

in the old world, and with what had been affirmed and enforced by the Grand Lodges of Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and other Grand Lodges on this Continent."

All these quotations we make from the Annual Address of Grand Master Graham, Quebec, 1881.

We take it that these undeniable historical facts completely demolish the main proposition of Bro. Bromwell,—which has been so triumphantly reproduced by The (London) Freemason, as upholding their "priority of lodge existence" theory, (for it is nothing more) and leave it like the late lamented Bro. Gouley's famous anti-Quebec "Pyramid" without even an "apex" to stand upon.

We reproduce for their edification, the vulgar "chestnutt" story repeated by both Bro's B. and W.:—"They may take courage from the assurance of the venerable coloured apostle to his parishioners, that in the worst condition, 'dere is always one place whar dey (they) kin find consolation, for shuah and that is in de Dictionary.'" *Requiescat in pace.*"

"THE GRAND BUMPER DEGREE."

"Say are you a Mason or a nod-fellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the groceryman. "Why yes; of course I am." "Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?" "No; of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," said the groceryman, as he winked at a fellow nodfellow, who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?" "O nothin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling how much good the Masons and Oddfellows did,

and said we ought to try and grow up good so as we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room and pretend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in the livery stables. You see, my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made so much noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on its feet. Gosh, how frowsy a goat smells don't it? I should think you Masons must have strong stummix. Well, sir, my chum and me practised with that goat until he could bunt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a bock beer sign from a saloon man, and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys half so much good as to imitate men and store by useful knowledge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, jest to encourage the boys in innocent pastime that was so improving to our intellect. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blating, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps. We went upstairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we ask him who was there he must say, 'A pilgaric who wants to join your Ancient Order and ride the goat.' Well, we got all fixed, and pa rapped, and we let him in, and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a-laffing, and I tied a towel around his