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THE LAST OF THE PROSERPINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

The receipt of the curt but forcible letter which Gregg had thought fit to send me left me in a state of perplexity which lasted long. The urgent and renewed appeals to me, on the part of the commander of the *Proserpine*, to renounce my intention of going on with her to New Orleans, might indeed be due to the mere whim of a man half crazed by drink, but then on the other hand the advice might be good and sound. Gregg wished me well; of that I felt assured. I had served him, and he was grateful for such slight kindness as it had been in my power to render to one worse off than myself. Why was he so evidently anxious that I should leave the vessel? Was it that he knew of some peril personal to myself which would be avoided were I to take my passage down the river by another boat, and if so, why was he not more explicit in stating it? It was plain that the newly appointed skipper of the steamer would not, or could not, speak out frankly to apprise me of the reasons for his enigmatical hints and obvious uneasiness, and therefore I decided that it would be useless to go to him and demand an explanation of the affair.

Besides, of what should I be afraid? I had no enemy, to my knowledge, in all America. The little cash I carried was not enough to tempt the cupidity of any very dangerous gang of 'sportsmen,' such as sometimes infest a river-boat known to carry specie to a large amount, and few indeed were aware that I had even those few hundreds of dollars about my person. Was Gregg cognisant of Mr. Harman's altered sentiments towards me, and did he apprehend some violent quarrel as the sequel of our meeting on board the vessel of which my ex-employer was the owner? Scarcely, for Mr. Harman and myself had been too well accustomed to the habits of civilized society to resort to knife and pistol, as the swaggering brawlers of San Francisco are apt to do. Or could it be that Gregg's pretended amazement when he saw me at Grand Gulf was a feint to blind me to the fact that he was acting by the orders of Mr. Harman, in whose pay he was, and that the merchant having in some manner become acquainted with my intentions, had taken steps

to remove from out of his way my distasteful presence? In any case I determined that I would stand my ground, and would not quit the steamer without better grounds for doing so than I was then conscious of.

We reached Vidalia; but I was not among the two or three passengers who landed there, nor did Gregg attempt to renew his warning. To all appearances he did not even keep watch to see whether I should or should not comply with his oracular advice, doing his duty with great vigilance and steadiness, and frequent as were his visits to the drinking-bar, betraying no sign of intoxication. That he was an excellent sailor and well used to the river, I knew; and in case his sobriety did not fail him, I saw little risk of accident, whether from snag, sawyer or sand-bank. Well steered, the boat kept her course smoothly enough; and if I fancied that her old timbers strained and creaked too much under the impetus of the machinery, there was still nothing to cause alarm. The *Proserpine* was a very large boat. Her stowage was considerable, and when I praised the lavish use of decoration, the gilding, painting, mirrors, marbles, and velvet of her freshly adorned saloons, Lysander the sub-steward told me that the best of what was on board was in the hold. 'French goods they are—all belong Massa Harman—seventy—ninety—hundred thousand Dollar!' he declared, rolling his opal eyes with all an African's enjoyment of the imposing sum total.

The cargo, the captain, and the vessel were all alike puzzles to me. Harman Brothers had, in the period of commercial prosperity that had preceded the war, been chiefly exporters of cotton and importers of the wares and agricultural produce of the North. This was the first time that I had heard of any transactions on the part of the firm in what are technically styled French goods; but to be sure, the principal had always kept a large part of the business wholly in his own hands, and no clerk was ever consulted on matters outside his own department. At anyrate, Mr. Harman must be the best judge of his own affairs; and with this reflection I left the mulatto, whose prattle began to weary me, and went once more on deck. And now, as the day wore on, and evening drew near, I could not but remark that an unusual activity prevailed in the engine-room. The deck hands were constantly at work in carrying down fresh loads of wood to feed the fires, the hoarse roar and ruddy glare of which told that the furnace heat must be very considerable. Once and again the head engineer came up the ladder to exchange a few words in a subdued tone, as if of respectful remonstrance, with Gregg; but after each of these interviews the efforts to get up a fuller head of steam were redoubled. The aged vessel groaned and shivered in every timber as the machinery worked faster and faster, and the wash occasioned by our rapid passage increased, until we seemed to be chased by a long line of tawny billows.

Still, none of the passengers, so far as I could see, evinced the smallest anxiety as to the unnecessary speed of the steamer. Going at haphazard pace is so habitual in American travel, and suits so well with the national way of thought, that caution is apt to be voted effete. When I ventured to remark to one fellow-voyager, a bearded Missourian who stood beside me, looking across at the deep woods on one bank and the trim plantations on the other shore, lying level and dim behind the protecting 'levee,' that the engines were working dangerously fast, considering the age of the boat and the approaching darkness, he carelessly made answer; 'Guess we'll be all the sooner at New Orleans,

squire. Let her rip! And with this proverbial expression of social philosophy, he turned away. On we went, while night crept in upon us, and from the swampy shore and mud flats of the river there arose a dense white mist, that mingled with the long gray Spanish moss which hung in fantastic pendants, like the hoary beards and streaming hair of an army of giants, from the primeval trees of the Louisiana shore. The long sad cry of the whip-poor-will was quickly answered by the whoop of the owl and the whirring wings of the bats, while the shrill and mournful howls of wild animals arose at intervals from the tangled forest. There seemed to be an awakening, as day died out, of the birds and beasts that only leave their lairs under the shadow of night; but of man and his works nothing were visible except the white gleam of the embankment that kept out the waters from the cultivated land. I was glad when the wan moon, not yet half full, threw her silvery gleam upon the sullen river, above which the mist hung like a giant veil.

Seldom before, in a life that had not been wholly unadventurous, had I felt the same dull sense of a shapeless peril near at hand, against which it behooved me to guard. And yet what risk could there be, unless from the reckless hurry with which the fire was heaped with fuel, and the steamer forced along; and I had been too often in Mississippi boats madly racing in the struggle to be the first at some given point of arrival, to apprehend much danger on that score, if only no collision should occur. Captain Gregg, who still avoided me, was unremitting in the discharge of his duty, and the *Proserpine* dashed on under careful steering, unharmed by the floating timber that here and there specked the surface of the flood, or the more formidable obstruction of the sunken trees, firmly imbedded in the mud of the shallows, and whose jagged and spear-like heads protruding from the water have proved fatal to many a craft.

'Hist! just stop where you are, master, for a minit,' said a deep voice, lowered to a hoarse whisper, in my ear: 'don't pay attention now, but keep still, and I'll be back in a jiffy. The skipper has eyes like a cat's.'

The voice and the words alike sounded strangely to me, but two or three of the firemen and deck-hands were passing near me at the time, staggering under their burdens of fuel to replenish the greedy fires below, and one of them must have been the speaker. Mechanically complying with the advice of my unknown friend, I remained quietly where I was, feigning unconsciousness, and leaning on the bulwark, continued to watch the evening stars peeping with their tremulous lustre through the shimmering haze, and the cold gleam of the white moonlight on the turbid river. The captain, who had been standing at no great distance from me, soon moved away, and in another minute a stealthy figure came creeping among the bales and hencoops, as a lizard crawls among the stones, and stood at my side. By the dim light I could see that he was one of the crew, a wiry little man, with crisp grey hair curling under his tattered straw hat, but who had an unmistakable air of seamanhood about him, in spite of his dirty jacket of butternut-colored homespun. Deck-hands of a Mississippi steamer are usually a miscellaneous collection of waifs and strays, Germans and Irish predominating, and there was something singular in finding a genuine sailor in such a position.

'All right, sir. Mr. Alfred—my eyes are better nor yours, old as I am'—said the intruder, very cautiously; 'or else, which is likely, your face is less altered than that of Sam Kentish'—

Kentish! Sam Kentish! the name, long forgotten, had once been very familiar to me, and the mention of it brought back the confused memories of things, and persons, and places in the dim past.

'You ain't forgotten me?' rejoined the old fellow in a tone of reproach. 'I taught you to row, and to steer, and to reef a sail when half a cupfull was blowin', fresh in from south-west-by-west, off the Needles yonder, aboard his honour's yacht.'

'On board my uncle's yacht, said I eagerly. 'Of course I remember you now, Sam; and I am glad to see an old friend again; but how on earth'—

'How did I come to be here?' interrupted the seaman; 'and how, too, did I come to be the broken-down, old, worthless waister that I am? Well, it is a long story, master, and I've neither time nor taste to spin much of a yarn. I went to the bad, never mind why, and that's the long and the short of it, lost my character as a yacht's blue-jacket, shipped foreign, knocked about for years in the China seas and off the Guinea coast—no matter where, so as rum was plenty and wages high—then was a man-o'-war's-man, and got my three dozen for drunkenness and desertion; and then to this. My own fault, partly, I daresay; but never mind that now. Your uncle, his honor the general, had a sort of regard for me, you may remember, sir'—

'And you deserved it, I am sure, Sam,' I answered kindly, as I looked down on the wreck of what had once been as fine a sailor as ever hauled at a rope, and who had seemed to me when, in my uncle's small yacht, a perfect treasury of accomplishments.

'I think I did, sir,' said Sam shaking his head sorrowfully; 'but the blackguard must have been precious strong in me all the time, or it isn't here I'd end my days, among a parcel of rafts that don't know stem from stern. Well, Mr. Alfred, I didn't come here to whimper, but to say a word in season to the nephew of my kind old master, his honor. There's worse nor me aboard; another chap of the same kidney, but twice as bad.'

'You mean Gregg, the captain?' said I, as my heart beat fast and thickly.

'Ay, ay!' returned the seaman, in studiously low tones; 'I mean him, and no other. I've sailed with him, and I know the stuff he's made of, and when he means mischief. He means it now; I can read it in his eye, plain as print; and— Hark ye, mister—do you think it was wood we carried down last to feed the fires?'

'I suppose so,' returned I, in surprise.

'No, sir,' said Sam drily; 'it was a load of hams, prime Kentuck, and as fat bacon as ever came out of Tennessee. The fires are that hot the stokers hardly dare open the iron doors, and the engines are straining, so that two niggers keep throwing water to cool the bearings. That's not all, for besides the loafing lubbers we carry for deck-hands, there are six seafaring men—two former shipmates of mine among 'em—chaps better known than trusted—and there orders are to keep together, and be roady to man a boat.'

'To man a boat?' said I greatly perplexed.

'Yes,' answered Sam Kentish, with an impatient jerk of the head, as if my dullness annoyed him; 'that boat up yonder, to starboard, swinging in the tackles. Right as a trivet she is, with the oars in her, and quite clear of poultry and lumber.' The other two boats, he added in a whisper, 'are littered with coops and awnings, and what not, and what's more—the plugs are out!'

'The plugs out!' said I, hardly able to believe my ears: 'for what purpose?'

'Ax no questions, Mr. Alfred,' replied my informant. 'I cōly know this—one of the sailors whispered to me, he did: 'Old Sam you've been my shipmate, so I'll tell you this: keep your weather-eye open, and in case of anything happening"—he didn't say what—"jump into the starboard boat and be coxswain." I give the office to you—for old days sake, Mr. Alfred.'

'But Gregg?' returned I bewildered.

'Gregg would not leave much of the roof on my skull if he guessed what I've been saying,' rejoined the old man. 'Now I must go about my duty; but hark ye, Mr. Alfred, if you think what I tell you all moonshine, and that we are cracking on for no reason, just'—dropping his voice—'go and look at the steam-gauge!' and he was gone.

I stood for a few minutes with my brain in a perfect whirl of conflicting thoughts. The repeated warnings which I had received, the ominous signs that mischief of some kind was brewing, which had attended my voyage in the *Proserpine*, crowded in upon me with a force that compelled conviction. Gregg was a bold and unscrupulous man, as I well knew, and that it might well be that his designs were of a nature to harmonize with his own character; but then what could be his object in this instance? and why had Mr. Harman been so strangely imprudent as to confide his valuable property, to say nothing of himself and his only child, to such a vessel commanded by such a captain? To explain these incongruities seemed hopeless.

'Whereabouts are we?' I asked of one of the crew, just relieved of his spell of work as helmsman.

'Half-way between Natchez and the Grande Coupee, he made answer. 'The light you see on the west bank is Three Island Point, and we shall sight Calumet Island and St. Anthony village in half an hour or less, at our rate of going; that's about it, mister.'

I went down to the cabin, and consulted a chart of the Mississippi, on a large scale, that hung on the panelled wall. Yes, there were the places named; while between the Point and Calumet Island a jagged line of dots indicated the Banc des Moines, a dangerous shoal, the scene of many a catastrophe, and which had gained its name, tradition averred, from the drowning of a boat load of missionary monks in the reign of Louis XIV.

I quitted the cabin and hurried at once to examine the steam-gauge; but it had been broken, 'by accident,' as a scowling boatman in a red shirt gruffly assured me. No doubt it had been deemed expedient to prevent that useful register of the pressure at which the steam was applied from being readily accessible to prying eyes. My next care was to visit the boats. That to starboard was, as Sam had correctly stated, in perfect order, the oars shipped, and ready for instant use. The others were littered with miscellaneous objects, huddled together with seeming carelessness; and by the dim light I found it no easy matter to verify the information which had been given me. At last, however, by groping with my ungloved hand among the rubbish, I succeeded in ascertaining that the old sailor had told the truth. *The Plugs were out.* My worst suspicions were thus confirmed. I was face to face with base cruel treachery, and all our lives hung as it were by a thread. A tumult of feelings assailed me, and I grew hot and cold by turns, as the cruel truth forced itself upon me; but it was no unmanly fear that I

experienced. The thought of my own peril was all but swallowed up in my anxiety for her whom I loved so well. Alice in danger of what I knew not—Alice on board this ill-omened vessel, under the guidance of such an unprincipled dare-devil as Captain Gregg! I could now fathom this man's eagerness to prevent me from embarking. Doubtless, some caprice of gratitude towards myself had made him reluctant that I should be involved in the general doom, whatever it might be, of the unlucky passengers on board the *Proserpine*.

Yet, with the weight of this apprehension upon me, I found it hard indeed to decide upon the proper course to pursue. Should I go frankly to Mr. Harman, apprise him of the character of his captain, state the whole train of suspicious circumstances, and demand an immediate inquiry into Gregg's conduct? There was every chance that the old merchant would misconstrue my motives, and refuse to credit my assertions. Would it be better to assemble the more able-bodied passengers, reveal all I knew, and if necessary, take forcible possession of the ship? Had I been alone, I might have adopted this alternative, hazardous as it was; but I shrank from the idea of exposing Alice to unnecessary risk, and I well knew that if I denounced Gregg openly, bloodshed, in that wild region, was certain to follow, to whichever side victory might incline. The perfidious captain of the steamer was brave enough, and the desperadoes whom he had positively mingled among the crew would of course sustain their leader, while I could not say what auxiliaries might at any moment paddle forth from creek or bay to co-operate in the plunder of the richly laden vessel. The Mississippi pirates had been sorely thinned by the rough-and-ready justice of Regulators' Courts, but there was still existing in the decaying townships of the Cotton States a residuum of scoundrelism ripe for any violence that promised great gains quickly made.

To speak to Gregg would possibly be the wisest plan. The man's heart was not, as I fancied, entirely hardened, and I thought that I had that morning observed signs of his being secretly averse to the evil work in which he was engaged. If his blood were once up, he would probably cast all scruples of conscience to the winds, but it was perhaps not wholly hopeless to appeal quietly to his better feelings. And yet should I fail, I should very likely have precipitated the very misfortunes against which I sought to guard. What was that dark figure standing beside the helmsman?—Gregg himself; and surely this must be the chief-engineer again coming from the neighborhood of his fires to confer with the steamer's commander. Half unconsciously, I drew near, and my ears caught the last words, spoken imperatively, and as if to put an end to the discussion, with which Gregg dismissed his subordinate: "Old woman's nonsense, Mr. Beale, I tell you. Crack on!"

'It's off my shoulders anyhow,' muttered the engineer beneath his clenched teeth, as he passed me; and the furious force with which the huge engines drove us along, making the old craft reel and tremble at every giant pulsation, furnished an eloquent commentary to his words. Gregg now stooped, and gave some orders to the helmsman, speaking in a low voice. 'Ay, ay, ay,' answered the man. Gregg turned, and I caught a glimpse of his pale, fearfully resolute face. His mouth looked as firmly set as if the lips had been of steel, and there was a wicked gleam in his eyes. So intent was he in looking out into the night, that he did not observe my approach until I was quite close to him. Then

indeed he started, and as our eyes met he seemed to divine my thoughts.

'You clear out!' he said, with a suppressed fierceness that boded no good, and thrusting his hand as he spoke into the breast of his coat. 'I gave you your choice, Britisher! What! You've been spying, have you? Better keep a quiet tongue, for fear I should be tempted to remember the old proverb, 'dead men tell no tales.' And I heard the quick low clicking of a pistol's lock as he glared upon me.

'Broken water, forward there!' sang out the voice of the look-out man at the bow. 'Breakers ahead! 'We are on the Moines!' cried half-a-dozen of the terror-stricken passengers, whom the sultry head of the saloons had tempted to remain on the breezy deck. I looked eagerly out, and could plainly see the long curved line of white foam ahead of us.

'Down helm!' thundered Gregg, and the scared steersman obeyed the fatal order, the execution of which was followed by an outcry of half-incredulous horror and dismay from the affrighted passengers as on we went, rushing upon the reef at the full speed of our maddened course. An instant more, and with a crash and a shock which threw most of us from our feet, the steamer grounded on the shoal, heeling over as she did so, while spars, side-rails, and paddle-boxes cracked and splintered like reeds in a whirlwind. The screams of women, the oaths and outcries of men, made the scene a very babel of confusion.

Conspicuous among a group of passengers on the hurricane-deck were Mr. Harman and his daughter; the latter of whom, in evident terror, clung to her father's arm. I sprang towards her, difficult as it was to tread the slippery slope of the deck, over which the waves of the Mississippi now broke, as if the wrecked vessel had been but a dam exposed to the fury of the current. The clamours that reached my ears as I made my way onwards were significant enough.

"She's going down." "The ship's settling in the water." "She's stove in, fore and aft." The boats—the boats!"

"This way, this way!" exclaimed I, offering my hand to Alice as she stumbled in the effort to traverse the reeling deck.—"Pardon me Mr Harman, but this is no time for ceremony." The old merchant angrily repulsed me. "We need none of your assistance, sir" he said, in a high harsh voice. "Miss Harman is with her father and requires no other protector. Let me pass, sir." And he pressed on, supporting Alice, who seemed half fainting, and approached the place where the starboard boat was being lowered over the steamer's side by half-a-dozen stalwart fellows of unmistakeably salt-water aspect. Several of the crew, with a number of the frightened passengers, now tried to crowd into the boat the rather that the steamer rolled beneath us, and careened as if going down bodily. Gregg, who seemed quite cool, drove them back again. The other boats, he said, would be manned and lowered immediately.

Courage and self-assertion seldom fail in a moment of supreme danger to enforce submission, and the mob of terrified creatures made a rush in the direction of the other boats, which had been wilfully rendered useless while Gregg and his confederates profited by the opportunity to lower away the starboard cutter, into which they quickly sprang, while Mr Harman and his daughter were hurried over the side. "Now, sir!" whispered old Sam as he nimbly swung himself into the stern-sheets, and, unbidden, grasped the tiller-ropes: "Alfred! Alfred!" cried Alice breaking silence for the first time, and looking up at me with her inno-

cent eyes dilated by terror, as she was placed in the boat, "come with us."

"Push off!" ordered Gregg, as the foaming water broke over the gunwale, and the men grasped their oars: we've room for no more."

But by this time the fact that the other boats were unserviceable had been discovered, and the crowd of passengers, firemen, and deck-hands came rushing wildly to the side, eagerly imploring the captain to save them. The shrieks, prayers, and entreaties of the females mingled with passionate exclamations of the men, several of whom did not hesitate to accuse the commander of the *Prosperine* of treachery. Gregg, however, mocked at all entreaties, and pushed off. I was now violently flung forwards, and found myself struggling for life in the frothing, tumbling water, the centre, so it seemed, of a chaotic mass of torn woodwork and rent iron, of splintered beams, miscellaneous rubbish, empty casks, loose oars, and whatever was light enough to float; while mixed with the wreck were human forms, some clinging to the pieces of timber, some hopelessly entangled in the ruins of what had been the shapely vessel. I knew by the destruction around me that the *Prosperine* had burst her boiler, and that death in its ghastliest shapes was busy with all around.

It was a dreadful moment, crowding as it did into its brief compass sights and sounds of horror. Bruised and all but stunned by the blows of the pieces of woodwork which drifted against me as I swam, I twice incurred more imminent risk, as I felt the clutch of some drowning wretch tighten upon me and threaten to drag me down. But the grasp relaxed, and I found myself in open water, and could draw breath again, and look around. A sad and terrible spectacle it was on which the wan white moon looked down. There were the breakers chafing on the shoal, the broad stretch of turbid river, the confused mass of the wreck, whence proceeded moans and cries that grew gradually more feeble, as victim after victim sank beneath the rushing water. What was that, full in the silvery track of the moonlight? A boat, surely, bottom upwards, and near it, clinging to a half-submerged oar, a slender figure, just visible. I thought I recognized the light-colored muslin dress that Alice wore, as it floated up to the surface; and without an instant's delay I struck out for the spot. I am a strong swimmer, but it was all that I could do by straining every nerve, to make head against the force of the stream, and it was by extreme exertion that at last, spent and breathless, I reached the sinking girl and drew her towards the boat. My hand slipped from its hold the first time as I tried to grasp the keel, but a second effort succeeded, and then I felt that we were safe.

"You are not hurt?" asked I eagerly, as I assisted Alice to obtain a firm hold of the drifting boat. "Not hurt? But what is this?" I continued in alarm, for the blood was trickling freely from the soft white wrist that I grasped.

"It is nothing," she answered earnestly; "a mere scratch. But, Alfred, my father, my poor father, he, I fear, is badly injured, for I heard his voice, calling for help as if in pain, as I was washed away.

At this instant I felt firm ground beneath my feet, and, to my great joy, I perceived that the boat had floated into shallow water on the verge of the shoal. We scrambled as best we could upon the sloping shelf of the sandbank, where the boat stuck fast, while the swift current flowed frothing and bubbling down the channel beyond. We were now in comparative security; but I had not the heart to refuse the piteous en-

treaties of Alice, that I would save her father; and bidding her keep up her courage, and enjoining her on no account to allow the boat to be drifted off into the stream, I plunged again into the seething water, and made for the wreck. Well did I know that I was risking my own life to save that of one who had no claim on me; but the thoughts of Alice in her grief nerved my arm, and after a hard struggle I reached the place where the shattered fragments of the *Prosperpine* were yet beating on the bar.

"Well done, mister," said a harsh voice, that of the gaunt Missourian to whom I had previously confided my apprehensions as to the result of the steamer's headlong speed. "You're in the nick of time to bear a hand. The nigger and me have done what we could to rig up a raft and save one or two of the poor wounded critters, but we're most wore out, bein' no swimmers, at that."

And true enough I found that the speaker, aided by my friend Lysander, had contrived to lash together four or five hencoops and pieces of light wood, on which were supported the helpless forms of three of the wounded passengers. One of these, apparently in a dying state, was a woman, but the other two were men, and I at once knew one of the two to be old Mr Harman. As I bent over him he muttered feebly: "Leave me—let me die—I deserve"—And then ceased to speak.

In a few hurried words I explained to the Missourian the position of the boat, and where I left Alice. To pilot the frail raft to that part of the shoal would be a work of much difficulty and danger, yet it offered our best chance of safety. Accordingly, we pushed boldly off into the stream, and after a long and arduous struggle succeeded in touching shore near the point where Alice stood. The combined strength of the Missourian, of the mulatto, and myself just sufficed to right the boat, and then, as we were lifting in the ghastly load of the poor wounded, a strange faintness came over me; there was a buzzing in my ears as if I had been in the centre of a swarm of bees, and I sank helplessly down at the bottom of the boat. When I regained my senses, it was broad daylight; I was lying on a mattress in a mean room, the rafted roof and wattled walls of which told that I was in the dwelling of some settler in that wild region; while beside me, with my wrist clasped in the professional gripe of his bony fingers, stood the tall Missourian, looking down upon me with a friendly smile.

"I am doctor, colonel," he said good-naturedly, "although I daresay you 'nev r guessed it. I grant you that Cyrus Cass, M. D. in his red shirt and buff'ler boots don't look a genteel practitioner; but for splicing a broken bone or healing a knife-wound, I fancy this coon could hold his own with surgeons that wouldn't drink a brandy-smash in his company. I kinder take to you, youngster. You saved all our lives, but you got a nasty knock or two in doing it, and I was most 'fraid I'd have to trepan you yesterday: but your head must be plaguy hard, and that's the fact."

I smiled feebly at this ambiguous compliment, and, lifting my hand to my head, which felt heavy, and hung listlessly back on the rude pillow stuffed with maize straw, I was surprised to find that my brows were enveloped in a bandage.

"Twar a bit of floating rail," the doctor explained, "that hit you there, just on the temple, and you were bleeding smart when you set foot on the sandbank, but somehow in the flurry and heat of the business you seemed to feel nothing until we were right with the boat. Then off you

went, slick away in the death-swoon, and I believe the poor young lady thought you were cleared off creation, she took on so, pretty thing."

"You mean Alice—Miss Harman," I said anxiously. "Is she"——

"Make your mind easy; she's all right," said the rough but kindly surgeon; "'tis but an hour ago she said to me: "Yes, doctor, but are you sure he'll live?"—meaning you, squire; and when I answered there was no fear, if you'll believe me, she took my hand and kissed it, she was that pleased!" And the Missourian raised his large brown paw, and contemplated it with a sort of wonder, as if the connection of ideas between his weather-beaten digits and a tender young lady was too inscrutable for the human intellect.

"But her father—Mr Harman?" I faltered out.

The good doctor was manifestly embarrassed. He felt my puise again, and then blurted out: "Dead, Mr Mainwaring. He was cruelly hurt, and 'twas a mercy for him to cease to suffer. The poor lady we picked up is dead too. There's but four alive out of the wreck yonder—you, me, Miss Alice, and the nigger Lysander. The third wounded person we brought ashore, though you didn't know it, war the captain."

"What! Gregg?" exclaimed I, raising myself on my elbow.

The surgeon nodded. "Yes, that villain, Paul Merrion Gregg. He just lived long enough—a ghastly sight he was, with every rib crushed in—to confess. Mr Harman made a confession to."

And the doctor placed before my eyes a sheet of paper, on which were traced, in feeble characters, such as a dying man's hand might pen, but in the well known handwriting of my former employer: "Too late—ask—forgive—treat Alice well—my full consent—when her husband—make restitution—goods—insured—fraud—the *Proserpine*—save—good name." That was all.

"To cut a long story short," said the surgeon kindly, seeing my bewilderment: "Mr Harman, who was, you know, as proud as Lucifer, was in pecuniary difficulties, and saw no honest way out of them. By ill luck he fell in with Gregg, and the two between them concocted the precious scheme that has nearly made a finish of us all. The old *Proserpine* was bought, vamped up, and laden with a worthless cargo of damaged goods, which were insured for an enormous amount as really valuable property; while the plan was, that Gregg was to get the steamer cast away on the Banc des Moines, when the insurance companies would be cheated out of enough to keep the old firm above water. Mr Harman was aboard with his daughter—I needn't say she knew no more of the plot than seraphs did—to disarm suspicion; and they were to be landed safe, and all strangers left to chance it, to heighten the horror of the shipwreck; but the boiler burst when the engines ceased working, and the pair of accomplices were caught in their own trap. The old man repented before he died; and if you want to hear more here is Miss Alice herself."

Alice it was, careworn, pale, and sad, but with hope and love ineffable in her pure eyes, as she bent over me, and her tears fell upon my face.

"Live for me, dear Alfred," she said simply: "we shall be poor—but I will be a true wife, if you will have me dear. I have no one left now but you."

My story is told. I have for years been happy as the husband of Alice; and although the debts of the firm were heavy, and to do jus-

tice to the defrauded insurance companies was, of course, my first duty, I have found means, by hard and honest work, to keep the credit of firm intact, and do not yet despond of seeing Harman Brothers like a phoenix, revive to somewhat of its old prosperity.

OLD TIMES COME AGAIN.

AN INSULT TO EVERY FREEMASON.

About the year 1825, in New York and New England, there commenced a wide-spread and systematic persecution of the Freemasons. It prevailed all over the Eastern States, with New York, and extended into Pennsylvania, Ohio, and some of the Southern States. It was causeless, for there was not the slightest foundation for it to rest upon; and it became as bitter, intense, and malignant as corrupt politicians and hypocritical professors in the churches could make it. A Freemason was, by many, regarded as little better, and almost as dangerous as a modern Modoc. In many parts of the country they were outlawed, so far as public sentiment could do it; they were excluded from offices of public trust, denied the sacraments and privileges of the church; were not allowed to sit on juries, and rejected as witnesses in courts of justice. The halls where lodges held their meetings were mobbed, torn down, their jewels, records and furniture destroyed, carried away, or burnt. Ministers of blameless lives, who were members of the Order, were denounced, slandered, and driven from their pulpits. Even the children of Masons, when attending school, were ignobly treated by their teachers and sometimes beaten by their schoolmates, at the suggestion of older persons—and all because their fathers were Freemasons! As stated above, the members of the Order, without any reference to their personal character, were practically and socially outlawed.

Such was the condition of social life in portions of this "free and independent country" for some eight or ten years subsequent to 1825. Demagogues, both in Church and State, seized upon the excitement that they might "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm." Some were only ambitious of political prominence, and used Anti Masonry, as they would a question of tariff or banking, to attain office and steal the public funds; some were ignorant and fanatical religionists, and availed themselves of the excitement to gratify their personal dislikes, and heap contumely upon those who were above them in intellect or in character; others were simply devilish, and were glad of an opportunity to demonstrate their innate wickedness. A few—a very few, perhaps—really believed that Masonry was the dangerous and wicked institution that it was represented to be, and that Masons were so steeped in crime that they were unworthy of protection from the State, or fellowship in the church, or even the smallest amenities of social life!

But such excitement must, in the nature of things, have an end, and their duration is generally in proportion to their intensity. In ten years the storm was over; and though for a longer period the mutterings of the thunder were occasionally heard, yet they were distant and feeble in comparison with what *had* been; and until the last few years the Anti-Masons were "few and far between," like visits of angels to this mundane sphere. The old heroes of the crusade had

died off, or were looked upon with that contempt which their mean malevolent conduct deserved. A new generation had grown up; the community became satisfied the Order and its members had been unjustly charged, slandered and wronged; larger and more liberal views obtained, when political aspirants and ecclesiastical demagogues could no longer control public sentiment, and the people were not willing to lend themselves to sustain men who could commit such infamous outrages against the rights and privileges of American citizens.

A score of years followed—years of peace, and quiet and order. Freemasonry recovered from the shock, and resumed its place in public favor. New Lodges were organized, the membership increased, and the Order became popular. Ministers, judges, men of wealth and education and influence were glad to enroll themselves under the banner of Freemasonry; even politicians were once more solicitous to become Freemasons and to do us the questionable honor of being its advocates, until Masonry was in as much danger from its professed friends as it had been from its enemies thirty years before.

But the insidious foe was not dead; the miserable and contemptible *ism* was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to reassert its former power and malignity. A few years since a number of persons, mostly clergymen, and chiefly of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches assumed an open hostility to the Order, and began a new crusade to crush it, if possible. Among them was a minister by the name of Blanchard, pastor of a church in this city (Cincinnati). He was a man of some talent, and was noted for his indomitable zeal in any cause he espoused—whether good or bad. He drew around him a small *coterie* of kindred souls and indoctrinated them with his own fiendish spirit and hatred of the Order. In the course of time he removed to Illinois and assumed the Presidency of a College, but continued his labors for the suppression of Freemasonry, and has kept alive in the hearts of his few friends here the fell spirit that withers and blasts everything good and bright and beautiful with which it comes in contact. He was succeeded in the pastorate here by one quite as pronounced as he, in his hatred of Masonry, but more cautious and discreet—for Freemasonry was becoming such an element in social life that it was dangerous to antagonize. But the fire, though smouldering, was kept alive; “the serpent, though scotched was not killed”—and it was ready to strike whenever a victim came within reach of its poisonous fangs. After a few years the pulpit became vacant again. The Church under its recent pastor became Congregational, and was thus thrown more directly under the influence of the enemies of Masonry. Rev. Henry D. Moore, of Philadelphia, was now called to be its pastor, and he accepted. This gentleman was born and educated in Philadelphia; was called to the ministry and presided over a congregation eight or ten years in that city. Mr. Moore became a Freemason about the time he became a clergyman; and though he never permitted his association with the Order to interfere with his ministerial duties, yet he was warmly attached to Masonry, for the good he found in it, and the good he believed it capable of accomplishing. He never dreamed that being a Freemason would militate against his christian character, or injure in any way his good in the pastorate. But the great Anti-Masonic excitement had subsided before Mr. Moore had attained to manhood, and he did not know the fierce spirit that was only sleeping, and awaiting its opportunity for ravage and ruin.

Mr. Moore found his new congregation was small, and he preached his first sermon to quite a limited number; but he went to work with his accustomed zeal to do good, and his highest ambition was to be useful in the cause he loved beyond all others. In his bearing he was courteous, urbane, polite, and soon made friends; in the pulpit he was eloquent and earnest; in private life gentle, kindly, warm-hearted, and pious; in his official duties he was prompt, active, and devoted. The consequence was that his influence was soon felt; and while his congregation increased until it was one of the largest in the city, large numbers were added to the membership, and Mr. Moore was acknowledged as one of the most useful and influential clergymen of the city.

But he was a Freemason, and claimed the privilege of recognizing the Order and meeting with his Brethren—when he could do so consistently with the higher duties of his profession. This blew into fresh activity the smothered embers of the old fell spirit of Anti-Masonry, and caused him enemies in the very centre of his Church. He was one of the Managers of the Western Tract Society, of Cincinnati; but neither in the pulpit nor in his pastoral duties, nor yet in the management of the Tract Society, had he ever brought his Freemasonry to the front. He permitted the Board of Managers to publish Anti-Masonic books without protest. He was insulted to his face for being a Mason, but he bore it with Christian patience, and still prosecuted his labors with untiring zeal.

About this time it was found that the treasury of the Church was failing. In looking for the cause, it was discovered that some half-dozen of the members who were intensely opposed to Masonry, were withholding their contributions because the pastor was a Freemason, and this was the only way in which they could make him feel their hostility to the Order. One of them wanted him to renounce the Order, and there would then be no difficulty in providing for his salary, but he respectfully declined. The next move was to oust him from Board of the Tract Society, but that effort was a signal failure.

It is said that "where there is a will there is a way," and the next move was financial one. The few *antis* in his Church, mostly official members, continued to withhold their usual contributions for the support of the Church until the trustees became embarrassed, and a growing debt was suspended over them. In view of this fact, the trustees informed the pastor that the expenses of the Church could not be met. This official notice Mr. Moore communicated to the Church and congregation, and though nineteen out of twenty, perhaps, of his people desired to retain his services, yet, as the sixth year of his ministry terminated, he quietly finished his work, and at the close of his sermon on that Sunday morning announced that his connection with that congregation was ended. The congregation, as well as the membership, were taken by surprise, were astonished, and many shed tears of sincere regret, while others, when they learned the cause, were indignant at the foul spirit which had thus injured the Church and sent their beloved pastor from their pulpit. It is but just to say that the very large proportion of the Church and congregation named above, gathered under Mr. M.'s ministry, repudiated this stigma upon time; still the fact remains that he was more than once threatened with the loss of salary and pulpit on account of his Freemasonry, and the threat has now been accomplished; the attempt of the few to place the difficulty upon any other ground, only intensifies the spirit of hostility of which we have spoken.

So the case remains at this writing. Mr. Moore may probably continue to serve a congregation in this city, but as yet we know not where nor how. He is more popular to-day as a minister, and more beloved as a man, than he ever was before, and should a place be found in which to preach, he will have the largest Protestant congregation in the city.

We have given the facts in this case that that the truth may be known, and Anti-Masonry revealed in its own hideous deformity. We may add that Bro. Moore is the Eminent Commander of Hanselmann Commandery of Knights Templar, No. 16, and is one of the most efficient and impressive workmen in that station we have ever met. Under his administration the true character of the Order was brought out, and he aims to make the members what the profession indicates—TRUE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

It is proper we should add that this Anti-Masonic element is confined to a very few of the members of that Church; and that the membership and congregation at large, though few or none of them are Masons, are the fast and undeviating friends of Mr. Moore, and would gladly retain him as pastor of the Church. The whole difficulty, as we are informed originated with some half-dozen disciples of Blanchard, and the fruits of their conduct show "how great a fire a little matter kindleth," and how much evil, bigotry and ignorance produce.—*Cincinnati Masonic Review.*

NOBLE MASONIC THOUGHTS.

Above all, a personal fidelity, absolutely incorruptible, should be the characteristic of every Mason; and none should gain admission to your Temples, who are not so organized and tempered that, whatever emergency may arise, there shall be no sacrifice of one jot or tittle of the faith they have plighted at your altars. There can be no divided fealty or devotion among us. I am one of those who demand of my Masonic Brethren exactly what I propose to give to them in return—a loyalty to my vows which no earthly influence can shatter or impair. I demand that the moral standard of the ancient brotherhood shall be steadily advanced—raised higher and higher, and yet higher—until the golden period shall come again, when the simple name of Freemason shall be a guarantee of manhood, faithfulness, and integrity. Let us not be content with any half-way excellence. The genius of our Order demands all the perfection attainable, and in these respects, at least, humanity is capable of absolute perfection.

No man is so constituted that he cannot be true and faithful, and he who, possessing the faculty, will not exercise it, is unworthy material, to be cast out without compassion or delay. Let me admonish you again to look more to quality and less to quantity; and not to forget that in the character, not in the number, of your Brethren is to be found the strength, the influence and the capacity of the Brotherhood. I submit to you, in illustration of this view, the simple proposition, that it would be better, infinitely better, that there should be but one hundr

Masons in this vast Commonwealth, and each one of that hundred feel that he could repose in serene and perfect confidence on the fidelity and truth of the other ninety-nine, than that there should be an hundred thousand, with the distrustful feeling that ten of them, in the hour of trial, might prove false. Let us know where we stand as Masons, and whether the solemn vows which we have uttered are to govern our actions, or whether they are hollow mockeries, imposing no higher duties than those we owed before they were uttered. Let us ascertain whether Masonry is a living reality, demanding some sacrifice as the occasion for it may arise, or a delusion and a sham—a child's rattle, to be toyed with at pleasure, and cast aside whenever a selfish interest may lead us away from the observance of its obligations.

I do not propose to be thus cheated and deluded. I am in earnest in my own devotion to its sublime teachings and principles. If there is one thing in our poor human natures which more than all others tends to redeem us—if there is one thing that makes me feel like bowing down to thank Almighty God for the poor gift of human life, it is this sense and capacity for fidelity to individuals with which he has endowed us. It is the strongest similitude of the divine, and I shall have strangely miscalculated if, in the final summing up, the practice of this virtue is not suffered to cover a multitude of sins. I repeat, it is peculiarly the province and mission of your Fraternity to cultivate that virtue; nay, Freemasonry demands it, and you cease to be Masons when you cease to practice it. And as it is the crowning glory of human character, so the vice which stands opposed to it—treachery, infidelity, betrayal of the confidence and trust you have invited and received,—is the basest and most odious, the most universally detested and despised of all human depravities. Treachery, moreover is never a solitary invader. It brings in its train an army of lesser evils, as if to conceal its own enormity by surrounding itself with gradations of infamy. As treason is the highest crime known to the law of the land, so in the moral and social world, infidelity is the basest, the vilest, of all vices. The one is the jewel which should always glitter resplendent in the Masons crown; the other the hateful word which should find no place in his vocabulary. Next to that of husband and wife, parent and child, no merely human relation is so sacred as that of the Masonic Brotherhood. To be false in any of these connections is to sin against ourselves and descend to the lowest depths of shame and degradation. Yet, we must make the humiliating confession that Masons are sometimes false to one another, and that betrayals of confidence and trust among those who sustain that relation have been of far too frequent occurrence.

I would have you, as you can do if you will, make an end of these humiliating and shameful occurrences. I would imbue you with a nobler conception of the spirit and requirements of your fraternal obligations, with a more complete and unwavering devotion to your vows.

If you have been imposed upon by unworthy Brethren, if you have been betrayed and wronged in the name of Freemasonry, on your own heads the blame must rest, for you hold in your hands the remedy for

all those evils; and I adjure you once more, if you would preserve un tarnished the lustre of the name you bear, be more diligent in the application of those remedies. If you are too cowardly to reject the doubtful or expel the unworthy—if you receive into your ranks the applicants of indifferent character because your treasury is impoverished and your revenues are falling away, you have converted your trust into merchandise, and the fate of the ancient money-changers ought to fall, and will fall upon your heads. Reduce your numbers, surrender your charters, let your Lodges perish and seek Masonic association elsewhere, if need be, rather than degrade your profession and compromise the Fraternity by the acceptance of unworthy material. I caution you again against making Freemasonry too popular, too common, and too cheap. I renew the admonition more emphatically to-day, because you are again in the midst of a season of marked prosperity, than which nothing more imperils purity of character. The danger must grow with your growth. As you increase in numbers and apparent power and influence, the shrewd and designing, the selfish and the ambitious, will seek to ally themselves with you, not for the purpose of becoming serviceable to their fellow-men, but with the intent to make Freemasonry serviceable to themselves. Let sleepless vigilance be the guardians at the portals of your temples.

I am not setting up a degree of excellence unattainable, and I desire not to be misapprehended. Freemasonry does not demand perfection. I am painfully aware how soon my own expulsion would follow the establishment of such a test. It does not inhibit any rational enjoyment. That would be to subvert and destroy the social qualities, which it aims rather to cultivate and develop. But it does require, most imperatively, that every one of its votaries shall at least maintain the ground of respectability; and he who falls but a hair's-breadth below that requirement should be cast out without misgiving or regret. Regard your Lodge as a family of which you are constituent portions, and let no one enter there whose character or conduct is such that you would be unwilling to admit him at your own fireside, or blush to present him to your own wives and daughters.

It is because you have departed from these rules of conduct and fallen below this standard of excellence, that you have become frigid and unsocial at your gatherings, and half the enjoyment of being Freemasons has become unattainable. You do not give the sojourning Brother a cordial welcome, because your experience has taught you that *some* who bear that name are unworthy of your confidence and fellowship. But if you had been more careful in making Masons, you would have had no such experience and no such consequent distrust. I have often been pained at the neglect with which strangers have been received and treated in your Lodges. I have seen them depart with more alacrity than they came, glad and relieved, apparently, to escape from a place where they had come expecting Fraternal regard, and found only the forms of politeness, mingled with evident suspicion and distrust. And though, until more care is exercised in the election of candidates, and more energy displayed in the discipline of those already chosen, there will be occasional impositions, yet Masters of Lodges should know that whoever comes to them in the character of a Mason should receive that civility and attention which the fraternal relation entitles him to anticipate, until by some act of his own, he has forfeited his claim to your courtesy and hospitality.—*Grand Master Leonidas E. Pratt, of California.*

GRAND LODGE.

The following notices of motion were given at the last Annual Communication, to be considered at the approaching meeting of Grand Lodge:

1. That clause 1 in the Book of Constitution, "of District Deputy Grand Masters," be amended by adding the following words thereto: "But no brother can be elected a District Deputy Grand Master while holding the office of Worshipful Master of a subordinate Lodge. Nor can a brother be elected to the office of Worshipful Master of a subordinate Lodge while holding the office of District Deputy Grand Master."

2. That in Section 1 "of the Board of General Purposes" the following words be struck out, viz., "*Not more than one-half of such appointed or elected members are to be Past Masters at the time of such appointment or election.*"

3. That the regulation in appendix to the constitution beginning: "In all cases and under all circumstances the Lodge must be opened in the first degree, and in this degree all ordinary business of the Lodge to be transacted," be amended by omitting the words: "In this degree all the ordinary business of the Lodge is to be transacted," in that place, and inserting thereafter: "The Lodge is then opened in the third degree."

4. That all members of private lodges suspended for non-payment of dues, or otherwise, shall not be re-admitted to membership until after a fresh proposition and ballot in the same manner as for affiliation.

5. That article 1 of Deputy Grand Master, Book of Constitution, which requires that the Deputy Grand Master shall not be elected from that portion of the Province in which the Grand Master resides, be amended by striking out the following words: "and in order that both sections of the Province may enjoy a proper representation he shall not be elected from that portion of the Province in which the Grand Master resides."

6. That dual membership be prohibited in villages, towns and cities in which there is concurrent jurisdiction.

7. That the Annual Communications of Grand Lodge be held alternately in the cities of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

8. That the District of Ontario be divided as follows: The counties of Ontario and Victoria, and the west riding of the county of Durham to form the Ontario District; the counties of Northumberland, Peterborough, and the east riding of the county of Durham to form the East Ontario District.

9. That the county of Perth be taken from the Huron District and added to the Wellington District, or that a new Masonic District be formed out of the Huron District, as the same, from its great extent, involves more duties than a D. D. G. M. can properly attend to.

10. That the Zerodatha Lodge, Uxbridge, be placed under the jurisdiction of the Toronto District.

11. That the expenses incurred by the District Deputy Grand Masters in visiting the different Lodges in their Districts be defrayed by Grand Lodge, and that such alterations in the constitution, as may be necessary to effect that end, may be made.

MASONIC HALL, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

The corner-stone of the Masonic Hall, Hamilton, will be laid by the M. W. the Grand Master, on Dominion Day. The following will be the order of proceedings to be observed on the occasion.

The Grand Lodge will meet in the Masonic Hall, John Street. Brethren, other than officers of the Grand Lodge, will assemble in the Mechanics' Hall, James Street, and march in procession to the Masonic Hall for the purpose of escorting the Grand Lodge to the site of the proposed Masonic Hall Building, corner of James and Gore Streets.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone will commence at high 12 by singing the following Hymn :

TUNE—OLD HUNDRED.

Accept, Great Builder of the skies,
Our heart-felt acts of sacrifice !
Each brother found a living stone,
While bending low before Thy throne.

While Craftsmen true their work prepare,
With thoughts unstained, and holy care,
May each be fitly formed, and placed
Where Love Divine his hopes had traced.

With all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Brethren will then re-form and escort the Grand Lodge to the Masonic Hall, for the purpose of closing, and will afterwards proceed to the large hall of the Anglo-American Hotel, McNab Street, where a collation will be provided.

Amongst the visitors in attendance upon the recent Convocation of Knights Templars at Meadville, Pa., was Dr. Robert Morris, a veteran author in Masonic themes, and Master of the Masonic Lodge in the city of Jerusalem. Dr. Morris visits the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, to enlist their sympathies in behalf of a united effort of Christian Masons now making to establish a Commandery of this Order in Jerusalem.

SHUNIAH LODGE, U. D.—R. W. Bro. P. J. Brown, P. D. D. G. M. of the Wilson District, initiated the first candidate in Shuniah Lodge, Prince Arthur's Landing, on the 7th Inst.

PRESENTATION.—On the evening of the 8th ult. the members of Irvine Lodge, No 203, Elora, with their wives and a number of invited guests, met in the very neatly arranged Lodge room at the Dalby House, to formally take leave of W. Bro. John Smith of Pilkington, who was about removing to Manitoba.

W. Bro. Savage read a very flattering address, and on behalf of the Lodge presented Mr. Smith with a valuable Silver Tea Service, consisting of five pieces, rich in design and beautifully ornamented. We regret we have not space for the Address and Reply. From the latter we make the following extract :

“ You allude in very flattering terms to my public life, and the important positions of trust I have been honored with. Any success I may have attained in such positions, I may attribute to a desire to square my actions by the square of virtue towards all mankind, and conscientiously do my duty. This has been my guiding star, and has enabled me to counteract the many defects, which I am conscious I possess.”

IN MEMORIAM.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND, P.G.M.

A solemn and affecting duty now devolves upon us. The Earl of Zetland is no more! and in simple, but heart-felt praises, we wreath our chaplet for his tomb.

In our lamented departed brother, Freemasonry has lost a fervent friend, and the cause of progress in general an ardent and generous supporter.

No career in the Craft—not even excepting that of the Duke of Sussex—was ever so distinguished, and few brethren—if any—have wielded the sceptre of Grand Master of England with so much credit to the Order. We say this without being guided in the least by the old quotation—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Lord Zetland was not merely noble; he personified nobility, and all those who have enjoyed the honour of intimacy with our deceased illustrious brother, can testify in the strongest manner to his urbanity, and kindly bearing.

The writer of this tribute to our late chief's memory feels that words which he had the privilege to indite upon the occasion of Lord Zetland's retirement from the Government of the Craft are somewhat apposite to the present melancholy occasion inasmuch as they embody and express the universal sentiment of the Craft as to his Lordship's merits, in connection with a brief but accurate statement of the Earl of Zetland's Masonic career.

“ We simply echo the feelings of every English Mason when we say that Lord Zetland has endeared himself to all our hearts; not only by his unswerving devotion to the high and holy principles of Freemasonry, but by the courtesy, the urbanity, and the dignity with which he has performed his duties as Grand Master of England. The post that his Lordship occupies is one of the most lofty and honourable positions to which a man can aspire during his earthly career. We would rather be the ruler of a glorious fraternity of good and true men, than the monarch of many a European realm. We would rather reign, as the Earl of Zetland has reigned, in the “ hearts and affections ” of his brother Masons than exercise command over their “ lives and fortunes.” We would rather have the epitaph placed over our tomb that we had served our fellow-men, and advanced the interests of truth and virtue, than to have recorded there those titles of majesty and dominion which sit so sadly

on the cold brow of death. Give us the affectionate remembrance of these whom we loved and cherished, give us a name like that of Thomas Dundas, a nobleman in every sense of the word, a Mason every signification of the name, a Man in the most exalted acceptance of the term. It is true that we have a right to expect in the Grand Master of the Mother Lodge of the world, a knight, like Bayard, *sans reproche*; it is true that we rely implicitly on the honour, the integrity, and the zeal of the brother who rules the Freemasons of England, and it is equally true that in our present Grand Master we have one to whom we could point with pride, one whose consistency as a gentleman and a Freemason has never been questioned, and who will hand the sceptre of his office to his successor untarnished by a single stain.

The Earl of Zetland comes of a good Masonic stock, as we shall prove in a few words. His grandfather, the first Lord Dundas, was Deputy Grand Master under the Duke of Sussex, in 1813 and his father, the first Earl of Zetland, afterwards filled the same post, and died in 1839, Pro. Grand Master of England. Our most Worshipful Brother was born on the 5th of February, 1795. His Masonic career dates from the 18th June, 1830, when as the "Honourable Thomas Dundas," he was initiated in the Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 259, in which Lodge he eventually occupied the chair of Worshipful Master. His Lordship was appointed Senior Grand Warden on the 25th April, 1832; he succeeded the late Lord Durham, as Deputy Grand Master, on the 24th April, 1839, and followed the same lamented nobleman in the office of Pro. Grand Master in 1840; this high post he held at the death of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, in April 1843, when by the Constitutions of the Order, the Earl became the ruler of the English Craft until the next period of election, at which time, namely on the 6th of March, 1844, his lordship was elected Most Worshipful Grand Master, and was installed as such on the 24th of April following. In Royal Arch Masonry, Lord Zetland's career has been equally brilliant; he was exalted on the 1st of June, 1832, in the Prince of Wales Chapter, No. 259, and duly served in each of the principal chairs; he was appointed one of the Grand Sojourners in 1832; as Deputy Grand Master he became, *ex officio*, Second Grand Principal, and of course as Grand Master he was elevated to the dignity of Supreme Grand Z., in accordance with the regulations of the Order. His lordship has also been Provincial Grand Master for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire since 1835.

It now only remains to trace the progress of English Freemasonry under his benign sway. From seven hundred and sixteen lodges at the time of Lord Zetland's installation as Grand Master, we have increased to nearly thirteen hundred! From an estimated membership of twenty-seven thousand, we have increased, in England alone, to eighty-four thousand five hundred, and the increase in our Foreign and Colonial lodges is far greater in proportion. The immense Masonic constellation that now shines in the far Pacific Seas, has arisen in light and beauty during the period of our present Grand Master's rule. Remote and almost mythical corners of the globe have received the benefits of Freemasonry under his auspices. From Japan to Gibraltar, from the Gold Coast to the Himalayan mountains, through the ancient empire of Cathay, and the bleak regions of Newfoundland, the blessings of our friendly Craft have been spread, through the fostering care of the Earl of Zetland. This is a result of which any man might be justly proud, and like his great predecessor, Sir Christopher Wren, posterity will be able to say

of our noble chief, "If you seek his monument, look around." The universe of civilization will bear his name, and the hearts of men will hymn his praises. It is therefore with pain that we shall witness the retirement of one who has for such a lengthened period filled the foremost place in the regard of his brethren; we shall miss the stately presence, and the suave dignity, which so fitly represented the innate nobility of the Masonic Institution.

In this brief notice we shall not say one word of the future—it is all too feeble a tribute to a loved and venerated name—but as the accepted organ of the great English Craft, as the voice of many of many thousands of the household of faith, we tender to the Most Worshipful Grand Master, our unfeigned gratitude for his life-long devotion to the interests of the Order; for his recognition and support of those principles which are dear to the hearts of all Masons, and we cordially wish him, on his retirement from the active duties of Freemasonry, that repose and happiness which are ever the accompaniment of a conscience void of offence to all mankind."

Let us but add to the above that, although Lord Zetland's career has not been greatly prolonged, he leaves behind him not only remembrances in many hearts, but an imperishable memorial of charity, in the shape of the Zetland Fund, which by our late brothers own desire, is to be devoted to the relief of distress and affliction amongst those who have rendered eminent services to the Craft.

We have every reason to believe that the latter days of Lord Zetland were peaceful and happy. We know that his interest in Freemasonry never slumbered—full of honours—burdened so to speak—with good wishes and with the gratifying testimony of a good conscience, the venerable Earl has gone to his rest, lamented by Freemasons more particularly, but also by the great body of his countrymen, to whom he had ever presented in example "void of all offence." Peace to his *manes* and may his successor in the family honours, who we rejoice to know is a Mason, emulate the virtues of the great and good Dundas, whose ashes we now reverently commit to the dust.—*London Freemason*.

A VERITABLE MASONIC FACT.—In the year 1813, a New York brother, on his way from Lisbon to Charleston, as master of a vessel, was boarded by a French frigate, with orders to burn the vessel. The officer was requested to step into the cabin, and there the master, by proper approaches, hailed him as a Mason. He examined the ship's papers, smiled, and said he would return to his own vessel, and that when the master saw the ensign lowered, he might sail without further hindrance. In ten minutes after the boat reached the frigate *the flag came down*, and the brother sailed on his way rejoicing! It was scarcely a year afterwards, however, before the same individual was captured by a British vessel and sent a prisoner to Halifax. The sailors rifled his trunk and left him penniless; but he signalled the doctor of the privateer, and, discovering him to be a brother, made known his wants. The doctor informed him that the captain and both lieutenants belonged to the fraternity, and bade him be of good cheer. The next day the sailors' dunnage was overhauled and our friend's effects all returned to him; he was then set ashore at Portland and allowed to go home.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

The Quarterly Communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland was held in their Hall, George street, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, 6th May, 1873. There was an unusually large attendance.

In the unavoidable absence of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Earl of Rosslyn, the throne was occupied by Past Grand Master Bro. John Whyte-Melville, of Bennoch and Strathkinnes, supported by Substitute Grand Master Bro. Henry Inglis, of Trosonce, Colonel Campbell of Blythswood, Senior Grand Warden; Bro. F. A. Barrow, Senior Grand Deacon, Acting Grand Junior Warden; Bro. Walter Montgomerie of Queenshill, P.G.M. of Glasgow; John Laurie, Grand Secretary; Alexander Hay, Grand Secretary; John Coghill, Grand Director of Ceremonies; James Ballantine, Grand Bard; Daniel Robertson, Grand Bible Bearer; Albert T. Aphorpe, Acting Chief Grand Marshall; F. S. Melville, President; John Haig, of Cameron Bridge, Vice-President of the Board of Grand Stewards; Professor Blackie, Representative at Tennessee of the Grand Lodge of Scotland; Bro. C. W. M. Muller, Representative of the Grand Lodge of Saxony; William Hay, Representative of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia; Lindsay Mackersy, Representative of the Grand Lodge of Canada; William Officer, P.G.D.; Captain Neil, of Swinridge Muir, Deputy Grand Master of Ayreshire; Captain Gordon, of Craigmyle; and Captain G. R. Harriot, of Killemore, D.P.G.M. of Wigtownshire.

The Grand Lodge was opened in due form, and several proxy commissions were sustained.

Thanks were voted for presents from the Grand Lodges of France, Prussia, the Netherlands, Brazil, Chili, Virginia, and Kentucky, after which the minutes of Grand Committee were read and confirmed.

The Grand Secretary reported the demise of Bro. Alexander James Stewart, W.S. late R.W. Senior Joint Grand Secretary; as also of Bro. John Hart, late R.W. Prov. Grand Master for South Australia; and he read, in connection with the decease of Bro. Stewart, a letter of condolence from the Grand Lodge of Ireland. These intimations were received, and ordered to be recorded in the minutes, with an expression of regret.

An application for the recognition and establishment of fraternal relations with the Grand Lodge of Greece was received, and unanimously agreed to. On the nomination of the lodges in the Province of Wigtownshire, and the recommendation of the Grand Committee added thereto, Bro. G.R. Harriott was unanimously appointed Prov. Grand Master for that province, and being present, was duly installed into office, with the usual honors, by the Acting Grand Master.

Petitions for charters to new lodges "Thistle," New South Wales, and "Myrton," Port William, Newton-Stewart, were, on the recommendation of the Grand Committee, complied with.

A motion for altering the days of meeting of Grand Lodge was, after some discussion, withdrawn.

The Grand Secretary intimated that he had received a communication from the M.W.G.M., the Earl of Rosslyn, enclosing a letter from the Grand Master of Quebec, on the subject of the recognition of that body. At his Lordship's request, it was remitted to the Grand Committee.

The following motion, after some discussion, was carried by a majority:—"That the Grand Lodge of Scotland, from and after the

beginning of the Masonic year, be composed entirely of Right Worshipful Masters, and actual Wardens, and Past Masters”

A notice of motion for discussion at the next quarterly communication was, in the following terms, proposed by Bro. Captain Neill, seconded by Bro. Halkett:—“That for the good of Freemasonry in this country, it is expedient that business meetings of Grand Lodge be held in different places in Scotland, the suitable time and places for such meetings to be determined by the Grand Committee, or in such a manner as Grand Lodge may direct.”

Grand Lodge was thereafter closed in due form, and the brethren dispersed.

THE ANCIENT AND VARIOUS NAMES OF GOD.

This thrilling and important subject has often arisen in the history of the world, and it was never more prominently brought forward for the investigation of the Craft, than it was in the Triennial Convention of the General Grand Chapter of the United States in Baltimore, September, 1871. Extracts from the following article upon this subject by the G. H. P. of Massachusetts, one of the best scholars of the age, will be found intensely interesting to Freemasons of all degrees, and in fact, to those who are not Masons at all. From the great importance of the subject, we shall ask no apology for the space occupied. Any intelligent Mason who commences the article, will certainly read it through:

The Tetragrammaton.

BY ALFRED F. CHAPMAN, GRAND HIGH PRIEST.

Reported to the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts. September 10, 1872.

The subject of the Tetragrammaton, and the action thereon by the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, having been referred to the Grand Council, the Grand High Priest, in their behalf, made the following report:

COMPANIONS:—

At the Triennial Convention of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, held in the city of Baltimore in September, 1871, the Tetragrammaton became a subject for discussion.

Jah, was by all, admitted to be the Hebrew name of God; but it was broadly stated that Baal or Bel, was the name of the devil, while On, was a city in Egypt, hence the error, and hence the impropriety of using them, or of alluding to God under either of those names.

This view was urged apparently with great confidence by eminent and learned companions, though I did not admit either its disinterestedness or correctness, nor has such a view ever been taken by this Grand Chapter, either in theory or in practice.

I expressed my disbelief in the right of the General Grand Chapter to eliminate those words from our practice: and, by suggestion, questioned its power to enforce such a decision.

To the Christian worshipper, Baal or Bol, may stand as the name of a false devil; but, “the Assyrians, Babylonians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, all possessed a nearly identical religion. They all believed in a *Supreme God*, called by the different names of *Ilu, Bel, Set, Hadad, Moloch, Chemosh, Joah, El, Adon, Ashur.*”

"Among the Assyrians, as among the Egyptians, the gods were often arranged in triads, as that of Anu, Bel, and Ao."

This is the opinion and conclusion of James Freeman Clarke, after having consulted no less than one hundred and ninety-eight different authorities—some in the original, and others being translations—previous to publishing a work of great research by himself, wherein he treats of "Ten Great Religions."

In "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary," we find that "Baal was also the Bel or Belus of the Babylonians, and his worship became almost universal under several of the Jewish Kings."

In support of this, I cite the following passages from the Old Testament:

"And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger."

"And they forsook the Lord and served Baal and Ashtaroth."

"And Joash said unto all them that stood against him, Will ye plead for Baal? Will ye save him? * * * If he be a god, let him plead for himself, because one hath cast down his altar."

"Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only."

"And Elijah came unto all the people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

"And Jehu gathered all the people together, and said unto them, Ahab served Baal a little; but Jehu shall serve him much."

"Now, therefore, call unto me all the prophets of Baal, all his servants and all his priests; let none be wanting; for I have a great sacrifice to do to Baal."

"But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel."

Manasseh "reared up altars for Baal, and made a grove, as did king Ahab of Israel, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served them."

Josiah afterward "put down the idolatrous priests, whom the Kings of Judah had ordained to burn incense in the high places in the cities of Judah, and in the high places round about Jerusalem; them also that burned incense unto Baal, to the sun and to the moon, and to the planets and to all the hosts of heaven."

The Old Testament gives evidence of great difference in religious opinion, and since the era of Jesus Christ as great differences have continued to exist—in some cases piety without morality, in others morality without piety, have distinguished the worshippers. Under different forms and by different nations, religion has been characterized as "Struggle, Independence, Conservatism, Variety, Divine Will, Development, Progress, Unity;" each has recognized a Divine Power, a Creative Intelligence, a God to worship, in places sacred to him, or at altars erected for the purpose; but to say that they or either of them worshipped the devil as they understood the altogether bad, or as Christians understand that character, is an assertion void of charity and void of justice.

It is true that gods were worshipped under the name or character of the Destroyer, but with such were associated others possessing the powers of creation and restoration. Good in Deity has always been stronger than evil; even to this day.

In referring to the word Bel, Dr. Oliver says, "The compounds of this divine name, Bel are of great variety. Belus was used by the Chaldeans; and the Deity was known amongst the Celts by the name of Bel or Belenus, which title, by modern authors, is identified with Apollo. The Primitive name of Britain was Velynys, the Island of Bel; and the fires lighted up on May-day were in honor of this Deity, and called Bel's fire."

This is also corroborated by Thomas Bulfinch, who says, "The Druids taught the existence of one god, to whom they gave the name of 'Be'al,' which Celtic antiquaries tell us means 'the life of everything,' or 'the source of all things,' and which seems to have affinity with the Phœnician Baal. What renders this affinity more striking is that the Druids as well as the Phœnicians identified this, their Supreme Deity, with the sun. Fire was regarded as a symbol of the divinity.

The Latin writers assert that the Druids also worshipped "numerous inferior gods." * * * *

"The Druids observed two festivals in each year. The former took place in the beginning of May, and was called Beltane, or 'fire of God.'

The Druids, be it remembered, "were the priests or ministers of religion among the ancient Celtic nations in Gaul, Britain and Germany; and says Bulfinch, "They stood to the people of the Celtic tribes in a relation closely analagous to that in which the Brahmans of India, the Magi, of Persia, and the priests of the Egyptians, stood to the people respectively by whom they were revered."

In the earliest and latest editions of Mackey's "Lexicon," he discourses as follows:

1. "*Jah*. This name of God is found in the 68th Psalm, verse 4; Extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name '*Jah*.' It is the Syriac name of God, and is still retained in some of the Syriac forms of doxology, according to Gesenius.

2. "*Bel* or *Baal*. This word signifies a lord, master or possessor; and hence it was applied, by many nations of the East to denote the *Lord* of all things, and the Master of the world. Baal was worshipped by the Chaldeans, the Moabites, the Phœnicians, the Assyrians, and sometimes even by the Hebrews. It has been supposed that the first Baal was the Chaldean Nimrod. This word is repeatedly met with in the Scriptures, both in allusion to the idolatrous worship of this god, and in connection with other words, to denote the names of places.

3. "*On*. This was the name by which Jehovah was worshipped among the Egyptians. It is this God of whom Plato speaks in his *Timæus*, when he says, 'Tell me of the God *On*;' which is, and never knew beginning. The Egyptians gave to this God the same attributes that the Hebrews bestowed upon Jehovah, and though we are unable to say what was the signification of *On* in the ancient Egyptian, we know that this word in Greek has the same signification of being or existence as in Hebrew. The Hindoos used the word *Aum* or *Aun*.

"I have made these remarks on the three names of God in Syriac, Chaldaic and Egyptian—*Jah*, *Bel*, and *On*—in the expectation that my Royal Arch companions will readily recognize them in a corrupted form, and thus be enabled to understand a mystery, which, I confess, was to me, at first, unintelligible.

Again, "*Bel*, *Baal*, or *Bul*, is the name of God as worshipped among the Chaldeans and Phœnicians."

ON. "An ancient Egyptian word signifying the Sun, which was at one time worshipped by the Egyptians as the Supreme Deity. The City of *On*, in Lower Egypt, which contained a temple dedicated to the worship of this divinity is called in the Septuagint, '*Heliopolis*,' or the City of the Sun, and by Jeremiah (43. verse 13), '*Beth-shemesh*,' which has the same signification. In Genesis, (41, verses 45-50), we are informed that 'Pharaoh gave Joseph for his wife *Asenath*, the daughter of *Potipherah*, priest of *On*. *On* may therefore be considered as the

equivalent for *Jehovah* among the Egyptians, as *Jah* was among the *Syrians*, and *Bel* among the Chaldees. "The modern Masonic corruption of this word into 'Lun' is sheer nonsense."

"Aum, Aun, or On. The Hindoo and Egyptian Chief Deity."

When Companion Mackey published the first edition of the work from which we have quoted, he had discovered that the practice of saying "Lun" was wrong and declared it to be "sheer nonsense."

Nevertheless, Companion Loring Chase, now living in Winchendon, Mass., who was exalted to the degree of Royal Arch Mason in a chapter in Bath, New Hampshire, upwards of fifty-one years ago, received the word and used it in that form; he afterwards removed to Danville, Vermont, and became a member of Zerubbabel Chapter, where it was pronounced in like manner; but no doubt Lun was a corruption of the word we now use.

In promoting his business interests in early life, Comparison Willis was for a time, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he was exalted to the Royal Arch Degree; afterwards removing to New York, he was certified in that State as qualified to receive the Order of High Priesthood, September 25, 1820. He afterwards lived in Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in March, 1849, was duly appointed as Provincial Grand Superintendent of Royal Arch Masonry for the Grand Chapter of Scotland, he being then in Halifax, Nova Scotia; which office he held for four years, with so much credit to himself and satisfaction to the parent body, that he was reappointed, and continued to discharge its duties for many years. Perhaps no man in the British Dependencies is more thoroughly versed in the knowledge of the rituals in Scotch, Irish and English Royal Arch Masonry than he.

Nothing in the whole body of Masonry is more sensitive than its ritual; touch it, though it be ever so gently, in the spirit of change or innovation, and at once it becomes feverish with discontent: being non-aggressive itself, none are admitted to its privileges to make constant or occasional inroads upon its organic domain; conservative in character, charitable in opinion, generous in judgment. all its members are under the obligation which these qualities impose to protect, defend and transmit its traditions.

It is not given, therefore, to any man, or body of men, to find opportunities for change, as egotism, caprice or self interest may dictate.

If it was claimed a score of years ago that "Lun" should be eliminated, that might be justified on philological grounds, or by the light of History, which shows the variety of names under which Deity was worshipped by the Hindoos, Egyptians and Greeks; but to now eliminate On and its association is to abandon our traditions and to destroy the trilateral form and significance of the word, as well as to cut the line of descent by which we may trace the antiquity of our inheritance.

Doubtless it is, and will be, very interesting to know what Companions Mackey and Pike, in their great learning, may be pleased to write or say; but very unsafe, doubtful and dangerous to adopt their conclusions.

But let us examine the reasons given for the change. On, called by the Greeks Heliopolis, is a city in Egypt, and as such, is said to have no Masonic significance, and ought to be eliminated.

If this were true, it might be dignified by a serious consideration; but the statement is too narrow, and is not a sufficient reason for change, even if On had no other significance,

In the Institutes of Hindoo Law, or the Ordinances of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones, in the Second Book on Education and the Priesthood, we read :

“A Brahman beginning and ending a lecture on the Veda must always pronounce to himself the syllable om; for unless the syllable om precede, his learning will slip away from him; and unless it follow, nothing will be long retained.”

“A priest who shall know the Veda, and shall pronounce to himself, both morning and evening, that syllable, and that holy text preceded by the three words, shall attain the sanctity which the Veda confers.”

“And a twice-born man, who shall a thousand times repeat those three (or om, the vyahritis, and the gayatri) apart from the multitude, shall be released in a month even from a great offence, as a snake from his slough.”

“The three great immutable words, preceded by the trilateral syllable, and followed by the gayatri, which consists of three measures, must be considered as the mouth, or principal part of the Veda.”

“The trilateral monosyllable is an emblem of the Supreme; the suppression of breath, with a mind fixed on God, are the highest devotion; but nothing is more exalted than the gayatri; a declaration of truth is more excellent than silence.”

“All rites ordained in the Neda, oblations to fire, and solemn sacrifices, pass away; but that which passes not away is declared to be the syllable om, thence called aschara, since it is a symbol of God, the Lord of created beings.”

“The act of repeating His Holy Name is ten times better than the appointed sacrifice; a hundred times better when it is heard by no man; and a thousand times better when it is purely mental.”

Please to observe the analogy to the word om, its sacredness, and the relationship of the families from whom it descends.

Carleton Chapter, in St. John, New Brunswick, received the ritual from, and works under, the high authority of the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland, and I submit the following copy of a note in the possession of that Body, explanatory of the ritual furnished it by the Parent Body; and which confirms our position and practice:—

“The chief variations of the Sacred Word among the inhabitants of different nations were Jah, Ei, On, and perhaps Bon. Of the first of these there were many fluctuations, as Jehovah, Javo, Jao, Jabe or Jave, Jahob, Javu, Juba; these, and Javod or Jod, which is the tenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet, and the initial of nearly all of these expressions”

From Ei we have Eli, Al and Ali; and by having the Hebrew or Coptic prefix, we get Bel, Bul, Baal or Bal, the God of the Canaanites, Sidonians and Phœnicians.

The third variation was *On*. Under this appellation the Deity was worshipped by the Egyptians, and acknowledged as “*He who is*.”

Oannes or *Oeins*, was the God of the Chaldeans, Dag-on of the Philistines, Eli-own of the Phœnicians, and Eli-on, a name of the true God among the Jews, which two last are, perhaps compounded of both El or Eli and *On*.

In India, the Deity was represented by the trilateral monosyllable *Aum*, which was pronounced *Om*.

In their initiations the Egyptians, informed the candidate as an ineffable secret that the mysteries were received from the Fathers Adam,

Seth and Enoch, and in the chief degree that perfectly initiated aspirant was named from the name of the Deity,—Al, Om, Jah, pronounced Alma, Armiyah,—a compound in short, of the three variations just mentioned.

With regard to Bon, it does not occur by itself in the remains of any ancient language ; but that it is a radical, representing the Tauriform God, is obvious from the manner it enters frequently into composition, and it seems, from the bellow of a bull, represented by *On*, the symbol of a bull's head, and the character still used for that constellation of signs with the ancient prefix.

"There is no essential difference between *On* and *Om*, it is sometimes pronounced one way, sometimes another. The Egyptian word *Al-om-Jah* is the same as *Jac-ai-om*, or, introducing the prefix *B*, which denotes the male principle, we have *Jah-Bal-om*, a very remarkable coincidence."

Sir William Drummond inferred from this that *Ja-ow*, or *Yu-an*, was the ancient pronunciation ; he also inferred that it was never pronounced except with two distinct aspirations, and usually with the letter *B*, put between them. As to *B*, it depends on circumstances whether it is sounded as *B* or *V* ; and hence *Ja-boy* is the same as *Ja-vow*, from which comes the word *Jove*.

Ja signifies "I am" in Chaldaic, and in Hebrew it signifies "I shall be." A Jew cannot pronounce it aloud.

The third, which is an Egyptian word, signifies "*Father of All*," also a Hebrew word implying "Power."

The three syllables, or whole expressions, convey the following Divine import:

I am and shall be, "Lord in Heaven," on High the Powerful, the Father of All.

Under this appellation the Deity was worshipped by the Egyptians, and acknowledged as "He who is."

If we regard "*On*" in the character of a city only, it still has a sacredness about it which lifts it out of the association of purely secular things, and invests it with sufficient traditional sanctity to commend it to the reverence of the Craft.

Mr. Clark says that "In Lower Egypt the highest God was *Pthah*, whom the Greeks identified with *Vulcan*, the God of fire or heat, Father of the Sun—"

The inscriptions called *Pthah*, "Father of the Father of the Gods," "King of both worlds," the "God of all Beginnings," the "Former of things."

His Son *Ra*, the Sun-God, had his temple at *On*, "which the Greeks called *Heliopolis*, or *City of the Sun*." "*Ra* is the vitalizing God, the active ruler of the world, holding a sceptre in one hand and the sign of life in the other."

Truly this Temple and city of residence must have been sacred in the eyes of the devout Egyptian, while antiquity and tradition alike commend its preservation.

In the beginning, Moses speaks of God as *Elohim*, or God Almighty. This form is said to have continued two thousand one hundred and six years. Next he is called *El Shaddai*, or God Almighty. This name was continued two hundred and seven years. And then the *Jehovah*—the *I Am*, the *I Am*—which covers all others ; though it by no means denies their use or destroys their significance.

The Old Testament speaks of God under the following different names:—

“God Almighty,” “Jehovah-nissi;” Jehovah;” Jah—I am,” “I am the Lord;” “Maker,” “The Lord of hosts is his name;” Thy Redeemer,” is the “Holy one of Israel;” “The God of the whole earth shall he be called;” “The Great;” “The Mighty God;” “Saith th Lord, whose name is the God of Hosts.

An array of names sufficient to render it pardonable to continue an allusion to him either as Baal, Bel, Om, or On: but, in addition to all these, he thus speaks by his prophet Hosea:—

“Saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi, and shall call me no more Baali.” God is also represented by Fire and by Light. See both the Old and New Testaments.

Following the authority of the Scriptures, the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rites teaches the multiplicity of names; but on this head I will again quote Companion Mackey, who says of the true name of God, that “Iranæus calls it *Jaoth*; Isidore calls it *Jodjod*, Diodorus Siculus, *Jao*; Clemens of Alexandria, *Jau*; and Theodoret says that the Hebrews pronounced it *Ja* and the Samaritans *Javah*.”

In another rite we are told “that the pronounciation varied among the patriarchs in different ages;” hence it was pronounced *Jnha*, *Jeva*, *Jevo*, *Jevah*, *Joho*, and *Jehovah*, with the implied information that neither of these is correct; but says Mackey:—

“This dispute is not likely to be terminated by a reference to ancient authorities, among whom there is too great a discrepancy in relation to the name to be easily reconciled.

If this last be true, how unwise is the effort, and how great the mistake, in attempting now to change the word, to eliminate its use, or to declare or expect that such a proceeding will settle it!

The Sixth Book of the Laws of Manu makes it incumbent upon a Brahman, “to meditate upon the Supreme Spirit, without any earthly desire.” He is to meditate upon the “subtle, indivisible essences of the Supreme Being;” to be careful not to destroy the life of the smallest insect; and if he shall cause the death of any in ignorance, he must atone for it by making six suppressions of his breath, repeating, at the same time the triliteral syllable A. U. M. “He will thus at last become united with the Eternal Spirit, and his good deeds will be inherited by those who love him, and his evil deeds by those who hate him.”

The importance which the Brahmans attached to this syllable, pronounced by the Grand Chapter of Scotland Om, and quoted by Companion Mackey as Aum, Aun, or On, which he says was the Hindoo or Egyptian chief Deity, leads us now to consider the system of triads, and what influence it may have on our rite.

The Assyrian Triad was Anu, Bel and Ao.

In the religion of Egypt, the Triad was of Osiris, the Creator, Typhon the Destroyer, and Horus the Preserver; In Persia, of Ormazd the Creator, Ahriman the Destroyer, and Mithra the Restorer; in Buddhism, of Budha the Divine man, Dharmma, the Word, and *Sangha* the Communion of Saints; the Indian Trinity of Brahma Vischnu and Siva, expressing Creation, Destruction and Restoration; and besides this we learn that images of Trimurti, or three-faced God, are frequent in India, and he is still the object of Brahmanical worship.

If we attempt an analysis of the Triad, or of the Ethnic religion, wherein it held so prominent a place, we shall no doubt conclude, that

it was human nature aspiring to, or feeling after, *God*. In the Christian religion, we find the Triad as *Father Son and Holy Ghost*, as *Creator Preserver and Benefactor*, as *Omnipresent Omniscient and Omnipotent*, and these "came not to destroy, but to fulfil.

We, like the Hindoo and the Egyptian, have not only felt after, but have have had a light revealed, whereby we may attain unto God.

Surely, then, we who learn in our first step that Freemasonry "rites men of every country, sect and opinion," may justly frown upon any sectarian attempt to corrupt our ritual, and as justly strive to preserve the Triad unimpaired, as received from the Fathers.

Hence, the sum of the argument is, that the Jews referred to Deity under many different names, and they have left the question so unsettled, that scholars are undecided still as to what was the true name; but whether as Jah or Jehovah, as the God of Abraham; or the Lord of Hosts, their faith was in one living God; and they treated other nations as idolators, worshipping "strange Gods;" but give no proof that the Jewish, Assyrian, Chaldean, or Egyptian Devil was worshipped by either of those nations.

The Scriptures disclose that Baal or Bel was worshipped as a God, though not strictly of the Jewish standard. The Jews, however, acknowledged him as a God. The Assyrians, Phœnicians and Chaldeans worshipped him as such. Baal, therefore, was no Devil to be worshipped, but the God of his people, powerful to save as to destroy.

The statement in regard to On has no force, and should not be considered of a feather's weight; if it were but a city, only, as well might we attempt to sink "Joppa" in the depth of the sea, or invoke the dead "Giblim" to arise from their tombs in the City of Gebal, and hew down the structure which the fathers have raised, as to attempt to found an argument satisfactory or creditable to the Craft on so illogical and revolutionary a basis.

To give the word as decided by the General Grand Chapter would practically exclude the Assyrian, Hindoo and the Egyptians from our rites, while we theoretically proclaim Freemasonry universal; we should retain the Triad, and give it in that form, because it more than anything else shows a legitimate descent, and connects our present traditions with the mysteries and antiquities of the past.

Since the Annual Convocation of this Grand Chapter, I requested Grand Chaplain Rev. Companion Bland, who is himself an accomplished linguist, to give me his opinion in regard to the subject discussed, and also to ascertain the opinion of the authorities at Harvard University; and by their kindness I have recently received the following interesting and instructive communication:

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 4th, 1872.

To the M. E. Alfred F. Chapman, G. H. P. of the G. R. A. C., of Mass.:

DEAR COMPANION CHAPMAN:—The general question you were pleased to submit to me concerning the exact meaning and signification of the words Jah, or Jehovah, Bel Baal, and On, together with the more special questions to whether Baal was formerly used to designate Satan, and On was simply and solely the name of an Egyptian city; assisted, and in conjunction with my friend, the Rev. E. J. Young, Professor of Hebrew and oriental languages in Harvard University, I have carefully examined and considered, and would beg to submit the following as the result of our joint investigations. Questions given from languages other than the English, I have translated, in most cases, omitting the original.

Concerning the signification of Jah, Jehovah, there can be no difference of opinion. It was the name of the Supreme Deity among the Hebrews; it is derived from the verb meaning to be; and referred to God as the *eternal, immutable*. Sec-

Gesenius, Schenkel, Cassel, Winer, Herzog, Delitoch, Kitto, Davidson, Smith, etc., etc.

The meaning of Bel, or Baal, is equally unquestionable. The name is derived from the Hebrew verb (baal), which means to be lord or master over anything. It was the name of a tutelary god of the Phœnicians, Tyrians and Hebrews of Samaria. See Gesenius, Winer, Shenkel, Buxtorf, Kitto, or any standard authority or common encyclopædia. It would be easy to quote authorities and give extracts *ad infinitum* on this point, but I will cite only three, from works in our own language, easily accessible to all.

Gesenius' Hebrew and English Lexicon, p. 136, says; "Baal, *i. e.* the Lord, (by pre-eminence), as the name of a chief domestic and tutelary god of the Phœnicians, and particularly of the Tyrians; worshipped also by the Hebrews, especially of Samaria, with great pomp, along with Astarte."

Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Hackett & Abbot, vol. I, p. 206, says; "Baal, the supreme male divinity of the Phœnician and Canaanitish nations, as Ashtaroth was their supreme female deity."

New American Encyclopedia, vol. 2. p. 436, article "Baal" says; "This word (Baal) is of Phœnician origin, and signifies lord or ruler, and was used to designate the supreme deity by the Phœnicians and the Chaldeans, and most of the oriental nations of the time of the Exodus.

That Baal and Bel are synonymous—Bel being the Chaldaic form and the Babylonian name of the God Baal—may be seen by reference to Gesenius, Furst, Axtorf, and others.

Baal or Bel, then, is recognized by all oriental scholars as being the name under which many of the early nations worshipped God, or a god; and the statement reported to have been made at the last meeting of the General Grand Chapter, that it was the name of the devil, has, apparently, not the slightest foundation; in fact, is not alluded to in so far as I can ascertain by any authority whatever; certainly in no standard authority of the present day.

On was both the name of an Egyptian and the Coptic name for light, or the sun. As the name of an Egyptian city, it was called, by the Hebrews, Bethshemesh, or "house of the sun." By the Greeks, Heliopolis, or "city of the sun." By the Arabs, Ainsheims, or "fountain of the sun;" and it was celebrated for the worship and temple of the sun, one of the Gods of the Egyptians.

The primitive meaning of On, however, was sun, or light, and under the name On, *i. e.* ancient Egyptians worshipped God. To the fact that On meant the sun or light, we have the testimonies of Cyrill (Bishop of Alexandria) Jablonski, Champollion, August Knobel, Gesenius, Ritter, Winer, Herzog, Hamburger, Kitto, and many others. In proof of this, I will give a few, from many references that I have collected, principally from English and German authorities.

Dr. G. B. Winer, *Biblisches Real-Wörterbuch*, 1., 175, says; "In Egyptian, On means light, sun."

Kitto, *Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature*, vol. 3, p. 365. says; "On is a Coptic and ancient Egyptian word, signifying light and the sun.

Lastly, Herzog, in his *Real Encyclopædie*, X., 610, says. "This worship (of On) was, without doubt, the most spiritual of all the Egyptian worship; this priesthood was, without doubt, not only the most influential in the State, but also the most fitted to draw a worshipper of Jehovah into his circle;" "since On was the city of the temple of the sun, and On, in Coptic and old Egyptian, means sun light."

In conclusion, permit me to say that I have examined these questions, not as a Mason, but as a scholar. The authorities, to whom I have referred, are scholars who are Masonically unknown, and whose opinions on these and similar questions submitted by you to me for examination are,

First, That Jah or Jehovah was the name by which the Hebrews knew the Supreme Deity, and signified the *eternal*, the *immutable*.

Second, That Bel, or Baal, was worshipped both as the Supreme God, and as a god by many of the early nations, such as the Phœnicians, Tyrians, Byblonians and Hebrews; and there is no evidence to show that it was ever applied to Satan.

Third, On was the name both of an Egyptian city, celebrated for its temple and worship of the sun, and also of the sun and light itself; and by that name God was anciently worshipped.

Most sincerely and fraternally yours,

JOHN P. BLAND, B. D.,

Grand Chaplain.

The desire to legislate seems to be increasing among the Craft, and

its influences becomes more and more apparent; opinions and practices that have long prevailed, and by which stability has been acquired and prosperity achieved, are too frequently chafed and fretted, even in the house of their friends. The deed long since done, and the word expressed, finds no favor in the eyes of the self-appointed and self-styled reformer; ready with motions to amend or to correct, the whole Body of the Fraternity is plunged into the whirl of debate without any corresponding benefit.

Hasty and unnecessary legislation begets evils greater than it seeks to correct; trifles magnified, become mountains without weight; brushing these aside, we come to this conclusion, that the action of the General Grand Chapter was hasty and ill-advised, taken without any previous notice having been given to the representatives, unless it may be considered sufficient to have referred to it in 1868; but its members in 1871 were many of them new, their several Grand Chapters had not been consulted; the question was discussed by those prepared for it, and wishing a change; hence, through indifference, hesitation and doubt, all apparently like nothing, against the advocacy of Companions Mackey and Pike, a conclusion was reached which can not be sustained by the facts of Tradition, of History, of Science, or of Masonry.

We therefore recommend that this Grand Chapter continue to instruct in the Ritual in the future, as it has in the past, believing that the interests of Royal Arch Masonry will be the best promoted by protecting the Landmarks against innovation, and transmitting, unimpaired, the traditions received from the founders of the Order in the Old World, as well as in the New.

It is also recommended, That it will not violate any allegiance to this Grand Chapter, if its subordinates shall instruct their members in the way and manner of the change attempted to be made by the General Grand Chapter; to the end that they may be skilled workers wherever they may visit.

On motion of M. E. John McCellan it was *voted*, That the report be accepted and the recommendation adopted.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

NOVA SCOTIA.—At the Annual Communication of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Nova Scotia, held at Masonic Hall, Halifax, on Wednesday, June 4th, A. L. 5873, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

M. W. the Hon. A. L. Keith, P. L. C., Grand Master; R. W. William Taylor, Deputy Grand Master; R. W. F. W. Dakin, Senior Grand Warden, R. W. David Pettinger, Junior Grand Warden; R. W. A. K. McKinlay, Grand Treasurer; R. W. Benjamin Curren, Grand Secretary; K. W. Robert C. Hamilton, Grand Lecturer; R. W. Rev. J. B. Richardson, Grand Chaplain; R. W. Rev. R. Avery, Grand Chaplain; R. W. Rev. J. Richey, Grand Chaplain; R. W. Bro. Rev. W. Ross, Grand Chaplain; R. W. Rev. A. Nicolson, Grand Chaplain; V. W. Arthur Fletcher, Senior Grand Deacon; V. W. A. H. Woodhill, M. D. Junior Grand Deacon; V. W. J. W. Rubland, Grand Superintendent of Works; V. W. R. C. Fraser, Grand Director of Ceremonies; V. W. J. W. Chase, Grand Sword Bearer; V. W. Rev. J. O'Banyoun, Grand Organist; V. W. J. R. Thomas, Grand Pursuivant; V. W. R. L. Black, Grand Steward; V. W. J. R. McLearn, Grand Steward; V. W. J. Moore, M. D., Grand Steward; V. W. J. Martin, Grand Steward; V. W.—McKenzie, Grand Steward; V. W. R. Veith, Grand Steward; V. W. John M. Taylor, Grand Tyler.