand Lodge was opened by the S. G. W. in form, and with solemn prayer.

Whilst the proceedings of the last Communication were being read, the M. W. G. M. was announced. The whole of the Brethren arose to receive him, and on his assuming his seat, the S. G. W. resumed his post in the W., and W. B. Kennet was requested to officiate as Dir. of Cers. Grand Lodge resumed business. The minutes of last Communication were proceeded with, and confirmed.

The Dep. G. Sec., as officiating Grand Treasurer, produced his accounts, which were read and approved, and exhibited the following balances:—

In favour of Grand Lodge	Rs.	95	13	0
In favour of Suspense Account		707	4	0
In favour of G. M. C. Fund.....		111	0	1

After the transaction of other business, the Prov. G. L. was closed in due form and with solemn prayer.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES NAPIER, G.C.B.

OUR readers will all, doubtless, have seen the accounts of the funeral of the above-named distinguished General, at Portsmouth, at which so many famed in their country's history joined in offering the last tribute of admiration to the departed warrior, and of which it is computed there were upwards of 50,000 spectators. But many may not be aware that the deceased was an old and warm-hearted Mason.

On his decease becoming known, a meeting of the three Masonic Lodges of the Borough of Portsmouth was held at the Phoenix Lodge Rooms, which was presided over by Bro. Richard William Ford, the W. M. of that Lodge, and which was most numerous attended. It was then unanimously determined that the Brethren should take part in the funeral ceremony of their deceased Brother, and that the letter of condolence, of which a copy is subjoined, should be addressed to his sorrowing widow.

[Copy.]

MADAM,

Portsmouth, Sept. 7th, 1853.

The Brethren of the United Lodges of Freemasons of the Borough of Portsmouth, assembled to mark their profound respect for the memory of their late Bro. Lieutenant-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., beg to offer your ladyship their sincere condolence on the loss you have sustained by the death of your distinguished husband. They have a melancholy satisfaction in expressing to your ladyship the high opinion they ever entertained of his greatness as a soldier, and of his virtues as a citizen and Brother.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, on behalf of our respective Lodges,

Your Ladyship's faithful Servants,

R. W. FORD, W. M. 319.

R. G. F. SMITH, W. M., 428.

J. N. OWEN, W. M. 717.

To Lady NAPIER,
Oaklands, near Purbrook.

On Thursday, Sept. 8th, the day named for the funeral, upwards of sixty of the Brethren assembled, uniformly dressed in entire suits of black, with white neck-ties and white gloves, and meeting the corpse at the entrance to the town, headed the melancholy *cortège* from thence to the Garrison Chapel, on the Grand Parade, the place of interment. Arriving there they divided right and left, thus forming a double line, through which the corpse, accompanied by the distinguished mourners and numerous followers, passed into the body of the church. The portion of the Burial Service there performed being concluded, the Brethren again formed as before, this time within the church; and through them the body again passed to its final resting-place.

The gallant brother in arms and kindred of the deceased has supplied what the reporters could not catch of the speech over the grave to the soldiery surrounding it on the day of interment, at the Garrison Chapel. The following is what Sir William Napier in vain attempted to give expression to at the time:—"I meant to say," are Sir William's words, "that a great and good soldier was in his grave; a man who had from his earliest youth been a soldier; loving them, serving with them, fighting and bleeding with them—for the poor shattered body before them had seven deep wounds; but neither wounds, nor suffering, nor danger, quelled his spirit. That was not in man's power: Death only could do it! That in his old age he commanded armies, and led them always to victory. Neither in youth, nor in manhood, nor in his aged years, did he ever cease to love, and cherish, and confide in soldiers; and never had he reason to repent, for never did they fail him, or any General who confided in them. And now they thronged around his grave, to do honour to the dead man whom, when living, they had by their courage, devotion, and discipline, raised to renown. He could not thank them, but I, who knew his inmost feelings, did so in his name, and beg of them to pray for him, and I will pray for them."

A most interesting anecdote may be here appropriately introduced in relation to our distinguished Brother. Dr. Edward J. Scott, of Southsea, was one of the medical attendants of the deceased, and was with him constantly for some weeks, and up to his death.

At the meeting held by the Brethren above mentioned, Dr. Scott attended (being an old P. M. of the Phoenix Lodge), and after stating how highly the relatives of our late distinguished Brother appreciated the proposed mark of respect to his memory, took occasion to state that an hour or so before his death the hand of Sir Charles laid in his, and that shortly before that event Sir Charles took him by the grip of a M. M. and thus died, giving a final proof of his appreciation of Freemasonry, dying as a Mason, holding a Brother Mason's hand in this fraternal manner.

Obituary.

BRO. THOMAS ELWORTHY.

The Brethren of the neighbourhood of Devonport have lately been deprived of the society and able advice of one of the most faithful of their body, by the decease of Bro. Thomas Elworthy, who expired at his residence, 61, St. Aubyn-street, on the 6th of July last. Bro. Elworthy was initiated in the Lodge Brunswick, No. 185 (which was held at his house), some nineteen years since, and remained an active member of it up to the period of its dissolution, in April last. By dispensation from the late respected D. P. G. M., the late Rev. Bro. Dr. Carwithen, he filled the chair of J. W.; but although pressed by several of his friends many times to allow himself to be put in nomination for the chair of W. M., he inflexibly declined; alleging that he believed no one had a right to take that chair, unless he was fully qualified to carry out all his duties. Bro. Elworthy was also appointed a P. G. Steward by the R. W. P. G. M. Earl Fortescue; and in that capacity we find him on the assistant committee appointed to arrange for the holding the P. G. Lodge of Devon at Plymouth, in Sept. 1841, where a festival was held, and the Brethren attended St. Andrew's Church; where, after a sermon, a collection of 100 guineas was made, and presented to the funds of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, through Masonic benevolence. On the side of a rigid adherence to Masonic law, his energies and abilities were readily enlisted. He was interred at the Cemetery at Mutley, on the 10th July. Many of his Brethren accompanied his remains to the grave, wearing white gloves; thus testifying the regard and esteem which they possessed for him. Some few Brethren cast each a sprig of rosemary on the coffin, and many were much affected, trusting that, as he is summoned from this sublunary abode, he has ascended to that Lodge above, where the W. G. A. lives and reigns for evermore. So mote it be. *Requiescat in pace.*

BRO. EDWARD VERNON LORD SUFFIELD.

Died, on August 22, in London, the Rt. Hon. Edward Vernon, Lord Suffield, in the fortieth year of his age. His lordship was the eldest son of Edward, the third Baron Suffield, of Gunton, by his first lady, Georgiana, the only child and heiress of George, second Lord Vernon. The deceased Brother succeeded to the title on the decease, by accident, of his father, July 11th, 1835. His Lordship married Charlotte Susannah, the daughter of the second Lord Gardner, who survives him, and by whom he has no issue. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his half-brother, the Hon. Charles Harbord, now in his 24th year, the eldest son of Emily Harriott, the present Dowager Lady Suffield, daughter of Evelyn Shirly, Esq. The deceased Lord was Prov. Grand Master of Masons in Norfolk.

BRO. THOMAS JERVIS.

Died, on Monday, 4th July, 1853, Bro. Capt. Jervis, Past Prov. G. Sec. of North Munster, P. M. of No. 271, and of No. 73, a zealous member of several Lodges, and a Prince Mason and Knt. of K. H. of England. Poignant are the griefs of his Brethren. Bro. Thomas Jervis was elder brother of Chief Justice Jervis. Few Brethren have there been who had more friends or less enemies, or who less forfeited the esteem of the former, or deserved less the censure of the latter. The general, the universal sympathy and anxiety manifest during a protracted illness, best evince how he was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.

BRO. SHAW.

Died, recently, in Australia, Bro. Shaw, P. M. of the Grand Stewards' Lodge, whose working on the public nights of that Lodge will long be remembered by all who witnessed his efficiency and fraternal deportment. We deeply regret to have to add, that Bro. Shaw is reported to have died in great poverty.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR requests that all original articles for *approval*, and for which *remuneration* is expected, may be sent to him at 74, 75, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by the *first weeks* in the months of FEBRUARY, MAY, AUGUST, and NOVEMBER; all Correspondence and Masonic Intelligence must be transmitted by the *tenth day* of MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER, *at latest*, to insure its insertion. The attention of Contributors is earnestly requested to these directions, who are also desired to retain copies of their MSS., as the Editor does not pledge himself to return those which are not approved.

33°. W. T., LONDON.—Your Letter shall have every consideration. We made great efforts to insert it in this number, but at the last moment were compelled to postpone it.

VALLEY OF JEHOASHAPHAT.—B. A.—In our next number.

A. SAP. SAM.—This Brother may easily learn *the reasons* “why the Especial G. L. of May 11th rescinded the resolution of the previous G. L. on the matter that was brought before it from the Province of Devon,” by inquiring of the many Brethren from that county, who were present on that occasion. We cannot reopen the subject, which was treated in the most candid manner possible, and was decided upon its merits, without favour or affection, and without anything like undue weight having been given to the rank and influence of the R. W. the Prov. G. M. for Devon. The case ought never to have come before G. L. at all; and it would be much more creditable to all parties connected with the original cause of dispute to hold their peace, and avoid any further attempt at litigation.

DORSET.—BRO. W. B. H.—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken. We had already received a communication; but we have availed ourselves of the few corrections you had made in your own version.

FABLANS, P. Q.—Delays are not always dangerous.

BOOK OF CONSTITUTIONS.—X.—The revision having taken place, and the minutes of the Especial G. L. having been confirmed, they will be very speedily ready. We have heard nothing of a pocket edition. Is it requisite? We scarcely think it is.

DUBLIN MASONIC BALL, AUG. 3.—A PROV. G. OFFICER.—We see no reason why the G. L. of England should not imitate this elegant entertainment, by giving a Ball at F. M. Hall, in behalf of the funds of the intended Boys' School. Indeed we would lend our aid willingly to such a proposition. Why should it not take place during the ensuing winter, and his Royal Highness the Prince Albert be requested to grace the *réunion* with his presence? The *éclat* of such an event would certainly be not less than that of the elegant Dublin entertainment, at which the Earl and Countess of St. Germans were present, and could but benefit the great work which is contemplated. We hope some such influential Brother as Rowland Gardiner Alston may take up the proposition, and induce the M. W. the G. M. and G. L. to act upon it.

“WHAT MOTE YTT BE?”—The work came too late for review. It shall have our earliest attention.

AMERICA.—The Brother's inquiry will have been answered by Bro. Spenser, Masonic Bookseller, 314, High Holborn, London, before this number of the *F. M. Q. M.* will have reached him.

BOSTON F. M. M. MAGAZINE (U. S.).—Quotations from our publication are no longer unacknowledged. We thank Bro. C. W. Moore hereby for his fraternal courtesy.

ESPECIAL G. L., AUG. 2.—A. M. M.—The interruptions offered to Bro. John Savage, whilst he was speaking, were certainly not seemly. We cannot imagine, however, that they arose out of personal feeling. We have a far better opinion of the Brother who made them, than to suppose he would so far forget his Masonic O. B.

NOVA SCOTIA, HALIFAX.—A CRAFTSMAN.—With deep regret we have to intimate that your letter and report of laying the corner-stone of a new market at Halifax did not reach us in time for insertion. We shall only be too happy to receive your future communications, and hope to be more fortunate with them than with that just received.

GRAND CHAPTER.—P. G. S.—The meetings, certainly, are not interesting; but then the field for debate is much smaller than in G. L.

TEMPLARISM.—OXFORD. LINCOLN.—We have heard nothing more about the new Jewels. Inquire of Bro. Spiers, who, if any one can, will be able to answer your question. We certainly do not approve of the changes, and are at a loss to conceive what authority there is for them. We most assuredly will never wear the substituted K. T. cross. It would disgrace a Lodge of Odd Fellows, or Old Friends.

ROSEA-CRUCIS.—A PRINCE M.—The degree is flourishing, and seems likely to prosper. The ritual ought, however, in many respects to be considerably altered. We will explain our reasons *privately* to the inquiring *Prince M.*, if he wishes it, when he next visits London, and will favour us with a call at 74-75, Great Queen-street.

CHEVALIER K.—H.—JUVENIS.—We have not the honour of belonging to this degree, but any communication addressed to Davyd Nash, Esq., Sec. 33rd, Freemasons' Tavern, will gain for you the information you require.

“THE ANCIENT LANDMARK.”—We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of Vols. I. and II. of this work, from Mount Clemens, Michigan.

STADARONA.—We do not think that a P. G. M. has the power you claim for him, but at the same time consider it would be bad taste in any Brother attending such a meeting on the day appointed for holding the festival of his Prov. G. L. The Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, being acknowledged by, and having representatives in the G. L. of England, no Brother can be admonished or suspended for attending a meeting of a Lodge held under a warrant from either of those Grand Lodges.

JOHN DUFF, KINGSTON.—C. W.—*This Magazine* can be obtained through his London agent.

Received, the Quarterly Communications of 24th June last, from P. G. Lodge of Bengal; also, of 6th July last, from P. G. Lodge of Madras.

We have been compelled to omit many original articles in the present number from the pressure made upon our columns at the last hour. If the Brethren, who favour us with their communications, would only *try* to attend to our repeated wish, expressed above, this annoyance would be spared us, and they and our many friends would decidedly reap an adequate advantage.