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THE OUTCAST EMPIRE.

PHILOSOPHERS inform us that we tread upon endless circles of worlds successively subordinate to our own, whilst above us soar other series of existences all bearing a remote or approximate relation to our physical and moral being. The graduated scale of eminence in these worlds and in their inhabitants depends upon their proportionate closeness to the highest intelligence, whilst the circumference which incloses them all with a subtle line is, Mind. Moreover, each individual is a world in himself, to whom the same rules apply, and wherein the same characteristics exist, as affect the whole series. If sensuality suppress conscience in a man, if knavery exceed justice in a country, whether the person be a senator or journalist, or the nation belong to Ham or Japhet, so far as its claim to the rule of intelligence is concerned, that man or that people constitutes an "outcast empire."

Not that either is left without a dynasty: an influence still remains, equally potent as pernicious, namely, that of debased motive. Individuals compose masses, which are the stones in the edifice of nations; so that the stability and real safety of the last depends upon the proper constitution of the first. If we build a wall of putty, it may have the appearance of granite, and hypocrisy is the veneer to imitate the mahogany of virtue: for a long time in the one case, and for a very short one in the other, the counterfeit may ocularly equal the real; but wear and tear try both, and they fail; the one is washed away, and the other comes off and splits, whilst the worst is, this failure does not rest only in the trivial destruction of the worthless substitutes themselves, but entails general loss, involving the narrow-minded trickster and the duped patriot in one common ruin.

Before, however, we urge upon our readers the stern duty incumbent upon each, to diffuse proper notions of individual responsibility

in establishing national greatness of moral, we must meet two objections: the one, that of the venal idler in his country's trials; the other, perhaps, that of the too scrupulous Masonic Brother. By the one we shall be told, in the stereotyped cant of the inattentive, that it is useless to endeavour to mend human nature; whilst the other will fear we overstep our Masonic restriction in trenching upon political matters. We reply to the first, that no one can entertain a worse idea of human nature than we do; that we regard those who think to make courtiers honest, senators truthful, princes discerning, prelates meek, patrons upright, as classed in the same category with the paper-crowned and straw-sceptred monarch in Bedlam, or the credulous dependant upon the veracity of a newspaper. We know that to wholly expunge moral or corporeal evil from the mundane system is hopeless; hence we aim only at its mitigation: apothecaries may otherwise burn their shops because rhubarb will not cure the plague, and physicians abandon their office in self-abasement at the fact that they merely pour drugs of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less. As to the other objection, that Freemasonry ignores politics, we entirely concur with the principle and imitate it, by eschewing the futile labour of purifying politicians, desiring only to practise the truly Masonic virtue of encouraging uprightness and honesty, to the welfare of mankind.

Heaven forbid that the day should ever arrive when Freemasonry, oblivious of its proper and expanded scope, should stoop to cleanse the Augean stable of political schemers or venal journalists, or ignore its legitimate duty towards the vital interests of every country blessed with its presence, and enlightened by its operation. *All* state-handicraft is knavery, in a greater or less degree; the basis of the system being either verbal or practical falsehood, and the superstructure self-interest; so that there is not the difference of a pin between Premier A or Premier B, as to honesty, for a man cannot have two consciences, one public, the other private. But when evils occur nationally, Masonry should, as the patroness of moral education and exalted principle, interfere, unseen yet all-influential, to promote good, by encouraging its earliest struggles under incumbent pressure; to effect which a calm and searching scrutiny into the aspects of the times necessarily appertains.

We regard, then, the present epoch as marking an approaching, if not an absolute crisis in our country's history; when opposite elements are culminating towards their point of collision. Education, carried on in a rapidly increasing ratio during the last twenty years, has caused "the toe of the peasant to gibe the heel of the courtier" so closely that, scarcely beneath the peer in manners, the once illiterate clown is far before many of our aristocratic members in development of general intellectual power. Railways do not leave smoke only behind them, but throw off ideas with their steam; and rapid as the locomotive progress, is the diffusion of thought engendered amongst the temporarily lower classes. We say temporarily lower, for (though the outlets are scanty, and selfishly narrowed by men in power) their

numbers are daily thinning to supply mind to the exhausted and inane intellect of a bygone age, represented very generally by the highest ranks, so that it is impossible almost to point out any great discoverer of science, statesman, legislator, or astute prelate, who is not sprung from a recently plebeian family. If the channels for this migration from lower class to upper are facile and open, nothing but good must result, for the admission of new power and energy into influential eminence gives increased vitality to the mental circulation of a people; but with increased education is indissolubly united a desire for its exhibition, as the vigour induced by training involves the craving for exercise; any impediment, therefore, to this development, beyond a proper discipline to test its real excellence, is detrimental. In this respect, again, mind resembles steam; it may be generated by education, diffused throughout myriads, condensed or applied by proper restrictions to work the most powerful machinery, but if compressed, and not allowed some valve for its superfluous expenditure, it infers, from its nature, an explosion. Now, when these explosions occur popularly, they are styled revolutions or reformatations, both beginning from the same source, namely, a general cognizance of and disgust at abuses, but terminating in the different issues of national improvement or deterioration, according as they are directed by a predominant mind, itself ruled by moral motive. Had Cromwell been Robespierre, the revolution in England would have been protracted into greater bloodshed and terminated in national disgrace; had William III. not exhibited the strictest sense of justice to two nations, and swayed both with equal intellect, he would have found himself unsupported at the battle of the Boyne, even if he had been welcomed at all, upon the shores of his father-in-law's kingdom.

This, then, appears the peculiar characteristic of the present crisis. We have educated the myriads, who are upturning the soil below us, like Titan under Etna, striving to assume the dynasty of rank and power; whilst the craving for honest and just competition is thwarted and madly opposed, to their own injury, by the selfishness of men in office. The social safeguard of England has ever been found in her middle class, wherein consist essentially her chief elements of national vigour. In all times of peril or disaster this portion of the community has served to right the vessel of the State, by placing its weight either against monarchical tyranny, aristocratic exclusiveness, or popular tumult. At present, the draft of superior mind from the lowest to the middle class appears sufficiently open, and the communication easy, from the extension of commercial enterprise, which necessitates continual variations in social position; but the channel of entrance from the middle to the highest ranks is impeded and rendered narrow by exclusive patronage. It is one of the generous glories (!) of our humanity to render that path most difficult to others by which we ourselves have ascended; and the peculiar gratification to men in power, at the present day, appears to be niggardliness in diffusing patronage; so that hence arises the fountain or spring of all our present social disturbance. England has taught her middle

and lower classes to desire influence, which she denies them attainment of; has qualified them for offices, which she forbids them to fill; and if some be allowed to rise, yet they attain their ends, as it were, surreptitiously—almost “on the sly”—by crawling rather than by climbing, and when placed at the top of the ladder, develop their imbibed or natural meanness by extending their hands to none but their immediate friends, interest, or faction.

The wonder would be if, under these circumstances, we had not lofty incompetency, social disunion, strife, bitterness, and clamour; yet the remedy is easy, and, as usual, to be applied by the middle class—the medicine-vendors to the pride of the peer and to the poverty of the peasant! Let each one to whom patronage belongs, however small, look out for desert, not consanguinity, to fill it; and remember that a vacant, nominal, or ill-supplied office is as much a robbery to the great storehouse of a people’s greatness, as the introduction of water, into the veins, instead of blood, would be an impoverishment to the physical system. Most of our corporations have offices almost sinecures, to their disgrace be it spoken; even their very chaplains are expected to eat rather than to preach; yet how many great and gifted ecclesiastics are there to whom such offices would afford the opportunity of becoming known to the world, bringing fame to their promoters, beyond the coop of rustic barbarism, where, aloof from society, their only relaxation from pastoral duty or learned study is to watch a cow brush flies with her tail off her glowing hide in thundery weather. Yet these corporations are formed of individuals who perpetually cry out that the best men be put into the best places, which means as surely that an alderman’s son, thrice plucked, should be installed into some sinecure, as that so many nights at the opera constitute a proper secretary in the Home Office, if relationship to Lord Yawner be added; or, in a word, that the best man is always Number 1, with an indefinite number of 0’s annexed, in the shape of high relations, whose discernment and intelligence, taken in the aggregate, “signify nothing.”

The circulation of this paper, widely diffused through our colonies, and, indeed, in every quarter of the globe, will cause these thoughts to be received, and, we trust, pondered upon, before the suppressed storm break forth and alarm the world. They are penned in a spirit of philanthropy so entirely removed from political partizanship, that, short of an interest in our common country, their adoption, or indeed reception, is to us a matter of utter indifference. We feel for the oppressed—for those whose glowing genius, lofty spirit, and grand intellects nurse thoughts “which turn to thunder, scorch, and burst,” and whose sensitiveness, the very element of noble minds, nurses the steel of disappointment which quivers in their breast, as they drive out their years of doom “in cold oblivion;” whilst, to their loss and their country’s, selfish patrons foster fools! Let each influential Mason, therefore, however limited his power, seek out fit genius for promotion; the country wants it much now, Heaven knows; she will perish without such aid, to a certainty! What chance has mind

now? Our literature is choked up by plagiaries, who first exclude all talent from publicity, and next copy and doctor up old authors well; and, in every department promotion is given out, like the fountains at the Crystal Palace, with studious care that, however plentifully thrown, *not a drop be lost, but all fall back into the private cistern.* If we are asked where such lights neglected in the intellectual hemisphere are to be found, we reply, generally in the darkest sky: if young, in the stunted growth of our factories; if middle-aged or old, in our clerks, who now and then drop off, after having served Messrs. Skinflint and Grindall thirty years—"favourite servants," whose widows and orphans find precarious subsistence between "refuges" and "charities!" If uneducated, we may discover these wild plants of mental excellence amongst all classes, for genius selects no clime nor colour; if educated, we shall recognize them plentiful as blackberries, in our hack-authors, whose only blessing is that their Pegasus requires little corn, but is used to work on an empty stomach. More numerous still, they abound in our oppressed clergy, who—having starved upon a pittance of 120*l.* a year (for ecclesiastical commissions for bishops' palaces absorb public grants to the wretched), diminished by the claims of six children, and the purchase of books to concoct some masterly work which astounds the world, and enables a future publisher to pilfer the widow and orphan,—escape,—the soul being severed from the body, it may be, by the shears of some malady caught at a pauper's bed!—beyond this scene of grey hairs and falsity, to a world, which, in its utter antithesis of purity, to the collection of courtiers, tricksters, princes, simpletons, parasites, and buffoons composing this sphere, may indeed be truly called "an out-cast empire!"

LIFE AND ITS MACHINERY.

WHAT is life? In what does the mystic principle consist? We leave the study of these abstractions to the musings of the philosopher. Our present business is with life as we see it around us on the face of this busy earth; and lest any reader should feel disposed to grumble at our shirking the question, *What is life?* we will devote a few words, not to the metaphysical, but to the popular merits of the question. Of the essence of life we know nothing. It has been defined, "inherent activity:" but if this be correct, Mount Vesuvius must be a huge animal, distinguished indeed from other mammoths by taking long naps, but yet not deficient in activity when disposed for a gambol. The great physiologist, Richeraud, defines life, "An aggregate of phenomena taking place for a limited time in organized bodies, and at a period of average duration terminating in death;" a good sample this of the ease with which words may be wasted without anybody being the wiser. Who does not know that life terminates sooner or later, and that we call the termination *death*?

Instead of attempting to get any nearer the solution of the question, let imagination cast her eye a few ages back, and gaze at the surface of this busy world, when as yet it had *no* life, when the thousand hills had no cattle to graze on their brow, the rivers had no flowers to deck their cheerless banks, the blue sky no melody from "charm of earliest birds;" the "breath of morn" no sweetness, the earth no fragrance,—one dull, dead, drear waste, without tree or flower, or blade of grass, to relieve the weary desolation. Such it once was. Now look at it, *as it is*; a scene of indescribable interest and beauty. The *living principle* has inspired the dust and the clay; and a thousand beauteous forms have sprung into life and joy, activity and usefulness. The earth, the air, the sea, the mountains, the hills, the valleys—all teem with life, and give us at least some idea of what life is worth. This priceless boon, then, in some of its more interesting phenomena, shall be our study.

It is evident that every atom of matter on the face of the earth and in the depths of the sea is either living or dead—either endowed with life, vegetable or animal, or destitute of it.

Now what are the characteristics of living matter as distinguished from dead? This is the first question, and it seems a very simple and easy one, but it is not so, as we shall have occasion to show in the sequel. Even the properties of dead matter are but imperfectly understood. We were taught in our boyish days, that one of the properties of matter is its *infinite divisibility*; and this was illustrated very prettily by stories about the wonderful malleability of gold, the possible extent of dilution by water, and the wide diffusibility of the fragrance of musk or other odours, through the air. All this seemed to support the doctrine that matter was capable of *indefinite* (which our tutors, simple souls! called *infinite*) subdivision. But, in these latter days, chemistry has stolen a sly march on mechanical philosophy, and shown, by her *atomic theory*, that all matter is composed of separate atoms—very small, no doubt, but still incapable of subdivision, even by the scarcely less than omnipotent force of chemical attraction, and of course indivisible by any mechanical force. Matter, therefore, is neither susceptible of infinite, nor even of indefinite divisibility, for it is as clearly composed of atoms as a bag of shot consists of a number of individual balls of lead. Each atom unites with other atoms in a *definite* and ascertainable proportion; and analyse as you will, you can only sort and re-sort these atoms. Not one of them can you halve, or quarter, or divide in any way. There they are, externally and unchangeably the same. Since the creation of the world not one additional atom has been created, nor one existing atom divided or destroyed. Each atom may have been solid, fluid, or aëriform in turn; it may have entered a blade of grass, or the body of an elephant or a whale; it may have composed part of the vast ocean, or helped to form a drop of human blood, or the down of a butterfly's wing; it may have been alive and dead, and alive again, a thousand times; but it is the same unchanged atom, undivided and entire. It was created subject to mechanical, electrical,

chemical, and vital laws : it has obeyed these laws most strictly, and is an atom still ; no waters can drown it, no fire can destroy it, no revolutions can disturb it. It is the representative of eternal power. The earth may be burned up, but the atom will not be scorched. The elements may melt with fervent heat, but the atom will exist unharmed, unchanged. When a solid body is cut, the knife slides between the atoms ; when it is ground, or pounded, no matter how fine, the atoms roll about in their integrity, unharmed. When gold is beaten, the atoms are only spread out ; when a piece of wood is burned, the atoms simply unite with oxygen ; when a salt is dissolved in a large quantity of water, the atoms of the salt are diffused ; but if the quantity of water be very large and the quantity of salt very small, there will at length be fewer atoms of salt in the vessel than drops of water, so that a drop of water may chance to contain not an atom of salt ; and if this drop be again diluted, of course there will be no salt in the dilution. This is *known* to be the case. Every chemist is as familiar with this truth as with the diurnal rotation of the earth. Yet the homœopathist will dilute this drop in a gallon of water, and then take a drop out of this last gallon and dilute it with another gallon, and repeat the process ten times, and then, with an assurance which is peculiar to modern times, he will tell you that a drop out of the last gallon contains a portion, and a very efficacious portion too, of the salt, one grain of which only was dissolved in the first gallon !

We have dwelt longer than we should have done on the nature of these atoms—first, because the whole created universe is composed of them, and of nothing else ; and, secondly, because when we use the word *atom* in these papers, we shall intend to signify not merely a small particle, but a *chemical* atom. We shall now be prepared to advance another step.

Attraction for each other is a property of these atoms, else the earth would not hold together—a marble would drop into dust, and a bullet would *melt*, and so it will if sufficient *heat* be applied, for

Heat is the antagonist of attraction. Abstract heat from water, and its atoms will cling together and form ice ; add heat, and they will again move freely in a fluid ; add yet more heat, so as to raise the temperature to 212° , and the attraction will not only cease, but the atoms will even repel each other, and with force which no human power can resist. This *repulsion* has given us steam-machinery and railway-travelling.

When a heavy mass of matter is at rest, it requires great force to put it in motion, as, for instance, in starting a long and heavy railway-train, how the engine labours and pants before it can put the huge weight into rapid motion. Also, when a heavy body is moving, it requires great force to stop it. Hence the necessity of the break in the railway-train ; hence also the necessity of reversing the engine of the steam-boat, not to put her back, but to stop her. This peculiar tendency in matter to remain *in statu quo*, whether in motion or at rest, is called *inertia*.

Here, then, we have some mechanical notion of the *materials* out of which the machinery of life is constructed. The words *atom*, *attraction*, *repulsion*, and *inertia* will convey to the thinking mind all that need be recollected of the primary properties of matter concerned in the mechanical movements of the living frame.

But matter has chemical properties, which must also be considered. These are very simple in their nature, though complicated in their variety. They concern only the terms *atom* and *attraction*. If every atom had an equal degree of attraction for every other atom, there would be no such science as chemistry. Chemistry, therefore, is the science which treats of the special affinities of the atoms of matter, the doctrine of preferences, and the effects of combination or atomic union. In order to understand the difference between chemistry and mechanics, it must be understood that the *atoms* of which we have spoken are *elements* or simple bodies, containing matter which cannot be divided either by mechanical force or chemical action. Now, these atoms have weight; they are therefore subject to the attraction of gravitation or cohesion, a law which inclines them to approach each other with a force increasing in a geometrical ratio inversely proportioned to their respective distance from each other. But these atoms are not all composed of a similar kind of matter. An atom of sulphur, for example, is very different from an atom of charcoal, or of lead, or of oxygen. Now, there is between these different atoms another kind of attraction besides that of cohesion or gravitation, viz., chemical attraction or affinity, which exists between atoms of a dissimilar kind, and when, by virtue of this attraction, they unite, a very different kind of body or atom is the result; and in forming the body there is required a definite proportion of the original atoms, different in each case, thus:—

An atom of sulphur, united with three atoms of oxygen, forms an atom of sulphuric acid.

An atom of nitrogen, combined with five atoms of oxygen, forms an atom of nitric acid, &c. &c.

The laws of chemical attraction are not so simple as the laws of mechanical attraction; but it will suffice for our present purpose to observe that the materials of organic life, flesh, bone, sinew, &c., are subject to both chemical and physical laws; and, moreover, they are subject to *vital* laws, which differ from both. Thus, the subject becomes involved in greater difficulties as we proceed; and if we were to dive more deeply in this direction, we should get out of the depth of precisely that class of readers whom, being uninitiated, we are most anxious to interest and to teach. Enough has been said by way of introduction to the question, What is the difference between living matter and dead?

1. We observe a difference of *structure*. All living beings are endowed with a peculiarity of structure, which is adapted to the performance of the appropriate vital functions of each. The *machinery* of life far surpasses all other mechanism, in beauty, symmetry, contrivance, convenience, usefulness. The science which treats of this

in detail is called anatomy. All animals and vegetables are made up of minute microscopic cells, and these are so arranged as to compose channels or vessels in which fluids can move, and whereby solid matter can be deposited. Minerals have, indeed, a sort of structure, especially those of a crystalline form; but there are no cells, no vessels, no circulation, no change of material by means of an organized structure. *Organization*, then, is the first and most obvious characteristic of living matter. Hence it is called *organized* matter, and mineral substances are called *inorganized* matter. The organization of the lower orders of created beings is very simple; but in the higher animals it consists of an assemblage of distinct and important organs. Organized structure is, however, in all cases, composed of at least two forms, *solid* and *fluid*, and of at least three chemical elements, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. Minerals may be solid only, or fluid only, or gaseous only. They may likewise consist of but one element.

2. *Growth, or Reproduction.* This is a living property of organized matter. True it is, that minerals may be said, in a sense, to grow. A snow-ball grows by being rolled in the snow; the process of petrification in a stream is a kind of mineral growth—growth by accretion. But living beings grow from within, by depositions from vessels, not from addition of layers to the surface. The tree grows by taking in fluid from the earth, converting that fluid into sap, and depositing, wherever that sap circulates, atoms of living matter convertible into leaf, flower, stem, &c. So all animals take in nutrient matter as food; and this is in like manner converted into blood, which blood is constantly adding atoms to the structure, while another set of vessels (the absorbents) are taking away, by atoms, the worn-out, effete materials which are no longer serviceable. Living matter, therefore, is always changing. No man has about him an atom of the structure which twenty years ago he called his body. This is true, though not to the same extent, with regard to the tree; but in regard to minerals, it is not true at all. So, when life quits the body, the process of reparation ceases; chemical agents decompose its beautiful structure, and it becomes a mineral, obeying the laws, and, in process of time, assuming the form of inorganic matter.

3. *An inherent Power of Self-preservation* always accompanies life. This is perhaps the most marvellous of the many wonders in vital machinery. Vegetables as well as animals, seeds as well as eggs, have this power. Indeed, every part of each living structure has a degree of power, and evinces a sort of physical solicitude, to protect and preserve the whole. For instance, excessive heat or cold would destroy any animal or plant; but there is an inherent power which enables the structure to resist, to a great extent, the evil effects of these agents. The human lungs form a sort of furnace, supplying warmth to the system. In cold weather, they act more briskly and provide more heat; in hot weather, the respiration is slower, or if it happened to be quickened, perspiration is produced, and this is a rapidly cooling process. Thus the interior of

the body maintains about the same temperature in summer as in winter. *Local* heat and cold are equally provided for. Excessive heat or extreme cold blister the surface. A blister is a bag of water interposed between the enemy and the living skin, to preserve its life. In every animal, plant, egg, and seed, life is tenacious of temperature. Take two newly laid eggs; pass through one of them a galvanic shock; place them both for half an hour in a freezing mixture of snow and salt. The galvanized egg, which has been killed by the shock, will be found frozen; the other will be unchanged; its living principle has enabled it to retain its temperature! The same is true of seeds, which will retain their living principle and temperature for ages. Thus, life not only takes care of itself, but provides for future beings.

4. Living beings *feel* and *move*. Minerals have no feeling, and never move spontaneously. In all animals and vegetables motion is the result of feeling. Vegetables feel, or they would not move. This may not be what we call conscious feeling; but it is feeling in the physiological sense of that term—the power of receiving impressions which rouse to vital action—excitability. After death this ceases, and with it the power of moving: a dead flower will no longer open its petals to the genial sun, nor close them on the approach of the evening damps. Generally speaking, animals alone, and not vegetables, have the power of locomotion; but more of this hereafter.

5. Minerals exist independently of the organized world, in a sort of cold abstraction; whereas *animals* and *vegetables* cannot exist except in mutual dependence upon each other. Divine wisdom has established an arrangement by which they are wonderfully adapted to support each other's kingdom. There is a sort of vital commerce, by which their mutual advantage is secured, and without which neither could long exist. There are different marts in which this commerce is carried on. The air, the earth, and the sea are successively the scene of exchange, and these are at all times respectively subsidiary to its operations. The *atmosphere* is fitted for the respiration of animals by the emanation of oxygen gas constantly given off by the leaves of living vegetables; and these latter inhale by their leaves the carbonic acid gas given out by respiration from the lungs of animals. The *earth's* surface is also tributary to the mutual support of animals and vegetables, by a similar arrangement. Living vegetables supply animals with food, and the decomposition of animal matter fits the soil for the supply of nourishment to vegetables. The same process, with some variation, is going forward in the depths of the ocean, and in the beds of rivers.

6. A disposition to a curvilinear form, or *rotundity of figure*, is a remarkable feature of all organized beings, both animal and vegetable. Minerals are generally sharp and pointed, composed of right lines and rectilinear angles, unless external causes shall have rounded them. The natural form of the various rocks, salts, bitumens, and metals with which the mineral world abounds, is that of the acuminate crystal, or the horizontal layer. The rounded flint stones on

which we tread have all been rolled by the breakers on some stormy beach in ages gone by, or else (as some suppose) they are petrifications of extinct animals. The curved line is the characteristic of animated nature, from the humble mushroom to the majestic elephant. Every leaf, and root, and blossom, and fruit, and seed—every trunk, and stem, and branch, and thorn, is *round*. And this equally prevails in the animal world: beasts, birds, and fishes; nay, the very worm we tread upon is round; the curved line, the line of beauty, adorns every race. In the outline of the human frame, more especially in the female figure, the curved line acquires its highest grace and beauty. And this chain of facts, little noticed by artists, less by physiologists, opens a wide and novel field of study.*

(*To be continued.*)

TRAVELS BY A FREEMASON.

CHAPTER IV. — BRAZIL.

(*Continued from page 424.*)

WHILE the rest of the party remained in suspense at this unexpected but dramatic situation, the son, whose name I may as well give here, Señor José da Coelho, drew the police-officer aside, and commenced a whispering colloquy with him. The fat father, Antonio da Coelho, at last broke silence.

"It seems, Señor Darkle, that this person is the delinquent?"

"Exactly so, Señor Antonio," replied Darkle; who, then turning to me, began, "How, in the name of everything unlucky, could you make such a blunder? Knocking over two or three police-officers, liberating a rascally slave who was going to be flogged! I'm sure I should never think of doing anything of the sort."

To do Mr. Darkle justice, he certainly would not.

"My sole answer is, that I am bound by the laws of my society to help all my brethren."

"Brethren! Do you call a cursed nigger your brother? However, you'll both go to prison together—that you must reflect upon. This old man is prodigiously enraged, and no wonder—I'm enraged, too—your conduct is most disgraceful. Why, sir, I'd see a dozen negroes, or a dozen Freemasons, hanged before I put out my finger to liberate one of them!"

"Well, sir," I replied, "such may be your sentiments on the subject. For my part, as a man, as a Freemason, and more especially

* "If the correspondence between external forms and the qualities of mind," says Mr. Francis Howell, the eloquent translator of the characters of Theophrastus, "shall ever be better understood than it is at present, this addition to our knowledge will assume a form that, while it renders it available to the student in the explication and arrangement of the individual varieties of human nature, will remove it from the danger of popular misuse."

as a Christian, I could not see a fellow-creature suffering unjustly without wishing to rescue him. Why, you would degrade man lower than the beasts; for even animals have some sort of brotherhood among themselves, and much more sympathy than you have with these blacks. You may look upon all men as unconnected with you, if you like; and you show that by so doing you are as far removed from their nature, as inferior to them, as is possible for one of the same figure and shape to be. Even if I were not a Freemason, I should prefer to be human;

“ ‘Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,’ ”

I concluded, quoting Terence, to Mr. Darkle's astonishment.

“ Now, Mr. Waltham,” said he, “ I didn't take you as my clerk to abuse me and give me moral lessons. If you must quote Latin at me, because the words you employed were too strong to be put in English, you had better leave my place. As for beasts, I'm not a beast, and you need not tell me I am.”

“ No, sir; I say it's a pity you are not. If you were, you would have more sympathy and fellow-feeling. I don't wish to give you a moral lesson, sir, if you don't want to take it. I can only regret that such a course was at all necessary.”

Here the father interrupted us:

“ Well, Señor Darkle, is he sorry, and will he apologize?”

“ No, señor, he is obstinate, and abuses me.”

“ Then we had better send him to prison. Pedro!”

“ Señor!” answered the police-officer, whose conversation with the son had apparently been satisfactory, to judge by the pleasure radiant on his face.

“ Arrest this youngster.”

Here José came up, and whispered to me, “ All right; I have bribed the officer, and we will get you off safe.”

“ Pardon, señor! You forget that I have no power of arresting people on these grounds.”

“ But I give you my consent to do so this time. I waive my privilege for a period.”

“ Do you give up altogether the right of having this ground secure?”

“ No, not altogether; only while you seize this young man.”

“ Then, by your leave, señor, it is impossible. Unless you renounce it for ever, you cannot renounce it for a moment. I am sorry I cannot arrest this young man, who gave me such terrible marks yesterday.”

“ But you forget that you have the right of going over these grounds to search for people.”

“ No, señor; of course I do not forget that. But even then, I should never be expected to take anybody.”

The father now got a glimpse of the real state of the case. He called his son: “ José, what is the meaning of this?”

“ My dear father, the fact is, that I and that young Englishman,

and the slave whom he rescued, belong to a certain secret society, by the rules of which we are bound to assist each other on all occasions. The young Englishman could not help rescuing your slave; it was his duty. It was my duty to help him; so I have bribed the police-officer, and I'll now bribe you, if you have no objection."

The thought of being bribed so tickled the father that he burst into a loud roar of laughter, which made me feel that my cause was gained.

"You're cool young fellows," he said, "to go about liberating slaves, and bribing police-officers, and your fathers! What will you give me to let the matter rest?"

"Oh, you must name your own price!" said his son.

"Will you let me purchase the slave from you, señor, at your own price?" asked I, thinking I might otherwise leave him to be more severely punished.

"I give my son the slave, and if he likes to sell him to you, he may," replied the father. "Shall we go in and have some refreshments?"

Accordingly we removed to the house, the son walking with me, while we concluded our bargain. Of course, he did not exact a large price from me, and we came to a very amicable arrangement. After luncheon, we all rowed into the harbour, and landed at the Palace Square, being passed free of any interference by the police-officer.

The slave whom I had purchased was an intelligent man, who gave me a sketch of his earlier life, which I will here transcribe.

THE SLAVE'S HISTORY.

"I was born in Dahomey. My father brought me up with a view to some profession, if any could be entered upon with advantage. I sailed in a ship that came to Africa, and that wanted hands, to various parts of the world. I went to the Mozambique, the Cape of Good Hope, and to Madeira. At Madeira the ship I was in was driven on shore one stormy day. The wind was blowing dead into the bay, and after the ship had held on for some time, pitching violently and tugging at her anchors, the cable parted. We at once made sail, to work out of the bay, if possible, but this we found impracticable, the vessel drifted nearer and nearer to the shore, and then, amidst guns from the Loo rock and the shouts of the population, she struck the ground heavily. The waves now came clean over her, and she grated heavily against the ground. For some time she remained thus, then she suddenly parted in the middle, showing us a gigantic fissure like a gulf in a mountain, through which the seething water was tossing and bubbling. I soon after found myself on the shore. How I got there I don't at all know. The owner of the ship, who resided in Madeira, paid all who survived some of what he saved from the loss of his insured vessel, and I waited in the island for another ship. Here I was made a Freemason. Finding that the money I had received from the owner was not sufficient to last me long, I hired myself as a porter, carrying one end of a pole, on which a hammock

slung, bearing English invalids lightly along steep paths up the mountains, whence they refreshed themselves with beautiful sights.

“At last a Portuguese brig called at the island, and I at once volunteered for her. Her captain seemed rather a weak, indecisive man, who first engaged me and then wished to break from his bargain when it was too late. I went on board, and sailed for St. Helena. As we were nearing it, one evening a long low schooner hove in sight. We did not pay much attention to her, and in the middle of the night she ran alongside, and sent a party of armed men on board, who seized our brig and turned her head away from the island for which we had been steering, and which was now in sight. In the morning the schooner came alongside, and began to examine our stores. The people in her were disappointed, hoping to find our brig laden with slaves. They shot the captain and some of the men, took the cargo and the rest of the crew on board their own vessel, and set fire to ours. We had scarcely left the burning ship when a frigate came down, bringing a strong wind with her. Without waiting for us the schooner took to flight, with the frigate in full chase. The latter gained upon her, and on coming close, fired some of her guns so as to shoot away the schooner's masts, and make her broach to in front of the frigate, which running her down, cut her clean in two parts, so that she sunk immediately, leaving a few wretches struggling with the sharks. The frigate then came after our boat, but the men who had the oars pulled vigorously, and being far to windward of her we got off free. Some days afterwards, getting into the track of vessels crossing to the Brazils, we came alongside a full slaver, which took us on board, carried us to the Brazils, and sold us there, the white prisoners being dyed with some mixture, so as to pass them off for blacks.

“I was at first sold to a man down in the country, at a part called Itapemirim, about sixty miles from Rio. It was a small village, situated on a river. I had to take a canoe and fish on my master's account. But when English men-of-war came there to look out for slave-vessels, we had to leave off fishing for fear of being run over by these fast ships. As fish was the chief thing by which we lived, the leaving it off was a great loss, and my master soon had to sell me, not having any other work for me to do. I was then taken into Rio, and sold to Señor Antonio, in whose service I have remained for a few years. He was not a bad master, except he is very passionate and hasty. On his estate I married. The overseer of his property made love to my wife, which I did not at all approve of. One day, when we were working in the plantation, the overseer was rather enraged at something, swore, and threw things at us repeatedly. He was more especially harsh with me, and we had a quarrel, I being enraged at his conduct with my wife, and he because she preferred me to him. She was, in fact, a very sensible woman. He had her sold to another part of the country, and I was determined to have revenge upon him. So one day, in

the plantation, he worried me for a long time, and then struck me. This was what I wanted, and, having a heavy wooden instrument in my hand, I knocked him down and beat him well. When I had finished he went in great wrath to Señor Antonio, who ordered me to be sent to Fort Villegagnon to be flogged. The rest you know as well as I do."

A day or two after the events mentioned in this chapter had taken place, I met José de Coelho, whose face wore a serious expression. He had come to caution me, he said, against their overseer, who was so much incensed at my liberation of the slave whom he had sworn to punish, that he vowed vengeance upon me. José did not at all know what steps the overseer meant to take, and could only warn me to be vigilant. I therefore carried a life-preserver about with me, not having any expectation of what was to follow.

Darkle and I were speedily reconciled. He saw that, although I was a Freemason, and consequently, as he expressed it, nearly a man, yet I should be more useful to him than many others whom he might employ; and it was settled that, as I was now tolerably proficient in Portuguese, I should soon go down to one of the villages as his factor.

(To be continued.)

VOICES FROM DEAD NATIONS.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Ph.D.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Kind words awaken kind echoes."

It is proposed to present some exposition of the primary developments of what has happily been named Sociology,* amidst the more ancient nations of the world, whose architectural and historical remains attest the wonderful activity and versatility of the human mind, and who, long concealed behind the veil of Isis, or buried beneath the mounds of Assyria, are now coming forth into full light, to add their testimony to the wonderful goodness and mercy of the Creator of all. It will be here attempted, without a desire to supersede special treatises on the various topics it will be necessary to handle, to arrive at the inner spirit, and, to some extent, the home life, of these nations; to connect and contrast them with our own times; to exhibit the relations of the poor and the rich, the father and the son, the husband and the wife, the master and the slave, the governor and the governed; and to demonstrate the identity of the law of human progress and the uniformity of the Divine Government.

* By Auguste Comte, throughout his philosophical works, as well as by John Stuart Mill.

One voice alone is heard in History. It is the voice of the Almighty expounding the principles of eternal order, and proclaiming the Nemesis of the human race.

Great legends,—whether in themselves allegories, arising out of the generalization and application of types of history, or the rumour or apotheosis of actual events, it matters not—great legends of the old time before us exist; and as the historian of the people of Israel has said, “the finite results of the confused and shifting events [of History] have long since recorded the doctrine they inculcate in letters of flame, as plainly to be understood as they are eternal, and the patient and continual study of which none of us dare to decline any longer; and although the successful investigation of completed and long since transacted histories be more difficult than recording the events of our own times, the utility is likewise greater.”*

Party animosity, religious differences, family ties, do not exist with reference to these ancient times, and hence their superior value for us; we can look upon them with unprejudiced eyes, seeking only the truth for our instruction, and without such interested motives as even beset the historians of our own nation, where the natural respect for ancestry leads to party views.

The right to study and understand its own history is one of the chief privileges and ends of mankind’s mundane existence, and the more we investigate, when a law stands forth the child of thought and study, the clearer is our perception of the unity and magnitude of the scheme of universal history.

In the superstitious minds of our forefathers there was a dim and mysterious awe concerning the departed spirits of their ancestors, and that awe might teach us to regard the reality of the past as a mighty and undeniable reality, and our present but as a continuation and extension of it.

Professor Gervinus, in his “Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century,” has a few sentences which we may profitably apply in this place; for although he refers to the history of the middle age and of our own time, his remarks are quite as true of more ancient times.

“Should we convince ourselves,” says he,† “that during three or four consecutive centuries, history has uniformly proceeded in one invariable direction, notwithstanding all impediments and diversions, according to an intrinsic spirit and law, we may readily assume that the three or four spaces of ten years, through which we have ourselves lived, are subject to a similar tendency. It may then seem not too daring to point to the end, to endeavour to eliminate the signification of our time and the spirit of its history from the very uniformity of this direction, from the connected survey of the present and past.” And the illustration of this historical

* Ewald, *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, vol. i. p. 2, 2nd edition.

† Gervinus, *Einleitung in die Geschichte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, p. 12.

current he proceeds shortly afterwards to describe in the following terms :*—

“ In the elder ages, as they are depicted by Homer, when population was yet scant, education and wealth, as well as the knowledge of the art of war and the possession of arms, to be found but with the few, patriarchal kings reigned in Greece, the sole possessors of chariots,† the chiefs of armies, the administrators alike of divine rites and of human justice. When, gradually, the number of the wise, the wealthy, and the warlike increased, and when superiority in war was decided by the cavalry, the equestrian order, the knights, the aristocracy, became the ruling power in the state, and the regal influence was, in Sparta, limited—in every other place abrogated. As then, contemporaneously with the growing prosperity of the middle class, the aristocracy sank into egotism and self-exaltation, the infantry grew in importance in proportion as the military art became developed. While there was a necessity for the lowest grade of society for the marine service, the sovereignty of the people, the democratical form of government, took the place of the aristocratical ; or there arose by the increased power and territorial extent of some nations, by the increased complexity of politics and war, mixed forms of government, in which the nobles, the middle class, and the populace appear ranged in certain relative positions, with mutual definite rights.”

The same process has taken place in the development of the states of modern Europe, although the relative proportions of number, space, and time have been far greater. The patriarchal kings and chieftains of the rude Teutonic tribes derived their descent from the gods just in the same manner as the Hellenic chiefs of old time. This was in the heathen age. But even in Christian times there was one great instance, that of Charlemagne, in which power was surrendered up to one man by reason of his superior intellect and enterprise. Nay, it is known that even in this case the popular legend of the age immediately succeeding Charles ran to the effect of his being himself a god, or directly derived from one.‡

Here again we pass through the rise of the aristocracy, as evinced by the rise of feudal institutions, in the increased importance of the horse in war ; here again, we find the regal power gradually limited, and the popular element rising into power, a process which is now still going on.

Thus this current of history is not regulated by chance, but the result, like every other appearance in nature or humanity, of Divine Law, instituted from the beginning and constantly controlled by the Almighty Hand. If, therefore, in the course of these chapters I may be found on some occasions apparently allowing the religious beliefs of the ancients, let it be, I pray, remembered that they are

* *Einleitung*, p. 14.

† See the instances of the Canaanitish peoples, where horses and chariots appear always to be the peculiar property of the kings.

‡ See Eginhardt, *De Carolo Magno*.

but fragments of a Divine system, and that the words of the poet may apply to them all—

“ Our little systems have their day,
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O God, art more than they.”*

If the creeds of antiquity were not pure and true as our own, we must bear in mind that at any rate the nations of antiquity were to the fullest extent sensible of the necessity of some form of religious belief, and sincere in the practice of such as they had. We may shudder at barbarous ceremonies, puerile doctrines may raise a cynical smile of pity and contempt ; but if there be any fact respecting the inner life of antiquity more evident than another, it is the peculiar manner in which every act of life, public or private, national or social, was interwoven with and guided by Religion. The more ancient the nation, the more patent the truth. It is impossible to examine the history of Egypt, Assyria, Canaan, or Israel, without regarding their polity through a religious medium. And although the influence of the Trans-Atlantic kingdoms of Mexico and Peru has not extended to this continent, Mexico and Peru are just as religious after their own creeds as any of the nations we have just named, and any attempt therefore to generalise and systematise would be in vain, if we did not also turn our attention to their ruined civilization, and add their experience of life and its afflictions to our other collected knowledge.

From the hour that man exercised the faculty of perception, down to this present instant, there is but one unbroken chain of successive links ; some strong, some slender, others cracked, and some elegantly wrought with forms of external and intrinsic beauty. The whole of humanity has gone through only what may be found in the bosom of a single individual, and the spirit which has animated society is as subtle as that electricity which pervades the bar of steel. Humanity is such a great bar, and were it possible to divide it into its atoms we should find that each presented the same inherent qualities. Individuals are but the particles of the great whole.

If, therefore, we contemplate the events of history, if we analyze the doubts, the hopes, the intentions, the passions, and the nobility of nations, we do but perceive on a large scale that which agitates all and each of us. History, in its infinite variety, presents us with as many phases of thought as we require for our guidance. It has had its birth, its teething, its measles, and its boyhood. It has had its struggles, its doubts, and its anxieties. It has sought for peace in the contemplation of the external forms of Beauty, and Art had its origin from this period. It has had its ambitious fits, its scarlet fever, and swept the earth with a conqueror's sword of fire. It has been a devotee, and knelt before the best god its half-formed

* Tennyson, “ In Memoriam.”

mind could think out for itself, or it has risen nobly to the knowledge of the Eternal through a series of trials, such as Job trembled, suffered, hoped, or sorrowed under. And it had its wild fits of intemperate passion, out of which Time, the great elixir, rescued it. And so has history lived its life, through ignorance and crime, savagery uncouth and civilization insincere; and the periods of darkness and doubt, when the hard lessons of experience were almost more than it could bear, have been succeeded by an honester age, when men are making up their minds to hold forth a friendly hand to their fellows, and to raise up them that fall, and guide the weary to some cool harbour, where the pleasant woodbine twines about the seat, and the honeysuckle, bowing to the breeze, showers down its fragrant blossoms, as a gift of love and truth from the plant-world to its erring master.

And here it seems to me a fitting opportunity to make mention of the wonderful law of Human Evolution, discovered by Comte, a man combining the most perfect method of mind with the results of a vast deal of erudition, acquired and connected according to mathematical principles, and developed in conformity with the most philanthropic views of Religion. To consider the innumerable series of essays upon the philosophy of history to be finite and explicit, without dwelling with earnestness over the works of this great man, is to know little of the human heart and its sensibilities.

The great law of Human Evolution is one as widely known as it is wilfully ignored. *L'Amour pour principe; l'Ordre pour base; et le Progrès pour but. Vivre pour Autrui.* Impulse it is, and rarely judgment, which governs the actions of men for good or for evil. For, does not the judgment come cranking in after any action whatever, and condemn that which the heart at the same instant encourages? It is impulse, brief and evanescent, which gives courage enough to brute force to scale a fortress, to storm a battery, and to accomplish a victory. It is evanescent impulse which gives to the writer happy ideas and the power of expressing them; to the philosopher, impulse gives the key to the divine mysteries of some grand and enduring theory. Impulse pulls the penny out of our pockets and places it in the palm of poverty; and the feeling called charity coincides with the self-gratulation consequent upon the consciousness of having done that which is our duty to God and our neighbour.

L'Amour pour principe. Here is the rock upon which the old empires split. Not brotherly love but expediency, not benevolence but self-aggrandisement, was the principle upon which the governments of the ancient world were conducted; and yet, as I said before, religion was not wanting, as a guiding principle. But there was no love in the ancient religion, or if there were, the knowledge of it was confined to a small section of the ancient populations. Socrates fell a martyr in Hellas to the creed of brotherly sympathy. Democritus tried, failed, and laughed scornfully at the bitter mockery of the principle of expediency. Heraclitus wept for mankind, but as much with vexation at the want of success he met with, as in

genuine pity for his fellow-men. It was reserved for Christ alone to love and weep, to pity and comfort, to shield from contempt and to raise up humanity from the scathing scorn of its self-contempt. The union of love and religion forms the prevailing feature of the latter ages of antiquity.

L'Ordre pour base. Order, the primary support of the universal frame of nature, the soul and synonym of law, had to be affirmed by the middle age. Political stability, social happiness, domestic relations, had to be enlarged and rearranged upon the broader basis afforded by the adoption of a new element in religion, and to the endless changes and reaccommodations of the middle ages we owe all that is excellent as well as that which is mistaken in our political and social codes.

Le Progrès pour but. This is the last and noblest stage of human history, as far as we can yet discern it. A firm basis, a standing-place being obtained, the mighty lever of progress moves the world. Regarding antiquity as the birth-period of religion, it is interesting to observe in what manner, and according to what progressive law, the human mind has emerged from the confusion consequent upon the conception of a closer connection between man and nature. That the connection did exist, there was never any doubt in the minds of those who first began to make use of the reasoning faculty, but a spirituality, akin to that mysticism, of which we have the best example in Jacob Behme, led the mind astray. Fetish worship has been well characterised by Mr. Lewes, as a "tendency to conceive all exterior bodies as animated with a *life* essentially analogous to our own."* This tendency led to the reverence, and subsequently the worship, of the Divine Being, through the outward symbols of his creation. Stones, trees, plants, each imbued with a peculiar life, were, to the worshipper in those days, what saints are in the Papal system. Reverence for the uses or the forms of these various objects became intensified into worship; but time went on, and the tree was blasted by the lightning, the plant was uprooted by the storm, the stone cleft in twain by volcanic agency, and the worshippers, finding that their gods were unable to defend themselves, extended the principle to animals, but the animals perished, and again the mistake was evident. Thus step by step was fetishism converted into polytheism; the unseen and therefore necessarily unrecognised powers of electricity and chemistry were canonized and adored. Men prayed to be spared from their destroying agency, and the antagonistic theory of Good and Evil was pursued. Forms of unknown repulsiveness or inconceivable grandeur were attributed to these principles, but the imagination exhausting itself, reaction again ensued, and the gods were clothed in the noble and glorious shape of man himself. Thus refining and spiritualizing, the creeds wavered on fitfully and uncertainly, till the mind was taught to recognize One alone as the Being which guided the universal system. The philosophy of the times

* Lewes's *Philosophy of the Sciences*, section vi. p. 273.

acknowledged this truth, and growing into strength, Monotheism, revealed to the enlightened, challenged the scattered and erring creeds of the world. There we remain at the present time, gaining fresh vigour by its noble truth, and from day to day we learn more and more, progressing for ever, of the wisdom and affection of the Almighty Being, as revealed by His works, who formed and sustains the universal frame.

Within limits of certain, though unknown, extent, man is his own master, the arbiter of his own fate. The universal law appears to be tending towards an extension of these limits. Man opposes himself to the decrees of God the Creator when he neglects to go forward with the ages. Progress and improvement, however retarded by the guilty but necessary opposition of humanity, must extend and permeate all things. Human opposition to the Divine law is easily explained, as an issue of the fall. We proceed from the known to the unknown, and remain enslaved; learn, know, feel, and we are free. Never let anything certain go for an uncertainty, is the cry of every philosophy and practice whatever. Still the old truths come out upon us in new shapes from time to time, and the law of Providence forces on their progress with irresistible might.

May there come such a time as that which I described some few pages above, an honest and God-fearing age, when our national evils will be healed, and our crimes and mistakes erased by a better order of things!

But ere all this happier time can become fully consummated and remain always with us, it is necessary for us to listen with simplicity and earnestness to the experience accumulated through the ages, to seek the tombs of the dead nations, and listen to their warning voices. To us who are the inheritors of the sorrows and struggles, as well as of the triumphs and learning, of antiquity, more has been given, and of us more will be required. Then let us not despise the study of Sociology, a science which began with the first breath of man, and which in its endless course has been leading us nearer and nearer to a better state of national existence, and will, when properly understood, imbue us with a purer faith, a sincerer appreciation of the wonderful design of the Almighty Hand of our Father in Heaven.

NOTES ON ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

(Continued from page 414.)

CHAPTER V.

HUDIBRAS.

WE have heard Samuel Butler termed "a lewd old fellow," and taking the word "lewd" in its old acceptation of "layman," or even in its modern meaning of "licentious," it may, perhaps, be applied to him, though we doubt much if the author of "Hudibras,"

termed by Dr. Nash "our modest poet," used language that was not common to the age in which he lived. If we take up Montaigne's "Essays"—writings, probably, far more popular in the days of Samuel Butler than now—we meet with many allusions and expressions calculated to offend against the modesty of this present day, and some expressions of our grandfathers we should feel unworthy of retailing again in print.

Samuel Butler, magistrate's clerk and afterwards secretary, was born at the village of Strensham, Worcestershire, where his father held a small estate, valued at ten pounds per annum. He was a zealous loyalist, and Charles the Second granted him an annual pension of one hundred pounds, which, from its smallness, disappointed the author of "Hudibras," and scandalized the public. About the same time that he was appointed secretary he received the office of steward of Ludlow Castle; and, upon retiring, he lived in Rose-street, Covent-garden, where, in the year 1680, he died, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. W. Nicol, who edited, in 1835, an edition of "Hudibras," in 2 vols. 8vo., remarked in the preface that "the poem ranks too high in English literature not to be welcomed, if it appear in a correct text, legible type, and on good paper: ever since its first appearance it has been a mirror, in which an Englishman might have seen his face without becoming, Narcissus-like, enamoured of it; such an honest looking-glass must ever be valuable, if there be worth in the aphorism of *nosce teipsum*." The editor, after asking whether it may not be as useful in the present as in past times, continues: "perhaps, even in this enlightened age, a little self-examination may be wholesome; a man will take a glance of recognition of himself if there be a glass in the room, and it may happen that some indication of the nascent symptoms of the wrinkles of treason, of the crow's-feet of fanaticism, of the drawn-down mouth of hypocrisy, or of the superfluous airs of self-conceit, may startle the till then unconscious possessor of such germs of vice, and afford to his honester qualities an opportunity of stifling them ere they start forth in their hideousness, and so, perchance, help to avert the repetition of the evil times the poet satirizes, which, in whatever point they are viewed, stand a blot in the annals of Britain."

To the antiquary "Hudibras" is interesting, as conveying many a new idea in old words, and showing various customs of the olden time.

"It was a serviceable dudgeon
Either for fighting or for drudging."

A dudgeon (degen), a dagger. May not the word dudgeon, in the sense of sulkiness, when combined with anger, be derived from this? The idea seems to be borne out by the line of Alexander Smith, to be found in his poems (D. Bogue, London, 1852), when he says:—

"She rose and *stabbed* him with her angry eyes."

Surely the good lady was in high dudgeon, when she sought to over-

come him by a silent glance, that speech of the eye which is rightly termed "looking daggers."

"Of that which bore our valiant bumkin."

Bumkin is a significant word, signifying one who is *kin*ned or related to a *boom*, a tree, or rude, awkward stick, being a word derived from the Dutch. Johnson gives boomkin, and then, referring to bumkin, we have, with Dryden as an authority, "an awkward, heavy rustick." We possess the word boom, as a naval term, being the long pole used to spread the clew of the studding-sail upon. And it is also a term in fortification, as the iron bar which is laid across the mouth of a harbour to prevent vessels from sailing in or out.

"Who as we find in sullen writs."

Here the word sullen evidently meant satirical. Now the meaning of the word has somewhat changed, as it simply answers to gloomy, intractable.

"For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms."

It is well to notice how games played in real earnest have given their names (often nothing more) to pastimes of the present day. In bull-baiting, the steward, or, as we might call him, "the clerk of the course," gave notice that all persons should not approach within forty feet of the bull, that no accidents might occur. "Bull's warning" is a game played by schoolboys in 1855. The boy who acts as bull, rushes, with hands clasped, after his companions, and whoever he can touch is obliged to go with the "bull" within the ring or boundary marked out. Then starting, the two boys with clasped hands run off in quest of others. This game we have never heard entitled "boy's warning," which would be its appropriate name. The chase of "smugglers and cutters" at sea is a chase of real earnest. The game of "smugglers and cutters" is oftentimes enacted with great earnestness on the school play-ground.

"Mounted a pick-back on the old."

Those who say, as we know some do, "pig-a-back," have certainly never read "Hudibras" carefully, and pronounce words possessed of no signification, however hard they may strive to trace the origin of this expression. A person who rides upon another man's shoulders rides pick-a-back; that is, he is *picked* up on his neighbour's back. To ride pick-a-back, may be to stand upon the shoulders of a person, with another above you, performing the feat practised at fairs and other places of public resort.

"To fight like termagants and Turks."

The word termagant (vol. i. p. 72) is said to be derived from the Saxon; others think that it comes from the two Latin words "ter"

and "magnus." It may be derived, in a third way, according to Chaucer, who says, line 13,741:—

"The giant Sire Oliphant swears by Termagaunt."

A corruption of Tervagan, said to have been a Saracenic deity. This term, says Johnson, "appears to have been anciently used of men," but now a termagant is a brawling woman. And a hundred years hence our children may talk of a termagant thing.

"With victory was cock-a-hoop."*

This expression "cock-a-hoop" (p. 106), says Dr. Nash, signifies extravagance: the cock drawn out of a barrel and laid upon the hoop, while the liquor runs to waste, is a proper emblem of inconsiderate conduct.

"'Shall we,' quoth she, 'stand still hum-drum,
And see stout bruin all alone?' "†

The word hum-drum is derived from *hum*, the noise of bees, and the Icelandic word *drawms*, says Johnson. We imagine this to be rather far-fetched, and would derive "drum" from the German word "d'umm," stupid; or the Saxon word "dumb," which may in olden times have possessed another meaning beside mute. We should not be surprised if the first syllable possessed no signification, for we have many compound words of which one syllable, added for the sake of rhythm, was meaningless. The significant syllables come generally first; thus we have, as examples: *hobby-doddy*, an awkward person; *hugger-mugger*, a by-place; *whim-wham*, a trifle; *hoity-toity*, an interjection of surprise; and *higgledy-piggledy*, confusedly. As exceptions to the rule the following words may be given, and there are doubtless many more which would be worth while noting down: *skimble-skamble*, a reduplication from *skamble*; *knick-knack*, from *knack*; *jick-a-jog*, from *jog*; and *hip-hop*, from *hop*.

"Quoth she, *mum*, *budget*."

These two expressions (p. 114) are curious. *Mum* means "hush!" and *budget* seems, from the following passage in Shakespeare, to be a reply:—

"I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; and she cries *budget*."

Merry Wives, act v. sc. 2.

May not *budget* be a corruption of the words "budge it," or "go off?" The following line, but a little higher on the page, seems to lend weight to the idea:—

"I thought th' has scorn'd to *budge* a step
For fear."

Page 124, occurs the following:

"And out his nut-brown *whin-yard* drew."

* *Cock on the hoop*, triumphant, exulting.—Camden, Johnson.

† P. 109.

Whin-yard was a bent sword, or reaping-hook, used in cutting "whin" or furze. This reminds us of a story. A gentleman in Hampshire, who ordered very lately some furze to be cut down, received a long bill for "skeevering," and was consequently interested in endeavouring to discover the origin of the word. "It is doubtless," said a great philologist, to whose works we are indebted for several suggestions, "a corruption of the German word *schleifen*, to cut down or raze."

"Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole."

Dr. Nash says: "In the edition of 1704, it is printed in *Hockey-hole*, meaning, by a low pun, the place where their hocks or ankles were confined. Hockley-hole, or Hockley-i'-the-hole, was the name of a place resorted to for vulgar diversions." It is not likely, we think, that so vile a pun was made use of in designating this place of resort; for it is derived doubtless from *hoc*, dirt; and *ley*, *lee*, or *lea*, which forms the termination of so many names of places, and signifies pasture-land, or any ground which is not under the plough. Hockley-hole was not far from Clerkenwell-green, situated between the end of Mutton-lane and the fields westerly. The following advertisement,* which appeared in the "Weekly Journal," of June 9, 1716, shows what the sports at Hockley were:—

"At the BEAR GARDEN, at *Hockley-in-the-hole*, at the request of several persons of quality, on Monday, 11th of this instant June, is one of the largest and most mischievous bears that ever was seen in England to be baited to death, with other variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; as also a wild bull to be turned loose in the game place, with fireworks all over him. To begin exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, because the sport continues long."

There must have been a prodigious demand for bears in the days of Hockley-in-the-hole, and the Paris Garden, to which, in *Poor Robin's Intelligence* of Jan. 8, 1677, it was announced that 3,000 bears had gone to winter quarters. But there were other gardens beside these two, for there was a bear-garden to the Globe Theatre, and one on the Bankside, in which there were cock, ape, and prize fights with swords, and whipping of blind bears, with horse and lion baiting, and every species of barbarous amusement.

In Thomson's *Loyal Protestant* for April 8, 1682, is the following singular notice:—

"*London, April 9.*—At the house on the Bank Side, being his Majesties Bear-garden, on Wednesday, the 12th day of this instant April, at one of the clock in the afternoon, will be a horse baited to death, of a most vast strength and greatness, being between 18 and 19 hands high, formerly belonging to the Earl of Rochester, and for his prodigious qualities in killing and destroying several horses, and other cattle, he was transmitted to the Marquis of Dorchester; where doing the like mischief, and also hurting his keeper, he was sold to a

* See "The Antiquary." James H. Fennell.

brewer; but is now grown so headstrong they dare not work him; for he hath bitten and wounded so many persons (some having died of their wounds) that there is hardly any can pass the streets for him, though he be fast tied; for he breaks his halter to run after them (though loaden with eight barrels of beer) either biting or treading them down, monstrously tearing their flesh and eating it, the like whereof hath hardly been seen. And 'tis certain the horse will answer the expectation of all spectators. It is intended for the divertisement of his Excellency the Embassadour from the Emperour of Fez and Morocco; many of the nobility and gentry that knew the horse, and several mischiefs done by him, designing to be present."

In the *Loyal Protestant* of April 9, there is an advertisement giving an account of the baiting of this wonderful horse, which overcame several dogs, to the great delight of the spectators. A person seeing the spirit of the horse, and thinking perhaps that he could cure him of his vice, led him away to a house near London-bridge, which the mob attacked, and threatened to untile and destroy, if the horse was not brought out and baited to death. The populace obtained the horse, and the dogs were again let loose, but they were overpowered, and the horse was killed with a sword. "This," says the notice, "was designed principally for the entertainment of his Excellency the Embassadour from the Emperour of Fez and Morocco, but, by reason of bad weather, he was not there."

The following advertisement is from the *Postman*, October 29, 1700:—

"At his Majesties Bear-garden, in Hockley in the Hole, a trial of skill to be performed (wet or dry) on Wednesday next, being the 30th of this instant October, between these following Masters, James Harris, a Herefordshire man, master of the noble science of defence (who hath fought four score and seventeen prizes, and never was worsted, also master to Mr. Jones, the bold Welshman, and Mr. King), and Francis Gorman, who lately cut down 3 famous men, master of the said science. All gentlemen are desired to come betimes."

"About her neck a paquet-malle."

The "tall long-sided dame, ycleped Fame," is here represented as laden like the post-boy with the mail. The word "malle," formerly spelt "maille," is derived, says Dr. Nash, from a Greek word signifying "sheep-skin," for of this the mail-bags were, and now are, made. *Malle*, the French word for trunk, meant originally, only a box formed of leather; *malle-post* is the diligence which carries the leather bags, or mail.

"The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad."

"There is no accounting for taste," which said truism led to the creation of that curious proverb, "Every one to his liking, said the old woman when she kissed her cow." The Chinese eat dogs of a certain

species, and certain birds'-nests, with great gusto. Montaigne, in his Essay on Custom and Law,* says :—

“ I believe Plato's Care in his Republic and the Physicians, who so often submit the reasons of their art to the authorities of habit ; as also the story of that king, who by custom brought his stomach to that pass, as to live by poison ; and the maid that Albertus reports to have lived upon spiders ; and in that new world of the *Indies*, there were found great nations, and in very different climates, who were of the same diet, made provision of them, and fed them for their tables ; as also they did grasshoppers, mice, bats, and lizards ; and in a time of a scarcity of such rarities, a toad was sold for six crowns, all which they cook, and dish up with several sauces.”

“ Honour is like that glasse's bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.”

Clarke mentions these glass-drops in his travels, which are known as “ Rupert's drops ” (*lacrymæ Batavicæ*), because they were first brought over from Germany by that prince, who devoted the latter years of his life to the prosecution of chemical and other useful inventions. The drops were shown, we are told in Rae's “ Cyclo-pædia,” to King Charles II., and he communicated them to the Royal Society, who appointed a committee to examine them, and endeavour to account philosophically for the phenomenon. The pure green glass, it appears, when dropped in a state of fusion into water, cools rapidly upon the surface, and the particles, previously in a state of repulsion, are brought within the power of each other's attraction. When air is admitted by breaking off the tail of the “ glassy bubble,” the condensed particles expand, and, with a slight explosion, the glass-drop is suddenly converted into a fine powder. Whether the Egyptians ever discovered this or not, may be a subject for speculation. Three thousand five hundred years ago, the Egyptians knew how to blow and colour glass, as may be seen in the hieroglyphical representations of glass-blowers, two of which are given in Ellis's “ Chemistry of Creation,” an interesting work published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

“ They might distinguish different noise
Of horns and pans, and dogs and boys,” &c.

This refers to a procession in which the husband who had beaten his wife, or the wife who had belaboured her husband, was publicly exposed. At Alton, Hants, we have heard this “ rough music,” as it is termed, played by the boyish populace round the cottage of some offenders. We have heard once the discord in the village of Crawley, Hants ; in which there was a procession of boys, who, with sheep-bells and old kettles filled with stones, walked up and down the street, thus publicly proclaiming the offence committed. We

* Montaigne's Essays, vol. i. p. 110.

have seen a villain, in a certain shop in Greenwich, beating his wife, and then heartily wished that "rough music" could be played in large towns. The only objection to this old custom would be, we fear, that the band would be required to play in one street or another every day.

" Before the dame and round about
Marched *whifflers* and staffiers on foot."

In King Henry V., act v., sc. 1, Shakspeare compares the sea to "a mighty whiffler 'fore the king." Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," vol. i., p. 506, remarks that the term is undoubtedly borrowed from *whiffle*, another name for a fife or small flute; for whifflers were originally those who preceded armies or processions, as fifers or pipers. Afterwards, any person who preceded, with a sword, mace, or wand, a procession, was termed a whiffler. The duty of this person was to clear the road for the troops following, or any great procession, civil or military.

Throughout Volume I. the word "windore," for "window," frequently occurs. In olden days, there were few words which might not be spelt five or six different ways, as the humour of the writer directed. But Butler may have the word to be "wind-door," and not derived, as Johnson has it, from the Danish word *vindue*. The author of *Hudibras*, as many great and original writers have ever been, was very fond of coining words. We may observe that the following Latin and Græco-English words which he uses have become long since obsolete:—

Agnarctomachy, a fight between bears and dogs; *averruncate*, eradicate; *untriumphable*; *timidius*, timidus; *tollutation*, ambling; *succusation*, trotting; *vitilitigation*, cavilling; *ratiocination*, deducing arguments from premises; and *disparata*, diverse. Village schoolmasters, scholars, do you fully appreciate some of the losses which the English language has, from time to time, thus sustained?

ANASTATIC INK.

Several specimens, including a facsimile of a note by W. M. Thackeray, Esq., the novelist, have been shown to us, which, effected by this process, render the difficulty of detection and facility of transmission equally astonishing. Cheques and bank-notes can be so forged as to infer a serious amount of importance to this science, if practised by dishonest persons, and without the antidote of the patentee; but its chief value is in the restoration of old prints and documents, which we have seen reproduced with singular and beautiful accuracy. It has not yet been properly put before the public by Mr. Appel, the patentee; but we strongly advise our Masonic readers to visit his residence, 43, Gerrard Street, Soho, especially those of them who are architects, artists, engineers, or connected with merchandise, banking, or literature, as not only is their business materially facilitated by the use of this ink, but their security against fraud greatly involved in the employment of the preventive means recommended by Mr. Appel. It is a singular and valuable invention.

MASONIC SONGS.—No. 2.

HOPE.—By BRO. G. DOUGLAS THOMPSON.

[*This Song is Copyright.*]

Yes, yes, it was Hope who invented the lyre;
 Tho' sages may tell you that Hermes has given
 The heart-cheering strings that can soothe and inspire,
 Believe me 'twas Hope first brought music from heaven.

She stole Cupid's bow as he sported along,
 She strung it with chords of her own golden hair,
 Then smiling she gave it to earth with a song,
 To heighten life's pleasure and banish despair.

'Twas eve when she came, ere the sun left the west,
 While the heavens were tinged with the tears of a storm;
 And based on the billows subsiding to rest,
 The bow o'er the east bent its beautiful form.

Then a chorus came forth from the caves of the sea,
 And the waves at the sound trembled upwards and curled,
 As fresh from the heavens Hope chaunted with glee,
 And smiling bestowed her best gift on the world.

But Cupid soon found his lost treasure, and saw
 How Hope had adorned it, and cried, "I defy
 All shields to the heart when such bow-strings I draw,
 If my arrows but waken these chords as they fly."

So saying, he ranged the glad earth all around,
 And played off his mischievous gambols again;
 Ah! maidens, beware when you list to the sound,
 For the dart of the god surely follows the strain.

POLITE AND UNPOLITE REASONS FOR THE SAME THING.—"And why cannot ladies become Masons?" asked Lucy D——, one evening, after a heart-smiting flirtation in a quadrille, and some very pretty and tiresome questions about her fast brother, who was always joining something or other. In our true spirit of gallantry, and just then, of some rather stronger feeling, we replied, "Because women were meant to be laboured for, not to labour; and so, in moral masonry, men should be the guardians of those less powerful than themselves, not, as too often, to our shame, have to look up to ill-used woman's nature as their glowing example and uncomplaining reproach." "I've no patience with men calling themselves brothers and all that fiddle-de-dee, and going and drinking, and smoking, and fighting with pokers. I know it all, Mr. H——, and contradict me if you like, but I'll maintain it to my dying day; and I don't believe that there is any secret in it, and I *will* know the secret; and I know that there is nothing in it, but I *will* know what it is; and there's no good in it, and if it was any good, I'm sure we should know it; and I believe we know all about it, and why *don't* you tell me what it is?" Mr. H—— swallowed his cup of coffee—(the omnibus was providentially at the door)—"Because women's tongues run up six stories, before any mason can build one."—*Exit Mr. H.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

[Publishers are requested to send works for review not later than the 20th of the month, addressed to the Editor of the "Freemasons' Monthly Magazine," 74-5, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.]

Digest of the Maynooth Commission Report. By JAMES LORD, Esq. Protestant Association Office, and Seeleys, London.—If any person, ecclesiastical or civil, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, wishes to disabuse his mind of the figment, which is below even the stultified ignorance of the House of Commons, that the teaching at Maynooth is individually moral, nationally patriotic, or socially beneficial, a few pages of this work will settle the doubts of the most prejudiced and obtuse. Common sense, that quality which now so languishes in England as to be afflicted with a general marasmus, might indeed have prompted the suspicion in any other less infatuated assembly than the House of Commons, that the study of Dens' nastiness, "De Matrimonio," and the filthy commentary of Saint (!!!) Liguori upon the Seventh Commandment, by bachelor priestlings of eighteen or twenty-two, with their subsequent elaboration of such obscenities in the confessional, would not necessarily produce such virtuous elements and effects in the wives and daughters of Great Britain as to be worth supporting, in the lectures at Maynooth. Where, however, common sense has failed, together with history, purity of thought, and every other active incentive of moral intelligence, in opening the eyes of our Ascot young senators and legislative "*habitués* of the virtuous ballet," we hope this "Digest" may prove efficient, and disclose the pitfalls of depravity, confessed by the very lips of those who involve themselves and other frail specimens of fallen humanity in a common entanglement and trap, speciously concealed with the withered branches of a spurious religion.

The author has done his work well, acting rather as a judge in presenting the evidence of each side for the decision of the British jury-public, than as a partizan or sectarian, personal or political. The difficulty, as in all such cases, was condensation; this has been ably effected, and the reader may now possess himself (*as he should, if he values the souls of his fellow-countrymen and the welfare of the state*) of a complete manual of information as to how elections are swayed by priestcraft; the true operation of Popery in the curtailment of popular liberty of opinion; the corrupting and bigoted effects of the Maynooth class-books; the debaucheries of the confessional, and the stores of vicious ideas amassed by previous study and preparation before the young priest enters upon the career of examining the inmost thoughts of women in those disorderly houses called convents; the anti-social and disloyal principles of Popery; the spirit of perse-

cution promoted by the latter; the fiction of Papal infallibility, with several miscellaneous points upon which practical remarks are offered. No doubt the statements will surprise the reader, as they come from the reluctant lips of the sacerdotal perpetrators of this huge mischief themselves; but whilst the details sicken, they will be at least beneficial, if they serve as a warning to every father how he places his child within the scope of such pollution, either by sending his son to Maynooth or his daughter to any pseudo-independent school abroad, secretly under the influence of Popish domination.

Proceedings of Law Writers on Lord Cranworth's Abolition of the old Chancery Folio. Correspondence upon the Early-Closing Movement. London: J. R. Taylor, Chancery Lane.—The first of these pamphlets refers to a grievance incident to a particular class; the other to a public evil felt by all. The law-writers' payment for copying receivership accounts, schedules to answers, and other Chancery proceedings, had been reduced more than one-half by an order of Lord St. Leonards affecting the standard number of words in the folio, by which apparently trivial change the interests of a very hard-worked and ill-fared body of men were affected. Lord Cranworth, however, upon representation, as set forth in this pamphlet, rescinded the order, and ruled that all office copies be charged at the rate of seventy-two words per folio. The "Correspondence on the Early-Closing Movement" points out the importance of that regulation, both physically and in a religious sense; and as Mr. Taylor justly remarks, in his preface, "No Christian man will read these letters without pain, sorrow, and regret that men are compelled by circumstances to transgress their Maker's law." Especially, therefore, does the pamphlet point out the inexcusable culpability of Lord Chancellors and other judges, who, by not dissolving their courts early on Saturday, or refusing to sit at all on that day, give no opportunity to barristers, solicitors, and other officials, of preparation for a day of rest. The argument lies in a nutshell. Is the sealing of a *ca. sa.*, or the execution of a writ of injunction, of more consequence than God's law? or are we to be told that money is of such high importance as to trench upon the only day that the starved inhabitant of the body, the soul, has to think of heaven upon? It is a noted fact that barristers are generally the most profligate men of all the learned professions, and no wonder, if constant traffic with the vices of mankind is made to accompany prayerless disregard of the Sabbath. One judge actually sat at Guildhall on a Saturday until close upon midnight, and had to be reminded by the foreman of the jury, who seems to have had some fear of God before his eyes, that he was about to trespass on the Sabbath; yet, doubtless, this ermined transgressor would have sententiously lectured some poor ignorant wretch upon crime which, in nine cases out of ten, begins in Sabbath-breaking; so true is it that though the "justice frowns on yon simple thief, change hands, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?" We are glad to find that the booksellers, and many other trades

and professions, are closing for the half-holiday on Saturday; surely shilling-seeking for five days and a half each week is sufficient even for our shop-keeping nation, and the business of lawyers and *their chief* might be limited to five days, and thus allow one intervening period of fresh air to body and soul, whereon to wipe off the mists and immoral chicanery of the law, before the week's accumulation of envy, fraud, ambition, perjury, and prevarication is shaken from the soul by the sanctity of the Sabbath. A great public meeting is to be held in the city upon this subject, about the 8th August next, under the auspices of the Early Closing Association. As Masonic Brotherhood especially developes fear of God and love to men, we hope the Craft will support this movement strenuously.

Historical Sketch of the Order of Knights Templar, delivered before the South Carolina Encampment at Charleston. By THEODORE S. GOURDIN, S.P.R.S., Commander. Charleston: Walker and Evans. —This work, which deserves a far more elaborate sketch than we can give it, is one of the most singular condensations of research and remote investigation we have ever met with. No less than thirty-seven distinct authorities are repeatedly quoted in a *brochure* of only thirty-four pages; and the style, at once vigorous and simple, declares the precision of a well-regulated and acutely disciplined mind. We do not hesitate to say, that from these pages the best history of Templarism may be deduced, and we trust that the learned author will satisfy, by some future work upon the subject, the universal curiosity which these comparatively few pages of most interesting narrative must excite. The opinions of the writer are expressed in the fearless tone, worthy of a knight of the order, and the clear statements he advances are founded upon the closest historical testimony; the period of time comprehended in the history is from A.D. 1118 to the present time. The work closes with a declaration that the history of the order yet remains to be written, and a suggestion that a capitation tax of two dollars per annum for two years be imposed on each Templar for the maintenance of a travelling brother in Europe, who shall collect manuscripts and other literary elements from the libraries and museums with which to accomplish a complete history of the order.

Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.—The author's name is a sufficient guarantee for the interest and amusement to be found in these pages, which will be read with much instruction also, on account of the graphic accounts of the travelled writer. At present Albert Smith's delineation of Holland is drawing vast crowds, and to those who have already heard his lecture upon the curiosities of the Dutch towns, especially that temple of cleanliness, Broek, we commend the following recapitulation of the peculiarities of a place regarded by the inhabitants as the veritable paradise:—

“There has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence our

first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favour of the village of Broek, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, in all respects correspond with the description of the garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

"What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time in rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbour in her devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion the cross; and it is said a notable housewife of the place in days of yore is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white. The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colours. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in Mosaic, with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the street by curiously-wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished.

"The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front doors are never opened, excepting on christenings, marriages, or funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back door. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on."

Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War. By HENRITZ TOKAI. Edinburgh: Constable.—These are very beautiful, and some of the narratives rise to the highest pitch of graphic interest. Tokai is one of the most popular Hungarian prose writers of fiction who sprung up a few years before the late war, and the present volume has been mostly composed since the late great national movement: it embodies descriptions of several most fearful scenes in the civil war which devastated Hungary from 1848 to 1850. A very instructive preface is given with the work by Emeric Szabad, and throughout the whole volume a thorough insight into Hungarian life and manners is afforded. We extract the following from the narrative entitled the "Bardy Family," giving an account of the vengeance executed upon the assassins of two lovers: the former, coming to claim the reward of their murderous prowess, to which several persons had fallen victims, are themselves condemned and executed by their chief. He asks them—

" 'Do you consider yourselves all equally deserving of sharing the booty?'

" 'All of us.'

" 'It was you,' he continued, turning to Lupuj; 'who struck down the old man?'

" 'It was.'

" 'And you pierced the magnate with a spike?'

" 'You are right, leader.'

" 'And you really killed all the women in the castle?' turning to a third.

" 'With my own hand.'

" 'And one and all of you can boast of having massacred, and plundered, and set on fire?'

" 'All! all!' they cried, striking their breasts.

“ ‘Do not lie before Heaven. See! your wives are listening at the window to what you say, and will betray you if you do not speak the truth.’

“ ‘We speak truth!’

“ ‘It is well!’ said the leader, as he calmly approached the bed; and seating himself on it, uncovered the two heads and placed them on his knees. ‘Where did you put their bodies?’ he asked.

“ ‘We cut them in pieces, and strewed them on the high-road.’

“ There was a short silence. Numa’s breathing became more and more oppressed, and his large chest heaved convulsively.

“ ‘Have you prayed yet?’ he asked, in an altered voice.

“ ‘Not yet, leader. What should we pray for?’ said Lupuj.

“ ‘Fall down on your knees and pray, for this is the last morning which will dawn on any of you again.’

“ ‘Are you in your senses, leader? What are you going to do?’

“ ‘I am going to purge the Roumin nation of a set of ruthless murderers and brigands. Miserable wretches! instead of glory, you have brought dishonour and disgrace upon our arms wherever you have appeared. While the brave fought on the field of battle, you slaughtered their wives and children; while they risked their lives before the cannon’s mouth, you attacked the houses of the sleepers, and robbed and massacred the helpless and the innocent. Fall down on your knees and pray for your souls, for the angel of death stands over you, to blot out your memory from among the Roumin people!’

“ The last words were pronounced in a fearful tone. Numa was no longer the cold unmoved statue he had hitherto appeared; he was like a fiery genius of wrath, whose very breath was destruction.

“ The Wallachians fell upon their knees in silent awe, while the women, who had been standing outside, rushed shrieking down the rocks. The Decurio drew a pistol from his breast, and approached the cask of gunpowder. With a fearful howl they rushed upon him—the shriek of despair was heard for an instant, then a terrible explosion, which caused the rocks to tremble, while the flame rose with a momentary flash amidst clouds of smoke and dust, scaring the beasts of the forest, and scattering stones and beams, and hundreds of dismembered limbs, far through the valley and over the houses of the terrified inhabitants. When the smoke had dissipated, a heap of ruins stood in the place of Numa’s dwelling.”

Monastic Institutions. By S. P. DAY, formerly of the Order of the Presentation. Longman.—Some amusing extracts from this work will show more of the absurdities of monks and monkery than many of the supporters of such institutions would care to know of. First, we learn how the dearest and closest ties of nature may be broken to serve the Church. The author informs us that—

“ Being an only son, and pretty clearly anticipating the fierce opposition I should otherwise have to encounter, I entered a convent without imparting to my mother the least intimation of my purpose; nor had she the remotest idea of where I was for some days, until I despatched from the novitiate in Dublin, through the superior-general of the Order, a letter acquainting her with the rash step I had taken. This letter, I need scarcely say, underwent a strict *surveillance* before it was suffered to pass to its destination. Of course, the heads of the convent planned and aided my escape, and warmly approved of my resolution. A dignitary of my acquaintance to whom I had, in the capacity of confessor, communicated my design, certainly, I must do him the justice to say, did not altogether approve of the idea that I should desert my widowed mother’s house without asking at least for the maternal benediction; but added he, ‘that is what I would do were the case my own; yet I should not care, under the circumstances, whether I received a *blessing* or a *curse*!’ A bishop also assured me that, having examined into the particulars of my case, I was not under any moral obligation to act otherwise than I had intended.”

The next is the account of a woman who seems to be a fit accom-

plice of sacerdotal iniquity ; the condition of the husband, between wife and priest, was scarcely to be envied in this scene of—

“ FLOGGING BY PROXY.

“ A woman who had gone to make her confession was followed to the church by her husband, who, fortunately for the wife, entertained doubts as to her fidelity. He secreted himself for a time ; when, happening to observe his spouse led by the confessor behind the altar in order to be flagellated, he at once made his appearance ; objected that she was too tender to bear the punishment, and offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded ; and the man had no sooner placed himself on his knees, than she exclaimed : ‘ Now, my father, lay on stoutly, for I am a great sinner ! ’ ”

We find, also, that monks are the bitter antagonists to baths and washhouses, and that they hate a pump with the horror of a mad dog:—

“ Beradat used no clothing, except a close sack of skins, which had no other opening than one for his nose, and another for his mouth. The abbess Teresa, in order to torment her body, which was naturally weak and delicate, made use of hair shirts, nettles and scourges, and even used to roll herself among thorns. Eufraxia belonged to a convent containing one hundred and thirty nuns, not one of whom ever washed her feet—the very mention of such an indulgence as a bath being an abomination to them ! ”

Home Thoughts. Conducted by Mrs. OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN. Piper, Stephenson, and Co., Paternoster-row.—This monthly publication is undoubtedly one of the best of the cheap serials, and contains admirably written papers on history, fiction, sociology, and science. The annual volume is very elegantly got up ; and besides a vignette of London and the Tower, contains some lines relative to both, the quality of which may be judged of by the great notice the following extract from them has already attracted. Speaking of London, the writer says:—

“ Thy walls are living legions, the thick slime
Of fraud is traced on them from every clime :
The flatt’rer proffering love with fulsome guile,
The sland’rer sapping worth with meaning smile ;
The sensual judge, whose private life’s the sport
Of the hoar infamy he chides in court !
The minister, who puts forth every grace,
Not to preserve his country, but his place !
The wily prelate deprecating pelf,
Yet whose whole life is one hard war for self !
The editorial ‘ thunderer ’ whose pen
Bids virtue triumph o’er the sons of men,
Yet of elastic moral not too nice,
Keeps a neat villa for his favourite ‘ vice.’
The novelist, whose interesting scenes
Draw tears like rivers from each ‘ miss-in-teens,’
Till they adore ‘ the dear delightful man,’
Whose life would scare them, could his life they scan !
All parasites alike, one trade they drive,
Gold the sole aim for which they lie and strive ;
Whilst London, thou ! whom no disgrace can pall,
A most indulgent parent, shield’st them all ! ”

The “ Lost Heir,” by the editress, is a beautiful story, and fully maintains her high name, as indeed does the whole periodical throughout. The price of this magazine (3*d.* each month) is too low, at least by four times, for its merit.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST NUMBER.

'Tis chilly morn, on India's strand
 A thousand knees bend low,
 To watch me break o'er sea and land,
 With bright and fervid glow ;
 The Abbot hath his prayers begun,
 Long ere I rise a glorious *sun*.
 The maiden tossed in fever's dreams,
 The homeless girl and boy,
 And fisher, prize alike my beams,
 Breathing of love and joy ;
 Of sunny hopes and sunshine hours,
 Of mazy streams and fragrant bowers.
 My second loves earth's mossy breast,
 And hails the genial dew,
 Smiling in Araby the Blest,
 With roseate cups, and blue ;
 The *flower* that Cashmere's vale supplies,
 And Alpine steeps that kiss the skies.
 My whole the SUNFLOWER may be seen
 In every land of toil,
 And yet a native 'tis, I ween,
 Of brave Columbia's soil,
 For ever growing as it grew,
 Round rocky heights of rich Peru.

E. W. J.

*
ANOTHER.

UPON the sea how anxiously
 They gaze upon the skies,
 After their net is cast and set,
 To watch the "Sun" arise.
 And anxious grew that maiden too,
 Rack'd on a bed of pain,
 The livelong night, to see the light,
 The orb of day again.
 Poor houseless boy, awake with joy,
 And ye who vigils keep,
 The sun's bright ray proclaims 'tis day,
 Over the earth and deep.
 At early hour the opening flower
 Bedecks the meads around,
 Well prized by those who roam 'midst snows,
 Or deserts' parched ground.
 In rich Peru, with golden hue,
 The "Sunflower's" seen alway,*
 And decks the brows and breasts of those
 Who adore the god of day.

W. H.

* The *Helianthus* is a native of Peru, where the Spaniards reported that the maidens who officiated in the Temples of the Sun wore on their heads wreaths of the Sunflower made of purest gold, and similar emblems of their solar idol on their breasts.

MUSIC.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE "Trovatore" has run its course for the present season, and Mdle. Ney's leave of absence from Dresden also; the other dainties of the month being "Don Pasquale," "Comte d'Ory," and "Lucrezia Borgia," all preliminary to and now culminating in the grand attraction of the past twenty-eight days, namely, "L'Etoile du Nord." Whatever decay may be apparent in Tamburini, as Dr. Malatesta he is supereminent, and his Alfonso in "Lucrezia Borgia" drew rapturous applause from one of the most crowded houses which we have ever seen. In the second act of "Il Barbiere," given after "Don Pasquale," Herr Formes highly distinguished himself as Don Basilio, and we may say that, in her greatest days, Grisi seldom attained higher triumph than in realization of the characters of Norina and Lucrezia; we never heard her in better voice than on "the celebrated Thursday," which will not soon pass from the memory of the *habitués*. All events, however, have merged in the long-delayed, but at last triumphant, representation of "L'Etoile du Nord," which, "post tot rerum ambitus," came off on Saturday, July 21st, with such signal success as to elicit universal admiration.

Doubts of its appearance, owing to repeatedly procrastinated promises and the difficulty of turning it into a "grand" opera, rendered its final achievement pre-eminently a matter of public satisfaction. In "Il Crociato in Egitto" we had a German writing in all the spirit of Italian opera; in "Robert le Diable" the best efforts of the French composer Auber were equalled in his own style; in the "Huguenots" and "Prophète" were exhibited equal powers for German opera; so that it only remained to compose such a work as "L'Etoile du Nord," which amalgamates the ideal of a comic opera with the romantic element constituting the composer's *forte*, to achieve the elaborate success we have the pleasure to record. Halévy is not to be compared with Meyerbeer, nor did Rossini, we opine, when, after "Guillaume Tell," he declared in anger at its most unmerited comparative failure, consequent on its defective *libretto*, that he should wait until the Jews had finished their Sabbath, judge accurately of the time of its duration. Much as we regret Rossini should have adhered to his resolution of composing no more, we acknowledge that Meyerbeer's production has, in no slight degree, consoled us under the disappointment.

No opera was ever produced at the Royal Italian Opera with more care and energy, and too much credit cannot be given to the management for the study and splendid finish lavished on each particular element. The scenic effects are worthy of the best efforts of Mr. Beverley: the grandeur of the martial gathering when Peter reveals

himself to the conspirators, the variety of costume and the dexterity which characterizes the "business" of the stage, are such as to defy criticism; the orchestra and action were alike irreproachable; and Meyerbeer, who was twice called for, and greeted with rapturous enthusiasm, must have reaped a gratification beyond words at witnessing how audience and *artistes* testified by their plaudits and performance their appreciation of his splendid talent.

Our limits do not permit us to give more than a brief comment upon the several eminent vocalists who established the reputation of "L'Etoile du Nord" on the auspicious evening of its representation. Suffice it to say, that Mdme. Bosio, as Catherine, accomplished a novel and most difficult style with consummate genius, and after a temporary restraint, became the character to perfection, in all its natural vivacity, and impetuous self-willed attractiveness. Her personal appearance was as enchanting as her vocal facility; whilst we agree fully in the general opinion that Mdle. Marai is the best Prascovia at home or abroad. Signori Tagliafico, Gardoni, Luchesi, and Lablache, with Mesdames Rudersdorff and Jenny Bauer, left nothing to be desired in giving effect to the *tout-ensemble*; nor can we agree with the critic who, we fancy, from personal pique, detracts most unwarrantably from the masterly delineation of the Czar by Herr Formes: his voice, sonorous, clear, and richly modulated, was heard with great effect.

One word about the advertized "last appearance" of Grisi and Mario "for this season." After last year's threatened departure and subsequent reappearance of the lady "for a limited number of nights," we really must deprecate any more fictitious announcements. Whilst we deeply should regret the loss of Grisi, we nevertheless protest against trifling with the public.

A CORSICAN DIRGE.

LET the reader imagine, then, the corpse upon the tola, the women crouching round it on the ground; a young girl rises, and, her countenance flaming with enthusiasm, improvises, like a Miriam or a Sappho, verses of the most surpassing grace, and full of the boldest images; exhaustlessly her wrapt soul pours forth the rhythmic stream of dithyrambs, which express melodiously all that is deepest and highest in human sorrow. The chorus wails at the close of each strophe,—Deh! deh! deh! I know not whether anywhere in the world a picture could be found, which combines the repulsive with the beautiful, in a manner so profoundly poetical and significant as such a scene, where a maiden sings before a bier what her pure young soul has that moment been inspired with, while a chorus of furies howl the accompaniment; or where a girl, with flaming eye and glowing cheek, rises like an Erinny over her murdered brother who lies armed upon the tola, and imprecates vengeance in verses, whose fierce and bloody language no male lips could utter more relentlessly. In this country, where the position of woman is low and menial, it is nevertheless woman that sits in judgment, and summons the criminal before the tribunal of her plaint. Thus, too, the chorus of the maid-servants, in the libation-bearers of *Æschylus*, sings.—*Wanderings in Corsica*.—Edinburgh: Constable.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

(From the Roving Englishman in Turkey.)

HE was the brother of a saint, and his friends were rich ; so they dressed him in his best, and they put his turban on his head (for he was of the old school), and they bore him to the tomb upon a bier, and coffinless, after the custom of the East. I joined the procession as it swept chanting along the narrow street ; and we all entered the illuminated church together.

The archbishop strode solemnly up the aisle with the priest, swinging censers before him ; and with the odour of sanctity exhaling from his splendid robes. On went the procession, making its way through a stand-up fight, which was taking place in the church ; on through weeping relatives and sobered friends, till, at last, the archbishop was seated on his throne, and the dead man lay before him stiff and stark. Then the same unctuous individual, whom I fancy I have observed taking a part in religious ceremonies all over the world, being yet neither priest nor deacon, bustles up, and he places some savoury herbs on the breast of the corpse, chanting lustily as he does so to save time.

Then the archbishop takes two waxen tapers in each hand ; they are crossed and set in a splendid hand candlestick. He extends them towards the crowd, and seems to bless it mutely, for he does not speak. There is silence ; only disturbed by a short sob which has broken from the overburdened heart of the dead man's son. Hush ! It is the archbishop giving out a psalm : and now it begins lowly, solemnly, mournfully at first—the lusty lungs of the burly priests seem to be chanting a dirge. All at once they are joined by the glad voices of children, oh ! so clear and so pure, sounding sweet and far, rejoicing for the bliss of the departed soul.

They cease ; and there comes a priest dressed in black robes ; he prostrates himself before the throne of the archbishop, and carries the dust of the prelate's feet to his forehead. Then he kisses the archbishop's hand, and mounts the pulpit to deliver a funeral oration. I am sorry for this ; he is evidently a beginner, and twice he breaks down and gasps hopelessly at the congregation ; but the archbishop prompts him, and gets him out of this difficulty. A rascally young Greek at my elbow nudges me to laugh, but I pay no attention to him.

Then the priests begin to swing their censers again, and their deep voices mingle chanting with the fresh song of the children ; and again the archbishop blesses the crowd. So now the relatives of the dead man approach him one by one, crossing themselves devoutly : they take the nosegay of savoury herbs from his breast, and they press it to their lips. Then they kiss the dead man's forehead. When the son approaches he sobs convulsively, and has afterwards to be removed by gentle force from the body.

So the relatives continue kissing the body, fearless of contagion ; and the chant of the priests and choristers swells through the church, and there lies the dead man with the sickly glare of the lamps struggling with the daylight, and falling with a ghastly gleam upon his upturned face. Twice I thought he moved, but it was only fancy.

The archbishop has left the church, and the relatives of the dead man are bearing him to his last home without further ceremony. It is a narrow vault just outside the church, and the Greeks courteously make way for me—a stranger. A man jumps briskly into the grave, it is scarcely three feet deep ; he arranges a pillow for the head of the corpse, then he springs out again, laughing at his own agility. The crowd laugh too. Joy and grief elbow each other everywhere in life—why not also at the gates of the tomb ?

Then two stout men seize the corpse in their stalwart arms, and they lift it from the bier. They are lowering it now, quite dressed but coffinless, into the vault. They brush me as they do so, and the daylight falls full on the face of the dead.

It is very peaceful and composed, but, oh! looking so tired, so weary of the world, so relieved that the journey is over.

Stay! for here comes a priest walking slowly from the church with his mass-book and censer. He says a few more prayers over the body, and one of the deceased's kindred drops a stone into the grave. While the priest prays he pours some consecrated oil upon the body, and some more upon a spade full of earth, which is brought to him. This also is thrown into the grave. It is not filled up, a stone is merely fastened with clay, roughly, over the aperture, and at night there will be a lamp placed there, which will be replenished every night for a year. At the end of that time the body will be disinterred. If the bones have not then thoroughly rotted away from the flesh and separated, the archbishop will be called again to pray over the body. For there is a superstition among the Greeks, that a man whose body does not decay within a year is accursed. When the bones are divided they will be collected and tied up in a linen bag, which will hang on a nail against the church wall: by and by this will decay, and the bones which have swung about in the wind and rain will be shaken out one by one to make daylight ghastly where they lie. Years hence they may be swept into the charnel-house, or they may not, as chance directs.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A GREAT fault in our system of female education is, that girls are trained up to be, literally, nothing at all. Their education is not that of future women, but seems based upon the supposition that they are always to remain children. Little care is taken, even where the influence of the clergy and of visiting societies is most actively at work, to raise their feelings above the useful and necessary, but not very intellectual duties of a housemaid. As such they may get on in life to a certain extent, and may support a reproachless "character from their last place." But this is not the highest aim in life. We do not want all our female population for housemaids. Surely a few hundred respectable and well-trained girls, who had learned to look upon a husband in a higher light than as some one to be scolded for financial derelictions on Saturday night, and who would have even a lady-like horror of bad language and bruised cheek-bones would be an acquisition to "persons about to marry," in any large parish! Would not the fact of a few mothers having been trained up with some high views of their duties save many a girl whom undue severity at home has ere now driven into the streets? Fewer criminal cases might be the consequence of a young mother having understood some means of communicating the simple lessons of morality which have never been erased from her own heart. Something more than a mere physical affection for those to whom she had given birth might steal many an occasion from the incidents of ordinary life to inculcate a love of purity and diffidence in her own daughters, such as might supersede the interference of any but home authority, and, by increasing the value of home, lead back the recreant child, and teach the girl expanding into womanhood to prefer assisting her mother at home to seeking debasing excitement from the profligate and low. But we candidly confess that it is with the women of England that this great work of reform must rest. They alone, who have known these sacred, these all-important duties, can set them before the eyes of the less experienced—they alone can penetrate into the confidence, awaken the consciences, and arouse the hearts of their fellow-women. It is not a task where the learning of clerical bodies or the judgment of politicians can effect much; it must be woman, knowing woman's weaknesses and woman's trials—woman speaking to the heart of her fellow, and drawing lessons from her own past experience; it must be our own wives and mothers that must—not only in their own families, but throughout their whole sex—seek to train up wives and mothers for a future, but morally healthier, generation.—*From Home Thoughts.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In accordance with the promise made in my last, I proceed to offer a few suggestions on the subject therein broached; namely, “A New Society of Portrait Painters.”

It has been, I regret to say, the habit of late years, with portions of the press, to overlook, if not to decry, the portraits of the Annual Exhibition in the Royal Academy—or, at least, when reviewing the Exhibition, to inform us, “that there is the usual number of ‘ladies in white’ and stiff-collared gentlemen with the conventional crimson curtain this year;” or, “it seems to us that the portraits this year are the same as the last.” Again, we find others “deploring the extinction of portrait-painting in England!”

With such encouragement from a “free and enlightened press,” passed over in silence by some reviewers, and somewhat sneeringly noticed by others, from ignorance of art, or *other causes*, it would be no great wonder if this most important branch of painting should decline.

There are other, and, perhaps, more direct influences brought to bear upon this “unprotected branch” of the Fine Arts. These must be postponed to some future opportunity, as the consideration of them, at present, would make this letter too long.

It is some comfort, however, to be able to state that the English school of portrait-painting is as good, and in some respects better, as a whole, than at any former period of its history.

Nevertheless, there are many influences, some altogether unworthy of “gentlemen and artists,” which act detrimentally to the portrait-art itself, ruinously to the artist.

It is to remedy this state of things that it is proposed to form a new Society or Institute of Art, which should have for its object to place this extremely difficult portion (portrait) in its true light, by making it the principal, if not the only kind, for the present at least, to be exhibited in their gallery. The plan proposed is this:—

First.. That all portrait-painters of recognised talent, not confined to London alone, should be eligible; and that there should be no limit to numbers, talent being the great requisite.

Secondly. That they should be divided into members and associates: the members only having the power of election of officers for the government of the society.

Thirdly. This government to consist of a president (who retires after a certain time), and a council of twelve (two or more to retire also, by rotation), thereby giving to all members a share in the government in due course, and a secretary and treasurer.

This, you will perceive, sir, is a mere crude outline of an extensive combination, which only requires a few men of intellect (and artists are so) to settle the details and bring into satisfactory working order. The mode of proceeding I should suggest would be, that a few of the principal portrait-painters, *not in the Academy*, should meet and discuss the best manner of making modifications and arranging details, and also of announcing to artists and the public the intentions of the new society.

I hope that the effort will be found successful, and be acted upon. Artists have long professed to feel dissatisfaction with the present “irresponsibility” of the Hanging Committee, by which favouritism or chance decides unquestioned the placing of pictures. It is not much to the credit of artists that they have so long

submitted to such a state of things. However, there is no use in complaining of what is past. If they will only "put their shoulder to the wheel," and by establishing a great National Institute, in which all classes of persons would be interested (for, be it remembered, that each portrait is the centre of a circle of friends), take an independent position—they will free their art from oppressive restrictions which, like the serpents of Laocoon, threaten to strangle it.

A MASONIC EXHIBITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I wish to bring under your notice a curious book in MS., which I lately purchased.

It is a folio volume, containing about 320 pages, bound in rough calf, and has the remains of large steel clasps or lock. The style of writing is from fifty to eighty years old. It commences with the copy of the constitution for a Grand Chapter of Princes of the Royal Secret, addressed to Henry Andrew Francken, William Adams, and others, and is signed S. Morin, G. Insp. G.S.P. of My., &c. &c. &c.

At foot are these words :—

"Copied by J. D., D.G.M., P.R.S., as the original in his possession is much defaced, and may be destroyed or lost, date June 24, 1794."

This constitution authorises the formation of a Grand Chapter in the island of Jamaica; and the Brethren are enjoined to "behave themselves strictly to all the rules, &c. of the nine commissioners named by the Grand Chapter at the Grand East of France and Prussia, &c. &c."

After this are two pages explaining the symbolic ages of the various Degrees. Next follow laws for the government of a Lodge of Perfection, in twenty-nine articles. Then thirty-nine articles for the government of all regular Lodges of Perfection, transmitted from the Royal Council at Berlin to "our most respectable, &c. &c. Brother Stephen Morin," and "done at the Great East of Berlin and Paris, in a holy and secret place, under the C.C., near the B.B., the 25th of the 7th month of the year 1762."

After this follow the whole ceremony of Secret Master, Perfect Master, Intimate Secretary by Curiosity, Provost and Judge, Intendant of the Buildings, Master elected of nine; Illustrious elected of fifteen; Sublime Knights elected; Grand Master Architect; Knights of the Royal Arch; Knights of the East; Perfection ultimate of symbolic Masonry; Princes of Jerusalem; Knights of the East and West; Knights of White Eagle or Pelican; Scotch Masonry, by the name of Grand Pontiff; Sovereign Prince of Masonry, or Mr. *ad vitam*; Prussian Knight or Noachite, in two parts; Knights of the Royal Ax, Knights of the Sun, Princes adepts, Key of Masonry, Knights of K.H., and the *ne plus ultra* of Masonry, the Royal Secretary, &c.

Each Degree is separated from the next by a broad and very rich ribbon, the length of the page; these ribbons are of various colours, and one or two of them dilapidated by age. The work is written by the same hand throughout, and contains one or two curious drawings of a knight's camp, the R.A., &c.

At the end of the fourteenth degree, called "the Ultimate of Symbolic Masonry," is a large wax seal, but so much defaced by time and pressure as to be illegible. It is an oval shield within an equilateral triangle, within each angle of which is the letter "G:" the motto is "*Æquando perficit*," and the shield is surmounted by an open crown (of France?), but no crest. The mantling is very like that of the French royal arms before the establishment of the empire.

After the twenty-fifth Degree, or the *ne plus ultra*, is another large wax seal, very much defaced by time; but with the aid of a powerful glass I have been enabled to decipher a good deal of it.

The shield is placed on a double-headed eagle displayed, grasping a sword, pointed to the sinister; and, so far as I can read the bearing, it is as follows :—

Azure, a wolf (or heraldic tiger) rampant, supporting what I can really make into nothing more nor less than a *distaff*.

Crest: out of an open coronet, surrounded by rays of light, a dexter arm issuing, grasping a dagger, and debruising a branch or *sprig*. Supporters: dexter, a griffin; sinister, a lion. Motto over the crest: "...NE DEUS U...BRA" (Qy. *Sine Deus umbra*). Under the shield, "Hoc solo modo honore." The whole ensigned with six banners, charged as follows:—1. Three pillars . . G; 2. A cross crosslet; 3. is quite illegible; 4. Two swords in saltire, HAB above, and three other letters below; 5. Two pens in saltire; 6. Square and compasses.

The book is written throughout with great care, and is in perfect condition.

F. B.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR AT HOME.

The lady was at her toilet, which, in our day would signify that she was invisible: then, it was precisely the reverse; the hour of her toilet was the hour for receiving company, and this reception was quite general; whoever was not a stranger to the lady had a right to see her at that hour, and had even a right to bring a friend.

The dressing-room of a woman of fashion was a sort of temple, where people went, as Marivaux says, "to burn the incense of wit on the altar of the Graces." It was therefore the rendezvous of all who had, or thought they had, some tribute to lay on the altar. Round the divinity of the place, young noblemen, little abbés, and old beaux conversed and rattled *pêle-mêle*. Here, then, is the lady, seated before a small pier-glass, which is covered with gilding and lace, and supported by two panting Cupids, which Boucher, the great manufacturer of these articles, has imagined he could not make too fat or too chubby. Upon a table, the legs of which are curved, incrustated with ivory, gold, and sometimes even pearls, a perfect repository of mother-of-pearl combs, silky brushes, and perfumes of all kinds and colours is spread out to view; but from the large arm-chair down to the most insignificant footstool—from the table down to the smallest box, all is ungraceful from excess of magnificence—all is trifling from the efforts of art. The curtains are so heavy that they might be taken for carved wood; the carpets so thick that you seem to tread on a lawn. Reclining coquettishly in her white satin *bergère*—her fan in her hand, her spaniel on her knee—the lady receives the homage of all who come in, without rising. If she listens, every one is silent to listen to the speaker to whom she vouchsafes this honour; if she speaks, there is a hush to attend to what she deigns to say. But generally she speaks very little: every one knows that she is witty, and, still better, that she is pretty—that is sufficient. Lively conversation is reserved for the evening; in the morning, she is motionless as a goddess, or laconic as an oracle. It lasts generally two hours; for the attendants have orders to protract their task so long as their mistress does not appear fatigued, and has enough of spectators. Let us not forget that all these spectators are men; no lady of quality would ever be publicly present at the toilet of another, unless it were that of a queen or a princess. It is a homage that only men can render, like every other duty of gallantry, without its being humiliating or derogatory.

However, the more this custom is removed from the manners of our day, the more we should be careful not to exaggerate to ourselves its singularity. The most respectable women complied with it; habit took from it all that shocks us most severely. Besides, it need scarcely be said, that the public toilet was confined to what could be done without indecency; and although these voluptuous exhibitions no doubt contributed greatly to foster impure feelings, all was carried on, externally, with the most perfect propriety. An invariable etiquette settled what might or might not be done: certain scruples were even carried further than in our day; a lady's hair was dressed in the presence of thirty men, but never by a man; it would have been an unprecedented act of boldness and bad taste: in short, any jest, or allusion, or indiscreet glance, would have condemned at once the ignorant or ill-mannered person guilty of it. The more hazardous the situation, the greater was the degree of caution observed. Every one felt, as it were, personally responsible that the modesty which the lady was on the verge of overstepping should not be in the least infringed.—*From France before the Revolution.*

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I think that some Freemasons may not have fallen in with the following advertisement, reprinted by Mr. James H. Fennell, in "The Antiquary :"—

"THE Brethren of the Shears and Shopboard are hereby informed, that their whimsical Kinsmen of the Hod and Trowel, having (on new Light received from some worthy Rosicrucians) thought fit to change both their Patron and Day, and unexpectedly taken up our usual place of Meeting; the Worshipful Society of Free and Accepted Taylors are desired to meet on Monday next, the 27th Instant, at the FOLLY on the Thames, in Order to chuse a Grand Master, and other Officers, and to Dine.

"You are desired to come Cloathed, and Armed with Bodkin and Thimble.—Dec. 24, 1725."

Can any of your readers give another old and interesting advertisement similar to this?

"E. W. J."

SIR,—St. Nicholas "Cole-Abbey," more properly "Cole-Bay," was distinguished by this affix from St. Nicholas Olave, to which parish it is attached. Both churches are dedicated to St. Nicholas, Bishop of Nicea, who died A.D. 343. The church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey was very ancient in 1377. Both churches were burnt in the Fire of London, 1666, and St. Nicholas Cole Abbey was rebuilt in 1677. It is situated on the south side of Old Fish Street, in the ward of Queenhithe, and extends on the east side of Little Distaff Lane. In 1732, the parish contained fifty-six houses besides the parsonage, according to the account of Mr. Daniel Yelless, clerk of the united parishes at that time.

"WELL-WISHER."

SIR,—In reply to a querist in your excellent number for June, relative to coaches, I beg to state that Taylor, the water-poet, has fixed the period of their introduction by the following quaint notice in his works (1630, p. 240). He says: "In the year 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought *first* the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queene Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeede, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement: some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the divell; but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade." The *caroch* was a species of *coach*, differing rather in size than form, as our modern brougham does from the vehicle styled a clarence.

"NEPOS."

SIR,—Your correspondent MASTEOS asks if the Orator is still retained in our Lodges? In some the name is borne on the books, but no active official corresponding to it seems to be appointed; *this to our loss*. One cannot turn to any of the old accounts of Masonry without seeing that the Orator occupied a very influentially beneficial part in a Lodge, as the *educated* spokesman and expositor of Craft principles to the initiated, or to the world externally on public occasions. But with the usual slovenly inattention to the early and purer spirit of Masonry characteristic of our degenerate day, the Orator has, like the chaplain at a corporation, been voted a bore, or degenerated into a funnel and grown obsolete. I, like a host of other earnest Masons, hail most warmly the decided and ringing tone which your Magazine has recently taken, in drawing attention to points vitally important in resuscitating the languid intellect of the Order, and sincerely trust that the Orator, who might really be considered the "schoolmaster" of the Lodge, will no longer be "abroad," but reassume his place at the right hand of the W.M. of every lodge, which he occupies in some old engravings of Masonic ceremonial I have in my possession.

In answer to your correspondent, I may say that the office ceased when wine-bibbing came in and thoughtful-mindedness went out of our Lodges. The Craft must restore it, for it is vain to hope for energetic improvement from the Grand Lodge, I suppose.

"DECISION."

SIR,—I have the pleasure of presenting to your readers, especially those of the Craft who take an interest in Masonic antiquities, an engraving of



the seal of Ælfric, one of the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon nobles in the 10th century. The "Penny Magazine" of 1832 informs us that the seal was found by a labourer in digging a bank near Winchester; but it is evidently mistaken in supposing that Ælfric was only an *earl*. Strutt, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons, vol. i., p. 411 *et infra*, relates that Ælfric was intrusted to command the Anglo-Saxon fleet, when this country was threatened by an invasion of the Danes, who took advantage of the feeble sovereignty of "Ethelred the Unready."

Ælfric had succeeded his father in the *dukedom* of Mercia; three years afterwards, he was expelled from England. In

992, he was appointed to lead the new fleet, and to surprise the Danes in some port in which they could be landlocked. This judicious scheme was foiled by Ælfric's treason. He apprised the enemy of the intended enterprise, and consummated his perfidy by joining them. The Saxon fleet, nevertheless, with the characteristic bravery of the land from whence it sailed, attacked the Danes, and defeated them. Ælfric, with difficulty, escaped, and the king avenged his treachery by putting out the eyes of his son Algur.

In 1000, Ethelred basely butchered all the Danes, their wives, and even infants, living in England under a solemn peace. Svein, King of Denmark, assembled a fleet to take vengeance for the massacre; and Ethelred, with an infatuation equalled only by his cruelty, appointed this very Ælfric to command the forces raised for the defence of the country. The Danes landed at Exeter, in 1003, and carried fire and sword even into Wiltshire, where the Anglo-Saxons, under Ælfric, met him; and at the moment the armies were about to engage, Ælfric pretended illness, and declined the combat. Enraged and disorganized, his army retreated in disgrace.

Dr. Ormerod, in his history of Cheshire, states that Ælfric was killed in battle with the Danes, in 1016.

The seal before us shows Ælfric wielding the sword of his dignity. The dukes and earls of the Saxon times were powerful indeed within the territories committed to their charge; their power was almost regal; they had the sole command of the military forces within their bounds; their persons were held so sacred that even to lay hold of a weapon in their presence, in challenging another, was punishable with a heavy fine. Hence, we see the sword represented here; and it was from the vast power conveyed and represented by this warlike emblem, that William the Conqueror gave his kinsman Hugh Dupuy the noble palatinate of Chester, with its regal privileges of creating barons, to hold by the dignity of *the sword* of Chester, which sword, by the way, is now in the British Museum.

While we admit and lament the crimes of Ælfric, we must confess he was a Mason. The marks of such are undeniably evident to every member of the Craft. It will be seen that they were displayed 850 years ago as now, and that they are engraved with more neatness of execution than the letters on the legend. Dr. Oliver, in his edition of Preston's "Masonry," informs us, that after the death of King Athelstane, Masonry in England was at a very low ebb, and no wonder, torn as the country was by intestine convulsions and the almost incessant devastations of Danish invaders. But in 960 an attempt was made by St. Dunstan to raise the drooping fraternity, and he partially succeeded. It shows in what high estimation the dignity of the Craft was held at the time, when Ælfric, one of the most powerful nobles of England, proudly displayed the landmarks of the Order on the very legend surrounding his diadem and sword of dominion, even next to the adored Cross itself.—Yours fraternally,

"GILES DE COLLIMORE."

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

UNITED GRAND LODGE.

The M.W.G.M. the Earl of Zetland has summoned a Grand Lodge for Monday, July 30, to be held at the Welsh School in Gray's-inn-road, and thence proceed to the Royal Free Hospital adjoining, for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the "Sussex Wing" of the hospital. The Brethren are to assemble at half-past two. In our next number we shall give a full report of the ceremony.

MASONIC CHARITIES.

ROYAL FREEMASONS' SCHOOL FOR FEMALE CHILDREN.

The Quarterly Court of the Governors of this institution was held on Thursday, July 12, Bro. Patten, P.G.S.B. in the chair. The minutes of the last quarterly and the meetings of the General and Financial Committee were read and confirmed; and the Audit Committee report stated, that there was a balance of 1,138*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* in the hands of the bankers in favour of the institution, and that a sum of 478*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.* would be required to pay the tradesmen's accounts for the quarter. The Audit Committee recommended that the Treasurer should be instructed to invest 300*l.* in the Three per Cent. Consols, thereby increasing the funded property of the institution to 4,500*l.* The Secretary reported to the Court that there were five vacancies to be filled up at the election in October next; also, that there were five approved candidates, and all of whom were recommended by the Court to be placed on the lists for election in October next, without ballot. Bro. Benj. B. Cabbell, the Treasurer, reported that he had lodged 162*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, the proceeds of five half-years' dividends, to the credit of the building fund.

The several reports were received and adopted; and votes of thanks having been passed to the Treasurer and Chairman, the proceedings terminated.

We have heard some of the subscribers remark that they have not lately received balloting-papers for this institution; we have much pleasure in stating that this has arisen from the fact of there not having been more candidates than vacancies, as in the present instance; but it will be gratifying to the governors to know, that every approved candidate for the last twelve years has been admitted to the school. We understand from the House Committee that the school is always open to visitors, and that the anxious wish of the members is, that the subscribers, with their families, should visit this truly Masonic and beautiful institution whenever they can make it convenient.

By the permission of the House Committee, and the generosity of the last two Boards of Stewards of the festival, the children will visit the Crystal Palace at the termination of the present vacation, when it is hoped many of the liberal supporters of the institution will show the interest they feel in its behalf by being present. We learn from the Secretary that he will make the day known as generally as he can.

METROPOLITAN.

WESTMINSTER AND KEY-STONE LODGE (No. 10).—At a meeting of this Lodge, on Wednesday, July 4; present: Bros. W. H. Lyall, W. M. Wyndham Portal, W. J. Evelyn, M.P.; W. W. Beach, Rev. G. R. Portal, Rev. W. Davies, Lord North, Benson, Cox, Chapman, Elers, and Ross; the R.W. Bro. T. W. Fleming, Prov. G.M. for the Isle of Wight, was unanimously elected a member of the Lodge. Bros. Lord North, Chapman, and Elers were passed to the second Degree. The Lodge was closed and the Brethren adjourned to a banquet.

GLOBE LODGE (No. 23).—The summer festival of this admirably-worked Lodge was held on Wednesday, the 4th of July, at Freemasons' Tavern; Bro. Humphrey, W.M., in the chair. The summer festivals of the Lodge, through the unpropitious weather, having proved unsatisfactory, the members decided on having their annual meeting at the Tavern, and the result showed the wisdom of their choice, as a more pleasant meeting could not possibly have been. The *management* also displayed its taste in the introduction of a liberal provision of good cheer.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE (No. 196).—*Holly-bush Tavern, Hampstead.* At a Lodge held on the 10th of July, Bro. J. R. Thompson, W.M.; Bro. Samuel Aldrich, S.W.; Bro. Hazard, J.W. and Treas.; Bro. W. Johnson, Sec., the following Past Masters were present: Bros. T. A. Adams, Hamilton, Batchelour, and Shury. A Bro. was proposed for joining and a gentleman for initiation. The Lodge voted three guineas from its Benevolent Fund to the widow of the late Bro. Dalton, who had been Tyler of the Lodge for a great many years. The Lodge being closed in due form, the Brethren adjourned to a banquet, and spent a very pleasant evening, in course of which a most liberal collection was made for the Benevolent Fund. We must not omit mentioning the delight the Brethren and visitors experienced in Bro. Adams's, jun., admirable performance on the concertina.

The Lodge of Instruction attached to this Lodge held its second anniversary meeting on Wednesday, the 18th of July. Bro. Thomas Alex. Adams, P.M., No. 196, in the chair; Bro. Wm. Shury, P.M., No. 196, S.W.; Bro. T. Julian Adams J., W.; Bro. Sam. Aldrich, Hon. Sec.; Bro. Hazard, Treas.

Amongst the visitors were Bros. Burton, W.M. No. 9; Queely, W.M. No. 209; Captain Dillon, No. 141, Dublin; Bros. Spencer, P.M. No. 329; Graves, P.M. No. 329; Warren, P.M. No. 202; Bywater, P.M. No. 202; Farmer, P.M. No. 745; Thomas, P.M. No. 745; Crawley, P.M., Levinson, J.W. No. 209; Barton, J.W. No. 202; Suter, J.W. No. 219; Moring, J.W. No. 9, &c. &c.

The fifteen sections were worked by the following Brethren, viz.:—

1st Section of the first lecture by Bro. Tyrrell, S.W. No. 168; 2nd, by Bro. W. Johnson; 3rd, by Bro. W. Shury; 4th, by Bro. H. Odell, J.W. 165; 5th, by Bro. Tyrrell; 6th, by Bro. Thomas J. Adams; 7th, by Bro. Farmer.

The first section of the second lecture was worked by Bro. Aldrich; 2nd, by Bro. Thomas; 3rd, by Bro. J. Warren, J.W., No. 164; 4th, by Bro. Crawley; 5th, by Bro. Farmer.

The first section of the third lecture was worked by Bro. Odell; 2nd, by Bro. Crawley; and the 3rd, by Bro. Thomas.

Fifteen visiting Brethren joined the Lodge. Its funds are all devoted to the charities and to benevolence.

The Lodge was closed in due form; and the Brethren adjourned to an excellent banquet.

In the course of the evening several excellent speeches were made advocating the claims of the various charities and the economy with which they should be conducted. The various speakers also supported the retention of the clause in the bye-laws of the Men's and Women's Annuity Funds, by which the votes of the last two preceding elections are now carried forward to their credit, but which is proposed to be rescinded at the next election in May.

The proceedings of the evening were much enlivened by the performance of some excellent music by Bro. Thomas Julian Adams.

This Lodge of Instruction was established in 1853, by Bro. Thomas Alexander Adams, then W.M. No. 196, through whose energetic and unwearied exertions it numbers upwards of a hundred members, and its proceedings are conducted with the utmost exactness and regularity, and in it the true principles of Masonry are taught.

The Lodge meets every Wednesday evening, at seven, throughout the year; and, from the picturesque and delightful situation of Hampstead, we have no doubt that it will be numerously attended by the Brethren from London as well as those in the neighbourhood, especially during the summer season.

LODGE OF HARMONY (No. 317), *Greyhound Inn, Richmond, Surrey*.—This distinguished Lodge held its anniversary meeting on Monday, the 16th July, which was very numerously attended by the Brethren of the Lodge and by many visitors. The proceedings on this occasion were of an exceedingly interesting character, and gave much satisfaction to those who were present. The W.M. Bro. J. A. D. Cox opened the Lodge, and, with the assistance of his officers, performed the ceremonies in the usual able manner in which the working of the Lodge is carried on. The Rev. Dr. Mazzuchelli was initiated into the order, a circumstance peculiarly interesting to the Craft, as Dr. M. was formerly a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and is now a minister of the Church of England. The ceremony was admirably performed, and the Charge,—too frequently omitted, but which in this Lodge is invariably given, was delivered by Bro. the Rev. T. T. Haverfield, P.M., in his usually impressive manner.

A valuable silver salver was presented to the V.W. Bro. H. A. Bowyer, P.G.M., Oxford, by the members of this Lodge, in which he was initiated, and of which he is P.M., as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the Brethren.

The W.M., in addressing Bro. Bowyer, said, "It is now my duty as Master of this Lodge, and it is a duty which I fulfil with the greatest pleasure, to present to you, on behalf of the subscribers, this salver as a token of their esteem and regard. You have attended the meetings of this Lodge, and heard the expression of the feelings of the Brethren towards you too often not to be aware how fully your kindness towards each member, and your services towards the Lodge generally, have been appreciated, and I am sure that I speak the sentiments of every brother, when I say that it is to them a greater pleasure to bestow this gift than it can be for you to receive it. Testimonials such as this are too often mere matters of course; but, in this instance, the heart goes with the gift, and I assure you nothing could be more gratifying to any one than to have met the ready response to my letter respecting this testimonial, and the universal pleasure with which the proposition was hailed, and the many kind expressions of feeling towards yourself. The occasion of your appointment as Prov. Grand Master for Oxfordshire has been taken for making this presentation, as it was thought a fitting opportunity, when the Grand Master had conferred that honour upon you as a mark of the estimation in which you were held by himself and the province in which you reside, that the Brethren of your own Lodge, in which you first saw the light, and in which you are so well known, should present you with some testimonial of the esteem in which you are held by them. I think I may say that few appointments have given greater satisfaction to the Craft in general than those which have been made in your person as Grand Master for Oxfordshire, and in that of your worthy cousin and our excellent and esteemed friend Bro. Col. Vernon, as Prov. Grand Master for Staffordshire; and it is a source of much pride to this Lodge to feel, that although we may in some respects be looked upon as only a country Lodge, yet that out of our comparatively small numbers, not less than three of our members should fill such important offices as those of Grand Masters of Provinces. I trust, my Brother, that the G.A.O.T.U. may grant you a long life to use this gift, and that when you shall be summoned from hence, it may long be preserved in your family as a memento of the esteem and respect in which you were held by men who had the opportunity of knowing you well."

Bro. Bowyer, in returning thanks, said, that no circumstance in his life had

afforded him greater pleasure than receiving this gift at the hands of his Brethren of this Lodge ; it was a compliment he could not have expected, and therefore the more highly prized. If he had gained a high position in the Craft, he felt that it was not so much through his own merits as from the kindness of his Brethren. He had loved Masonry from the first moment he had entered into it, and his experience induced him to love it more and more. He felt that he owed much to the Brethren of this Lodge, not only on account of the Masonic knowledge he had gained from those Masters who had preceded him, and in whose footsteps he had endeavoured to walk, but from the unvarying kindness of the Brethren towards him. He should prize this salver as highly as anything he possessed, and should hand it down to his children to be preserved by them as one of the most esteemed gifts he ever received.

The salver bore the following inscription :—

“ Presented to Bro. Henry Atkins Bowyer, Prov. Grand Master for Oxfordshire, by his Brethren of the Lodge of Harmony, No. 317, as a token of esteem and regard.”

The names of the subscribers to the testimonial were engraved round the inscription.

The interest of the proceedings of the day was added to by the presentation of a valuable snuff-box to Bro. Col. Macdonald, one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the Lodge.

The W.M. in presenting it said, “ As Master of this Lodge, the pleasing duty devolves on me of presenting you, on behalf of the Brethren, with this snuffbox, as a memento of their esteem and in remembrance of the many services rendered by you to the Lodge. I am sure that you will receive it with the same spirit in which it is given, as a token of brotherly love and respect, and not on account of any intrinsic value it may possess. I trust you may long be spared to make use of it, and that it may occasionally bring to your mind those amongst whom, I trust I may say, you have spent many social hours.”

Col. Macdonald said, that never having filled any office in the Lodge, and therefore not having contributed to its good name by working, as most of his Brethren had done, although he had endeavoured to serve it in other ways, and the Brethren were so kind as to say he had done so, he could not have anticipated receiving such a compliment as had that day been paid him, and which he could never forget. He had been a member of the Lodge since it first pitched its tent at Richmond, and had seen it through its various phases, until it had arrived at its present state of prosperity and renown. He regretted that he no longer saw many of the old familiar faces he remembered among the members, but some had been removed by death, others by increasing years ; yet still he saw the same spirit in the Lodge which had always characterized it. He rejoiced, however, to see one old member present, Bro. the Rev. T. T. Haverfield, the father of the Lodge, to whom they were all indebted in so many ways, and who had handed down and preserved in this Lodge the genuine working as practised by Bro. Dr. Hemming, and former great lights in Masonry.

The snuff-box, which was of silver gilt, inlaid with gold, and of chaste and elegant design, bore the following inscription :—

“ Presented by the Master, Officers, and Brethren of the Lodge of Harmony, No. 317, Richmond Surrey, to Col. Alexander Macdonald, as a mark of high personal esteem entertained for him by the members, and an acknowledgment of the many advantages derived from his exertions in promoting the interests of his mother Lodge.”

The Brethren then adjourned to the banquet, which was served with the taste and liberality for which the landlord, Bro. Furze, is so celebrated in connection with this Lodge.

We have never been present at a more pleasant meeting, or one in which the whole business was conducted in a more satisfactory manner ; and we earnestly recommend any of our readers who may have an opportunity afforded them of visiting this Lodge, to avail themselves of it, assuring them it will not be a day

lost. We most cordially reiterate the sentiment which is pledged with the "loving cup," which makes the circuit of the table at the banquet—"May the characteristic of this Lodge be always Harmony."

ZETLAND LODGE (No. 752).—Adam and Eve, Kensington. The members of this Lodge assembled on Wednesday, the 11th of June, for the installation of Bro. Hayward in the chair, which ceremony was performed by Bro. Scholefield, his predecessor. The W.M., leaving the office of Senior W. open till the next meeting, then appointed Bro. Copus, J.W.; Bro. Wise, S.D.; Bro. Walters, J.D.; Bro. Doust, M.C.; and re-appointed Bro. Noel, Tyler. The Brethren and visitors afterwards partook of an excellent banquet, such as Bro. Cooper, the host of the Adam and Eve, is accustomed to provide. The vocal abilities of Bros. Adams, Carter, Gurton, and Holloway contributed much to the evening's entertainment. Among the visitors were—Bros. Watson, P.M., No. 23; Potter, P.M., No. 11; Harrison, W.M. and Warren, P.M., No. 202; Hewlett, W.M., Blackburn, and Temple, P.M., No. 169; Rackstraw, P.M., Odell, and Norman No. 165; Kennedy, P.M., No. 201; Adams, W.M., No. 206; Crawley, Gurton, Williams, &c.

ROYAL ARCH.

ENOCH CHAPTER.—The Companions of this well-appointed Chapter met on Tuesday, July 17, Comp. Williams, M.E.Z., when Bros. Spooner, W.M., German, and Hopkins, of Lodge No. 11, were exalted to the Sublime Degree. The ballot for the election of officers for the ensuing year was then taken, and Comp. J. G. Simpson was elected Z.; W. Young, H.; J. Bird, J.; Robert Williams, Treas.; P. Matthews, N.; R. Temple, E.; and Kennedy, P.S. The business concluded, the Companions (numbering sixteen) adjourned to a very *recherché* banquet, the excellence of which elicited great praise on the management of Messrs. Elkington and Co.

PROVINCIAL.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

LUTON.—*Lodge of St. John the Baptist* (No. 698).—The anniversary festival of the Lodge was held at the Town Hall, Luton, on Friday, the 6th July instant, at which meeting, on the retirement of Bro. W. Phillips from the chair, Bro. E. C. Williamson was again installed by Bro. Francis Crew, P.M. No. 1, the indefatigable secretary to the Girls' School, by whom the ceremony was performed in that instructive and impressive manner which is so peculiar to our excellent Brother, and during which Bro. Crew took occasion to allude to his having installed every Master of this Lodge since its foundation, and to the pleasure he felt in placing Bro. Williamson (after a lapse of some years) for the third time in the chair of the Lodge.

The Brethren afterwards adjourned to the George Hotel for refreshment, where an excellent banquet was provided by Mr. Wadsworth, the active host, who has recently taken this establishment; and the Brethren separated at an early hour, after an evening most agreeably spent in listening to the "songs and witty sayings" of those present, led here as elsewhere by Bro. Crew, with that charm which he so well knows how to throw around the festive board, mingling all hearts in harmony and brotherly love.

We subjoin a list of the officers for the present year:—G. Painter, S.W.; J. H. S. Sweeting, J.W.; Edw. C. Williamson, Treas.; C. A. Austin, Sec.; E. O. Williams, S.D.; W. Medland, J.D.; J. Cumberland, I.G.; Thos. E. Austin, D.C.; C. Roth, Steward.

DORSETSHIRE.

POOLE.—The Provincial Grand Lodge of this province will be held at Poole, on Thursday, the 16th of August, by Bro. Henry Ralph Willett, Prov. G.M.

ESSEX.

BOCKING.—*North Essex Lodge* (No. 817), *White Hart Hotel*.—The members assembled on Monday, July 2, when Bro. Rolfe, the W.M., raised to the Third Degree Bros. Mandeville and Webb. Mr. George Rolfe, of Netly, and Mr. May, of Braintree, were proposed for initiation at the next Lodge.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—*Berkhampstead Lodge* (No. 742).—The Brethren assembled on Wednesday, July 4, when Bro. F. B. Harvey, W.M., passed Bro. Sheerman, of Tring, to the Second Degree. Bro. Shugar, P.M., No. 319, was a visitor.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Provincial Grand Lodge.—The Grand Lodge of this province was held in the Medina Lodge, at the Grapes Inn, in West Cowes, on Thursday, the 5th of June. Present—The R.W. Bro. Thomas Willis Fleming, of Stoneham Park, Prov. G.M.; Bro. W. Hyde Pullen, Dep. Prov. G.S.W.; Bro. W. W. Way, Prov. G.J.W.; the P. Prov. G. Officers; the W.M.'s and Brethren of Lodges Nos. 41, 176, 204, and 809. Bro. Charles Ewens Deacon, D. Prov. G.M. for Hants; Bros. F. R. Stebbing, Prov. G. Sec.; H. Clark, P. Prov. G.S.; and Miles, P. Prov. G.S.D. of the same Province; Bros. Douglas, Pine, Dresdele, &c. The minutes of the preceding G.L. were read and confirmed. The Treasurer's report of the finances was received. Bro. Wm. Way was unanimously re-elected Prov. G. Treas.

The Prov. G.M. read a letter he had received from Bro. Hearn, tendering his resignation of the Office of D. Prov. G.M., to which his professional avocations prevented him paying due attention.

The Prov. G.M. then appointed and invested the following Brethren to their respective Offices, viz.:—W. Hyde Pullen, Dep. Prov. G.M.; G. Rendall, Prov. G.S.W.; Thomas Hollis, Prov. G.J.W.; F. Squire, Prov. G.Sec.; Benj. Maturin, Prov. G. Chap.; Geo. Wyatt, Prov. G.S.D.; Ed. Braithwaite, Prov. G.J.D.; Chas. Cowdery, Prov. G. Reg.; Jones, Prov. G. Org.; E. Homan, Prov. G.D.Cer.; C. Banfield, Prov. G.S.B.; J. Langdon, Prov. G. Purs.

The D.G.M. gave notice of his intention, at the next meeting of the Prov. G.L. to move certain changes in the fees, and also to establish a Lodge of Instruction, and a Fund of Benevolence, for the Province.

The Prov. G.L. was then closed in due form, and the Brethren adjourned to a banquet, prepared at Bro. Bull's, the Fountain Hotel; thirty-eight Brethren sat down: the Prov. G.M. having on his right Bro. Pullen, D. Prov. G.M., and on his left, Bro. C. E. Deacon, D. Prov. G.M. Hants. The cloth being removed, "The Queen," "The Earl of Zetland, M.W.G.M.," and "The Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M.," were duly honoured. The Prov. G.M. proposed "Bro. C. E. Deacon, D. Prov. G.M. of Hampshire, and the other Members of that Province who were that day their Visitors."

Bro. Deacon said, that but for the miscarriage of a letter, Sir Lucius Curtis would have been present, as both the Prov. G.M. of Hants and himself had great pleasure in attending and assisting in their neighbouring province, to aid in any way their great and glorious institution; the suggestions of Bro. Pullen, to establish a help for the poor in time of need, were of a truly Masonic character. For himself, he could say he was proud of being a Mason; the precepts and duties of the Order not only contributed to our comfort and happiness here, but assisted us to promote the best feelings of man towards man, in every relation and duty of life.

Before resuming his seat, Bro. Deacon requested permission to propose "The Health of the Prov. G.M.," who from his residence in Hampshire, and also being a member of a Lodge in that province, was well known and respected by all; he congratulated the Isle on their good fortune in being ruled by so excellent a Mason as Bro. Fleming, whose gentlemanly bearing and sound judgment could not fail to advance the cause of Freemasonry. (Cheers.)

The Prov. G.M. in returning thanks, said no efforts on his part should be

wanting, and he hoped in time to earn the encomiums that Bro. Deacon had been pleased to bestow upon him. Each returning year he looked forward to the meeting of his Brethren, as whatever discord there might be elsewhere among his Brethren, in the Wight all wore smiles and hearty welcome. He was gratified to hear there was a proposal to found another Lodge in the province. The intended Benevolent Fund could not fail to meet with the approval of the Brethren. He hoped they would give their most hearty support to his newly-appointed Deputy, whose ardent efforts in promoting the interests of Masonry would fail of effect if no kind hands were tendered towards him.

The Prov. G.M. then asked the Brethren to give a hearty welcome to "Bro. Pullen, his D.G.M.," whose known attainments and true Masonic principles commanded the good wishes of every person in the province. (Cheers.)

Bro. Pullen, in acknowledgment, said, he was desirous faithfully to discharge every portion of the duty of the office entrusted to him, and he placed full reliance on the good and right feeling of the Brethren to aid the important duties he should have to perform. This Province had the reputation of being the best-working one in the realm, and he hoped the Brethren would long continue to wear the laurel they had won: in order that they might do so, he proposed to hold a Lodge of Instruction every alternate month at Newport, to which he invited all who were desirous of improvement. He then spoke of the Provincial Fund of Benevolence which had been formed by his predecessor, Bro. Hearn; this fund had, from its many claims, dwindled away; surely this, one of the noblest features of our Order, would not remain thus neglected. (Hear, hear.) He then suggested the adoption of a scheme to permanently increase the Benevolent Fund, viz.:—1st, A grant of a sum of money from the G.L. Fund; 2ndly, Voluntary subscriptions; 3rdly, To allow a box to be sent round at every Lodge meeting, when at the festive board; 4thly, The Brethren of the various Lodges occasionally furnishing a paper on a subject connected with the Arts or Sciences, to be read before a public audience, the proceeds to be given to this fund; 5thly, By individual exertions amongst our friends, whether Masons or otherwise. Bro. Pullen concluded by asking the Brethren's assistance in carrying on the objects in view, and especially the last named, which aimed at the great design of Masonry—mental improvement.

"The visiting Brethren from the town of Southampton," was eloquently responded to by Bro. Stebbing. "The Wardens and Officers that day appointed," was acknowledged by Bro. Rendall, S.W. "Our other Visitors, including Bro. How, Prov. G.D.C. of Surrey."

Bro. How, in acknowledging the kind greeting with which he had been received, availed himself of the opportunity that was thus offered to make a few remarks on the growth of Freemasonry, and as an humble member of the fourth estate, to call the attention of the Brethren around him to a series of articles now appearing in the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*; the recent one was entitled "PROGRESS;" a careful perusal of it would tend to convince the reader that with the spread of Freemasonry, Barbarism would vanish, and Civilization take firm root. The Brethren well knew that in days gone by—and some few of the Antediluvians yet exist—there were among the Fraternity many who had a holy horror against the Press, fearing the ink should soil the glove or the apron; but those times are now happily passing away, and we had recent opportunities of knowing that the Magazine was quoted in the foremost literature of our country, and was recognized throughout the Fraternity as the legitimate and unflinching supporter of the Craft.

The last toast, "To all poor and distressed Masons," set in action one of Bro. Pullen's suggestions, by sending round the charity-box, and the result was the produce of a fair amount.

[We cannot allow this report of the Isle of Wight to pass without cordially congratulating the province on the appointment of Bro. Hyde Pullen, and earnestly expressing a hope that the suggestions which, it will be remembered, have been promulgated in our leading articles recently, as to lectures and other aids to mental improvement being set on foot, will be actively carried out under Bro. Pullen's direction. Some Eastern County Lodges have taken up our views,

and are going to carry them out with zeal. We thank also the Brethren in the Isle of Wight for the high estimation which they expressed towards the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*; we have already taken steps to have it more fully provided at Southampton.—ED. F. M. M.]

LANCASHIRE.

BLACKBURN.—*Lodge of Fidelity* (No. 336).—The ordinary meeting of this Lodge was held on the evening of the 29th of June. After the transaction of usual business, it was considered well to postpone the raising of Bro. J. Neville Haworth to the sublime degree of M.M. until the following Friday, at a Lodge of Emergency (this accordingly was done on that evening by Bro. E. Collinson, P.M., assisted by Bro. G. Whewell, S.W., and Bro. J. Gates, J.W.), after which the Lodge was closed with solemn prayer, and the Brethren adjourned.

Lodge of Perseverance (No. 432).—The ordinary monthly meeting of this Lodge was held on Monday evening, the 2nd of July. There were very few members present, and in consequence of the paucity of P.M.'s, the business of the evening (the installation of the W.M.) could not be proceeded with, and was accordingly deferred till next Lodge night. After the usual confirmation of the minutes of previous meeting, the Lodge adjourned. Bro. Eaves, Sec. and P.M., No. 336, was a visitor that evening.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

NEWPORT.—A grand Masonic procession will take place on the 28th or 29th of August, on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the new Masonic Hall, in this town. We request the attention of the Brethren to this announcement, and any Masonic music for the band will be gratefully acknowledged.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Provincial Grand Lodge of the province is appointed to be held at the Highbridge Inn, Huntspill, on Tuesday, the 7th of August.

HUNTSPILL.—*Rural Philanthropic Lodge* (No. 367), *Highbridge Inn*.—The installation of the W.M. Elect, Bro. Wm. Harwood, is announced for the 27th of July, but as we are compelled to go to press on that day we are unable to make any report of the proceedings.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—The Provincial Grand Lodge of this province is appointed for the 31st of July, to be held in the Town Hall of Stoke-upon-Trent, by Bro. Lieut.-Colonel George Augustus Vernon, Prov. G.M. The business will commence by the consecration of the Portland Lodge No. 920, and after the conclusion of the Grand Lodge proceedings the Brethren will attend Divine Service. The banquet is at the Town Hall, at four o'clock.

TIPTON.—*Noah's Ark Lodge* (No. 435).—The Brethren of this Lodge held their usual monthly meeting on Friday, July 20th, when the much-respected W.M. Rev. E. H. A. Gwynne, in the most impressive and correct manner, performed the ceremony of raising Bro. James Whitehouse to the Sublime Degree of a M.M. Amongst the visitors present we noticed Bro. Rev. A. Davies, W.M. No. 730, and Bro. Denison, P.M. No. 313. We need hardly add, that after labour a pleasant evening was spent, and the Brethren retired at an early hour.

SUFFOLK.

HALESWORTH.—*Lodge of Prudence* (No. 544), *King's Arms Hotel*.—The annual meeting of this Lodge, at or near St. John the Baptist's Day, was held on Monday, the 2nd of July. The Lodge was opened at three o'clock by Bro. J. M. Paul, W.M. (for the second time), when a Brother was passed to the Second Degree, and the W.M. appointed his officers for the ensuing year. On this occasion, the W.M.'s and some of the Brethren of the Apollo Lodge, Beccles, No. 383, and Faithful Lodge, Harleston, No. 100, were present. The Lodge is in a

flourishing state; it now numbers forty members, Sir E. S. Gooch, the Prov. G.M. being one. The Lodge contributes most nobly to the charities.

SURREY.

CROYDON.—*Frederick Lodge of Unity* (No. 661).—The members of this Lodge held their second meeting on Monday, July 2. Bro. J. How, P.M., in the absence of Bro. Shillito, W.M., initiated N. J. Crowley, the well-known artist, and John Bristow, Esq., and also passed to the Second Degree Bro. D. Thane. Bro. Rev. O. F. Owen did the duties of S.W., and Bro. F. Slight those of J.W. The installation of the W.M. elect, Bro. Edward Vickers, was postponed till the next meeting of the Lodge. The Brethren, fourteen in number, adjourned to a banquet, provided in Bro. Bean's accustomed good taste.

SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON.—*Royal Clarence Lodge* (No. 338).—On Friday, July 20th, there was a very numerous attendance of the members to receive the V.W. the D. Prov. G.M. of Sussex, who paid an official visit to this Lodge; the work consisted of an initiation, and a portion of the lectures in the 1st Degree. The D. Prov. G.M. was pleased to express his entire approval of the manner in which the working of the Lodge was conducted. The W.M., Wardens, and several members of the Royal York Lodge were present, to whom the D. Prov. G.M. communicated his intention of visiting that Lodge in September.

The annual meeting of the Sussex Provincial Grand Lodge will this year be held at Hastings, about the beginning of October.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

DUDLEY.—*Harmonic Lodge* (No. 313).—The members assembled at the Saracen's Head, on Tuesday, July 3, Bro. Bristow, W.M., in the chair, who initiated Mr. J. Harthill, of Oldbury, the ceremony being most admirably performed. The following visitors were present: Bro. Rev. A. Gwynne, W.M., No. 435; Bros. Bristow, J. C. Hassall, W. Wood, No. 824; and Bassett Smith, P.M., of the Howe and Athol.

Lodge of Perseverance.—In consequence of the meeting of the Lodge No. 838, called for the 30th May, being deferred until the 6th of June, so as not to interfere with the Whitsuntide festivities customary in Dudley at this period, three weeks only elapsed between that meeting and the one held on the 27th of June. No business therefore was transacted at that meeting, the Brethren adjourning to an early supper. Thanks to Instruction Meetings being countenanced by No. 838, the several officers are well up to their work, each of the Wardens and Deacons being thoroughly competent to fill the W.M.'s chair.

Alterations now making in the Saracen's Head will furnish a greater amount of comfort in Lodge than heretofore. The Brethren of No. 838, who have removed from the Swan to the Saracen's Head, in consequence of that building being required for the improvement of the town, will also participate in the conveniences of the proposed improvements.

At a meeting of Lodge No. 838, held on Wednesday, July 25, Bro. John Williscroft, W.M., Bro. Harrison was unanimously elected W.M. for the ensuing year. Mr. T. Wicklin and Mr. John Bennett were initiated, and three Brethren were passed to the Second Degree.

The Royal Standard Lodge (No. 730) met on Tuesday, the 10th July, at the hotel, to celebrate the installation of the W.M.; Bro. Renand, W.M., opening the Lodge. After the passing to the Second Degree of Bro. Shipton, the Rev. Bro. A. G. Davies, S.W., was duly installed as W.M., and received the customary and hearty salutes and good wishes of the assembled Brethren. The following Brethren were appointed to the several offices: Bro. Renand, P.M.; Bro. Masefield, Sec.; Bro. Bateman, Treas.; Bro. Dennison, S.W.; Bro. Dudley, J.W.; Bro. Howells, S.D.; Bro. the Rev. A. Gwynne, J.D.; Bro. Wigginton, J.G.; Bro. Barnes, M.C. The visitors at the banquet consisted of Dr. Burton, of St. Matthew's, Walsall, and P.G.W. of Staffordshire; Bro. Bristow, W.M., Bro. Light, Bro.

Sheppard, No. 313 ; and Bro. B. Brooks, No. 824. After the customary loyal and general toasts, that of the visitors was warmly and cordially given and ably responded to by Bro. Bristow. Bro. Dr. Burton, P.G. Sec., Staffordshire, being the subject of another toast. Dr. Burton returned thanks in truly Masonic style, ending by proposing the newly-installed W.M. in eulogistic but deserved terms. This having been received with Masonic honours and duly acknowledged, the newly-appointed officers were next given, response being made by Bro. Howells, S.D., who afterwards proposed the health of Bro. Masefield, whose honourable and high position in Masonry it should be the object of every Bro. to try to attain. The Brethren separated in harmony. It is a matter of deep and earnest congratulation with the members, that the humble representative of King Solomon should be found this year in the person of one whose heart beats only in unison with the principles of the Craft, and whose ability to uphold and maintain the high position of No. 730 as a truly Craft Lodge, is second only to the will and disposition which have enabled him to attain perfect mastery of the several duties and labours that have been progressively required of him. His advent to the chair is hailed also with delight by the surrounding Lodges, to whom he is well and favourably known both as a man, a minister, and a Mason. "Prosper the man, this Lodge, and the Craft." It is to be regretted that the P.G.M. for Worcester (Bro. H. Vernon) is unable to attend the several Lodges in the county, inasmuch as the prospect of such an inspection arouses the energy of the Lodges generally, and stimulates the officers to a better acquaintance with and discharge of their duties. Let us pray for a re-establishment of his health, to enable him so to do. We are convinced his heart is with them in their working, though they are denied the pleasure of his presence.

The W.M. (Bro. Davies) presented the Lodge with a complete set of new collars and insignia upon the occasion of his installation.

STOURBRIDGE.—*Lodge of Stability* (No. 824), *Talbot Hotel*.—This Lodge held its usual monthly meeting on Tuesday, June 26, when Bro. Bristow, W.M., of No. 313, took the chair, in the absence of Bro. Wheeler, W.M., and raised Bro. Little to the Third Degree. On this occasion there was a goodly assemblage of visitors. The Masonic kindness of Bro. Brooks, the worthy and respected host, and his solicitude for the comfort of all, is well known throughout the province. The visitors included, among others, Bros. Masefield and Denison, P.M.s, No. 313 ; Rev. Bro. Herbert, No. 313 ; Rev. Bro. Gwynne, W.M., No. 435 ; Bros. Howells, Waring, and Davies, No. 435 ; Bros. Renand, Steedman, and Wigginton, No. 730.

The meetings of the neighbouring Lodges for August are as follow :—

Dudley,	No. 313	..	6th of August	..	5½ p.m.
„	No. 730	..	13th „	..	6½ p.m.
„	No. 838	..	29th „	..	6 p.m.
Stourbridge,	No. 824	..	28th „	..	6 p.m.
Tipton,	No. 435	..	17th „	..	6½ p.m.

YORKSHIRE.

BRADFORD.—*Lodge of Harmony* (No. 874).—A Lodge of Emergency was held on the 6th of June for the purpose of initiating Mr. M. Rosenfeld into the mysteries of the Craft, who left England for the continent previous to the regular Lodge meeting. The ceremony, performed with great skill by P.M. Bro. J. A. Unna, in the German tongue, made a deep and favourable impression not only upon the candidate, but also upon the other foreign Brethren present. In another Lodge of Emergency called for a similar reason, Bro. Eisner was passed to the Fellow Craft Degree.

At the regular Lodge meeting, on the 21st of June, Bro. F. Edel was raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason ; the W.M. Bro. Ward conducting this ceremony, the last during his year of office, in the most able manner. The installation of the W.M. Bro. S. Barsdorf and officers for the ensuing year was performed on the 28th of June. The following are the officers appointed :—Bro. Engelmann, S.W. and Treas. ; Bro. Johnson, J.W. ; Bro. Ahrens, S.D. ; Bro.

Barber, J.D.; Bro. Goldstein, S.; Bro. Edel, I.G.; Bro. Holmes, Org. The officers were severally invested with their badges of office by the W.M. with suitable remarks concerning their duties. The festival of St. John the Baptist was celebrated by a dinner provided by Bro. Hill, in the Queen's Hotel, Apperley-bridge, a village delightfully situated four miles from Bradford. The beauty of the weather and the surrounding charming scenery soon lured the Brethren from the dinner-table; and, after the chief loyal and Masonic toasts had been briefly given, they went to enjoy themselves in the open air until a late hour. The result of one year's collection in the poor-box of the Lodge proved to be £3. 8s., which will be handed over for the benefit of the boys' school.

HOWDEN.—*St. Cuthbert's Lodge* (No. 913).—The Brethren of this Lodge assembled on Thursday, the 14th of June, for the purpose of installing Bro. the Rev. Wm. Hutchinson, Vicar of Armin, W.M. The ceremony was performed by Bro. Jos. Coltman Smith, P.M., and Prov. G. Reg. for the North and East Ridings. The W.M. then appointed and invested the following Brethren officers for the ensuing year:—Bros. Wm. Thompson, P.M.; Thos. Clough, jun., S.W.; Rev. W. T. M. Sylvester, J.W. and Chaplain; John Banks (re-elected), Treas.; Edwin Storry, Sec.; Jas. Banks, S.D.; H. C. Medcalf, J.D.; Westoby Ward, I.G. The Brethren and their visitors then adjourned from labour to refreshment, provided at Bro. Bowman's hotel, where the evening was spent in peace and harmony. This Lodge was only consecrated in June, 1854, with the "regular" number of Brethren; it has now about thirty subscribing members.

SHEFFIELD.—*Britannia Lodge* (No. 162).—On Tuesday, July 10, the Bro. Dr. Wood, W.M., and the Brethren of this Lodge assembled in the Music Hall, for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the new chapel, dedicated to St. Andrew, in Hanover-street, a dispensation for the purpose having been granted by the Prov. G.M. The Lodge was opened soon after ten o'clock, and about twelve the Brethren, preceded by a band of music, and accompanied by the clergyman and members of the congregation, walked in procession to the site of the intended building, where several hundreds of persons were in waiting to witness the imposing ceremony. The various insignia and the cups, containing corn, wine, and oil, were carried by the various officers and past-masters; and on the stone being laid in due form, the corn, wine, and oil were poured upon it by the W.M., who then briefly addressed the company assembled. He was followed by the Rev. J. Breaky, pastor of the congregation, who spoke at length, and expressed the thanks of himself and friends to the members of the Masonic body for coming forward and laying the stone "according to ancient Masonic usage." After singing a hymn, the procession was re-formed, as before, under the guidance of Bro. Bailes, who acted as M.C. during the day in a very able manner, and returned in the same order. During the proceedings, a glass bottle containing several documents was placed under the stone; and a handsome silver trowel was presented to the W.M. as a gift from the members of the church. The Brethren of the Lodge dined together in the afternoon at the Angel Hotel, where a very excellent dinner was provided by Bro. Wilkinson, the W.M. presiding, and Bro. Flint, S.W., occupying the vice-chair. A pleasant evening was spent, and thus closed the very interesting proceedings of the day.

HULL.—*Minerva Lodge* (No. 311).—On Monday, the 25th of June, the members of this Lodge assembled in their hall, Princes-street, for the purpose of celebrating the feast of St. John, and, according to annual custom, the installation of their W.M. The chair was occupied by the R.W. the Dep. Prov. Grand Master George Marwood, Esq., of Busby Hall, supported by several Past and Present Provincial Grand Officers, amongst whom were Bros. P.M. John Malam, Past Prov. S.G.W.; J. P. Bell, Past Prov. G.W.; Jeremiah Stark, Prov. G. Sec.; W. B. Hay, Past Prov. J.G.D.; W. P. Astley, Past Prov. G. Sup. of W. for Lincolnshire; Charles Wills, Past Prov. G.S.B.; T. Hewson, Past Prov. G.S.B., &c.

The W.M. Elect, Bro. Charles Preston, was presented by Bro. Dr. Bell, and

Bro. Marwood performed the ceremony of installation in a most impressive manner. The W.M. then appointed and invested as his officers for the ensuing year the following Brethren:—A. O. Arden, S.W.; J. Jackson, J.W.; Charles Wells, P.M. Treas.; F. W. Hudson, Sec.; Charles Simpson, S.D.; J. W. Clappison, J.D.; J. H. Gibson, M. of Cer.; J. G. Skelton, Org.; R. Young, Lecture Master; W. H. Bremer and George Lomas, Stewards; J. N. Reynolds, I.G.; James Henderson, Tyler.

The banquet took place at the Royal Station Hotel, when nearly fifty of the Brethren sat down to a most *recherché* repast, provided by Messrs. Ivatts and Jordan, at which the W.M. Bro. Charles Preston, presided, when, in addition to those Brethren who were present at the installation, we observed Bros. J. L. Seaton, Past Prov. G.W.; Bethel Jacobs, P.M.; Charles Frost, P.M.; S. T. Hassell, P.M.; F. W. Hudson, P.M.; H. S. Bright; A. Atkinson; W. Croft; W. Day; Captain Donaldson; F. W. Hall; J. Soppitt; Charles Hustwick, &c.

On the removal of the cloth, after the customary loyal and Masonic toasts, the W.M. then rose and said, that he felt confident that the toast he was about to propose would be received by the Brethren present with the utmost enthusiasm, especially when he told them that toast was "The Health of the R.W. Bro. Marwood, the Deputy Prov. Grand Master for the Province," who had come from a considerable distance expressly to attend this meeting, thereby evincing the great interest he felt in Freemasonry and his unceasing desire to promote the interests of any of the Lodges in his province.

The Deputy Prov. G.M., in acknowledgment of the toast, assured the Brethren that it afforded him considerable pleasure to be present on this occasion, as he was ever ready to respond to any invitation which might render him useful to any of the Lodges in his province; and, although it was the first time he had visited the Minerva Lodge, he trusted he might have that pleasure on many future occasions.

The W.M., in a short but eloquent speech, then gave "The Army and Navy," which was ably responded to by Bros. P.M. Hassell and Captain Donaldson.

The Deputy Prov. G.M. rose and expressed the pleasure he had in proposing "The Health of the W.M.," and felt convinced that he would fully feel the responsibility he had taken upon himself that day in becoming Master of that Lodge. It was a great honour to be exalted to the chair under any circumstances; but to be Master of such an assembly of Brethren as were enrolled members of the Minerva Lodge was in itself, he (Bro. Preston) could but feel, a stimulant to exertion. He wished him a prosperous year, and reminded the officers under him that it was their incumbent duty to support their Master with all their energy; for otherwise, every exertion made by the W.M. would be attended with but little good. He called upon the Brethren to drink "The Health of the W.M. Bro. Preston."

The W.M., in acknowledging the last toast, said that he was unable to express what he felt upon the occasion: he hoped that he should be able to conduct the affairs of the Minerva Lodge to the satisfaction of all Brethren, and with due regard to its interests. No effort of his should be wanting. He thanked the Brethren for the kind manner in which they had drunk his health.

Bro. W. P. Astley said, he had the pleasure to propose the next toast, and when he called to mind that this province was presided over by the Grand Master of England, he was sure that the Brethren would do justice to the toast. He congratulated them on the circumstance of so many provincial officers being present on the occasion. It was a good sign to see old Masons, who had attained their full honours, still hold firmly and affectionately to the Craft, and he trusted it would be taken as an example by the younger Masons before him, and lead them to aspire by diligence and exertion to similar rank, and, when that rank was obtained, to imitate them by supporting the Order in its fullest extent. He called upon the Brethren to drink "The Past and Present Prov. G. Officers for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire."

Bro. P.M. Mallam, Past Prov. S.G.W., responded in a speech full of good feel-

ing, in which he observed, that as a Prov. Grand Officer, he rejoiced to see Masonry carried out in its beauty and genuineness, and he felt a most earnest wish to witness its extension not only in this Province, but throughout the habitable globe. The spirit of emulation which had prompted the members of the Minerva to establish this Lodge on a more solid foundation of the principles of Freemasonry was very praiseworthy, and he doubted not, if they continued to follow that course, their efforts would be crowned with success. The Masonic ship "Minerva" was again afloat, and if her officers and crew would unite heart and hand, they would triumphantly ride over every billow, and weather every storm, and at length she would arrive at that haven where she hoped to be.

P.M. Bro. Wells proposed the health of "Bro. Hudson (the retiring W.M.) and his Officers for the past year."

Bro. P.M. Hudson said, it was true indeed that, during his year of office, he had endeavoured, as far possible, to place the Minerva Lodge in a better position than it had been for some years past, and if he might judge from the highly respectable assemblage around him, his efforts had not been altogether in vain. They had had many difficulties to contend with, and some years ago it was thought it would have been extinguished; there had been, however, he was happy to say, a latent spark left in the embers which no adverse circumstances had been able to destroy, and, thanks to the fostering care of some of its members, it had now risen like a phoenix from its ashes.

Bro. Dr. Bell proposed, "Prosperity to the Minerva Lodge," and he observed that he had no great sympathy with those who, provided their own Lodge flourished, were indifferent to the success of others; at the same time, he freely admitted, that a Mason owed a special duty to his own Lodge, and that he ought to do all that lay in his power to promote its prosperity. When, however, that was secured, he considered it was then his duty to render all the aid he could towards advancing the prosperity and welfare of others, for by so doing he was promoting the true interests of the Craft. He felt sure that it was the determination of the W.M. and Officers of the Minerva to promulgate the pure and genuine tenets of Freemasonry, and therefore they were entitled to the best wishes and assistance of all good Masons. As the goddess Minerva obtained praise of all the gods for producing the olive branch, the emblem of peace and friendship, so in like manner does the W.M. of the Minerva Lodge deserve the praise and esteem of the Brethren present for the cordial manner in which he had extended the right hand of fellowship towards them.

Other toasts were proposed and responded to during the evening, enlivened by many appropriate songs by Bros. Preston, Skelton, and Jacobs, and the Brethren separated at an early hour. On the whole, this has been one of the most gratifying reunions that has occurred in Masonry for many years in this neighbourhood, and it appears to be the general opinion, that should this Lodge continue in the path it has now taken, it will not only prosper rapidly, but become an example to many others in the Province.—"So mote it be."

ROYAL ARCH.

GROVE CHAPTER.—*Spring Hotel, Ewell, Surrey.*—The members of this Chapter met on Monday, July 30, Comp. R. Lea Wilson, M.E.Z., at which the members of the Chapter No. 661 were present.

DUDLEY.—*Chapter (No. 313).*—The Companions of this Chapter held their quarterly meeting at the Saracen's Head, on Tuesday, the 17th of July. Comps. Dennison as M.E.Z.; Masefield, H.; Patterson, J.; Bristow, P.S.; Morris, Sec.; C. Lester, Treas. There were sixteen Companions present, together with a visitor, Comp. Gwynne, of Chapter No. 730. The muster was unusually small.

SURREY.—*Frederick Chapter, Croydon.*—The Companions assembled on Monday, July 2, when Comp. Charles Beaumont was installed as M.E.Z., by Comp. How, P.Z., assisted by Comps. R. L. Wilson and F. Burges. Comp. Wilson was re-elected Treas., and J. W. Shillito H., and Kelly J.

IPSWICH.—*Royal Sussex Chapter of Perfect Friendship (No. 522).*—A special convocation of the above Chapter was held on Tuesday, the 4th inst., for the pur-

pose of exalting the Right Worshipful the Prov. G.M. Sir Edward Sherlock Gooch, Bart., M.P. A large muster of Companions from this and the adjoining Provinces assembled to do honour to their noble Chief; amongst them we observed:—Comps. R. Martin, Esq., Dep. Prov. G.M.; Rev. F. W. Freeman; Rev. W. W. Aldrich, Doric Chap.; W. Elliston, Esq.; W. L. Fox, Esq.; J. Pitcher, Esq.; W. P. Mills, Esq.; S. Freeman, Esq.; &c. &c. The Chapter was summoned for 4 P.M., at which hour upwards of forty Comps. were present. The *tout ensemble* of the room was most beautiful. The ceremony was ably performed by Comp. John Head, P.Z., as Z.; Comp. James Franks, P.Z., as H.; Comp. Stephen B. King, J.; and Comp. Charles T. Townsend, P.Z., as P.S.; the worthy Baronet making a most capital candidate, and the impressive and excellent manner throughout the whole business reflected the highest possible credit upon the Companions.

A sumptuous banquet was prepared on the occasion, and at 7 P.M. thirty Brethren sat down to all the delicacies of the season. After the cloth was removed, grace was said by Comp. Rev. F. W. Freeman.

The Chairman, Comp. Head, then proposed "The Health of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," after which the National Anthem was sung by Comps. Pettit, Dorling, and Gower. Next followed "The Health of Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," and "The Army and Navy."

Comp. Sir E. S. Gooch returned thanks on behalf of the Army, and stated that although he had left the service for many years, he hoped to see his son, the heir of Benacre, soon enter the profession which his forefathers so nobly cared for. At the battle of Blenheim, one of his ancestors fought and bled for his country; and at a still later date, at Waterloo, he was proud to say the Goochs and Stradbroke were foremost in the fight.

Comp. Capt. Charles Wing begged to return thanks for the Navy. He, like their noble Chief, had left the service for many years, yet was proud to say, under Lord Exmouth, at Algiers, he held His Majesty's commission; and although a stray shot had left an ugly mark in his skull, he would ever drink success to the Navy of his country.—Song, Comp. W. Townsend.

"The First Grand Principal the Earl of Zetland;" "The Earl of Yarborough and the Grand Chapter."—Song, Comp. W. L. Fox.

The M.E.Z. then proposed "The Prov. G.M. Comp. Sir E. S. Gooch," who had always shown an earnest desire to further the interests of the Order, by promoting its charities and uniting the Brethren of his Province by his presence in that bond of amity which should ever distinguish Freemasonry.—The toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and drunk with the highest honours.

Comp. Sir E. Gooch considered it a greater honour to wear the ribbon he had that evening been invested with, than to become a Companion of the Bath, and felt indeed proud to have been selected by the M.N. the G.M. to preside over such a Province as that of Suffolk; and he was happy to say that since that honour had been conferred upon him, the Order had flourished and increased more than he could have anticipated.

The M.E.Z. then proposed "The Healths of the Founders of the Chapter."

Comp. Plantin returned thanks.—Song, Comp. Fox.

Comp. Sir E. S. Gooch proposed "The Health of their M.E.Z."

Comp. Head immediately rose, and acknowledged the toast. He could only repeat that he should consider this as one of the "red-letter" days of his life, and in his usual hearty and impressive manner enjoined the junior members to persevere; he could assure them that by such a course they would ultimately hold the exalted position he then filled. Before sitting down, he would propose "The Healths of the P.Z.'s of the Chapter" (eleven of whom were then present), coupling with it the name of Comp. J. Pitcher.

Comp. Pitcher, in a humorous speech, replied.—Song, Comp. Dorling.

The M.E.Z. then gave "The Healths of Comp. Fitzgerald and the Doric Chapter, Comp. Tracy and the St. Luke's Chapter, and Comp. Wade and the North Essex Chapter;" all of whom acknowledged the toast.—Song, Comp. Pitcher.

"The Visiting Companions."

Comp. Fox acknowledged the compliment, and regretted that his Province

(Norfolk), although it had a worthy Brother appointed to the office of Prov. G.M., he had not yet been installed. He wished Comp. B. B. Cabbell were present to hear his expressions of regret, because he thought the whole of his Province suffered for the want of that supervision which a Prov. G.M. should afford to his Brethren.

The M.E.Z. then proposed "The Health of Comp. Charles T. Townsend, P.Z."

Comp. Townsend assured the Brethren that although he had filled the chair of First Principal, he was always ready to assist them, and take any office where his services might be required. The expressions of esteem which had often fallen to his lot he felt to be sufficient reward.

The festivities were kept up till a late (early) hour, and the Companions separated with gladdened hearts.

COLONIAL.

CANADA (WEST).

KINGSTON.—The appointment of James A. Henderson, of this city, to the distinguished office of Grand Chamberlain in the Grand Conclave of the Ancient and Military Order of Masonic Knights Templars of Great Britain, which is the first instance of the appointment of a resident of the Province to any office in the Grand Conclave of the Mother Country, has given the greatest amount of gratification to Knights travelling in Canada. These acknowledgments of fraternity cannot fail of producing benefit to the Order.

LONDON BON-ACCORD MARK MASTERS' LODGE.

A meeting of the members of this Lodge was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th of June, for the purpose of conferring the Degree of Mark Master, and for installing (by Dispensation) the Right Hon. Bro. the Lord Leigh, as W.M. for the ensuing year. The ceremony of advancement was ably performed by Bro. Dr. Norton, W.M., and the Degree conferred on Bro. John Hervey, P.S.G.D., and Bros. Tulloch, Moore, Chilton, Saloms, Shrewsbury, Elkington, and Bellinger. The ceremony of Installation was performed by Bro. Dr. Jones, and as the newly-installed Bro. was a member of the 30th Degree, he was first saluted with the honours of the higher Degrees, and subsequently the Bros. of the inferior Degrees being admitted, he was declared duly installed in the chair of K.S. and saluted accordingly.

The W.M. then invested the following Officers:—Bro. Massey Dawson (of the 32nd Scotland), as S.W.; the Ill. Bro. Cole (of the 31st England), as J.W.; Bro. Dr. Jones, as Ill. P.M.; Bro. Dr. Norton, Treas.; Bro. Collins, Sec.; Bro. E. Johnstone, Chap.; Bro. Empson, Reg. of Marks; Bro. Brennees, Dir. of Music; Bro. Malkin, S.D.; Bro. J. Smith, J.D.; Bro. Heather, Tyler. The dues being all rendered and the wages paid, the Lodge was closed in solemn form and perfect harmony.

The Brethren then adjourned to partake of a splendid banquet, to this the W.M. had liberally contributed venison and fruit, which was served in the style of the palmiest days of the Cuff management of the tavern, and reflected the highest credit on the present proprietors.

The cloth being removed, the W.M. gave as the first toast, "The Queen and the Craft;" then followed, "The Army and Navy;" to which Captain Malkin replied: subsequently, "Our brave Allies and Brethren in the East," which was enthusiastically received, and responded to also by Captain Malkin, he having served under the French government. Bro. Emly, of the 33rd, having been

called on, then gave, "The pious Memory of the lamented Bro. the late B. Wm. Tucker, Prov. P.G.M. for Dorset," which was drunk in solemn silence. The W.M. then gave, "His Grace the Duke of Athol, the Grand Z. of the Order in Scotland." Bro. Dr. Jones was requested to give the next toast, viz., "The Aberdeen Bon-Accord Chapter, No. 70, in the roll of the Grand Chapter of Scotland, and P.P. Rettie." Dr. Jones in rising stated, that, as he was himself a member of Chapter No. 70, the toast would probably have been better given by any other member of the Lodge not belonging to that Chapter, yet, as his friend P.P. Rettie was coupled with that toast, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to bear testimony to his Masonic worth, and to express his sincere estimation of the noble, generous, high-minded, and honourable principles by which that Brother was actuated in every relation of life; he would also offer a few words in reference to a charge which had been made against the London Bon-Accord Mark Masters' Lodge, of practising spurious and illegal Masonry. First, as to spurious Masonry, he, Dr. Jones, and several other members of this Lodge, had been made Mark Masters in the Aberdeen Mark Masters' Lodge, and they all well knew that the ceremonies were identical: further, the Worthy Bro. Massey Dawson, who had received the Mark Masters' Degree in the London Bon-Accord Lodge, had not only been recognized as a Mark Master in Edinburgh, but in consequence thereof, had had the 32nd conferred on him in Edinburgh. Secondly, as to the illegality of the Lodge, the Charter for this Lodge was granted by the Bon-Accord Chapter No. 70, to Mark Masters of its own Lodge, in accordance (as the Companions of the Chapter No. 70 then and still believe) with the Constitutions of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland, and as the matter was still under discussion between the Mother and Daughters' Chapters in Scotland, he had little doubt that the charge of illegality would be found equally untenable with that of practising spurious Masonry. The toast was responded to with considerable enthusiasm; and other toasts having been given and equally well received, especially that of the W.M., the meeting broke up at an early hour.

SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Surrey Archæological Association was held on Thursday, June 28th, at Guildford, as a sufficient field for the investigation and study of the archæologist is to be found in the fine ruins of its once royal castle, the antiquity of some of its churches, the dismantled chapel of St. Catherine, &c. The point of assembly was, in the first instance, at the Public Hall, where the Lecture Room was fitted up in true archæological style. The front of the organ-gallery was covered with the warlike appliances of past ages—cuirasses, coats of chain mail, greaves, gauntlets, hauberks, antique swords, battle-axes, spears, and pistols; while numerous helmets, bassinets, and other head-pieces, were arranged on the surface ledge of the partition above them. The walls on each side were hung with an extensive collection of rubbings of monumental brasses, chiefly from churches in Surrey, viz., Stoke d'Abernon, Cobham, Shere, Chobham, Walton, &c., and consisting of knights in armour, ecclesiastics, and ladies; a rubbing from an antique monumental slab from a church in Gloucestershire, and drawings of various antique crosses. On the wall opposite the gallery, and above the platform, were affixed the drawings of the encaustic tiles from Chertsey Abbey.

The Hon. Secretary read the Report of the Council for 1855, and remarked that they must all be glad to learn that the affairs of the Society were in a prosperous condition; the balance at the banker's was 58*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.*, and 12*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* in the hands of the Secretary.

A proposal to unite the county of Middlesex with the Association was withdrawn.

The Chairman then called upon

The Rev. Mr. Boutell, who read a most elaborate and ably-written paper on the Monumental Brasses of Surrey. Having spoken of the general form and peculiar

characteristics of all the varieties of monumental brasses extant, and their extensive prevalence in Belgium and Germany, Mr. Boutell remarked that the earliest example of a brass, of which we had any record, was in the church of St. Paul, at Bedford, to Earl Simon de Beaucamp, who died before A.D. 1200. This memorial, now long lost, consisted of a border inscription with, probably, a cross. The earliest brass of which the design had been preserved (by means of an engraving) was in France, and commemorated Philip and John, the two sons of Louis VIII., who reigned from A.D. 1223 to 1226; and the earliest brass known to be still in existence was the bold and martial effigy of Sir John D'Auberon, in the church of Stoke D'Abernon, in the county of Surrey.

The company then left the Public Hall, and proceeded on a visit to Guildford Castle. Taking his stand on the green area on the west side of the ruined keep, Mr. Godwin-Austen gave an eloquent and clear description of the principal characteristics of the building. Pointing out the features in the exterior of the building most deserving of attention, the speaker referred to the herring-bone work, which was in itself proof of the antiquity of the structure. At the period when this arrangement was adopted, the thick walls, instead of being built solid, were formed of a casing on each side, the interval being filled up with grouting. If the building proceeded rapidly, a great pressure would be caused on the outer casing, and it was thought by arranging the work in this herring-bone form it would afford additional strength, and form a greater bond to the mass. Describing the "fern-leaf" arch and other peculiarities, Mr. Godwin-Austen stated that the building, from its general indications, was referable to a period embraced within the 6th and 11th centuries. He compared some of the details of this ruin with the castle at Rochester, and stated that the small open windows corresponded with some of those in the Tower of London, adding a summary of the reasons for concluding that the castle was built in the Heptarchy, and, as such, was one of the most interesting ruins now remaining in England. The party might have noticed, in ascending the mound, that a portion of one of the walls was in a state of preservation far superior to the remainder. That was a restoration by the late Duke of Norfolk, at the time he owned the castle.

After visiting some of the ruined precincts of the ancient castle, the party proceeded on a visit to St. Mary Church, the peculiarities of which, with its remarkable apse, were pointed out by the Rev. Mr. Boutell. The interior of the church was described at very full length. He spoke of the different divisions and eras of architecture, and showed their application to this church, which he presented to the notice of young archæologists as one well worthy of their study. The church itself was undoubtedly of Anglo-Norman origin, at which era its dimensions were exceedingly circumscribed. As the population increased, it was no doubt found that the space was too limited, and it was enlarged on several subsequent occasions, and the Early English Gothic, and the Early Decorative Gothic, &c., were grafted on the original building.

Shortly before six o'clock, a company numbering about 160 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner at the White Hart Hotel, under the presidency of W. J. Evelyn, Esq., M.P., supported by the Earl of Lovelace, and other distinguished persons connected with the county. The efficient band of the Surrey Militia, of which the noble earl is colonel, was stationed in the antechamber, and performed several popular pieces.

The proceedings at the table terminated, and the company adjourned to a *Conversazione*, which was appointed to be held at the Public Hall—the band also moving their quarters to the same point of gathering. The objects submitted to the notice of those present were of the most interesting character. About ten o'clock the band played the National Anthem, and the Hall was soon cleared of the busy throng who had passed an agreeable evening within its walls.

Obituary.

BRO. RICHARD NEWNHAM

Died on July 18th, at his residence, Old Steine, Brighton, aged 87 years. This respected Brother was initiated in the Royal Clarence Lodge, on Jan. 9th, 1805, by Bro. Lieut.-Gen. Lennox, the W.M. Bro. Newnham was the father of the Medical Profession in Brighton.

BRO. SAMUEL ORAM.

On the 30th June, at his house in Castle-street, Holborn, Bro. Samuel Oram, P.M. of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 40, a Brother much respected.

NOTICE.

THE EDITOR requests that ALL COMMUNICATIONS may be sent to him at 74-5, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, by the 20th of each month AT LATEST, to insure their insertion.

TO MASONIC TRAVELLERS.

AT this season of the year, when so many of our Fraternity are recruiting themselves by excursions in various parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent, we have thought it might be of service to the Craft, and therefore now express our readiness to give the name and abode of any Masonic hotel-keeper in each town, whose superior accommodation for the Brethren may become known to us. All Masons who are masters of hotels are invited to forward their addresses as early as possible, *with a list of the Lodges held in their houses*, to the Editor of the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, 74-5, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, when the same will be inserted *gratis* in our ensuing number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the proceedings of the National Masonic Convention held at Washington, and perused them with much interest. The new regulations appear admirable, and doubtless must contribute to the efficiency of the Order. We thank our Transatlantic Brethren cordially for their courtesy in acquainting us with their topics of interest and of progress, and assure them of our heartiest good wishes.

HOWDEN.—“E. S.”—A list of the Lodges in Paris would be serviceable, and we will endeavour to procure one, as we shall hope to be in Paris in August. Many thanks for your account of the installation. Where you can serve us, is by getting the hotel and tavern-keepers who hold Lodges in their houses to have our Magazine always at hand. Thanks to the Craft, however, they have found

out that it is their uncompromising supporter, and it is realizing fresh support from all sides daily.

BROADWINDSOR.—“S. C. M.”—We rejoice that you are pleased with our criticism on your work : its learning and accuracy deserve all we said about it ; but we especially rejoice in having at hand the services of a reviewer who can do justice to such a production.

DUDLEY.—“W. WIGGINTON.”—England’s “want,” like her “hope,” must be deferred for the present. We thank you for both your communications ; let us hear often, and believe us sincerely grateful for your efforts to make the tavern-keepers alive to obtaining our notice and extending our usefulness by taking our Magazine. We will look out about the banquets.

BRADFORD.—“T. W.”—Press of matter prevented our writing earlier, but you shall hear from us speedily ; meanwhile please to forward the French and German papers as soon as possible.

“I. G. P.”—The letter on Junius requires much deliberation, but your statement is certainly in favour of its authenticity.

DONCASTER.—“G. B.”—The paper came safely to hand, and you will perceive we have inserted the intelligence to which you refer. We are glad to say that the Lodges are now “stirring up” to more activity, through their secretaries, in sending information of their proceedings. We wish they were all as diligent as yourself.

OXFORD.—“T. S. S.”—Your papers have been received, and shall be inserted, if possible, next number. We congratulate you on the M.A.

“OXONIENSIS.”—We are given to understand that a petition signed by more than 130 Brethren of your Province has been addressed to the Grand Master, about the injustice done to Bro. Blake. All we know is, that the whole Craft lies under a ban until he is reinstated, which, we are credibly informed, he long since would have been, if private pique against an active Brother in Oxford, who is supposed to interest himself in Bro. Blake’s restoration, had not prevailed to perpetuate the injustice. But the whole thing is bad, and you will have neither discrimination nor business at Grand Lodge until two out of the leading officers of the Craft there, take up their hats and walk off. As to the Grand Secretary’s Office, it is worse than the stone of Sisyphus to every improver, and if you get it to “move on” an inch, it is sure to fall back upon you lower and heavier than before, in the density of its incompetency and the accumulation of its obstructions. No matter—*vivat* Toadyism !

“THIRTY GOOD MEN AND TRUE.”—Your question evidently refers to a different regulation than the one now adopted. That you may know the whole system of the science, we have caused a very important volume on the subject to be forwarded to T. W. for your use.

“SENEX.”—You are quite welcome ; we happened to have influence in that quarter, and are convinced that it could not be better exerted. If you attend to the directions given in our private communication, you will succeed twice as fast as by any other way.

“CASTELLAN.”—It is not against the Book of Constitutions ; and in Madrid, where the risk of detection is great, it is done repeatedly.

LAUNCESTON.—“ORBIS” and “JOHN OF GROAT.”—You both make the same error. In travelling abroad, try the plan mentioned in your second note : we have shown that the other must, in many cases, be impracticable. We will give you a capital introduction to Paris, if you require any information there upon the point.

“F. B.”—We shall be obliged by your address being communicated.