

I am to present in this address the leading incidents in the history of the Barton Lodge, No. 10 Provincial Register, No. 733 English Register, now No. 6 Grand Register of Canada, from the granting of its first warrant, November 20th, 1795, to February 9th, 1810, when it ceased to work for twenty-six years. My materials consist of such outside sources of information as are accessible to me, the minute books and other records of the Lodge, the able "History of the Barton Lodge," prepared by a committee of well-informed brethren, and published in 1864, and the Report and Appendix to the same by Brother Simon McGillivray, Esq., of his proceedings as Provincial Grand Master for Upper Canada in the year 1822, presented to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Most Worshipful Grand Master of England. I have mentioned the other records of the Lodge besides the minute books. These other records, however, are few and unimportant. The early correspondence, and almost all the early documents apart from the minute books, have been lost or carried away.

Many of the names of our first members are historic in our local annals, and familiar to us as household words. There is, therefore, an interesting past in these records waiting to be revealed, if age and patient industry and genius could be impressed into the work of revelation—a past which makes the present marvellous by contrast. When these records began, Hamilton was not; and when they ended, three years had still to pass away before our ambitious city was laid out. When on January 31st, 1796, at Smith's Tavern, in Barton, four visiting brethren, seven farmers, a merchant, a minister, a schoolmaster and two captains—one of the latter an Indian Chief, famous in history and song—met and opened our Lodge, the primeval forest and primeval swamp covered the place of our present city. Where the workshops of the Great Western Railway now stand, the waters of the bay then stood. No vessel floated on our bay, and Burlington Bay Canal was thirty years in the future. There were no roads, not even to the bay; and the music of the bullfrog and mosquito, and the experiences of ague, were as common as the elements. Niagara Town, then known as Newark, was the seat of Government for the Upper Province. It was the port of entry and market town for this part of the country, and the only road to it was an Indian trail, and along that highway of red men, and in the gloom of the forest the early settlers travelled and conveyed merchandise. In stead of palace cars, and the advantages and pleasure and comfort of rapid transit by rail, they had the dangers and inconveniences of the Indian trail. Their pursuits were farming, fishing and shooting. The deer and wildfowl which then swarmed everywhere in our neighborhood, and the fish which filled our waters, afforded them such food as luxury cannot now always command. But they were almost cut off from the outer world. Extensive Indian hunting grounds, through which no road lay, intervened between them and the Lower Province, with which they had no postal communication except once or twice a year. From 1793 to 1820, only one newspaper existed in Upper Canada. The Worshipful Master of the Barton Lodge, writing, on 1st August, 1843, to the Right Worshipful the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England,

and speaking of our Lodge on its first establishment, says "that the place where it was held was almost a wilderness." The Township of Barton commenced settling in 1787, eight years before our Charter was granted; and the Township of Ancaster commenced settling in 1795, the year our Charter was granted. The two first settlers in the latter were Brother St. Jean Baptiste Rousseaux, whose name appears in the list of members at the second meeting, and is the thirteenth signature to the original rules, and who built a log grist mill where the Village of Ancaster now stands; and Brother James Wilson, who was Senior Warden at the first meeting, and whose signature is the first to the original rules. What I have said of the country when my narrative opens, was also to a great extent true of it when that narrative closes. The history of the time was not of that kind which finds brilliant historians to record it in the brilliant pages of popular histories. There were no battles, nor sieges, nor magnificent pageantries, nor imposing ceremonies, nor exciting political conflicts. A history without these may be looked upon as rather humdrum by some clever people; but a great epic was silently enacting, which deserves, and may yet find some Homer to sing of it. The sturdy settlers were conquering the forests and the swamps, and driving barbarism towards the setting sun, and enthroning civilization in its stead.

It was at the beginning of this period of quiet, steady, solid progress, that the History of Freemasonry in Upper Canada commences. In the year 1792, the Grand Lodge of England granted a patent to Bro. William Jarvis, Secretary of the Province of Upper Canada, appointing him Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons in and for the said Province. His warrant only empowered him to grant dispensations to remain in force twelve months, but he granted warrants and acted as a Grand Master, of a Grand Lodge, instead of a Provincial Grand Master, of a Provincial Grand Lodge; and he never made any returns nor any report of his proceedings to the Grand Lodge of England. This led to difficulties and misunderstandings, which outlasted the life of Bro. Jarvis, as well as the period which limits my subject. The seat of Government and Bro. Jarvis were removed from Niagara, (then called Newark,) to Toronto, (then called York,) in 1796. At, or shortly after this time, some of the Lodges on the South side of Lake Ontario, revolted from Bro. Jarvis and formed a Grand Lodge. Brother Christopher Danby was the leading man in this rebellion. It was Brother Danby who brought out from England the patent sent Bro. Jarvis, "and he was introduced as a brother particularly well skilled in Masonry." "There seems to have been no experienced Masons in the Province, and Bro. Danby first in the capacity of Lecture Master, and afterwards as Deputy Provincial Grand Master, seems on all occasions to have been referred to as "the oracle." [McGillivray.] He had great influence in the Craft, and, while he acted in unison with Bro. Jarvis, he seems to have had everything his own way, Bro. Jarvis being a mere instrument in his hands. Subsequently he became a pensioner of the Grand Lodge of Niagara. In 1822, we find him in an old age of helpless second childhood and poverty, the latter I regret to say, brought about by habits of confirmed intemperance. Bro. Jarvis never acknowledged this illegal Grand Lodge