



MASONIC PROCESSION LEAVING HOLYROOD, EDINBURGH.—(FROM A SKETCH BY J. MACPHERSON.)

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IN our last week's impression we gave an engraving illustrative of, and full descriptive particulars respecting, the recent Grand Masonic Demonstration in Edinburgh. We, in the present number, give an engraving of the most animated and interesting scene presented on the procession leaving Holyrood. The brethren present on the occasion numbered about 4,000. At the time when our sketch was taken nearly 50,000 spectators lined the Canongate and High-street. "The Grand Lodge," says a local contemporary, "having been constituted in the Picture Gallery, the deputations from the Grand Lodge of England and the Grand Lodge of Ireland were received. Lord Panmure, Mr. F. Dundas, M.P., and Mr. Jennings represented the former, and Mr. Quintin and Mr. Hindman the latter. At length, soon after one, the Grand Lodge adjourned, the members placed themselves under the immediate direction of the Chief and Deputy Grand Marshals, and the other brethren being arranged according to their seniority on the roll by the Marshals, formed into procession order under the superintendence of the Masters and office-bearers of their respective lodges. The whole of these arrangements were in charge of Mr. Coghlin, of the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry. The signal was given to march, and, preceded by a detachment of Vaucers and their band, the *cortège* left the Palace; and as it slowly entered the Canongate the feelings of the spectators found ready vent in loud and repeated bursts of applause, which were taken up for a considerable distance along the route. The perspective, looking down the "narrow way," was picturesque in the extreme—the gaudy uniforms of the military, their flashing sabres, the variegated colours of distinction of the different lodges, and the allegorical ensigns and attire, forming a striking *tout ensemble* which can be more easily imagined than described. From every silver medal, and badge, and decoration which swung on the breast of that long array of brethren, from every compass and square, which stamped its wearer as a freemason, the sun's rays were glinted back, breaking in gleams of dark blue light. The colours, ensigns, and devices which 'flashed in the eye of day,' were of singular character, and the host of mystic quarterings which they displayed would have sorely confused the brains of even York or Clarencieux. Such a mass of colour and contrast we never witnessed; it was almost painful to the eye to gaze attentively on the procession from commencement to end. There were a few singular figures, likewise, which considerably tickled the fancies of the crowd. Now an eccentric-looking personage with a flowing beard, and turbaned, would march by sword in hand, more like a Bluebeard than a Christian; then a clansman, *à la* Roderick Dhu, would excite the merriment of the spectators; succeeding this would be a *mousquetaire* of a remote century; and next a 'noble Roman,' attired in the proper Marcus Curtius fashion, mounted on horseback, and bearing aloft a banner, not with the noted S.P.Q.R. wrought thereon, but the name of the lodge whose votaries followed him on foot—'Romane Aquilæ.' Some few individuals passed whose equipments were such as to identify them with no age or race, and consequently they received their reward of public 'approbation' in a manner they would naturally have thought strange."