

17th July, 1738, and all was settled into fixed programme before Loo came in sight. Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw and was himself a part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular. He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now desirable enough) the Durchlaucht of Lippe-Buckeburg had summoned six brethren of the Hamburg Lodge, of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmansegge, a Baron von Oberg (both from Hanover), and Bielfeld himself, a merchant's son of Hamburg; these, with Kielmansegge's valet to act as Tiler, valet being also a Mason, and the rule, equality of mankind, were to have the honor of initiating the Crown Prince.

"They arrived at the western gates of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is fair time; all manner of trades, pedlars, showmen, rendezvousing; many neighbouring nobility, too, as was still the habit. 'Such a bulk of light luggage' said the custom-house people at the gate; but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to 'Korns' Hotel' (if anybody now know it), and patiently waited. No great things of a hotel, says Bielfeld; but can be put up with; worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by—nothing but a wooden partition between us. How if he should overhear! Prussian Majesty and *suite*, under universal cannon salvos, arrived, Sunday, 12th, to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august son-in-law and daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at court, the rest of us not, privately settles with the Prince, 'Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night; at Korns' Hotel, late enough?' And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August, 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready. Tiler, (Kielmansegge's valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers; he is lying dead drunk many hours ago; could not overhear a cannon battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate, and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them—on the Crown Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way. Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince; his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy, and how he was so 'intrepid,' and possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instant. Extremely genial air, and so young—looks younger even than his years; handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; his large blue