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TIME.

WHENEVER the above word is mentioned, it is generally accompanied by a solemn shake of the head, "a wise saw and modern instance" of its rapid transit, and, after a few pompous sentiments vamped up afresh, like our modern literature, upon the responsibility attached to its use, as if in deference to the custom of the country, off go usurer, courtier, bishop, money-maker, and pickpocket, to their old game of knavery, sycophancy, hypocrisy, avarice, and swindling. The plausible toady furbishes up his old string of compliments to profligacy in power: the Downing-street Angelo wreathes new smiles to deceive his parasites, rings other changes on the bells of patronage to reward his supple hangers-on; episcopal calculators perplex Cocker once more to prove an income of £17,000 to be but £5,000; political projectors, pamphleteers, and newspaper penny-a-liners, get up a series of dissolving views upon our national greatness and their own integrity; and the only influence the moral aphorisms upon "Time" have produced is to stimulate to greater pace the universal struggle of robbery and corruption!

"My son," says one "highly respectable" parent to his chip of the old block, on New-year's-day, "you see I am getting old; we cannot live for ever, and you must endeavour to render yourself capable of filling my situation." Then comes a string of old tags, ending with "honourable conduct," "make yourself respected," "increase your influence by personal character," and so forth. Now if the son studies the real practice of the father, what a precious contradiction does he find developed on January 2nd to the family homily he heard January 1st. Young Mimic follows his Janus-sire to the counting-house, the office, the deputation, the board, and finds that, faithfully to follow up his excellent parent's characteristics, he must be alternately rapacious, unscrupulous, servile, tyrannical, and heartless;

that to the poor he must be grinding, to the rich a toady, and, in a word, that the qualifications necessary for his good are such as refer wholly and solely to this side the grave, as if Time and Eternity had changed places, and that we were to live only a few years in another scene, but pass the greater portion of our being, here! He is taught to "make provision for this life as though it were never to end, and for the other life as though it were never to begin!"

For ourselves, if we regard, as men do, only this world, we consider Time in his progress as an excellent friend. Consider how many simpletons and numskulls the last year has put into good places, by the kind agency of the men in office, power, and station; so that, though we grant the breed of stupidity does not diminish, we may yet look for newer, fresher boobies, at all events, to amuse us, when so many of the old bores are provided for. Reflect, again, how many raps on the knuckles stultified placemen, bad poets, setters up of statues to successful roguery, and the whole herd of noble flatterers of Plutus have had, so as to cause much waggery to the lookers-on at the games and antics of that strange animal called Man. We do not for a moment imagine that improvement will occur or that honesty will be more advanced—not the least. We should as much expect the public good to emanate from an ecclesiastical or metropolitan commission, or a just review to proceed from the *Times*. Doubtless, patrons will push fresh simpletons who are allied to them, with all the impetus of an opening year's alacrity; but still stupidity has had some warning, and we thank 1855 for it. It has shown that, though England suffers under an imposthume of toadyism to titles, and abuse of patronage by the dispensers of places in Church and State, yet it was not utterly gangrened: a few sparks of old British spirit, and love of justice, and generous sympathy with desert, still linger here and there, it may be as signs of a reviving excellence, it may be as prognosticating the extinction of the once patriotic English fire! Which of the two it may be, 1856 will show.

Do you think that the passage of years gives the veteran in this world's selfishness any lesson? No! leave that to the miserable, abject, and forsaken, to your genius who starves whilst pilfering plagiarists get the gold of his fame—to the worn-out clerk or curate who receives £80 a year for doing the work for which his opera chief, or lawn-sleeved Procrustes receives £8,000. Yes; it is the worn hack of life's highway, who regards the passage of time with pleasure, who watches the growth of gray hairs rejoicingly, and longs for the end of the scene. But to "my lord!" why, what is time to him? If hair fall off, or teeth fall out, or leg shrink, an elastic calf will easily keep up "*the garter*," a wig at Truefitt's, an incorrodible set at Bell's, soon obliterate the ravages of time. A good French valet or chambermaid, a little rouge, a tisane, a shape-improver—and, voice, face, figure return,—seventy-six expands into thirty! Nestor and Hecate re-enter life's stage as Narcissus and Diana, and the change is complete, except that the

profligacy has grown more hoary, and the false smile and heart are corroborated. At night we admit there is a difference, when the jaded actor, released from his trammels, starts from the too faithful mirror telling what he is; when false eye, teeth, hair, leg, shape, are deposited on the chair, and the wretched, used-up "his grace" or "my lady," are put to bed, with what remains of them! But as we live for appearances only, and for mutual deception, keep a little out of the strong light, bow, simper, smile, and say nothing, and, we warrant ye, the fiction and farce will pass muster famously!

Awaken the ghosts of past years—evoke the thousand sermons, admonitions, harangues, beautiful thoughts, exquisite aphorisms, educational precepts—let the graves of past boon companions, the reminiscence of entwined friendships, speak of the shortness of life, the value of years, the necessity of preparing for another state, and, after all, when was humanity different to what it is now? In Chaucer's time the Englishman was the same creature he is still, except in dress and language; perhaps he sought gold a little less, but he was just as selfish, just as time-serving. Would not Druids tease and worry people about forms and ceremonies, and consign to perdition every impugner of the sacred mistletoe, as sincerely as priests storm at each other now-a-days about candlesticks and vestments, whilst all the while the hierarchy cared only to fill their pockets at the people's expense, to beplaster the rich with adulation, and to grind down the poor worker to the dust. Juvenal was wrong so far as he said—

"Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat Posteritas."

"There is nothing further which posterity can add to our habits."

He imagined that—

"Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit,"

that all vice was at its acme in his time; but succeeding ages have added to the pyramid of worldly plagues, more lawyers, doctors, and railway directors, and these would sink any reputation, body or pocket, national or individual, to the dust. It is true, also, we are plagued by bad authors; and servants who can read, and, if need be, copy, their masters' letters; but our forefathers had their Babington Macaulays and small-beer poets, their doggrel and hurdy-gurdy historians, "saying or singing" erroneous narratives; and, though Alfred sat down to breakfast on his burnt cakes without the *Times* to tell him about Guthrum; and though England—whatever Printing-house-square may think of it—absolutely did without that voracious or voracious newspaper—aye, even in the days of Tudors and of "Old Noll,"—yet men were just as ready then as now, in all spheres and positions of life, to sacrifice reputations, stab characters in the dark, misrepresent facts, garble statements, and refuse rejoinder or explanation to their attacks, all for a groat each, with discount for slanders by the gross! Humanity is the same as ever, the only difference is, that we have with increased wealth and education opened up

fresh channels of selfishness and avarice, and woven new meshes in the law whereby more dexterously to ruin one another.

Nevertheless, to 1855 we repeat our gratitude. It has swamped a series of bad reviews in the great daily metropolitan journal; it has emptied our basket of much poetry contributed by Misses of Sixteen; it has cleared off engagements by the score; it has given us no legacies, but paid several bills; it has afforded us fresh experience of the falsity of great men's promises; of the facility with which "our dear friend" whom we served ninety-nine times, rubs out the debt of gratitude because we could not oblige him with more money for the hundredth. It has, besides, amused us vastly by exhibiting the pageantry of "tinkers and tailors, and candlestick makers," dressed up in court suits, like hogs in armour, and straining which should bow lowest to lords, princes, *et hoc genus omne*: by urging the daughter of Lord High-nose to prefer happiness with a poor tutor, to pompous misery with a noble rake, of constitution broken at twenty-eight, or with a withered senility old enough to be her grandsire, and redolent of check-books and cataplasms. We have laughed to see how "vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself;" how fine feathers make fine birds; to hear a speech applauded though only the echo of two ideas wrangling with each other in an unfurnished head, and both wrong, provided that ornamental appendage to the human figure, used for shaking, hanging a hat on, or taking snuff, be only surmounted with a coronet or a mitre. So we shake hands with the Past Year, and only hope—(alas! fallacious hope!) that its lessons may be practically learned and enunciated by its successor.

But how? Ay, "there's the rub," as Hamlet says. Not by letting church dignitaries legislate for themselves, and enact oppressive laws in the House of Peers, whereby to "belord" it over the unrepresented clergy, but by making the bishops exhibit in their lives the beauty of those admirable precepts they now reserve for their charges. Not by letting Government patrons, cabinet officers, give all patronage to their own family, their partizan hacks, but by submitting official appointments to public scrutiny in parliament or in committee. Not by peace-mongers trading in the great interests of the nation, like lawyers ready to take any side for 6s. 8d., but by controlling such venality with a stanch resolution of public opinion. Not by sacrificing the genius of the nation (if it has any now left) to plagiarists, robbers of young authors' MSS., and to publishers' "readers!"—save the misnomer!—who can hardly spell or write. Not by private persons of influence being apathetic as to whether ministers encourage talent, but by showing a determination to rescue Mind from obscurity, and to lessen, by individual interference, the heirloom of knaves and fools with which we threaten to overwhelm posterity. How many works, unread, of men of genius; how many labours for distinction, wrought at midnight and in a garret, on a crust, by the vexed brain of unpatronized, unsought-for intellect; aye! how many broken hopes, the young opening leaves of a nation's future great-



ness, have, by the injustice of patrons, and the selfish stupidity of literary controllers, perished in the waste-basket of the last year!

Should, by some extraordinary conjuncture of the stars, the country turn over in 1856 the leaves of its conscience, which have hitherto stuck so closely together, we may expect some strange sequels! Fancy for a moment the astonishment of hearing a bishop preach a good sermon—nay, perhaps, at present a super-episcopal effort, almost, without a book! Imagine a Life-guard who had really smelt powder from other cannon than St. James's Park, or Chobham! Conceive a minister of the Government with so true, conscientious a desire for the public good as to be careful not to give preferment to a fool, though he was his own son! Picture honesty and real patriotism in Downing Street; competency, activity, and justice at the Horse-guards; on the Bench of Prelates; in the Commons! Think of honesty trampling over shilling-seeking everywhere, so that instead of the former being now an episode and anomaly, it should become the index of our social life! Just conceive an Englishman bold enough to tell a "Lord,"—now mind, only think, a *Lord*!—to his face, that he is wrong. Alas! it is all imagination; you may as well expect to draw out the horn of a rhinoceros with tweezers, or to get employment because you are an honest man, as to suppose that any of our time-serving worship of Mammon, or national apathy under gross evils, would be altered; but if 1856 produce even the slightest amelioration in these respects, so that the huge jaundice of abuses be but of a straw colour instead of a deep yellow, it will bring with it a far better New Year's gift than any of its predecessors.

Masons! let us begin at home, and let the opening year see us no longer falsifying our oath hourly by neglecting our Brother, but let us *search out*, and aid, not wait until we are called upon. Great duties devolve upon us, for, if the world perceive those who are confederate against evil, apathetic as to its existence, and satisfied with the old exclamation, "We did not know it"—if they see us indifferent as to whether our offices be truly and efficiently, or whether they be indifferently, filled; whether our patronage be justly or unjustly dispensed; with what aspect will they regard us, with what shall we regard ourselves? The present condition of Masonry is publicly prosperous, internally unsatisfactory and menacing. Like a tree, its root and fibres have their grasp upon the noblest principles of poor human nature,—these constitute its potency; but its top is blighted; talent, fairness, ability are withering *there*, in all but a few leaves,—and these augur its decay!

For ourselves as a Masonic periodical, we, in the combined form, shall continue to exhibit the same inflexible impartiality in the exposure of evil and the vindication of the weakest Brother's wrongs as when we appeared distinct; but as combination increases power to promote the public benefit, so we call upon all those who are real Masons to uphold our efforts for the Craft. Union is a good augury for 1856; but it is the Craft, whose interests we fearlessly maintain,

which can alone cause our sun to travel in a sphere of genial warmth and healthful influence, by chasing away the clouds of restricted efficiency. We shall not be—we have not been—wanting to the Brethren; let them not be wanting to us. We have gone beyond our legitimate self-sacrifice to promote their interests, and we thankfully record the testimonials so largely given to our labours by the press and the public. We have been freely quoted and applauded by the most respectable papers, and we have even enjoyed the dull vituperation of the *Weekly Dispatch*,—no one would desire more.

But,—

“Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium  
Versatur urna, serius, ocyus  
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum  
Exilium impositura cymbæ.”

There is after all, something of melancholy, more of hope, in the spectacle of the Old Year, looking into the cradle of her new-born child. Friends may have disappeared, but enmities have been buried also; 365 days' worth of care and disappointment and painful pity for the neglected or bereaved have been mowed down by the silent scythe of the early and late Gatherer, who wipes away our tears, like the dew-drops, with his feet! Well for us if we could imitate the veriest fly, who springs at once into activity, and dies with harness on his back; who loses no time in preparation for hours he may never see, nor in forebodings of evils he may never endure; who does not allow infancy, with its helplessness—manhood, with its disappointments,—old age, with its regrets, to subtract the minutes of his vitality, which are so precious because they are so few! In a few more revolving periods, the game will be closed, and kings, knights, pawns, bishops, will be shut up in their common receptacle, regardless of what position they occupied on the board. The puppets who represented the several parts will shift their pageantry at the fall of the curtain, and it will signify little whether we were loved or hated, patronized or slighted, by the audience before whom we shall appear no more! But two things certainly affect us, the one the unspeakable glory of a state of painless freedom from corporeal infirmity or social injustice, and the other the necessity of abounding increasingly in that love to God which He can alone engender upon earth, Whose spirit of love, shining through His Son, irradiates and constitutes Heaven!

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#### NOTES OF A YACHT'S CRUISE TO BALAKLAVA.

I HAD been loitering in Paris till the middle of July, uncertain where next to direct my steps, and somewhat weary of encountering all the bores I thought I had left behind me in England, poring over their catalogues in the “Beaux arts,” or gazing after the Empress in the Champs Élysées. My indecision was therefore very agreeably converted into prompt and energetic action by the receipt of a few

characteristic lines from my eccentric friend, Sir Arthur P——, announcing his intention to be at Marseilles about the third week of July, in his yacht *The Imp*.

"By this time," he wrote, "you've been baked enough in the unhealthy atmosphere of crowds and theatres; a cruise with us will make a new man of you: we talk of Constantinople as the limit of our voyage; but I fancy my sister Kate and my Cousin Lady C—— will not be satisfied with anything short of Sebastopol. We have a few pleasant friends, and a French cook; all we want is a poetical fellow like yourself, who can talk sentiment with the women, and—rarer accomplishment—sense with the men."

Three days after the receipt of this invitation I was hurrying south as fast as an express train could carry me.

I found the party of which I was destined to be one, assembled at the Hotel de L'Europe, as few of them, except the enthusiastic owner of the yacht, cared to encounter the Bay of Biscay, and, like myself, had taken Paris and the Exhibition, *en route* to Marseilles.

"We are to sail to-morrow evening," said Lady C——, a charming young widow,—after a cordial greeting had been exchanged between myself and those present of my acquaintance,—"Sir Arthur has been looking anxiously for you; he is now busy about a thousand things: you know the yacht is wife, and family, and all to him."

"I do not wonder at it," exclaimed his sister; "there is nothing so delightful as yachting; and, Mr. ——, you must help to persuade my brother to go on to Balaklava; it would be quite foolish to stop short at Constantinople."

Of course, I promised ready compliance with whatever she wished; then Sir Arthur made his appearance, and the evening quickly passed in discussing our plans and projects.

It was my first visit to Marseilles; so I was early afoot next day to catch some idea of the town. My friends had made an excursion to Château d'If, the castle and prison which Dumas has made so famous in his *Monte Christo*. I rather regretted this, as I should like to have explored the locality. "If" is a small island at the mouth of the harbour; it is the central and largest of three islets, whose batteries defend the entrance to Marseilles.

Having missed this expedition, I was very glad to join in a ride to the height called "La Viste," about a league distant, whence a fine view of the town, lying round its harbour in the form of a crescent, is visible. A forest of masts indicates the port; while a rich landscape, studded with country-houses, and the Mediterranean in the distance, makes up a scene of much picturesque beauty. Within the town, the aspect from a hill at the top of the boulevards is striking—crowds of busy soldiers, *équipages militaires*, and all the signs and tokens of a sea-port in war time, are mingled with costumes of every nation, and sprinkled with pale wounded warriors fresh from the seat of war.

The odours of Marseilles, however, are, I should imagine, quite a match for those of Cologne; for, in addition to the fumes of brandy,

tobacco, and garlic, *ad libitum*, the exhalations from the waters of the port, sheltered from the wind, and consequently stagnant, are something extra-unpleasant in the scale of overpowering smells. What must have been the perfume is beyond the mind of man to conceive, when, in 1812, the waters suddenly forsook the port, leaving the vessels stranded on a dark, slimy, fetid bottom, to the consternation of the inhabitants, which became greater still when in about half an hour the waves returned with a furious roaring, dashed against the quays as if about to engulf the town, and then subsided to their usual limits.

There seems to be some good architecture in the public buildings, and I wished for time to examine the Jesuit's Observatory, which is admirably situated. The cathedral is, they say, the oldest in France, but has little else to distinguish it.

It seemed to me, in the cursory glance I was able to take of this great seaport, that the inhabitants are less suave, more harsh-looking and abrupt in manner, than those of other French towns, which, considering its southern situation and mild climate, is surprising. Perhaps the "Mistral," a bitter north-east wind, which is the scourge of Marseilles, and acts with painful effect on the skin and nerves, may have an indurating influence on the minds and manners of its people.

20th.—Went down to the mole to see the little vessel which is to be our home for the next couple of months. She is certainly, even to an inexperienced landsman's eye, a beautiful object. I do not wonder at Sir Arthur's infatuation.

The *Imp* is a schooner of some 160 tons burden—a good sized yacht—yet she looked a mere nutshell by some huge men-of-war lying near, which were being laden with human cargoes, fresh food for the insatiable maw of Sebastopol. Bands were playing lively marches, but both here and in Paris you hear far less of "Partant pour la Syrie" than in London. We have a crew of twenty, under the command of a skipper who seems to my taste the beau ideal of a sailor—short and thick, with huge shoulders, and generally broad in the beam, a round kindly face, with a thick fringe of red whiskers, and eyebrows and forehead all wrinkled up, as if from perpetually keeping a sharp look-out in the teeth of all sorts of north and south westers, a few instalments of which seemed to have effected a settlement in his throat, and produced the strangest and harshest grumbling kind of voice imaginable. Nevertheless, Captain Kidd—as Miss Kate P—— chose to call him—was an immense favourite with both the ladies.

The accommodations are quite luxurious: such marvellous contrivances in the shape of patent stoves and cooking-apparatus; Lucullus himself need not have dreaded a yacht voyage, if—ah, hateful intimation—he could have been insured against sea-sickness. The saloon is most comfortable, but neat and simple in its decorations; and a small well-chosen stock of new books forms one of its principal attractions. Lady C—— tells me, both Miss P—— and herself are



excellent sailors. I hope I shall not be compelled to knock under to the demon of the waves.

22<sup>nd</sup>.—Mons. Achille, our *chef de cuisine*, whose proper rule over the roast naturally includes all who devour it, declared it impossible to sail on the appointed day, as some of his stores had not arrived; we did not therefore get off till yesterday. As we loosed from the mole, and ran up the English colours to the peak, the soldiers on board a couple of war steamers waiting to sail with daylight this morning, crowded to the sides to look at us, and gave us a few hearty "vivas" as we passed. They seemed chiefly Chasseurs de Vincennes; we returned their salute with all the force of our lungs.

As this was my first voyage in a sailing-vessel, I watched with some interest the manœuvres of our crew, and listened to their musical cries, and the strange fiercely-uttered hoarse orders of our captain. The ladies were busy looking at the rapidly receding land through telescopes, assisted by a little smoke-dried philosophic German, who was added to our number at the last moment by our hospitable entertainer. Once outside the mole, immense activity seemed to pervade the crew, sail after sail was loosened, and soon I could hear a sort of fizzing noise, as the bows of the vessel cut swiftly through the water.

We had a most favourable breeze, and a glorious sunset, not, however, without clouds of a somewhat threatening aspect, but which added to the grand beauty of the scene; before we descended to supper, the land had faded to a faint blue line, and an occasional lurch inclined our plates to locomotion, and myself, alas! to ominous tranquillity.

Surely Sir Arthur must overrate the merits of his *chef*; anything more distasteful than his dishes, this evening, I never attempted to swallow. I retired early, and passed so unpleasant a night, I will not dwell upon the recollection.

24<sup>th</sup>.—I was received with mock condolences yesterday; on making my appearance towards dinner time, I found most of the party promenading the deck, and enjoying a stiff breeze, which, as I gradually recovered, I found most exhilarating. To my infinite and savage delight, I found that the Hon. Charles Augustus Fitzurse, an elegant moustached sprig of nobility, whose exquisite yachting costume had eclipsed my own and excited my envy, was invisible from the consequences of the same martyrdom I had been enduring. The philosophic German was nowhere; so the ladies, who looked beautifully fresh and bright, were accompanied only by Sir Arthur and a grave handsome Indian colonel, who was going *en amateur* to Balaklava.

The view presented was one of unbroken sea and sky, both blue, with here and there dark masses of cloud in the one, and shadow on the other. The countenance of Captain Kidd was screwed into a marvellous expression of watchfulness, as he walked up and down "forrard," where the smoke of his cigar could not annoy the ladies.



"Well, Sir Arthur," I asked, mustering a scrap of sea phraseology from my memory of Marryat, "how's her head?"

"Sou'-west," he replied; "so in spite of the pace I don't think we are making much way."

"It is a side wind," said Miss P——, holding down her broad-brimmed hat with a most nautical contrivance of cord. "And Captain Kidd told me just now we were running for the coast of Africa. Did you not, captain?" beckoning him to her.

"Bless your little heart," returned that mariner, who had known her from a child, "no; we'll go about presently, and if there isn't a fresh hand at the bellows, we'll make Pantallaria the day after to-morrow."

"Your to-morrows are very uncertain periods of time, I know," she returned, laughing.

"Pray," said the colonel, "shall we not catch a glimpse of Sardinia?"

"We're too far south, I'm afraid," replied Sir Arthur.

26th.—The journal of days at sea, even when passing pleasantly as ours, would present a terrible monotony; and those logs are most acceptable to readers which treat of life in port, or coasting foreign shores. Nevertheless the days fly past agreeably enough. The Hon. Fitzurse is better, and joined us at dinner to-day, looking very pale, and much fallen from his high estate of dandyhood.

The ladies sing duets, which the little German, who really seems a capital fellow, converts occasionally into trios. He speaks quaint, but very intelligible English; but as his views generally are theoretical and moonshiny, he falls into constant arguments with our skipper, who is the most matter-of-fact practical man I ever met. Their discussions, and the colonel's sensible accounts of adventures amid Indian jungles, thread-paper verses, occasional readings aloud, and star-gazing of a fine night, help us on well till bedtime.

In the morning the ladies pretend to work or try to read; we smoke a cigar, watch the captain take his observation, and try to learn the difference between "easing" the sheets, and hauling them aft, from him. I think we shall all be pleased to put into Malta.

28th.—We were summoned on deck shortly after breakfast to see Pantallaria, which had just hove in sight. It is a broken blue line of peaked rock. Wind southward and westward. Herr Müller and the Captain in great force. The Honourable Charles Augustus, having conquered sea-sickness, has fallen into profound sentimentalism, for which the fair widow laughs at him unmercifully.

30th.—Made Malta during the night, and at sunrise stood into the entrance of the great harbour. I scrambled hastily on the deck, which I found still wet and uncomfortable from the morning's operations, and turned to gaze eagerly at the famed Valetta. It rose from the blue water, in the golden light of a lovely morning, first in rough rocks, then long lines of massive fortifications bristling with cannon, —then grand solid buildings, tier over tier, all surmounted by spires and domes, with the great castle of St. Elmo to the right, and Fort

St. Angelo opposite, reflecting back, not her sister fortress's blushes, but her frowns—a very epitome of the church militant; the peculiar whiteness of the whole structure arresting our eye, accustomed to the deep browns and reds of more northern ports. Some one somewhere describes Malta as “lying and boiling in the water like an egg, every summer;” and certainly the scorching heat is almost beyond the conception of an untravelled Englishman, to which the glaring white, both of soil and stones, and the total absence of shade, greatly contribute.

By degrees our whole party joined me on the deck—most of them as new to the locality as myself. Then came breakfast, and embarkation in the beautiful shore-boats for the town.

The first edifice I noticed was a small chapel, erected by one of the later Grand Masters, which occupies a prominent position at the foot of the stairs which lead to the town, and which are known by the extraordinary appellation of “Nix Mangiare” (*i. e.*, nothing to eat) Stairs, so called from the legions of beggars who line the ascent, and pour their sorrows and petitions into the ear of those who toil slowly upwards. There is a long excavated passage from this portion of the mole to that beyond the Custom House—the work of another Grand Master.

The fortifications which surround the town are very high; many of them are formed out of the native rock. The walls average about fifteen feet thick, and are composed chiefly of the common limestone of the country—which is mere coral rock, to which almost every inch of soil has been transported from Africa or Sicily. These walls are about two miles and a half in circumference, and are strengthened by fortresses flanking the chief entrances to the city, and commanding the bridges which cross the great ditch; they are termed cavaliers, and are each capable of quartering five hundred men. In the palmy days of Malta, the knights of each country—or, as the term was, each Language—had a particular rampart and cavalier appropriated to themselves, in case of an attack. Thus, to the knights of Provence was assigned the Rampart of St. John, with its cavalier—to those of France, that of St. James—to Arragon, St. Andrew—to Castile, Santa Barbara—to England, the platform of St. Lazarus.

Every step is fraught with memories of this last glimmer of dying chivalry, which faded and expired on the rock of Malta. The stately auberges (inns) of the different Languages still beautify the city; but, alas! their glory is departed. No longer the rendezvous of dignified warriors, they are parcelled out as civil and commercial courts, Government official residences, clubs, and auctioneers' offices. These inns are handsome architectural buildings, especially that of Castile, which is the largest of them, and occupies a delightful situation under the walls of the great ditch which defends La Valetta on the land side, commanding a splendid view of the country beyond.

While the Language of England existed, its inn fronted the small church of Santa Catarina on one side, and the Strada Reale on the

other; it is now chiefly occupied by a large private bakery. After the Reformation, when all the English commanderies were confiscated by order of Henry VIII., this Language was merged in the Anglo-Bavarian, whose inn is at present occupied by the officers of the British garrison.

The aspect of Malta is peculiar and picturesque; its natural military character greatly increased by the busy war-note of preparation—the perpetual coming and going of transport ships—the eternal bugling and drumming—and, last and most melancholy indication, the constant arrival of wounded, convalescent, and dying officers, to rest awhile on its hospitable shores.

The streets are regular and well paved, but many of them so extremely steep that the side walks are flights of stairs. The race of asses and mules appears to be extremely fine at Malta, especially the former, which present an appearance of symmetry astonishing to those accustomed in London to associate that animal with sweeps and costermongers. The houses are all built of stone, with flat roofs, which serve the double purpose of being an agreeable resort for a walk, and receptacle for whatever rain may fall in the winter. Besides the windows opening on the street and yard, with which most of them are furnished, each house has one or two balconies jutting out several feet, and varying from six to twenty in length. These awkward protuberances are sometimes open, sometimes roofed in with glass, and form a pleasant retreat for the family during the heat of the day; moreover, affording great facility for what may be termed street-gazing; but their effect upon the eye is most ungraceful, and gives an air of strange irregularity to the town. Uniforms of both services abound, sprinkled with native costumes, which the Frank dress is rapidly displacing. These, however, may still be seen among the hewers of wood and drawers of water. The most distinctive feature is the cap, resembling a long bag of woollen-stuff hanging down the back, of various colours, and which serves all the purposes of a purse. A species of vest called a “sedria” supplies the place of a jacket, ornamented with huge silver buttons, in several rows; sometimes, instead of these, large pieces of money are used—especially quarter-dollars. The pantaloons are confined round the waist by a cotton girdle, called a “terha.” This is generally three or four yards long;—no doubt a relic of Oriental costume.

They seem a fine race; of middle stature, but robust and strong; with the rich deep brown complexion, dark fiery eyes, mobility of gesture and expression, and all peculiarities of a southern race.

I could not catch the dialect, but am told it is a curious mixture of an ancient eastern tongue, some say of Phœnician origin—Italian vowels and Arabic gutturals.

*To be continued.)*

## VOICES FROM DEAD NATIONS.

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

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DAWN.

“ τὸ ζητούμενον  
 ‘ Ἀλωτόν ’ ἐκφεύγει δὲ ταμεχούμενον.”\*  
 Sophocles, *Oid. Tyr.* v. 110, 111.

The name of Plutarch was advisedly omitted in speaking of the reliable authorities upon Egypt. His brilliant essay on Isis and Osiris contains the whole system of the Egyptian religion according to the Greeks only. When the tenets which it upholds had concreted themselves into a system and age which lent them authority, Plutarch wrote—wrote with conviction and with feeling. Truth does not necessarily rest upon belief only. The whole plan of the book is to explain, upon a peculiar theory, the meaning of that of which the key had been lost. It was in the Alexandrian age that the critics, whose imaginations outran their information, began to arrange and vitalize the few remaining traditions of Egyptian religion in accordance with the religious traditions of their own country. The Greeks went to Egypt to discover their own gods there, not to acquire a new belief, and full of faith in the creed of Hellas they soon proved their own case. To pare off a redundancy, to imagine a mystery, to add a circumstance, would be with them not only a work of ingenuity but of merit; humanity is ever humanity, and they wanted to prove themselves right just as much as the moderns want to prove themselves so.

Hence the inventions of cycles for chronological computation. The progress of astronomical discovery placed enlarged means at the disposal of the Alexandrian school. There were two aims in the astronomy of those days; the one was to discover the future places of the planets, to watch the rising and setting of the stars, in order to turn the information so obtained to useful purposes in navigation, an art then making great strides; the second was more fanciful, and was called astrology.†

Auguste Comte has very lucidly defined the aim and possible scope of the astronomy of the time of Ptolemy, the geographer:‡—“The aim of astronomical researches was to establish what would be the state of the sky at some future time; and no accumulation of facts could effect this, till the facts were made the basis of reasonings.

\* “The thing that’s sought is to be found;  
 But what’s left unregarded flies unknown.”

† Of the verity of astrology, as a science, I have formed no opinion that can be called certain and definite.

‡ Comte’s *Positive Philosophy*, translated by H. Martineau, vol. i. p. 141.

Till the rising of the sun, or of some star, could be accurately predicted, as to time and place, there was no astronomical science. Its whole progress since has been by introducing more and more certainty and precision into its predictions, and by using smaller and smaller data from direct observation for a more and more distant prevision."

But such a process could not from its very nature proceed quickly; after the great fact of the attainment of a measure for time—a desire which such a mind as the Egyptian would crave and eagerly and rapidly, not to say necessarily satisfy—research began to move more slowly.

In the Alexandrian era supernatural views of astronomy began to prevail, whether for the first time it matters not;\* the development of the theory of probabilities gave a fulcrum to false as well as true science; planetary motions seemed guided by other than physical laws, mythologers lent a hand: and astrology sprang full armed from the noddles of the inventors — *parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus!* By these speculations were the mysteries of the later Hellenic times revived; thus, at any rate, was cyclical calculation adopted.

However we cannot go astray for ever. The yet unpublished discoveries of M. Mariette within the last four years are quite single of their kind, and most important for the appreciation of the common-sense history of Egypt. Among their most valuable results is the discovery that these confusing cycles of years—the Apis cycle certainly (and if one be false we may be sure that the rest are doubtful) were thus inventions of the later Greco-Egyptians, and unknown to the original nation. The fact of the large number of Apis graves existing in the Serapeum, not known to Lepsius when he formed his published opinion upon the cycle of Apis (twenty-five years=309 lunar months), upsets the arrangement which he adopted, while it does not detract from his real and multitudinous services. The names of Lepsius, De Ronge, and Birch, must always stand first in Egyptological science, after its father, Champollion,—and while it does not detract from his valuable services, the eminence of the example is the more instructive from its being likely to become better known than any other.

We are thus warned from the abyss of astronomical cycles: we find that the boasted astronomical science attributed to the Egyptians is in reality late Greek; and from how much of peril is ancient history released by such a consideration! These bulls, in number sixty-four, extend from the times of Ramses II. to those of the Ptolemies; and the dates of their deaths are inscribed upon their tombs.† Even the

\* The chain of monuments at present existing refers the cruder parts of the system of astrology to Chaldaea and the Babylonian times in a manner not to be disputed. But the system I am here referring to, was perfected by Porphyry and his contemporaries. See the *Tetrabiblos* of Ptolemy for the best account of it.

† See Mariette, *Bulletin Archéologique de l'Athénæum Français*, Mai, 1855, p. 45.



bull of Cambyses is to be found amongst them, and instead of a uniform Apis-ship of twenty-five years, we find that it was quite arbitrary, varying from two or three years to twenty or thirty, according to the life of the bull.\*

Thus the Apis cycle comes to an end, and with it the deceitful light that misled critics to the swamp of cyclical arrangements. Nothing is more fortunate for students of archæology than to be relieved of the dim presence of this *ignus fatuus*. The school of Dupuis, Higgins, Barker, Bryant, and others, and the unfortunate followers of their mistaken theories, melt away into thin air, and the melancholy history of human error is augmented by another signal example of the aberrations under which the mind of man is doomed to suffer.

From such a chaos of rude, undigested materials, however, was destined to proceed one of the most brilliant departments of archæological study; the oldest and the most important investigations connected with the history of the Old World have been the results of these early attempts to make up for the time which the Greeks had lost in endeavouring, upon the false system of metaphysical inquiry, to attain a knowledge rather of the primitive origin of things, than of their vital importance, in that social philosophy which has been scientifically reduced into Sociology. M. de Gobineau, in his admirable "Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races," † has pointed out that it has been for modern times to recognise the mortality not only of individuals, but of arts, of sciences, and of nations; and this very mortality it is *that keeps* the world young and fresh; and in the law that all must die, we may again observe the goodness of the Creator, who provides against an eternity of despotism by imbuing it with necessary mortality, and the centuries, continually repeating and reviving the processes of sociological development, remain ever new, ever fresh, ever interesting to us.

We must now go on farther, and perceive how, in the early dawn of Egyptian discovery, the multitude of materials began to be sorted into parcels, and the value of these parcels rudely estimated, and we shall find that that dawn begins with the labours of the elder Scaliger at the Paris Library. To this murky and protracted dawn will succeed a brilliant day of scientific certainty, and the mists will roll away from the smiling landscape, while in the gradual improvement of this sociological science we shall find some relief for our social evils.

The various spurious fabrications with which the middle age was so good as to oblige the world lay scattered over Europe, and the poisonous representations they contained gave a fatal direction to all study, precipitating research into a slough of despond, where it wallowed in a condition of utter and absolute imbecility. In speaking of the labours of Joseph Scaliger on behalf of ancient chronology, Bunsen

\* I intend in due course to draw more special attention to M. Mariette's discoveries, and to the readings of Dr. Brugsch.

† *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines*. Quatre tomes. Paris, 1853—1855.

has well observed\* that, in order to estimate aright the difficulty of the undertaking, and the grandeur of its success, we must first have clearly before us the circumstances under which it was commenced. Down to that period, "when Scaliger lived" the scholars of Western Europe had contented themselves with St. Jerome's translation of the practical portions of the labours of Eusebius, namely, the canon of synchronisms. The key to that canon, the collection of original records, with the compiler's commentary on the contents, he had left untranslated. Manetho's lists were unknown, and even that of Eratosthenes slumbered with the work of Syncellus in the obscurity of the Paris Royal Library. Scaliger, in searching for the first, discovered the second also, and published both in a critical form, after the Parisian MS.

Here, therefore, was a solid groundwork obtained—a standpoint and a fact, or series of facts, or fictions dressed up so as to seem facts, by which the Egyptian chronology was to be restored to some extent. Scaliger was staggered by his discovery, however, for the records thus obtained stretched back to a time far beyond the flood, and beyond his own first year of the world. This was one of the numerous blows given to that very popular method of arriving at results according to pre-arranged principles, which has reached even to our time; but, at any rate, we know every failure, as the history of science well testifies, leads us nearer and nearer to success; and the traveller after truth tracks his way over the pathless sand deserts of uncertainty by the whitening bones of those predecessors who perished before his time. As the soldier mounts the breach and wins the fortress by passing over the bodies of his fallen comrades, so the investigator of the ruins of ancient history makes his roadway over the confuted theories of the adventurers of former centuries.

Night is darkest, it has been said, just before dawn. Certain it is that the dawn of Egyptian science was immediately preceded by the blackest and most Egyptian darkness that could be imagined: the most foolish and contradictory theories respecting the mysterious hieroglyphics of Egypt, found partizans. "Vain would it be," says one of the most popular writers on Egypt,† "without ransacking the libraries of every civilized country, and selecting from their dusty shelves the vast accumulations of works, published by the learned and the unlearned during the last three centuries, to attempt a detailed specification of the extraordinary aberrations of human intellect; those manifold and incomprehensible misconceptions on ancient Egypt, that, at the present hour, excite our surprise and our regret. The mere mechanical labour of such an undertaking would be more tedious than any literary enterprise we can well conceive, whilst its result would be unprofitable beyond the moral it would teach. . . . It may be laid down as a rule without exception, prior to the year

\* *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, vol. i. p. 231.

† Gliddon, *Chapters on Ancient Egypt*, p. 2. A book which, for the moderate sum of two shillings, contains more exact information than is to be found in many a more pretentious volume.

1790, that no original light is to be obtained from European authors of the last generation, whose works are merely repetitions of the few truths and the many fallacies transmitted to us by Græco-Roman antiquity."

Perhaps one of the most singular systems of what must be called self-delusions, presented to us in the history of Egyptian discovery, is that of the Jesuit Kircher, a man of prodigious, but most unprofitable, learning. In the Egyptian hieroglyphics he found the most enormous mysteries. Truly says the lively author just now quoted, that "he succeeded in enveloping Egyptian studies with an increased density of gloom it has taken nearly two hundred years to dissipate!" The secrets of nature, and not the triumph of an ancient art, was what he found in the hieroglyphics. In seven characters, A U T O K R A T O R (Emperor), his inventive mind discovered the following valuable and interesting information:—"the author of fecundity and of all vegetation is Osiris, of which the generative faculty is drawn from heaven into his kingdom, by the Saint Moptha." The excellence of Kircher's philology is confirmed by his faculty, of which a modern Roman Catholic saint-maker might be proud, of inventing not only readings but saints; for "Saint Moptha" existed nowhere but in Kircher's imagination.

Again Kircher translates as follows, what modern science has shown to mean CÆSAR DOMITIAN AUGUSTUS: "The beneficent being, who presides over generation, who enjoys heavenly dominion, and four-fold power, commits the atmosphere, by means of Moptha," (a sort of Egyptian Kircherian familiar or Puck,) "the beneficent (principle of?) atmospherical humidity unto Ammon, most powerful over the lower parts (of the world), who, by means of an image and appropriate ceremonies, is drawn to the exercising of his power."\*

While Kircher was thus fabulating to his own supreme satisfaction, the fight of Egyptian chronology was proceeding; and, as is the way under all circumstances where controversy is carried on, the attacking party renewed itself, Antæus-like, at every overthrow. Manetho's lists were published by Scaliger, according to the version of Africanus, and so struck was he with their value that, like a true son of learning, he preferred to give up his own labours and his system of chronology, and adopt a broader basis, more conformable with the new light which has burst upon him, and which was dazzling him with its brightness. Scaliger was able and eminent enough to recognise that his former system was inadequate to the explanation demanded. Not so Petavius. Full and unconditional condemnation of the lists which Scaliger had termed "a glorious and inestimable record," † flowed from his pen. Petavius was either afraid

\* Not having access to the ponderous *Œdipus Ægyptiacus*, I acknowledge my obligations for these extracts to Mr. Gliddon's *Chapters on Ancient Egypt*. I may mention, that this work is correct enough as a report on Egyptological knowledge to the close of 1841. His more recent works, *Otia Ægyptiaca*, 1849; and *Types of Mankind*, 1854, contain the more recent discoveries, together with the historical alterations they have superinduced.

† Bunsen, *Egypt's Place*, vol. i. p. 232.

to think what the results might be, or he was unable from early education to take such a stride forward; at any rate, twenty years after Scaliger's time Petavius dismissed Egyptian dynasties with a mingled sneer and sigh.

Gover took up the question where the death of Scaliger had left it. "Syncellus" was edited and published by the latter scholar in 1652, and the lists of Manetho, according to Eusebius, being also published, they could be collated with the lists now known of Eratosthenes and Apollodorus. Manetho's lists, we may here stay to remark, are the more valuable, as far as native authority goes, as there is a strong probability that Eratosthenes knew not a word of Egyptian, or at any rate could not himself read the hieroglyphics. His learning, as I said before, probably exceeded that of all his contemporaries, but his genius was that of a Grecian encyclopædist, rather than that of an accurate scientific archæologist. "He wrote," said Hipparchus, "mathematically about geography, and geographically about mathematics." The Alexandrian age, however extraordinary for erudition, was somewhat slipshod, and how can any one escape a slight taint from his age? But there the matter rested for a while. War, famine, dissensions of every kind, set aside historical investigation, as far as outward practical controversy was concerned. "Philosophical science, indeed," observes Bunsen,\* found a refuge in Holland and England; *but the previous spirit of genial research*, and ardent zeal for original investigation, had now given place to the mechanism of servile commentary, and an uncritical parade of scholastic learning. The consequence was, that the precious gems, which lay concealed in the rubbish of "Syncellus," remained unnoticed; while, on the other hand, the synchronistic system of that author, and of Eusebius, with their whole train of wilful or unconscious falsehood and confusion, passed for well-established canons of chronology. Even those wholly valueless impostures, the so-called Old Chronicle, with the pseudo-Manetho of the Dog-star, and the later list of kings, which first came to light in "Syncellus," met with consideration, at least for the time being, whenever they seemed to square with some favourite chronological theory, some theological or philological whim. Even before the year 1670, in which the great war of Egyptian chronology broke out, the pioneers and out-skirmishers had done much to complicate the difficulties of the campaign. Unable to extract, sift, and set apart from the promiscuous materials at their disposal, the practical and tangible elements for future inquiry and illustration, they arbitrarily mixed up the whole in one confused and undistinguishable mass."

Marsham's "Canon Chronicus," founding itself upon the spurious Manetho and the false Old Chronicle, was published in 1670, and the author ingeniously tried to induce others to bow to his system, which he farther improved by taking from the fabrications of Syncellus whatever fitted with his plans, leaving Syncellus to answer for

\* Egypt's Place, vol. i. p. 233.



his own sins. "This suits me," he said, "and I don't ask where it comes from. That's the business of Syncellus!" Syncellus astonishes poor Marsham by his indiscretion. How much more does he astonish later and more impartial writers! \* Perizonius followed, in 1711, with his "*Origines Egyptiacæ*," but he has been generally considered to fall into the error of confounding (after Josephus) the Hyksos with the Israelites. But later criticism leaves this an open question. Josephus is the *only* authority, and we have no right, under those circumstances, to accept his statement and reject his commentary. It would be, however, unprofitable to spend much more time amidst such contradictory and controversial writers. Those who wish to follow in all its sinuosities the tortuous course of Egyptian chronology, can study Ideler's "*Hermapion*," or Bunsen's "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*:" † we have only room for general considerations in this place.

Larcher, Heyne, Zoega, Heeren, all turned their attention to Egyptian chronology, but the unfortunate system of cycles still remained a stumbling-block by the way. China and India were appealed to, but in vain; and when the day was close at hand, still no one believed that Egypt was ever to become one of the most popular archæological studies of the age. Champollion had not yet appeared—his wonderful genius had not lighted up the darkness, nor had a Napoleon risen to advance science and silence doubt. We are now only on the threshold of Egyptian discovery; and it is a cheering consideration, when we ourselves are engaged in a war, to consider that that dire calamity induced the growth of the ancient science—may I hope that a similar feeling of liberality may at some time glow in the bosom of our own rulers, and that while Prussia, Tuscany, and France can send forth expedition after expedition to Egypt, and America sweep the oceans with her magnificent exploring fleets, England will be found ere long willing to aid archæology in the depths of Egypt's deserts, and to support ethnology, the science twin-born with archæology, amidst the coral reefs of the Pacific.

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## THE SIGNS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE WHO HAS PAINTED MANY.

SIGN THE THIRD.—LADIES' MEN.

WE really think that this world, in the present day, is afflicted with two most deplorable things. The old plagues, which were so direful in their consequences, have gone out. Famines are limited to the poor who cannot afford to pay tenpence or one shilling for their loaf, and whose penalty it is to have children. Battle, for us English, happens at a distance; and villages are burnt for us, and

\* Bunsen, vol. i. p. 234.

† Strange that the work of Ideler is never mentioned by Bunsen!



hospitals crowded with dead and dying,—in the *Times* newspaper. Sudden death is realized to the public appreciation more in that list of arrivals on the other side of the commercial Styx, the *Gazette* (with my friends Mr. Pennell or Mr. Bell, Official Assignees, as their Charon), and in your exit from society, than in the real mortal disappearance.

But, my good sir, urgeth the reader, what are these twin evils who wear the crown of dominion in this, confessedly, not so perfect world of ours?

My dear Brother, the world that I indicate is that called civilized; and the two things that seem to me to divide empire in it are Conceit and Selfishness. I believe that these two bad qualities mutually react upon and produce each other, and I know not which is the worse of the two, for Selfishness is but unexpressed Conceit, while Conceit is expressed Selfishness. But Conceit—that is, the lively form of it which is so very salient—is the vice of society. Ah, how should I enumerate its countless forms, when the whole thing is a masquerade, in which you may as readily detect the gown of the ecclesiastic, the snuffle of the Methodist preacher, and the thick-headed prosing of the Scotch justice, as the giggle of the juveniles, or the rhodomontade of the be-whiskered. Is it really because there is but one man in the world, and that is Self, that we have all this turgid *afflatus*—this sole grandeur;—this kingdom with but one cushion, and that for yourself to place your foot upon? Is there no second he to the first he; or is Egotist lord paramount, the giver and receiver, the beginning and the ending, and the everything between? However, we design, in this sketch, only to treat but certain forms of this coxcombry: Jupiter forgive us for handling, with a silken glove, so monstrous a paw.

Preaching is unpopular, especially where you are thought to be preaching at people. So long as you make your charges general, all well and good. Nobody takes offence at that which anybody may claim. By no means grow too particular in your denunciations. People soon get wonderfully weary of being told that they do anything wrong. Not that they believe what you say if you find fault with them; but they are only astonished that you should so far forget yourself; that, really, they had been inclined to consider you a rather agreeable person, but, if you will persist in talking in that very unpleasant manner, you must not be surprised if you are not listened to, or be ruffled and hurt if you are not met quite so cordially. Folks do not want truth from you. They want praise and acquiescence. For what other reason have you a share of their hearth, or a seat, now and then, at their table? Why else do they call you a candid, truthful person? Why else do they give you their arms at public places, and consent, now and then, to laugh gently at your pleasantries—feeble enough, but well-intended, no doubt? It is the clergyman's business to tell people of their misdoings—once a week. This, if delicately done, may not be thought too obtrusive. You prepare for something of the kind when the church-bells begin

to sound every Sunday. Indeed, it is something proper and pleasant to have a little fault-finding in the pulpit. That little harmless, nay, pleasurable excitement which you gain from a few hard words—scriptural, velvet-cushion, strictly proper reproaches—carefully applied and not too pertinaciously followed up with unmistakeable home-thrusts and bitter allusions which you are compelled to assume to yourself, may mix profitably with your prosings over violet silk-covered prayer-books, and the red cloth and gilt nails, or wainscot wood of your pew. You would not convert that snug seat into a confessional where you must beat your breast? It would look ugly, in church, to do so. You would not place moral pins of compunction in that wool-stuffed long cushion? You would not like to wriggle and shake your head, when to remain steady, with that imperturbable countenance, and that respectably serious air, suits you so much better? Through this unmoved position you run no risk of disarranging those spring-flowers in your bonnet, or ruffling those sweetly pretty ribbons, with which Madame Cerise, of New Bond-street, has, for the severities of church service, fortified you. And my friend, Mr. Josephus Baggs, so ready with your attendance at church, and the white cambric pocket-handkerchief which is so distinguished a feature in your Sunday turn-out, how if the clergyman were to deal too unthinkingly in rough ugly words, which should really bring some ripples of fear over your fine countenance, and start the congregation into thinking of something else besides that graceful and altogether astonishing air with which you stretch your fingers, or decline them, with an easy negligence, and three rings over the top rim of your pew—fingering the brass branch or upright gas lustre, perhaps:—how, we ask, in this temporary torment of the soul, could you preserve the Brennus-like sweep of those curls? or save your collar, and the fall, perhaps, over the shoulder, of that paletot, from utter and discreditable crookedness, nay, of a Truefitt kind of alarm? The very stone cherubs would flutter their winglets with a more ponderous flap at it. And Jessy, a few pews off, who you thought was admiring you, would squeeze, doubtless, her beautiful lips together, disconcerted and in vexation. No, these possible *contretemps* are to be taken account of. Peers and great people are not to be morally rumpled on Sunday, or made as free with as Thomas Canister or Jack Trowell; whose odious blue Sunday cloth and brass buttons, or checked neckerchief, nobody cares about, except, in a general way, to approve as neat and proper for that sort of people. I have thus glanced at the impolicy of preaching at other folk, distinctly to show that, although I am afraid I am myself constantly at it, still that I am not a whit the less impressed with its danger. But if a man's house is on fire, you do not usually take off your hat and make him a bow before you seize and plunge with him, for his extrication, out of the window and down a ladder.

The conceited man takes a whim into his head, very early, that there is something about him altogether adapted to attract female admiration. He can hardly tell what it is; but it is unquestionable.

He has had too many proofs of it. He was, at one time, disposed to disregard his claims, thinks he, in his own mind; but, now, in justice to himself, and especially as it is such capital amusement, he does not see why he should not give in, and not so rigorously harden and fossilize his heart. Blandishments will succeed even with the most iron natures. Bayard loved, doubtless; and all the most perfect men of old. Our vain friend's scowls, in his retirement, have been altogether tremendous, at the ill-treatment, by fate, of him: and though he has, every morning, gone punctually to his Bank at nine o'clock, and thrown off his cloak, behind his seat, regularly at a few minutes after ten at Somerset House, or at some nameless office—the “Red Tape and Despatch Envelope,” perhaps—further west, yet he cannot forget that his soul is elsewhere, and that his untamed and daring spirit feels his fetters. He knows he is out of place. He reads characters so like him in novels, and out of history. He challengeth emancipation from that unintellectual drudgery. And why should he? you innocently ask. Why? Because if *her* love is as burning and Etna-like as his own (of which he cannot doubt, since *HE* must be the object of it), he longs to throw himself and his fortune—an ebony ruler, three Bristol diamond shirt-studs, and one hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*, less the income-tax—at the feet of that beauty, with expectations, who, spite of her attempts to conceal it, could not resist an exhibition of her feelings as flattering to her own judgment as assuasive to the now seven-years'-full-blown self-opinion of Gustavus Greatrex, Esq.

Oh, the infinite shades, the sinuosities of men's vanity, when displayed, as they only can be, at an evening or a dinner party! These are the grand battle-grounds whereon are arrayed all your forces, ye believers in your own powers of fascination! Do you not imagine that we can see through all your little arts? Do you really think that all women—whether sensible or silly (for it really makes very little difference in their sharp sight whether they are very Cornelias of good sense or poor little humming-birds of simplicity; indeed, we rather believe that the silly ones are the quickest-sighted of the two)—do you, now, imagine that all women cannot take your measure, almost at a glance, and see how many yards of affectation, or of good solid stuff, go to the making up of your character? Women are not the believing creatures that man, in the condescension of his understanding, would deem. They know all about the battle of Thermopylæ better, perhaps, than you do yourself, and can tell you who Cardinal Ximenes was—and this is a stretch of knowledge, in modern times of information.

Coxcombry is in full feather at all the réunions of the two sexes—a natural distinction which was all very well in the good old times, but is now exploded. Men and women are now ladies and gentlemen. Ah! Theophilus Tomnoddy, do you think that I do not know how, as you ascended those stairs, your heart, if it did not beat, dilated, in the anticipation of that great terror of your powers, oratorical and personally pictorial, which was to accompany your

advent into the drawing-room? The very man-servant anticipated the success of the traitor in scaling that fortress. Jones was done for from that moment, and Robinson hid his diminished head. Did I not see wholesale lady-murder written in the corners of your eye, and in the point of that snowy cravat, which contrasted so gloriously with the jet of whiskers which a Paladin or a Peter the Great might have recurred to with complacency, even in the heat of battle, or when Orlando's own awful horn was sounding alarm? That pink muslin was assuredly moved on your account. The chaplet of amaranth, with the long ribbons hanging down behind, trembled visibly; and that young Gloriana, with the sweeping bands and the diamond brooch (if it was a diamond, and not something resembling it, like your own affected fashion), turned her eyes your way, and evidently said something very pointed in your favour, though you could not hear it, to the young miss who walked with her, who actually blushed as her look caught your conscious one—an ingenuous though silent acknowledgment of your handsome face or patrician air (which was it?). You will be merciful. You will not carry away more than half-a-dozen hearts. There shall be only three pairs of red eyes the next morning on your account, and no more than one refusal of a most eligible offer, wished for by papa, solely because that sweet female mind has been made rebellious by the remembrance of you. Really the demolition of damsels by this class of young gentlemen is something awful to contemplate.

In the intervals of the removal of the dishes at a dinner-table, how altogether extravagant are the takings-up and playings-out of tricks at that grand game of flirtation. You are assured that that newly-married lady who was placed by your side by your host at dinner, and whom you are inclined amiably to admire, has, several times, in the course of that interesting and beyond all question poetical conversation which you two have maintained—she with her head bent in her plate, and you whispering in her jewelled ear;—we say, that you know she has made comparisons in your favour over that crumpled husband of hers, who sits, all red face and fidget (being a City man), and white (literally in his case) *choker*, on the other side of the cloth. But these things must not be. You must teach women that you are naturally of a high and magnanimous soul, and defiant of your own advantages. Yea, verily, in your *embarras de richesses*, you are not disposed to let off more fireworks in your flirtations, than are likely to be perfectly safe so far as the impeccability of your gloves is concerned. Husbands are not all to be trusted in these respects. In fact, you covet the reputation, though you would not at all embrace the risks, of Don Giovanni:—the fifty swords at his breast, on the part of his guests, at his banquet, and the imperative Stone Man that stamps up the grand staircase uninvited, and will not be said nay to, included.

Seriously speaking, it is impossible to fathom the coldness and heartlessness of your thoroughly vain man. We have no belief in the full-blown coxcomb. We set him down as all flame upon the



surface—that is, when he has his sole passion to gratify, that of admiration—but with a lump of ice, that rattles in his hollow bosom, for a heart. Ah, my dear sisters, avoid this moral Vampire, and learn to value the unassuming and modest lover for that flame, which burneth so fiercely. Oh, unmitigable coquette! reject him not for the gaudy dragon-fly, with his self-assured buz. Be wise, O woman! in time. There are better things than jewels merely hung over the skeleton of passion. Avoid the thing as a spectre, with its mincing gait and its ill-disguised croak, that would assume devotion and simulate homage. *That* is the honest man, who in his human sympathies telleth you he hath a heart, beating in his bosom, if he boasts no other fortune. Is not a heart better than all the compliments, and all the contents of a whole tailor's shop—including the block itself!

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## MASONIC REMINISCENCES.

By Φωτοφιλος, P.M., L. 50, Dublin.

(Concluded from p. 718 of the *Masonic Mirror*.)

### CHAPTER XIV.—THE HAUNTED CASTLE.—THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HOME. — THE LETTER. — THE MASONIC SIGNET. — MARY'S REMONSTRANCE.

MINGLED sensations of awe, admiration, and not unpleasing melancholy, will be occasionally stirred up in the mind of the tourist, on beholding, in the midst of a calm sylvan scene, the scathed trunk of an aged tree blasted by the lightning; rearing its charred and withered form—like the evil genius of the place—in hideous contrast with the freshness and beauty around. Or, abruptly bursting from the bosom of a rich and lovely valley, a bleak and rocky hill will strike upon his view with sudden wonder, looking as if some gigantic Titan had escaped the wrath of Jove, and still with dark and rugged front defied the storms of heaven!

Even thus emerging from as green and beauteous a vale as the joyous sunbeams bless, may be seen for many a mile, by the admiring traveller, a precipitous and crag-crowned hill, upon whose topmost point stands a desolate ruin, known as “the haunted castle.”

The panoramic view from this ruin is such as the lover of natural beauty would delight to luxuriate upon. In front, a wild and dreary waste, dotted with huge naked crags, of grotesque shape, like petrified skeletons of a bygone world, slopes gently down to the lower valleys, rich in profuse cultivation, and the most picturesque loveliness; hill and dale, “rock and tree, and flowing water,” in the most exquisite combination, stretching away far as the eye could reach to meet the waves of the deep blue sea, whose spray was thrown back from the bold headland in such white and sparkling purity as would justify the poetic fancy in the notion—that of such was formed the



queen of beauty when she arose from the smiling ocean to vanquish hearts, and rule the world of love!

Behind, and only separated by a deep ravine or glen, through which rushed a rapid stream, arose a mountain range, whose sides, almost to the summit, were covered with trees of the most varied foliage, where beneath the shade roamed the wild deer, in all the pride of freedom and security; herds might be occasionally seen cropping the grass on the green knolls that skirted the extremity of the wood, now and again raising their graceful heads to gaze on the distant traveller, when the sound of the bugle or the rifle would send them bounding along the intricate but well known path, to their safe covert in the deep recesses of their forest home.

The ruin seemed, and was supposed to be, uninhabited, at least by any of human kind, but superstition peopled it with other tenants; and wonderful were the tales told of the various shapes assumed by the apparition of the haunted castle, and bold would be deemed the adventurer who should approach it after the revolving earth had hid the light of the bright and glowing sun, and darkness overspread the mountain.

It was confidently asserted in the neighbourhood, that beneath the ruin were extensive subterranean passages, communicating with other ruins on distant hills; this point, however, few felt disposed to investigate, as a legend ran, that some half a century before the period of which we write, a tourist, more bold than prudent, ventured to explore the mysterious caverns, and was never afterwards seen alive; his dead body having been found several miles down the stream of the river which flows through the adjoining glen. Yet such was the chosen home of Maurice De Courcy, the highwayman!

In this dark and dismal dwelling he found safety from pursuit, and shelter from the storms of the world with which he warred; thither would he wend his weary way after hours of toil and danger, and there, in that scene of gloomy horror, fit only for the incantations of some dark and fiendish sorcery, even there "was an eye that watched his coming, and looked brighter when he came," there awaited him the pure and faithful love, that shame, and guilt, and sorrow could not change, and the affection of Mary Butler burned fondly and brightly as when she yielded up her young heart to De Courcy, beneath the roof-tree of her happy home!

In one of these vaulted caverns, turned into a rude but comfortable chamber by the industry and ingenuity of De Courcy's, or rather Captain Starlight's (as he was called) band, sat, long past midnight, the weary highwayman and his lovely wife; their only child enjoying the repose of innocence and peace, calm and unconscious, as if in the proudest baronial castle, or surrounded by troops of watchful attendants; the mother, gazing on its angelic face with that look of anxious fondness which only a mother can bestow on the first pledge of consecrated love; the father, gazing on both alternately, with

mixed feelings of tenderness, and sorrow ; a loud whistle resounded through the hollow vaults, and startled Mary into an attitude of listening terror.

"Be not alarmed, Mary," said De Courcy, rising, "it is only Hugh, who has some gossip to relate from the village, whence, I suspect, he is but now returning ; I shall just see him and be back in a moment."

Maurice soon returned, with an anxious and excited look, holding a letter in his hands, on which he gazed with intense curiosity ; he recognized not the handwriting, but the seal seemed to concentrate his attention ; again and again he examined it, with deep emotion, then reverently applied it to his lips. Mary, seeing this, said with a sweet smile in which there mingled no fear nor doubt, "What, Maurice, a love letter to the gallant Captain Starlight ! and, on my truth, most gallantly acknowledged."

"Yes, my Mary, a letter truly awaking memories of love, behold it is the impress of the *square* and *compass*, it is my father's seal ; look here !" and he drew forth from his bosom a signet attached to a chain, curiously wrought by Mary, of her own rich brown hair ; "it is the *fac-simile* of *this*, that impressed the seal on that letter. Once in my boyish days I took a fancy to this signet, and asked my father if I might have it ; he said, 'Boy, you will but lose it, you know not the meaning of the device ; I hope you one day will, but till then it would not be right for you to use it.' I promised faithfully to keep it safe till then ; he gratified my boyish wish ; gave it to me, and had exactly such another made.

"You know, Mary, how fondly, how faithfully I cherish that gift, and though I still am ignorant of the meaning of the symbols, yet shall I treasure it to my dying hour ; and one of my last wishes will be that it may yet be worn by our boy, who will be more worthy of it than his father ; for, alas ! I despair of ever again seeing the day when I shall deem myself worthy of that much-coveted knowledge which alone would justify its use."

Maurice now proceeded with trembling care to open the mystic letter. His wife observed, as he silently perused it, how deeply he was affected by its contents ; the cold dew stood upon his forehead ; his broad chest heaved ; the pure recollections of early days fell upon his softened heart with thrilling tenderness ; tears gushed forth, and covering his face with his hands he groaned aloud.

In a moment she was by his side, her soft hand pressed his throbbing temples, and in that gentle pressure was a healing balm beyond the leech's art ; she poured "the sweet oblivious antidote" of her musical and soothing words upon his troubled spirit ; the storm of his soul was hushed, and the highwayman became calm as his sleeping child !

He handed the letter to Mary, saying, "I know you'll ask me to accept this good man's offer, but I feel it is impossible ; how can I desert those poor fellows who have risked everything to follow me ; who have shown faith and truth often sought in vain among those

who follow what the world deems a worthier calling, and more virtuous pursuits."

Having read the letter, Mary calmly seated herself by her husband's side, and placing her hand in his, said, "Maurice, ever since our tiny hands entwined in infancy's free sports, and long ere our young hearts knew aught of love, save such as binds a fond brother to his favourite sister, your will to me was law; your wildest wish found quick response in my devoted heart. As we grew up in years, and in affection, I still was happy to wear the willing chains of sweet submission to your riper judgment; when in the paroxysm of bleeding pride, in the burning consciousness of crushed innocence you vowed to lead this life of lawless freedom, and vainly hoped to wrest from unjust rulers the rusted sword of justice, and make it pure again, so that it should fall upon the neck of the wrong doer, and on his alone—to blot out crime, to distribute fortune's goods more evenly, and indulged other feverish dreams, which a moment's calm reflection served to dissipate; did I in those wild moments try to stem the fierce tide that swelled your bursting heart.

"Oh! no, my thoughts were still the counterpart of yours; without a murmur, I resolved to follow you through chance and change, and though but feeble woman, I feel that with you by my side, I could, without a sigh or tear, bow down my neck to death, and my fondest hope would be, that we should meet again in some bright sphere where fadeless truth could give more perfect and unending proof of constancy and love.

"Hitherto I have allowed my deeds to speak my feelings, and think not, Maurice, I boast now, if for the first time I tell how much I love and fear, not for myself, but for our lovely boy. Are the sombre echoes of this dreary dungeon the fitting answers to his merry laugh? Is this the school in which to educate the hope of two proud ancient houses? How weakly must we both have utterly forgotten the heart-consoling lessons of our youth. Let your thoughts run back with me, when in the old ivied church, we, side by side, read from the same book the words of holy prayer, and heard from pure and pious lips the hopeful promises to fallen man revealed; how sweetly fell upon our ears, and sunk into our hearts, the Divine commands, that we should love each other; that vengeance was God's alone, who, in his own good time, would raise the righteous and do justice to the wronged.

"I feel that for us this blessed time is come. I hail the sacred symbols on that seal as the harbingers of glad tidings, for I too am a Mason's child. I look on this Masonic letter as the instrument of God's providence in our behalf; it seems a message from our fathers' tombs, addressed to us through the medium of that ancient order they so much loved, and which they knew we revered, next to our pure and holy faith, as the greatest power for good that man can wield.

"Let us then accept the happy omen, and fly from this abode of misery; there are other green and sunny lands where a De Courcy

may yet win fame and honour. There is no blood, thank Heaven! on your hands; and for the social wrongs you have done, ample restitution can be made. Wash out the stain by a life of worthy deeds; I am a soldier's daughter, and could be a soldier's wife. Dear to me as my own heart is this fair island, where moulder the ashes of my glorious fathers; and one of the last dying thoughts of my failing memory would be a prayer for its happiness and peace. 'But wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;' fly then, 'east or west, I care not whither, so thou art safe, and I with thee.'

"The avenging arm of God's retributive justice has fallen on those vile men through whom you innocently suffered; they are gone to their account; let their deeds be forgotten, and turn your thoughts to brighter hopes of happiness to come."

The wife's arguments prevailed, added to the following words in the colonel's letter:—

"MAURICE DE COURCY,

"Start not that I know your name: I am fully acquainted with your sad history, your wrongs, and sufferings; but I trust reflection has long ere this convinced you that they do not justify the madness of your present life. Could a De Courcy find no nobler outlet for insulted pride than to become a robber on his native hills, and within view, too, of those old halls where his forefathers revelled in all the pomp and pride of princes?

"I address you as the erring son of a Brother Mason, bound to me by ties as strong and dear as any blood or kin can bind, in the hope of winning you from your present lawless life, to the glorious path which leads to fame and honour. I have strong interest at a foreign court, whose gallant army is now in the field, where the daring qualities which you possess, unless your race's blood has become degenerate in your veins, will win a just reward; safe-conduct and ample means you shall have, together with such letters as I should give my own most favoured child. Let me entreat you, then, to accept this tribute to a brother's memory, and blot out this stain of youthful pride and passion in deeds of valour worthy of your name.

"The seal which will impress the Mason's symbols on this letter was once your father's, and was lent to me for this purpose by the good pious man who related to me your eventful history, and to whom it was bequeathed as a token of fraternal love! Let me appeal to you by all the memories which this circumstance should awaken, not to reject my offer; yield to the influence of that Order which you know your father loved; I trust that Heaven will guide you to the right, and believe me, as your father's brother, your own sincere and anxious friend,

"H. B."

Having secured retreat for his followers, Maurice himself departed; the last of a class now happily extinct in many of which was found frequently blended the most reckless courage, and



the gentlest courtesy, with the most eccentric humour. We remember reading a case in which this last trait was manifested by one of this order at a most grave and solemn moment; on a trial for the highway robbery of a banker, on whose firm at the time of the robbery there happened to be "a run," and whose notes were in such disrepute as not to pass current. After conviction, the highwayman was asked in the usual form, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, and concluded a clever rambling speech with the following witty commentary on the banker's evidence:—"My Lord, with regard to the testimony of Mr. — I submit that his baseness and ingratitude should disentitle him to credit in this court, for upon his own showing, *I did him the favour to take his notes, when nobody else would.*"

De Courcy reached the foreign capital with his faithful Mary, presented his letters, received his commission, and was at once despatched to the seat of war. During several campaigns he went on winning fame and promotion on every field; wherever the red flag of war was unfurled, there, in the front rank, flashed the sword of De Courcy; and though he volunteered for every dangerous enterprise and forlorn hope, yet as if he possessed a charmed life he still escaped without a fatal wound. Before the close of the war he had attained the highest rank in his profession; when peace was proclaimed he was appointed aide-de-camp to the royal master whom he so well served, and soon after received a handsome pension and a title; his true and noble wife, too, became attached to the court, where he frequently related the history of his life, and both became objects of the deepest interest.

In his elevation he forgot not his benefactor, with whom he regularly corresponded, and to whom he sent a valuable sword, won from a gallant foeman, richly ornamented with Masonic emblems in precious stones; he made the fullest restitution in his power to all who had suffered during his career of knight-errantry; until he, at last, felt justified in seeking admission to the order of Freemasonry, and the night he was raised to the Sublime Degree, he declared he felt prouder of that peaceful honour than of all the distinctions his sword had won. He lived the life of a true Mason, cherished its principles, aided its charities, HE ENCOURAGED ALL THOSE WHO LABOURED IN THE VINEYARD OF ITS LITERATURE, and the quickest passport to his house and heart was to be a member of the Masonic Order.

We take leave of De Courcy, wishing all to avoid his follies and his errors, and to imitate only his virtues; and to each true Brother, we can offer no better wish, than that his wife, sister, or daughter, may prove as fond, faithful, tender, and wise as the true and gentle wife of De Courcy.

Phil Simpson blundered on through life after his own silly fashion, the butt of all practical jokers, the unfortunate victim of parental indulgence and defective education; his wife also dragged on an unhappy, monotonous existence, sacrificed by the bad example of her *roué* father, and a defective, as well as improper education. The

profligate lord died of consumption, in disgraceful exile, the victim of disease.

#### CONCLUSION.

The *fantoccini*, whose strings we've been pulling for the amusement and instruction of our readers, have been placed before them for the purpose of showing the evil results flowing from bad culture, as well as the great good to be effected by the practice of the true principle of Masonry, the chief ends and objects of which we deem to be the *elevation of the moral feelings*, the *cultivation of the intellect*, and *the exercise of benevolence*. Our end will have been attained, if but one Brother or sister, or others having the responsibility of training up the future men and women of this great empire, shall avoid the errors which brought such contempt on silly Phil and his wretched wife, by bending the young twigs in time, so that when they grow into goodly trees they shall "incline" to truth, virtue, and knowledge, and become wise and useful citizens, in every sphere of life.

To the Brotherhood in general, we would point out, as a pattern for imitation, the example of the generous Colonel B., who never lost an opportunity of doing good, in the hope that they, like him, may earn the consolation of leading back to the paths of virtue and honour some generous spirit, led astray by pride or passion, like poor De Courcy, or of saving from sin and sorrow, by their fostering care and genuine charity, the sorely-tempted child of pining misery.

A MASON'S CHARITY.—"The universal charity of a Mason is like the charity of the Mason's God, and his God is the God of Love. Within the Compass of his mind, he measures and draws the Square of his conduct; and within that Square, having honestly provided for his own household, he forms his little angles of benevolence and charity to the distressed of all communities. He visits the fatherless and the widow, not out of idle curiosity, to know the extremity of distress, but, from the impulse of a loving heart, to cherish and to relieve. He searches out the secret and concealed cottages of distress; pours the balm; and oil, and wine of consolation into the bosom of sorrow, affliction, and misery; and through the influence of the love of God and of his brother, he thus keeps himself unspotted from the evil of the world. This is true Masonry; this is true religion; and the conduct of every true Mason.

"Masonic charity is the charity of the heart; he thinks no evil of his brother, he cherishes no designs against him. His charity is upon the tongue also; he speaks no evil; bears no false witness; defames no character; blasts no reputation; he knows that to take away a good name is to commit an evil, the damage of which no wealth can repay; it is of more value than great riches,—rubies cannot repurchase it,—the gold of Ophir cannot gild it again to its original beauty. It is the charity of the hand also; he anticipates his brother's wants, nor forces him to the pain of petition; he enters the house of woe, and there finds the mouth he ought to feed, the sickness he ought to cure, and perhaps also the very mind he ought to instruct before it can be fitted for an eternal world. Thus the heart, the tongue, the hand, of the really Free and Accepted Masons, are warmly engaged and diligently exercised in all those grand principles of the Royal Order, which render it in its nature and effects like the Order of that amiable band, whose love to each other so forcibly convinced their adversaries, as to draw from them that honourable acclamation—'See how these Christians love!'"—From Cliver on *Masonry*, pp. 393—395.

## TIME AND HIS BAG.

## A CANTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

SWEETLY were the church-bells ringing through the frosty midnight air,  
For the new year a deep blessing, for the passing year a prayer ;  
As old Time with trembling footstep, in his priestly garments white,  
Bore his dead one to her burial, 'neath the solemn tears of night.

And I watched him—meek, submissive, lay her down with whispered sigh,  
By that one who gave her being, veiled and grand Eternity ;  
But the mourner's tears fell thickly on that seared and marble brow,  
As he murmured, " I received her pure, but oh, how sullied now ! "

Much I mourned to see the sorrow of that old man's breaking heart,  
And reflected on the misery bound up in the words—to part ;  
Scarce seven days had gone by since I saw him in his Christmas glee,  
And how hearty and how joyous did the old man seem to be !

He had wreathed around her forehead who that night had passed away,  
Leaves in shining richness, emblems of a merry winter day ;  
And his deep tones low and solemn on my wounded spirit fell,  
Seeming of past mystery buried, with a godlike voice to tell.

" Often from my store I've brought thee brilliant smiles and bitter tears,  
And the dark experience hidden in the mass of human years ;  
Mark then well, what with the gifts of others came last year from thee,  
To fill up the burdened satchel which I ever bear by me.

" These are sins, long since forgotten, some no error thou hast deemed,  
Scarce a shadow in thine eyesight have these same transgressions seemed ;  
Yet I'd bring thee what thou wouldest tremble, mortal, to review,  
On them angel's tears are resting, thick as Autumn's evening dew.

" Hopes here lie, around them folded shrouds of anguish and of grief,  
Scarcely born, Death claimed their freshness, and their precious smiles were brief ;  
Blessed were they amidst life's sorrows, but perchance woe's burning pile,  
Lit upon the heart's high beacon, kept away a greater toil.

" And I've folded, oh ! how fondly, priceless memory of those,  
Who have fought and won their requiem on the swords of England's foes ;  
I have watched firesides deserted, and have felt death lay his head,  
Wearied on my aching bosom, where the destroying angel fled.

" Thoughts will to old haunts deserted idly wander back once more,  
Where they played in childhood's beauty, who now tread a foreign shore ;  
With what love I viewed the rosy infant at his mother's breast,  
Child no more, the martial chieftain takes the warrior's dreamless rest.

" Hark ! from yon old belfry gladly bears the wind those sounds along,  
How mysterious, though familiar, falls upon my heart their song ;  
As I hear the feeble chanting of the Past's sepulchral voice,  
Mingling with the New Year's carol, calling all men to rejoice.

" Strangely do they sound together,—'tis like wedding joy and woe,  
Yet how oft have I united grief and hope in earliest glow !  
I must quit thee : may my words when seeking through life's mists to peer,  
Sound like fog-bells, ever warning with their tones so loud and clear."

EMILIE M.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

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[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.]

*The Spirit of the Holly.* By MRS. O. F. OWEN. London: Routledge and Co.—This beautiful Christmas and New-Year's story is founded on an ancient legend relative to the influence of spirits upon a house during the interval between Christmas-eve and Candlemas. The tale is decidedly superior to any production of the kind we have of late years read, and we concur in the opinion of our brethren of the press, that for exquisite pathos and graphic feminine power in weaving scenes of real life with a tissue of imagination, no production has appeared equal to it since Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story." We cannot do better than corroborate the sentiment expressed by our clever contemporary the "Critic," which pronounces it to be "A true Christmas tale; the time, the place, the theme, the tone of cheerful piety, are all of Christmas. It tells of the trials and triumphs of love, wrought by the agency of the spirit of the holly,—affections revived, peace restored, in a household where sorrow and suffering had abounded before." The authoress stands justly high in the rank of our modern writers, and in this little work exhibits a rare union of intellect and feeling. We may add that the illustrations are by the newly-discovered Anastatic process, from the beautiful designs of the Rev. G. L. Johnstone, whose indefatigable labours amongst his parishioners of Kew, by whom he is universally and justly beloved, find refreshment in the graceful exercise of a consummate talent for pictorial delineation. We cordially commend the little book to all who wish to recall to age the passages of past joy, and to rivet on the attention of the young, lasting lessons of how to make home happy.

*The Keepsake for 1856.* Edited by MISS POWER. London: Bogue.—This relic of former drawing-room cloth-of-gold denizens is truly "the last rose of summer left blooming alone," but we are bound to say it blooms still. The engravings are of a mingled character; that of the Duchess of Argyle is good, though strangely redolent of that word which, according to Johnson, can alone express the Scotch, namely, "pawky." The handsome face cannot obliterate the hard national lines of character and feature. We should not think her grace's voice was "soft and low—an excellent thing in woman." The "Warning," "Helen," and indeed most of the pictures, are but mediocre, but the "Valentine" is an elegant and tasteful little sketch. Many of the contributions are rather limpid, with the exception of that by Mrs. E. W. Cox, which is decidedly clever.



Mrs. Grenville Murray's "Pride and Principle," and Mrs. O. F. Owen's "Fatalities," which story, from a singular Russian legend, maintains the reader's interest from beginning to the end. Mrs. Abdy's lines are, of course, excellent. That lady cannot write a bad one, if she tried; but we miss one of her usual stories. What a relief it would have been, instead of the awful trash of Albert Smith's "Bedfordia." Le Chevalier de Chatelain's translation of "Auld Robin Gray" is as good as a translation can be, and we like Miss O'Hara's "Return." By the way, the Rev. Octavius F. Owen was "in the vein" when he wrote his stinging verses on society, entitled "Vulcan and Momus, or the Glass Shutter," in the "Keepsake," where they serve the same purpose as vinegar and mustard to otherwise tame salad or vapid cold beef. The lines run treacherously easy, and we enjoy their bitter wit, until suddenly the joke turns upon ourselves, and their severe truth forces us to laugh "the wrong side of our mouths."

*The Alpha.* By E. DENNYS. London: Clarke, Paternoster-row.—To deny singular genius to this extraordinary and erroneous book would be absurd, but, though the product of a powerful mind, it is by no means the offspring of a sound perception. Like Carlyle's pamphlets, it amuses but does not remedy, but, more metaphysical, it touches upon abstruse and subtle truths, to which it conjoins utter fallacies. As logicians, it is astonishing how easily we may detect the error of the author's conclusions, although asserted with all the daring dogmatism which characterizes the usual clap-trap of such productions. The mistake is—first, in the want of clear definition of terms, the latter being hurled about almost like fire-brands by madmen in sport; next, the instant we test any argument by syllogistic rule we discover "an illicit process," or false introduction of an extraneous point. To go deeper into the author's book, we tell him boldly that we understand the spirit he is of, better than he does himself, that there is no new discovery in his book, but that all his *pseudo*-novelties are only old Joes in a fresh dress; he is hurling another wave at the imperturbable code of religion, which it dashes against, but cannot affect, and that, if he will take our counsel, he will be cautious as of his very life, not to endeavour to shake the faith of the weak believer by crude theories of his own imperfect acquaintance with the truth, nor rob the poor traveller to another world of what, if taken from him, makes him poor indeed! Religion is a spiritual life, to be felt and to be prayed for, not a mutable invention nor a man's device. With the heart man believes unto righteousness, but the world, by fleshly wisdom, will never know God. If ever, therefore, a person err from the truth, the cause of the evil must be looked for in the will, in the heart; and the reason men do not accept the evidences of truth is because they endeavour to "find out the Almighty" by their own fallacious and puny understanding, instead of praying for Divine illumination, that they may wish to come to Christ "and have life."

*The Song of Hiawatha.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London: Bogue.—The appearance of this new poem from the pen which has won a world-wide reputation, and belongs, *par eminence*, to the poet of the age, was certain to be hailed with excitement and enthusiasm. Strange to say, however, when the question, What do you think of “Hiawatha?” is asked, the response is by no means unfrequently, “I began, but did not go through it.” This speaks volumes. That Longfellow can write anything bad is impossible; but it is equally certain he can produce a poem very inferior to his other works, and so unworthy the renown of some of them, that his admirers will perhaps regret it was ever given to the world.

The name is an inauspicious one;—Americo-Indian legends, accompanied by the sometimes sweet, sometimes antipoetical sobriquets attached to the characters, have had their day; and there would be, from more than one cause, a degree of latent prejudice to the subject in many minds, and this the poem is too mediocre (speaking relatively) to remove upon perusal. Yet all traditions must be interesting where we can trace the connection with the mythological, as well as revealed history of the old world; and this is clearly visible in the present volume. But Longfellow is here sometimes tame and occasionally wordy; a fault we never would have predicted of an author whose lines have been hitherto so many pregnant harmonies, instinct with thought and power, as well as beauty.

With the legends themselves we will not meddle, merely observing, the “Song of Hiawatha” has a melancholy ending, the pathos and gracefulness of which impress the reader forcibly. The Indian David can destroy the mighty Philistine of *Fever*, but fails to snatch his beautiful “Minnehaha” (*Anglicè*, “Laughing Water”) from the not less terrible gripe of *Famine*. We extract this passage at length, premising only that Hiawatha is supposed to be rushing frantically through the thick woods, in the desperate hope of finding the food for want of which his wife is expiring:—

All day long roved Hiawatha  
In that melancholy forest,  
Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
In the pleasant days of Summer,  
Of that ne’er forgotten Summer,  
He had brought his young wife homeward  
From the land of the Dacotahs;  
When the birds sang in the thickets,  
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
And the air was full of fragrance,  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Said with voice that did not tremble,  
“I will follow you, my husband?”

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,  
With the famine and the fever,  
She was lying, the beloved,  
She, the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
Standing lonely at his doorway,  
Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
In the land of the Dacotahs!"  
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
"'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon me in the darkness,  
I can feel his icy fingers  
Clasping mine amid the darkness!  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Then he sat down still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
As if in a swoon he sat there,  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,  
In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;  
Clothed in her richest garments,  
Wrapped in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“Farewell!” said he, “Minnehaha!  
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!  
 All my heart is buried with you,  
 All my thoughts go onward with you,  
 Come not back again to labour,  
 Come not back again to suffer,  
 Where the Famine and the Fever  
 Wear the heart and waste the body.  
 Soon my task will be completed,  
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
 To the Islands of the Blessed,  
 To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
 To the Land of the Hereafter!”

*Plausible Prate, or the Adventures of an Insurance Agent.* By NED OF CHESTER. Blackwood and Co., Paternoster Row.—With the exception of Thackeray, we believe, no author of any repute has yet ventured upon the wide domain which Life Assurance presents for the development of the good and evil parts of human nature, and therefore the theme in the hands of one skilled in the science is an excellent one. In the work now under our notice, the schemes of the designing “Montague Tiggs,” of the day, and its mushroom societies, are hit off in an able and racy manner, which cannot but have a salutary effect upon the public mind; and the Assurance World of the Metropolis should, in our opinion, be grateful to the author for the clever manner in which he has endeavoured to prevent the public from being deluded and robbed when fulfilling one of the most sacred duties of society. The work is elegantly illustrated, and deserves a more than ordinary attentive perusal.

*Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day.* By EDMOND ABOUT. Constable & Co.—This volume, the ninth of Constable’s valuable “Miscellany of Foreign Literature,” is full of interest and animation, and abounds in lively anecdotes. It more than confirms all that we have heard of the modern Greeks. While relapsing into comparative barbarism, they have lost most of the virtues of civilized life without gaining those of the savage. The following little anecdote will show the difficulty of founding an aristocracy:—

“When a minister passes through the Hermes-street on his way to the palace, the grocer or barber readily calls out to him, ‘Ho, my poor friend! how badly you are governing us!’ The minister answers, ‘It is easy to see that you do not hold the handle of the frying-pan.’”

*The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol.* By Lieut.-Colonel E. BRUCE HAMLEY, R.A. Blackwood and Sons.—This is a prettily illustrated reprint of those spirited papers which have already attracted so much attention in the pages of *Blackwood’s Magazine*. In their collected form they are an invaluable history of one of the most remarkable sieges of modern times; and as far as warlike operations are concerned, more trustworthy and more graphic than Mr. Russell’s Letters. Our space only permits us to annex a description of

“INKERMANN AFTER THE BATTLE.

“A glance at any part of the ground showed the slaughter to be immense. A



few of the enemy were dead within our lines; along the whole front of the position they lay in the coppice. Every bush hid a dead man, and in some places small groups lay heaped. In a spot which might have been covered by a common bell-tent, I saw lying four Englishmen and seven Russians. All the field was strewn; but the space in front of the two-gun battery, where the Guards fought, bore terrible pre-eminence in slaughter. The sides of the hill, up to and around the battery, were literally heaped with bodies. It was painful to see the noble Guardsmen, with their large forms and fine faces, lying amidst the dogged, low-browed Russians. One Guardsman lay in advance of the battery on his back, with his arms raised in the very act of thrusting with the bayonet; he had been killed by a bullet entering through the right eye. His coat was open, and I read his name on the Guernsey frock underneath—an odd name—'Mustow.' While I was wondering why his arms had not obeyed the laws of gravity, and fallen by his side when he fell dead, a Guardsman came up and told me he had seen Mustow rush out of the battery and charge with the bayonet, with which he was thrusting at two or three of the enemy when he was shot. In their last charges, the Russians must have trodden at every step on the bodies of their comrades. In the bushes all around wounded men were groaning in such numbers, that some lay two days before their turn came to be carried away. I passed a Russian with a broken leg, whom some scoundrel had stripped to his shirt, and calling a soldier who was passing, desired him to take a coat from a dead man and put it on the unfortunate creature; at the same time directing the attention of a party of men collecting the wounded to the place where he lay. Passing the same spot next day, I saw the Russian lying motionless with his eyes closed, and told a French soldier who was near to see if he was dead; the Frenchman, strolling up with his hands in his pockets, pushed his foot against the Russian's head; the stiffened body moved altogether like a piece of wood, and the soldier with a shrug and one word '*mort*,' passed on. Large trenches were dug on the ground for the dead; the Russians lay apart; the French and English were ranged side by side. Few sights can be imagined more strange and sad in their ghastliness than that of dead men lying in ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with upturned faces, and limbs composed, except where some stiffened arm and hand remain pointing upward. The faces and hands of the slain assume, immediately after death, the appearance of wax or clay: the lips parting show the teeth; the hair and moustache become frouzy, and the body of him who, half an hour before, was a smart soldier, wears a soiled and faded aspect.

"Down the ravine along which the Woronzoff-road runs to the valley, the dead horses were dragged and lay in rows; the English artillery alone lost eighty. The ravine, like all those channelling the plains, is wild and barren; the sides have been cut down steeply for the sake of the limestone, which lies close to the surface, in beds of remarkable thickness. A lime-kiln, about ten feet square, built into the side of the hill, afforded a ready-made sepulchre for the enemy left on this part of the field, and was filled with bodies to the top, on which a layer of earth was then thrown."

#### PAMPHLETS.

We have received from India the copy of a

*Sermon preached in Christ Church, Mussoorie, before the Officers and Brethren of Lodge "Dalhousie," No. 922, of Mussoorie and Delira.* By the Rev. and V.W. Bro. T. C. SMYTH. Agra.—One of the most masterly defences of Masonry against its opponents we have ever read. It places the Craft in its proper position as an aider and abettor of that highest of all principles, Christian love, and the whole sermon is replete with vigorous thought and irrefragable argument. Some very common yet striking questions of conscience, relative to Masonry, receive here, in an appendix, a satisfactory and

sensible solution. We heartily commend the work, and thank our V.W. Brother, the author, for sending it to us from so great a distance.

*"Freemasonry in its True Aspect ;" a Sermon preached at Newport, Monmouthshire, upon the occasion of laying the Foundation-stone of the Silurian Lodge.* By the Rev. G. ROBERTS, P.G.C. for Monmouthshire. London: Spencer, 314, High Holborn.—An excellent discourse, though brief, upon Masonic Symbolism ;—the best proof we can give of its value is by expressing our regret at its brevity. It is eloquent, and, in its reasoning, conclusive.

*"A Friend and a Brother ;" a Sermon preached before the Prov. Grand Lodge of Staffordshire, at Stoke-upon-Trent.* By the Rev. W. H. WRIGHT. London: Spencer.—This discourse touches on mutual love and philanthropy, founded on love to God. It is simple, touching, and practical.

\* \* We have received from one of our respected publishers, Bro. Spencer, some sheets of a book about to issue, entitled "The Book of the Lodge," and from its pages, replete with sound Masonic instruction and excellent rules of conduct, we shall frequently quote. The different divisions of the work, so far as we have obtained them, are valuable indeed; that on discipline, including the century of aphorisms, particularly strikes us. When published, let no Mason, whether experienced or newly initiated, be without it; it is a very text-book of Craft morality, history, and practice.

*A History of the Warrant of the Humber Lodge, No. 65,* arranged by BRO. P. M. S. COLTMAN SMITH, P.G.R. Hull: Goddard and Lancaster.—The fact that so eminent a Mason has given such labour to the comparatively restricted interest of one Lodge's history, proves the existence of many remarkable features about it; and if any Brother obtain a copy of this little work he will find it worth his perusal, and productive of interest and instruction. The genial, intelligent spirit of the author attracts us very favourably.

*A Light for the Pipe of Peace, or a Word to John Bull from one of his Calves.* By VITULUS. London: W. Arphorpe.—This little brochure, in praise of Lord Grey's speech upon the peace question, though not in accordance with the general feeling of the day, which justly tells us, in Shaksperian language, "to beware of sudden quarrel, but being in, to bear it, that our opponents may beware of us," tells John Bull some home truths, in a severe and talented manner. We admit that so far as *our* politics are concerned we should be most discontented at the notion of a peace, without not only a fair guarantee for its security, but also a good indemnity for the pecuniary expenses the war has put us to. But as regards the croaking cant about Russian encroachment, the malice of our enemies, and the war being for civilization, we cannot but admit that England has been in her conquests as encroaching as any; nor with India, China, and Turkey staring us in

the face (not forgetting Navarino), can we differ from the author that our pharisaical cry-out against aggression is only mealy-mouthed humbug—

“For, be it understood,  
“Each land would be a tyrant—if it could.”

### MUSIC.

*Ring out, Wild Bells.* A Song of the New Year. Written by ALFRED TENNYSON. Composed by ELLEN ATKINSON. Chappell. We hope the laureate is pleased with the composition his lines have evoked. He may fairly be so, for the authoress's thoughts flow musically and agreeably. Her song, from appropriateness as well as merit, will command an extensive popularity; and some purchasers will doubtless find even more of the second qualification in the melody than the verses to which it is united.

*The New Scottish Schottische.* By FRANCIS DE YRIGOYTE. R. Temple, Church Street, Edgeware Road. This, like the author's former composition, the *Great Nugget Polka*, deserves to find a place in every young lady's portfolio who desires to increase, as well as enjoy, the resources of the friendly ball-room she hurries to, with beating heart and nimble feet. The Schottische is essentially *dansante*, and as a proof of popularity will probably be upon all the street organs before many weeks are over.

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### NOTES AND QUERIES.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—In answer to your correspondent “P.” I would suggest that the name “Cole Abbey,” might be the same as “Cold Harbour,”—on which name a very good paper was read before the “Bucks Architectural and Archæological Society,” which is published in the “Records of Buckinghamshire,” No. 3, price 2s. Pickburn, Aylesbury; and J. H. Parker, Oxford and London,

Dec. 22nd, 1855.

Believe me, yours fraternally,  
861.

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“MASONRY is one of the most sublime and perfect institutions that ever was formed for the advancement of happiness and general good to mankind; creating, in all its varieties, universal benevolence and brotherly love. It teaches us those useful, wise, and instructive doctrines, upon which alone true happiness is founded, and at the same time affords those easy paths by which to attain the rewards of virtue; it teaches us the duties which we owe to our neighbour, never to injure him in any one situation, but to conduct ourselves with justice and impartiality; it bids us not to divulge the mystery to the public, and it orders us to be true to our trust, to be above all meanness and dissimulation, and in all our avocations to perform religiously that which we ought to do.”—H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.—From Oliver on *Masonry*, p. 398.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—The last number of the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine* gave very great satisfaction to many who have a long time had much cause to complain; but will you allow me to draw your attention to the fact, that the evils you so justly reprobate are unfortunately not confined to the Grand Lodge, but private Lodges are seriously injured by similar pestiferous influences.

You will no doubt agree with me, that it is much more pleasant to praise than to-blame; still to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, is not the part of a true lover of our noble Craft.

One of the most direful evils under which a Lodge can labour is the existence of a clique. A few members constitute themselves managers of the Lodge, and to “manage the Lodge,” means to have everything their own way, without consulting any but their own party, or caring if the Brethren generally like their measures or not; and by degrees this clique obtains so much power and influence, that no one dares venture to oppose them. And if a Brother, with more spirit than the rest, is bold enough to express an opinion differing from what they have determined on out of Lodge, or ask a question, or make a suggestion, he is either threatened that he shall not be put into office unless he is quiet, or told he is interfering, and browbeaten; and without he becomes a parasite and sycophant, and thus gets in favour with the clique, he may as well “love some bright particular star, and hope to wed it,” as hope to be put into office, however well qualified he may be, or whatever Masonic claims he may have; indeed, to be a good worker is considered a positive disqualification, for such an one is not likely to be led by the nose easily enough. To such I would say, persevere in your noble efforts to emancipate your Lodge from the thralldom of tyranny, stand up fearlessly and firmly for liberty and independence, and if your exertions are not appreciated by your brethren, you will have the satisfaction of feeling you have done your duty.—I am, dear Sir and Brother,

Fraternally yours,

December, 12, 1855.

M. M.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I much regret to say, that Bro. Blake, whose part against the Board of G. P. you were so kind as to take, died the night before last. It is the general opinion that, if this anxiety did not actually kill him, it greatly helped it. You will receive shortly, I believe, an obituary notice; I hope you will add some remarks in a leading article.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

Oxford, Dec. 21, 1855.

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[One of the most worthy, straightforward, and exemplary Masons, or men, who have either shed an honour on the Craft, by upright character, or delivered “the plain unvarnished tale” of warm-hearted sincerity, by practical development of the social virtues, has passed away! The return for his long devo-



tion to Masonry has been "suspension," because he would not falsify his honour, by replying to questions (*we have seen them*) which stamp with indelible censure those who devised them. Unfortunately, his sensitive heart regarded that "suspension" as a disgrace, which, inflicted for such a reason, should justly have been deemed an honour. Ingratitude, "sharper than a serpent's tooth:" "more keen than traitor's sword, quite vanquished him;" the blow given, in payment for long and faithful service, by the fraternity (No! Heaven forbid that we should confound the Craft with a clique!) crushed him by meanness and injustice, and one of the worthiest of our Order is known in his place no more! Peace and reverence be to him! Our acquaintance with him was the growth of many years, and we feel we echo the feeling of Oxford, when we say that Bro. Blake has left his memory to the admiration, and his persecutors to the contempt and animadversion, of all good men.—Ed. F.M. and M.M.]

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It may be in your recollection that, some months since, it was proposed in Grand Lodge to publish a small pocket edition of the "Book of Constitutions." This proposition was carried by an overwhelming majority, and I have, in common with my Brethren, looked anxiously for this long promised edition, feeling confident that it will prove of the most essential service to the Craft. I trust the delay is not on account of the influence of any of the minority, some of whom are known to revel in the "purple," as such proceeding would be treating the large majority with, not only disrespect, but contempt.

I hope you will call the attention of the "powers that be" to that great desideratum, a pocket edition of the "Book of Constitutions."

I am yours fraternally,

ENQUIRER.

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BONAPARTE FAMILY.—There is no fable in all the *Arabian Nights* apparently more fabulous than the story of the Bonaparte family. That this romance has, however, realized itself in the quiet, sober days of our modern era, must be regarded as a great fact in history, and as a piece of great good fortune. The history of humanity, clogged with political precedent and paralysed by bureaus and red tape, has thereby been shaken with earthquake force into fresh activity, and flushed with new life, and man has been shown to be stronger than a supposed political necessity. Human power and human passion have been freed from the spell under which the traditional limitations of rank had bound them, and it has been proved that the individual, though born among the dust, may become anything and everything, because men are equal. That the history of the Bonapartes should appear fabulous is the fault of the mediæval tinge that still attaches to our ideas of life, and of the received notions as to the impassable barriers interposed by social difference. Napoleon is the political Faust. His historical greatness does not lie in his battles, but in his revolutionary nature. He overthrew the political gods of tradition. The history of this predestined man is therefore very simple, human, and natural, but it cannot yet be written.—*Wanderings in Corsica.*

## THE MASONIC MIRROR.

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### THE MARK DEGREE.

It will be seen from our Report of the proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Scotland, published in another page, that it has been resolved to issue warrants for the holding of Mark Lodges in those countries where the degree is not acknowledged. By this means all disputes as to the legality or illegality of Mark Lodges may be easily and amicably settled, and those Brethren who (either being Mark Masons or desiring to be so) have conscientiously abstained from joining Mark Masons' Lodges in England, be brought in union with each other, should the Grand Lodge of England not acknowledge the Order as a portion of Ancient Masonry. As, however, the question is now under the consideration of a Joint Committee of the Board of General Purposes and the Grand Chapter of England, we would advise that no steps should be taken to form Mark Lodges until after the delivery of their report, which we believe may be expected at the Grand Lodge Communication in March.

### UNITED GRAND LODGE.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *December 5, 1855.*

THE quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of England was held in the Temple attached to the Hall on the 5th December. The M.W.G.M. not being present, the Lodge was presided over by the R.W. Bro. Alexander Dobie, Prov. G.M. for Surrey, and G. Reg. There were also present the R.W. Bro. Samuel Rawson, Prov. G.M. for China, who officiated as D.G.M.; the R.W. Bro. C. P. Cooper, Prov. G.M. for Kent; the R.W. Bro. A. Kent, Prov. G.M. for South Australia; the R.W. Bro. R. J. Bagshaw, Prov. G.M. for Essex; the V.W. Bro. Prescott as S.G.W.; the V.W. Bro. Smith, as J.G.W.; the V.W. Bro. S. Tomkins, G. Treas.; Rev. E. Moore, G. Chap; Chas. Elkington, G.S.B.; L. Patteson, P.J.G.W.; G. R. Rowe, P.S.G.D.; R. H. Giraud, P.S.G.D.; J. H. Goldsworthy, P.S.G.D.; J. Hervey, P.S.G.D.; J. Havers, P.S.G.D.; Herbert Lloyd, S.G.D.; J. H. Tomkins, J.G.D.; J. B. King, P.J.G.D.; S. C. Norris, P.J.G.D.; H. Faudel, P.J.G.D.; T. Parkinson, P.J.G.D.; W. H. White, G. Sec.; W. Farnfield, As. G. Sec.; A. Le Veau, P.G.S.B.; R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B.; J. Masson, P.G.S.B.; G. Biggs, P.G.S.B.; E. H. Patten, P.G.S.B.; R. W. Jennings, G. Dir. of Cers.; F. Chapman, Assist. Dir. of Cers.; G. J. Elkington, G.P.; F. Burgess, S.W. of the G. Steward's Lodge; four G. Stewards of the Year, the Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of many other Lodges.

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

The minutes of the last G.L. were read and confirmed.

The Report of the Board of General Purposes, showed that the sum of £1,000 had been paid to the Patriotic Fund; and that the amount of the fund for general purposes in 3 per cent. red. was now £7,500.

Bro. SYMONDS, P.M. of No. 275, asked how it was that the Report made no mention of the subject referred to the B. of G.P. respecting the circumstances under which the tavern was let to the late lessees. After a slight conversation on the subject, the acting G.M. said he was always desirous, as President of the Board of General Purposes, that all satisfactory information should be given to the Brethren; but he did not see any more information could be obtained than that already given, or that any good result would come of further inquiry. After some further conversation, the minutes were confirmed.

Eight Masters were then appointed to collect the balloting-papers for the election of twelve P.M.'s to attend the Board of Masters and Benevolence for the ensuing year.

This being the period for the nomination of the G.M., the Earl of Zetland was nominated by Bro. Dr. Jones.

Bro. HENRY G. WARREN P.M., No. 202, said it was with great regret he found himself compelled to oppose the nomination. He felt, however, that any person was guilty of a want of moral courage if he allowed a motion to pass without entering his protest against it, merely from feelings of false delicacy. They were aware that, owing to the lamented illness of a near and amiable connection of the M.W.G.M. he had been prevented from laying the foundation-stone of a building which was being raised as a testimonial to their late highly-respected G.M. H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex. The duties upon that occasion were most ably performed by the R.W. Brother who presided over them that evening, every brother then feeling that the M.W.G.M. had a good and sufficient cause for his absence. At the next meeting of G.L. the M.W.G.M. was again absent, and an apology on the same ground as on the previous occasion was read from the noble earl by the G. Secretary. In the interval, however, between the two events, the name of the noble earl had appeared in the newspapers as taking his pleasure at Goodwood. It was most painful to hear the comments made on this subject at various lodges; and therefore he (Bro. Warren), for the purpose of eliciting an explanation regarding it for the information of the Craft, had felt bound to bring it forward. He was aware he should not be in order in making these observations if he did not conclude with a substantive motion; and he therefore begged to propose their highly-valued Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough as a fit and proper candidate to be elected their M.W.G.M. (cheers), though he was bound at the same time to state that he was fearful the delicate state of his lordship's health might prevent his accepting the office.

Bro. DOBIE did not wish to boast of his acquaintance with the noble earl, though he had had that honour long prior to his being elected G.M.; but he was in a position positively to contradict the rumour that the noble earl was at Goodwood. The list alluded to, and which he was sorry to find had caused this misconception, was the "house" list of persons invited, and not of those who actually visited the noble duke (Richmond). This "house" list had been supplied to the newspapers in the same way as he believed was usual at fashionable parties. At the same time he might be allowed to say that though their noble D.G.M. was rapidly recovering from his late severe illness (and he hoped to see him again amongst them within a very short time), he could assure the Brethren that the noble earl would not feel himself sufficiently strong to take upon him the onerous duties of G. Master.

Bro. WARREN thanked the R.W.G.M. of the evening for his explanation, which he felt the Craft would be glad had been elicited (cheers), and he would therefore withdraw the nomination of the Earl of Yarborough.

Another Brother, whose name we could not learn, however, immediately nominated the same noble earl.

By the Report of the Board of Benevolence, next read, it appeared that at the Board in September, 7 applicants were relieved, to the amount of £67; in October, 5 to the amount of £51; in November, 13 to the amount of £132, making together £250.

The Report further showed that the

Amount brought forward was .....	£646	7	2
Since received .....	128	4	9

£784 11 11

That the sum of ..... £96 0 0 had been paid :—

Leaving the present balance 688 11 11

£784 11 11

Bro. HERBERT LLOYD, S.G.D. then rose, and moved that the memorial from the Grand Orient de France (which we gave in our November number), respecting

the persecution of some Masons in the Mauritius, be read. This having been done, a discussion ensued thereon, and Bro. Dobie suggested that the G.O. of France should take the initiative, and inform the G.L. of England what steps they had taken or proposed to take, and that then the G.L. of England would not hesitate to aid their Brethren of France to the utmost of their power. A motion was thereupon moved by Bro. the Rev. G. R. Portal, expressive of the sympathy of the G.L., and the D.G.M. of France having signified that the declaration then made was satisfactory, the discussion ended.

The Scrutineers returned, and reported that the following Past Masters were elected at the Lodge of Benevolence :—C. Robinson, Adlard, Attwood, Warren, Young, Barnes, Bywater, Burges, Barrett, Prince, Samuels, and Vardon.

Bro. Rev. G. R. PORTAL brought forward the motion of which he gave notice in June last, viz.—“That a paper, stating the business to be transacted at every quarterly communication, be placed in the hands of every member on his entrance into G.L.,” which was seconded by Bro. W. W. B. H. Beach, and carried.

Bro. J. CLARK, P.M., No. 206, in a very clearly-stated case, urging the great injury the late tenants of the Tavern had sustained, and which might in a great measure be attributed to the excessive rent they had paid, which the Report of the Board of General Purposes had acknowledged to be immoderate, moved that a portion of such excess be repaid to them. This met with some opposition, and the Brethren getting impatient for a division, the question was put by Bro. Dobie, and on show of hands the motion was lost.

The Dir. of Cer. then called on the Brethren to salute the distinguished visitors who were present—Bro. Heullant, D.G.M. of the G. Orient de France, and Bro. Duiel, another member of that body.

Bro. Heullant, Grand Maître Adjoint of the Grand Orient of France, rose amidst loud cheers, and said :—“Grand Maître, et vous tous mes Frères,—L'accueil flatteur et fraternel dont vous me comblez m'émeut à un tel point que j'éprouve une extrême difficulté à exprimer mes pensées. Croyez le bien, mes frères, vos témoignages d'honorable sympathie resteront profondément gravés dans ma mémoire. Le Grand Orient de France sera fier quand je lui dirai l'expressive réception faite à son représentant. Merci, trois fois merci, de la décision unanime que vous venez de prendre en faveur de nos frères de l'île Maurice : ils en sont dignes sous tous les rapports. Les faits qui constatent leur persécution ont été vérifiés par nous, afin de pouvoir vous les affirmer : ils sont malheureusement trop exacts, et le plus simple raisonnement les justifie. Si quelques Francs-maçons eussent oublié le respect dû au ministre de leur religion pratique, eux seuls eussent mérité l'anathème ; et l'Ordre entier n'eût pas été frappé d'une cruelle proscription. Comment est-il imaginable que nous, dont les principes sacrés sont si parfaitement d'accord avec le Saint Evangile, que nous, Ordre essentiellement religieux, ayons pu mériter la réprobation dont nous frappe Monseigneur Collier ? Non, mes frères, nous sommes innocents, et il n'y a de coupable que l'erreur dans laquelle sont tombés quelques ministres d'une religion réverée par nous. Ce qui s'est passé récemment en Belgique, où les restes mortels d'un Grand Maître qui, à son lit de mort avait refusé d'abjurer la Maçonnerie, ne purent obtenir les prières de l'Eglise, est une preuve irrécusable de l'intolérance de certains prêtres du culte Catholique. Le vote que vous venez d'émettre a pour l'Ordre entier une importance immense, et j'y attache le plus grand prix ; il est une preuve de la consécration des liens qui doivent exister entre la Grande Loge d'Angleterre et le Grand Orient de France.

“Nos deux Gouvernements ont compris que de l'union des deux plus grands peuples devait dépendre le progrès de la civilisation et la liberté des nations.

“Aujourd'hui nos armées, qui n'en font qu'une, se couvrent de gloire en défendant le bon droit, et leurs armes victorieuses abattent la tyrannie et brisent l'esclavage ; bientôt leurs généreux efforts seront couronnés de succès, assureront la paix du monde. L'Angleterre et la France jouiront alors d'une gloire plus d'accord avec nos principes et préférable à celle de conquêtes.

“Cette alliance des deux plus puissantes nations du monde, fondée sur l'estime, la confiance, et la bonne-foi, doit être indissoluble. A nous Maçons, hommes de paix, nous qui devons toujours porter haut le flambeau de la vraie lumière, il appartient



de cimenter cette heureuse et noble confraternité. Nous, dont la belle mission est d'enseigner à l'homme le progrès et de lui apprendre par les vertus à devenir libre tout en respectant les lois du pays qu'il habite, maintenons nous à la tête de toutes les institutions humanitaires, sachons par une sainte propagande assurer l'union, et faisons d'un commun accord briller partout l'auréole de la liberté.

"Mes frères, nos relations intimes, et suivies notre concours actif, doivent obtenir d'immenses résultats ; votre brillant accueil, dont je vous remercie bien sincèrement, me persuade que vous partagez cette opinion.

"Permettez moi de répondre à vos chaleureuses batteries par une vive et triple batterie française" (which was given).

(*Translation.*)

"GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN,—The flattering and brotherly reception I have received from you has so moved me, that words are inadequate to express my feelings ; believe me, Brethren, that the remembrance of your kind sympathy will always remain engraven upon my heart. The Grand Orient of France will be proud when acquainted with the cordial reception given to its representative. Thanks—threefold thanks, for your unanimous decision in favour of our Brethren in the Mauritius : they are worthy of it on all accounts : the deeds which have caused their persecution have been verified by us, in order to render them worthy of your attention ; they are too exact, and the most simple reasoning justifies them. If some Freemasons have forgotten the respect due to the minister of their religion, they alone merited condemnation, and the whole Order should not have suffered from so cruel a proscription.

"Is it, indeed, to be believed that we, whose religious principles are so perfectly in accordance with the blessed light of revealed religion ; that our Order, so essentially religious, could have deserved the reprobation which Monseigneur Collier has shown us? No ! Brethren, we are innocent, and there is no fault but the error into which the minister of a religion revered has fallen. The recent occurrence in Belgium, where the remains of a Grand Master were refused the prayers of the Church, because, on his death-bed, he declined to abjure Freemasonry, is an irrefragable proof of the intolerant behaviour of certain Roman Catholic priests.

"The vote that you have given is of the utmost importance to the whole Order, and I attach the greatest value to it : it is a proof of the consecration of those ties which ought to exist between the Grand Lodge of England and the Grand Orient of France. Our two governments have understood that from the union of the two greatest nations would depend the progress of civilization and national liberty. At the present time, our armies, which are but one, are covering themselves with glory in defending right, and their victorious arms are crushing tyranny and destroying slavery : their generous efforts will be crowned with success, and peace will then be assured to the world. Then England and France will enjoy a more lasting and honourable glory ; one more in accordance with our principles, and preferable to that which is achieved by conquest. This alliance of the two greatest nations of the world, based upon esteem and confidence in each other's good faith, can but be indissoluble. To us Freemasons, men of peace, we who ought always to bear on high the torch of true light, it behoves to cement this happy and noble brotherhood ; we to whom is intrusted the noble mission of assisting the civilization of mankind, and, by teaching them the paths of virtue, enable them to be free in respecting the laws of the country they inhabit. Let us maintain our position at the head of every benevolent institution ; let us endeavour by a holy propagation to strengthen the union, and with one consent to cause the glory of liberty to illumine the whole world.

"Brethren, our intimate relation, and consequently our lively concurrence, should obtain immense results : from your flattering reception of me, for which I thank you most cordially, I am assured that you agree with my opinion.

"Allow me to reply to your hearty congratulations by a warm and cordial French triple salute."

The French Brethren having acknowledged the greeting of the English Brethren by the French fire, the meeting separated.



## METROPOLITAN.

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**GRAND STEWARDS' LODGE.**—On the evening of the 19th ult., the public meeting of the season was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, when the several sections of the second and third lectures were ably worked in the following order :—Second lecture—1st section, Bro. Watson ; 2nd, Bro. Johnson ; 3rd, Bro. Hewlett ; 4th, Bro. Watson ; 5th, Bro. Burgess. Third lecture—1st section, Bro. Watson ; 2nd, Bro. Burgess ; 3rd, Bro. Johnson. Among the visiting Brethren were Bros. Queely, Barrett, Blackburn, Williams, &c. &c. Bro. Tomkins, G.S.D., acted as W.M. on the occasion.

**GRAND MASTERS' LODGE (No. 1).**—The last meeting of this Lodge for the year 1855 was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 17th December, when there was a large attendance of the brethren. The chair was occupied by the W.M. Bro. G. W. K. Potter. The usual business having been concluded, Bro. Harris, S.W., was elected W.M. for the year 1856. The Brethren, to the number of forty, afterwards dined together, there being several visitors present ; amongst them we observed Bro. Alderman and Sheriff Rose, of No. 113 ; Bro. Ledger, W.M., No. 109 ; Bro. Slight, S.W., No. 109 ; Bro. Palmer, P.M., No. 109 ; Bro. Sargood, No. 109 ; and Bro. Robinson, P.M., No. 158. The evening's entertainment was much enlivened by the excellent singing of Bros. Donald King and Jolly.

**LODGE OF FIDELITY (No. 3).**—The monthly meeting of this Lodge was held on the 11th December, under the presidency of Bro. Lowe, W.M., who initiated a gentleman into the mysteries of the Order, and passed a Brother to the Second Degree. Bro. Shackelton, the S.W., was then elected W.M. for the ensuing year.

**BRITISH LODGE (No. 8).**—This distinguished Lodge met at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, December 17th, when Bro. Cotterell, S.W., was elected W.M. for the ensuing year, and Bro. Noke, P.M., re-elected as treasurer. The visitors were Bro. John Harvey, P.G.S.D. ; Moore, No. 30 ; Filer, No. 30 ; Gabert, No. 275 ; and Capt. Roberts, No. 319.

**ALBION LODGE (No. 9).**—The last meeting for 1855, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 4th December, when a gentleman was initiated into the Order, a Brother passed to the Second Degree, and another raised to the Third, the whole of the ceremonies being most impressively performed by the W.M., Bro. Burton. Bro. Woods, S.W., was elected W.M., for the year 1856. The Brethren afterwards supped together, bringing Bro. Burton's highly successful year of office to a most happy termination.

**WESTMINSTER AND KEYSTONE LODGE (No. 10).**—The monthly meeting of this Lodge was held on the 5th December, when there were present Bro. the Rev. W. H. Lyall, W.M. ; Bro. R. J. Spiers, P.M. ; Wyndham Portal, S.W. ; Beach, treasurer, acting as J.W. ; Amhurst, S.D. ; Codrington, J.D. ; Rev. G. R. Portal, P.M., secretary ; J. A. D. Cox, P.M. ; Lord North, &c., &c. The following Brethren were elected joining members :—Hon. W. H. North, F. J. Hayward, and Lord Vaughan, all of No. 460. The next business consisted of the initiation of Mr. J. R. D. Tyssen and Mr. J. Hammerton, which was admirably performed by Brother Beach, P.M. The Lodge having been closed in due form, the Brethren adjourned to a dinner, which did great credit to the new proprietors of the tavern ; after which, those who were qualified proceeded to Grand Lodge, where (as will be seen by our report) two important motions were unanimously adopted, on the proposal of Bro. the Rev. G. R. Portal, P.S.G.W. for Oxfordshire, the secretary. The Brethren then returned to the banquet-room, where tea and coffee were served, and, after a very pleasant evening, the meeting broke up.

ENOCH LODGE (No. 11).—The Brethren of this numerous and respectable Lodge met at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, December 12th, when two Brethren were passed to the second degree and two gentlemen were initiated into the mysteries of Masonry, in that excellent and impressive manner for which the W.M. Bro. Spooner is so much distinguished. Bro. F. Binckes, S.W., was elected W.M. for the ensuing year, and Bro. W. Williams, P.M., re-elected as treasurer. The Brethren then adjourned to an excellent banquet, most facetiously and ably presided over by the W.M. Several visitors were present, including Bros. Bromley, G. Perren, Smythson, and Geo. Genge, the three last adding most materially to the enjoyment of the evening by their vocalization. "The Thorn" was beautifully sung by Bro. Perren, as also "My Pretty Jane," which was deservedly encored.

LODGE OF FORTITUDE AND OLD CUMBERLAND (No. 12).—At the meeting of this Lodge at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 10th December, Bro. Donald King, the eminent vocalist, was installed into the chair as W.M. for the ensuing year. The ceremony was performed by Bro. Marriott, P.M.

GLOBE LODGE (No. 23).—The Brethren of this Lodge met at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday, December 20th. Bro. Murray, of the Polish Lodge, No. 778, was passed to the degree of a Fellow Craft. The Brethren then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, when the ballot was declared to be unanimously in favour of Bro. G. Brandon, S.W., for W.M., and Bro. Hewlett, P.M., for treasurer.

OLD KING'S ARMS LODGE (No. 30).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge on the 26th November, Bro. Ed. Warwick, the W.M., ably initiated Mr. Nesbitt as a Brother in the Craft. A ballot was then taken for W.M. for the ensuing year, which was declared to be unanimously in favour of Bro. Paas.

BRITANNIC LODGE (No. 38).—This Lodge held an emergency meeting at the Thatched House Tavern, on the 14th December, under the presidency of Bro. Gooch, W.M., when Mr. Cornelius Willes Eberall, of the East Lancashire Railway, and Mr. John Akroyd, were duly initiated into the Order. The following Brethren were elected joining members:—Dr. Geo. Beaman, No. 1; Augustus G. Church, No. 255; John Ross, No. 696; and George A. Everitt, No. 689.

MOUNT MORIAH LODGE (No. 40).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge on the 28th November, Bro. Russell, J.W., was elected as W.M. for the next twelve months, the S.W. not wishing to take the office at present, although he is every way qualified to fill it to the satisfaction of the Brethren and the credit of the Craft.

GIHON LODGE (No. 57).—An emergency meeting of this highly respectable and numerous Lodge was held at the Bridge House Hotel, on the 6th December, when Bro. Geo. England, the W.M., initiated three candidates—Messrs. R. Allen, R. Knevett Knevett, and Julius Burnard, into the Order. On the 20th the usual meeting was held, when Bro. F. Wilmott was duly installed as W.M. for the ensuing year. The W.M. appointed Bro. Sherriff, S.W., and Bro. Sowden, J.W. The first business performed by the new W.M., was the passing of Bro. Captain Short to the Second Degree. The Lodge voted a P.M.'s jewel to the retiring Master for his valuable services. At the close of Masonic business, nearly sixty Brethren adjourned to dinner, and passed a very pleasant evening.

LODGE OF EMULATION (No. 66).—This Lodge was held on the 17th December, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, when Mr. Stewart Pixey was initiated under the able presidency of the W.M. Bro. G. Wilkinson, whose efficiency in the chair was as conspicuous as the zeal and ability were evident of the numerous Brethren present supporting him. At the banquet, which followed, the beautiful specimens of china, prepared for the recent visit of the Emperor of the French and King of Sardinia, were exhibited, as were also the presents sent to Messrs. Staples by the august visitors to the London Corporation dinner. The only stranger at the Lodge of Emulation was the Rev. O. F. Owen, M.A., F.S.A.,

whose health having been proposed as Editor of the *Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, the most cordial congratulations were given upon the union of the two periodicals, and upon the impartiality with which they vindicated the rights of the brethren.

LODGE OF UNITY (No. 82).—The Brethren of this distinguished Lodge met on Monday Dec. 3rd, for the purpose of electing a W.M. for the year ensuing, passing two Brethren, transacting the usual business of the Lodge, and last, not least, to enjoy not only the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but also those excellent preparations of Bro. Bathe, in the way of banquet, without which the aforesaid feast and flow become materially restricted. The Brethren present were, Bro. J. E. Cox, Grand Chaplain; Bros. Sternes, Masterman, Sleigh, Winsdale, Watts, Pitman, Slight, J. Robins, T. Robins, Dunsford, Anderson, Cheeswright, Ruston, Bridge, Goren, Smith, and John Mott Thearle. The Visitors were Bro. Heullant, Deputy Grand Master of France, Bros. Duiel, Herbert Lloyd, and Henry George Warren. Bros. Dunsford and Smith were passed to the Second Degree; the Lodge duties, in the absence of Bro. A. L. Bellinger, being performed with great ability by Bro. Joseph Sternes, P.M. On the election of W.M., the choice of the Brethren was declared to have fallen on Bro. Sleigh, upon which we may take this occasion of congratulating the Lodge, for he is a most industrious Mason, and we must confess our *penchant* for a Master who can do the work over one who cannot; and we regret to believe that many Brethren are elected to preside over Lodges whose ability for labour is to be taken in an inverse ratio as regards their ability for refreshment. On the adjournment to the banquet the Brethren found provided all the luxuries of the season, and all those aids to gastronomic efforts for which the London Tavern is famous. Bro. Funge, who represented Bro. Bathe, was indefatigable in his attentions, and ubiquitous also—for almost at the moment he was asking us whether we liked the soup, and running over the names of more soups than we had ever heard of before—we saw him on the opposite side doing the same with our *vis-à-vis*; and when we look towards the W.M. to note whether he observed this rapidity of action, we observed Bro. Funge suggesting (we should judge by the bewildered look of the Master) that he should taste all those soups he had before suggested to us; but as no one seemed surprised, we, as in courtesy bound, ceased to be so, although the possibility of one person being in three or four places at the same time had hitherto been unbelievably by us, especially before dessert. On the removal of the cloth, Bro. James Robins, P.M., with the eloquence and ability, which, like the mantle of Cæsar, he inherits by descent, proposed the usual toasts of the evening. To “the health of the P.Ms. of the Unity,” Bro. John Mott Thearle replied; and expressed his regret that the duty had not fallen into other hands, as Bro. Sternes, whose ability in any active service had been so exemplified not only by his active working this evening, but by like social qualities that had adorned the banquet so many years, as one of the line of Unity P.Ms., long as Banquo’s shadows, and he was happy to say much more substantial; he received the toast with pleasure. Looking at the Lodge of Unity not only as a Masonic meeting but also as a gathering of private friends, it had been the endeavour of succeeding Masters to illustrate their banquets with pleasures that adorned their gatherings, with joys that pleased like gifts on a Christmas Tree. They were about to receive in their venerable embrace another P.M., viz., Bro. A. L. Bellinger, whose munificence as a Master stood only next to his merits as a man and a Mason, and the pleasure they had in receiving him was a material guarantee of their appreciation of all that could benefit the Lodge; in the name, then, of those vestiges of the creation of the Unity, he, as the youngest patriarch, thanked them, and begged leave to drink all their healths and prosperity, both in the time present and in the future. Bro. Robins then proposed, “Our distinguished guests Bros. Heullant and Duiel; we have in their presence here,” said the W.M., “a material guarantee of that Brotherhood which distinguishes Masonry, and which unites the extremes of the earth, and brethren of all creeds and colour. Here we have an instance of the philanthropy that distinguishes and benefits our Society. Bros. Heullant and Duiel have left homes, dearly beloved—associations of great moment and importance to themselves—have

suffered all the inconveniences attached to change and travelling at a period of the year when home was the best place ; and for what reason have they done this ? for the benefit of the persecuted Masons of the Mauritius—who were denied all spiritual aids by the intolerance of their Bishop, unless they abjured Masonry—to lay the case before the Grand Lodge ; to assist their Brethren in the Mauritius had Bros. Heullant and Duiel come over here, and in honour of the motive and appreciation of the men, he trusted their French Brethren would receive that welcome they were so entitled to here. There was another bond of union with them. There was the union of the nations in one of the most glorious endeavours ever known to man ; and still another, for the emperor was a Brother Mason, and he trusted that those feelings that unite Lodges would unite the two countries indissolubly.

Those days are past, with Europe leagued  
Napoleon's eagles wave,  
The Europe that of old they tore,  
To-day they fly to save.

As an earnest of the feelings of the Brethren present to the whole French nation, no less than to themselves, he begged Bros. Heullant and Duiel to receive the assurance of the high consideration and brotherly feelings of the members of the Unity."

Bro. Heullant replied most feelingly ; he spoke in short sentences, just as Dumas writes ; each idea came out like a shot, and told with as much effect. He thanked the Brethren ; it was true himself and Bro. Duiel had come with some inconvenience on this journey, but in the presence of a great duty personal considerations were forgotten. They heard a voice from afar calling for a Brother's aid. Remembering their obligation, they had considered nothing but how they could best serve their suffering Brothers, and by the help of the G.A.O.T.U. and the united aid of all brave hearts he looked forward to success as the goal of his enterprize. England and France would be united, he trusted, through all time ; they would go forward hand in hand bearing aloft the standards of civilization and peace, and so united, spread blessings over the earth ; and benefits to humanity would spring up in their path prolific as verdure on the banks of a noble river.

The Charities of the Order was eloquently responded to by Bro. Herbert Lloyd, who very aptly remarked, in reply to an observation made,—“ that although the girls' school might be more attractive to the younger members, still that the old men and women have the greatest claim upon our charity and kindness.”

The musical arrangements of the evening were under the direction of Bro. George Perren, who sang some very excellent tenor songs. Bro. Edney's bass singing also demands honourable mention. Nor must we forget Bro. W. Fielding, the alto of the evening, whose “ Annie Laurie ” notes came welling out musical as those waters,

\* \* \* to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And so with happy Brothers—good wine and choice songs—we passed one of those happy evenings at the old Unity that are only remembered to be again wished for.

VITRUVIAN LODGE (No. 103).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge, on the 12th December, Bro. Maudslay, the W.M., had more than an ordinary share of work to perform, consisting of six raisings and two initiations, the whole of which were most ably gone through. At the conclusion of this business, Bro. Cherry, the respected S.W., was elected as the W.M. of 1856.

MOIRA LODGE (No. 109).—Friday, December 7th, being the anniversary of the birth of the late Lord Moira, from whom this excellent Lodge derives its patronymic, is always fixed for the installation of the incoming Master, and is, consequently, the high festival of No. 109. Accordingly, upon that day, Bro. Ledger, W.M. elect, was duly installed into the chair by Bro. Palmer, P.M. The W.M. then appointed, as his officers, Bro. F. Slight, S.W. ; Bro. Webster, J.W. ; Bro.



C. H. Law, P.M. Sec.; Bro. Thorn, S.D.; Bro. Francis, J.D.; Bro. Driver, I.G. Brother Thompson was re-elected Treasurer, and Bro. Nichols, Tyler. The Brethren adjourned to the banquet, which had been spread with that good taste which ever presides at the London Tavern.

EASTERN STAR LODGE (No. 112).—The Members of this comfortable Lodge met at Wade's Hotel, Poplar, on Wednesday, December 12th, when Bro. G. F. Grimes, the W.M., initiated two gentlemen into the Order. Three Brethren were afterwards raised as M.M.s by Bro. Thomas Vesper, P.M., of No. 812. The election for W.M. and Treasurer takes place at the next meeting.

LODGE OF FAITH (No. 165).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge, at the Gun Tavern, Pimlico, on the 27th November, Bro. McManus, the W.M., very efficiently initiated a candidate into the mysteries of the Order, and passed a Brother to the Second Degree.

LODGE OF PRUDENT BRETHREN (No. 169).—This Lodge held its last meeting for the year on the 28th November, when Bro. Charles Morbey was unanimously elected W.M. for the year ensuing. Three gentlemen were proposed for initiation, and the Lodge closed in perfect order. The Brethren afterwards supped together, and passed a most pleasant evening under the very able presidency of Bro. Hewlett, the W.M. for the past year, who has rendered himself most justly popular with all the Brethren of the Lodge.

JUSTICE LODGE (No. 172).—This Lodge held its usual monthly meeting on Wednesday, the 12th December, at Bro. Hall's, the Royal Albert, New Cross-road, Deptford, when Bro. Bolton, S.W., was installed W.M. for the present year by Bro. Crouch, P.M., of this Lodge. The W.M. then appointed the following Brethren his officers, viz.:—Bro. G. Hall, S.W.; Bro. Houghton, J.W.; Bro. Garrett, Secretary; Bro. Lone, S.D.; Bro. Whitaker, J.D.; and Bro. Foot, J.G. The W.M. then passed Bros. Whittingham to the second degree. After which upwards of forty Brethren joined the festive board and spent a pleasant evening.

UNION LODGE (No. 195).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge, on the 14th December, the S.W. Bro. Foode was elected W.M. for the ensuing year.

OLD CONCORD LODGE (No. 201).—At the monthly meeting of this Lodge, on the 4th December, Bro. Nicholson was unanimously elected W.M. for the coming year. The W.M. elect thanked the Brethren for the confidence reposed in him, and proposed three candidates for initiation, Messrs. Wm. Bladon, W. R. Swainston, and D. Saunders. The annual ball of the Lodge takes place at the Hanover-square Rooms next month.

PHOENIX LODGE (No. 202).—The Brethren of this Lodge met on the 8th ult., under the able presidency of the W.M. Bro. Charles R. Harrison, who performed the ceremonies in a manner so masterly as to command the admiration of a numerous body of visitors, and to reflect the greatest credit on the Lodge. The business of the evening consisted in the raising of Bro. Thomas Bartlett Simpson and the initiation of Mr. Robert W. Armstrong, architect; and at its conclusion the Brethren retired to refreshment, and spent the evening in the greatest harmony, to which the singing of Bros. Genge, Donald King, Holmes, Hart, and Burton powerfully contributed. Among the visitors were Bro. Whitehead, St. Andrew's Lodge, Glasgow; Bros. McCullagh and Lee, both of the Albion, No. 9; Bro. Hart, of the Lodge of Prudent Brethren, No. 169; Bro. Thomas A. Adams, of the St. John's Lodge, No. 196, &c., &c. It was, however, a subject of deep regret to all present that severe indisposition deprived them of the company of the immediate P.M. of the Lodge, Bro. J. Webber.

DOMATIC LODGE (No. 206).—This excellent working Lodge met on the 10th ult., and transacted an unusually large amount of business. Bro. Adams, the W.M., passed one Brother and raised two other Brothers to the sublime degree of M.M.; after which he most ably installed Bro. Marshall, the Master elect, as W.M. for the ensuing year. We hold that of the many interesting and impressive ceremonies connected with our ancient mysteries and privileges, there is none



more so than the installation of a W.M. In the first place, the office of W.M. is the highest that a Brother can aim at in his Lodge; and it is also the greatest mark of approbation that a Lodge can bestow upon any of its members. It is a post that implies a thorough knowledge of Masonry in all its details, for a Brother rarely reaches the Chair without passing through all the subordinate offices; so that a Brother may well experience a feeling of exultation when he reaches the highest point, for which he has toiled for years, and every successive advance towards which has been marked by the increased approbation of the Brethren. There is also something singularly impressive in the installation address, in which the Master elect, while being duly informed of the powers entrusted to him for the ensuing twelve months, delegated to him by the Lodge collectively for their common good, is also informed of the vast responsibilities attached to the office; that the correct and effective working of the Lodge, its honour, credit, and general usefulness for the ensuing year, depend in a very large degree upon his energy and zeal. All this, and more, was most ably insisted upon by Bro. Adams, who, after performing his duties, vacated the Chair, and proceeded to install Bro. Marshall; and this he did in his usual able manner. At the conclusion, Bro. P. M. Smith, in a very neat address, presented Bro. Adams with a handsome jewel, unanimously voted to him by the Lodge as a token of respect, for the energetic and able manner that he had filled the office of W.M. for the past year; and also as a mark of esteem to so accomplished a Mason. Bro. Marshall, on taking his Chair, thanked the Brethren cordially for the honour conferred on him, and commenced his new duties by installing his various officers,—appointing Bro. Dearth, S.W.; Bro. Garrod, J.W.; Bro. Baker, S.D.; Bro. Brett, J.D.; and Bro. Haydon, I.G. Mr. Gibbard and Mr. Lancefield were then duly initiated into the “mysteries of the Order,” after which the Lodge was closed. From the manner in which the proceedings of the evening were conducted, the known energy and zeal of all the office bearers and the considerable accession of strength to the Lodge recently received by the candidates initiated, we have no doubt that the prospective year of the Domestic Lodge will be a very prosperous one. The business of the evening being over, the company, which was much more numerous than usual, sat down to one of those splendid banquets that Bro. Ireland knows so well how to supply. Among the visiting Brethren, we observed a great many highly distinguished in the Craft. The proceedings concluded with the usual Loyal and Masonic toasts, interspersed by some excellent harmony from the Brethren.

MANCHESTER LODGE (No 209).—This Lodge held its first monthly meeting, since its removal, at the Gun Tavern, Pimlico, on the 20th December. The Lodge being opened, the Brethren proceeded to the election of W.M., which unanimously fell upon the S.W., Bro. Collard, and we are sure, from what we know of his capabilities, he will greatly enhance the prosperity of the Lodge. Bro. Grieg was again unanimously elected Treas.

CONFIDENCE LODGE (No. 228).—The annual meeting of this Lodge was held on Monday, Dec. 10th, at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, when two Brethren having been passed, and two candidates initiated into the Order, the W.M. elect, Bro. Footit, was installed into the chair, the ceremony being impressively performed by Bro. Blackburn, P.M. The Brethren afterwards supped together and passed a very pleasant evening.

JERUSALEM LODGE (No. 233).—At the closing meeting for the year of this Lodge, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, Dec. 5th, the retiring Master, Bro. Lewis Crombie, very ably installed his successor, Bro. A. B. French, as W.M. for the coming year. Bro. G. H. Saunders was appointed S.W., and Bro. Slight, J.W. Lieut. Clinton Edgecomb Brooman, of the Indian army, and Mr. Edmund Frend were ably initiated into the Order. At the conclusion of the business upwards of thirty of the Brethren adjourned to a very excellent dinner. Amongst the visitors were Bro. Crew, P.M., No. 1; Bro. Bidman, No. 1; Bro. A. U. Thisselton, P.M., No. 2; Bro. Roxby, No. 324, and Bro. Tyrrell, No. 543.

**JORDAN LODGE (No. 237).**—On Friday, Dec. 21st, the members of this Lodge met at Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Bro. Spooner, W.M., who passed Bros. Mapp, Willshire, Laughton, and Spalding, to the Second Degree. Bro. Alexander Young, S.W., was elected W.M. for the ensuing year. The Brethren then retired to an elegant repast, served in excellent taste. Among the visitors were Bro. Stuart, Past Prov. G. Treas., Kent; and Bro. Glen, of the Eastern Star Lodge, New York.

**IONIC LODGE (No. 275).**—The members of this excellent Lodge assembled in great strength, at the "Ship and Turtle," Leadenhall-street, on Thursday, December 6th. Bro. John Charleton, W.M., passed a Brother to the Second Degree; Bro. Symonds, P.M., ever ready, doing the duty of S.D. Bro. J. H. L. Barnard, P.M., next undertook (we believe for the tenth time) the duty of installing the new Master, Bro. Heumes Sanford, into the chair, when he performed the ceremony in that impressive way for which he has been long famed. The W.M. then appointed and invested the following Brethren as his officers:—H. K. Furnell, S.W.; T. Harrison, J.W.; Walker, Sec.; A. Heintzman, S.D.; H. Empson, J.D.; Auther, I.G.; Holt, Tyler. Bro. Barnard, P.M., who had been unanimously elected Treas., was also invested with the jewel of his office. A letter from Bro. J. Hervey was read, soliciting a steward from the Ionic Lodge for the Boys' School Festival, in March next, when Bro. Empson offered to represent the Lodge on that occasion. At the conclusion of Masonic business the Brethren adjourned to an elegant banquet, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

**LODGE OF UNITED STRENGTH (No. 276).**—The monthly meeting of this Lodge took place at the Gun Tavern, Pimlico, on the 11th December, when Bro. Cooper, the W.M., presided, and raised Bro. Frost, and a member of the Zetland Lodge, to the Sublime Degree of M.M. The Brethren then proceeded to the election of the W.M. for the ensuing year, which was unanimous in favour of Bro. Carter, who, we have no doubt, from the efficient manner in which he has gone through his various offices, will acquit himself honourably in the arduous duties attached to the important position to which he is elected. Bro. Grimstone, P.M., was re-elected to the office of Treasurer. The other business of the Lodge having been completed, the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, provided in a most liberal manner by Bro. Rackstraw. After the usual loyal toasts, Bro. P. M. Tilt proposed the "health of the W.M., Bro. Cooper," and expressed the thanks of the Lodge for the kind manner with which he had promoted the interest and prosperity of the Lodge during this his second year of office. The W.M., after a suitable reply, proposed "the health of the visitors, Bro. Potter (No. 11), Bro. Wm. Watson, jun. (No. 23), and others." Bro. Potter returned thanks in an appropriate speech. The W.M. then proposed "the health of the Officers," and after a suitable reply by Bro. John Coggin, this harmonious meeting was adjourned.

**LODGE OF HARMONY (No. 317).**—A meeting of this Lodge was held on Tuesday, the 18th December, at the Greyhound, Richmond, under the presidency of Bro. J. A. D. Cox, W.M. Bro. Harrison Chilton was elected W.M. for the ensuing year, and Bro. G. B. Cole, P.M., Treasurer.

**BANK OF ENGLAND LODGE (No. 329).**—At the usual meeting of this Lodge, at Radley's Hotel, on the 13th December, Bro. C. Stronghill, W.M., presiding, a ballot was taken for the election of W.M. for the ensuing year, which proved unanimously in favour of the S.W. Bro. G. Chance, a Brother very highly esteemed by all the Members, in his private as well as Masonic capacity. He has served the Lodge zealously and faithfully for several years as Secretary, as the records of the Lodge can testify. Bro. W. L. Wright, one of the oldest P.M.'s, was unanimously re-elected Treasurer. On this occasion the Lodge was honoured by the presence of the following visitors:—R.W. Bro. B. A. Kent, P.G.M. for South Australia; Bro. Adlard, P.M., No. 7; Bro. Moore, No. 30; Bro. Albertz, No. 108; Bro. Fuller, No. 116; and Bro. Smart; all of whom expressed them-

selves much gratified at the cordial and truly Brotherly reception they had received from all the Members of this united Lodge.

LA TOLERANCE LODGE (No. 784).—The French Lodge met at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Tuesday, the 11th December, for the purpose of proceeding to the elections for the ensuing year. Bro. Caplin was re-elected W.M.; Bro. Gratia, S.W.; Bro. Martins, J.W.; and Bro. Capt. Lendy, Hon. Sec., were also re-elected. These Chief Officers, well acquainted with the mysteries and the working of the Craft, have been maintained in their respective offices in order to give them the opportunity of bringing to a close various internal reforms and improvements which they have undertaken, to the great satisfaction of the Members; and it is confidently expected that, owing to their exertions, the Lodge of La Tolerance will ere long stand second to none for the regularity and high spirit of its working. Bro. Boura, P.M., was elected F.E.; Bro. Hanpen, Treasurer; Bro. Schaible, S.D., &c. Owing to the indisposition of several Officers, the meeting was postponed from the 4th to the 11th of this month, and, in accordance with the general statutes of the Order, the next meeting will also be postponed till the 8th of January, when the Members will proceed to the installation of their Officers. A raising and an initiation will give to visitors a good opportunity of witnessing the French rite.

YARBOROUGH LODGE (No. 812).—At a numerous meeting of this most influential Lodge, on Thursday, December 6th, Bro. Edinger, W.M., presiding, Bro. William Vesper, S.W., was unanimously elected Master for the year ensuing, and Bro. W. Wentworth Davis, P.M., Treasurer. The unanimity and true Masonic feeling that governs the Yarborough Lodge, combined with the excellent management of its Secretary, Bro. Thomas Vesper, contributes much to the prosperity of No. 812.

#### INSTRUCTION.

LODGE OF EMULATION.—The annual meeting of this Lodge, holding under authority from the Lodge of Union (No. 318), was held in the temple, adjoining Freemasons' Hall, on the 30th November, when there was a very full muster of the Brethren. Bro. Herbert Lloyd, G.S.D., occupied the chair as W.M. The Lodge having been opened, the first lecture was worked in sections, the questions being put by Bro. Stephen Barton Wilson, sen. The sections were worked as follows:—1st, Bro. Louis Artus; 2nd, Bro. S. B. Wilson, jun.; 3rd, Bro. Watson; 4th, Bro. Palmer; 5th, Bro. Absolon; 6th, Bro. Binckes; and 7th, Bro. John Hervey. Several joining members having been elected, the Lodge was closed in due form.

The Brethren to the number of close upon two hundred then adjourned to a very elegant supper laid out in the hall. We would remark that, in future, it would tend more to the comfort of the Brethren if the supper was served up cold. The chair was very ably filled by Bro. Herbert Lloyd, G.S.D.

Upon the removal of the cloth, the Chairman proposed the memory of "Bro. Gilkes," the founder of the Lodge, which was drunk in solemn silence.

"The Queen and the Craft" having been drunk, with all the honours,

The Chairman gave "The Health of the M.W.G.M. the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland;" expressing a hope that the health of his amiable countess might be so improved that he would be enabled to be more amongst the Craft than had been the case during the past year.

The next toast was "The Health of the Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, D.G.M. of Masons, and the rest of the Grand Officers." They all knew how deep an interest the noble earl took in the prosperity of their benevolent institutions and of the Craft (cheers). He regretted that the noble earl had been suffering under severe illness, but he was now happy to inform them that he was rapidly recovering (cheers), and might soon be expected to be again amongst them. As a Grand Officer himself, he was sure he might say they were all most anxious to do their duty, and he had therefore great pleasure in proposing the toast.

Bro. Phillipe, P.G.D., returned thanks, and expressed the great pleasure he had at being present on that occasion. He and other Grand Officers had received great benefit from the instruction afforded by this Lodge, and he regretted that there were not more than four or five of them present that evening, as he believed the Lodge had peculiar claims on their support (cheers).

Bro. Potter, P.G.S.B., had great pleasure in being allowed to propose "The health of their most excellent Chairman, Bro. Herbert Lloyd" (cheers). His name and excellent qualities were so well known, that he was sure he need say nothing more to ensure a hearty response to his toast (loud cheers).

The Chairman could assure them that he felt highly flattered by the manner in which the toast had been proposed and drunk. Some years since, he had derived great advantage from the instruction afforded by the Lodge, and he could assure them he should ever feel the deepest interest in its prosperity, as to their meetings he was indebted for some of the happiest hours of his life (cheers). He had now great pleasure in proposing to them "The Health of the P.M.s of the Lodge," to whom they were under great obligations. He regretted that, owing to ill health, their respected Bro. Stephen Barton Wilson had been obliged to leave them that evening; but there were many other P.M.s present, and he should take the liberty of coupling with the toast the name of Bro. Absolon; whilst they would also recollect that to Bros. Honey, Scott, Longstaff, and many others, they were under the deepest debt of gratitude for their exertions to promote the good of the Lodge.

Bro. Absolon could scarcely have expected so high a compliment should be paid to him as to be called upon to acknowledge so important a toast. Though one of the youngest, he would yield to none of the P.M.'s in his desire to promote the best interests of the Lodge (cheers); but he felt in the presence of his kind and talented Brother, John Hervey, it was scarcely his province to return thanks for so high a compliment.

The Chairman had next to propose "The health of the Wardens of the evening, Bros. Hervey and Palmer;" and with that toast he should combine the name of Bro. Palmer (cheers). The worthy Brother had ever been most exemplary in the discharge of his duties to the Lodge and to the Order, and it afforded him great pleasure to present him, in the name of the Lodge, with a jewel, in token of their respect and appreciation of his excellent qualities. He trusted he might be long spared to wear it; and he was sure that he would ever regard it with satisfaction, as speaking of the grateful feelings with which he was regarded by the Brethren (cheers).

Bro. Palmer returned thanks for the kind manner in which his health had been proposed. He had never expected to receive so marked a compliment from the Brethren, as he had only endeavoured to do his duty. It was most gratifying for him to receive that elegant jewel; and though he could scarcely feel that he had earned it by any services to the Lodge of Emulation, he should ever regard it with the utmost pride, and endeavour to show his gratitude by doing everything in his power to promote the interests of the Emulation Lodge of Improvement (cheers).

The Chairman had great pleasure in now proposing "The health of the Officers of the Lodge," to whom they were deeply indebted for their services, especially to their respected Treasurer, Bro. John Hervey (cheers). He had been known as one of the most active and valuable of their members (cheers); and he therefore asked them to drink, with all the honours, the Officers of the Lodge and Bro. John Hervey (cheers).

Bro. John Hervey returned thanks. He felt he could never be too grateful for the great kindness always shown him by the Lodge of Emulation. It would ever be his pride to remember that kindness, and to do his utmost for the interests of the Lodge. He was happy to see amongst them Bro. Muggeridge, the superintendent of the sister Lodge of Instruction in the East; and though there might be some little differences in their working, he was aware that the Lodge of Stability had done great service to the Craft; and that the Lodge of Emulation would be always happy to welcome any of its members (cheers). He begged to propose "The Visitors and Bro. Muggeridge" (cheers).



Bro. Muggeridge returned thanks, and expressed the great pleasure he had experienced at seeing the excellent working of the Lodge; and assured the members that the differences alluded to were only of form, not substance. He followed the system he had been taught, and should be most happy at all times to welcome any member of the Lodge of Emulation at the Lodge of Stability (cheers).

The Chairman said there was one toast which could not be passed over in a meeting like this, "The Masonic Press" (cheers). He was convinced that that Press did the greatest good to the Craft, by making known the great and beneficent principles upon which the Order was founded. He should at the next meeting of Grand Lodge have a memorial to present relative to the persecution with which their Brethren in the Mauritius had been visited; and he knew no way in which persecution was so likely to be overcome as by the making more fully known throughout the world the purity and charity of their principles; and this could only be done through the Masonic Press (cheers). He was happy to see one or two members of the Press present that evening, and he begged to give them "The Press and Bro. Warren" (cheers).

Bro. Warren returned thanks. He assured the Brethren that it was always the endeavour of the conductors of the Masonic Press to place a fair and impartial record of their proceedings before them—to support their charities to the utmost of their power—and to use the greatest care that nothing should be published which, according to their Masonic obligations, ought not to meet the public eye. Now that the *Freemasons' Magazine* and *Masonic Mirror* were united, he felt they would have as perfect a record of their proceedings as it was possible to obtain. It should be the endeavour of its conductors to merit the support of the Brethren, which he now asked them to extend as far as possible; at the same time, as he saw several Grand Officers present, *he must be allowed to complain that those Brethren connected with the Press were unable to obtain an answer to the simplest question at the Grand Secretary's Office.*

The Chairman said that there was yet a toast to which they were bound to do honour—"The Stewards." The energies of the whole establishment of the Freemasons' Tavern had been put forth to please them; but it was to the admirable arrangements of the Stewards they were indebted for passing so comfortable an evening. He begged to give them, "The Stewards and Bro. Barrett," a most excellent and energetic Mason (cheers).

Bro. Barrett returned thanks, and assured the Brethren, that if they had been gratified by the arrangements, the Stewards felt themselves amply rewarded (cheers).

The company then separated.

ROYAL ATHELSTAN LODGE (No. 19).—A goodly muster of members of this Lodge supped together at Bro. Young's, Moths Hotel, New Street, Covent Garden, on Friday, Dec. 14th, Bro. Algernon Attwood, P.M. presiding; when a very elegant silver inkstand was presented to Bro. Tomkins, G.J.D., in testimony of his valuable services whilst acting as Secretary of the Lodge, and his readiness at all times to afford instruction to the Brethren. The entertainment was very elegantly served, and the whole of the proceedings passed off in the utmost harmony.

JUBILEE LODGE (No. 85).—A number of the Brethren connected with this Lodge supped together at the Falcon Tavern, Fetter Lane, on Monday the 17th December, to present testimonials of respect to Bro. and Mrs. Ireland, for their unremitting attention to the comfort of the members. The chair was occupied by Bro. T. A. Adams, P.M. of 196 and 206. The usual Masonic toasts having been drunk, the W.M. said he had great pleasure in presenting to Bro. Ireland a testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by the Brothers of the Jubilee Lodge of Instruction. He could recollect the time when the Lodge was but indifferently supported, and their accounts far from satisfactory. Since, however, Bro. Ireland had undertaken the charge of their affairs, a very different aspect had come over their position—the Lodge had rapidly grown into importance, and after providing themselves with new Regalia, and subscribing to the Masonic Charities, there was



still a good fund in hand. Bro. Ireland was an excellent Mason, and in addition to performing the duties of Secretary and Treasurer to the Lodge, was always ready to afford instruction to the Brethren. At the same time that they presented the testimonial to Bro. Ireland, they must not forget his worthy wife, who always did everything in her power to promote the happiness and comfort of the Masonic visitors to the house. The W.M. then handed a handsome silver cigar case to Bro. Ireland, bearing the following inscription :—"Presented to Bro. Charles Ireland, as Hon. Treas. and Sec. of the Jubilee Lodge of Instruction, No. 85, by its members, in testimony of their sincere personal regard, and high appreciation of his valuable services." Mrs. Ireland having been introduced into the room, was also presented with a silver cream-ewer, on which was engraved :—"Presented to Mrs. Charles Ireland, by the members of the Jubilee Lodge of Instruction, No. 85, as a mark of their esteem, and in acknowledgment of her unceasing kindness and considerate attention." Mrs. Ireland having thanked the company for the handsome present ; retired, and the health of Bro. Ireland and his wife, wishing them long life and happiness, was drunk with loud applause. Bro. Ireland returned thanks, and assured the Brethren that neither himself nor his wife could have expected to receive such a kind mark of appreciation and respect. In the course of his life he had received many testimonials, but none which he should so highly honour and preserve as those which they had been pleased to present to himself and wife that evening—and he could only say that it would be their utmost endeavour, at all times, to make the Brethren as happy and comfortable as possible. A variety of other toasts were drunk, and the evening brought to a happy termination. In the course of the evening, portraits were exhibited of Bros. Adams and Ireland, attired in their Masonic clothing. They have been executed through the collodion process, by those rising young artists, Bros. Collis and Warren of the Strand, and well deserved the high consideration they received from the Brethren.

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## PROVINCIAL.

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### DERBYSHIRE.

REPTON.—*Royal Sussex Lodge* (No. 446).—The annual festival of this Lodge was held at Bro. Somers' Masonic Hotel, on the 17th December. The R.W.A. Prov. G.M., Bro. C. R. Colvile, M.P., honoured the Lodge by his presence. This being the appointed day for the election of a W.M. and Treas., Bro William Allen was unanimously elected W.M., and Bro. Seth Smith, Treas. for the ensuing year. The Craft congratulate themselves on the progress made by this Lodge during the last two years, under the W.M. Bro. George Mason, he having initiated ten gentlemen into the mystic science, as members of this Lodge. Among the visitors were Bros. J. Gadsby, W.M., No. 315, and J. Bloor, W.M., No. 907. An excellent banquet was provided by Bro. W. Somers, and elicited the highest commendation.

### DEVONSHIRE.

DEVONPORT.—*Friendship Lodge* (No. 238).—This Lodge held their usual monthly meeting at the Lord Hood Hotel, on Thursday, 22nd, hon. Bro. Thomas Richards, H.M.D.Y. presiding. On this occasion two gentlemen were initiated and one raised to the sublime Degree of M.M. The ceremony was not performed in the W.M.'s usual style of excellence ; which we think may be attributable to the forgetfulness of some of the Brethren of the motto "*Audi, Vide, Tace*," which we monthly place before them. The W.M. for the ensuing year was declared to be Bro. Elphinstone, P.S.W. Business being over, the Lodge was closed in peace and harmony, the Brethren retiring to refreshment.

PLYMOUTH.—*Masonic Recognition of Bro. J. R. Newcombe*.—A preliminary meeting of the honourable Craft of Freemasonry was held at the house of Bro.

Lidstone, George-street, on Dec. 22, Bro. G. W. Soltau, P.P.G.S.W., in the chair, to take the steps necessary "to mark by a public demonstration their estimation of the eminent Masonic virtues of Bro. J. R. Newcombe, manager of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, whose conduct on more than one occasion, especially in the distressing cases of Mrs. Hudson Kirby and Mdlle. Julie, has been such as to show how thoroughly his every action is imbued with the true principles on which Freemasonry is founded." After the disposal of some preliminaries, it was resolved:—"That the Brethren present believe that the most expedient, and at the same time most appropriate method of showing their cordial approval of Bro. Newcombe's conduct during the severe illness and subsequent death of Mdlle. Julie, would be effected by the Brethren of the Craft generally patronizing a performance at the theatre for his benefit." A copy of this and the other resolutions of the meeting have been transmitted to the W.M.s of all the Lodges in the Provinces of Devon, Cornwall, and Somerset, soliciting their concurrence and influence in carrying out the proposed recognition of Bro. Newcombe's recent Masonic conduct. The chairman was also requested to communicate with the Right Honourable the Earl Fortescue, M.W.P.G.M. for Devon; Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., M.P., the M.W.P.G.M. for Cornwall; and to Col. C. K. Kemeys Tynte, M.W.P.G.M. for Somerset; and the D.P.G.M.s for each Province, with the view of obtaining their kind support on the occasion referred to.

*St. John the Baptist Lodge* (No. 83).—The Brethren of this Lodge held their usual monthly meeting on Tuesday, the 4th inst., and having confirmed the minutes of the previous meeting, Bros. Clark and Mullins were passed to the degree of F.C., and Bro. Coombes was raised to the sublime Degree of M.M. The ceremonies were performed by Bro. Pollard, P.M., P.P.G.T., in his usual style of excellence, in all being most ably assisted by his officers. The Secretary having read a communication relative to the Boys' School, it was decided that the question be postponed to the next meeting, to gain further information on the subject. Bro. Gower, I.G., then moved that, at the commencement of the year, the *Freemasons' Magazine* should be subscribed for by the Lodge, the expense being trifling, and the Masonic information to be gained thereby very considerable. He considered there would not be two opinions on its desirability, and therefore would not trouble the Brethren with any further remarks. After some discussion, in which want of funds was urged by one Brother, and the apathy of the Lodge-members in the matter of Masonic news by another, the motion was negatived.

STONEHOUSE.—*Lodge of Fortitude* (No. 122).—The usual monthly meeting of this Lodge took place at the Prince George Hotel, on Wednesday, the 12th inst. Bro. Richard Pomeroy was unanimously elected W.M. for the ensuing year, installed on Wednesday, the 19th. It was moved and carried that the members do celebrate St. John's day by dining together at Bro. Killingley's.

*Lodge of Harmony* (No. 182).—The members of this Lodge held their usual monthly meeting on Monday evening, the 3rd inst., at the White Swan Inn, when the W.M. Bro. Earl raised Bro. Clark to the sublime Degree of M.M. in a manner worthy the occasion. In this he was most ably seconded by his officers, Bro. Browning, S.W., and Bro. Roberts, J.W. After the raising, the election of W.M. for the ensuing year was proceeded with. The choice fell unanimously on Bro. Browning, the present S.W., who returned thanks for the honour conferred on him, and hoped when, in the course of time he should leave the Master's chair, his energies would have been as successfully employed as those of their present talented W.M., whose correct working, and attention to his duties, could not be surpassed.

*Brunswick Lodge* (No. 185).—The members of this Lodge held their usual monthly meeting, at the New Masonic Hall, on the 5th inst. Lodge tyled, the Brethren proceeded to the election of W.M.; the result of the ballot being to place Bro. W. A. Clark in the chair of Master, Bro. H. Hyman, P.M., P.J.G.D., &c., as Treasurer; Bro. Rogers as Tyler. It was proposed and carried, that the installation and banquet do take place on St. John's day. Among those present, we observed Bros. Waring, P.M., P.G.T., &c.; Boulds, P.M., P.G.D.C.; Stephens,

P.M. ; Pearse, W.M. ; N. Narracutt, P.M. ; Russell, P.M. ; W. A. Clark, W.M. elect ; Clese, S.W. ; McKay, J.W. ; Davies, Dennerford, Chapple, Jall, &c.

*Lodge of Sincerity* (No. 224).—A Lodge of Emergency was held on Nov. 25th, for the purpose of passing Bro. Berford Pim, *Lieut. R.N.*, one of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. To avoid the nuisance of Mons. Thioden's instrument of 16-trumpet power (previously alluded to), the members met in the office of Bro. Mann, situate on the ground-floor of the building, where the space was too limited. In consequence of the illness of the talented W.M.'s wife, he was unable to attend. Bro. P. E. Rowe passed the candidate to the degree of F.C. in his usual style, giving delight to all the Brethren present. Among the visitors we observed Bro. Paddon, Bro. J. Thomas, Sec., No. 83 ; Bro. R. Pomeroy, No. 122 ; Bro. Pearce, W.M., No. 185 ; Bro. Clare, S.M., No. 185 ; Bro. Narracutt, P.M., No. 185, and the following members of the Lodge :—Damant, P.M. ; Hancoat, S.W. ; Lidstone, J.W. ; Rood, S.D. ; Hunt, Sec. ; Pole, Wilson, &c. After labour, the Brethren retired to a banquet of the most *recherché* description. In fact, it seldom falls to our lot to meet with anything approaching the style in which the tables were laid out, except in the metropolis. The cost of this was provided by the liberality of Bro. Rood and others of the members. This accounts for the flourishing condition of the funds, there being a balance, as shown by Bro. Lorenzo Porter Tripe, P.M., P.P.J.D., the respected Treasurer, of from £30 to £35. This is equalled by only one other in this neighbourhood.

#### DORSETSHIRE.

POOLE.—On Friday, the 30th ult., Bro. the Rev. Thomas Pearce, vicar of Morden, P.P.G.C., and W.M., of the Lodge of Unity, No. 542, Wareham, was invited by the P.P.G. Officers residing at Poole and Bournemouth, and the W.M. of the Lodge of Amity, No. 160, Poole, to a grand banquet, at Bro. Knight's, Antelope Hotel, Poole, in token of their fraternal regards, and to evince their appreciation of his readiness at all times to render assistance and support in furthering and promoting the interests and prosperity of Freemasonry. The W.M. of the Lodge of Amity presided, supported on his right by Bros. the Rev. Thomas Pearce, P.P.G.C., and Wm. Parr, P.P.G.D. of ceremonies ; and on the left, by Bro. R. Ledgard, P.M., No. 160, and C. Filliter, S.W., No. 542, and Mayor of Wareham. The vice chair was ably filled by Bro. Jno. Sydenham, P.M., No. 160, supported by Bro. Jno. Osment, P.P.G.S.D., and Geo. H. Gutch, P.P.G.S.B. In the assembly were noticed two foreign Brethren, Lieut. Alfred Schirmachee, first officer of the steam yacht *Wave Queen*, and J. N. Block, commander of the steamer *Contractor*, of Weymouth ; Bros. Pitman and Donning, P.G.D. of ceremonies, No. 199, Weymouth ; Bro. W. E. Rebbeck, S.W., of the Lodge of Hengist, No. 230, Bournemouth, several P.G. officers, and officers and Brethren of the Lodge of Amity, No. 160. The banquet was served up in first-rate order by Bro. Knight, which, with the delicacies of the season for dessert, and his superior wines, gave entire satisfaction. The Rev. Bro. was much pleased with the invitation, and after spending a pleasant evening, the Brethren separated about ten o'clock.

#### DURHAM.

DURHAM.—*Granby Lodge* (No. 146).—The members of this Lodge celebrated the festival of St. John the Evangelist, on Monday, Dec. 10th. The members assembled at the Lodge at half-past four o'clock, for the election of W.W., Treas., and Tyler, for the ensuing year, when Bro. William Tiplady was elected W.M., Bro. Thomas Jones, Treas., and Bro. W. Kirkley, Tyler. The Brethren, to the number of thirty, then adjourned to Bro. Stoke's, where they partook of a most excellent dinner, and spent the evening in the utmost harmony. We are glad to learn that the Granby Lodge continues to receive an accession of members.

#### KENT.

GRAVESEND.—*Lodge of Freedom* (No. 91).—The monthly meeting of the Brethren of this Lodge took place, at Bro. Wates' Hotel, on Monday, Dec. 17 ;

when the W.M., Bro. R. Spencer, initiated Mr. Oliver into the mysteries of the Craft, and passed to the Fellow Craft's Degree Bros. Wates, Hills, and Olive, which was done in his usual excellent style. Business concluded, the Lodge was closed with solemn prayer, and the Brethren proceeded to banquet, and spent a very agreeable evening.

MAIDSTONE.—*Belvidere Lodge* (No. 741).—The annual meeting of this Lodge took place, at the Star Hotel, on the 4th December, when the W.M. for the ensuing year was duly installed by Bro. John Savage and the officers appointed. Amongst the visitors present were Bro. C. Purton Cooper, Q.C., the R.W.G.M. for Kent; Bro. Ashley, P.P.D.G.M.; Bro. Isaacs, P.G.S.; Bro. Keddele, P.P.G.S.W.; Bro. Savage; Bros. Spencer, Pottinger, and Watson, of Gravesend; Bros. Windeyer and Isaacs, of Chatham; Bro. Rodgers, of Brompton, Kent; Bros. Campbell, P.P.G.J.W., Mann, and Landell, of Dartford, &c. Upwards of forty Brethren afterwards dined together, and spent a very pleasant evening. It was mentioned that the Prov. G.M., who is very popular in the Province, intends holding a meeting of the Brethren, at Maidstone, preliminary to the next Prov. G.L.

#### LANCASHIRE.

BLACKBURN.—*Lodge of Fidelity* (No. 336).—The Members of this well-conducted and highly respected Lodge celebrated their monthly gathering on Friday, the 30th November. The Brethren mustered well, and included several visitors; among whom were Bros. Wilding, P.M., and Henderson, P.G.S.B.E.L., No. 676; and Backhouse, S.W., No. 432. The ordinary monthly business having been transacted, a gentleman was initiated into the mysteries of the Order by Bro. George Whewell, whose able and impressive manner of performing that beautiful ceremony called forth the deserved encomiums of all present. The Members then fixed Friday, the 4th January, for the celebration of the Festival of St. John, and Bro. Whewell, S.W., was proposed as W.M. for the ensuing year; after which a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to Bro. D. Thwaites, jun., for his services during the past year, when the Brethren adjourned and passed a pleasant evening.

*Lodge of Perseverance* (No. 432).—The regular monthly meeting of this Lodge was held on the evening of Monday, the 26th November. There was a good attendance of the Brethren of the Ancient Craft; among whom were several visitors. The W.M. Bro. Charles Boardman, assisted by his wardens, Bros. H. Backhouse and Wm. Harrison, presided. Several matters of business were transacted, and a new code of by-laws adopted, and ordered to be transmitted for the approval of proper authority. Thursday, the 27th of December, being St. John the Evangelist's day, was then appointed for the celebration of that festival; after which the Brethren adjourned and passed a most agreeable evening.

LIVERPOOL.—A grand ball is to take place in the Town Hall, Liverpool, on the 8th inst., in aid of the funds of the West Lancashire Masonic Institution for the education and advancement in life of children of distressed Freemasons.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTH SHIELDS.—*St. George's Lodge* (No. 642).—This Lodge held a meeting, at the George Hotel, on the 19th December; when Bro. J. Graham Tulloch was installed W.M. for the coming year. The W.M. then appointed and invested the following Brethren as Officers for the year, viz.:—Thomas Fenwick, P.M. and Orator; James D. Brown, S.W.; Chas. Alex. Adamson, J.W.; W. Blackwood, P.M., Treas.; George R. Maltby, Sec.; William Twizell, S.D.; Thomas Taylor, J.D.; David Renton, I.G.; T. W. Richardson, S.S.; H. Isaacs, J.S.; J. Evans, Tyler.

The annual festival was held at the George Tavern, on Thursday (the following day), when about forty Brethren sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by the worthy hostess, Miss Coxon. Bro. J. G. Tulloch, W.M., presided; supported on his right by Bros. J. W. Mayson, P.G.S.W., and ex-mayor of Tyne-mouth; W. Berkeley, P.P.G.S.W., and P.G.S.; E. D. Davis, P.G.D.C. for the Province of Durham; and John Toshach, P.M., and ex-mayor of South Shields:



and on his left, by Bros. Thos. Fenwick, P.M. and P.G.R. No. 624 ; — Johnson, P.M. ; and R. Roxby, Palatine Lodge, No. 114. The vice-chairs were ably filled by Bros. James D. Brown, S.W., and (in the unavoidable absence of the J.W.) Stephen Owen, J.W. *pro tem.*

The usual loyal, Masonic, and patriotic toasts were given, and warmly responded to.

The W.M. then said he had to propose a toast which came more immediately to their own firesides, he meant "The health of the Rev. E. Challoner Ogle, the R.W.P.G.M." (cheers). It was the intention of the R.W.P.G.M. to have been present that day, but he had been prevented. Drunk with Masonic honours.

The W.M. again rising, said the next toast did not require any eulogium on his part to recommend it to their notice, for he felt he had only to mention the name of "Bro. R. Medcalf, the D.P.G.M." to secure the warmest reception (cheers).

The W.M. then proposed "The P.G. Officers for Northumberland," coupling the "Healts of Bros. J. W. Mayson, P.G.S.W. ; and William Berkley, P.G.S."

Bro. Mayson returned thanks.

The W.M. gave "The health of Bro. John Fawcet, P.G.M., and the Grand Officers of Durham."

Bro. E. D. Davies rose to return thanks, and said he felt certain it must give the Brethren in Northumberland great pleasure to know that the Lodges in the Province of Durham were in a most flourishing condition.

Bro. Thomas Fenwick, P.M. and Orator, then rising, said he should have felt much more satisfied if some one more worthy had been selected to propose the next toast. He felt under such a debt of gratitude to Bro. Tullock, the W.M., for his past services, that he (Bro. Fenwick) could not sufficiently express his feelings on this occasion (hear, hear). Bro. Tullock's abilities as a Mason were well known ; St. George's Lodge had done wisely and well in electing him their W.M. (cheers). Bro. Tullock was so able in ability and so warm in heart, that he (Bro. Fenwick) felt that St. George's Lodge must continue to flourish. Bro. Tullock would conduct the affairs of the Lodge as they ought to be conducted ; and at the expiration of his term of office would resign his jewels untarnished (cheers). Let them drink, in their warmest manner, "The health of Bro. Tullock, W.M." Drunk with enthusiasm and Masonic honours.

The W.M. rose to reply. He said, for the very kind and flattering manner in which Bro. Fenwick had proposed his health, and for the hearty response to the toast, he felt deeply grateful. He (the W.M.) was quite aware that his position brought with it heavy responsibilities, but he would endeavour to his utmost to conduct the affairs of the Lodge so as to win the approbation of the most sincere well-wishers of St. George's (cheers). He (the W.M.) did hope that, as Bro. Fenwick had so kindly expressed, he should, when his term of office should expire, resign his jewels untarnished (applause).

Bro. J. W. Mayson, P.G.S.W., then rising, said, they had been pleased to entrust to him a toast which he felt he was inadequate to propose. He was about to give the health of one who had discharged his duties faithfully and well ; who had earned the respect and affection of his Brethren—he meant the health of Bro. Fenwick, their immediate P.M., who had most efficiently filled the chair of St. George's Lodge during three successive years. (Cheers.) Bro. Fenwick also held a very high position in the borough of Tynemouth, and was universally respected. As a Mason, Bro. Fenwick enjoyed the very highest respect, and possessed the deepest affection of his Brethren in St. George's Lodge (applause). Bro. Fenwick was one of the brightest ornaments of Freemasonry, and he (Bro. Mayson) gave vent to that expression from the inmost recesses of his heart (hear, hear). Bro. Fenwick had nobly done his duty ; and he (Bro. Mayson) could not but feel that he (Bro. Fenwick) must be deeply impressed with the congratulations of his Brethren. Bro. Fenwick had never been absent from his duties ; and possibly one who was near and dear to him, one who was bound to him by the most cherished of earthly ties, had sometimes doubted if Freemasonry did any more than keep men from their own firesides, and cause a great deal of anxiety to the waiting one at home (laughter and cheers). Bro. Mayson then gracefully presented to Bro. Fenwick a very beautiful and costly tea-service ; and concluded



by saying, that he felt when it reached its new home it would not only be an evidence how much respected and how deeply loved Bro. Fenwick was, by the Brethren of St. George's, but would also induce the fair sex to suppose that Freemasonry was a noble institution after all (applause). On the tea-urn was neatly engraved the following inscription :—

“Presented by the Brethren of St. George's Lodge of Freemasonry, No. 624, North Shields, to Bro. Thomas Fenwick, P.M., in testimony of their regard and esteem, and in appreciation of his valuable services as W.M. for three successive years.—20th Dec., 1855.”

On the other side was an emblematic device, embodying the various emblems of Masonry. On the sugar basin and cream ewer were the initials, “T.M.S.F.,” and the Square and Compasses.

Bro. Fenwick, on rising to return thanks, was greeted with warm and long-continued applause. He said, when he looked on the elegant testimonial which had just been presented to him, he felt that their hearts were warm towards him ; he felt more than he could by words express. To receive such a testimonial from the Brethren of St. George's Lodge was indeed an honour—an honour as unexpected as it was gratifying. He (Bro. Fenwick) felt the honour was enhanced when presented to him through one so universally respected as Bro. Mayson, the ex-mayor of the borough (Hear, hear). He accepted the testimonial, so flatteringly presented, with pleasure and pride, and it would descend as an heir-loom to future generations, and a lasting mark of the good will of the Brethren of St. George's Lodge (cheers).

Bro. Berkely, P.P.G.S.W., proposed, in warm terms, the health of Bro. Mayson, P.G.S.W., and ex-mayor of Tynemouth, who had won golden opinions by the impartial discharge of his duties as chief magistrate of the borough.

Bro. Mayson thanked them for the warm manner in which his health had been proposed, and for the very cordial response to the toast.

Several other Masonic and patriotic toasts were given in rapid succession, and warmly responded to.

Bro. John Hopper, P.M., rising, said the W.M. had given him permission to propose a toast—“Our noble Allies and our Brethren in the Crimea.” (Cheers.) The banner of Freedom had been unfurled on those shores where despotism was encroaching on the shrine of liberty (applause). Many a once warm heart now slept 'neath the sod of the Crimea, but the memory of the departed brave was circled with a halo of everlasting glory (applause).

Bro. Johnson, P.M., then proposed the past Officers of St. George's Lodge, coupling the health of Bro. Owen. He (Bro. Johnson) never yet saw a Lodge worked more efficiently. He assured Bro. Owen he lived in the hearts of his Brethren (hear and cheers).

Bro. Owen returned thanks.

Bro. John T. M. Harrison presided at the organ. The new Masonic song “Here's a Health to the True,” written and composed by Bro. Harrison, was warmly received. We understand that the song is about to be published.

NEWCASTLE.—*Newcastle-upon-Tyne-Lodge* (No. 24).—The usual monthly meeting of this Lodge was held on Thursday, December 6, and being the period for the annual election of W.M. and Treas., there was a large attendance of members. Bro. Thomas Pattinson was elected W.M., and Bro. J. R. Hodge Treas. ; Bro. Alexander Dickson was elected Tyler. The W.M. elect intimated to the Brethren assembled, that being desirous of continuing the friendly and fraternal union existing with the Lodge De Loraine, which meets in the same building, it was proposed that the annual banquet of the two Lodges should be united, and he had every reason to believe that the proposition would meet with a warm response from the members of Lodge No. 793. There being no other business before the Lodge, it was closed with peace and harmony.

*De Loraine Lodge* (No. 793).—This Lodge met on Friday, December 7, Bro. J. L. Donald, W.M., presiding. This being the night for the election of W.M. and Treas., there was, as with No. 24, a very numerous attendance of Brethren. Bro. Frederick Wilford, the S.W., was duly elected W.M., and Bro. James Gilpin

Treas. ; Bro. Dickson was elected Tyler. Bro. Barker, on behalf of the W.M. elect of No. 24, made known the desire of the Brethren of that Lodge that the annual banquet of the two Lodges should be united, and held at the George Hotel, on the 27th inst. ; and Bro. Wilford said, it gave him great pleasure to acquiesce in the arrangement. The Lodge was then closed.

*Northern Counties Lodge* (No. 586).—The Brethren of this old and respectable Lodge held their usual monthly meeting on Monday, December 3. Bro. Joicey was raised to the Sublime Degree of M.M. by the W.M., Bro. Dalziel, P.G.D.C., after which two initiations took place, one of which was of more than ordinary interest—it being the son of the much-respected W.M. The ceremony was performed in the most efficient manner, and every Brother present was highly delighted. After the initiation the Brethren retired to refreshment, and spent a most harmonious evening.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

BATH.—*Royal Sussex Lodge* (No. 61).—On Monday, December 3, a Lodge was held, for the purpose of installing Bro. James Tunstall, M.D., P.Z. and P.M. No. 48, P.M. No. 420, P.P.G.S. of W. for Somerset, and Treas. of the Lodge, the W.M. elect. The W.M., Bro. John Broadley, P.G.J.W. for Somerset, P.M. Nos. 48 and 420, having opened the Lodge, Bro. C. J. Vigne, P.M. and P.Z. No. 528, and P.P.G.S.W. for Somerset, installed Bro. Tunstall, congratulating him on the complete resuscitation of this ancient Lodge, a circumstance due to his untiring energy. Bro. Tunstall then invested the following Officers:—Bros. F. Smith, S.W ; C. W. Oliver, J.W. ; C. Milsom, P.P.G.O. Somerset, Sec. ; H. James and J. Collins, Deacons ; Commans, I.G. Among the visiting Brethren present were Bros. Major Goddard, P.G.R. Wilts ; Capt. Ponsonby Watts, of Trichinopoly ; Dr. Falconer, Prov. G. Treas. for Somerset ; John Amery, P.P.G.D.C. for Essex ; Bro. Capt. Evans, P.M. Nos. 528 and 650 ; with Brethren from the Wiltshire, Somerset, and Bristol Lodges. After the ceremony the Brethren adjourned to the banquet, at Bro. Amery's, Christopher Hotel, to celebrate the resuscitation of the Lodge.

#### SUSSEX.

BRIGHTON.—*Royal Clarence Lodge* (No. 338).—On Friday, December 21st, the members of this Lodge held their monthly meeting and quarterly banquet. Three Brethren were passed to the Second Degree ; the next business was the election of W.M. and Treas. for the year ensuing ; the S.W. Bro. H. Smithers, Past Prov. Dir. of Cer., was unanimously elected W.M., and Bro. D. M. Folkard, P.M. and Prov. G. Reg., was unanimously re-elected (for the seventeenth time) Treas. Upwards of forty Brethren then repaired to refreshment. The visitors were Bros. Jones, P.M., No. 394 ; Frederick Slight, No. 4 ; and Craven, No. 38. We congratulate Bro. G. E. Pocock, the W.M. and Prov. G. Sec., on a most successful year of office ; the working has been carefully performed by W.M. and his Officers, and after paying expenses up to the present time, there is a good balance in hands of Treasurer. This Lodge contributes to several of the Local as well as the Masonic Charities. The installation of W.M. will take place on the third Friday in January ; we understand there will be a Lodge of Emergency called on a day prior to the installation, for the purpose of raising five Brethren to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason.

#### WORCESTERSHIRE.

KIDDERMINSTER.—*Lodge of Hope and Charity* (No. 523).—At the next meeting of this Lodge, to be held at Bro. Yeates', the Black Horse Tavern, Mill Street, Bro. Fitzgerald (organist at the new Music Hall and at the parish church), is to be installed as W.M. We believe the Brethren have made a worthy choice, the W.M. elect being equal to any of the Degrees, and "well up" in Masonry. How is it, permit us to ask, that although Provincial Grand Lodge and other dues are regularly forwarded by the Lodges in the Province, that No. 523, at Kidderminster, can only find a place in the Quarterly Communication ?

DUDLEY.—*Harmonic Lodge* (No. 313).—Although this Lodge met on Tuesday, the 4th December, for the important purpose of electing the W.M. for the year ensuing, yet the dinner given to Sir S. H. Northcote, Bart., M.P. for Dudley, on that evening, by some of his constituents, had the effect of lessening the number of the members who would otherwise have attended. Lodge having been duly opened by Bro. Bristow, W.M., Bro. William Caleb Henry Broomer, of Lodge of Stability, No. 824 (Stourbridge), was elected a joining member; after which Bro. Thomas Cooper, J.W., was unanimously elected to fill the office of W.M. for the year ensuing; Bro. Matthew Dennison, P.M. and S.W., unanimously appointed Treasurer; and Bro. Garner, Tyler. Bro. Dennison, P.M., having taken the S.W.'s chair last year in an emergency, resigned the W.M.'s chair at this election in favour of Bro. Cooper, who will have no difficulty in satisfactorily filling the several offices. With the assistance of the indefatigable and perfect working Mason who is his immediate P.M., the next year's working will be looked upon with interest. At the last meeting a committee of officers, &c., was appointed to communicate with Nos. 730 and 838, respecting the annual Masonic Ball, which usually takes place in January. At this meeting the W.M. reported that a committee of No. 730 had been elected to arrange preliminaries with No. 313, but that no reply had as yet been received from No. 838. The members received with deep regret the resignation of Past Master Bro. J. C. Cook, Treasurer, caused by a very long illness, from which he is not yet out of danger, and the convalescence from which must necessarily be so protracted that it was a question if he could ever take part in the duties again. Past Master Dennison was unanimously requested to convey to Bro. Cook the deep sorrow of the Lodge at his long and severe affliction, and their great regret at the resignation which was caused thereby. Lodge being closed in due form, it was adjourned to Tuesday, the 1st of January, when the several Officers will be invested, and the Festival of St. John kept, with the celebration, at the same time, of the incoming year.

At the supper many excellent speeches were made, the principal being by the W.M., in introducing "The Health of the Visitors" (Bro. the Rev. A. H. Gwynne, W.M., No. 435; Bro. J. H. Houghton, No. 730; and Bro. Light), and that of the Rev. Bro. T. W. Herbert, in proposing the toast of "The W.M." Before he knew him as a *Mason*, said the Rev. Brother, he respected him as a *MAN*. The first time he saw him, he felt drawn towards him by a feeling of love and admiration, which later impressions had but deepened. First impressions were seldom right or lasting, but this instance had proved an exception to the rule; his Masonic acquaintance had strengthened the respect he held towards him, and taught him to value the man who could not swerve from the strict line of duty. Never since he entered the Lodge had he heard a word which the most fastidious could object to—never had he witnessed any display of ill-feeling—all had been to him indicative of the grand truths which were the basis of the Masonic fabric, and which had alone supported it in its integrity and purity through the generations and ages through which it had flourished and prospered. For much of the love and harmony of the past year was he indebted to Bro. Bristow, who had ruled his Lodge with *firmness, zeal, and love*, and who would vacate the chair with the deep respect and warm admiration of every member of that Lodge—whose banner had inscribed upon it its well-known name, "*Harmonic*." The toast was received with due honours and the musical "*Prosper*," which is always so heartily given. Bro. Bristow returned thanks with evident emotion, his proudest wish being that he had discharged the duties of his office faithfully and impartially. The W.M. elected was not forgotten; but he was unavoidably absent, from professional engagements, during the toasts. The Visitors' toast was replied to by Bro. J. H. Houghton, *M.R.C.S.*; and the Officers' by Past Master Dennison, S.W.; and Bro. Sheppard, Steward, who has been a Mason nearly fifty years.

*Royal Standard Lodge* (No. 730).—This Lodge was opened in due form at Mrs. Smith's, the Dudley Arms Hotel, on Tuesday evening, the 13th, the Rev. Bro. A. G. Davies in the chair. A communication from Bro. Hervey, relating to a proposed festival in March next, in aid of the Boys' School, having been read,

the discussion thereon was adjourned to a future night. A similar course was taken by the other Dudley Lodges, and many other surrounding Lodges. A letter containing Bro. J. C. Cook's, P.M. No. 313, resignation (from causes detailed more fully in our notice of No. 313 Lodge) having been read, on the motion of the Rev. Brother, A. H. Gwynne, J.D. (W.M. of No. 435), it was received with regret; and on the suggestion of Bro. Wigginton, J.G., Bro. Dennison, S.W., was requested to convey the deep regret and sympathy of the Lodge to the much respected Bro. Cook. The bye-laws having been read, and nothing further offering, &c., Lodge was closed in due form. The whole of the Officers were present at the Lodge, and the visitors consisted of the Rev. Bro. T. W. Herbert, No. 313; and Bro. W. Beddard, No. 435. At the banquet the Visitors' toast was replied to by Bro. Beddard in a neat speech; Bro. Renaud, P.M., proposing the W.M., and Bro. Barns, M.C., that of Bro. Renaud, the immediate P.M. "The Officers" was replied to by Bro. Wigginton. After the other customary toasts, and the parting world-wide one of charity to those in need, the Brethren broke up at an early hour.

#### YORKSHIRE—WEST.

DEWSBURY.—A Provincial Grand Lodge Meeting is to be held at Dewsbury on Wednesday next. The Lodge will, in the first instance, be opened by the W.M. of the Three Grand Principles, No. 251.

*Lodge of the Three Grand Principles* (No. 251).—The monthly meeting of this flourishing Lodge took place in the Masonic Hall, on Thursday evening, the 20th December, under the presidency of the W.M., Bro. R. R. Nelson, who raised a Brother to the Sublime Degree of M.M.; after which he installed his successor for the ensuing year, Bro. Robert Hemingway (son of the veteran Mason, Bro. Thomas Hemingway, P.P.S.G.W. of West Yorkshire, P.M. and P.T.), as W.M. After the close of this beautiful ceremony, the following Brethren were appointed and invested as Officers for the ensuing year:—Bros. J. M. Harrison, S.W.; Benjamin Oates, jun., J.W.; George Fearnley, M.D., P.P.S.G.W., P.M., Treasurer; Thomas Hemingway, P.P.S.G.W., P.M. and P.T., Secretary; William Hinchcliffe, S.D.; John Spiking, J.D.; James Hunter, J.G.; Charles Knowles and Edwin Knowles, Stewards; Luke Hinchcliffe, O.G. Previous to retiring from the chair, Bro. Nelson presented a very handsome ancient Bible to the Lodge, as a small token of his esteem for the Brethren and the Lodge, and hoped that the blessing of the G.A.O.T.U. might always rest upon them, and that those principles from which the name of the Lodge was taken, and which were inculcated in those Holy Writings, the Great Light in Masonry might abound amongst the Brethren, and guide them to all happiness. A vote of thanks was unanimously given to Bro. Nelson for his appropriate and valuable present.

GOOLE.—*Calder Lodge* (No. 672).—The Brethren of this Lodge assembled in their Lodge-room at the Sydney Hotel, on the 14th instant, for the purpose of installing Bro. Clough W.M. for the ensuing year, and also to celebrate the Festival of St. John. On the ceremony of the installation of Bro. Clough being ended, the Lodge was closed, when the Brethren sat down to dinner, served in Bro. Chattam's usual style. On the cloth being removed, the W.M. gave the usual Masonic and loyal toasts, which were received with due honours; the evening was enlivened by several of the Brethren singing Masonic and other songs, and during the intervals by Bro. Schmidt Tyler playing several admired airs on the accordion, which instrument he is perfect master of.



## ROYAL ARCH.

### LONDON CHAPTERS.

BRITISH CHAPTER (No. 8).—This distinguished Chapter met at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, December 7th ; Comp. Herbert Lloyd presided. The business was only of a formal nature, the Brethren proposed for exaltation not being present.

JERUSALEM CHAPTER (No. 218).—The members of this Chapter met at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark, on Tuesday, Dec. 11th ; Comp. Scambler, M.E.Z. presiding. There being no business before the Chapter, we have nothing to record beyond noticing that several Brethren were proposed for exaltation at the next meeting.

YARBOROUGH CHAPTER (No. 812).—We understand that the Audit Committee of this flourishing Chapter, many of whose members are attached to the Temple Lodge, have resolved upon a most satisfactory report for presentation at the convocation in January, when Comp. T. E. Davies will be installed M.E.Z. ; Comp. W. Edwards, H., and Comp. P. L. Simmonds, J.

### PROVINCIAL CHAPTERS.

STONEHOUSE, DEVONSHIRE.—*Chapter of Fortitude* (No. 122).—The members of this resuscitated Chapter, having had some fresh blood infused at the late election of officers, met on Tuesday the 27th November, for the purpose of exalting Bros. Eyre, No. 122 ; Roberts, No. 182 ; and Greenwood, No. 238, to the Supreme Degree of the H.R.A. of J. Comp. Dr. Dowse filled the chair of Z. ; Comp. Rome, H. ; Comp. Gidley, J. ; Wodehouse, E. ; Davies, N. ; Earl, P.S., assisted by Comps. May and Killingsly, as A.S.

The manner in which the whole ceremony was performed, from the chair of Z. down to the lowest officer, was such as to prove that there are no *dummies* remaining ; but that every part was not only alive, but in action.

The M.E. Comp. Dowse was pleased to compliment Comps. Gidley and Earl on the proficiency displayed by them in their several offices, as far exceeding anything that could have been expected from them, they having been elected so recently as the 18th September last. We consider the working of this Chapter superior to anything to be seen in this neighbourhood ; and unless the other Chapters *make up* and depend on their own energies (instead of leaning on *one* individual), Fortitude will leave them at an immeasurable distance behind.

Business being ended, the Chapter was closed in solemn prayer at 10 o'clock, the Comps. retiring to refreshment.

BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—*Chapter of Sincerity* (No. 874).—This Chapter was opened on the 8th of February, 1854, counting then eleven Companions ; this number is raised now to seventeen. The following are the Principals and Officers : —Comps. Unna, Z. Neumann, H. ; Bardsdorf J. Ward, E. ; Lockwood N. Mitchell, P.S. ; Goldstein A. S. Wolffsohn, Treas ; Holmes, Janitor. A meeting was held on the 6th November, when, no particular business being on hand, the M.E., Comp. Unna, Z., read sound lectures, illustrative of the ceremonies of the Order.

ROCHESTER, KENT.—*Chapter of Hope* (No. 62).—This Chapter held a convocation at the Spread Eagle Tavern, Dec. 3rd, when Comp. John Lord, Z., and officers went through the ceremony of exaltation, and each officer performed his portion of the duty in the most perfect and efficient manner. This being the day for appointing officers for the ensuing year, the following Companions were elected : —Comps. William Roberts, Z., P.Z. ; John Holland, H. ; P. P. Baker, J. ; James H. Hulme, E. ; Edward Whitworth, N. ; A. Shackleton, P.S. ; J. Farran, Asst. S.J. ; John Garvia, Steward. The reading of the by-laws and other business being concluded, the Companions sat down to a very sumptuous dinner. The Companions separated with feelings of gratification at the proceedings of the evening.

NORTHAMPTON.—*Northampton Chapter* (No. 463).—A convocation of this chapter was held at the *George Hotel*, on Friday the 9th December, which was attended by a numerous assemblage of Royal Arch Masons. Comp. Le Veau, P.G.D.C., officiated as Installing Principal, and, with his usual impressiveness, installed Comps. George Wirley as Z. ; the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntley as H. ; and A. A. Styer as J. The retiring First Principal, Comp. C. W. Elkington, Grand Standard Bearer, then vacated the chair. Three Brethren were afterwards exalted, and the appointment of Officers for the ensuing year having been made, the Chapter was closed.

The Companions then adjourned to the adjoining room to partake of an elegant banquet. [We may, here, remark that never have we seen a *suite* of rooms so admirably adapted for Masonic purposes; the magnificent ball-room, costly furniture, &c., &c., makes it one of the most complete Lodge-rooms in England.] Amongst those present were, the three Principals of the Chapter, Comp. the Rt. Hon. Lord Leigh, P.G.M., for Warwickshire ; Comp. A. A. Le Veau, P.G.D.C. ; Comp. C. W. Elkington, G.S.B. ; Comps. Machin, Mulliner, Newsome, Parsons, Welshman, Higgins, Roberts, Barwell, Hartley, Dr. Bryan, Jones, Bome, Whiteman, Capt. Andrews, &c. &c.

After the usual loyal toasts had been given, the first Principal, in proposing the health of the Most Excellent the Earl of Zetland, G.Z. of the Order, and the Officers of the Grand Chapter, alluded to having two Grand Officers present, to whom he was much indebted for their assistance that day.

Comp. C. W. Elkington briefly returned thanks for the honour conferred upon the Grand Officers.

Comp. Lord Leigh then proposed the healths of the three Principals, and complimented the Chapter upon its prosperous state. He felt sure that with such Companions to fill the chairs the Chapter could not do otherwise than increase in numbers and importance.

Comp. Worley, in acknowledging the toast, assured the companions of his determination to carry on the work so ably begun, and to fulfil the duties of his office to the best of his ability. The worthy Companion concluded by proposing the health of Comp. Lord Leigh, P.G.M. for Warwickshire.

His Lordship, in reply, stated that it afforded him great gratification to visit his Companions in the neighbouring Province ; he took great delight in Freemasonry, and the more he saw of it, the more he appreciated it, because he believed it conduced to make each Mason a better man, and enabled him the more effectually to carry out the doctrines of the Divine Law. He trusted he should see some of the Northamptonshire Masons visiting his Province, and he assured them they should receive from him a hearty welcome.

Comp. Machin then proposed the health of the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntley, P.G.M. for Northamptonshire.

The Marquis of Huntley, who is much esteemed in the Province, was most warmly greeted on rising to respond to the toast. He said he felt highly gratified at the day's proceedings. He had come a long distance to attend the Chapter, and assured them that distance should never hinder him from being present at their meetings. He intended, as soon as he was eligible, to hold a Grand Chapter in the Province. Nothing was more pleasing to the Prov. G.M.s than to see Brethren from other counties visiting them ; and he felt much pleasure in again meeting the Prov. G.M. for Warwickshire and the visiting Companions ; and he begged to inform the Brethren, that the next Prov. Grand Lodge would be held in his own neighbourhood, Peterborough, in May next, when he should be pleased to see some of the Warwickshire Masons present.

Comp. Higgins, in a very eloquent and complimentary speech, proposed "The health of the Past First Principal, Comp. C. W. Elkington," who had during two years filled the office of F.P. It was mainly to the devoted application and determination of that worthy and talented Companion to make the Chapter rank high amongst Arch Masons, that they had succeeded so well. He hoped the Companions would still continue their work, and that the Northampton Chapter would always maintain its present proud position.

Comp. Elkington thanked the Companions for their hearty reception, and

expressed his thanks to Lord Leigh and the other visitors who had that day honoured the Chapter with their presence. He should never forget the marked kindness and support he had received during his two years of office. When he was first invited by the Companions to be their F.P. in the new Chapter, he hesitated for some time, fearing that his residing in Birmingham would prove an obstacle to the fulfilment of his duties ; but having accepted the honour, he was determined to carry out the duties that devolved upon him, and to make the Chapter a working one : in doing so he had been most ably supported by his brother officers. He was proud to leave them in so prosperous a state, and trusted the Chapter would long continue in the same flourishing condition. Comp. Elkington concluded by stating he had received a note from the Dep. Prov. G.M. for Warwickshire, expressing his regret that he had been prevented at the last moment from visiting the Chapter, as he had intended.

The toast of "The visiting Companions" was responded to by Comp. Machin (Comp. Le Veau having been obliged to return to town), who concurred in all that had been stated of the Northampton Chapter. He had paid it several visits with his friend the P.F.P., and had had much pleasure in officiating at some of their meetings. He begged, also, to assure the Companions how much the visitors had enjoyed the day's proceedings.

"The health of the Officers" was ably responded to by Comp. Welshman, as E.

The next toast was "The health of Comp. Higgins, the 'independent member.'" Although office had been pressed upon him, he preferred lending his valuable services independently.

Comp. Higgins having duly acknowledged the toast, proposed "The Ladies," which was responded to by the Marquis of Huntley, thus bringing to a conclusion one of the most pleasant meetings it has been our good fortune to attend.

#### KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

CROSS OF CHRIST ENCAMPMENT.—An Encampment was held at Radley's Hotel, New Bridge Street, Dec. 21st. Present, Sir Kt. R. Costa, P.C. as E.C., in the unavoidable absence of Sir Kt. the Rev. J. E. Cox, E.C. ; Past Commanders, Goldsworthy, Baumer, Lieut. Col. G. Vernon, Spencer ; Sir Kts. Foukes and Rawson, 1st and 2nd Captains ; Dr. Kent, Expert, and Sir Kt. Moore, Standard Bearer. The principal business was the election of Eminent Commanders for the next, when the ballot was unanimous in favour of Sir Kt. Foukes, 1st Captain, who expressed his thanks for the honour conferred upon him, and trusted that this old established Encampment would not lose any of its usefulness from having elected him the Commander. Sir Kt. Baumer was unanimously re-elected Treas. We missed on this occasion, besides the E.C., our respected Past Commanders, G. Wackerbarth and M. Costa.

SOMERSET.—*Provincial Grand Conclave.*—On Friday, November 16, 1855, the Bladud Encampment stationed at Bath assembled under the command of Sir Knight R. W. Falconer, M.D., for the purpose, first, of installing Sir Knight Captain John Evans, E.C. ; and secondly, for the purpose of holding a grand conclave for the inauguration of the V.E. Sir Knight James Randolph, Prov. G.C. for Somerset : the former ceremony being concluded, and the Officers invested, the V.E. Sir Knight C. J. Vigne, P.G.C. for Dorset, having caused the appointment of Sir Knight Randolph to be read, stated that he presided in the unavoidable absence of the M.E. and S.G.M. as his deputy. Sir Knight Randolph having been inaugurated with the usual ceremonies, nominated the V.E. Sir Knight Falconer, M.D., as D.P.G.C. for Somerset, and directed that the newly appointed Officers of the Bladud Encampment should hold *pro tempore* Prov. Grand Office as follows :—Sir Knight G. M. Temple, 1st C. ; Samuel Bryant, 2nd C. ; James Tunstall, M.D.R. ; C. Edward Davis, E. ; C. J. Vigne, T. ; C. W. Hind, C. of Lines ; F. Terry, Almoner ; Sumpter, Equerry. In addition to the Sir Knights of the Province, there were present Sir Knight Sir John De la Pole, Bart., the V.E. ; Sir Knights H. Vernon, P.G.C. for Worcestershire ; Royds, D.P.G.C. for Lancashire ; Highmore, D.P.G.C. for Dorset ; and Rea, of the G.C. of England. After the ceremonies, the Sir Knights adjourned to Temple's Castle Hotel, where a grand banquet was provided.

## SCOTLAND.

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GLASGOW.—*St. Mark's Lodge* (No. 102).—*Nov. 5.*—At this meeting D.M. Bro. Donald Campbell occupied the chair. Bro. Robert Mitchell acted as S.W., and Bro. Robert Thomson, jun., as J.W. Present, also, P.M. Bro. James Miller, other Office Bearers, and a very large attendance of members of this and sister Lodges. The Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved of. An application for admission, recommended by Bros. Sir Thomas George Hesketh, Bart., and J. A. Manning, was presented by Mr. William Hargreaves Manifold, surgeon, Duke of Lancaster's rifle regiment; the candidate was found eligible, and was initiated. The Instructors appointed to Bro. Manifold were Bros. Manning and Captain Littledale.

P.M. Bro. James Miller read a paper which he had compiled from a French work, giving an outline of the biographies of Count Cagliostro and his wife, and of the many impositions which the worthy couple had practised, especially his imposition of having pretended to have discovered the ancient mysteries of Isis and Osiris, which he called Egyptian Masonry. The Count's career was, however, cut short suddenly, as he was seized in Rome, and condemned to death for being a Freemason. This severe sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment, and the Count ended his days in a dungeon of the Seven-hilled City. A vote of thanks was given to Bro. Miller for his interesting essay. Bros. Captain Thomas Littledale and Captain James Thomas Bourne, on motions regularly made and carried, were affiliated.

*November 19.*—Present: Bro. D. Campbell in the chair; the S.W. and J.W., Bros. James Horne and Robert Thomson, jun., and other Brethren. The Minutes of preceding meeting were read and approved of; and Bros. Dr. Manifold, David Haire, John Ellison Cowan, and Charles Hamilton were passed. Bro. J. T. Nicholson gave an eloquent and tasteful reading of the Trial Scene, in Shakespear's "Merchant of Venice;" and it was moved that a vote of thanks be recorded in the Minutes to Bro. Nicholson. A motion that Bro. James Pollock receive from the Lodge funds the sum of five guineas, was duly seconded, and carried unanimously.

*December 3.*—On this date the Lodge convened for the nomination of office-bearers, &c. Bro. Campbell officiated as R.W.M.; Bros. James Horne, S.W., and Robert Thomson, jun., J.W., stood in the S. and W.; present, also, other Office Bearers, and a numerous attendance of the Craft. The Secretary read the Minutes of the previous meeting, which were found correct. Fellow-crafts Dr. Manifold and John E. Cowan were found qualified, and were accordingly raised to the Sublime Degree of M.M. Bro. Campbell read from the chair applications from Messrs. Alexander Paterson and Thomas Henderson, merchants, Glasgow, and Francis Goold, surgeon, Dublin. These applicants were found well recommended, and, being duly prepared, were initiated, and had Instructors appointed to them in the usual form. The R.W.M. read the names of forty-four Brethren who had lately been recorded in the Grand Lodge roll, and stated that sixty-eight candidates had already been initiated this season; and that upwards of two thousand Brethren had during the same period been present at the meetings. He also intimated that at the festival of the Grand Lodge, Bro. Arnott Walker Arnott, LL.D., had represented this Lodge, and that the deputation had been warmly received.—The nomination of the following Brethren, as office-bearers for next year, then took place:—Bros. W. B. Huggins, R.W.M.; Donald Campbell, D.M.; James Horne, S.M.; John Reid, S.W.; Robert Thomson, jun., J.W.; John M. Rowan, Treasurer; David Houstoun, Dep. Treas.; Robert Mitchell, Secretary; J. N. Sutherland, S.D.; W. F. Buckie, J.D.; Robert Young, W. A. G. M'Leod, P. M. Hannay, J. K. Donald, Stewards; J. T. Rothead, Architect; Henry Johnston, I.G.; Alex. Macdonald, Jeweller; Alfred Maclure, Dir. of Music; Robert S. Thomson, Master of Cers.; John Aird, Clothier; James Pollock, Tyler; John Deuchar, of Morningside, Proxy Master.



Bro. Campbell apprised the meeting that next time a Lodge was held, he would move that Bro. the Rev. M'Kitchie Leckie be affiliated, and made an honorary member; and the motion, which was seconded by Bro. J. M. Rowan, was carried.

On Monday, December 10, the Brethren of St. Mark's assembled at an Emergency Meeting, presided over by D.M. Bro. Donald Campbell, with Bros. James Horne as his S.W., and W. Forrester as his acting J.W.; and other Brethren; Apprentices J. Werge and Francis Goold (the G.L. law applicable to the short probation of the latter having been complied with) were examined, found qualified, and passed and raised.

*December 17.*—On this occasion Bro. D. Campbell performed the duties of Master, and, assisted by the Wardens, Bros. James Horne and Robert Thomson, jun., and other Office Bearers and Brethren, passed Apprentices Bros. Thomas Henderson and Alexander Paterson to the Fellow-craft Degree. It was ruled by a motion regularly made and seconded, that the sum of two guineas be presented to the wife of the Rev. T. P. Famer, late Chaplain of the Lodge, from the funds. The R.W.M. intimated that Bro. Julian Adams had requested, through him, the patronage and countenance of the members at his concert, in the City Hall, on Friday next.

### ROYAL ARCH.

#### SUPREME GRAND CHAPTER.

EDINBURGH.—A meeting of this Supreme body was held in the Hall of the Star Hotel, on Wednesday, December 19, when the Minutes of last quarterly meeting were read and confirmed.

The Scribes laid before the meeting two several communications which had been received from the Bon Accord Chapter of Aberdeen, remonstrating against the proceedings which had been adopted in reference to that body having granted a warrant for exercising the Degree of Mark Master to certain Brethren in London. It was unanimously agreed, that until the order made upon that Chapter in June last was obtempered, the Supreme Chapter should not entertain any representation on the subject, and the sentence of suspension formerly pronounced was declared to remain.

The Supreme Chapter enacted and declared, in terms of the following report by their committee:—

“Your committee having anxiously and maturely considered the subject of remit to them, as to the issuing of Mark Warrants under sanction of the Supreme Chapter, unanimously recommend that the Supreme Chapter shall grant Warrants for conferring the Degree of Mark Master only in any country, although a Supreme Chapter of Royal Arch Masonry exists there, provided that such Supreme Chapter does not take cognizance of that Degree, or until it do sanction the granting of such Degree by its own Chapters, or until some other Supreme body be duly constituted in that country to take the superintendence of the Mark Degree.

“Your committee have come to this recommendation, on account of every Past Master being obliged never to acknowledge any Lodge that does not hold of some Supreme body, and the necessity of stepping forward to the relief of the English Mark Masons, until they can put themselves under a Supreme body there. It is the opinion of your committee, that when a Degree of Masonry is not practised in any country under some Supreme body in that country, the Supreme body in any other country may grant a Warrant. In this way the Supreme Chapter in Scotland has already granted Royal Arch Charters to the Netherlands and Belgium; and if they have power to grant Charters for *all* the Degrees, it appears to your committee that they have power to grant them for one only, especially where that one is the lowest of the series.”

In respect of the eminent services which had been rendered in the cause of R.A. Masonry in Scotland, by late Comp. Alexander Deuchar, it was agreed that a grant of £10 be made from the funds of the Chapter for behoof of his widow, in any manner she may direct most congenial to her wishes and feelings.

Other business having been disposed of, the Chapter was closed, and the Companions separated.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS FOR DECEMBER.

### VISIT OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.

The most noticeable feature in the events of the past month has been the visit of the King of Sardinia to England, he being a lineal descendant of the Stuarts, through a daughter of Charles I. His Majesty arrived in England on the 30th November, and met with a most cordial reception. On the 1st, his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, paid a visit to Woolwich Arsenal; and on Sunday attended divine worship at the Sardinian Chapel, Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, when Cardinal Wiseman presented him an address of congratulation from the clergy on his visit to England. On the 3rd, the Royal party (with the exception of her Majesty), proceeded to Portsmouth, to view the docks and other works; and the screw ship of war, *Repulse*, was named by Prince Albert, the *Victor Emanuel*, in honour of his Majesty. The King visited the City on the 4th, and after the usual addresses of congratulation had been presented and replied to, took luncheon with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. His Majesty was invested with the Order of the Garter, at Windsor, on the 5th, and on the following day bid adieu to England, returning to his dominions through France.

### THE WAR.

The proceedings of the war have not been without its misfortunes—General Williams and the brave defenders of Kars having been obliged to surrender it to the Russians on the 26th of November, to prevent dying from starvation. Omar Pasha, after an affair with the Russians, had taken possession of Khoni, five leagues from Kutais. According to late advices, an action may be ere long expected in the Crimea. Peace negotiations are again in progress, and Austria has sent Prince Esterhazy with propositions to Russia, which are stated to have received the approbation of the allies, and to which only a reply of “yes” or “no” is to be received. A treaty has been entered into between England, France, and Sweden, by which the latter is bound not to cede any portion of her territory to Russia.

### SCIENTIFIC.

The first general meeting of the members and friends of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society was held on the 14th, at Crosby-hall. The Right Hon. the Earl of Londesborough was to have taken the chair, but was prevented by illness from leaving his seat in Yorkshire. In the absence of the noble earl, the chair was taken by the Rev. Thomas Hugo; and a resolution was carried, to the effect, “That it was desirable to establish a society for collecting and publishing information on all matters relating to the arts, monuments, and antiquities of the cities of London and Westminster and county of Middlesex.” Mr. G. S. Webb, the honorary secretary, read the rules and the following description of the objects of the society:—1. To collect and publish the best information on the ancient arts and monuments of the cities of London and Westminster, and of the county of Middlesex; including primeval antiquities; architecture, civil, ecclesiastical, and military sculpture; works of art in metal and wood; paintings on walls, wood, or glass; civil history and antiquities, comprising manors, manorial rights, privileges, and customs; heraldry and genealogy; costume, numismatics; ecclesiastical history and endowments, and charitable foundations, records, and all other matters usually comprised under the head of archæology. 2. To procure careful observation and preservation of antiquities discovered in the progress of works, such as excavations for railways, foundations of buildings, &c. 3. To make, and to encourage public individuals in making, researches and excavations, and to afford them suggestions and co-operation. 4. To oppose and prevent, as far as may be practicable, any injuries with which monuments and ancient remains of every description may, from time to time, be threatened; and to collect accurate drawings, plans, and descriptions thereof. 5. To found a museum and library for the reception, by way of gift or loan, of works and objects of archæological interest. 6. To arrange periodical meetings for the reading of papers, and the delivery of lectures, on subjects connected

with the purposes of the society. A short discussion ensued on the amount of the annual subscription, and on the propriety of imposing an entrance-fee for members. The general feeling of the meeting appeared to be opposed to an entrance-fee, and the subscription was limited to 10s. per annum—the chairman, however, stating that, if any member wished to pay a larger subscription, in order to carry out more efficiently the objects of the society, he would be at liberty to do so.

#### PROVIDENT.

The third annual meeting of the Unity Fire Insurance Association was held on the 18th, when a report was read which showed that in three years 27,870 policies have been issued, insuring nearly 19 millions' worth of property. The amount of duty actually paid by the Unity to Government during the same period has been 34,443*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* The losses have been somewhat heavy, but the position of the Association is considered very satisfactory. The report was adopted, and interest on the paid-up capital at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum declared.

#### COMMERCIAL.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company held its annual meeting on the 5th, when a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum was declared, together with a bonus of 30*s.* per share from the underwriting account.

On the 7th there was a meeting of the Eastern Counties Railway, when a report of a committee imputing gross mismanagement to the executive was adopted, and a resolution passed to deprive the chairman of his power. Mr. Waddington has since published a reply to the committee, in which he appears to have the best of the argument.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Bank of Australasia, on the 10th, the directors intimated that the business was proceeding so satisfactorily, that at the usual period in April they would be able to continue the payment of the dividend and bonus at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The Wizard of the North, Mr. Anderson, after a very successful season at the Lyceum, opened Covent Garden on Boxing-day, with a grand pantomime, entitled, "La Belle Alliance, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold." It is a magnificent spectacle, and when duly pruned, will have a run.

"Hey Diddle Diddle, or Harlequin King Nonsense," is the pantomime at Drury Lane. It was eminently successful.

Of the other Christmas pieces, we can only at present record that the Haymarket, Princess's, and Olympic, achieved a success; and that the Adelphi produced a combination of burlesque and pantomime, which was all but a failure.

Jenny Lind (Goldschmidt) reappeared at Exeter Hall, after an absence of some years, on the 11th, and was most rapturously received.

Miss Emma Stanley, formerly a favourite actress at the Princess's Theatre, has established herself at St. Martin's Hall, with a monologue, entitled, "The Seven Ages of Woman." The representation is exceedingly clever.

The *soirées dansantes* of Br. Caldwell, in Dean Street, Soho, are highly successful, and on Boxing-day, he gave a grand ball, which passed off with the utmost *éclat*.

MASONRY AND PHOTOGRAPHY.—Our attention has been recently called to some excellent photographic portraits, executed by Bro. Hughes. Among others, one of Bro. Frampton, in Royal Arch clothing, especially claimed our attention as an excellent likeness, and an exquisite work of art. We have heard that it is the intention of some of the Lodges, in lieu of jewels, to present those whom they wish to honour, with highly finished photographic portraits, and which will serve as heir-looms to the family. We think the plan has some advantages, and to those who entertain the idea, we cannot do better than recommend them to place themselves in Bro. Hughes' hands, who, from his Masonic knowledge and artistic skill, will be sure to render them justice.

## 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.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS having experienced difficulty in obtaining the *Magazine* regularly, we beg to inform them that in future the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine and Masonic Mirror* will be sent for twelve months, *post free*, to any address, at the commencement of each month, upon receipt of an Order upon the General Post-Office, Charing-cross, for 10s. 6d., payable to Mr. Henry George Warren, 2, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, by whom the same will be acknowledged. The Brethren will observe that this allowance upon the full price can only be made when the *Magazine* is paid for in advance; all single numbers will be charged as heretofore, 1s. each, exclusive of the postage.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRETHREN having clean copies of No. 1 of the *Masonic Mirror* on hand, which they do not require for binding, may receive full price for them at the Office, 2, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

THOS. EAGLAND, P.M., No. 364 and 384.—We think our Correspondent has taken undue umbrage at the letter of a P.M. of a Yorkshire Lodge, which appeared in the *Masonic Mirror* of December. The letter in no way casts any slur upon Bro. Eagland, the immediate P.M., as he seems to think; and, although there may have been good reasons for the absence of nearly the whole of the Officers of the Lodge on a particular occasion, we must agree with our correspondent, that it does not look well, or speak much for the efficiency of the working of the Lodge, to find the W.M. obliged to vacate his seat to a P.M. and four of the Officers absent. If, however, the Junior Members of the Lodge are, as Bro. Eagland informs us, and which we, therefore, have no reason to doubt, “so well ‘up’ in the working of the duties of the Lodge that the ceremony of initiation was gone through in a proper, impressive, and truly Masonic style,” it must be a matter of regret that they are not the Office-bearers. With regard to the name of our Correspondent, though known to us, it must be evident we could not give it up, under any circumstances.

J. R. AND OTHER CORRESPONDENTS.—We never publish anything which the law forbids.

“E. RAINEY.”—It is the Mark Jewel. The ribbon should be blue, with a narrow stripe of red on each side. We trust the Mark Degree will be acknowledged by the Grand Lodge of England in March next as an integral part of Ancient Masonry.

“C. P.”—BOSTON.—We certainly are of opinion (though it is not the general practice in England) it would add much to the value and importance of Lodges of Instruction, if duly-qualified Brethren were occasionally to deliver lectures expatiating on the rites and ceremonies of our Order, science, and art. We do not consider it compulsory on Lodges of Instruction to confine themselves to the ritual or regular lectures on the different degrees, so long as they are careful to keep themselves within the landmarks of the Order. In Scotland, America, and other places, lectures such as we have alluded to as desirable, are delivered in open Lodge.

“BRO. T. W. DOMINY.”—We regret the omission. It must have occurred from misadventure.

“W. W.”—You are in the right course. Do not be afraid of threats. So long as you do not violate your Masonic obligation, the P.G.M. has no power to prevent your attending P.G.L.

Our Colonial and American intelligence, as well as some interesting communications, are unavoidably postponed until our next.