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THE CRAFTSMAN, HAMILTON, 15th NOVEMBER, 1868.

### THE LAST OF THE CELADORES.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.

"That was a pretty story of yours, Burton," said the Colonel, thoughtfully lighting a fresh Havannah, as we all sat round the fire in my rooms at Cruise's. "The story of Brother Marioncourt, I mean, that you told us just before we came away. I was wondering what the toast meant even in the act of drinking it."

"Oh," said the Master, "that's an old legend of No. 13. I thought you would have known it though. You have dined with us before now."

"You forget how long ago," he answered. "And if I heard it then, I have excuse enough for having forgotten it long since. England is newer and stranger to me to-day than twenty years ago!"

Colonel Wright had been a guest at our lodge dinner of that evening, among many others, on whose behalf he had responded when we pledged the health of our visitors. He had been introduced by Burton, and had filled the post of honor next the chair, I myself—a youngster then—sitting lower down on the other side. There had been a whisper down the table that he was a Prince Mason, and had lived in almost every corner of the world, and seen some strange adventures in his time. His speech was at once so dignified and so modest, and his whole manner was so singularly attractive, that I gladly availed myself of the opportunity which a few words addressed to me half an hour later seemed to offer, and, crossing to a vacant seat beside him, opened a conversation, which only terminated in his promising to come over to my quarters for sherry and seltzer, if the Master, who was his host, would permit his doing so before they left town for home. Some of the others were easily prevailed upon to join, and we had quite a party gathered when the words which I have quoted were spoken.

I broke in on their answer. "But for you, Colonel, a tale such as that can have nothing extraordinary. If half the adventures of which they make you the hero be true, our solitary record is little more than common-place. Though I remember how it impressed me when I first heard it, and how my Entered Apprentice enthusiasm panted some day to rival it."

"And it did well, my boy," said he kindly. "Such stories are told none too often, nor do they grow ordinary or common-place to the oldest of us. I have been a mason for a great many years, and have proved masonry in a great many lands, and yet this tradition of yours, as Burton gave it, touched me like a youngster. It is a good one to remember always."

There was a long silence, only broken by the gurgle of the seltzer. Suddenly the Master spoke:

"We have to wait for the moon, Wright. Tell the lads one of your own adventures, round the Horn or anywhere."

There was a full chorus of support, while I stirred the fire and rang for more sherry. Our guest thought for a minute or two before he answered. Then he looked up, and his face was very grave.

"If I had not been a mason, I should not be

alive to-night," he said slowly and almost dreamily. "My masonry saved me through that affair at Rangariri in the last New Zealand war, when poor Leslie of the 65th was murdered by my side. I was in the North Adelaide Lodge," he went on in the same absent tone, "when John MacDougall Stuart, who, poor fellow, is dead and gone since, was introduced to tell us that he had arrived within the hour from Carpentaria, and that he never would have arrived at all, but for the lessons he had learned in that room. As it was, he left three of his best men dead, and had to turn back almost from the sea. But as you said round the Horn, Burton, we'll go back there, and I'll tell you of something that occurred to me not so long ago, and of a certain trifling service which I was enabled to render to a brother in his need. It is one of which it would not be pleasant to speak often, but I am sure that there is no gentleman here who will not acquit me of narrating it now from any desire of making out myself a hero. If I had had it in my power to do ten times what I have, it would not have one tenth repaid my obligation to the Order."

There was no need for any of us there to assure him that he ran no risk of being accounted vain-glorious among us. So he told us, without other hesitation, in his own grand simple fashion, the story from which this paper takes its name, and which I reproduce in my clumsy style, not without serious misgiving that I spoil it in the recital.

During one of the many revolutions in Peru, (he began), I need not specify which—I was a resident in Lima, endeavoring to recover in trade part of the fortune I had lost in idleness. Like all other foreigners I took little interest in the political drama being enacted around us, confident that history would as usual repeat itself, and that but little bloodshed would result from any of the great strategic movements of which inflated rumours reached us daily. It was to us of no concern whose fleet held possession of the Chinchas so long as our countrymen were permitted to purchase at fair price what guano they desired, nor did we greatly care to whom the guard presented arms at the Palace while our shops had to be attended to and were doing trade briskly. It was of course to be regretted that so many of our country customers should be kept away from town by the disturbances common to all the provinces, and that our native servants should be pressed into the ranks of the army as surely as they ventured abroad after night fall, but these were drawbacks of certain periodical occurrence under any regime whatever, to be accepted as philosophically as the mosquitoes or the damp season, and for the rest we contented ourselves with raising our tariff to the buyers who remained, and with taking care that the lads remained within doors through the darkness. The ultimate collision which was to establish or upset the government, we looked forward to much in the same way as the Earthquake, whose nightly apprehension lays *manta* and *saya* conveniently at the bedside of each Limena, but interferes by no means with her repose. We knew that, some day or other, we should have to put up our shutters and lock our tills while the belligerents were having it out before our eyes, but until then we were contented to plod along as usual, and gave ourselves scant concern as to the progress of the war.

Some time previously to that of which I am about to speak, I had made the acquaintance—it is unnecessary to say how—of a young Irishman, serving in the force of Celadores, in whose story I was much interested. These Celadores, or armed constabulary, by whom the peace of the city was maintained, numbered about three hundred men, chiefly half-bred Indians or *mestizos*, drilled to considerable discipline in the use of their rifles and bayonets. Their posts were at the principal street corners where they sat all day long, (a low chair seemed to be part of the uniform) and whence in peace time they whistled to each other through the night, by way of keeping up their spirits and relieving the dullness of their situation. The troubled position of affairs had, however, just then occasioned their nightly withdrawal to the government buildings. They wore an ill-fitting dark-blue coat and trousers unrelieved by any brighter colour, and to my fancy always presented a sullen and morose appearance. They were useful in maintaining good public behaviour, having once or twice fired on an excited Plaza mob, thereby inspiring a terror most conducive to tranquility; and they were universally regarded as the most devoted of the President's adherents.

In this body my Irish friend held some such rank as that of Inspector with us. He had been the experienced surgeon of a New Zealand passenger vessel which had made its homeward voyage via Callao, where he had quarrelled with his Captain, and, abandoning his agreement with the owners, attempted to establish himself in his profession. Failing therein—medical fees are scarcely remunerative in Peru—he had gone through various vicissitudes one after the other, until the formation of his present corps seemed to hold out prospect of service not altogether distasteful, and he had managed to procure the appointment in which I found him. He was, I believe, an energetic and valuable officer and in high favour with the superior authorities. He and I had many rides and rambles through the country, at a time when no Limeno would venture beyond the walls, and a close attachment had sprung up between us. I had been always mindful of our Craft since the day that I was made, and was pleased to recognize so far from home a brother under the old constitution, and lost, I hope, few opportunities of assuring him that his exile was not altogether friendless. Few other of his associates knew anything of his antecedents. His name, Galwa, had been Castilianized into Galvez, and his accent was so pure, and he had so readily adapted himself to South American fashions, and become so thoroughly acclimatized even in appearance, that not many of them even guessed him to be a European.

I had been for some time suffering from a delicacy of throat not uncommon here and had kept the house a good deal, when one morning, shortly after breakfast, my old friend Carlos Calzado was announced; and, advancing gaily to my sofa, condoled with me upon my enforced imprisonment, and proceeded to open his budget of the gossip of the hour. I had always suspected Calzado of being deeply involved with the revolutionists, but he had invariably avoided political topics even with me who was one of his greatest intimates, and I was not a little surprised that on this occasion he should plunge into the subject of his own uninvited accord.

The rapture of triumph was, I suppose, strong enough to overpower prudence, for he had not been ten minutes in the room when he burst out with his great news.

"You have not been about lately and your English friends do not care to interest themselves in our domestic arrangements. Well then, the Revolution is an accomplished fact, or will be so within twelve hours. I know that I am safe in telling you. Though indeed no one doubts the issue now; it is a mere question of detail."

"And the President?"

"The President is with the army to-day. Tomorrow . . ." a significant movement of the hand to the neck finished the sentence grimly.

"But this is horrible. Surely they will respect the usages of war. Perez at least is no rebel."

"You can argue the point for him by and by. For my part I should not be sorry to let the old rascal off with the bastinado and ten years guano groping at the islands."

This was the way in which they spoke there of the Chief Magistrate of the nation in arms to repel insurrection. "But the troops?" said I; "what are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, their affair is arranged; they will not be very troublesome. We outnumber them in the field, and the garrison is a mere handful. Do you know that there are not eight hundred men in Lima, Celadores included?"

It was only that morning that I had been languidly speculating with myself as to the probable effect of events upon the fortunes of my Irish friend, whom I had not seen for many days, and had proposed enquiring after him that afternoon. The present mention of the Force, chiming in with these reflections, rivetted my attention. Calzado went on.

"We will out-general them completely, or rather have done so already. Your observations may have taught you that a Peruvian army is an army of philosophers. Once prove to them that they are over-matched and they will not dream of such unreasonable obstinacy as to prolong a hopeless conflict. Well, we will bring conviction home to the minds of Perez' veterans in a few hours, and the campaign, and with it the war, is at an end. It remains but to storm the forts and the Palace, if anyone inside is fool enough to decline a peaceable surrender. The Admiral is ours already."

"And when is all this to happen?"

My rooms at Morin's opened on the Plaza, of which the hotel forms the greater part of one side having on its left the Palace and immediately facing the Cathedral. Calzado took out his watch, compared it with the great clock opposite, and answered deliberately.

"It wants eighteen minutes to One: within twenty hours the nation will have changed masters."

I leaped up and rang the bell vehemently. He seemed surprised, but said indolently enough,

"As my information was given in confidence, I know that you are not going to make use of it. Not to speak of the absurdity of imagining that any influence within your control could put back the hands of the clock, even supposing you to be interested in Perez' villainy."

"Now Carlos," said I, turning to him as the door closed and I had sent for the single trustworthy servant of the establishment—a Belgian who had lived many years in English households,—“I am not going to notice the insolence of the little speech you have made to your old friend. I have no interest in the President or any of his people excepting one, and him you are about to help me in saving. The Celadores, as you know very well, hold the place and are devoted to Perez. One of their officers is my good friend, and is your brother mason, and I do not mean quietly to see him shut into a trap that can never open for him alive. I am going to send for this man, who is not a Peruvian nor even an American, and with your assistance will keep him here until the trouble is over. Will you help me, or must I look elsewhere?”

“Then, gentlemen, I made that solemn appeal that I trust none of you may ever have to use, but that I am sure that none of you can ever use in vain. On the mystic points of Fellowship with which each of you is acquainted, I implored him to save his brother whose life was in his hands. I know how hard the struggle went, for I know how thoroughly Calzado and every leader of his party detested the mercenary forces of the government, and how they had devoted them to retribution for the “massacres” of some weeks before. But, Peruvian as he was, he answered boldly and like a mason, although he would not confess how hard it had been to yield:

“Help you, my friend! Certainly; and with the greatest pleasure. For yourself to say nothing of our obligations. One Celador more or less is nothing to us; and if he is a good mason he'll be glad to find good government. But they are stubborn dogs, these fellows, and perhaps he will not be disposed to do as we bid him. He will want to be back among his comrades. They have *esprit de corps* to stock a brigade.”

“Precisely, and this makes the difficulty. My man is not the likeliest in the world to desert either his post or his fellows in time of danger. He may not even come, but, once here, he must not be allowed to return. You understand?”

“Exactly. We will try what amateur gaolers can do against professionals. Will he drink?”

“Like an albicore; but there is not enough liquor in the house to send him under the table. We musn't trust to that.”

“Never mind,” said Calzado easily, “we'll manage it I dare say. Send off at once and get it over.”

As I was despatching my note briefly requesting the Celador to call to my rooms without delay, and my messenger, having received strict injunction to make no mention of any stranger's presence with me, was turning to leave the room, the Limeno called him back.

“Stay!” said he, “you will perhaps want the countersign. They are cautious to-day and have carefully locked up the empty stable. It is *Junta*. Don't forget and don't be long.”

He smiled in reply to my involuntary look of admiration. “Oh yes,” said he; “we know all about their affairs—better than they do themselves sometimes. He'll bring the man you'll find.”

And he went rattling on of the coming opera season, of our old horse-racing at Bella Vista, or of

the summer's *tortullias* at Chorillos, as if we were not living in a state of siege and absolutely on the eve of a great politician convulsion. This man I had known for months previously to be preoccupied, grave, and self-contained almost to moroseness. In the condition of nervousness into which the morning's excitement had thrown me, enfeebled from illness, there was something terrible in the flux of his natural gaiety—it told so plainly of the imminence of the catastrophe. For I had known Carlos Calzado long enough to be sure that the cares which had weighed upon him had not been dismissed while aught remained yet to do, or while the minutest preparation was left uncompleted. But though I could recognize their tone, the words were themselves little more than empty sound buzzing painfully in my ears all through those awful ten minutes, that might have been ten hours, while we sat waiting for the Footstep on the stairs. Thank Heaven! it came at last: rapidly and with the jingle of full accoutrement.

Galway entered hastily, but started back at seeing with me so prominent a revolutionist, whose presence at large in the city at that moment was a marvel most characteristic of the inscrutable policies of Peruvian governments, and drew himself up stiffly as though waiting to know my wishes.

My heart was beating painfully and I spoke with difficulty. “Sit down, Senor Galvez” I said, signing to him to take no notice of the presence of the other. “I will not detain you many moments as you seem busy. Carlos, let me trouble you to touch the bell beside you; they never dream of refilling that liqueur case.”

Calzado leaning over rang impatiently. After a moment's listening he sprang up with an exclamation.

“*Caramba!* it is too bad! They want people to wait on themselves here. Don't you move. I will go and blow up old Morin himself until I bring him to some sense of propriety. See if you are not better served after to-day!” And he swaggered noisily out, swinging the door to with a bang. I turned to Galway.

“He will go in a few minutes and I *must* talk to you. Wait until he is off and I will tell you everything.”

My only object now was to gain time. I was incapable of all plan and trusted everything to my ally. The Celador was palpably uneasy and impatient, and seemed little inclined to fall in with my wishes as he answered.

“But, I am really so much occupied, and I cannot be long absent. I can come again but now . . . .”

“No!” said I vehemently, catching at his arm as he rose, and forcing him back into his chair; I can't let you go without having your advice and help. I am in a most awkward situation and you must get me out of it. You can if anyone. You know that the United States commodore comes here a great deal. Well, last evening at a whist party . . . . but hush! here he comes, and I would not for the world let him know anything. Wait until he goes. I will give him his *conge* directly.

It was in fact Carlos who entered simultaneously with the absinthe, and providentially cut short the thread of romance that I found such difficulty in weaving. “Couldn't find the old fellow after all,” said he laughingly, “but it will be all the worse for

him next time" And he fanned himself lazily with a newspaper.

"You take chartreuse I know," and I pushed across the flask. "What do you go in for this morning Galvez? There is maraschino, curacoa, parfait amour . . . ."

"Bah!" laughed the Limeno. "Why press French luxuries on a simple Peruvian soldier? The Celador is too patriotic to care for anything but pisco, especially where *italia* is to be had. Is it not so?" selecting the bottle he had named and filling a bumper for the Irishman. "Here's to the fortune of war, my friend," touching his glass lightly: "for you to-day, for me to-morrow."

"Worst ever I drank," muttered Galvez, setting his glass sullenly down as though he but half relished the hint of the other. "Bitter as dandelion wine. Smell it," continued he, resentfully handing me the bottle. "That is not the stuff that I used to say beat John Jamieson and the L L. out of the field, is it?"

"Why, what is wrong with it? It seems the same as usual. Perhaps the taste is in the glass. Try another to correct it."

"Much the same" grumbled he, tossing off the second. "Not the right stuff by any means, though it does go down if you force it. But I must be back to duty. I'll see you again before to-morrow, but I really cannot delay at present. Just one more then. To the good health of all of us. Here goes!"

"Stay senior," put in Calzado persuasively; "if I were in your place I would be in no such hurry back." I gave him a warning look, but he would go on. "Do you know you are safe here, and that is more than you might be behind your own walls. Take my advice and finish the bottle here at your ease."

The Celador flushed angrily as he answered.

"Thanks, senior, for your kindness. Another soldier might consider himself insulted were he warned to absent himself from his post. But I know that you cannot mean *that* in these rooms. Adios."

He moved towards the door, but the other was before him. Quicker than I can write it he had turned the key and taken his stand to bar the passage. "I am sorry to disarrange your plans," said he courteously, "but I fear that you were mistaken in supposing yourself about to leave. We value your society too highly to let you go so soon."

"Are you mad or drunk, sir?" cried Galvez furiously. "What do you mean by such extraordinary action? Or is it I who am drunk? Senors, senors! what is the matter, where am I, who stops me?" And he rushed unsteadily and half blindly forward, his fingers trembling on his sword-hilt.

I sprang up in alarm "Never mind him" cried Carlos; "he will be quieter presently." And as the Celador glared at him stupidly, having apparently forgotten his own grievance, he took the key from his pocket and handed it towards his opponent, saying, as he bowed politely

"We would have been glad to enjoy your company to a later hour, but as you take offence at our little device for detaining you, go! here is the key."

The other bent vacantly to take it, when, suddenly thrusting forward a chair which stood

between them, the Limeno tripped him up with violence, and he fell heavily forward on his face, his legs catching in his sword. As he lay insensible, Calzado turned him over, and after listening to his breathing, said:—

"He will get into no mischief before this time to-morrow, if so soon. Get him to bed quietly, and by the time that he wakes we will know what is best to be done for him. He's a fine muscular man too, and I am glad that he is safe from the slaughter." And he filled another *petit verre*, and sipped the liqueur slowly.

"But how did it happen that a couple of glasses got into his head in this fashion?" questioned I. "I have seen him drink quarts before. It is most extraordinary though happening most luckily."

"Not at all extraordinary my friend. He has had enough morphia to poison you or me three times over. It was not for nothing that I forced the *italia* upon him, or that he found it so bitter. Not so pleasant as his Irish fire-water, he said! No, I should not suppose it was. Now I leave the rest to you. Don't forget to throw away the flask. We shan't want it again. I will look in again after dinner. *Au revoir*." And he lounged gaily out humming an opera tune, as though to save men's lives against their will was his daily pastime.

I do not know how the rest of the day went by. The excitement had been too much for me, and I felt utterly prostrated by the reaction. It was close upon midnight when Calzado called, and I persuaded him to sit with me till morning, offering him, as a bait, *ecarte*, of which, like all his fellow-citizens, he was passionately fond. There was a fever of restlessness in the air that would not let me sleep, and I shrank from being left alone like a child.

Play, never very animated on my part, languished towards day-break. We were each *distrain*, awaiting I know not what. I had had a long run of luck, and was marking another King, when

"Hark! do you hear that?" whispered the Limeno. "They are early; so much the better." And he opened the shutter and stepped out on the verandah. "Dark as Erebus still, but can't you hear? They are not far off, and in force too."

We both listened breathless. There was a slow measured sound, but scarcely like the advance of men. It was not continuous and had the low sigh of the wind, though a feather would have fallen straight upon the pavement below. The standing apprehension of every Peruvian flashed upon me.

"Carlos, it is the Earthquake!"

"Nonsense! who ever saw an earthquake on such a night as this? It is the troops I tell you—our troops. Wait and see. You think that because they have not the clatter of your dragoons they are earthquakes. Remember that they are more than half Indian and can creep up without too much noise."

So we stood and watched. Calzado was right. Nearer and heavier sounded the advance, and we could make out some movement in the intense darkness beneath us, but as yet there was no whisper in the air. "They are surrounding the Palace," said he. "Are the Celadores asleep?"

Wakeful enough apparently, if that flash of musketry be their answer. It lit the great square momentarily and every street was filled with men.

"Front rank. Ready there. Fire!" and the left of the night was ablaze once more. There was another volley followed by a dropping fusillade from the besieged; there were shrieks and some confusion; then sonorous words of command, and the heavy footfall of the troops, cautious no longer, as they were marched off into the adjoining streets. And then the whole city was aroused and the sun had risen.

In the stillness that followed we could hear from the inner room the regular heavy breathing of the Irishman, who lay upon my bed exactly as we had laid him the day before. "He is well out of this," said Calzado echoing my own thoughts. "The fools in there mean to show fight instead of giving up peaceably and sensibly. See! there goes the summons to surrender."

Three men rode out from behind the Cathedral under cover of a white flag. They had a brief parley at the Palace gate and galloped briskly back. Almost on the instant the trumpets rang out, and the head of a column debouched into the open.

"Mother of God! they have thrown away the last chance." As Carlos spoke the firing grew fast and furious. We could see the men fall in the ranks, and, as each went down, he was carried out of range into the great Church opposite. Presently there was a movement in the centre; the companies wheeled to the right and left, leaving a broad avenue, in the line where the fire had been hottest, from the fountains in the middle of the Plaza to the principal entrance of the Palace. Was it a repulse? Neither of us dared to speak now, and Calzado was scarcely less agitated than myself. There was a cracking of whips, and screams and oaths of half savage muleteers, and up to the front galloped two field-pieces, twelve pounders perhaps, taking up a position scarce thirty yards from the defences.

I turned away sickened at the carnage. For as the guns were being laid, man after man dropped beside them, picked out with unerring precision from within. But there was no long delay. Once more rings the word Fire! and after the double flash and the crash that follows..... in through the smoke and on to the point of the bayonet swarm the overwhelming forces of the Revolution. There is little firing now; it is a bitter hand to hand struggle where quarter is neither asked nor given. For the besieged there can be but one issue. An entrance has also been forced in the rear, and there is nothing left now but to die hard among the thousands of the foe. We can see little after the first fierce stand at the breach has been driven in, but we can hear the clash of the blows, and the shrieks, and the curses, and the moaning—dying gradually away as the reekingshambles begin to cast their long shadow across the bloody pavement, and silent altogether ere the clock of the solemn old Church, whose calm majesty seems to subdue the slaughter around its walls, tolls out a mournful Nine!

For, gentlemen, of the many wicked scenes that old church has ever witnessed, this surely was the worst. Count up all the victims of Inquisitorial Acts of Faith, round whom the flames have leaped greedily, where were sparkling so gaily the fountains in that day's bright morning sunshine, and, to the credit of the Holy Office, you will find in the total of the years no parallel to this two hours' massacre. Yesterday three hundred men

strong; and stern—to-day the single figure sleeping so peacefully here—for of what account are those Others outside for whom there is no more waking!

Two hours later we read in the *Commercio* something of this sort:

"The Revolutionary Army by a rapid march upon Miraflores yesterday afternoon outflanked the late President and cut off his communications with the city. The troops entered Lima at an early hour this morning to the joy of all well-disposed citizens, who are gratified to find the rule of vacillating imbecility under which we have suffered so long, replaced by a vigorous Administration determined to advance the material prosperity of the country. We regret to report that some blood was unavoidably spilt upon this auspicious occasion, the Celadores, who garrisoned the Palace and were entirely the creatures of Perez, having refused to surrender when called upon, and the place being thereupon stormed and the myrmidons of the tyrant put to the sword. The loss of the troops was inconsiderable. Negotiations have been opened with the army of Chorillos and it is believed that Perez will be surrendered without delay."

"10.30 a. m.—Perez has gained shelter of the foreign fleet. The armies have coalesced amid rapturous applause and are both encamped under the walls."

And so it was all over, exactly as Calzado had prophesied. Whether it was that the President had been betrayed by his own officers, or whether it was owing to the philosophic tendencies of which I had heard; I have never known accurately, but the affair was managed discreetly and without blood. The forts both at Lima and at Callao capitulated as soon as it was known that the Admiral had declared for the winning party, and the only record remaining of the power of the late administration was in the grave of the faithful Celadores.

Galvez did not awake until evening. It was long before he could be made to understand the position of affairs, and when he did so his rage was unbounded. All through his term of service he had been teaching his men lessons of virtue, and had specially urged them to the defence of the seat of government should it ever be confided to their corps. The idea that he should have been missing in the hour of trial, that the absence of their monitor should have been jeeringly noted by the men who needed no counsel of his to despise death, and that he alone of the whole body had been reserved for a life that seemed ignominious drove him into wild frenzy. If he had suspected me to have had share in the stratagem by which he had been debarred from sharing the fate of his comrades, I believe that he would have gladly killed me. Fortunately however, he credited Calzado solely with the device, and we took care to prevent their meeting until the first paroxysms were past. He was down in brain fever for many days, and on recovery refused all offers of employment which we had been able to procure for him from the Dictator, declaring that he could never again hold up the Red and White flag. The only assistance that I could prevail upon him to accept was the means of retirement into Ecuador, and after his departure for Guayaquil I never saw him more.

Nor ever shall. For we had not preserved him for long. You may wonder at the circumstance

keeping so fresh a hold on my memory, but it was only yesterday that I was again reminded of them painfully. And, opening his pocket-book, the Colonel drew from it a letter bearing foreign stamps and black with a host of post marks. Turning to the last page, he continued.

You know what they have been doing lately in Peru. Part of the news is here. The writer is Carlos Calzado, and after detailing the glorious successes of the day that repulsed the Spanish fleet and humbled Spanish arrogance in the waters of Callao, he goes on to say.

"It was a complete victory and has annihilated Spanish pretensions in these seas. We have seen the last of her squadrons that will ever double the Horn. But in the hour of our triumph we have had a heavy loss in the blowing up of one of our batteries with seventy men and officers, including him we can least spare—our gallant Minister of War. Strangely enough his namesake, our old police friend, perished with him. He had returned at the first news of the Alliance and was serving with the artillery in the memorable engagement. They say that his coolness under the heaviest of the fire was almost preternatural, and I believe that it was he who laid the gun that disabled the *Villa de Madrid*. If so the Craft did good service to the Nation when we gave him the morphia at Morin's."

And as I rate the Red and White considerably before the Red and Yellow, and was, in common with the rest of the world, highly gratified to hear of the discomfiture of the Dons, I feel no little pride in the last exploit of our poor brother.

Neither his memory, nor that of any who has fallen with him, will want due reverence in Peru while the Castilian tongue is spoken there.

So the Colonel finished his story, and we all sat more silently than usual as he watched the shifting figures of the coals. What other memories of his brave true life their glow could picture for him none of us sitting by him cared to risk disturbing. And before many minutes the Master, looking at his watch, declared it time to leave, and when I had accompanied them below, and shaken his hand at starting, I had seen him for the last time unless some miracle shall intervene. But I heard of him not long ago in China, whence he writes approvingly of the Hon. Anson Burlingame, and talks of some new project for the development of the resources of Sarawak; where if he ever fills Sir James' vacant throne he will rule his people as he has ruled himself—firmly and temperately and fearlessly, to the good of the whole Craft and the honour of the Supreme Grand Master.

G. S.

The true sign and word of a Christian may be found in John 12:33-35, and 15:12-17: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I call you my friends; for all things I have known of my father I have made known unto you \* \* \* This I command ye, that ye love one another."

## DIVISION OF TIME, AND ITS USES.

BY C. WOODHOUSE, M. D.

THERE is hardly any subject touching the welfare of man, considered in his personal interests or social relations, that Masonry does not, in some way, allude to in the most fitting terms, and with beautiful illustrations: "Time is the warp of life," says one; "the stuff life is made of," says another. Masonry says, "I will tell you how to use it." She takes in her hand a twenty-four inch gauge, divided into twenty-four equal parts, "emblematical of the twenty-four hours of the day," and further says, "I will tell you how to use them, with reverence towards God, with advantage to your brethren, and with honor to yourself." Every Mason knows the impressive lesson that follows. How happily is that formula of life conceived and expressed! First, it recognizes the fact man is made to labor—Masonry especially honors labor. It makes of all who enter her portals workmen; apprentices first, by degrees; master workman, by and by. But man was not made only for work, too much work is a burden, breaking down mind and body. So says Masonry, by fixing on one-third of the twenty-four hours for labor, and as a fair proportion of the time that should be spent in toil,

It is a little singular that many good thinkers are coming to regard eight hours every day, faithfully employed, as long enough to "bow down" to manual labor. Some say, that if a man works with a will, and works intelligently, he can do as much work, year in and year out, in eight hours per day, as in twelve. One thing is sure, when only great and useful ends are sought in labor, eight hours per day for the toiler will be enough to supply all our wants and make the "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." Let labor be equalized and this will surely be the case.

Second: Man has social duties, and time must be taken for them; he has religious duties, and they must not be neglected. These duties are imperative. Masonry declares them to be such, and apportions one-third of the twenty-four hours to them. Under the head of this second division may be properly included the improvement of the mind and heart. He truly worships God who diligently cultivates his mental and moral gifts. No rational recreation, no friendly communion, "where friend holds fellowship with friend," can be inconsistent with the proper employment of these hours; while the offices of holy charity will here find the needed time, and seek for the occasions of their benevolent works.

And, finally, as man can not always work nor always think, he must each day drop them all, and seek the recuperative solace and peace of sleep, that "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course," the blessing that comes alike to tired bodies and weary minds, high and low, and as sweet in the hut of the peasant as in the palace of the king. But we may sleep too much as well as not enough. It is another singular fact, that as far as physiology and experience throw any light upon the subject, they point to eight hours per day as about the time active labouring men should spend (not in bed, but) in sleep. Less will hardly answer the demands of nature; more, as a rule, is needless, and time lost. Remember the twenty-four inch gauge.

—*Mystic Star*.

## THE GAVEL-SONG.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

[The symbolism of the Masonic gavel-sounds has never, to our knowledge, been expressed in verse. The following, to the beautiful air of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," is an attempt to give expression to the well-known concussion from the East. Sung in the lodge-room, with the Worshipful Master's well-trained hand to give the time correctly in the chorus, the brethren will find it well adapted to the place assigned it.]

Through the murky clouds of night  
 Bursts the blaze of Orient light,—  
 In the ruddy East appears the breaking day;  
 Oh, ye Masons, up, the sky  
 Speaks the time of labor nigh,  
 And the Master calls the quarrymen away,  
 One, Two, Three, the gavel sounding,  
 One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;  
 Led by holy Word of Love,  
 And the fear of One above,  
 In the strength of God begin the opening day!

Oh, the memory of the time  
 When the Temple rose sublime,  
 And Jehovah came in fire and cloud to see!  
 As we bowed in worship there,  
 First we formed the Perfect Square,  
 And the Master blest the symbol of the Free.  
 One, Two, Three, the gavel sounding,  
 One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;  
 Led by holy Word of Love,  
 And the fear of One above,  
 In the strength of God begin the opening day!

While the Mason-craft shall stand,  
 And they journey o'er the land,  
 As the golden Sun awakes the earth and main,  
 They will join in mystic ways,  
 To recall the happy days,  
 When on Zion's mount they built Jehovah's Fane.  
 One, Two, Three, the Gavel sounding,  
 One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;  
 Led by holy Word of Love,  
 And the fear of One above,  
 In the strength of God begin the opening day!

Life is fleeting as a shade,  
 We must join the quiet dead,  
 But Freemasonry eternal life shall bear;  
 And in bright millennial way,  
 They shall keep the opening day,  
 With the Sign and Step that makes the Perfect Square,  
 One, Two, Three, the Gavel sounding,  
 One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;  
 Led by holy Word of Love,  
 And the fear of One above,  
 In the strength of God begin the opening day!

**MASONS 600 YEARS B. C.**—Sir Charles Lemon, in his address in 1846 to a Provincial Grand Lodge in England, observes: "It happened last year that, travelling in Poland, he was induced to visit a very ancient Jewish Temple, built 600 years before Christ, and which is preserved in the same state in which it was originally built and ornamented; here he discovered Masonic emblems now used by the Fraternity. He was introduced to the chief rabbi, whom he found to be a worthy Freemason. A late writer remarks, that in investigating the subject of the Discipline of the Secret, as it was called by the Fathers of the Church, who were Masons, he discovered conclusive evidence that no less than eighteen of these holymen belonged to the Fraternity. They had their signs and their symbols; and St. Chrysostom, who lived in the 5th century, alludes to our mysteries when he says, "the initiated will know what I mean."

## INNER LIFE.

BY C. C. POMEROY.

Sincerity of purpose, founded upon candor, is the necessary guide to lead the mind in the way to higher excellence. Masonry is an aggregation of minds of all shades of passions and prejudices, of various depths, tone, temper and comprehension. In action keen and quick, and loud and dull. The effect of education is to enlighten the faculties of the mind, and clothe with power all the elements of humanity for the duties of life. The history of man gives two lines of life at the outset, one "finger board" points the way to good, the other to evil; it is a singular fact that the last line appears to have the most patrons in the race, and the opposition loses more by secession, than it gains by accessions. It is claimed by men of culture, that learning banishes wildness, trains barbarism, and softens the fierceness of the temper of men. No one the least informed upon the true meaning and object of speculative Masonry will overlook this prominent feature in its teachings. The grand circuit of Masonry suggests in every traverse the banishment of levity, temerity and insolence; directing the mind to balance reason upon all issues of society, and weigh with caution and decide with tenderness under the impartial eye of strict justice, all the inharmonies that may arise among the craftsmen. Too many Masons are prone to think and practice, as if the whole measure of Masonry was solely limited to submissioin to forms, and conformity to rituals. These are only the outposts of the magnificent encampment of the living virtues contained in the E. A., and shining on the walls of the inner temple of the M. M. The mastery of any art; the pursuit of science; and skill in any handicraft is the result of persistent labor. These are the agencies in securing the requirements of practical life. In the strife and contests of the world man becomes wearied, and the heart yearns for relief, the necessities of a social existence readily appears, and is supplied by marriage, and the sweet comforts of domestic life; but he still feels that for further security, the circumference of his happiness must be enlarged, and if his heart is illumined by the rays of benevolence, for this purpose, he contributes from his achievements influence, and learning to founding, encouraging and sustaining societies the object of which is to extend these results for the benefit of the whole family of man. The pleasures of life are chilled in selfishness; all generous souls shrink from its contact, and innocence and purity shudder at the approach of vice; if selfishness alone bore sway, what form would society assume, and where would life conceal its charming features. The absence of this blighting spirit to the human heart, gives to the world churches, associations of learning, and societies for the culture and distribution of the works of benevolence, and the exercise of the deeds of charity, not in alms giving alone, but in granting liberal margins in the analysis of the motives governing the actions of man. These are the influences which lend a charm to life, and the exercise of them throws out upon the world a flow of genial moral light which repels the aggressions of ignorance and vice. This is the aim of Masonry, and the effects of the Square, Plumb, and Gavel are visible wherever her Altars rise and rest.

**The Craftsman,**  
AND BRITISH AMERICAN MASONIC RECORD.  
"THE QUEEN AND THE CRAFT."

HAMILTON,..... NOVEMBER 15, 1868.

THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

What are the prerogatives of the Worshipful Master of a Lodge? The question offers considerable field for controversy, and is one upon which the Craft in all jurisdictions are by no means agreed. There are, however, certain powers vested in, and rights possessed by the duly and regularly installed Master, about which there ought to be little dispute, and a proper appreciation of, and respect for, which are essential to the good government, the peace and prosperity of the Lodge; and as we have received some letters embodying questions on the subject, we propose to deal generally with it.

The first, and in many respects the most important, prerogative of the Master is the right to preside in his own Lodge, at all meetings convened for the purposes of Masonry. At his installation he promises to accept the office for a year and until his successor shall be duly appointed, and he declares that he will, to the utmost of his power, conscientiously, faithfully and zealously, discharge the duties thereof; and upon being invested with the appropriate insignia of his office, he at once becomes responsible to the Craft for the faithful and constitutional discharge of his Masonic duties. That responsibility carries with it the right to preside in, and govern the Lodge, except in the presence of the Grand Master, or, under certain circumstances, of his Deputies; and it is his privilege, therefore, to determine for himself whether he will at any time delegate his power to another to preside for him. This fundamental prerogative must be borne in mind, as it has an important influence in determining other questions, some of which have recently been submitted to us for an answer.

The Master has the power of summoning his Lodge whenever, in his opinion, the interests of Masonry require that it should meet; and when it is in session, he has the power, which sometimes he may exercise with great advantage to the Craft, of closing the Lodge whenever, in his judgment, it should be closed. He has the right—one carrying with it great responsibility—of regulating the admission of visitors. Before any visitor can be permitted to pass the threshold of a Lodge, the master must be satisfied that he is, in every respect, entitled to that privilege. The usual mode of ascertaining this fact is by the appointment of an

examining Committee, who report to the Master; but it should always be borne in mind that this report does not relieve the Master of his responsibility. He promises, at his installation, that no visitor shall be received without due trial, strict examination, or the production of proper vouchers. The examination he may depute such well-skilled Brethren as he may select, to make, but the personal responsibility cannot be removed from his own shoulders. Hence, in the appointment of Examining Committees, the greatest care and circumspection must be used. Too often this is forgotten, and, as we have ourselves known to be the case, brethren are sometimes sent to examine a visitor, who could not, themselves, have gone through the ordeal, had it been at all searching.

These are some of the prerogatives which belong to the office of Worshipful Master. There are others such as the appointment of certain officers, and special committees, which are clearly defined in the Book of Constitution. He is constituted the representative officer, in conjunction with his Wardens, at the sittings of Grand Lodge, and is, during his incumbency of the office, and afterwards as a Past Master, *ex officio* a member of Grand Lodge. There is, however, another prerogative, which belongs to the Master, about which, judging from questions addressed to the CRAFTSMAN, there appears to be doubt among some members of the Craft. He is exempt from trial by his Lodge on charges preferred against him by a member.

We have already pointed out the right of the Master at all times to preside in his Lodge, and hence it follows that if a Lodge were to attempt a trial of its Master, he would, by virtue of his office of Master, take the chair, for being the rightful custodian of the warrant, and its presence being necessary at all meetings, the Lodge could not be opened without his consent. The Master, in the matter of charges being preferred against him, would, of necessity, be required to attend the Lodge, and would, at the same time, assume the prerogative of presiding, in the capacity of *Judge* of his own case. Such an anomaly could not, for a moment, be permitted—and for the simplest of all reasons—that, no matter how just the case might appear, no Master would ever receive a report which contained a censure on his conduct. Being supreme in his own Lodge, he would properly rule it out of order, and from that decision there could be no appeal.

If a Master of a Lodge should, unfortunately, subject himself to charges, they must, in all cases, be preferred and submitted to a higher tribunal for investigation: and the Constitution vests such authority in the D. D. G. M. for the District in which the Lodge is situated, in the Grand Master, or in the Grand Lodge itself, when in session.

NOVA SCOTIA.

We publish elsewhere a review of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia for the year ending in June last. The matter of greatest interest connected with these proceedings are the efforts which have been made to bring about a union of all the masonic bodies in the Province under the Grand Lodge. The legitimate governing body of the Province, we are glad to see, have conducted the negotiations in a spirit of brotherly candour, and with a disposition to secure unity of sentiment and action which does them infinite credit. We read with astonishment the proposal made by the representatives of the District Grand Lodge, under English jurisdiction; and we are bound to say that it fully justifies the somewhat strong language used by Grand Secretary Macdonald in his circular to the Lodges. Nothing could be more unreasonable than the suggestion that the Lodges in affiliation with the Grand Lodge should meet in convention, practically surrender their warrants, and then trust to the chapter of accidents for their future status, and the future status of Craft Masonry in the Province. And scarcely less unreasonable was the proposal, made as a condition precedent to any action, that R. W. Bro. Keith, the District Grand Master, should be chosen Grand Master of Nova Scotia. Were there any doubt upon the constitutional right of the ten Lodges, which a couple of years ago formed the Grand Lodge, to do so; were there any doubt of the Grand Lodge being the supreme governing body of the masonic fraternity in the Province; the fact that it has been formally recognized by no less than forty-four Grand Lodges, ought to remove that doubt. And yet the acceptance of the proposal made on behalf of the English Lodges, must, had it been accepted, have implied on the part of the Grand Lodge a doubt as to its own constitutional existence.

The counter proposal, made on behalf of the Grand Lodge, was as liberal as could in reason have been expected. It manifested on their part an earnest and sincere desire to bring about harmony and peace; and had the same spirit really existed on the part of the others, it must have been accepted. No fairer proposal could have been made than that all the Lodges should unite, that the members of them should continue to enjoy all the privileges, ranks and prerogatives, that they now enjoy, and that they should all be re-numbered, those now in affiliation with the Grand Lodge as well as the others, according to the dates on their original warrants. That was the plan adopted by the Grand Lodge of Canada at the time of the union, and it resulted in inducing such good feeling as has since produced most important results in the prosperity of the Craft. The refusal to accept argues anything

but a sincere desire to bring about union; and we can only hope that the Lodges under English jurisdiction having had the facts brought under their notice, will refuse to be led by those who have been leading them so unfortunately up to the present; but on the contrary, that they will come in under the supreme Grand Lodge of the Province, and thus promote the great interests of Craft Masonry in their midst.

White Oak Lodge, No. 198, Oakville, was duly consecrated on the evening of Friday, 30th ult., and its officers installed and invested. R. W. Bro. Harris, G. S., and V. W. Bros. Thos. White, jr. and Edward Mitchell, attended as a Board of Installed Masters, to perform the ceremony. The following are the names of the officers: W. Bro. G. K. Chisholm, W. M.; Bro. William Robertson, S. W.; Bro. John Kaitting, J. W.; Bro. Robert K. Chisholm, Secretary and Treasurer; Bro. David D. Wright, S. D.; Bro. John Doty, J. D.; Bro. James Kelly, I. G.; and Bro. George J. Sumner, Tyler. The Lodge room is very neatly furnished, and we are glad to learn that the Lodge opens its career with every prospect of prosperity and usefulness.

GRAND LODGE APPOINTMENTS.

The following are the Grand Lodge appointments made by the M. W. the Grand Master, for the current year:—

V. W. Bro. John King, St. Catharines,	Grand Senior Deacon.
" " " Daniel Thomas, Sherbrooke,	" Junior "
" " " A. T. Houel, Toronto,	" Supt. of Works.
" " " John Taylor, Belleville,	" Dir. of Cer.
" " " Edward Mitchell, Hamilton,	Asst. " Secretary.
" " " E. C. Barber, Ottawa,	" " Dir. of Cer.
" " " F. Mudge, Brantford,	" " Sword Bearer.
" " " George A. Pearce, Montreal,	" " Organist.
" " " A. E. Fife, Brigh' on,	Asst. " "
" " " James Might, Millbrook,	" " Pursuivant.
" " " L. W. Decker, Phillipsburg,	" " Steward.
" " " Charles Cameron, Peterboro',	" " "
" " " W. B. Irving, Dundas,	" " "
" " " Robert Hendry, Jr., Kingston,	" " "
" " " J. Quigg, Brockville,	" " "
" " " Dr. G. Billington,	" " "
" " " S. J. J. Brown, Niagara,	" " "
" " " J. G. Gemmell, Ottawa,	" " "
" " " Allan McLean, Ingersoll,	" " "
" " " H. T. Wood, Prince Edw'd District,	" " "
" " " J. B. Futvoye, St. Johns,	" " "
" " " C. Joncas, Jr. Quebec,	" " "

ST. JOHN'S CHAPTER No. 75, S. R.—At a Special Emergency meeting of this Chapter, held at the Masonic Hall, Toronto, Ont., the following were installed as office-bearers for the ensuing masonic year:

M. E. Comp. Wm. Hamilton, Jr., Z.; M. E. Comp. Thomas Gundry, P. Z. Chancellor; M. E. Comp. Fred. J. Menet, H.; M. E. Comp. A. Scott Irving, J.; E. Comp. Charles Bender, Treasurer; E. Comp. W. D. McIntosh, S. E.; E. Comp. John Ritchie, S. N.; E. Comp. John S. Champ, P. Soj.; E. Comp. G. Harrison, 2nd do.; E. Comp. Egbert A. Smith, 3rd do.; Comp. Thomas Wittin, Janitor.

MARRIED.—On Wednesday, the 21st inst., at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. J. H. McCollum, M. A., Incumbent of Aurora, Col. W. J. B. McL. Moore, Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada, and Sov. Grand Inspector-General of the Last and Supreme degree 33° A. & A. S. R., formerly of H. M.'s 69th Regt., to Emily Susan, daughter of George A. Barber, Esq., of Toronto.

## Correspondence.

LONDON, O., 3d November, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—I beg leave to send you an extract from the *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, dated London, (England) June 30, 1853, relative to the manner of conferring degrees of the A. & A. Rite, now introduced into Canada, which may be of interest to our brethren of that Rite, should you think it worth a place in the *Craftsman*.

I am, Dear Sir and Bro.,

THOMPSON WILSON.

[EXTRACT FROM PAGE 1202.]

"The professed practice (though we believe it is not always adopted) in conferring the degrees of Rose Croix, is to give, first, the degrees by name from the 4th to the 14th, inclusive, in a Lodge of Perfection, then to declare a Grand Lodge of Princes of Jerusalem opened, and confer the 15th and 16th degrees, also by name; having closed that, a Grand Lodge of the Knights of the East and West is opened, and that degree is given in name, accompanied by secrets and password.

"The candidate being in possession of the password of the 17th degree, then presents himself for admission to the Rose Croix Chapter," &c., &c.

PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 27, 1868.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CANADA CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHERS.—As the *American Freemason* has impugned my motives, relative to a certain article which I wrote for the *Craftsman*, and which the *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, (the official organ of the Grand Lodge of England,) did me the honor to transplant to their columns, I thought that in justice to myself, I should state that I deem it unnecessary to reply, for two reasons:—1st, Bro. Brennan, the able Editor of that paper, has resigned his position and consequently would be unable to respond to my answer, and 2dly, because I deem it injudicious for us, as Masons, to quarrel about different rites: it is better simply to remember that every Mason from the youngest E. A., is a BROTHER.

Trusting this course will meet your approbation, and that the *Craftsman* may, as heretofore, always throw the mantle of Charity over the efforts of those who honestly, but unwisely raise elements of discord where all should be harmony and brotherly love.

I remain, very fraternally yours,

ROBERT RAMSAY.

Tyrian Lodge, No. 37, Cleveland, O.

## A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN.

TORONTO, 2nd Nov., 1868.

DEAR BROTHER.—I have read with no ordinary interest the valuable contributions from the pen of P. G. S. W. Jas. Bain, upon the history of Masonry. I wish, however, to correct a slight error into which he has fallen in respect to York, now Toronto, as the capital of Upper Canada. He says "in 1820, when Governor Simcoe selected York as the Seat of Government, the number of its inhabitants did not exceed 1,000." Simcoe, the first Governor of

Upper Canada, came to Canada in 1792, and established his head quarters at Newark, now Niagara. When it became known that the frontier forts should be given up to the United States, that at Niagara, now American, among the rest, Simcoe determined to select some other site for the Seat of Government. After coasting about, he selected the shores of the Don, and shortly after ordered a detachment of the Queen's Rangers to encamp upon the grounds. Simcoe was Colonel of this Regiment, which had distinguished itself during the Revolutionary War. Afterwards Simcoe entertained the thought of making the present site of London, upon the banks of *La Treceche*, the Thames, the place of his capital; but Lord Dorchester, Governor General, objected, and York, called Little York, to distinguish it from New York, was finally made the Capital. Before this actually took place, however, Simcoe was relieved as Governor, in 1796. The Governor in 1820 was Maj. Gen. Sir Peregrine Maitland, K. C. B., to whom Bro. Geo. Hillier was Private Secretary.

W. C.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GANANOQUE, 31st Oct., 1868.

DEAR CRAFTSMAN.—In the forming of a new Lodge, after the nearest Lodge has given its recommendation to the petition of the requisite number of members, and also stating that the new officers chosen were competent to work a Lodge, has the D. D. G. M. a right to demand an examination of those officers before granting a dispensation? and if so, ought the officers be obliged to go to where he lives to be examined, or he to come to them?—AMICUS.

Our correspondent misunderstands the obligations of "the nearest Lodge" in relation to the formation of a new Lodge. It has simply to give its consent, and is in no way charged with the duty of vouching for the competency of the proposed new officers. That is a matter which belongs to the D. D. G. M. alone; and before he can recommend the granting of a dispensation, he must be satisfied of the ability of the W. M. to govern the Lodge, which he cannot be unless after personal examination. It will thus be seen that the D. D. G. M. not only has a right to demand an examination of the W. M., but that he would violate his obligation to Grand Lodge were he to recommend a petition for a dispensation without doing so. It follows, we think, from this, that the W. M. should attend upon the D. D. G. M. at any place that he may appoint, to undergo such examination. We should, perhaps, state that this examination only extends to the W. M., he being responsible for the government and work of the Lodge after dispensation has been granted.

"The Grand Lodge of coloured Masons was in session at Wilmington, Del., the week before last. Massachusetts and fifteen other States were represented. White Masons who turn up their noses at the coloured brethren, are not, perhaps, aware that the oldest Lodge in America is a coloured Lodge in Boston."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRAFTSMAN.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHERS.—The above slip from an American paper has been handed me by a brother, who doubts the assertion that "the oldest Lodge in America is a coloured Lodge in Boston."

Will you please notice it in *THE CRAFTSMAN*; and as you are the acknowledged authority on all Masonic questions, say whether the above is correct—or not—and if not, give the name of the oldest and the year when established, and you will oblige,

Yours truly and fraternally,

JAMES P. EXCELL,

Secretary Doric Lodge 121.

The "oldest Lodge in America" is not "a colour-

Lodge in Boston." The first Lodge was established under an English warrant, in the City of Boston, in 1733; the first Grand Lodge was the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, established in 1764; and the warrant of the first "coloured Lodge" bears date 29th September, 1784. The warrant was issued by "Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, Lord Howard, &c., &c., &c., acting Grand Master under the authority of his Royal Highness, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, &c., &c., &c." and was directed to "Prince Hall, Boston Smith, Thomas Sanderson, and several other Brethren residing at Boston, New England, in North America," constituting them a regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, "under the title or denomination of THE AFRICAN LODGE." The warrant is signed by R. Holt, D. G. M., and attested by W. White, G. S. The Lodge continued to work under this warrant for about five years, when it was revoked by the Grand Lodge of England, in consequence of representations from America, and since that time these African Lodges have always been regarded as irregular and clandestine.

Our attention has been called to the fact that at least one secular newspaper is undertaking to answer masonic queries. This is a matter of taste about which the publishers of that paper must be the judge; but we would warn our brethren against taking their masonic law, or, judging by one most beastly answer, their views of masonic morality, from such a source. They will find that neither the one nor the other will be improved thereby.

**NOVA SCOTIA.**

PROCEEDINGS OF GRAND LODGE

We are in receipt of the Proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia for the year ending June 24th, A. L. 5868. The "Proceedings" contain those of four Quarterly, one Emergency, and the Annual Communications. The subject of greatest interest is that in relation to the efforts which have been made for a union of the Craft. After several efforts in this direction, a communication was addressed by a Committee of the District Grand Lodge, under England, to the Grand Secretary, asking for a Conference; and, although the communication was couched in terms ill calculated to produce harmony, the Officers of Grand Lodge determined, in the interests of Union, to overlook this fact, and summoned an Emergency, at which a Committee was appointed to confer with the English Committee. At the meeting, the representatives of the District Grand Lodge submitted the following proposal:

"HALIFAX, N. S., May 29th, 1868.

"The Committee from the District Grand Lodge propose to the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, that a convention of all the Masonic bodies as Lodges in the Province, be called at some convenient place for the purpose of forming an United Grand Lodge under the one head, to be called the United Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. That at said convention all superiority to be left aside, and that the parties there present form themselves into a Grand Lodge, and there make choice of Grand Lodge Officers, issue warrants, &c."

The Committee from the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia felt that they could not agree to this, for the reason, as stated in a circular of the Grand Secretary, that the members attending the Convention were required to throw up their Warrants; that

they would thus "be in the position of so many unaffiliated Masons, and unable to take part in the formation of a Grand Lodge; and any Grand Lodge so formed would be irregular and unconstitutional, and would not be recognized by any Grand Lodge in the world." They therefore submitted the following counter-proposition:

"HALIFAX, N. S., May 29th, 1868.

"In order to a thorough consolidation of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, the Grand Lodge are desirous to accomplish the same, and the Committee of the said Grand Lodge propose, that the Lodges under the Grand Lodge of England be welcomed into the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, should application be made either through the Secretary of the District Grand Lodge, or directly by the Lodges to the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. That then the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia issue such authority to said Lodges as will entitle them to all their Lodge rights, such as their funds, the position of their Past-Masters, and other matters, and full representation in Grand Lodge under the constitution.

"That Charters be granted to said Lodges at or after the quarterly meeting in September, and at such meeting the roll of said Grand Lodge be revised, and the Lodges shall be numbered and placed on the roll according to the seniority of such Lodges, by satisfactory proof of the date of the original organization of the several Lodges on the list at such period."

This proposal was refused, and at the annual meeting, on St. John's day, Bro. George J. Payne gave notice that at the next regular Quarterly Communication, he would move the following:

"Whereas, a considerable period has elapsed since the formation of the "Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia," during which every effort has been made, consistent with a due regard to the dignity and authority of this Grand Lodge as the supreme ruling power, to unite under one jurisdiction all the Masonic Lodges in Nova Scotia,

"And whereas, up to the present time, no proposition for that purpose has been received by the Grand Lodge, except such as, for reasons previously stated, could not be entertained;

"Therefore, resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia do now exercise fully the inherent right which it possesses, and notify all Lodges working under warrants from any other authority to surrender the same to the several powers by whom they have been granted, within twelve months of this date, and further informing them that from and after that date all Lodges working under authority other than that of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, will be declared clandestine and illegal, and published as such in the usual masonic manner."

We learn from Nova Scotia that this resolution was adopted at the Quarterly Communication, held at Truro, in September, so that, after June 24th, A. L. 5869, all Lodges which have not affiliated with the Grand Lodge will be declared irregular and clandestine.

M. W. Bro. Stephen R. Sireom, who has been for some time acting as Grand Master, owing to the absence, from ill health, of M. W. Bro. Davies, was elected M. W. Grand Master, and R. W. Bro. Chas. J. Macdonald was re-elected Grand Secretary.

By the reports of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, we learn that the receipts of the year were \$735.05. The balance to the credit of Grand Lodge was \$417.44.

Very successful efforts, we are glad to perceive, have been made for the establishment of a library in connection with Grand Lodge, to which that body has agreed to devote annually the sum of \$20.

The Grand Lodge started with ten Lodges under its jurisdiction. At the meeting of Grand Lodge it had twenty-two working under it, and since that time five others have been added, making twenty-seven in all. Of these, thirteen were formerly under the Grand Lodge of Scotland, two under that of England, one under that of Ireland, and eleven are new Lodges, organized under the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

## NEW MASONIC HALL AT KINGSTON.

REPORTED FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.

The fraternity of Kingston, having for many years suffered considerable inconvenience from insufficient accommodation in their different places of meeting, availed themselves of the offer of Brother Town to fit up, for the exclusive use of the Craft, the upper portion of the premises he is now in course of erecting in the Market Square.

The Hall or Lodge-room, intended for the use of both Lodges, will be forty-two feet long, with folding doors, which, when open, will give a total length of sixty-two feet by thirty feet wide, the ceiling being arched throughout. The eastern end will be elliptical, with a raised dais the whole width of the Hall. In another apartment will be located the two Chapters of Royal Arch Masons and the Encampment of Knights Templar. There will also be sufficient ante-rooms, store-rooms, and other conveniences for the use of the different Orders.

An Especial Meeting of the Grand Lodge of Canada was held on Tuesday, the 20th day of Oct., to lay the corner stone of the new building with masonic honors. Grand Lodge was opened in DUE FORM in St. George's Hall at 11 o'clock, M.W. Bro. William Benjamin Simpson, Past Grand Master, on the Throne.

The procession was then marshalled by the Grand Director of Ceremonies, and proceeded to the ground in the following order:

Two Tylers, with drawn Swords.	
The Band of the 14th Battalion of Volunteer Militia. (Prince of Wales' own Rifles)	
Grand Steward.	Banner. Grand Steward.
Entered Apprentices.	
Fellow Crafts.	
Master Masons.	
Royal Arch Masons.	
Architect, with Plan.	
Grand Steward.	Banner. Grand Steward.
Cornucopia, with Corn.	
Two Ewers, with Wine and Oil.	
Grand Pursuivant.	
Grand Organist.	
Grand Director of Ceremonies.	
Grand Superintendent of Works, with Box and Inscription for the cavity in the stone.	
Grand Secretary, with Book of Constitution.	
Grand Registrar, with Bag.	
Grand Treasurer, with Purse.	
Grand Steward.	Banner. Grand Steward
Corinthian Light.	
Column of Grand Junior Warden.	
Grand Junior Warden, with Plumb.	
Grand Steward.	Banner of Grand Lodge. Grand Steward.
Doric Light.	
Column of Grand Senior Warden.	
Grand Senior Warden, with Level.	
Grand Steward.	Banner. Grand Steward.
Three Great Lights on a Cushion, borne by the oldest Master Mason present.	
G. Stew'd	Deputy Grand Master, with Square. } G. Stew'd
Ionic Light.	
Grand Steward.	Standard of Grand Master. Grand Steward.
Beauscant Banner. } Grand Sword Bearer. Red Cross Banner.	
Knights Templar with drawn Swords.	{ M. W. Grand Master, with Mallet. Grand Senior Deacon. Grand Tyler. } Knights Templar with drawn Swords.

On arriving at the site of the proposed building, the brethren opened out and faced inwards. The Knights Templar, proceeding up the centre, formed an arch of steel, under which the Grand Master,

preceded by the standard and sword bearer, and followed by his Grand Officers, having passed between the double rank of brethren, entered the enclosure and approached the foundation stone. The Grand Officers having taken their respective places, and the rest of the procession having formed round them, the Grand Master ascended the platform and addressed the people as follows:—

Men, Women and Children, here assembled to-day to behold this ceremony: Know all of you that we are lawful Masons, true to the laws of our country, and professing to fear God—who is the Great Architect of all things,—to confer benefits on our brethren, and to practice universal benevolence to all mankind. We have amongst us, concealed from the eyes of all men, secrets which may not be revealed, and which no man has discovered; but these secrets are lawful and honorable, and are placed in the custody of Masons, who alone have the keeping of them to the end of time. Unless our Craft were good, and our calling honorable, we should not have existed for so many centuries, nor should we have had so many illustrious brothers in our Order, ever ready to sanction our proceedings and contribute to our prosperity. To-day we are assembled in the presence of you all, to lay the corner stone of this building according to the rules of Masonry; but before proceeding, our Rev. Chaplain will implore a blessing from Heaven on the undertaking.

GRAND CHAPLAIN.—Almighty and Eternal God, Architect and Ruler of the Universe, at whose creative fiat all things were at first made: We, the frail creatures of thy providence, do humbly beseech of thee to pour down on this convocation the continual dew of thy blessing.

More especially we invoke thy blessing on this undertaking; ever remembering the object and aim of this Institution—obedience to thy most holy laws. Grant, we beseech thee, that our Order may flourish in every part of the globe, become influential in the diffusion of the light of wisdom, aiding and strengthening reason and dissipating and lessening human vice. May it teach us to regulate our actions by the rule of unity, square our conduct by the principle of morality, and guide our thoughts and our conversation within the compass of propriety.

May the edifice which is this day commenced be carried forward to its completion prosperously. Do thou protect the workmen; secure them from all injury; and when completed, may it be the means of strengthening our Order.

Finally, grant unto us the knowledge of thy truth. Do thou be our Ruler; and finally admit us into thy kingdom, for thy great Name's sake. Amen.

Glory be to God on high.

RESPONSE.—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

The inscription on the parchment placed in the cavity was read, as follows:—

BY THE FAVOR OF ALMIGHTY GOD.  
On the 20th day of October, MDCCCLXVIII,  
Of the era of Masonry 5668,  
And in the thirty-second year of the reign of our beloved Sovereign,  
VICTORIA,

When may God preserve:

The Right Honorable CHARLES STANLEY, Viscount Monck, &c.,  
Being Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada,  
and

John Breden, Esq., Mayor of the City of Kingston,  
Alexander A. Stevenson, Esq., Most Worshipful Grand Master.

THE CORNER STONE OF THIS BUILDING,

The upper portion of which is set apart for a Masonic Hall,  
was laid by

MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER WILLIAM BENJAMIN SIMPSON,  
Past Grand Master,

assisted by

Right Worshipful Brother George Markland Wilkinson,  
District Deputy Grand Master for the District.

And an Especial Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Canada,  
attended by various brethren,

And in the presence of a large concourse of people.

There was also placed in the cavity, enclosed in a box made of zinc: List of the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Canada for 1868-9; List of the officers and members of St. John's Lodge, No. 3, and of the Catarqui Lodge, No. 92, Kingston, Kingston News and British Whig of the day; together with silver and copper coins of the Dominion.

The box having been placed in the cavity, Bro. Town presented to the Grand Master a silver trowel bearing the following inscription:—

Presented to Most Worshipful Brother W. B. Simpson, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, on the occasion of his laying the corner stone of the building known as the Masonic Hall, Kingston, by Brother Richard Town.—Kingston, Ontario, Oct. 20, 1868.

The trowel is of beautiful workmanship, and the handle of highly polished boxwood, inlaid with the jewel of the Past Grand Master and the emblematical sun in silver.

The Grand Master having received the trowel, descended the platform, and took his station to the east of the stone, the Deputy Grand Master on his right, and R. W. Bro. R. Bull acting as Past Grand Master on his left; both Wardens facing him in the west. After spreading cement on the under stone, the upper stone was lowered by three regular stops, while the band played solemn music. The stone having been placed and the Lewis removed, the Past Master said:—

R. Wor. Deputy Grand Master, you will cause the various implements to be applied to the stone, in order that it may be laid in its bed according to the rules of architecture.

The Deputy Grand Master desired the Grand Junior Warden to apply the plumb rule, he next desired the Grand Senior Warden to apply the level, and he himself applied the square.

GRAND MASTER.—Right Worshipful Grand Junior Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

GRAND JUNIOR WARDEN.—The plumb rule.

GRAND MASTER.—Have you applied the plumb rule to the edges of the stone?

GRAND JUNIOR WARDEN.—I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER.—Right Worshipful Grand Senior Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

GRAND SENIOR WARDEN.—The level.

GRAND MASTER.—Have you applied the level to the top of the stone?

GRAND SENIOR WARDEN.—I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER.—Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, what is the proper jewel of your office?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER.—The square.

GRAND MASTER.—Have you applied the square to those parts of the stone that should be squared?

DEPUTY GRAND MASTER.—I have, Most Worshipful Sir, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

GRAND MASTER.—Having, my Right Worshipful Brothers, full confidence in your skill in our Royal Art, it remains with me now to finish the work.

The Grand Master then gave three strokes on the stone with his gavel, saying—Well made and truly laid.

GRAND CHAPLAIN.—O Lord prosper thou our work; yea, prosper thou our handiwork, and teach us in all times, and in all places to build up in beauty that temple of our souls, which thou hast given us to adorn, with all good works. And may the Grand Architect of the Universe grant a blessing on the foundation stone now laid, and by his providence enable this and every other work, which may be undertaken, to be finished for the embellishment and advantage of this City, and the promotion of the views for which they may be erected.

RESPONSE.—Amen.

The vessels containing the corn, wine and oil, were then successively handed to the Grand Master during the delivery of the following benediction.

GRAND MASTER.—Having laid this stone, may the Grand Architect of the Universe, who has so kindly blessed us in the proceedings of this day, enable those engaged in the building to complete it, and may it hereafter be preserved from ruin and decay, and be of lasting prosperity. I therefore strew corn on the stone as the emblem of

plenty; I pour wine on it as the emblem of cheerfulness; and I anoint it with oil as the emblem of comfort and consolation.

The Grand honors were then given.

The Grand Master after having inspected the plan of the proposed building, directed that it, with the implements which had been used to prove the stone, should be returned to the architect, and said:

Mr. Architect. The foundation stone of this building, designed in much wisdom by you, being now laid, and the implements having been duly applied to it; I return them to you in full confidence, that as a skilful and faithful workman, you will use them in such a manner that the building may rise in order, harmony and beauty, and being perfected in strength, will answer every purpose for which it is intended, to your credit, and to the honor of those who have selected you.

The Grand Master then addressed Bro. Town, in acknowledgment of the gift of the trowel.

You have presented me with an implement of our Craft which I shall greatly prize, not for its intrinsic worth, or for the surpassing beauty of its workmanship, which does honor to the silversmith who made it; but for the kindly and fraternal feelings which dictated its presentation, and be assured I shall ever retain it as an honored memento of this day.

The following address was delivered at the request of M. W. the G. Master, by R. W. Bro. R. Bull.

The corner-stone of this building having been laid with Masonic honors, it may not be amiss if I address you a few words concerning our Order.

Of all human institutions, with which history, or my experience has made me acquainted, Masonry holds and ever will hold the most distinguished pre-eminence. It instructs us to value more than life the sacred obligations of Honor, Truth, and Friendship, and all those charities which bind man to man; and to adorn by our public and private conduct, the dignity of our profession. One of the features of Masonry which is peculiar to itself, is that whilst it speaks by signs, it is well understood. A peculiar language, it unites in the same bond the natives of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and of America, and resolves us into one mass all religious and political prejudices, whether of education or of habit, and acknowledges no other distinction than those of virtue or vice—good or evil. Indeed all the worst passions of men, which intemperate discussion of those important subjects are calculated to arouse, seem to be hushed to rest in a Lodge of Freemasons, and the reflective mind contemplates with delight a scene of harmony, unequalled in any other association.

Men unacquainted with our mysteries are apt to imagine we have nothing to conceal, and will frequently contend that the whole of Masonry consists in conviviality and in ceremonies at once trifling and superficial. Our secrecy of itself is a virtue, and our ceremonies, as every brother well knows, who has paid them the attention they deserve, are not only useful but necessary. Every sign we make, every implement we use in our labor, every object we view in the lodge, inculcates some moral lesson, and presents to our mind's eye some duty to be performed or some error to be avoided; when we advert to their origin, we perceive clearly how insensibly our mysteries would sink into disregard if they should cease to be mysterious. We dwell with pleasure upon the ideas they convey through the senses to the soul, and we learn to estimate their value only from their propriety and usefulness.

By simple and suitable symbols we learn the difference between physical and moral good, to judge of the Creator by the works of his creation, and to infer from thence that our wise Master Builder who has planned and completed a habitation so suitable to our wants, so convenient to our temporary residence here, has exercised still more Wisdom in contriving, more Strength in supporting, and more Beauty in adorning those Eternal Mansions where he has promised to receive and reward the faithful hereafter. Thus our Faith and Hope are exercised by the study of Masonry; but there is a virtue which Divine authority has pronounced greater than Faith or Hope, and to this excellent virtue of Charity are our Masonic labors more especially directed; to visit the sick and the fatherless in their afflictions, to comfort those that mourn, and carry as it were, into the dungeons of human misery, the Divine essence of Masonry.

These are our professions in the Lodge, and should invariably regulate our conduct out of it in our commerce with the world. In what, Brethren, would Freemasonry exist, if it had no influence upon our general deportment? It is only by acting upon the

square and living within the compass—by practising the duties of morality, and limiting our desires—that we can demonstrate to the ignorant and the prejudiced, the well-founded superiority of our pretensions. If our Order be built upon the basis of Brotherly Love, of Truth, of Temperance, of Prudence, and of Justice, let us be careful “to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called;” for be assured that if in our conduct we forget that we are men, the world with its usual severity, will remember that we are Masons. Let therefore our conduct be a letter of recommendation, “seen and read of all men,” thus a good life will be an unanswerable refutation to every charge.

Finally, my Brethren, if we have any true love for Masonry, let us be careful not only to rule and govern our faith, but to square our actions by the Holy Word of God, that unerring standard of Truth and Justice, which is the Great Light of Masonry; and while with each other we ever walk upon the level, may we also keep within due bounds with all mankind. Thus shall we merit and obtain the reputation not only of good men and true, but of wise and skillful FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

The Grand Treasurer then deposited a handful of coin on the stone for the workmen.

The Band played the National Anthem.

Three cheers were given for the Queen and three for the Grand Master.

The procession was then re-formed and marched to the British American Hotel where a champaign lunch was provided, after partaking of which the following toasts were duly honored.

The “Queen and the Craft,” “The Most Worshipful the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge,” “Most Worshipful Brother Simpson Past Grand Master,” “The Lodges of St. John No. 3 and Cataract No. 92,” “Bro. Town and prosperity to the building of which we have just laid the corner stone,” “Happy to meet, sorry to part and happy to meet again.”

The procession was again re-formed and proceeded to St. George’s Hall where Grand Lodge was closed in due form.

A platform which had been fitted up for the accommodation of ladies was well filled with the fairer portion of the creation for they well knew

“That no mortal can more, the ladies adore  
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.”

The site of the building was gaily decorated with bunting under the direction of our well known friend and brother Captain Gaskin.

The evening was well and appropriately closed by an impromptu meeting in St. John Lodge room, where the brethren listened with rapt attention to an extemporaneous address from Right Worshipful Brother Richard Bull, on the moral teaching of our beautiful allegories and symbols.—S. D. F.

#### MASONIC FESTIVAL AT ELORA.

A festival, under the auspices of Irvine Lodge, Elora, took place on Monday evening, the 26th ult., and was a decided success in every respect, there being upwards of one hundred couple present. The ceremony of installation of officers took place at three o’clock, the installing officers being Rt. W. Bro. James Seymour, D. G. M., St. Catharines; V. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, Preston; Rt. W. Bro. T. B. Harris, G. S., Hamilton; and W. Bro. Charles Sharpe, Guelph. The following are the names of the officers installed: A. B. Petrie, W. M.; R. Newman, S. W.; Thomas McKay, J. W.; John Smith, Treas. J. M. Ross, Secy.; J. Taylor, S. D.; J. McLaughlin, J. D.; W. J. McElroy, I. G.; J. Strachan, Tyler. It was also intended to instal the officers of the Mount Forest Lodge at the same time, but pressing business engagements prevented them all from being present with the exception of Bro. Wingfield, who was duly installed as W. M. of said

Lodge. We should have mentioned that the Grand Officers were escorted from the residence of Bro. Charles Clarke, by the Brethren formed into procession, which was a very imposing one. Immediately after the installation of the officers the new Lodge room was consecrated and dedicated with the usual interesting Masonic ceremonies. The Lodge Room is a large and spacious one, fitted up in a style which reflects credit on the members for whose use it is intended. The great event of the day, however, was the festival in the evening. The Brethren present, who were clothed with Masonic regalia, and a large representation of the fair sex, representing the beauty and fashion of Elora and Fergus, as well as others from a distance, and a number of the leading gentlemen of that section assembled in the Lodge room, where an interesting and instructive lecture on Masonry was delivered by V. Worshipful Bro. Klotz. A large room had been prepared as a ball room in the new building, and thither the larger number of the young people adjourned, where the votaries of Terpsichore “tripped it on the light fantastic” to their hearts’ content, to the inspiring music furnished by Spaulding’s quadrille band, while the more sedate and retired amused themselves with chess, draughts and carpet balls. The Brethren of the Lodge, whose duty it was to amuse and make comfortable their visitors, were most assiduous in their efforts, and if those present did not enjoy themselves it was their own fault. The supper provided by Bro. L’by was a very fine one. Here were laid out upon long tables, in a room which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, all that experience and money could produce, in the way of delicacies. Bro. Dalby’s reputation as a caterer was more than sustained. Brother T. H. Taylor, of Guelph, favored the happy company with a few songs, which he rendered in his usual admirable style. The whole evening’s entertainment was one of unmingled pleasure. The company broke up at an early hour, with the unanimous expression that this affair was the best ever attempted in Elora.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

#### KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The Union De Molay Encampment and Priory, under the Banner of the Royal, Exalted, Religious and Military Order of Masonic Knights Templar of England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, under Special Warrant of authority from V. H. & E. Frater Col. W. J. B. McLeod Moore, 33° Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada, Frater T. D. Harrington, 33° Deputy Grand Prior, and Sub Grand Prior of England and Wales, and Frater Thomas B. Harris, 32° Grand Chancellor, was in due and ancient form constituted and dedicated, in Judge Ritchie’s building, the 8th day of October, 1868, as “THE UNION DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT AND PRIORY,” in the presence of a large number of Sir Knights, by Past Eminent Commander Christopher Bezaunt, 18° of “All Souls” Encampment, Dorset, England. After which, agreeably to authority, the E. Commander Frater Robert Marshall, 32°, was duly inducted into the Chair, and greeted as Eminent Commander; and Frater T. A. D. Forster was installed *First Captain*

C. C., and Frater James Domville *Second Captain C. C.*, and acknowledged.

The assembly was a very harmonious one and the ceremony most interesting to the visiting Sir Knights, many of the oldest Fraters in the Province joining in the active duties of the conclave, among whom were noticed the venerable Frater John Willis, and the Provincial Grand Master of the Royal Order of Scotland, Frater Robert W. Crookshank.

It was, at the close of the assembly, intimated by the Eminent Commander that the remaining officers would be appointed and installed at the next conclave, namely, Prelate, Treasurer, Registrar, Expert, Almoner, First and Second Standard Bearers, Captain of Lanes, First and Second Heralds, Organist and Equerry, together with a Finance Committee.

At the termination of the proceedings an enjoyable re-union was had, and amongst others the following toasts were proposed and responded to, namely: The Queen, by Frater Bezant; The Grand Master, Grand Chancellor and Grand Priory of England and Wales and the Dependencies of the British Crown, by Frater Dr. T. A. D. Forster. Frater Col. Moore, Grand Prior of Canada, Frater Harington, Dep. Grand Prior, Frater Harris. Grand Chancellor, and Frater the Honorable Alex. Keith, Provincial Grand Commander of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, by Frater Robert W. Cruikshank; "The Fraters of our Order the World over," by Frater James Domville.

We are glad to learn that the Encampment is likely to be a very flourishing one. At the second meeting, held the 22nd ult., no less than thirty-seven Companions were balloted for

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#### HAPPY TO MEET, SORRY TO PART, HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN.

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In the above musical and pregnant toast of the Masons of the olden time, we find the theme of our present article. It is a text full of the sweet and endearing philosophy of the "mysterious, glorious science," and is worthy a more elaborate exegesis than that we now have time to make. HAPPY TO MEET: Wherefore? Because, on the checkered floor we find the sole middle ground on which we can meet and blend, "men of every country, sect and opinion;" men of high or low estate, men whose paths in life are adverse and forlorn, and likewise their opposites, men who are so favored as to be allowed to *sit*, like Danae, while showers of gold fall into their laps. In no other earthly organization do we have afforded us such a non-debateable ground, for in none other now existant, do we see harmoniously blending, men of diverse nationalities and views, religious and political: In none other do we see so fully exemplified the blessed and far-seeing democracy of the meek-eyed Nazarene, which teaches us, as Masons, that "worldly wealth or honors" are not valid titles to preferment, in themselves, and that the lowly, if he but be earnest, faithful and capable, has as inalienable a right to the incumbency of masonic high places, as he whose lot in life is that of ease, "which toils not, neither does it spin." What wonder is it, then, that men who are worn and weary with the fat-morgana outlooks, the dead sea fruits, into which

so often, are changed those fruitions for the which they sigh, and have reasonably expected; should be grappled to such an ardor as with hooks of steel? What wonder is it that they should *long* for the contentment of the Lodge Room, and should be *happy to meet* their fellows there, happy to grasp the hand fraternal, happy to enjoy the unreserved and delightful intercourse, peculiar to the time, place and occasion? What wonder is it that men should yield themselves to the ennobling influences of masonic endeavor until these shall "possess them whole," and thus fortify them against the evil communications of the callous world without, and shall send them back again with strength renewed for the strifes and turmoils of a "weary life."

SORRY TO PART! yea, verily, and wherefore? Because, outside the Mason's Lodge, we take up again the fardels which fell off our shoulders as we crossed the magic threshold of that place, where merit and fitness rule, and not mere rank and pretension. Because, *without*, all is "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble," the which we may not escape; while *within*, we find, if we be but true to our principles, that "peace and harmony" which is especially the "strength and support" of our far-descended institution. Because *without*, appearances deceive us, while *within*, appearances become realities. Because, *without* we seldom know on whom to rely, while *within* we feel that all, and singular of those we see around us are men in whose "fidelity we may with safety confide." Because *without* we are scourged to our places in the dread battle of life by the scorpion whip of necessity, which the demon of unrest wields with terrible effectiveness; while *within*, we find that needed relaxation from the cares and strifes of the outer life, which re-invigorates and prepares us for the unending contest to which, after the brief respite, we must again return.

HAPPY TO MEET AGAIN! and wherefore? Because, did we who have so often tasted of these joys, and have been "sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust" in the virtues and the aims of that order to which our warmest heart throbs are dedicated; did we not have *this* hope to buoy us up as we go about our daily vocations, we should be miserable indeed. Because, we know that in the Mason's Lodge the most perfect freedom may be enjoyed, and the most genial friendships may breathe their benedictions on us. Because, our prophetic thoughts, secure in the consciousness of the realities and promise of our masonic past, know full well that those realities can be reproduced at will, and that, though oft repeated, they never elude us, never pall upon our senses; neither doth that promise, which, hued like the rainbow, spans the chasm between meeting and meeting, fail to prove itself our efficient consoler, as manfully we perform life's duties, and bide our time.—*The Evergreen.*

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Peculiarities of Faith.—Faith knows no other law than the interest of what it believes to be the truth. The end which it pursues being, in its view, absolutely holy, it makes no scruple about invoking bad arguments in behalf of its proposition when good ones do not succeed. If this evidence is not real, so many others are! If this prodigy is not genuine, there are many others which are!

"FOR LADIES ONLY."

MY DEARS,—Within which term I embrace (alas! but metaphorically) all to whom this page is dedicated. I salute you with profound consideration, and congratulate myself that it has been given me to "crown the edifice" of the CRAFTSMAN in my homage to those whom Craftsmen love. An old man, whom death and exile have left childless and widowed, I present myself to talk to you of the lighter business of your sunny youth, and in your bright company to gather fancifully round my lonely chair the loving daughters whose golden seats are high in Heaven.

Do not fear that, because I have passed my prime, I have any project of preaching sermons; even they who are commissioned for the task find it no such easy one. Those who are non-commun- sioned, or who at best bear *Saturday Review* letters of marque, have not succeeded so signally as to encourage competitors. To such I am content to leave their lawless trade. They have my best wishes for their failure—whatever harm it may do them.

You are talked to a great deal now-a-days through the news- papers. You are occasionally thus addressed impertinently, and usually sillily. You are found fault with upon all sides by men who know very little about you. You are scolded if you dress well, and sneered at if you make yourselves attractive; but if you could forget to do either—which you and we, old fellows, know that you never can—the very censors who upbraid you for your accomplishments would be the first to complain about your want of taste.

As I am not one of these, neither do I belong to the school who hold that you are peerless under any guise. I have known you for many years and under many suns, and I never yet found any of you charming who did not take some pains to make herself so. But I have known many of you whose faces were not lovely, but whose grace and elegance could win admirers from their sisters to whom nature had been more lavish; and many, many, thank God, whose earnest womanly purpose, and clear well-trained judgment, could do what is far more difficult and more valuable—hold forever the admiration they had so won.

On the point upon which you are oftenest flippantly assailed—your mode of dress—there is room especially for careful attention. It is your mission in the world to beautify it, physically as well as morally, and there is beauty of all kinds, and of Art as well as Nature. Now it has been said by an observer who had lived much in the great world, that an Englishwoman reared in France, was the truest type of her sex's ideal perfection. For the obvious reason that she (theoretically) combines the healthy Saxon grace with the polished Latin ornament. Both elements are equally indispensable. The first is especially so. The foundation of all beauty is robust power. Every one of you knows how to preserve, and even to acquire it, but I fear that some of you sadly misuse your knowledge. You would scarcely do so if you were to reflect seriously, that each call of the doctor, and, indeed, each nervous headache, robs you sensibly of a fraction of your attractions, or if you were to remember what you have so often read, that perfect physical energy has been, in every age and in every country, the surest cosmetic for your beauty. When, this winter, you are taking long, bracing walks in the crisp, crackling air, the snow sparkling as your snow-shoes scatter it, and the sunshine laughing through the bare net-work of the trees, to know that the deadness of the season is cold but on dull plants alone—you are doing more for your permanent adornment than ever Madame Rachel even promised to poor Mrs. Borradaile. When, next summer, you spend hours together on the croquet ground, you are winning something more than the *part* with each straight shot that marks your prowess as a rover. It was, you will remember, by exercises such as these—sterner perhaps as became the sterner time—that the ladies of old Rome wove for themselves the spell that mastered the masters of the world. Cleopatra might never have vanquished Anthony if she had not gone in for boating and held a straight and steady cue at billiards. And at the present moment who are the most queenly and most enthralling of the world's women? Any traveller will tell you without a moment's hesitation. If he is of the old school he will put it politely and give the first palm to yourselves—that is only courtesy—but the second to a far distant race with which his whole fraternity will agree. He will name for you the Hungarian women, and tell you that the Grand Tier of the Pesth Opera shows such *culture* of radiant loveliness as is to be matched in no other gathering on either hemisphere. Ask him why—and you won't find whether he knows if they have black eyes or blue, or if their hair be brown or golden. But he is prompt to tell you that their shapes are the most comely, their arms the roundest, their shoulders of the clearest glow, and their mien the most stately and, at the same time, the most joyous he has ever seen. And he

knows the reason too, for in the Slave races health is esteemed above everything, a pale cheek is a deformity, and a pinched up waist an absurdity almost too serious for ridicule. Freely coursing blood alone gives you sparkling eyes, capacity for enjoyment, brilliancy of animation and consequent vigor of conversation; it alone makes yourselves companionable, and your society a happiness ever fresh and ever charming. My dear young ladies, you are always good. Do, I beg of you, be healthy also.

A young lady wrote, the other day, to a newspaper, for a recipe for turning the hair gray. It is very seldom that we hear of any such desire. But it is not in the least more absurd than the wish to turn gray hair into brown, or than that horrible mania in vogue three years ago for artificial gold or auburn. To dye the hair is a supreme mistake. Nature knows best the color that suits the temperament and complexion. You cannot improve upon her without improving her away altogether. Nor need you be anxious to try. Gray hair can be very beautiful. The most beautiful face I know, or that I shall ever see till I touch the faces of the angels, is shined in gray hair. The lady, who is still young, was not nearly so lovely as a bright blonde ten years ago. Her *chere-luce* is the halo of patient, solemn suffering, refining to ethereal sweetness the beauty that had been so exuberant in its dawn. And, my dear young ladies, the *beaute du diable* is not always the most winning; and, when the years have ravished it, cease to pray for its return. It is not at all necessary that you should be *passées* when you have reached forty. Some of the most attractive women in the world are ten and fifteen years older. There are gray streaks in plenty upon the Empress' queenly head, and do you think she has fewer worshippers now than when a girl?

But it is time to me to turn to some lighter chatter. If one be aged one need not necessarily be prosy also. I have been reading lately the essay of an accomplished critic, who admires quietness of dress, but draws some neat distinctions between the quietness of severity, which in dress means cold and hard colours, such as steel grey, black, dark brown; and the quietness of simplicity, represented by the use of primary or very delicate colours—for instance, pure blue, white, or clear soft grey—and the quietness of a balanced and self-controlled character, which seems to me to indicate the fitness of deep full colours, such as violet, deep blue, maroon, or crimson.

There is to be gorgeous winter colouring through Paris. Imagine petticoats of *gros grain* as thick in quality as the richest ribbons, and striped horizontally with the most vivid hues. Though the colouring is brilliant, it is a most harmonious blending of Smyrna green, bright scarlet, orange, Imperial, violet, white, and China blue. These petticoats are to be worn with self-colored silk dresses.

The Queen, in telling us of two new Parisian colors which become *brunes*, and are not unbecoming to *blondes*, remarks thus:

A woman with golden hair is the ideal type of beauty, and every color should become her. Poppies and corn flowers are very effective, with waving corn. The two fashionable colors are ruby of all shades, from the light *rubis balai*, as it is called, to the dark garnet, named *macassa*; the second favourite is yellow, from the marigold shade, up to the dye called Aurora, which is a very pale tint.

We hear also from Paris, that crinolines are still worn by all ladies who study grace in the fall of the dress. The indispensable increase at the top of the skirt, through the paniers, compels the underskirt to be sustained, otherwise the very ungraceful appearance sometimes seen of the lower part of the skirt clinging round the feet is unavoidable. Of course the size is greatly modified, and the sign of good taste is discovered in the proper proportions of the crinoline to the height and size of the wearer.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales paid a visit lately to the Children's Hospital, Bloomsbury. The wards contained nearly seventy children, other children being in the fever wards, which are isolated, and not open to visitors. Her Royal Highness remained some time in the hospital, and previous to her departure expressed her satisfaction at the arrangements made for the comfort and care of the children, the means adopted for their restoration to health, and for their amusement and instruction during the brief period they remain as convalescents.

G. RAION.

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