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# THE CRAFTSMAN

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BERTHA EBERHARD;

OR, THE MASONS OF COLOGNE.

### I.

OVER six hundred years ago, or to be more definite in regard to the matter, in 1248, just four hundred years prior to the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, the city of Cologne suffered what at the time of its occurrence was deemed by its inhabitants a most irreparable loss, namely, the destruction by fire of their beautiful cathedral. Only a few accounts have come down to us of the appearance of the old church, but the authorities generally agree that the building was one of the finest church structures then existing throughout Christendom, and that the Prince Archbishop deeply lamented the loss of his beautiful cathedral. But this pious churchman did not content himself with sitting down and bemoaning this grievous misfortune. Nay, on the contrary, he bestirred himself vigorously, went among his people, collected money, gathered material, brought on hosts of industrious and skilful workmen, and shortly after the fire laid the old church in ruins, he had the honor and felicity of laying the corner-stone of that famous structure whose completion was reserved for the nineteenth century.

It is certainly a long vista of years through which to look back, and were it not a musty chronicle whose leaves have been mellowed by age, and which an old book-worm has dug out from the pile of lumber stored up in an ancient garret, we of this day surely would not know what a hard work it was for this good old dead Archbishop—who has become a canonized saint, made after the most approved pontifical fashion—to rebuild his church. Now, building churches by popular subscription is an up-hill business. It is up-hill work even when they only cost a few thousand dollars, but it is proportionately up-hill work when their cost reaches up into the millions, as is the case with this famous Cologne pile, whose church spire reaches high up into the pure atmosphere above, where it is uncontaminated by the numerous nauseous vapors whose smell at one time so seriously offended poor Coleridge's nose.

In fact the real cost of that splendid dome will never be known, for during the six centuries the church has been in course of construction, the rats and the mice, if they could not eat the stones, easily enough found access to the numerous blotters, pay rolls, day books, ledgers and other account books, growing fat by eating thousands of pages covered with innumerable figures, and thus remorselessly denied the conscientious antiquarian the gratification of computing the groschen and kreutzers collected and expended into thalers and guilders, all given though they were for the glory of God and the maintenance of the Christian religion.

Yet of all this I would not say more, even if I could, but there are a few pages in the old chronicle of which mention has already been made, that deserve to be told over again. These old chronicles, let me remark by the way, are just for all the world like old gossips, and the one which I have reference to, instead of confining itself, as a staid, hide-bound old chronicle ought to do, strictly to church history, goes on to speak of the fortunes and misfortunes of Bertha Eberhard's courtship.

"Who is Bertha Eberhard?" not a few readers will straightway enquire.

"I thought there was some woman mixed up with it," suggest some others.

"We don't want to read any more of this absurd story," exclaim half a dozen sour-faced spinsters, with charming unanimity.

But whether any of the above or other dissentients may be averse to reading this story, the writer thinks that among the great public there are many wise and sensible people, both men and women, or (as the latter-day speech puts it) ladies and gentlemen, who may wish to be told something about Miss Bertha Eberhard. Still here another objection arises, since, on the outset, when a writer is to speak of a lady, he should in the first place describe her appearance, in order to let his readers know what kind of a looking woman his heroine really is. This is the rule I know, but I also know equally well that there is no rule without an exception, and forsooth Bertha Eberhard must be the exception in this case. For the writer, is alas, unequal to the task of giving his readers a correct conception of the beauty of this flower of Cologne, who, the chronicle states, was possessed of long golden hair, blue laughing eyes, a beautiful countenance, pearly teeth and ruby lips, and had a demeanor so gentle and kind that more than one painter, when they wished to represent the Virgin Mary, came to her with the request that Fraulein Bertha would allow them to represent her face as the ideal picture of the Mother of God, the eager artists forgetting the fact that Mary of Nazareth was a Jewess, and that her beauty, if she had any, must have been of the pure Semitic order, and not of the Aryan-Saxon type which they admired in Bertha Eberhard.

## II.

All this flattery, no doubt, would have turned most young women's heads, but on Bertha Eberhard, who was a most sensible and discreet damsel, it was a useless waste of words. Not that this maiden was cold and unsusceptible to those natural feelings which young women all over the world entertain toward other people, and more especially toward young men, for even this female paragon had a lover, of whom I shall have to speak much presently, but so old-fashioned were young maidens in the thirteenth century that flattery was at a greater discount than it is at present. At home they were brought up to speak the truth, and away from home they seldom went, because their mothers employed them to assist in the household duties, or to take a turn at the almost forgotten spinning-wheel.

Miss Bertha, of course, had parents, else, as the old chronicle sagely observes, she would never have come into the world, and as good fortune willed it, the father and mother of my heroine lived until after she was a heroine no longer, that is, until she had been given and accepted marriage; but of this hereafter. Ernest Eberhard, this maiden's father, as stout and true a man as ever laid stone in wall or arch, for he was a Master Mason, had come up from the Low Countries to Cologne, where he found both fortune and a wife. Of his workings as well as his other affairs not much is said in the old chronicle, save that he came to Cologne at the express bidding of the Archbishop, that he instructed the craftsmen in the mysteries of the guild, also that he built for the use of the craft a spacious Chapter-house, wherein, at stated periods, grave counsellings were held, and that even his great friend the Archbishop—high churchman though he was to the backbone—did not disdain to hold converse on many of these occasions with the handlers of the trowel.

It must not be supposed, however, that the presence of so mighty a prelate of the church at these Masonic counsellings ever gave rise to feelings of mistrust, or still worse, to fulsome exhibitions of flattery; for Ernest Eberhard, when first he had been chosen Master and Grand Master, had caused to be inscribed over the portals of the Chapterhouse, "Here all men are equal," and on the east side of the grand council hall, "Here all men are brothers." These two precepts, likewise, were the first lessons the Master taught the apprentice, whenever he deemed him worthy of entering the Chapterhouse, in order to be instructed in the higher mysteries of the craft. These two precepts were also the guiding line of the accepted Mason, and their violation was invariably followed by severe yet salutary punishment.

## III.

The Chapterhouse counted its sons by thousands, for the building of the great church brought a multitude of craftsmen to Cologne, and Ernest Eberhard, as Master Mason, was a busy man, working without and working within. At first it was rather lonely for the young bride he had chosen, since all good wives naturally yearn for their husband's company, but after the first year of their marriage Frau Eberhard was lonely no longer, because of two notable additions to their household. On St. John's day, the red-letter day of the Masons, Bertha was born unto them, and—more than this, says the old chronicle—an hour after their precious and long expected treasure had come into the world, the servant brought a basket into the house, which she had

found upon the door-step. Of course there was great curiosity to find out what the basket contained, especially among the women, and Eberhard, full of his newborn happiness, was not long in removing the cover and finding no more nor less than a healthy male infant, clad in the finest of wrappings, and with a tiny gold chain around his neck, sleeping peacefully and unconscious of his introduction into a strange house. Wonder, indignation and pity were the mixed feelings of the men and women present, as they beheld Master Eberhard taking the young stranger tenderly out of his temporary nest; but he, great-hearted man that he was, said aloud, "Our God in heaven has sent me two children instead of only one," and going to his wife's bedside with the little fellow in his arms, he asked her if she would become a mother to the poor, discarded child.

"If my Ernest wishes it, it is my duty to obey," was all she replied; but it was spoken so sweetly, so trustingly and so sincerely that the Master bent down and kissed her with rapture.

"My angel, may God reward you for your kindness," he said impressively, and both he and his wife smiled with happiness as they laid the newcomer at Bertha's side, and all present agreed that they had never laid eyes upon two finer-looking children.

All of this, of course, may be read at length in the pages of that musty, prolix and old gossipy chronicle, and as for that matter, a great deal more which it is not my purpose here to repeat to the readers. They will be satisfied to know that the two children grew up as brother and sister until their eighteenth year. The seven-day wonder of Master Eberhard's strange present had been forgotten by most people, for many more seven-day wonders had come to pass in the meanwhile, and nobody seemed to remember that Henry Eberhard, as the boy was called, was only a foundling; his foster-parents themselves would hardly have ever thought of it, had not annually in some mysterious manner a package of fifty broad gold pieces found its way into Master Eberhard's house. How this money came there or by whom it was brought, neither husband nor wife, ever knew, as only the two words "For Henry" were incised on the outside of these precious missives. Master Eberhard, however, laid this money carefully in a secret drawer of his writing desk, for the boy's use when he would have to start out for himself in the world.

No one but his wife knew aught of this matter, but when they were alone by themselves many were the speculations which the worthy couple indulged in as to their boy's birth, and his parents' station in life. "Our boy," they called him nevertheless, and he was indeed a son to them to all intents and purposes. They loved him tenderly, and he, ignorant of the secret of his birth, really believed them to be his parents. Their affection for him was honestly returned, and throughout all Cologne no more dutiful son could be found than Henry Eberhard. The Eberhards had good cause to be proud of this boy, for he not only was a model of manliness, but also a skilful workman.

Under the Master's guidance he had worked on the slowly rising walls of the great church, and under his instructions he had commenced to learn the mysteries of the great craft in the Chapterhouse. Long before his indentures were cancelled by an honest fulfillment of his term of apprenticeship, he had become the equal of any workman who helped to rebuild the great church of Cologne. In addition thereto, he was popular with the workmen, and well liked for his gentle manners by all who came in contact with him; but the one to whom he was all in all was his sister Bertha. He was her idol. Thinking herself only his sister, the fair Bertha had learned early in life to love with a sister's affection this playmate and companion of her youth.

But somehow or other, nature will often assert her claims in the strongest, most unequivocal manner, and in Bertha's case the sisterly love she had felt in the earlier years of her life deepened in the course of time into a love more intense, more fervid, more holy. Did she really suspect, did she divine, that there were no ties of relationship between them? Did nature tell her that this man she could love as deeply a woman ever loved? Such a matter is incapable of determination; philosophy and reasoning are both here at fault, and certainly Bertha Eberhard, ere she had time to reason, was hopelessly in love with the man she believed to be her brother.

Him alone she worshipped. In his company alone she was happy, and for him, in consequence, she neglected and discarded a host of suitors. These luckless swains bore their disappointment as best they could, when they discovered that laying siege to Bertha's heart was a fruitless task. With that grace they could muster, they turned to other damsels less coy and more willing, who healed their broken hearts speedily, and made them happy wives and their children good mothers.

#### IV.

One only of Bertha Eberhard's numerous admirers chose to take no refusal and no rebuff. His name was Casper Hass, Mrs. Eberhard's sister's son—a sturdy young

fellow of twenty-five, who had come from the Jura Mountains in the rugged Swiss country, to work on the great church. His appearance, if not totally repulsive, was certainly far from prepossessing, while, relying upon great bodily strength, his manners were tyrannical and overbearing. He was bent on having his will in everything, and consequently deemed every one his enemy who unluckily chanced to cross his purposes, or happened to stand as an obstacle in his road. This man, whom Master Eberhard, for his wife's sake, had not only set to work and brought into the Chapter-house, but also taken to his home, no sooner cast eyes upon the Master's daughter than he resolved that, cost what it might, and in spite of the fact that they were near blood relations, she should become his wife.

Acting upon this determination, he omitted no opportunity to ingratiate himself not alone into Bertha's favor, but also into that of her parents. With the latter—simple-minded, honest and unsuspecting people as they were—he succeeded in a wonderfully short time; but Bertha he found as hard as steel. There was no magnetism about him to gain her attraction. She laughed at his protestations of love, rejected his presents, and would not suffer him to accompany her either to church or any other place. "My brother Henry gives me all I want," or "My brother Henry always goes with me," were her invariable answers, and they filled Casper's heart with bitterness and hatred toward Henry. The latter, it is true, had from the outset conceived an aversion to the young Swiss, and being high-spirited, would brook no insult at Casper's hands. With the natural impetuosity of youth, Casper and Henry managed soon to come into collision, and from that to blows. Here, however, Casper also met with a signal discomfiture—for young Eberhard, whom to overthrow he deemed an easy matter, punished him so severely that the Swiss braggart was carried home more dead than alive.

Of course, thereupon ensued a scene at Master Eberhard's usually quiet fireside, and, worse than all, a divided household. For while Bertha and the Master justified Henry's action, Frau Eberhard, always a passionate woman, called the beating of her sister's son an unparalleled outrage, and, upon Henry's remonstrating with her, she forgot herself so far as to reveal the long-kept secret, by calling Henry a "bastard" and a "foundling!"

No sooner had the unlucky words escaped her lips than she repented bitterly of having given utterance to them, while Master Eberhard stood aghast, and Bertha and Henry were thunderstruck. The young man, however, was the first to recover himself. Turning toward the Master, he asked, with what calmness he could muster:

"Father, does she speak the truth?"

The words were spoken so piteously that Bertha's tears welled forth, while throwing her arms around Henry's neck, she exclaimed:

"Dear Henry, you will always be my brother."

Gently disengaging himself from Bertha's embrace, Henry repeated his question:

"Father, does she speak the truth?"

Master Eberhard then took the young man's hand and led him from the room. What passed between them no one knew, for the Master, when he returned late in the evening, was silent, while Henry did not come at all. He had left Cologne.

It was a sad household henceforth, this hitherto so cheerful fireside of the Eberhards. Casper Hass for many weeks could not move from his bed, and Frau Eberhard had to do all the nursing herself, for the usually so obedient Bertha had utterly refused even to look at the now hated man's countenance, while Master Eberhard, missing Henry more than he would acknowledge, could find neither comfort nor peace at home.

It was indeed hard to say which of the three—the father, the mother or the daughter, was the most unhappy; for, though none of them spoke of the past, their faces were so woe-gone that, when Casper Hass was able once more to come down stairs, he thought that his relations as well as himself had just risen from sick beds. Secretly, however, he rejoiced that his rival was now out of the way. He already flattered himself that henceforth his wooing would be more successful.

But alas, for the uncertainty of human calculations, for is it not written that "Man proposes and God disposes;" and that "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee?" Casper Hass, as a suitor, fared doubly worse when Henry Eberhard was out of the house than before, since whenever Bertha saw him she only remembered that he was the cause of Henry's exile. Her aversion to Casper and her love for Henry increased day by day. In her prayers she hoped that God would send the one away and bring the other back, while many an hour she gazed from her chamber out upon the silverly, ribbon-like Rhine, or upon the broad highway, as if she momentarily expected her idol's return. Poor Bertha! Her bed was not a couch of roses,

and her hitherto tranquil slumbers were now too often broken by fears for Henry's safety, and thus she learned that "the course of true love never runs smooth."

## V.

Casper Hass, if he had one virtue, it was perseverance. In spite of the discouragements he received, he stuck to his courtship, and he was the more encouraged to persevere since Frau Eberhard stoutly championed his cause. The mother had, with a woman's blind infatuation, set her heart upon this marriage, even though her daughter abhorred the eager suitor. Bertha would have, indeed, been powerless to resist, had she not found a stout ally in her father. The Master had seen enough of Casper Hass to discover that his wife's nephew would not make his daughter a good husband. The man, he said, was not only a bully, but he had also a bad heart. Such a man was not a fit guardian for his only child.

For two years this wrangling over Bertha's future continued after Henry's departure, till one day Casper mustered courage enough to ask the master for his daughter's hand. Earnest Eberhard was not a man to evade or delay. He met the crisis manfully and firmly.

"Nephew," he said, "for three years thou hast been suing for Bertha's hand, and for three years she has refused. I would have you to know that I will not force my child into a marriage most abhorrent to her. More than this, never mention marriage either to her or me, else this roof will no longer shelter thy miserable carcass."

This emphatic denial roused the worst passions of Casper's bad nature. He left the Master's presence perfectly furious, and, rushing into the market place, he swore upon the great stone cross, taking all the saints in heaven to witness, that he would be avenged upon the Master. Then he returned to the house seemingly satisfied, yet he never forgot the dreadful oath. Cloaking his feelings as best he could, he only waited for a fitting opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon the Master.

He waited long and patiently, but at last the hour of vengeance came. It was the time of the crusade of the French king against the Albigenses, when a fair land was laid waste by fanaticism; when thriving cities and prosperous villages were fired by the incendiary's torch; when men were slaughtered by thousands, and when the hangman even plied his bloody avocation upon the fairest women and innocent children. Great as the ecclesiastical power was in those days, the cry of horror made itself heard throughout Europe, and in Cologne, as everywhere else, the campaign against the French heretics was much talked about.

True, the majority of the people, benighted as they were throughout the middle ages, had no great sympathy for the misfortunes of men, whom to extirpate they were told by the clergy redoubled to the greater glory of God, but there were then already not a few men, more enlightened than the majority, who dared to protest against this sanguinary exhibition of religious intolerance. Among these pioneers of a dawning civilization Master Eberhard was most conspicuous in Cologne. When the matter came to be spoken of in the Chapterhouse of the Masons as well as at home, he openly expressed the opinion that "carrying of fire and sword among a defenceless people to force them to forego their religious convictions, was a sacrilegious act, and as such not acceptable in the eyes of the Almighty."

This bold speech, when made in the Chapterhouse, created the greatest possible sensation, and the Masons eyed with astonishment the man who dared to condemn the persecutions of heretics. A few kindred spirits looked upon the Master with admiration, but the majority believed that the man had lost his senses. Yet, as the proceedings in the Chapterhouse were held in secret, none others but craftsmen being admitted by the out-door sentinel, and each member besides being sworn to secrecy, the out-door world knew nothing of this matter, till one day the people of Cologne were astonished to learn that so great a man as Master Eberhard had been taken in the night time out of his bed, cast into the dungeon of the Dominican cloister, and was to be tried before the ecclesiastical court for the grievous offences of heresy and blasphemy.

None other but Casper Hass, intent upon revenge, had been the informant. He had found his opportunity, and had laid the accusation. Besides swearing himself to the charges, he gave a long long list of brothers of the Chapterhouse, and more than this, the wretch had the cruelty to point out the Master's daughter as a witness against her father.

## VI.

Poor Bertha was dragged, more dead than alive, before the dread tribunal, in order that her testimony might condemn the beloved father to the stake, and unhappily it was her testimony only which could work this sad ruin, for the Masons, obedient to the mystic tie of the craft, would not, by their testimony, imperil the Master's life.

It was solemnly impressive spectacle, this dread ecclesiastical court—forerunner of the even more dreadful court of latter times, that of the Inquisition—holding its sessions in one of the halls of the Dominican cloister, trying this man and that woman for heresy. The investigation of a freer and better age was unknown to those stern judges, who extorted testimony by the rack, and punished offences by breaking the hapless culprit over the wheel, by quartering his living body, or by committing him to the more merciful flames. Need it be said that a tribunal guided by such a code, was one organized solely to convict? That the accused who appeared at its bar was doomed even before the judges commanded the hearing of the cause.

Yet Ernest Eberhard, knowing all these things, was stout of heart: for him death had no terrors; he had faced and courted it before this on the field of battle. But he trembled when he saw his unhappy daughter brought in; she, at least, he hoped, would have been spared the misery of seeing her father condemned as a felon. But even here his courage did not forsake him, and, as she took her place by his side, he endeavored to infuse some of his bold spirit into her. It seemed, however, to no purpose, for Bertha was overwhelmed by the thought of her father's danger.

After a long dead-like silence, the hearing of the cause was commenced. The accusation was read, and Casper Hass, with his bad face full of hatred and vengeance, took the witness stand, kissing the crucifix held to his lips by one of the judges as a declaration that he would tell the truth and only the truth. His testimony was of the most damaging character to the accused, but, in order to convict, the law required a corroborating witness, and the judges, fanatics and merciless though they were, dared not disregard this merciful provision. Scores of the craftsmen were called—brothers of the Chapterhouse every one of them—and in this hour of peril they stood by the Master. Not one remembered the speech imputed to Master Eberhard, and even the threat of the rack made no impression upon them.

At last, despairing almost of securing a conviction, the judges turned to Bertha. Stern as they were, they were yet humane enough to feel compassion for the young girl's misery, but their duty was plain, and the question was asked:

“Maiden, did'st thou hear the prisoner speak the impious language laid to his charge? Did he declare that it was sinful and unholy to wipe out the ungodly heretics by fire and sword?”

Bertha trembled like an aspen leaf, but the Master, in a voice so clear and distinct that it rang like a clarion blast throughout the hall, said:

“My daughter, I pray you, nay, I command you, to tell the truth, even if I am to suffer for it. I would not owe the life of this miserable carcass to the pollution of thy pure lips by a lie!”

“Silence!” exclaimed the judges, but even they could not help admiring the sturdy courage of the Master. On Bertha her father's speech was almost electric. Advancing a step or two, and bowing to the judges with the grace of a queen, she began:

“My lords, you are very cruel to put these questions to a prisoner's own child. My lips, I can tell you, would have been sealed; you might have tortured me, you might even have taken my life, and you should have had no answer. But my father commands me to speak, and to speak only the truth. It is my duty to obey, even though his life be forfeited. Know ye, then, that he, Ernest Eberhard, said these things, and that I believe they are just and righteous. Know ye, my lords, that I do not believe that the Saviour came upon this earth and suffered an ignominious death, in order that poor ignorant men, women and children should be hanged and quartered as heretics. My father,” she added, turning to the Master and winding her arms around his neck, “if your daughter cannot save you, she knows how to die with you.”

Indescribable astonishment and dismay were depicted on her hearers' countenances. Even the judges were struck dumb with wonder, but with them it was only a momentary emotion. Consulting briefly with each other, they adjudged that the daughter's testimony condemned the father; and furthermore, that Bertha Eberhard, by her own deliberate confession, had avowed herself a heretic and a blasphemer of Jesus Christ; that it was, therefore, decreed that father and daughter should expiate their crimes at the stake.

## VII.

After the sentence was passed, the two unfortunates were removed to the dungeons of the cloister to prepare themselves for death. Two short weeks only were granted them as a respite for this purpose, and arrangements were immediately begun to carry out the extreme sentence of the law with the utmost solemnity.

All Cologne was thunderstruck when the sad tidings were made public, for Master Eberhard was universally esteemed and Bertha beloved by all. Frau Eberhard, when she heard the fatal news, fell down in a dead swoon, and when she was brought back to consciousness, ran with dishevelled hair through the town, uttering the most

terrible imprecations against the judges and against her nephew. Force was required to bring her back to her house, where she took to her bed and grew delirious with a nervous fever brought on by undue excitement.

The villain Casper Hass, the cause of all this misery, was not to be seen. Fearing a manifestation of popular vengeance, he had taken sanctuary in the same cloister in whose dungeons his victims were awaiting their sad end. Had he been caught by the towns-people he would most assuredly have been either stoned or beaten to death.

At the Chapterhouse there were the usual counsellings at night-time, but what was said and done there the outside world did not know, only it was remarked that the craftsmen went as usual about their work, just as they had done when the Master was among them. But there prevailed a strange uncertainty all throughout the city; men talked only in whispers, as if afraid that a spy or informer might pick up an incautious word or two, and make the speaker share poor Eberhard's fate.

The ecclesiastic rulers of the city alone pursued the even tenor of their way, just as if nothing extraordinary had happened. They quietly went on with their preparations for carrying out the terrible sentence, and when the day finally came round for its execution, two great stakes were driven into the ground in the centre of the market-place, and around them was placed the wood for the burning of the two heretics.

As the clock struck twelve in the high tower of St. Mark's church, the gates of the Dominican cloister were thrown open, and out of it came the solemn procession of monks, nuns and guards, in whose midst were the Master and his daughter, habited each in the dress of a penitent—a coarse, long haircloth—two confessors walking at their sides, and the ecclesiastics chanting the "Miserere." Arrived at the market-place, the prisoners were bound to the stakes, the sentence of the court was then read, and the torch was ready to be applied, when a bugle blast and the heavy, regular tread of men were heard.

All was attention and curiosity as to the meaning of this interruption, nor had they long to wait, for speedily from every street leading into the market-place armed men were pouring into it, who at once overpowered the ecclesiastical guards, and liberated the prisoners. Then it was discovered that the Masonic craftsmen from abroad, with the noble Count of Turin, were the rescuers, for his banner was carried aloft before him.

All Cologne was astonished, delighted and rejoiced, and all Cologne was eager to catch a glance of the noble leader, who, clad in complete armour, with a white plume waving from his helmet, sat upon his charger, yet persistently keeping his visor closed. Attended by his body-guard, belted knights, every one of them, he gave his orders to the different captains. In the meanwhile the prisoners had been quietly taken away, and the spectators began to ask themselves what had become of them. The question ran from lip to lip, until another trumpet blast announced a fresh arrival. The newcomers were the Masons of Cologne, who were pouring now into the already densely crowded square, and in their midst were the Master and his daughter, no longer clad as penitents, for Master Eberhard was mounted on a noble charger, and clad in violet doublet and hose, with the Grand Master's gold chain fastened around his neck. Bertha was at his side on a palfrey, and her dress was of the costliest silk ever seen in Cologne.

The Cologne Masons, with the banner of their Chapterhouse borne in front, halted in the centre of the market-place, and, bowing before the noble Count, placed the late prisoners before him. Then it was that the Count von Turin raised his visor. His old associates beheld the well-known face of Henry Eberhard. Such a shout as thereupon was heard made all the ecclesiastics and their guards, who had hidden themselves, almost quake with fear, which is not to be wondered at, for the chronicle says that the shout was heard all over Cologne, and even on the other side of the Rhine.

The chronicle further adds, that after the Count von Turin had shown them his face, he dismounted, and standing bare-headed before his old Master, demanded of him his daughter in marriage. When the consent thus humbly asked had been freely and cheerfully given by Master Eberhard, the Count von Turin then lifted the von Bertha off the palfrey and embraced her publicly before the whole assembled multitude, who gave such a shout as made the very birds stop in their flight. And thus concludes the chronicle, they were happily betrothed and a great misfortune avoided.

Then they remounted, and, escorted by the craftsmen and the other good people of Cologne, the young Count von Turin, his bride and her father left the city for the Count's castle in the North. That they were married the same night they arrived there, is an historical fact, well known and spoken of in Cologne by many persons years afterward, who all averred that they received a portion of the bride's cake, but how Henry Eberhard succeeded in finding his parents is unfortunately unknown, for



the Counts von Turin were not people to let outsiders know much of their family history. Even of Henry's and Bertha's lives nothing is known, but in the picture gallery of their castle the visitor may yet see the fair Bertha's portrait, and the janitor who attends you will also point out to you the picture of a fine-looking old gentleman, beneath which you can read the words:

"Ernest Eberhard, a Mason of Cologne."—*Masonic Jewel*.

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## THE LEGEND OF PRINCE EDWIN.

BY BRO. GEORGE F. FORT.

MASONIC traditions possess no such immunity as to place them beyond that critical test to which the assumed events of history are subjected. Individual opinions resting exclusively upon the apparent age of a legend, current among the Craft, must necessarily be fallacious, and unless grounded on accepted facts should be received with extreme reserve. When a tradition stands in utter antagonism to historical records, it cannot be defended, and should be abandoned to that class of notions aptly termed myths. One obstruction—perhaps the main one—with which Masonic investigations are attended, arises from hasty suggestions, bearing an external appearance of truth, made by our writers without a careful analysis. The distinguished scholar, Henry Hallam, complained that the history of Freemasonry had been made the object of such unbounded panegyric essays that it would be really refreshing to bring it down to a natural or critical basis.

We propose, and as briefly as possible within the limits of this article, to examine the *probable* character of the Prince Edwin fiction, and its possible authenticity, and so far as may be, propose a solution of this vexed question.

For several centuries the Craft of Masons were solemnly informed that their ancient Brethren first appeared in Britain in the time of Athelstan, an Anglo-Saxon King, who reigned in the year 926, and that his son Edwin was selected by that monarch himself to become their first Grand Master, and that this prince called a convocation of Masons at York and provided the Craft with a regular organization. At what exact period of time this tradition originated, is evidently beyond the possibility of reason to determine. The first knowledge of the presumed introduction of Masonic art into England by Athelstan appears in the ancient manuscript poem discovered by Halliwell, and is numbered among the treasures of the British Museum as Royal A. 1. Great diversity of opinion exists touching the antiquity of the manuscript. Mr. Halliwell, who, as a learned antiquarian, assumes to speak with authority upon this point, asserts it to have been written not later than the year 1390, and his judgment is unqualifiedly the most entitled to respect. From the sweeping character of an act of Parliament enacted in 1389, during the reign of Richard II., it was absolutely impossible for the Craft guild of Masons to evade the lawful necessity to make a qualified return of the affairs and regulations of their corporation. It is by no means improbable that this vellum chronicle may have been used for the purpose above indicated. A singular uniformity appears between the general statements and regulations of this venerable document and the full returns of other guilds made in accordance with the above statute, collected and published by a recent editor.

At all events the tradition relating to Athelstan and the Craft was known at whatever period the old manuscript may have been drawn by the copyist, and is referred in the folios as a matter "heard spoken of." Of the existence of a legend concerning Edwin, not the slightest trace appears in the chronicle under notice. This is a significant omission. Subsequent to the forgoing manuscript about one hundred years—1480-90—the Cook manuscript, No. 23,198, contains the earliest allusion to a son of Athelstan, but does not specify him by name. We will assume that Edwin is here referred to. The Lansdowne manuscript, No. 98, Plut. lxxv. E., in the British Museum, and written in the year 1560, makes the first direct and unique use of Edwin's name as a son of Athelstan. In nearly every particular the manuscript narratives of the Craft, excepting the Halliwell parchment, may be said to agree upon Edwin's Masonic connection, and the York assembly. The tradition therefore, touching Athelstan and Prince Edwin, had for an indefinite period of time the highest credit and was accepted by our precursors as an unquestioned fact.

So far as we know, Dr. Plot, who wrote and published some interesting facts about the Freemasons in his *History of Staffordshire*, in 1686, was the earliest to point out the fact of paternal relationship between Athelstan and Edwin. He maintained that the Anglo-Saxon King had no son. But the blow which demolished this fragile fiction was dealt by a no less personage than Sharon Turner, the erudite historian of the Anglo-

Saxons. This scholar briefly stated that no Grand Lodge could have been assembled at York in the year 926 by Edwin, son of Athelstan, for the very best reason that this monarch had no son.

This legend of the time of Athelstan, so far as the same relates to Edwin, has been abandoned by more accurate Masonic writers, but in its stead the effort has been made to refer the Craft tradition from the 10th century to the 7th—associating it still with the city of York. Bro. Woodford in the introduction p., xiv., to Bro. Hughan's *Old Masonic Charges*, suggests that "tradition sometimes gets confused, after the lapse of time, and that he believes the tradition in itself is true which links Masonry to the church building by the operative brotherhood under Edwin in 627, and to a Guild Charter under Athelstan in 926." Prior to Bro. Woodford, and long before he had called attention to this novel adjustment of Craft legends, Bro. Francis Drake in 1726, declared "Edwin about the year 600, had laid the foundation of our—York—Cathedral and sat as Grand Master."

By means of a pious fraud, so frequently resorted to by the early evangelists, Edwin, King of Northumberland, in the year 627, professed the faith of Christ, and with many of his subjects was baptized on Easter day at York, in St. Peter's Church, which he himself had constructed of *timber*, during the time he was being catechised for baptismal rites. Edwin afterwards began the erection of a larger church of stone under the direction of Paulinus, intending to enclose the oratory within the walls, but a violent death left the work unfinished. It will be observed from the foregoing statement, which is drawn mainly from the historians Bede and Henry Huntingdon, that the earliest building referred to was composed of wood, and built by the half civilized King himself; the other according to the unequivocal expression of the venerable author, was also personally conducted by the same King, and constructed of stone, Paulinus, *teaching him*. This, therefore, is the total proof from which the theory has sprung that Edwin organized, in the year 627, the Masons into an operative body, and sat as their first Grand Master at the building of the ancient Church! We unhesitatingly assert that at this period there were no artificers or builders according to the strict rules of *art*, in England, who were sufficiently skilled to erect a *stone Church*; and that the builders of stone alluded to was composed of rough rubble or broken fragments rudely held together by cement—in truth just such an edifice as might be constructed in the most primitive style out of unhewn stone and roughly conjoined without higher skill than is required to form fragmentary pieces into an unshapely mass, simply fastened together by means of mortar. Manifestly under the tutorship of Paulinus, the King of Northumberland, with the aid of his people, was equal to the task of carrying broken stone or cementing it with mortar, and this is the significance of the passage in Bede's history.

Fortunately the earliest introduction of artificers into England, competent to erect a stone church according to the rules of an exact science and mechanical skill, does not depend upon conjecture. In the year 672, St. Benedict introduced from Gaul or France to England, the *first body of artificers* who were skilled in the construction of stone church edifices. These builders were architects and under the privileges of their incorporation, reaffirmed by the Theodosian edicts two centuries previous, and the Gothic rulers of Northern Italy, had a regular organization. Twenty-nine years before their importation from Gaul by St. Benedict, the Langobardic ruler Rothar, had in the year 643 recognized these building colleges, and specifically designated them as *Collegia Comacinatorum*. I can interpret the expression *Comacinatorum* only as signifying *associate Masons*, co-macinatorum, instead of the meaning usually given: Colleges of Como. At all events, when these artificers appeared in Great Britain in the year 672, they brought with them the highest skilled labor, a profound knowledge of mechanical or technical art—the most abstruse of all arts—and an organization developed and perfected through centuries, possessing the undoubted right to live and be governed wheresoever sojourning, in strict accordance with corporate laws which had been successively allowed and affirmed from the time of Constantine the Great to Rothar, King of the Lombards, in the year 643, or within thirty years of their appearance in England.

From this but one conclusion can be drawn, that in the year 627 King Edwin could not have been Grand Master of a body of skilled Craftsmen, because there was at that time no such Assembly around the walls of this rude edifice of stone and mortar at York, and for the additional reason that an uncivilized ruler had no recognition as the head of artificers whose science represented centuries of exalted periods of civilization! This legend is equally unfortunate on the basis of undisputed history. Our venerable authority—Bede—expressly states that the object of Bishop Benedict in introducing workmen from the Gallic provinces was to have *artificers* who were competent to build "a Church in the style of the Romans," which signifies an absolute dearth of skilled

labor in England. History, however, settles the question by declaring in the most positive manner that "*Saint Benedict first of all brought artificers into England who could build stone Churches.*"

Halliwell's manuscript narrates that Masonic Craft came into Europe in the time of King Athelstan, whose reign began about the year 924, and continued several years. No other ancient document agrees with this assertion. The majority of Masonic chronicles refer the period of the appearance of Masonry into Britain to the age of Saint Alban, one of the early evangelist martyrs, many centuries prior to the time of Athelstan, but they all agree that the Craft came from abroad, and specify Athelstan's reign as an interesting period of Masonic history. From the preceding statement it will be observed, that the older Craft chronicles are lacking in harmony upon vital points of tradition, and in some respects, tested by their own records, are totally antagonistic. From the historic facts already adduced, it is very clear, that in case the ancient Craftsmen were for the first time brought into England in the year 672, they were certainly not introduced prior, in St. Alban's age, nor later in the year 926, when Athelstan was on the throne.

In the seventh century A. D. 672—when these builders made their earliest entrance into Britain, they brought with them certain traditions, which had maintained an uninterrupted existence down to the time when the oldest English record was drawn up which professed to associate with a more remote period of the fraternity the legend of Holy Four Martyrs of the age of Diocletian. This tradition connected the Masons of England with their continental precursors in Germany, who also possessed it. And curiously enough this old chronicle makes no allusion to Charles Martel, who is invariably referred to in Craft records written subsequent to the fourteenth century, but these in turn eschew all mention of the martyrs crowned. The Carlovingian monarch figures conspicuously as patron of the Gallic Masons in the year 1254.

It may, we think, be asserted as within the limits of reasonable certainty, that from the reign of Athelstan, to Norman conquest—little over one hundred years—there is no probability that a legend could have grown up which claimed that the Craft first appeared in England in Athelstan's time. At no period during the stretch of years alluded to was this possible, especially as the converse of such assertion must have been known to the generation of Craftsmen immediately preceding any supposed epoch of the origin of the tradition. We may, therefore, safely say that from the death of Athelstan to the Norman Conquest in 1066, no tradition associated the English ruler with the introduction of Masons into his kingdom. With the establishment of the Normans and large importation of French Craftsmen into England, all references to any pre-eminence of Anglo-Saxon patrons in the guilds of foreign builders would for an extended period of time be carefully secluded. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the total and abrupt change which ensued in the conquered country, in consequence of the radical alteration in its ancient government by the relentless exclusion of all Anglo-Saxon element by the Norman invaders. This transformation necessarily affected, if it did not completely eradicate, the native building corporations, which apparently were compelled to merge their separate existence into the predominant bodies of their *confreres* from France.

It may well be conceded that after the modifying influence of several centuries had permitted the Anglo-Saxon admixture of the Masonic Colleges to reappear, in exact proportion as the different nationalities became less distinctly marked, the gradual effort was begun to trace Craft history through a line of native ascent to early English sources. At the close of the Fourteenth Century the guild of builders in England depending on oral transmission, suggested the origin of their Craft in Athelstan's day. Later records, or perhaps chronicles copied in remote parts of the realm, enlarged the traditions of the Fraternity and added a more distant commencement in the age of Saint Alban, introducing moreover the name of Prince Edwin, together with the fabulous Assembly at York. It is perhaps impossible to fix a date for the legends of Edwin and Athelstan, but adhering to the line of argument adduced in the foregoing article, we assert that so far as the same relates to Athelstan, it is no earlier than the Fourteenth Century, while the tradition of Edwin is clearly an enlargement of Craft chronicles of the Fifteenth.—*Philadelphia Keystone.*

WE learn that the Craft in Cincinnati intend to erect, at an early date, a new Masonic Temple, to cost a half million dollars. Their present elegant and spacious Temple, fully equal, it is said, to any in the West, is not sufficient to accommodate the various branches of the Fraternity in that beautiful and rapidly growing city, and hence this new enterprise.

LIST OF THE LODGES FORMERLY WORKING UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, BUT WHICH, FROM VARIOUS CAUSES, HAVE CEASED LABOR.

We are indebted to Brother Hynmean, for the following:

Nos. 1, 4, 13, 53, 73, 127, 128, 139 and 160 were held in Philadelphia. The warrant of No. 1, (being also No. 89, on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of London) is that of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and became vacant September 25th, 1786.

Nos. 4, 14, 18, 33, 44, 63, and 96, were held in the State of Delaware, and some of them helped to form the Grand Lodge of that State. Another Lodge, No. 18, was held in a British Regiment of Foot, from which the last Communication was received from Shelburne in June, 1786. The vacancy was filled by the No. 18 above mentioned.

Nos. 6, 7, 15, 17, 29, 34, 35, and 37, were held in Maryland, and a portion of them assisted in forming the Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Nos. 10, 23, and 32, were held in New Jersey, and joined the Grand Lodge of that State.

No. 19 was held in the First Pennsylvania Regiment of Artillery, in the U. S. service; warrant surrendered in 1784, and vacancy filled by the present No. 19.

No. 20 was the North Carolina Regimental Lodge, vacated 1783.

Nos. 27, 38, 40, and 47, held at Charleston, and joined the Grand Lodge of South Carolina. Another No. 27 was a Military Lodge held in the Maryland Line, vacated 1783.

Nos. 12, 39, and 41 were held in Virginia; the two former joined the Grand Lodge of that State.

Nos. 28 and 29, were held in the Pennsylvania Line, and No. 36 in the New Jersey Brigade.

No. 42 was held at Savannah, and joined the Grand Lodge of Georgia.

Nos. 47, (a second of that number), 87, 88, 89, 95, 97, 98 and 99 were held in St. Domingo.

No. 58 was held in the army of the U. S., and nearly all the members, it is said, were killed in the expedition under General St. Clair.

No. 77 was held at Port d'Espange, Trinidad.

No. 78 was held at Old Mingo Town, N. W. Territory.

Nos. 90, 93, 112, 117, 118, 122 and 129, were held at New Orleans, and all but the first mentioned, joined the Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

Nos. 103, 157, 161, 166, 167, 175, and 181 were held in Cuba, and a portion of them joined the Grand Lodge of Havana.

No. 105 held at Zanesville, joined the Grand Lodge of Ohio.

No. 107 was held at Kaskaskia, Illinois; No. 109 at St. Genevieve; and No. 111 at St. Louis, Mo.

No. 191 was held at Alvarado, in Mexico; No. 205 at Buenos Ayres, and No. 217 at Monte Video, South America.

The number of the Warrant last issued is 344; of this number of Lodges, 167 have ceased, 176 are now in operation, and Nos. 140, 257, and 293 were never constituted.

The above list is copied from a pamphlet of 48 pages, published by direction of the Right Worshipful Grand Master; entitled, "Decisions of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, together with a list of the Grand Officers from December 1838. By William H. Adams, Grand Secretary." The decisions commence March 16, 1829, and continue to June 3, 1861.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Bro. Emilious Brewer, of Port Gibson, Miss., deceased in 1855. He had read aloud at midnight from his favorite Shakespeare, and we may presume, as was his custom before retiring, had read a Chapter of the Bible, with which he had been familiar from infancy. Then he went to bed, closed his eyes, and expired. Was not this a proper ending for a good Mason? A Brother, whose Masonic work will live, has been accustomed for many years to read daily one Chapter out of a travelling Bible, and to write on the margin the place where he happens to be while reading. The book is covered with dates and localities, forming a sort of diary. A Grand Lodge officer of District Columbia, died while lecturing a lodge. A Brother in the State of New York fell dead while assisting in the work of the Most Excellent Masters' Degree.—*Louisville Masonic Journal.*

## MASONRY AND THE CHURCH.

It is said that Masonry is a rival of the church in its aims and teaching, but this is true only as it is true of the family, the school, the college, the State, and every other organization that has for its object the welfare and comfort of mankind.

It is also claimed that our Lodge meetings detain men from church attendance by occupying time which would otherwise be given to the church. But the Masonic Order carefully abstains from intrenchment upon times and seasons claimed by the church, and offers nothing as a substitute for sacraments, ordinances or doctrines. Nor is it true that Masonry deprives the church of money. On the contrary, there are but few Masons who do not contribute, to some extent, money for the sustenance of the church.

And Masonry declares that he who is false to his religious conviction is thereby false to himself and Masonry.

There may be pragmatic Masons who are willing to make the Order a stumbling block to other organizations, but Masonry is no more responsible for their disloyal conduct than the church for the misconduct of her unworthy members.

But we are not content with negations, for Masonry is related to other organizations in a kindlier and more affectionate manner. We do not mean that the Order professes to go out of its way with unctuous promises of fellowship, for Masonry promises the world but one thing; that it will mind its own business.

But the make up of Masonry, the principles and practical work of the Order, are pre-eminently co-operative with all organizations that have the welfare of man at heart. The Order, especially in all new countries, is the efficient forerunner of all organizations, as is proved by the facts of history and the nature of Masonic principles.  
—*Columbia Pen. Courant.*

## A KANSAS RED BIRD.

THE following is taken from *Camp's Emigrant's Guide*, published at Fort Scott, Kansas: Dr. J. M. Taylor, of Lawrence, Kansas, recently sent a red bird to a friend at Routhabington, Massachusetts, by Express. The bird was on the road six days, but reached its destination in fine condition, having received on the journey excellent care, due to the following stanza, inscribed on the box by the sender:

I consign this bird to the expressman's hands,  
To "travel" now in "foreign lands;"  
A Master sends him "on the square,"  
Please guard him with assiduous care.

Nor from your presence let him go  
Beyond the length of "cable tow."  
And when your charge you shall resign,  
Your wages claim, "corn, oil and wine."

At the Albany Express Office some one added the following:

Before you left the West, good bird,  
Two things you learned, at least;  
How to obey the Master's word;  
How to "approach the East."

And so we bid you welcome here,  
Upon our "checkered floor,  
To gain refreshments and good cheer,  
You pass our "outer door."

For this no "wages" we can claim,  
This is no "foreign land."  
And should we in a foreign land,  
Be ever destitute,  
Oh, may some friendly, kindly hand,  
To our relief contribute.

## FREE AND ACCEPTED.

This term, as used in Masonry, means a great deal more than at first appears. While it freely invites the good and intelligent of all sections to fully inform themselves as to what Masonry is, there is a standing law of the Order which forbids that any man should be invited to apply for the degrees. Whoever applies to the Lodges must therefore do so of his own free will and accord, and in the very first step will be required to show this, in addition to the further requirements that he is free born, a free man, and worthy of the honors which Masonry confers.

No man can be accepted without first making the application under his own signature, setting forth his willingness to be governed by the laws and usages of the Order (all of which he should first read for himself), and that no undue influence has been used, or any mercenary motive prompted him to the step. Thus fortified, his qualifications must pass before the rigid scrutiny of a committee of three discreet Brethren, who are required to examine into his claims for initiation into the mysteries of our Ancient Order, and if reported on favorably, and a unanimous ballot is had, he is accepted as a proper person to wear that badge which is more ancient than the Roman Eagle, and more honorable than the Star and Garter, or any other order that can ever be conferred upon him.—*Columbia Courant.*

## THE TRUE CORNER-STONE.

What is the Masons' corner-stone?

Does the mysterious temple rest  
On earthly ground, from East to West,  
From North to South—and this alone?

What is the Masons' corner-stone?

Is it to toil for fame and pelf?  
To magnify one's petty self,  
And love our friends—and this alone?

No, no, the Masons' corner-stone

A deeper, stronger, nobler base,  
Which time and foes cannot displace,  
Is *faith in God*—and this alone.

'Tis this which makes the Mystic Tie

Loving and true, divinely good,  
One grand, united Brotherhood,  
Cemented 'neath the *All-Seeing Eye*.

'Tis this which gives the sweetest time

To Masons' melodies: the gleam  
To loving eyes; the brightest gem  
That glitters in the Masons' crown.

'Tis this which makes the Masons' grip

A chain indissolubly strong;  
That banishes all fraud and wrong,  
And coldness from our fellowship.

Oh, noble corner-stone divine!

Oh, *Faith in God*, that buoys us up,  
And gives in darkest hours, a hope  
And make our hearts a holy shrine.

Brothers be this *your* corner-stone!

Build every hope you have in this,  
Of present joy, of future bliss,  
On earth, in heaven—and this alone!

HIS LODGE.—It got so, at last, that his wife began to wonder what business "the Lodge" had on hand that it should meet four of five times per week. He was out four nights a week until eleven o'clock, and he came home with redness in his eyes, and his step was unsteady as he passed down the hall. He said "the Lodge" business was mighty hard on the muscles, and the candidates were coming in by the hundreds. One night he groaned out in his sleep, and talked of "the right bower," and yelled out "spades!" and the wife wondered still more. The other evening she took a position where she could see who went up stairs into the Lodge-room. Her husband passed by and entered a place where rows of bottles adorned the shelves, and coffee and spice stand in a saucer on the counter, to purify the breath. When she went in he was one of four at a table. Each one of the four was looking at the pictures on some cards held in his hand. "So this is the Lodge, is it?" she inquired, as she stood before them. He was caught, and he resolved to make a clean breast of it. He laid his cards down, rose up and gave her his arm, and said: "I wont lie to you, Mary. This is not the Lodge-room—this is where we stop for a minute to beat the blasted enemies of our Craft out of their surplus greenbacks! When I come home to-night, Mary, I'll bring that shawl you spoke of!" The regularity with which that man now hangs around home every evening in the week is astonishing.

## TECUMSEH AS A MASON.

MASONRY, the handmaid of the Christian religion dwells amongst the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods, as well as in a king's palace. She loves to associate with the rudest men in their fiercest moods, and soften their cruel hearts by her magic influence. To them her symbolisms and mystical language speak more eloquently and far more impressively than the words of any written or spoken tongue. The Great Spirit and the Great Architect are revealed as the same, by storms on the mountains, the roar of the waters, and the majestic silence of the forest, tuneful to the sensitive soul of the child of nature.

To whom has the Masonic virtue of silence, the golden, been more perfectly taught than to the American Indians? And when that silence is broken, it is with words few, sententious and dignified. Never was this laconic eloquence better illustrated than in Tecumseh's speech to Governor Harrison when the interpreter said to him :

"Your father requests you to take a chair."

"My father!" replied Tecumseh, with a look of scorn. "The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother, and on her bosom I will repose," and he threw himself on the ground.

Or, when in battle the Americans had been surrounded, and his blood-thirsty warriors were massacring them, he mounted a stump, on hearing the Masonic cry of distress, and delivered his briefest and most celebrated speech :

"Kill no more white men!"

He had been made a Mason some time before, when visiting Philadelphia, and in his noble heart Masonry found a true home.

Tecumseh was a General in the British army, and fell at the battle of the Thames, in 1813, under the hand of Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky. He was known as the "Indian Bonaparte." His appearance was always noble, his form symmetrical, his carriage erect and lofty, his motions commanding; but under the excitement of his favorite theme he became a new being. His fine countenance lighted up with a fiery and haughty pride; his form swelled with emotion; every posture and every gesture had its eloquent meaning. And then language, indeed—the impressible outbreathing of nature—flowed glowing from the passionate fountain of the soul. As a politician, he was a Philip; as an orator, a Demosthenes; as a warrior, a Napoleon—without their intellectual cultivation.—*Masonic Advocate.*

CHARITY.—Give work rather than alms to the poor. The former drives out indolence, the latter industry.

"Mahomet's definition of Charity," says Irving, in his life of the prophet, "embraced the wide circle of all possible kindness." Every good act, he would say, is Charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in the world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angel's will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

LOVE.—"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when attempts to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being asked to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the housetop.—*South.*

TRUTH.—"He that finds truth, without loving her, is like the bat; which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes, that it cannot delight in the sun."—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

"Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily siasuities of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines."—*Colton.*

"Some modern zealots appear to have no better knowledge of truth, nor better manner of judging it, than by counting noses."—*Swift.*

THERE are now under the Grand Orient of France, and distributed in various portions of the world 258 Symbolic Lodges. At Paris 44; 8 Department of the Seine; 166 in other departments; 10 in Algiers; 8 in the colonies; 1 in China; 3 at Gaudeloup; 2 at La Reunion; 1 in Senegambia; 1 in New Caledonia; 2 in Spain; 1 in Greece; 1 in Italy; 5 in Roumania; 1 in Switzerland; 3 in Turkey; 1 in Syria; 2 in Egypt; 2 in the Island of Mauritius; 1 in Sicily; 1 in Chili; 1 in Argentine Republic; and 1 in Uruguay. Thus it will be seen that the Grand Orient has authority over one or more bodies in every portion of the world. The See of the Grand Orient is at Paris, whence all authority emanates.

THE present Lodge of Antiquity (originally the old Lodge of St. Paul, which met at the "Goose and Gridiron" in St. Paul's Churchyard), which is now Lodge No. 2, on the register of the Grand Lodge of England, was constituted from time immemorial, and without Charter. It, with the present Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge No. 4 (originally Lodge No. 4, at the "Rumner and Grapes Tavern," in Channel Row, Westminster, London), are the only two Lodges extant of the *four* Lodges, which in A. D. 1717 "revived Freemasonry in England, and established the first historic Grand Lodge." In the "Manifesto of the R. W. Lodge of Antiquity, 1778" (probably written by Preston), it is recited: "Whereas at this present time there only remains one of the said four original ancient Lodges [a mistake], the old Lodge of St. Paul, or as it is now emphatically styled, the Lodge of Antiquity—two of the said four ancient Lodges having been extinct many years, and the Master of the other of them having, on the part of his Lodge, in open Grand Lodge relinquished all such interest, rights and privileges which, as a private Lodge acting on an immemorial Constitution, it enjoyed," &c. This last statement was erroneous.

AS EARLY as A. D. 1713, eighteen gentlemen were admitted into Freemasonry at Bradford, so that *four* years before the institution of the Grand Lodge of England, at London, *Speculative* Freemasonry (in the sense of non-operative Members) was in existence at York. This, however, is nothing new, for from the 17th Century the Records of several Lodges in Scotland contain minutes of gentlemen being received as Members, notably "Mother Lodge Kilwinning," "Lodge of Edinburgh" (Mary's Chapel), and others. Some like those of Haughtfoot, described by the excellent Mason, Bro. R. Sanderson, Provincial Grand Secretary, do not seem to have been for Operative Masonic purposes at all; and from December 22, 1702, (when the Records preserved commenced) and for many years afterwards during the same century, the Records never say aught of three degrees of Masonry.—Hughan's History of Freemasonry in York, in *Masonic Sketches and Reprints*..

THE Grand Lodge of Ohio met at Columbus, on the 18th of October, with a full representation of the Subordinate Lodges. On the question of recognizing the Colored Lodges of that State, as laid over from last year, the Committee on Jurisprudence reported in favor of the proposed recognition, when a point of order was made that under the Constitution of the Grand Lodge the resolutions were not in order. An appeal was then taken from this decision, and it was sustained by the Grand Lodge, there being about seventy-five majority in favor of the appeal. We are not informed whether any subsequent action was had on the subject. If not, as the resolutions were ruled out of order, the whole matter was thrown out of Grand Lodge.

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## THE "BEAUTIFUL GATE."

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AFTER the restoration of the Jews by decree of Cyrus, a second temple was with much difficulty raised at Jerusalem, on the site of the first. But a band of poor exiles just returning to a desolate land could not come up to the architectural magnificence of the royal builder. The glory of the second temple did not compare with the grandeur of the first. As the years rolled on, however, it was the high privilege of a foreign king, whose royalty was the gift of the Roman Senate, to adorn and renew with considerable splendor the house of the Lord. It was done to conciliate a people whose loyal respect had been alienated by his cruelty and crime. The great entrance from the Court of the Gentiles to the Court of Israel, which formed the principle passage for the people to the places especially designated for their religious observances, he adorned with great taste and with princely liberality. This was the "Golden Gate"—so called, as Josephus informs us, "because its folding doors, with their lintel and pillars, were overlaid with massive plates of Corinthian brass, elaborately ornamented



with appropriate sculpture." Through this "Beautiful Gate" the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the Jews from afar, entered the Court of Israel, "to serve the Lord with gladness, and come before His presence with a song." Twice every day the great congregation passed through this gate, and consequently there was no spot in the Holy City more trodden by the feet of the faithful than the pavement of the sacred portal. Here the charitable sympathies of the dwellers in the chosen city employed themselves in the relief of the distressed ones in their path, and here were brought those whose helplessness gave them the human right to expect aid and support from their brother man.

Beyond the threshold of the portal, Gentile could not pass. It was the reserved privilege of those whom the Almighty had peculiarly chosen for his own.

Temple and City are no more, as to their former glory. The Beautiful Gate would be hard to fix amid the desolation of the ancient city and the squalid confusion of the modern town. Where sweet harmonies sounded the willing praise of pious men, the dreary stillness is startled by the hoarse cry of the Muezzin. At the entrance to the porch, friend greeted friend, as they went within to offer up their adorations to the Father, and felt that at the gate all worldly dickerings and the enmities of trade or personality should be left behind. Hypocrisy, smooth-visaged, but with unhealthy hue, might pass within: cold, calculating Worldliness might seek, for its own purposes, to be seen in the presence of the earnest and the true; Formality—its zeal too glowing at first, too soon abated and quenched—might, because forced by a strict and unyielding law, enter in order to hold its place in the counsels of the Theocratic State, but these were the few among the many, whose honest and trustful adherence to the faith and practice of their fathers, honored the pavement by their constant and willing feet.

An allegory from the Temple, Brethren! What is the interpretation thereof? Shall we not have in Masonry a "gate call Beautiful" through which none shall pass but the chosen ones? Shall it not lead from the outer courts of the world to the inner court of the brotherhood? Shall not all unkindness, wrath, evil speaking, malice, the contests of trade, the differences of social life be put aside at the door, and shall we not see to it that the services within are of the nature to stimulate zeal, to uncloak hypocrisy, and to teach the mercenary that there is something in its moral precincts better suited to man's well-being than the hope of material gain?

Ye who would be of us remember that when ye are permitted to pass between the doors of the Golden Gate, it must be as sincere seekers after a knowledge that will benefit, not only yourselves but your fellow-men. Let the afflicted one whom you may find placed at the entrance, remind you of the love which brother must extend to brother, while passing to the inner court where they will render the most welcome tribute of service to their Father by ministering to the "widow and the fatherless in their affliction and by keeping themselves unspotted from the world."

If, in our trials as a Fraternity, we remember the ties that bind us, we shall enter our Lodges through the Beautiful Gate, and the portal will typify the whole temple, wise in its adaptation of means to design, massive in its plated lintel and pillars and enriched with the perfected grace of Corinthian art. Without carrying the figure farther, may we not rest assured that a just and merciful Father will admit those, who have shown that they have come in their heart prepared, to His service in the high Court of Heaven, through the Beautiful Gate.—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

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A GOOD JOKE.—Some fourteen years since, while Master of a flourishing Lodge in Illinois, we had for a Junior Warden, a stalwart fellow, who, not to put too fine a point on it, needed "saving grace" as much as any man we ever knew. One night a seedy, self-recommended Masonic beggar, stumbled into the ante-room, and applied for admission. The J.W. was sent out to examine him, and that examination was about as follows: Beggar—"Be you Boss?" J. W.—"Muchly." Beggar—"Well I want to go in, and have forgot *gripe* and the pass." J. W.—(with a nod to the amused Tyler, who at once opened the door, which was at the head of a short flight of stairs)—"Well, I'll give them to you. Whereupon he took the fellow by the coat collar, and lifted him to his feet in a jiffy. Then grasping him forcibly by the neck, he led him to the door, and remarked: "This is the *gripe*, and this"—applying the toe of his boot to the seat of his breeches—"is the *pass*," and incontinently the beggar disappeared into the "outer darkness" and "great was the fall thereof." It is scarcely necessary to say that the report of the committee was accepted and the committee discharged.—*Masonic Journal.*

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

## MASONIC PERIODICALS.

It is a fact not to be denied, that the taste for Masonic reading is apparently on the decline. Why it should be so is a matter of surprise, when it is considered that Masonry, the world over, was never in such a prosperous condition. In the United States it is difficult to keep Masonic journals alive; one after another they disappear, and those that do exist do so under sufferance merely, for there is not one we know that is a really good paying concern. New York, the metropolis of the union, has but two actual Masonic papers; both have been published weekly for some time back, but one of them has now subsided into a monthly issue. It is evident, that the great State of New York either can not or will not sufficiently support even one Masonic periodical. Philadelphia has its own *Keystone*, which is probably the most liberally sustained journal of its kind in America. Washington has but recently been honored with the *Masonic Eclectic*, and it is rather too soon to judge of the way in which that excellent monthly magazine is likely to be kept up. Bro. Mackay had to relinquish the publication of the *National Freemason* there sometime ago, and is now connected at Chicago with the *Voice of Masonry*, the best and most promising Masonic periodical in existence; but even that valuable and seemingly well supported organ of the fraternity has to murmur at the lukewarmness of the brethren. There is not another Masonic periodical in the United States that can claim to be well supported, and it has been abundantly shown that the taste for Masonic reading is not cultivated to any appreciable extent among our Republican neighbors.

Turning to Great Britain, it is true that there are three periodicals in England, a weekly, a monthly, and a quarterly, all of them issued in London; Scotland had one, but it passed away, and Ireland has never, we believe, had any. This is not an encouraging state of things for the mother land, for there Freemasonry has flourished, and one would think Masonic journals would meet with the requisite amount of support. When, however, the whole number for Great Britain is not more than three, it is clear enough that our English brethren care too little for the instruction and information to be gathered from journals devoted to the interests of the Craft. Various attempts have been made in Canada to start Masonic magazines, but THE CRAFTSMAN has alone succeeded. It is not flattering to the vanity of Canadian brethren to have it said that they only support a single magazine, and that sparingly; yet after all it is doing equally as well as our neighbors with ten times the population supporting less than ten purely Masonic periodicals. The plan of certain Non-Masonic journals having a Masonic department has no doubt had a considerable effect in lessening the support given to Masonic journals; still there is no gainsaying the fact that Masonic reading is not encouraged anywhere. There is no accounting for the anomaly—for such it is, seeing that every good and true Mason should seek information that would be of benefit to him—on any other ground than that the taste for Masonic reading is not inculcated in the proper quarter. We mean the *Lodge room*; for there an example should be set that would be followed. There can be no good reason against every Lodge subscribing for a number of copies of one

or more Masonic magazines; and were every Secretary of a Lodge throughout this jurisdiction to constitute himself a canvasser for the CRAFTSMAN, we are quite certain it would add vastly to the interests of the great body of Masons in Ontario.

There is another matter in connection with this subject, which we see brought out by a contemporary; that is the want of interest shown by brethren at a distance who are even readers of Masonic journals. Almost every brother could put together some item of interest respecting the fraternity in his neighborhood, and in this way an extensive correspondence might be carried on, which would be alike satisfactory to writers and readers. A few of our readers have occasionally favored us in this way, and they have our thanks for their kind consideration. We trust we may find others to imitate their example.

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### MORE ULTRAMONTANE ATTACKS.

THE London *Freemason* is doing good service in the cause by repelling the slanderous attacks of the ultramontanes. Recently one Father Foy, a well-known priest in England, has been assailing the fraternity in the most flagrant terms. This would be wise ecclesiastic, denounces Masonry on the ground of its secrecy, just as if he were not aware that secrecy is the ground work of his own order. There is undoubtedly a difference between religious and non-religious societies; yet, at the same time we cannot see that one could be less objectionable than another if based upon concealment. As for Father Foy, he is said to be a follower of Loyala, and no one will pretend to deny that the Jesuits are not only a secret society, but banded together for anything but beneficial purposes, at least in so far as the outside world is concerned.

Father Foy, like the rest of his set, who take upon themselves the task of attempting to crush Freemasonry, prates of what he knows nothing about; and while doing so makes bold to answer for the Marquis of Ripon that he was induced by a desire of disavowing Masonry to resign his position of Grand Master in England, because he was alarmed by the objects aimed at by the secret societies of Europe, and especially of Freemasons. We believe that a baser libel was never uttered. Lord Ripon severed active connection with the Masonic body because he felt that having become a Roman Catholic, his duty to the Church would not admit of his continuing at the head of the Order. He has said nothing to cause any other belief, and Father Foy may be told that the noble Lord would not place himself in such a degrading position as to earn the scorn and contempt of his brethren throughout the world. Lord Ripon is too conscientious and honorable, even for the sake of the ultramontane cause, to give a false impression with regard to the course he saw fit to take.

The main object Father Foy had in view in denouncing Masonry, was to show that it had a political and anti-clerical tendency; and in order to do this he refers to the so-called Free-Masonry under the name of "illuminatism," a society of which nothing is known now-a-days; at all events, if it were political, and opposed to the Church, its principles are in no way associated with the principles of to-day.

It is quite clear that this ultramontane assailant is like the other Anti-Masons, who attack the fraternity on false grounds, and do so with

the object of gaining notoriety. How strange it is that some men will not understand their positions in the world. Father Foy can know nothing of Freemasonry save what he has learned from its assailants who have preceded him, and they like himself knew nothing of the mysteries they prated about. There is nothing, however, to fear from these ultramontane attacks, any more than there is from the assaults of the American Anti-Masons who may have other designs in view than those of our priestly antagonists.

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### MASONIC BRIEFLETS.

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THE *Freemason's Repository* comes to us in a new and enlarged form as regards matter, but in a much more convenient form. It is now one of the handsomest magazines in the United States.

LONDON is about to erect a Masonic Temple, the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. It is not a little strange that the metropolis of the world, and where Masonry has flourished so long, should still be without a hall worthy the large body of Masons there.

THE Proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of the State of Ohio, at the thirty-fourth Annual Conclave held at Put-in-Bay, in August last, have reached us. The Foreign Correspondence is highly interesting and does credit to both the head and heart of Sir Enoch T. Corson, Chairman of the Committee.

The New York *Square* is evidently not chary in its compliments. Here is its last: "Our sterling contemporary, the CRAFTSMAN AND CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD, published by R. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, at Hamilton, has a clear field in the Dominion, and should be liberally supported there."

THE Suspension Bridge *Journal* appears to have dropped its Masonic column. What is the matter Bro. Ransom?

THE Proceedings of the Georgia Grand Commandery of Knights Templars, at its last Grand Conclave, come to us in a neatly printed pamphlet.

THE Thirty-first Annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Indiana, assembled on the 19th ult. Eighty out of ninety chapters in the State were represented.

THE Annual Grand Assembly of the Grand Council of Georgia Royal and Select Masters of 27, was held at Macon, April 26th and 27th last, and now we have the official notification of the same. Eleven Councils were represented. The Proceedings are not to be printed for want of funds. The officers for the current year are:—Ill. Comps. Robert M. Smith, Athens, Most Illustrious Grand Master; Thomas J. Perry, Rome, Illustrious Deputy Grand Master; Benjamin F. Moore, Atlanta, Grand Principal Conductor of the Works; Joseph E. Wells, Macon, Grand Treasurer; Chas. R. Armstrong, Macon, Grand Recorder; Anselm Sterne, Albany, Grand Captain of the Guard; Wm. S. Rockwell, Savannah, Grand Steward; Charles H. Freeman, Macon, Grand Sentinel.

At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Colorado, held last month, Bro. Harper H. Orahood, of Central, was elected Grand Master, and Bro. Ed. C. Parmelee, of Georgetown, was re-elected Grand Secretary.

THE Hungarian muddle still excites much discussion; but it is to be presumed that the Countess Hadick cares nothing for the opinions

expressed with regard to her admission into one of the regularly constituted Lodges. Of course she is prohibited from visiting any Lodge, but is still a Mason unattached.

THAT admirable work of Bro. Fort's on the origin and antiquity of Freemasonry has reached a second edition.

THE Greensboro, N. C., *Masonic Journal* has found it necessary to change from a weekly to a semi-monthly issue. It is an excellent journal, and we think its publisher acts well in giving up the weekly publication. The New York *Square* has likewise changed from a weekly, and will in future be issued monthly.

The *Keystone* errs in crediting "Bro. A. Jamieson, Grand Secretary," for the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Canada. It should be Bro. J. J. Mason.

THE Proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Ohio make up a well printed book of 200 pages. The Foreign Correspondence is very interesting.

THE Grand Chapter of Minnesota held its Fifteenth Annual Convocation in October, and its Proceedings are given in a volume of nearly one hundred pages. Bro. Marvin deserves credit for the manner in which the work has been done.

A SPURIOUS body calling itself "The United Order of Freemasons Friendly Society" has been started in England. Its clandestine character will be seen at once, in the fact that initiates are taken at the age of 16 years.

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## MASONIC ODES AND POEMS.

POETS have sung and continue to sing of Masonry, but none among them all has been considered so thoroughly Masonic in his poetry as Bro. Rob. Morris, a volume of whose poems in a handsome edition is now before us. Perhaps no man living has done so much for the symbolic art as Bro. Morris, as certainly none have produced so much Masonic literature, his works numbering twenty-one volumes exclusive of his poetry, and all devoted to Masonry. His first prose work was "Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry," and his last is, "Freemasonry in the Holy Land." In the preface to the new edition of his odes and poems, the author tells us that the fire-fiend has followed him for forty years, and he felt as though he would never again attempt to collect his poems together. What, however, with the importunities of friends and the demand for Masonic literature, he was urged to bring out the present volume, which makes the fourth edition; and it certainly does him great credit.

The book opens with the well known favorite song—beginning :

"We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square."

And is followed by poems and odes of more or less merit, including "The Strong Foundations." What a charming lilt is "The Fervor of Affiliation," from which we take the first verse :

"A place in the Lodge for me,  
A home with the free and bright,  
Where jarring chords agree,  
And the darkest soul is light;  
Not here, not here is bliss,

There's tumult and there's gloom ;  
My spirit yearns for peace—  
Say, brothers, say, is there room ?"

But the best of his short poems we take to be "Nunc Dimittis," written of a Craftsman on his death-bed. It begins:

"Now dismiss me while I linger,  
For one fond, one dear word more ;  
Have I done my labor fairly ?  
Is there aught against my score ?  
Have I wronged in all the circle  
One by deed, or word, or blow ?  
Silence speaks my full acquittance—  
*Nunc dimittis*, let me go."

"The spirit of Union" is the title of a poem written on the occasion of the union of Canadian Freemasons in 1858; but a more aspiring one is "Kabr Hairan," written at the Tomb of King Hiram. Some lines to the memory of the late Grand Master Wilson, and an "Invitation to the Orient," addressed to Bro. J. J. Mason, our Grand Secretary, evince the interest the author still takes in the progress of Canadian Masonry.

We might give extract after extract, in order to show the beauties in the volume we are noticing, but we could not quote anything more beautiful than these closing stanzas of "The Last Word."

"The last, last word—oh let it tell  
The inmost soul of love—Farewell !  
Farewell in heart, in health, in store,  
In going out, in coming in,  
And when to slumber you incline  
May man's respect and woman's smile  
And childhood's prattle to beguile,  
Be yours, be yours, for evermore !  
By every impulse that can swell  
A loving heart, farewell, farewell !

Farewell ! what other word besides  
Conveys the spirit of God's Word,  
Around, above, beneath whose lids  
We tied the indissoluble cord !  
Had I the tongue with power to say  
All that the hand expert can tell,  
Of signs and grips and mystic way  
I could but say, may God thus do  
By me should ever I prove untrue !  
And my choked utterance would prove  
How weak are words to tell my love."

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**"LET THERE BE LIGHT."**

BY BRO. CLIFFORD P. MACCALLA.

THE most sublime panorama ever unrolled on earth was exhibited before the creation of man. Only the hierarchy of heaven beheld it. The elements composing the globe were then a mass of unorganized atoms. Only the plummet of the Grand Architect to the Universe could sound their chaotic depths, enveloped as they were in the blackness of darkness. Surging masses of matter rose and fell—"the earth was without form, and void." Now came the prelude to the great change. The spirit of God brooded over the elements, preparing them for translation into forms of loveliness and life, when those sublimest of all words were uttered—"let there be light." Our

earth was then "brought to light." But the sun had not yet shone. According to the theory of cosmogony now almost universally received, the light arose from the condensing of the mass of nebulous and incandescent matter which surrounded the globe. In Hebrew the sun is not called *Or*, light, but *Moar*, a place of light, and when God created the sun and moon, He said: "let there be light holders in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon the earth." According to Sir William Herschel, whose theory is shared by the greatest astronomers, including Laplace and Arago, the sun and its attendant planets were produced by condensation of a vast nebula, and probably the nebulae we now observe in the sky are plastic under the creative hand of the Almighty, and the *nuclei* of future worlds.

Masonry has adopted the sublime language of inspiration, and displays a wonder in some sense analogous to that we have just described. Although Masonic Light to some is a myth, and to others an empty drama, to the thoughtful it is the earnest parallel on earth to that which was thousands of years ago the result of the great creative fiat of Omnipotence. A man comes out of the world to be made a Mason, and his mind is in chaotic darkness, and his emotions represent the surging masses that composed the earth before its maker commanded, light.—He stands for the first time in the presence of the "Sons of Light," as the chaotic globe once did in the presence of its creator; and we may almost imagine the genius of the Ancient Craft to be hovering over the scene, as the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters at the creation. The turbulent element of the earth knew not the order and beauty that were to be evolved out of them, neither does the candidate for Freemasonry know the sublime principles that are to be taught him within the tyled door of the Lodges. He has never had his soul lighted up by the true principles of Brotherhood. Brotherhood—what is it? Members of the same family, of the same faith, of the same party, of the same nation—we can understand how there may be a union between these; but what is it that binds together all families, all faiths, all parties, and all nations? Only Freemasonry. And why? Because all of its sons have been "brought to light," and learned the true principles of Brotherhood. The light of love and of obligation, at the fiat of the Worshipful Master, has flashed upon their minds, and moulded them to order. Hand has clasped hand, heart has throbbed to heart, and memory has learned the secrets that it parts with only with life. The fraternal tie that Cain snapped asunder when he slew Abel, Freemasons seek to unite. This is the Mystic Tie of the Craft that encircles the world. All men have some degree of light, but it is as the starlight—"distinct, but distant; clear, but Oh! how cold!" Ours is *all* of the light of nature and revelation, streaming upon us from the sun and moon in space, and the Bible, the "first great light," from the Masonic altar.

Freemasons have been appropriately termed, "Sons of Light." The name may be very ancient but it is very true. Its modern popularity is largely owing to the fact that Robert Burns embalmed it in his immortal verse. In his celebrated "Farewell to his Brethren," he wrote;

"Oft have I met your social band  
And spent the cheerful, festive night,  
Oft—honored with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the Sons of Light."

It is not surprising that the sun should have been the object of worship among certain nations in ancient times, since it is necessary to the very life of the entire animal and vegetable creation. Consider the sun's dazzling radiance, the majesty of his progress through the sky, and the crimson glory of his setting, and it is not wonderful that he was regarded as a god. The custom of the ancient sun worshippers of saluting their god by kissing their right hand and waving it towards him in the heavens, is alluded to in the Book of Job, (XXI, 36-28.) A similar custom is said to have prevailed among the Iroquois Indians, and is thus described:

"With deep solemnity he gently pressed  
His dexter hand upon his heaving breast;  
Then slowly moved it, touching lips and head,  
There silent held it—not a word he said,  
Until at length he raised his arm on high,  
With upright index pointing to the sky."

The Freemason worships not blindly, but calls upon "the true light which lighteth

every man that cometh into the world." He does this if he is a true "Son of Light," but if not, he has merely been formally enrolled among the "Sons of Light," below, without acquiring the right to accompany them into the Grand Lodge above. Freemasons who are false to their professions are sons of darkness instead of light. Darkness should never follow light, the reverse is the natural order. In "Faust" Goethe calls Mephistopheles: *ein Thiel der Finsterniss die sich das Licht gebar*—"part of the darkness which brought forth light" The two principles seem to be necessary to each other. The eloquent Macmillan has said: "All light shineth in darkness. The one is the compliment of the other. There is no light without its sister, shadow, and no shadow without its sister, light. The visibility of the shadow is the evidence of light. It needs fear to define hope; disease, health; misery, happiness; guilt, holiness. No physical object or moral truth can have an outline without its corresponding darkness. Strange thought,—that which darkened the universe contributed most to its light!"

*Lux e tenebris*—Light out of darkness, is the motto of Freemasonry. Its fiat is, "let there be light." There never was a Lodge which was opened, continued, or closed in darkness. Such a course would contradict the teaching of the Craft. "Ye are the light of the world" should invariably be true of Freemasons. They have been to the East, the source of light; they have listened to Him who sat in the chair of King Solomon, who spoke to them not random words of a careless thinker, but words weighty and well considered, that have come down from time immemorial. Every Mason should be the synonym of truth, the soul of honor, the dispenser of light—freely has he received, freely should he give.

"Light, beautiful light!

Light, the reflection of Deity's smile,  
That wakened worlds from the chaos of night,  
And brightened ocean and isle!  
I fleet as a thought o'er the waters careering,  
Iris-hued pearls in the pathway appearing,  
Gemming the foam, while the depths thou art cheering,  
Light, beautiful light!"

Light comes from the East, and has always travelled from the East to the West; and so has Freemasonry. Masonry is related to civilization, the two travel together hand in hand. Hence every attempt to trace the origin of the arts and sciences; to reveal the first people who gave birth to civilization; to explore the ancient mysteries, is of interest to Freemasons. Masonic light comprehends secular light. The two grow together, and continue together, inseparable. No barbarous nation ever existed with Masonry; no civilized nation ever existed without it.

Of the three words used in Hebrew to denote the East, one means literally, the *sun-rising*. The word Saracen, also signifying "men of the East," was derived from the Arabic *sharak*, corresponding to the root of the first of the three words, *sarak*, the *sun-rising*.

One man, at least, in this country—and he a Freemason,—died an ideal death. He passed away after a long life of perpetual sunshine. Even his last moments were unclouded, save during the actual dissevering of the soul and body, and even this cloud was gilded by the rays of a restful peace indicative of purity of thought, and freedom from physical suffering. Possessed of supreme genius, he was the idol of his nation; but his death was as full of meaning as his life—distinguished by words of the loftiest symbolism, words that Masons appreciate more fully than others, words that are worthy opening and inspiring a life as well as closing it in death. The last words of Goethe were, "More light." And we doubt not his prayers was answered,—and that there flashed upon him, as his spirit winged its flight to the "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," an exuberance of light such as mortal never saw.

"More Light," is the cry of every earnest Freemason. He seeks to penetrate the meaning of the mysteries of life, to learn the history of the past and the scope of the future. The key to this future is "More Light." When the immortal Goethe, the greatest of the brotherhood of poets of this country, lay on his death-bed, he craved symbolically the highest of blessings, not riches, nor fame, nor life itself, but a lifting of the curtain of time, a glimpse of the glory of eternity. "More Light" was his cry. Let it be ours now, as well as when we come to stand upon the border land. Then we may not be able to utter it; then the agony of death may cloud the mind or paralyze the will. Now is the time to have "More Light."—*Masonic Eclectic*.



## FREEMASONRY IN ITS EVERYDAY GARB.

PLACE, a large fashionable Hotel in St. Louis. Time evening. Hero, a well known and distinguished member of the fraternity, just arrived from a long journey by rail, and in that nervous state of irritation easily aroused to anger, which every one has experienced under the same circumstances. To look at him as he emerged from his room on his way to the dinner table, you would have seen a bluff, solid man, rotund but not to grossness, with a red beef-fed face, dressed like a gentleman, and bearing himself with the air of one who knows his rights and "knowing dares maintain them." Such was the man whom for the sake of precision we will, denominate Brother Larkin, George Alexander Larkin.

Such was the man as he appeared to a group of three who looked after him with eyes singularly inquisitive, and when he disappeared in the supper-room exchanged glances with each that said "the very man." One of them, a burly, ruffianly fellow at the same moment rattled something in his pocket that might have been specie, or might have been something else. This group of three, by the way, were standing in the office of the hotel when our friend first entered the house. They divided him amongst them, one glancing over his shoulder as he wrote his name in the 'Travellers' Register, one looking sharply after his valise and following it to the baggage room, and one quietly slipping after him as he went up stairs and preceding him on his way down.

The contrast between a man just in from a long journey by rail, before dinner and after, is evident to the dullest intellect. As Brother Larkin came out from his feed his rosy cheeks were rosier, his rotund figure more rotund and in every respect he looked more kindly upon all around him. This made it easy to fall into conversation with the older of the group of three to whom we have already introduced our readers, and who was standing in readiness to address him as he came out. A sort of recognition followed, that is Brother Larkin admitted having before met the gentleman who called himself Colonel Westcott, although it would have puzzled his brains considerably to specify the when and where. A mutual cigar, a chat over the political situation in which by a pleasant coincidence they found themselves in accord, and the new made friends made an appointment to visit the theatre in company. And all this time the group of three were "reckoning up" our Brother Larkin, whispering to each other covertly, comparing notes preparing for some grand *coup-de-main* to come off in due season. The click of the telegraphic instrument in the corner, had Brother Larkin recognized it, was speaking his name to fellow-operators at St. Joseph, Missouri, and elsewhere, some hundreds of miles away, and cords were tightening around him of which he was altogether unconscious. As he puffed his cigar and chatted benignantly of the pending elections, and digested his good dinner with a beaming countenance, as little was he aware of the interest manifested in him, sometimes by the chief clerk of the house, sometimes by the landlord himself, but most of all by that quiet group of three whose leader was engaging him all the time in a conversation seemingly unimportant, but which had issues of life and death in it.

The day before, a bank had been robbed in Western Missouri by a singularly bold device, gagging and chloroforming being a part of the means employed—means so energetic in fact that when the unfortunate cashier was found and released the next day, the drug and the gag had been too much for him. This addition of murder to the enormous theft, and the extraordinary heavy reward offered, had naturally set the whole body of detectives on the *qui vive*; and at that very hour groups of men like these were inspecting hotel registers and baggage, and new arrivals in all the cities three hundred miles around. The dispatch that came over the wires to St. Louis said: "Principal man short, thick-set, English in appearance, with sharp voice, well dressed, fond of talking politics, slippery as an eel." And that was the flattering appearance attached to our Brother Larkin, who had come that very day from Western Missouri, and was as loquacious on the subject of the robberty as every man is in such a case who has a good listener. So he talked in a gay unrestrained manner, while the man who sat by his side rattled something in his pocket that might be specie, and might be something else.

The theatre that evening presented unusual attractions, and together the two newly-made friends wended their way, purchasing reserved seats of the hotel clerk, and sitting together in the box. At every interval in the play the conversation was renewed, designed on the one part to draw out Brother Larkin from his apparent reserve, on the other, merely to while away the dull evening. It is a serious matter in St. Louis "to arrest the wrong man." Colonel Westcott therefore plied all the arts of social life upon his victim, and when at the close of the play he found himself making no headway in the direction he was pursuing, an invitation to wine and oysters

followed at the next move. As the two entered the brilliant saloon, the favorite resort of the *bon-vivant* of St. Louis, the other two members of the group were close behind them, and the toils were encompassing our friend, altogether totally unaware of his danger. Every means was now attempted by Colonel Westcott to throw him of his guard, and elicit something that would connect him with the great bank robbery, but in vain. The loquacious fellow, warm with wine and good fellowship, was not to be entrapped into a word implicating him in an affair of which indeed he knew nothing except the extravagant rumors current among the passengers. And still the Colonel rattled something in his pocket that might have been specie and might have been something else. It was quite midnight when they returned to the hotel, the other members of the group being already there reinforced by several of their own class.

And now came the hurried consummation. A hurried conference among the detectives while Brother LARKIN was asking the usual question of the clerk relative to hotel trains etc., and Colonel WESTCOTT walked straight to his victim, laid his hand decidedly upon his shoulder and said, "TOM BRAILEY, you are my prisoner!"

If the reader has ever had the heavy grip of a sheriff's officer laid upon him he will bear witness to its ponderosity, and the utter feeling of helplessness that momentarily follows. Brother Larkin was a man constitutionally brave, himself a major in the late war who had seen service in well-fought fields, but he may be pardoned for blanching a moment and even covering under the unexpected blow.

"Is this a jest Colonel Westcott?"

"No jest, Tom Brailey, my name is Carroll and I am a detective, these gentlemen are also detectives and we are bound to have you."

"What is the charge?"

"Now Tom, that thing is played. You know too much to try any gab on us. Be a man and yield quietly."

"What is the charge?"

"Will you go with us peaceably?"

"What is the charge? Don't you dare to lay your hand on me again until you explain the charge and show your authority."

Our hero had by this time backed into the corner out of which opened the door to the baggage room. On one side of him was the desk of the book-keeper, and the passage way was so blocked up with large trunks on the other hand that his own portly form occupied the whole entrance. As he stood facing the chief detective, his eye now kindled up with a sense of the deceit that had been practiced on him all the evening, he was undoubtedly a dangerous subject.

Evidently the detectives so viewed it, for the spokesman dropped his tone.

"Now Tom Brailey."

"My name is not Tom Brailey. You will see my name in the register, George Alexander Larkin, I have ample papers about me to prove my identity. Had you asked it instead of playing the dirty sneak all the evening as you have, I should have satisfied you in five minutes. But now explain the charge and show your authority, or the first man who lays hands on me dies the death."

And the display of a pocket six-shooter, and the sharp click of its lock, and the steady aim from an arm brawny and untrembling that bore directly upon the officers head, served to clinch these bold words. A dead silence of a minute ensued. A brief conference with the landlord who was watching the proceedings, and the officer yielded. He exhibited the telegrams he had received, showed the marked resemblance between the bank-robber and our excited friend, proved his own identity by the testimony of the landlord, and in a conciliatory tone requested that no further defence be made.

So Brother Larkin consented to accompany the party to the house of detention. Placing his pocket-book in the hands of the clerk, and restoring his pistol to his pocket he had moved a few steps towards the door, when a new and more startling incident was added to the drama; the chief detective drew from his pocket the rattling objects which might have been specie but proved to be handcuffs, and began to arrange them for use upon our brother's hands.

And the soul of the outraged man now rose in arms. He sprang back to his corner at a bound, prostrating one of the officers in the act. He again drew his pistol, cocked it at a motion and fired upon the officious detective with as good an aim as to knock the hat from off his head; an inch lower would have made a vacancy in that department forever. Cocking the dangerous little machine again, he held it forward and,

"Now which of you is ready for your coffin?" he boldly said.

The report of the pistol called down from their rooms in an incredibly short space of time a score of travellers. The police, from the streets gathered in like eagles to their prey. Before the smoke of the first discharge had dispersed the office was

crowded with persons; crowded all but that handy nook in which was ensconced our friend Larkin who still, gaily and invitingly said,

"Who will be next? my hand is in now, and I never miss my shot twice."

A venerable man, grey haired and mild, evidently a preacher, proposed a compromise.

"I consented to the arrest. I started peaceably to go with that man. He had a number of men to help him. Yet he was about to handcuff me. That is an indignity that can only be inflicted on my corpse. One step nearer and you die." This last remark was addressed to the *cidevant* Col. Wescott, who was quietly slipping upon his prey. The detective hastily stepped back.

"Tell us who you are," said the grey haired man of peace. "Commit no murder, if you are innocent I for one will stand by you."

Then Brother Larkin informed the excited crowd that he was a peaceful tradesman, journeying to the east, and took care to say as a Freemason he had his diploma in his pocket.

This turned the tables. A dozen men in the company formed a semi circle before him, their backs towards him, and declared he should not leave the house till morning, the grey-haired preacher loudly approving the determination.

At his own suggestion he was guarded through the night, in the landlord's private parlor, but not handcuffed. At early day, his notes to old friends in St Louis brought a half dozen prominent citizens to identify and release him. And so after an interchange of cards with "the silent friends" who had stepped forward at that opportune moment, Brother Larkin went his way rejoicing that he had neither killed nor been killed, while the veritable Tom Brailey was picked up a week afterwards in a totally unexpected place, and subjected to one of those hasty initiations practiced in the west, where nothing is left of the candidate but the stump of a rope and a new made grave. And this is the story as related to me by Brother Larkin himself not a year ago, of "The perilous Moment."—*Louisville Masonic Journal*.

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## FOREIGN LETTER.

(FROM BRO. THE REV. DR. ALONZO G. SHEARS.)

PENSION SUEZ, NAPLES, March 11, 1876.

DEAR M.—I last night dreamed of seeing Charles' children. Ask them if they will please to dream of me! P. and M. yesterday went with a party to visit the islands of Capri and Toronto, to return this evening. Mrs. Shears and I, after a ride, walked at least three miles without stopping to sit down and rest. Pretty well for us. I thought the walk rather long, but believed I ought to walk as far as a lady could.

Clark asks me to sing my *Laus Deo* on the top of the Pyramid. I did so, as I so often promised the boys, but you were not there to help me! Our party were six in number—four clergymen, including one Presbyterian. Climbing and descending there is as hard labor as haying on Prospect Street. One of the Arabs insisted on carving my name there—of course, expecting "bucksheash." They had their own way. Ask Fredericks if his uncle had *his* name carved there, as I saw "Barron" well cut there. In going from Joppa to Jerusalem we passed Ramleh, Flains of Sharon, birthplace of John the Baptist, Kisjah Jearim and the village of Ajalon. In coming from Alexandria we passed Calabria, Riggio, Candice, Mt. Etna, which we saw several hours, mantled with snow; in the distance, Cythera or Cerigo where Venus was born of the sea-foam, and Cape Matipan. Stopping several hours at Messina, (famous for its oranges), after passing between Scylla and Charybdis, and the Island of Capri. *Vide* Classical Dictionary, as also for our trip, one day's tour near here. Two two-horse carriages were well filled and the whole day was well employed. We passed through a grotto near here three-quarters of a mile long; saw what is called the extinct crater of Astroni, still smoking however feebly; also a new volcano now perfectly extinct, conical in shape, its earth and stones showing their formation. A squad of school-boys in uniform were ascending it from the road, where it begins. We passed by Puteoli (now Pozzuoli) of the New Testament, the village of Cicero. I asked some of our company to exhibit their eloquence! We went into the beautiful Piscina Mirabilis, an underground structure of masonry, admirable and huge, but far more so was an amphitheatre which, for its attractiveness, exceeded any before seen by us. What astonishing labor was manifest! The ancient Baia was one place visited. I never expected to see the haunts of Aeneas; but here were Lakes Avernus and Locrina.—Here also the grotto of the Sybil and the river Styx. We, including Priscilla and

Mary, both Latinists in some degree, passed hundreds of feet through a dark, lofty, arched, subterranean hall, lighted by torches in Italian hands, and then turned into a descending, but much narrower like passage-way, till we saw in the darkness, by the gleams of torches the veritable river Styx. When thumbing my Virgil, how dreamy soever I may have been, I did not dream of seeing this river so feared by mortals.—Charon was not there with his boat, however, to ferry us over. The *imps* of those regions offered to carry us over, but we declined! Some more than wished to carry Mary over, she and others being in the rear in the narrow passage, but, being called, I interposed American authority, proclaiming "hands off!" and then keeping our party in firm phalanx. I had a good sized stone in my hand to preserve the peace, even if I had to fight for it! Some of the party said that the burden-bearers would have earned their money to carry *me* across the Styx! The grotto of the Dog was visited. The air is so devoid of oxygen that a dog put where the gas issues soon *dies*, but lives again in common air. He dreads so dying, though so accustomed to it! Nero's hot baths were in the side of a mountain, sulphurous in character. One of our company passed through the subterranean way, and had to hurry in order to be able to breathe. He took a good sweat in his hurry. We saw ruins of three vast temples, viz: Diana, Mercury and Venus. The two former had partially their huge roofs remaining. Into the second some peasants entered and danced the "Tarantula" for us, or for money! One of our party, a lady, joined in this strange performance with much skill, and, at my suggestion, received a *sou* therefor. We sat down on the ground by the wall of the Temple of Venus and ate with a good relish our lunch. Bottles of wine cost the party half a franc for each. Our guide and coachman were supplied from our "board." We came back by another route overlooking the beautiful bay of Naples, delighted with our tour, and dined heartily at 6 o'clock. I forgot to report that a lady from the "hub," and a gentleman from New York chatted cozily under the shadow of the Temple of *Venus*, but whether the twain shall be one deponeth saith not. With love to all.

A. G. SHEARS.

## THE MASONIC ENTHUSIAST, BRO. ORLOFF.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

In every moral and religious society, those who exhibit a clear appreciation of its purposes, and conscientiously fulfill its obligations, are termed, by their more phlegmatic companions, *enthusiasts*. The term implies a reproach, or at the best a sarcasm. In religious matters the man who acts strictly by the principles of his creed is styled an enthusiast, and, in Masonry, the same low estimate is expressed of those who really practice what they profess. Thus the non-performers, all the world over, excuse themselves for neglect of duty by ridiculing the performers. The following sketch is given to illustrate this singular phase of human nature.

Bro. P. P. Orloff was a man of uncommon physical energy and great conscientiousness. The former gave him the nervous ability to perform, the latter the soul to contrive. In every society to which he had been attached, he had been noted for a prudent and thorough examination of the groundwork and principles upon which it was founded, and for the thoroughness of his practice. As a Christian, for instance, he was devoted to his creed, and ever ready to explain, justify and defend it. As a temperance advocate, he was fearless and untiring. Finally, when, after years of careful reading and oral inquiring of Masonic brethren, upon matters relative to their craft, he signed a petition to Record Lodge "to be made a Mason," he entered upon the work as a life-time affair, to be pursued with conscientiousness and ardor to its promised results.

In all his Masonic life, short and brilliant as it was, he acted the *role* of an enthusiast, according to the description of the term upon which we set out. He acquired in perfection the lectures and the work, the "drill and the drama" of each degree prior to advancement, and was known as the first person in Record Lodge who refused to "go on" until he "felt his ground firm under him." He was troublesome to Bro. Coldpegg, the Worshipful Master, whose Teutonic phlegm could poorly brook so much inquisitiveness concerning matters of which he (Bro. C.) had never inquired, and his patience gave way more than once or twice under the infliction. He was an annoyance to the other officers, as insisting upon frequent and exact definitions of their duties from these worthy but unenlightened officials. He was a thorn in the side of his fellow-members, especially those known as Old Pap Dusenbury and Long Jim Fullcover, whose indulgences were too open for disguise, and it called down the speedy condemnation of those brethren. This enthusiasm was much sneered at by

mitted Masons generally, who predicted amidst great oburgation, around Blue's bar-room, that "he wouldn't hold out six months," and even the Grand Lecturer, Shinnery, who had been "struck," to use his own vernacular, by Bro. Orloff's queries upon Masonic matters, tried to chill the enthusiastic neophyte by the prophecy, "You'll get tired of them subjix 'fore I come 'round agin!" And yet Bro. Orloff was perfectly sensible in all his doings. "He had paid," he said, "his thirty dollars, and he wanted his thirty dollars' worth." "He had taken upon himself," he said, "numerous and weighty engagements, and he wanted to know exactly the extent and bearing of those engagements." "He had entered an association," he said, which professed to have a history and an ancestry of its own, and he wanted to learn with some precision what that history and that ancestry were." "He had acquired," he said, "certain privileges, and he wished these privileges defined, that he might enjoy and not transcend them." "He was required," he said, "to take part in the dramatic exercises of the Lodge, and he wanted to learn these exercises according to the original forms, so that he might fill his part with credit." If this was madness, there was method in it.

The sneers of some, the ridicule of others, and the general want of encouragement, had little effect upon Bro. Orloff. His mind was too self-reliant, his motives too lofty, the springs of his action too pure, to permit the coldness and opposition of careless men to deter him from going steadily forward in what he conceived to be the pathway of duty. In that walk he trod until he came to his grave. If a Brother erred against the Masonic covenant, he warned him, not noisily nor publicly, but quietly and surely. If the Brother erred again, he warned him again. If the Brother erred the third time, he took with him one, or two, or three Brothers of the Lodge as witnesses, and warned him solemnly and rebuked him plainly. If this was ineffectual, the next step was to subject him to the discipline of the Lodge.

If a distressed object came in his way, Bro. Orloff remembered the symbolical instructions so forcibly impressed upon him, and contributed as liberally to his relief as he could do without inconvenience to himself, at the same time enlisting the benevolence of those around him.

If a controversy arose between Brethren, he tenderly offered his mediation. This was not always successful. More than once he involved himself in difficulties by this generous act; but the fact was no bar to his making the same proffer again, when occasion required it. He was known and usually blessed as one of those "who shall be called the children of God."

We have said that he encountered the sneers and opposition of many. True; but he won the admiration and respect of all! Strange contradiction, yet true as strange, his fellow members doted upon him, boasted of him when out of his hearing, and placed and kept him in the highest Masonic stations at their command. He was almost idolized by them, and when he had journeyed across the dark river, and gone out of their sight, they applied to the Grand Lodge for permission to change the former name of their Lodge, and adopt his in its place.

The truth is, his enthusiasm had enkindled every spark of Masonic life in the breasts of the brethren. That there is a fascination in this sort of moral philosophy styled *Fremasonry* is seen in the admiration whispered by its perfect exemplification. Bro. Orloff proved to those around him that there is a reality in it, and when he died he left a void never filled. His remains were accompanied to the grave by a vast concourse, and the inscription upon his tombstone tells a tale rarely told (with truth) by chisel on monumental stone.—*Keystone.*

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## NEW BRUNSWICK AND ONTARIO.

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THE following is the Grand Master of New Brunswick's reference in his Address at the opening of Grand Lodge in St. John, at the last Annual Communication, to the self-styled "Grand Lodge of Ontario."

The Grand Secretary will place before you a circular received at his office, asking Masonic recognition of a body calling itself "The Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Ontario." The Province of Ontario in this Dominion of Canada is under the Masonic jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada, with which this Grand Lodge has been, and is, in fraternal communication; and I feel it to be my duty to urge upon you for high constitutional considerations, not in any manner to recognize the unlawful proceedings of those who are seeking to establish this (so called) Grand Lodge of Ontario. On a careful review of the subject, you will find, that among many reasons why no Masonic recognition should be accorded to their proceedings, there are two grounds either of which must be fatal to their claim.

1st.—The Province of Ontario is occupied as Masonic Territory, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and, therefore, any independent action of Masons in Ontario, in seeking to form a governing body, is an act of rebellion against the lawful and recognized Masonic authority of the Province.

2nd.—On the face of their own statement the mode of proceeding was irregular and unmasonic, as the action was not by a convention of regular Lodges, but was only the insufficient action of individual Masons, contrary to Masonic law and well established precedent.

The Grand Lodge of Canada has exercised due Masonic discipline on the offending brethren, by expelling them from all the rights and benefits of Freemasonry. I refer the whole matter to you, confident that you will maintain the ancient rites and established laws of the Fraternity relating to independent and sovereign Grand Lodges.

The Committee on the Grand Master's Address, reported as follows:

The Committee have examined the papers submitted to them by the Grand Lodge in connection with the formation of the body calling itself "The Grand Lodge of Ontario," and they have had under consideration the portion of the Address of the Most Wor. Grand Master in relation to the same organization. The so-called Grand Lodge of Ontario was formed in, and claims jurisdiction in the Province of Ontario, which now is, and since the formation of the Grand Lodge of Canada, has been exclusively Masonic territory of that Grand Lodge. The formation of another governing body in that Province is, therefore, an invasion of the territorial rights of a Grand Lodge with which the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick is in fraternal communication, and is not only a violation of, but, if permitted, would be absolutely destructive of the just and necessary principle underlying the whole system of Masonic Government. On this ground alone the Committee advise Grand Lodge to refuse recognition to the body seeking it. The Committee have not deemed it necessary to consider the matter from any other stand-point, or to enter upon any discussion of the mode of formation of the so-called Grand Lodge, the attention drawn to this by the Grand Master being quite sufficient. They venture to express the hope that the brethren now in rebellion against the lawful authority of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and, indeed, against all Masonic law and principle, will return to their allegiance, and atone for the grievous wrong they have done.

The following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*,—That the body calling itself the Grand Lodge of Ontario is an irregular and clandestine organization, and is not entitled to recognition or countenance by regular Freemasons; that persons hailing from the said organization, or bodies holding of it, are not worthy of Masonic fellowship, and that all the Lodges in the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick be immediately warned by the Grand Secretary not to receive as visitors, or acknowledge as brothers, persons hailing from the so-called Grand Lodge of Ontario.

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## JUST NOW—CONSIDER.

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EVERYBODY has noticed in Lodge workings that while the Worshipful Master is rosy and healthy, the Senior Warden always looks pale and cadaverous. We have given years of time and study to the subject, and have at last "knocked it endwise."

It is owing to meteorological reasons. The W. M. has the advantage of the sun-light and pure air; the S. W. has neither. And this explains why the S. W. is always *anxious* for his year of office to expire, so that he may "approach the East."

But there are many others just now besides the S. W.'s who are anxious to approach the East; brethren who have already passed the limitation, who, during twelve months incumbency, displayed neither particular qualification nor ability for the East that would elevate themselves or distinguish the Lodge honoring them, urge claims of priority and superiority over worthy Wardens, and as December draws nigh their interest waxes warm, each desiring to reach that healthier place once occupied by Solomon, our first Most Excellent Grand Master.

Aside from this view, however, let us say a few words—founded on facts we have experienced. Lodge elections involve very peculiar features, and these peculiarities carry with them subjects of vast importance, as it sometimes entails the vital parts of a Lodge existence. We allude to the inadequacy of some who, although they be good Masons, and are gifted with qualifications for some things, are not blessed with a fitness for governing a Lodge, or ability for conferring a degree with proper impressiveness, which it is conceded are most essentially necessary. If proper attention is given to the selection of the minor officers, the experience of a year or two demonstrates the fitness of such officers for promotion, which eventually ends in the East.

This may only be accomplished in one way, which is by a regular attendance at the Lodge. It effects three objects, viz: it stimulates every member to select the best materials for office; they can thus better appreciate the merits of those filling them; it strengthens the officers that have been selected, and it enables all the members of the Lodge to determine the worthiness of those applying at their outer doors for admission to dwell with them. The reverse of all these tends to widen the breach of fraternal ties. At elections we find a preponderance of members at their Lodges who make it a point to be in attendance on that night, and their votes are influenced by those who run the machine with bad results. Craftsmen who make it a business to be prompt at every communication, seek for and obtain positions; being imbued with a great deal of assurance and overflowing with ambition, their mistaken zeal is generally rewarded, and in time the Lodge is given a Master as totally unfit to rule and govern an intelligent body of Masons as a plough-boy clothed with the ermine is to administer justice in equal poise. This is the root of the evil—sensitive brethren absent themselves from their Lodges, while others, inspired with an unworthy spirit of vindictiveness, resort to the use of the cube, and eminently fitting material are rejected to soothe their spleen.

Select fitting officers in *all* stations; for any Mason of experience knows what is required even in the selection of a master of ceremonies. How often do we observe that in 'presenting the novitiate to the Master-workman that they *are not* duly and truly prepared? Yet these minor details are in many cases overlooked, either from ignorance in the Master, or fear of offending the incompetency of the brethren. These omissions lead the student astray, while the self-glorified brother assumes the flatteringunction that he has done well, and looks forward to advancement. With a limited knowledge of not only the ritual of our art, but who are totally deficient of even a common-school education, many imagine that they are superior to everything which makes a model Master.—*Corner Stone.*

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FREEDOM.—A man that loves his own fireside, and can govern his own house without falling by the ears with his neighbors, or engaging in suits at law, is as free as a Duke of Venice.—*Montaigne.*

Reason and virtue alone can bestow and continue liberty.—*Shaftesbury.*

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## MASONIC RECORD.

### AT HOME.

At the regular meeting of Zetland Lodge, Toronto, held November 24th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Bro. J. B. Nixon, W. M.; Bro. R. J. Hovenden, J. P. M.; Bro. J. W. O'Hara, S. W.; Bro. H. M. Graham, J. W.; Bro. J. D. Henderson, Chap.; Bro. D. Spry, Treas.; Bro. J. S. Macdonald, Sy.; J. L. Dixon, Tyler.

At the regular meeting of Wilson Lodge, No. 86, Toronto, held on Tuesday evening, November 21st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Bro. R. T. Coady, W. M.; Bro. Alex. Patterson, J. P. M.; Bro. Joseph Wright, S. W.; Bro. F. A. Skelton, J. W.; Bro. Samuel Harris, Treas.; Bro. H. McCaw, Rep. to M. H. B. Trustees; Bro. J. L. Dixon, Tyler.

At the regular meeting of Doric Lodge, No. 316, held on Wednesday evening, November 22nd, in the Masonic Hall, Toronto, the following brethren were elected office-bearers for the ensuing Masonic year: Bro. H. A. Collins, W. M.; Bro. John A. Cowan, S. W.; Bro. George J. Fitzsimmons, J. W.; Bro. J. H. Cornish, Treas.; Bro. Wm. Jardine, Secy.; Bro. D. Scott, Rep. to M. H. B.; Bro. J. L. Dixon, Tyler.

At the regular meeting of Occident Lodge, No. 346, Toronto, held on Wednesday evening, December 7th, the following officers were installed: W. Bro. James Wilson, 18°, W. M.; V. W. Bro. Bernard Saunders, I. P. M.; Bro. William Watson, 18°, S. W.; Bro. John Gray, J. W.; Bro. James Price, jr., Treas.; Bro. John Linton, Secy.; Bro. John Campbell, Chaplain; Bro. William Walker, S. D.; Bro. William Cruik, J. D.; Bro. Reuben Millichamp, M. of C.; Bro. Ezekiel J. Firman, S.; Bro. E. B. Gibson, I. G.; Bro. John Will, Tyler. The ceremony of installation was performed by R. W. Bro. Spry, 32°, assisted by V. W. Bro. T. Sargent, 31°.

At the Regular Convocation of Hiram Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., held in the Masonic Hall, Hamilton, on the evening of December 4th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz: R. E. Comp. Gavin Stewart, Z.; R. E. Comp. J. E. Mc-

Clure, H.; Comp. J. M. Meakins, J.; Comp. Alex. Turner, Treas.; Comp. F. F. Dalley, Scribe E.; Comp. Wm. McClelland, Scribe N.; Comp. Colin Monroe, P. S.; Comp. W. W. Summers, Janitor.

## ABROAD.

SIXTY-FOUR new Lodges were added to the roll of Grand Lodge of England this year.

THE number of affiliated Masons in Texas is 18,206; the number initiated the past year is 1,013; affiliated, 1,117; dimitted, 1,555; expelled, 45; suspended, 451; reinstated, 215; deaths, 275; charity fund, \$1,757; dues, \$11,461; lecture fund, \$4,448. The amount contributed to the coast sufferers by September, 1875, cyclone, was \$1,840.

To abate the rush into Freemasonry in London, it is proposed to increase the fees about fifty per cent, but it is admitted that the remedy will not be effectual, because the real remedy needed is greater caution in investigating the character and standing of candidates.

THE Philadelphia *Chronicle* says that the Masons of Camden, Pa., are contemplating the purchase of the lot occupied by the old City Hall in that place, and erecting thereon a Masonic Temple.

THE Grand Comandery of Ohio has appropriated \$3,000 toward entertaining the Grand Encampment of the United States at the Tri-ennial Conclave to be held at Cleveland, O., in 1877.

FROM the reports of Lodge meetings as published in the *Australian Free-Mason*, the Lodges in Australia appear to be in a flourishing condition. Most of them if not all, are working under authority of the Grand Lodge of England.

THE rent of the best Lodge rooms in Chicago is \$800 per annum for each Lodge occupying the same, and each Lodge has the privilege of meeting weekly. The Lodges of Philadelphia that occupy the Masonic Temple of that city, pay a rental of \$600 per annum. A reduction is promised after December next.

BRO. R. WENTWORTH LITTLE, Secretary of one of the great public Masonic Charities of England—the Girls' School, is an honorary member of eighty Lodges and Chapters. He has passed the chair of every degree claiming to be in any degree Masonic in England. He is the present editor of *The Rosicrucian*.

THERE are a number of subordinate bodies now at work in Valparaiso, Chili—two of them working under the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, one under the Grand Lodge of England, and one under that of Scotland. All meet in the same building, and the most fraternal relations exist between them.

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## MASONIC CHIT-CHAT.

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The Masonic hall at Woodville, Tenn., was nearly demolished by the terrible wind, hail and rain storm that visited that town on the 23rd of October.

The new Masonic Hall at Port Royal has been completed and furnished, and the members of Phoenix Lodge, No. 914, have now fine quarters. A Royal Arch Chapter is about to be established, with every prospect of a large membership. A Preceptory of K. T. is also spoken of. The lodge at Port Royal has a large number of visiting brethren, principally seamen from the steamers and ships of the United States and England.

The proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Minnesota, had last month, were printed and ready for distribution four days after the Grand Chapter closed. The proceedings make a pamphlet of about one hundred and fifty pages.

Several of the Lodges in New York city and elsewhere, at stated meetings, occupy the evenings when no work is to be done by reading short essays previously prepared, on various subjects, and also selections from the best authors. The best speakers and readers of the Lodges are previously notified to prepare themselves when wanted.

The Secretary of every Lodge in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, and in all Lodges holding under that Grand Lodge, keeps a set of Lodge books, four in number. The *first* is a petition book, which is required to have an index. The *second* is the regular minute book, or record of the Lodge. The *third* is the attendance book, whose name explains itself. The *fourth*, which is more particularly under the control of the Treasurer, is the cash book. Patterns of these books are kept for inspection in the Freemasons' Hall, at Edinburgh, and the Grand Lodge takes charge of furnishing them whenever existing books become full.



A BRONZE statue of the poet Burns, is to be erected in George-square, Glasgow. The artist is Mr. George E. Ewing, of Glasgow, who has succeeded in producing a very excellent likeness of the poet.

## AT REST.

BRO. JAS. H. BUNTING, a P. D. D. G. M., of New Jersey, died on the 4th September. He was celebrated as a ritualist of the highest order.

Bro. the Rev. E. J. Lockwood, Rector of Belstead, and Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Suffolk, died on the 21st October, aged 78.

Bro. W. H. A. Kean, of St. John, N. B., was elected Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, Sept. 28, 1876, and died on the 30th of the same month.

BRO. M. C. KERR, speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, died recently. He was an able member of the Craft. His funeral took place at New Albany, Indiana, on the 26th August. The Grand Master conducted the ceremony.

THE London *Freemason* of the 14th ult., says: It is our painful duty to record the death of Bro. the Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Tweedale, Past Grand Master of Scotland, which sad event took place on Tuesday last, at his residence, Yester House, Haddingtonshire. The deceased peer, who was in his 90th year, had been ill for some time, and recently he was severely burned by falling into the fire in his dressing room at Oxenford Castle, as noticed in our columns a short time back. He was the eighth marquis in the peerage of Scotland and a representative peer for Scotland, having, as the result of a long military career, attained the distinction of Field-Marshal, Knight of the Thistle, and the Grand Cross of the Bath.

SAMUEL LENNOX, was buried last week at River View Cemetery, Trenton, N. J., with unusual Masonic honors. The funeral took place from the residence of his son, Lewis Lennox, corner of Centre and New Market Streets, in that city, and was very largely attended. Trenton Lodge, No. 5, F. and A. M., and Palestine Commandery, No. 4, K. T., attended in a body. Samuel Lennox, was born of Scottish parentage at Damhead, in the County of Antrim, Ireland, on January 5th, 1784. He was sent to Scotland when sixteen years of age, and remained there until two years previous to coming of age. He was accepted in Lodge, No. 235, F. and A. M., in Coleraine, Londonderry, Ireland, in January, 1805. In 1806, he was made Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and received the degree of the Holy and Thrice Illustrious Order of the Cross, and has been a Master Mason seventy-one years and seven months, and a Knight Templar seventy years and eleven months.—*Noah's Sunday Times*.

WE regret to learn of the death of W. Bro. Hammond, of Wardsville, which occurred on the morning of the 31st of Oct., of heart disease, aged 38 years. As a representative man of one of the oldest villages in Middlesex, the deceased occupied a prominent and important position; while at a distance he was also esteemed for the rectitude of his character and general probity as a merchant. It is not too much to say that by Bro. Hammond's death a vacancy has been left in the place of his adoption that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill. His career has been one of credit to himself and the community with which he was identified. Entering life at Wardsville some 18 years since as a poor lad, he succeeded, by strict integrity, combined with a liberal and patriotic spirit, in attaining the position of the leading man of the village. Thus he established himself with success as a merchant, was Postmaster, had been Reeve, and served the public in municipal matters with credit, and also for many years took upon himself the duties of Superintendent of the Sunday school in connection with the Church of England, and was an indefatigable Church worker. In Masonic matters he took a warm interest, and organized "Hammond Lodge" in the village, and was well known in the fraternity as a worthy Brother. In connection with his record, it may be truthfully stated that the advancement of the best interests of Wardsville had ever been his aim, and much of his time and a good deal of his means were liberally given to this end. The village has, in Bro. Hammond's death, lost an active, useful friend, a good and patriotic citizen, and one who ever seemed determined to show that the prosperity vouchsafed him should liberally benefit those around him. His funeral took place at Wardsville on the 3rd of November. Brother Rev. W. G. Wythe, Chaplain of Hammond Lodge officiating, and Brother H. J. Smith, P. M. of King Hiram Lodge, Bothwell, assisting in the reading of the impressive Masonic burial ritual. The body was accompanied to the grave by a considerable concourse of Brethren of Hammond Lodge, Wardsville; Albion Lodge, Newbury, and Lorne Lodge, Glencoe.