

Fraternity, and that in some cases this rank may act beneficially in securing protection in states where popular liberty is insecure. But here, in England, we have no need of such protection; hence rank, in this respect, is comparatively valueless, becomes even detrimental if it checks the expansion of Masonic excellence in the Craft. The instant equality is abandoned, and title worshipped, by the Brethren, they degenerate from their proud prerogative as Masons to whom all men stand as equal. Our principles, while they pay honour to merit, teach us to repudiate sycophantic adulation of mere title, and to value a man on his deserts, not on his name. We regard with veneration an old stock, but in England, where hardly any man can boast a titled Grandfather, and the lawyer's clerk frequently becomes a lord, the nobility of great names would be the idlest substitute for energy and virtue. Moreover, it is not in Masonry as in some universities; we do not need a chancellor who spells "many" with one "n" so profound in scholarship is he, to fight our battles upon the ground of laws and grants cementing us with the policy of the state. We have nothing to do with politics; the greatest lord cannot afford any shadow to us, who need not his protection; we rest in ourselves, and like a light placed in the beacon-tower, send forth, or should do so, the rays of moral intelligence over nations, without junction or attachment, as of necessity, with this or that particular spot.

We recall with pleasure the words which ring in our ears as uttered last night in the British Lodge by that truly energetic Freemason, C. Purton Cooper, Prov. G. M. for Kent, in which he pointed to the signs of change in the times where we live, and the necessity of Masonry arousing itself to the demand for increased activity in promoting social improvement in science, literature and morals. Our worthy Brother is one of that hitherto small but rapidly increasing number of thoughtful men, who, seeing what Masonry has formerly done, and what it is capable of doing, as a vast association of harmonizing intellect, are resolved to leave no stone unturned to raise it to its proper dignity and usefulness. This can only be done by opening the doors of high state in the Craft to all alike; let merit carry the day; let emulation and honourable endeavour thrive; let "Palmarum qui meruit ferat" be the practice as it is the principle of the Craft. We should then hear no more of large Lodges of scientific men, who meet to eat and drink, yet never devote an extra day to give in public the lucubrations of their studious hours, as if hospitality were the only Masonic virtue; of Prof. Grand Masters never visiting their Lodges; of cliques in the latter; of colonies alienating themselves from our banner on account of Grand Sec.'s discourtesy, or Grand Master's inattention; of the latter's fondness for quadrupeds absorbing his interest in Masonic bipeds; in a word, of all those anomalous disorders which render the Craft at present, a-by word to the world for convivial antiquarianism, instead of the synonyme for intellect and honour. A better feeling is abroad, and toadyism must fall:—"Delenda est Carthago," is the resolution of all those true hearts in Masonry which would open up the channels of distinction and influence to the earnest aspirations of the most lowly Brother. The spirit of our Order is not dead, though dormant; men have worshipped the dais long enough, they now perceive that our Fraternity goes not exist merely to save physical life in distress and danger, but to ameliorate moral suffering, to irradiate mental darkness, to promote social good. We are bound not only to give bread, but to bestow truth, intelligence and improvement on our Brethren—from the n to the world; and to effect this main aim of Masonry, requires only the recognition of the principle "Detur pulchrior," and an utter abjuration of the monstrous and absurd spirit of "toadyism," which reversing the attributes of charity in every sense "curses both him that gives and him that takes."

Bro. Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and statesman, printed a volume of Masonic Constitutions in 1734—the first Masonic book ever published in the United States.

To the Editor of the Masonic Pioneer."

Sir and Brother,—It is now close upon forty years since I was initiated into the mysteries of the craft, by James Ryder, as fine a man and as true a mason as ever broke bread or stood upon the tessellated pavement. Ryder was master of the "All Hail" Lodge, held in the old town of H—, in Shropshire, where, by the way, I was born myself, in the year 1789. Just think of that, Mr. Editor,—seventeen-eighty nine!—three years before the great French Revolution, long before the name of Napoleon, now so potent, was known beyond a French mess; when Pitt, and Burke, and Fox, and Washington, were making history!—just think of these things, and say if I have n't a good excuse for not having set my foot in a Lodge for the last nine years. And this brings me to what I have to say. I know that you Editors are very chary about the space you devote to a letter, and are continually trying to impress upon your correspondents the necessity of at once coming to the point; but you see, when I want to write a letter, I must begin at the beginning; just as I used to do when writing to Mr. Upton of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, many years ago. Mr. Upton would be dead before your time? He was a splendid fellow, a descendant of the great Uptons of Staffordshire. Poor Joe,—his name was Mark, but we always called him Joe—was n't very rich, but he was every inch a gentleman; and that, coupled with his being editor of an influential periodical, which, politically or critically, might some day be made useful—Editors could be made tools of in those days—gained him admittance into rather exclusive circles. I have known him to go down to Suffolk, and spend a whole hunting season with old Sir Periwig Pedigree, when that venerable Baronet might have enjoyed the society of no less a personage than H. R. H. the late Duke of York. And although, as I have said, not very rich, he managed somehow to live in pretty good style, and had a fine house in Soho, which, at that time, was rather out of town. It was not so easy for even talented literary men to bring themselves into notice then as it is now, and many a dodge was resorted to by aspirants for fame to obtain the *entre* at Joe's. To tell the truth, I believe that besides the ulterior object they had in view, even the immediate one was sufficient to induce a scramble; for Joe's dinners—ah; there, I have come to it. Dinners—that's the word! It is fortunate I stumbled on it, or I might have gone on for an hour spinning you a yarn about Joe, while the fact is, it was about dinners that I intended writing you. So now to the point.

Well then, I must tell you, that although it is nine years next December, since I was in a lodge, I still take a deep interest in all that relates to Masonry. There is a young friend of mine belonging to one of your City Lodges, who comes out to see me occasionally and he keeps me pretty well informed as to what is going on among you. He was out last week, and he tells me that some of the younger brethren among you are proposing to celebrate next St John's day by a ball instead of a dinner. Now Sir, as an old mason—as one who takes a deep interest in all that relates to the welfare of the craft in this province, I cannot but express my great anxiety lest this dangerous innovation should be adopted.

Sir, I am an Englishman, and am not ashamed to confess that attach great importance to dining. It is said that the shortest way to an

Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and upon my honour, I believe it is true. Frenchmen, and Scotchmen may be melted—no not melted—warmed by the exercise of their limbs, but there is no position in which a true John Bull shows to such advantage as sitting on a good substantially built hair-covered chair, with his legs stretched out beneath the broad expanse of a friend's mahogany. Which of us cannot call to mind some Englishman whom he has met at a nice snug dinner party, and who that has had that pleasure ever forgets it! Look at him as he arrives,—trim, clean shaved, encased in sober black, except where his linen, which looks as if it had been brought by telegraph from the top of Mount Blanc, shows its traditional (not fashionable) proportions; his hair, not drilled into orthodox furrows, but carelessly, as if by the mere passing through of the hand, frizzed up from his well developed brow, which, white as snow, contrasts strongly with the ruddy tinge of his cheeks and nose, now heightened somewhat by the exertion consequent upon his determination to be "in time." Look at him again in the midst of that hour said by Dr. Johnson to be the most important one in civilized life—the hour of dinner. Mark the deliberation and ease with which he comports himself. You do not catch him trifling with anything at such a moment. Cheerful, and yet grave, "he performs all the ceremonies of the meal, but does so as if they were not ceremonies at all." And then, how he enjoys himself! See the relish with which he partakes of his favourite cuts. There is in the crunch of his mastication, and the hearty smack which follows it, that which tells of a glorious stomach, sound teeth, and that general good health never better evinced than by unimpaired powers of animal enjoyment. And now, let us suppose dinner is over, the debris is down stairs, the cloth is removed, and the well polished mahogany reflects softly the paraphernalia of the dessert. Look at our Englishman now. How different from what he was an hour ago! Then he was jerky, a little impatient, had a look slightly tinged with anxiety, and was without restlessness—now he is repose itself. He is satisfied, and he shews that he is so. Mentally as well as bodily he is in a melting mood. "Good will to men," and women too, is legible on his radiant face, and a little child might lead him. Hitherto I have been supposing our friend at a party, but let me vary the idea, and suppose that he is an old bachelor who has just dined at home. Now is the moment chosen by his smirking landlady to inform him that his coals, or some other article, which by right should stand him a fortnight longer, is just done. Or, is our friend a *pater familias*?—Now is the time to let his eye light as if by chance on the Milliners, or Dressmakers, or Draper's bill,—to lay siege to him for some "material guarantee" (as a Scotchman would say) a new piano, or a summer at a fashionable watering place, or a party, or a dress, or a bonnet, or any of the innumerable wants which always appear so moderate and reasonable to ladies, but which, if hinted at, at any other time than just after dinner, are sure to elicit a growl from their respective lords. Or has the dinner which our friend has enjoyed been what is called a charitable one (in my opinion all dinners are charitable)—now is the point of time at which the chairman makes his "eloquent appeal" and—round goes the subscription list. Or, is the dinner a masonic one?—Now I have got back to my subject, but must confess that I feel very much like a