

Merited Testimonial.

A few days since we had the pleasure of inspecting a beautiful Gold Medal, presented by Norfolk Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to their worthy Secretary, Bro. Henry Groff, as a mark of their esteem and appreciation of his services in his capacity of Secretary to that Lodge, which office he has most creditably filled for the past ten years. The medal is indeed a splendid piece of workmanship, and justly may Mr. G. be proud of this token of respect and esteem from his Brethren. On the face is the following inscription:—

Presented by the Members of
NORFOLK LODGE
Of Free and Accepted Masons to
Bro. HENRY GROFF,

As a Token of their Appreciation of his
Valuable services as Secretary for
ten years.
1856.

On the reverse side is a Masonic star, with the letter G. inwrought, and various other insignia of the Order.

The Medal was presented on Saturday evening, at a special meeting for the installation of officers for the current Masonic year. We have to congratulate Mr. Groff on this handsome testimonial to his merit. In our next we shall give the accompanying address and reply.

The following gentlemen were installed as officers of Norfolk Lodge, for the Masonic year, on the occasion.—

Bro. Henry Crouse, W. M.
“ G. W. Powell, S. W.
“ Henry Groff, J. W.
“ Jno. McK. Wilson, Secretary.
“ Daniel Matthews, Treasurer.
“ George Jackson, S. D.
“ W. B. Osborne, J. D.
“ John Weatherly, Tyler.
“ A. Wilson, Inner G'd.

Stewards—Bros. W T Wilson, Samuel
Sovereign. L G Sovereign H B Schuyler,
Conservative Standard.

The Grand Lodge of Vermont held its Annual Communication on the 14th and 15th ultimo, at Burlington, the Canada question occupied a prominent place in its deliberation, its former action recognizing the Grand Lodge of Canada was sustained without a dissentient voice. The M. W. the Grand Master Phillip C. Tucker, Esq., in his address learnedly and eloquently advocated the cause of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that she had been established in accordance with all masonic law and custom; we hope in our next issue to be enabled to lay that portion of his address before our readers which alludes more particularly to Canadian affairs.

The Masonic Levee at Burlington, Vermont, held on the 14th ultimo, was most numerous and fashionably attended, we had the pleasure of being present and honestly assure our

readers never spent a more agreeable evening, the ladies were beautiful, the gentlemen polite, the music enchanting, the supper most *recherche*; indeed every thing was so admirably arranged that we have no hesitation in saying that the Burlington Ball was among the best of the season, the large dining room of the American Hotel was used for the occasion and tastefully decorated. At its head, beautifully festooned together appeared the American and British flags, the walls were everywhere adorned with masonic devices, and the names Tucker, Haswell, Whitney, Wilson and Bernard, were prominently conspicuous; the two latter being Canadians, we must consider the mention of them on such an occasion a graceful compliment to the fraternity here.

Our brother of the *Masonic Observer*, Bath, England, seems to be something of a poet, below we give his description in verso of “The Castle of Indolence, *alias* the Office of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England.

THE VISION.

’Twas the hour of night when dreams come true,
And away in sleep my spirit flew,
Over dusky court and alley dim,
And street, and square, and crescent trim,
Till I reached a mansion stately and tall,
Not very far off from Fr-m-s-n’s Hall.
The door open’d wide, and I scaled the stone stair,
And before me an office of business like air,
With ledgers, and desks, and clerks fair to see,
But scarce had I enter’d when over each limb
Came a feeling of torpor—my brain ’gan to swim,
And an opiate spell seem’d to bind every sense,
For this was the Castle of Indolence.
And through the oppressive and sleepy air
There brooded a phantom of dull despair.
And the clerks wrote on, but they wrote in vain—
For like Penelope’s mystic skein,
Beginning and end their labours had none—
The more that they wrote, the less was done.
And the desks, and shelves, and floors were number’d

With letters unanswer’d and papers unnumber’d—
Letters that told of hopes betray’d,
Of ancient friends now rivals made;
Of feud and strife, and discord’s cry
Where once was peace and harmony.
But whilst I mus’d, a sudden din
Proclaim’d the Colonial Mail was in—
Petitions and letters many a one
From the land of the rising and setting sun.
But scarce had they entered that grisly room,
When a phantasm shade pronounced their doom—
The Petition first with its vain appeal
Unopen’d, unread, unbroken its seal,
Surrendered its last indignant breath
Under quires of foolscap press’d to death—
And the next despatch (for I heard its name,
From distant Hamilton’s G—d L-dge it came)
Alas! rebellious deemed in traitor shape,
Was strangled in the pitiless red tape,
And again, and again another was hurld
Out of the sphere of the official world,
Without remorse and with reckless haste
Into the baskets of paper waste—
Their place unknown and their name forgot
Till sold as old rags for a penny the lot.

And when sore wondering at the scene
I sought to know what it might mean,
I turned to one who stood beside—
And he in sleepy tones replied—
“ This is the place the ‘Lodge of Silence’ hight,
“ And that despairing shade, is Brother White.”

On the 15th ultimo the brethren of Nelson Lodge, No. 11, C. R., gave a ball and supper at Henryville, C.E., which we learn was a very pleasant affair. From forty to fifty couple were present, dancing was kept up with great spirit until daylight of the next morning. The refreshments were supplied by bro. Parker, at whose house the ball took place, and gave very general satisfaction.

FOREIGN PROVERBS.—The man who returns good for evil is a tree which renders its shade and its fruit even to those who cast stones at it.

A man passeth for a sage when he seeks for wisdom; but if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.

The diamond fallen into the dunghill is not the less precious; and the dust raised by high winds to heaven is not less vile.

Patience is a tree whose roots are bitter, but the fruit is very sweet.

Ten poor men can sleep tranquilly upon a mat; but two kings are not able to live at peace in a quarter of the world.

A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered with the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise should be the result of reflection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment.

FREEMASONS’ MONTHLY MONITOR.—Brother Edward Willis of St. John, N. B., proposes to publish a magazine to be devoted to the interest of Freemasonry with the above significant title. Bro. W. states in his Prospectus that “he has well considered the nature of the duties and responsibilities he is about to assume;” and that “he is fully satisfied that the present condition of Masonry in this Province (New Brunswick) demands the publication of a journal devoted to the interests of the Craft.” The price of the magazine is only five shillings per annum, in advance.

The remains of the late Major FERNS, formerly of the 76th Foot, retired on full pay, were interred in the Fort Massey Military Cemetery on Thursday, May 29th. The funeral obsequies were strictly Masonic. The hearse was preceded by a numerous body of the Craft, civil and military, wearing their regalia, &c., draped in black crape, and the coffin was followed by Col. Clarke and officers of the garrison, and a great many civilians, friends of the deceased, the whole headed by fine band of H. M. 76th. Regiment, playing funeral dirges, among which that sublime composition, the “*Dead March in Saul*,” was performed with much majesty and sweetness. The mournful procession passed through several of the principal streets, on its way to the Military Cemetery, and its imposing appearance was the subject of general remark. The Rev. Dr. Twining, Grand Chaplain, officiated at the grave, and subsequent to the performance of the beautiful Church of England burial service, Bro. William Hesson, in accordance with the custom of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity, read an eloquent funeral oration, after which the brethren went through the ceremonies customary on the interment of a Mason. The obsequies concluded, the brethren marched to the Masonic Hall, the band playing the old “*Free-*”