

# THE CRAFTSMAN

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### A MASONIC GHOST STORY.

For the first time, we have read a story about a Masonic Ghost. It is written by a friend of ours, and taken from the *Masonic Journal* of Kentucky. If any mason should doubt the truth of the story, we shall refer him to the author.

It would be well to secure the services of some Masonic Ghost to visit the Lodges that need more discipline, better material, and more intelligence. Let a contract be made with the ghosts to improve such Lodges, or break them up.

We hope our good friend and brother, of *The Advocate*, New York, will not take us to task for heresy in publishing the following.—[ED. JEWEL.

THE SHADOW IN THE EAST, BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

There is a story which, although I heard it ten years ago, has remained thus far unused in my portfolio. It is one of a sort that chilled my blood to hear, and, if I can tell it properly, will probably chill yours, too.

The Lodge called Forgon Lodge, No. —, was presided over by Gen. Standish, familiarly known to his co-members as Father Standish. This gentleman was a Virginian of the old school, who wore his hair in a bag, walked uprightly before God and man, and governed his Lodge with the same dignity and decision that had characterized him as Speaker of the House of Assembly in his native State. Father Standish was a devout believer in religion, and used to enlarge upon the doctrine of the Resurrection as taught by St. Paul and the Master Mason's Degree whenever he had a "Raising" in his Lodge. And it was good to see the General preside over a Lodge. He leaned so stiffly back in his upright chair, held his gavel so firmly, listened so patiently to every speaker, rose to put the question with so much dignity, and finally announced the result with so much gravity, that it was a better lesson in the graces than Chesterfield's letters, to spend an evening observing his movements. I did it once and twice, and it was from him that I acquired my unexcelled method of handling the gavel.

Bro. Standish withal was superstitious. He believed in ghosts the worst way! that is, he believed he had seen ghosts himself and that, if he should die, his ghost would appear to others. And he was not backward in telling his belief whenever it was convenient or he had good listeners. On the very last night he presided over the Forgon Lodge, he wound up his lecture in the Third (he had just finished a "Raising") by remarking in a peculiarly thrilling tone: "Yes, brethren, this poor, feeble frame, soon to fall to pieces, will