

it, like a blacksmith with a sledge, as most men do who use gavels, but plays it like a musical instrument. Suppose Carlisle saw a man in the gallery with his hat on. He would have to talk about it, and order some flunkie to have it removed; but Gen. Husted knocks the offending hat off with his little hammer. 'The gentleman in the gallery will uncover—Bang!' he says, with a sudden, startling, desk shivering rap, at the end of a most authoritatively-toned sentence, that every man in the gallery puts his hand to his head, and the offender, finding his hat on, whisks it off, quicker, perhaps, than he ever did anything in his life. It is just so about a vote. Forty or fifty men might think a motion to adjourn was not carried, but they don't think so if Husted says it is; bangs down his mallet, and whirls out of his chair in one instant, or, if they do, what can they do about it; or suppose the other thing: suppose Speaker Husted does not want to adjourn, and wants to give the Opposition a little courage to bring a few more voters to their feet, or to call for a count—somehow he will make that felt in a stammering, uncertain trip of the hammer. Imagine the House in disorder just as the Chaplain is about to pray. 'Members will please take their seats'—Bang—(pause), Bang—(longer pause), Bang—and the House is as still as the tomb."

LETTER BETWEEN TWO OLD MASONS.

M. W. Bro. Rob Morris sends us a letter from an old and esteemed friend, M. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, of Preston, and asks that we publish it as an appendix to his article upon the Grand Lodge of Canada, contained in our December issue. Bro. Klotz is too well-known to the readers of the

CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN to need any introduction from us:—

"With more than ordinary pleasure I found in the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN of December 15, an article from your esteemed pen; though I am always pleased to read your articles, the one referred to has particular attractions for me, as it was one of the most eventful days in my Masonic life to which you refer. My first entrance into Grand Lodge, was on the 14th July, 1858, when I, as Junior Ward- en, represented Alma Lodge, No. 72, of Galt. I witnessed that grand union, when the portals of Grand Lodge were thrown open, and Sir Allan MacNabb, Thos. D. Harington, Th. G. Ridout, and the many other brethren of the 'Ancients' entered, and were so cordially received. I never will forget that happy day, nor the genial face of our dear Bro. Philip Tucker, nor that of many others, including your own; nor the intermingling of the brethren. Oh it was sublime!

At the banquet in the evening, it was my good fortune to sit to your right, while you sat at the head of one of the tables; it was there where I saw you pulling out paper and pencil, and commencing to write; and when called upon to respond, you took up that paper and read a poem composed for the occasion. That poem I found in your publication, "The Poetry of Freemasonry," page 167; and you give it in the article above referred to, minus the last two verses.

You say that you write 'from personal memories of that event,' and I find your memory still fresh; only one error I discover: you say Bro. Kivas Tully was the representative of the Grand Lodge of Scotland; this he never was; but of the Grand Lodge of Ireland; he presented his credentials 14th July, 1858, (see G. L. Proceedings, 1858, page 27,) and has held that office ever since."

OTTO KLOTZ.