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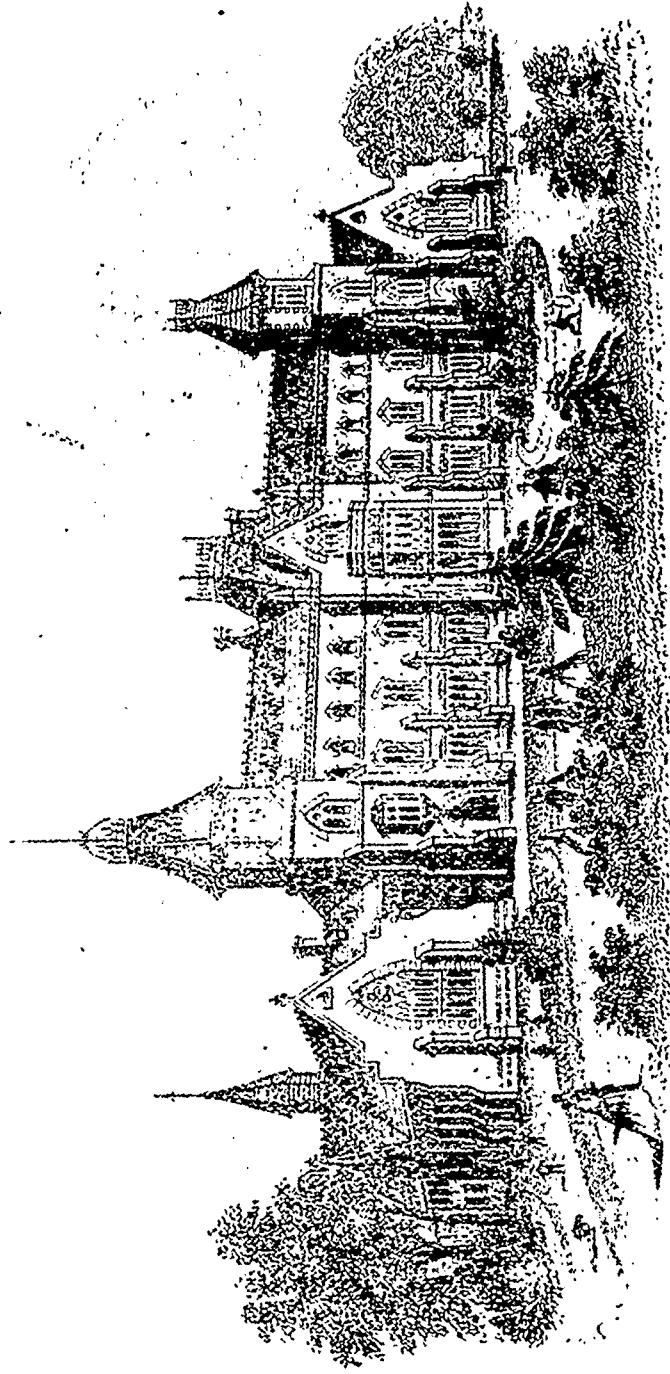
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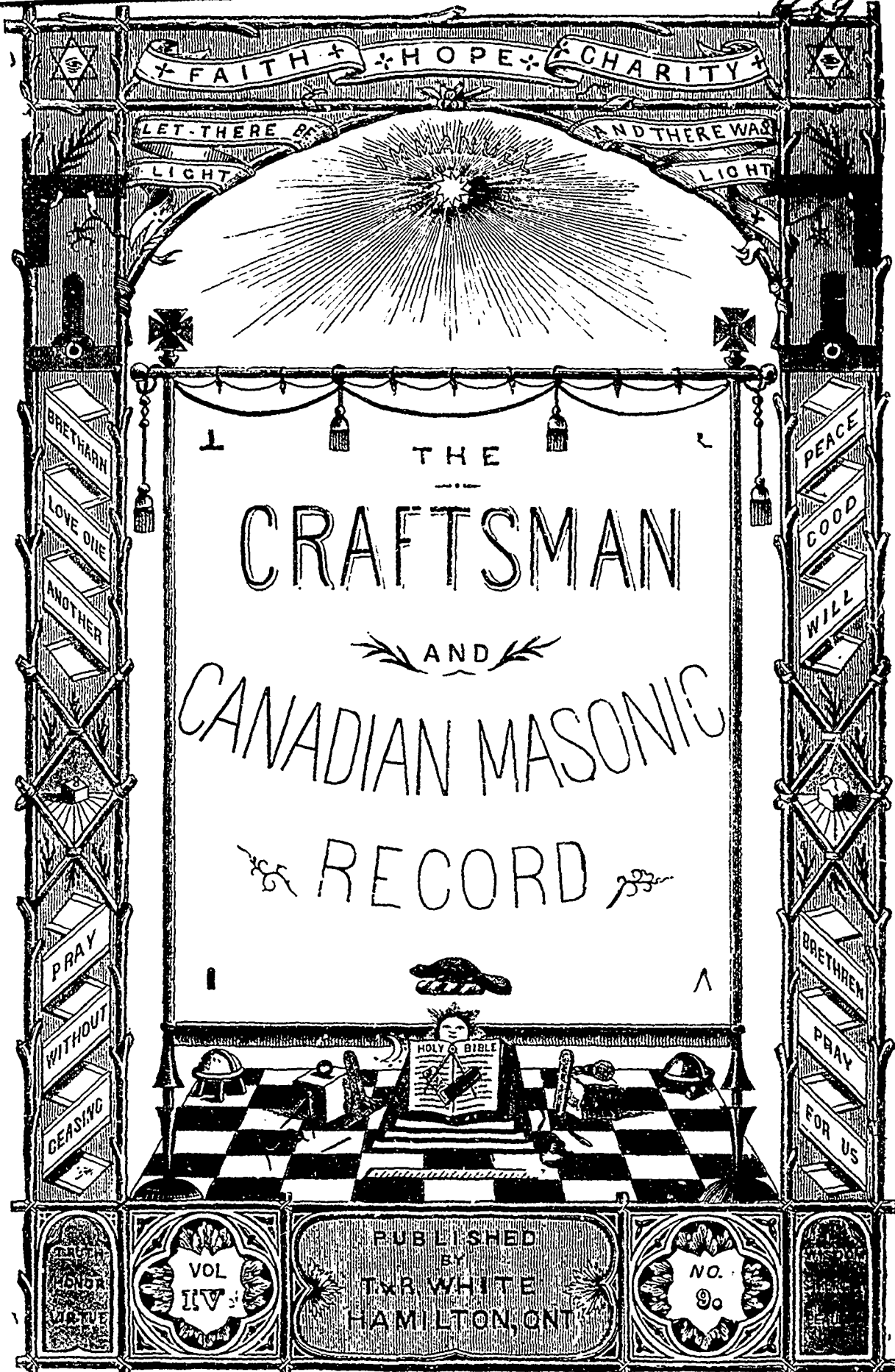
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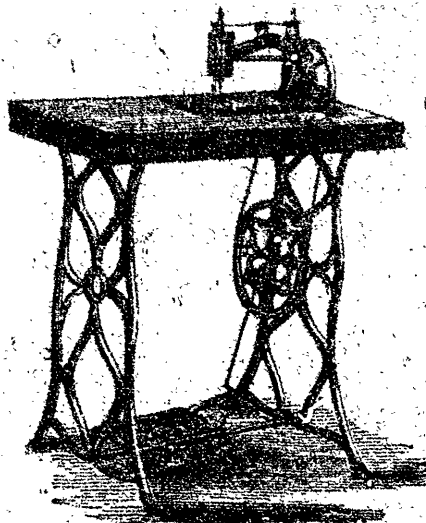
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THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

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VOL. IV.

HAMILTON, ONT., OCTOBER, 1869.

No. 1.

MASONS AND MASONS.

FOR THE CRAFTSMAN, BY G. S.

CHAPTER I. AT THE PALACE.

"My dear darling Charley, how delighted I am to see you again! It's been such an age, and I've missed you so much! And looking so well and handsome, too! Are you staying in town, and shall you be long? I've got so much to tell you. There, there! Why, I declare those rude people are all staring. Where's Harry, I wonder? You must know him, you know, and the tiresome boy has lost himself somewhere, just when he's wanted. Let's go and look for him, dear. You know your way, don't you."

The tiresome boy (who is perhaps, earning the title as he writes this story) had, in fact, lost himself—in amazement. He was standing at the other side of the tropical basin, screened by a gigantic aloe, and conversing soberly with a sulphur-crested cuckatoo from South Australia, when his ears caught some such ejaculations as are written above, punctuated by a soft osculatory dropping accompaniment, which seemed to afford the caged ring-doves the liveliest gratification, and to which the cooing murmur made a very telling diapason. It was My Wife—these two words have always capital initials in the honeymoon—who spoke, and it was her perfidious lips which pressed, with effusion, others which were not mine—but Charley's! The almonds dropped from my nerveless fingers, while the cuckatoo, with the philosophic imperturbability of his race, consoled himself in the inalienable pastime of scratching his head. I wasn't shocked, nor horrified, nor pained, nor infuriated—I was simply stunned, dumbfounded as Mr.

Roebuck's Spaniard—till, hastily circumnavigating the pond, Madame presented herself breathless and unblushing, and broke in upon me imperiously.

"Harry, quick! Round here this way. Who do you think is here? Such a darling! I must introduce you at once, come;" and the cockatoo was left to mourn the proverbial uncertainty of mortal happiness, or to scramble down his perch after the split nuts, as he preferred, when, with a Charley nowhere within the horizon, I was being presented to a very attractive young lady.

"My husband" (I don't know whether the capital is due here). "Miss Fenchurch, Harry, that you've heard me so often talk of." (If I had my memory must have been--no matter.) "Only think of us meeting here, when I thought she was away in Switzerland." By this time, having mechanically made my bow, I was stealthily peering round the bushes and statues for The Other, and paying very little attention to my new acquaintance. "Why, what are you looking at? Haven't you a word to say to Charley!"

"A word! I should think I have, though. Where is he; I can't see him?"

"Where is he, you stupid! Here *she* is, Charley Fenchurch, who used to be at school with me at Madame ——."

"Oh!" said I, very much relieved, "this is Charley, is it? I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to know you, Cha—Miss Fenchurch, I mean. The name is, perhaps, more frequently applied more roughly, and it really was rather incomprehensible for a moment."

Miss Fenchurch laughed merrily. She had good teeth, and could afford good humour. "My name is Charlotte," she explained, "but I was very little when I went to school, and a great romp, some of the others said, and so they gave me a boy's name, though I never deserved it, and it's such a shame—people will keep it up still, even Nelly here, who knows me better than anybody."

"That's just the reason," assented Madame. "What else should I call you? Charlotte is so starched and prim, and you're not, *you know*. Lot reminds one always of a pillar of salt, or something like it, and Lotty—that's what the children play with in a box, or at least it's Lotto, and it's all the same. And besides you *were* a romp until I quieted you, and they told me the other day that you were only half tamed even yet, and broke out into mischief, now and then. But I can chaperon you now, darling, and keep you in better order."

While the two schoolfellows were rattling on, I had plenty of time to observe Miss Charlotte. The period at which she had been so little had passed away irrevocably, for she would have been acknowledged as a tall woman anywhere, and absolutely towered beside my little, very little,

Nell. She was probably about nineteen, but her figure was so womanly, and her air so self-possessed, that she looked considerably older. The fancy of Nell chaperoning her anywhere was a neat satire on society. She was a brunette, with largo black eyes and full eye-brows, and with that rich carnation color that makes, under an olive skin, so grand a complexion. Altogether a very handsome young lady, and *distinguée*.

Nelly and she had evidently a vast store of mutual confidences to interchange, and so, leaving them a few minutes later over their meringues and coffee at the "central buffet, I strolled upstairs and through the long picture gallery, marvelling hugely, if anybody ever paid the ticketed prices there displayed. Towards the middle of the room I met Fred Lockyer whom I had last seen battling for Oxford at Lord's and hitting away for fours beyond the pavilion. Fred was a jolly pleasant fellow, and we used to be pretty intimate in our younger days, so that, although I had long lost sight of him, the *rencontre* was of the pleasantest. He had rather a contempt for the arts, and we presently picked our way across the terrace and between the fountains down among the pre-Adamite Saurians, absorbed in reminiscence and partagas. At the bottom of a bowery *cul-de-sac* a very hideous ichthyosaurus effectually stopped the way. I turned to retreat, but Fred detained me, pointing to the grotesque monster.

"Just look closely at that reptile. He is the image of old Leadenhall. The same long acquisitive snout, the same dull cold glare of the eyeball, the same altogether inhuman, anti-human, rapacity of figure and expression. I know plenty of men like enough to him in a single particular, but Leadenhall is the only living crocodile who seems to resemble his *ensemble*. By the way I never told you about Leadenhall, did I? He's here to-day I know, and if there's a chance, I'll point him out. Oh! you'll admire him—as a curiosity."

"You are to be congratulated on the circle of your acquaintance," I laughed. "And I should really like to see the arch-object that combines their loveliness. What is he—a money-lender, an attorney, a betting man,—what?"

Fred's tone became graver as he answered. He is an exceedingly rich city-man; Mincing Lane and indigo, and all that sort of thing. And of all the men or allegators in town, he is the most important to me this moment. I'll tell you all about it presently. Look out! I thought I saw his white hat down among the rhododendrons. No, it's not his, strange too, that there should be anybody else so reckless as to wear a white hat. We'll come across him guzzling inskile I dare say. Time enough."

"Then its not an appointment that has brought you here? And what

interest can the Colonial trade have for you? Indigo is'nt in your line who are never in the blues, and—"

"For mercy sake spare me such jests, and I'll in preference expound. I've no appointment with Leadenhall who is a Cayman. But he has a niece, and—and—"

"And you have with her, eh?"

"Well, perhaps. At any rate I knew she would be here. But I have'nt seen her yet, though I did catch a glimpse of the old people. There's a female mastodon you know, worse than he is. They were groping together among the tombs and brasses of the Mediæval Court like a pair of ghouls. So I fled, and you found me."

Lockyer was a man who especially disliked any exposition of his private affairs. From his manner rather than his words I derived the impression that he was there in prosecution of some forbidden flirtation, and in great terror of interference by the higher powers. I asked him how he meant to find and to approach the lady.

"I must take my chance in the crowd, I suppose," he answered. "There's a fete this evening; a couple of Timbuctoo or Ashantee emperors are improving their minds with the Screen of the Kings, and there's opera and fountains and fireworks and all the rest of it by-and-bye. I'll make an opportunity, depend upon it."

The partagas were finished, and I turned within to present him to Nelly. We were making our way up the transept and round the grand organ when he pinched me hard and whispered,

"There she is, there! But who's that with her I wonder? There, by the second table! Dont you see, in the blue silk and black lace shawl! Turned this way, talking to the little woman in the velvet jacket and jockey hat! I think I might venture. The small person dont look ferocious. Here goes!"

"I'm flattered to hear you pay my wife so high a compliment. But the blue dress and lace shaw; why that's Charley! Fred, you dont mean to say it's Miss Fenchurch you are philandering after? I did not give you credit for half the pluck, old fellow, but if Barkis is willin'—"

"Charley, Barkis!" repeated Lockyer in unfeigned amazement. "I dont know about my pluck, Haywood, but I do about your impudence. But if that lady is Mrs. H., I'll forgive you, and make my own peace with her."

And although he devoted himself dutifully to Eleanor, while Miss Fenchurch made herself more than agreeable to Eleanor's husband, it required but small penetration to read the signs of the intelligence between them. I rather think they both felt grateful for the protection of the convoy that absolved them from social misgiving, and our little party was sufficiently merry for the best part of the afternoon. The

emperors had proved a high attraction, and the crowd pressed upon their footsteps with true British curiosity. We were amusing ourselves watching them through the marvelous Alhambra Court, and noting the cautious sidelong faces by which they avoided trespass on the weird Kufic characters of the marble floor—the characters that form the awful Name—when suddenly the arm on mine trembled, and there was a quick low whisper in my ear.

“There are aunt and uncle, by the fountain of the Lions. Do tell Mr. Lockyer; he might like to see them!”

Although she spoke earnestly enough there was a certain merriment in her tone that barbed the jest, and was too *piquant* to pass unacknowledged. So I answered,

“No doubt. Lockyer indeed promised to present me to Mr. Leadenhall on opportunity, so I think if you will trust yourself under Nelly’s shadow for a minute or two I’ll ask him to come and do it.”

Fred himself had now taken the alarm, and was glad of my excuse to disengage himself. “The old megatherum, sure enough” he murmured deprecatingly; “must clear, Harry my boy;” which indeed he did very precipitately, and merely raising his hat in farewell.

And not a moment too soon if he had good reason to avoid the old people. For the lady having caught sight of her niece was already bearing down to recapture her. Neither she nor her husband deserved any of the uncomplimentary epithets which I had so recently heard showered on them. On the contrary they were a fresh buxom comely couple, not ill-dressed or ill-mannered, and with the vivacity and apparent good-humour so attractive in people of their age. I began to suspect Master Fred of more than impudence, and to construe his retreat into a confession very little creditable.

It was a day of novel acquaintanceship and this last was cemented by a dinner. The Mincing Lane magnate was quite a Lucullus in his way, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts *can* cook. The old gentleman was giving some very elaborate injunctions regarding a peculiar white hermitage, and his wife discussing effects of millinery with her ward, when Nelly managed to whisper,

“They want so much to have half-an-hour together, Harry. Can’t you manage it for them before we go? Think, there’s a dear.”

“Who want half-an-hour, and where do they want it?” I asked not unnaturally. “And how can I manage anything if you won’t let me manage my dinner? I don’t know what on earth you are making *moves* about, and I believe you’ve had too much Moselle.”

But she would not be put off, and, before we had risen, had insisted on my comprehension. And I was pledged to do what I could for them, without in the least knowing how or what, and my evening was consequently miserable and myself a discontented martyr.

I never could have done it of myself till now. Chance, or what we call chance in our strange repugnance to a recognition of the intangible, did it finally. It was dusk, and the first rocket had soared. We all stood watching it from the terrace, when Nelly called piteously

Oh! I'm so short, and there are *such* great men in front of me, I can't see anything. Harry, do take me down near the fountains! It's so much cooler."

"You'll find it a good deal too cool Mrs. Haywood, I fancy," grunted Leadenhall. "When you come to my old lady's age here you'll know more of the dangers. But girls will be girls I suppose, and—why Charley, do you want to go too? I can't allow that you're in good care I admit, but I should never meet you in the crowd. You had better stay where you are.

Now was the occasion, and I snatched it. "You won't leave before ten, Sir," I deferentially submitted, "And I will have Miss Fenchurch on the platform a quarter of an hour earlier, so there can be no danger. And really, for these girls it is a lovely night. Come Nell, are you both ready? I shan't fail you may depend upon it, Sir; 9.45 sharp, on the platform."

I can't say how it was Fred managed to pick us up outside. But he did somehow. I had enough to do to pilot my wife through the throng, and so Charley fell to more congenial escort. But when the half-hour came, and we turned inwards, she called suddenly,

"Mr. Haywood, is this the right way? We were to meet on the platform you remember, and you are going to the left. It does not seem the way we came—at least to me."

"I assure you, it is the way we came," I answered in all innocence. "Don't be in the least afraid. I'll take you safe enough."

"Fred, can't you re-assure the young lady? I promised her to her uncle and he shall have her."

Whatever form the re-assurances took there were no further remonstrances, as we walked down the long tiresome gallery that leads out upon the station. There was an immense crowd, but up and down pertinaciously, we sought the Leadenhalls in vain. I marvelled much at Fred's daring to remain, from what I had seen of him earlier, but supposed he knew his own affairs best, and said nothing of it. Ten struck, and still no ancients. Half-past! and their wheels yet tarried. Eleven, and the last train was going. I was absolutely uncomfortable, and could not make up my mind to leave, but turned irresolute up the steps again. There was a whistle and a snort, and doors were roughly slammed, and a prolonged Ri-i-ight! rang in our ears, and then there were but an empty platform, and four helplessly imprisoned visitors. We were left behind, beyond hope of rescue.

"I say," said Fred, "what are you going to do? If I had made such a bungle it would be bad enough, but you, a discreet foggy! How do you mean to get back? You can't stop here."

"I know that well enough," I answered curtly. "But what can have become of the old gentleman? He was precise enough in making his appointment—what's he meant by breaking it? Can you say, Miss Fenchurch? You know him best."

"Perhaps when *you* spoke of the station, *he* understood the other one," suggested Fred quietly. "He may have come by the High Level, you know, behind the organ. Some people do."

"To be sure," cried Charley. "We came from Ludgate Hill. Uncle met Aunt and me there from his office. He said it was about half way between London Bridge and Victoria, and would suit us both. I thought you were going wrong, Mr. Heywood, and I told you so. So it's not my fault, mind. You *would* know better."

It was all clear enough then. Fred had deliberately tricked us, and very likely Charley had helped him. But reproaches were unavailing, and we held a hurried council, and there seemed nothing for it but to walk to Penge, on the chance of a conveyance there. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the distance not far, while the way is smooth enough, and none of us was very tired. Fred was complacently and provokingly resigned; Charley just a little nervous, but more pleased; I felt responsible, but the consciousness of rectitude upheld me; Nell was in high glee, and full of comfort for each of us.

"Harry couldn't help it, could he, Mr. Lockyer? I'm sure *I* never thought of any other station. And, Charley, dear, don't bother about the old people: I'll take you over to Tulse Hill myself the first thing to-morrow, and explain it all. They won't be angry with me, *I know*. Nobody ever is. And now let us enjoy the evening without another thought of them."

So we walked through, past Averley, its dying lights faintly struggling with the moon, and on to Penge, where, as luck would have it, we did find a carriage for hire. It was one of those open vehicles peculiar to the district, and happily to be discovered in no other inhabited clime. The driver was a tipsy yokel; his wheels ungreased, and his harness a fragile intricacy; the horse a raw-boned stumbling quadruped, whom it would be the grossest flattery to style a screw. And yet, to us it was an ethereal chariot, to which the Lord Mayor's veiled its splendors. We four were, you will say, alone, and of conversation there was assuredly scant brilliancy. But beside us sat invisible Hope and Faith and young Ambition, while before, along the Kentish roads, gleamed the glowing future glittering with successes to be won. You and I, Nelly, had then our fortunes to make or mar. These others, who had

not yet crossed the Rubicon, had their own anticipations of a happy passage. It was but our voices that kept silence, while Life spoke aloud among us all. Till at last we were fairly in Southwark, and dismissed the cab, to walk home over London Bridge.

I know nothing more solemn than the night of the great city. Cheapside deserted is a homily in itself, and Fleet street unthronged a touching exhortation. The silent pavements of the Strand are instinct with their lessons from Ecclesiastes, and, in the memories of those who have trodden them, cry aloud that all is vanity indeed. Till, presently, we are at Charing Cross, and history fills all the background. There is nothing sleepless but the lion of the Percies, and the flashing fountains, and it is quiet walking down Pall Mall, and past the War Office up by the Conservative Club. For we lodged in those days in St. James street, and were all too soon arrived. It was impossible to take Charley home, and she had perforce to stay with Nell. While Lockyer and I smoked our Havannahs on the balcony, green under the setting moon, and he told me what must be written here. It is a simple narrative enough in print, but the time, the occasion, and the tone lent a remarkable interest to it then. I give it as briefly as I can, and, for perspicuity, in the third person.

Fred Lockyer and the Hon. Fred Lockyer, only son of Lord Mortlock, were both grand-nephews of old Sir James Willsher, of Kennington Grange. Their prospects were nearly on a par. The peer was poor and the baronet rich, and where one would have title there would be wealth for his cousin. For, *our* Fred was ever the favorite at the Grange, and had been brought up an orphan there, and then sent to Harrow and Christ Church, always with a tolerably decided understanding of his succession to all unentailed property. It was in this happy position that he had made Mr. Leadenhall's acquaintance, and had been eagerly enough accepted as a suitor for the hand of his ward. Suddenly the match was broken off, and the gates of the Tulse Hill villa closed uncompromisingly against him. The reason was not far to seek. He had been supplanted in Sir James' good graces by his namesake, and for a professionless youngster, with perhaps two or three thousand pounds in the world, it was not reasonable to expect the prudent city man to extend great consideration. This much was easy to understand. But the cause of his disgrace lay deeper, and it was the exposition of this that lent special interest to that evening's tale.

Sir James Willsher, it appears, was nothing if he were not jealous. There had been two or three ugly landmarks in his earlier life that had proved how fatal could be with him this passion. From Fred, as from all else he loved, be it but horse or dog, he exacted the most undivided devotion; with which, to do my friend justice, his tenderness was amply repaid, and sufficiently unmistakably to have satisfied anybody only

less unreasonable. And it had seemed that even he was satisfied, until one unlucky evening, when it entered into his affectionate old heart to run down and see how the boy was getting along. To give everybody his due, the baronet was too punctilious to think of taking an undergraduate by surprise, and accordingly telegraphed ahead as he took the evening train for Oxford. Fred had been out that day with the Berkshire hounds, and had had a long ride home from beyond Abingdon, and, in haste to dress when he got in, in his hurry so bewildered the scout that the latter forgot everything of the despatch arrived but an hour before. The hurry arose from the fact of his being Junior Deacon of the Widow's Son Lodge in the High, and from his anxiety to be in his proper place before it should be called to labor. The Widow's Son was fashionable among gowmsmen; not only much frequented by gentlemen, commoners and tufts, but gathering also a fair sprinkling of the lesser dons. So the *recherches* suppers were dallied daintily over, and though many of the younger brethren chafed, the elder generation held good its conservative ground. It was past eleven when Fred returned, and there sat Sir James, dark and lowering, his watch on the table before him, and his eyes turned angrily to the door.

There ensued a fierce storm of reproach, beginning in misconception, and followed out in obstinacy. Sir James deemed it an unpardonable slight that his message should have been disregarded and himself ignored. He was set aside, in his imagination, for some more favored rival, and an old man's greeting was not worth attending to when there were young men, or for what he knew, young women to compete with him. It was in vain Fred protested, and, driven to bay, exhibited his collar and badge, as corroborative evidence of the sincerity of his disavowal. He only made things worse. Cromwell never held in such contempt the Speaker's "bauble" as did Sir James the insignia of the Lodge. And he said so plainly, and perhaps offensively, till Fred, wearied of injustice, and losing the prudence he would have given so much next morning to regain, retorted hotly, and the scabbard was cast away in the quarrel, and it was war to the bitter end. There could be no end but one. Stung with the taunt of his dependence, he haughtily repudiated its continuance, and provoked finally the stern alternative of instant renunciation either of all such "gallivanting gambadoes" as he had been carrying on that evening, or of his uncle's favour and his own worldly prospects. His temper was up, and carried him, where it carries so many of us daily, beyond all limits of common sense, and high upon the crest of Quixotic defiance. The baronet left his rooms, left the city with post-horses, and next day sent for the Hon. Frederick, establishing him *en permanence* in the vacant favouritiship. I am not saying [that my friend was blameable, no one can be blameable in adherence to his principle; but he was so in his want of

reverence for the white hairs of the old man who had so loved him, and he failed, and suffered for it, in the soft answer by which wrath is to be turned away. He told me gaily how the disinheritance had got quick wind, his taking his name off Christ Church corroborating it decisively, and narrated good-humouredly enough the change in the world's phases it had shown him, of which indeed the separation from Charley he alone took to heart heavily.

This was all there was to tell, and the chimneys of the Conservative were being already tipped with gold. It was a glorious morning, and we two sat long in its hush, drinking soothing calm. For both it was the morning of life, when we "heard our days before us," and when the yet un-plumed wings seemed capable of what flight soever. A writer whom I love and venerate has told us of three epochs when may come untroubled happiness. There is one when a boy and girl first mutually confess their love. There is another when the child, who is to bear their name and perpetuate their race, opens his eyes upon the world. There is a third, and oh! my dear fellow-craftsmen, may we each of us sometime know it, when the weary workman, his last course of masonry laid, turns his face quietly to the wall to wait the approval of the Great Architect. The sun that rose behind us showed not one of the finger-posts to the writer, but there was none the less light-heartedness for all. And when breakfast had passed, and the club windows filled, and the street had stirred fairly to vitality, and Tulse Hill was no longer to be ignored, what heart was happier in the roaring town than his who pens these lines? Happy with the consciousness of happiness around it, and the prospect of serenity before. Happy with the bright trustfulness of youth; with the simple apprentice faith of him who is but entering on his toil. That apron, so spotless to-day, my brother, must bear many a stain before the hour comes to lay it by. The gavel shall have many dint and the plumb-line be frayed in many a strand, before the call sounds eternally from labour unto rest. What matter! Where within the circle of the Compass and by the angle of the Square has been wrought the task committed to our hands, there is naught to fear. Toil-worn and exhausted, He to whom we render our account will not fail of its fitting wage.

To be continued.

FREEMASONS.—It is estimated that the Masonic Order, at present, contains about 1,300,000 members. Of this number 150,000 are in England, 100,000 in Scotland, and 50,000 in Ireland. There were about 600,000 on the continent of Europe, 300,000 in the United States, 50,000 in other parts of the world. Aside from Asia, the number in India will probably reach 50,000.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY EMINENT FRATER † HENRY ROBERTSON.

Continued.

The Order of *Knights Hospitallers of St. John*, together with that of the *Templars*, which sprung from it a short time afterwards, were the chief support of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, during its struggles in the midst of peril and uncertainty. Many and signal proofs of their valour and bravery are recorded of them during their residence in Palestine. They united, in a remarkable manner, religious fervour and austerity of life, with military prowess and fortitude, and deeds of gallant daring.

The celebrated historian, Vertot, says of them : “ Scarcely had they laid down their arms, than they resumed, with the utmost regularity, all the exercises of their profession. Some attended the sick, or occupied themselves in receiving pilgrims, while others kept their arms in order, or with their own hands mended the harness of their war-horses; and, during these various employments, maintained a religious silence, like hermits or anchorets—a manner of life hitherto unparalleled, when, without being entirely attached to the cloister nor engaged in the world, they practiced in succession all the virtues of two such opposite conditions.”

Such were the Hospitallers in the first period of their institution, and thus they continued for rather more than a century. After many engagements with the overwhelming hosts of the Saracens, in which their valour and bravery were most conspicuous, they were compelled to leave the Holy Land. The final struggle took place at the siege of Acre, in 1291, from which, after fearful carnage, but a handful escaped. These, with their Grand Master, John De Villiers, found their way in a small vessel to the Island of Cyprus, where they landed at Limisso. “ And a touching spectacle it was,” says Vertot, “ to see these valiant knights, all covered with wounds, descend from their carrack upon a foreign strand, with countenances suited to their altered fortunes, and overwhelmed with sorrow that they should have outlived the total loss of the Holy Land.”

So deep were their lamentations, and such their remorse at having survived their brethren who fell bravely battling for the Cross, that the Grand Master feared that the Order would be totally destroyed. He therefore summoned the members of the several Commanderies in Europe to repair immediately to Cyprus; a command responded to with the utmost ardour. A council was held, which John De Villiers ad-

dressed as follows:—"My brethren, as you know, Jerusalem has fallen. A barbarous, but formidable power, has forced us, inch by inch, to abandon Palestine. For the last century we have had to sustain as many engagements as we have occupied fortresses. St. Jean D'Acre has just witnessed our final struggle, and we have left the greater part of our brethren buried beneath its ruins. It is for you to replace them; from your valour we hope for our return to the Holy Land; and you hold in your hands the lives and liberties of your brethren, and above all of the many Christians who groan in the prisons of the infidels." Such an appeal met with but one response from both young and old, and all declared themselves ready to share the perils and the fate of their companions. The place of their establishment was next to be settled. The King of Cyprus had assigned Limisso as their residence—a small and ill defended town. This however they fortified, and soon numerous vessels began to issue therefrom, to protect pilgrims who might be crossing the seas, from the attacks of the infidel corsairs, and formed the nucleus of that famous marine, which, shortly afterwards, became the terror of the Turkish power.

The Knights were soon dissatisfied with their enforced dependence upon the King of Cyprus, and sought for a spot where their power might be re-established without any interference. They fixed upon the neighbouring and fertile island of Rhodes, which possessed a good harbour, and was admirably fitted to form an advanced bulwark against the assaults of the Moslems. It nominally belonged to the Byzantine Emperor, but was really under the control of several independent Siegneurs, who had introduced a mixed population of Turks and Saracens, and afforded shelter to the infidel corsairs, when pursued by Christian ships.

Fulk De Villaret, (who had been elected Grand Master on the death of his brother, William,) went to France shortly after his election, with his principal Knights, and with great secrecy laid before the Pope and the French King, his plans for the capture of Rhodes. They promised him all the support in their power, and proclaimed a general crusade. The Grand Master assembled the fleet and army at Brindisi, whence they sailed for Rhodes, in the year 1310. The Mussulman and Greek population, assisted by the forces of the Emperor Andronicus, maintained an obstinate defence against the Knights for four years, but, at length were defeated and the city and island were surrendered. After this glorious achievement, the voice of Europe proclaimed the order of Hospitallers, as *Knights of Rhodes*; and the letters F. E. R. T., were added to the Banner of the Grand Master, (*Fortitudo Ejus Rhodium Tenit.*)

Under the sway of the Knights, this beautiful island soon became famous throughout Europe. They held it for over two hundred years,

and greatly strengthened and restored the fortifications. Each Grand Master strove to outdo his predecessor by additional towers or bastions, which should be memorials of his care and munificence, at the same time serving important purposes of defence. They gradually brought under their rule all the neighbouring islands, and made themselves as renowned at sea, as they had previously been on land; their vessels swept the Mediterranean, and many sanguinary engagements took place with the infidel corsairs. They were chiefly from Barbary, and all the Christians captured by them were made slaves. Many of these were rescued by the Knights, who were generally victorious in these encounters, so that, at length, the black flag of the African pirates, was almost driven from the waters, while the city of Rhodes was greatly enriched by the commerce attracted to its harbour.

After the suppression of the Templars in 1312, the greater portion of their property was given to the Knights of Rhodes by the Pope; and this not only increased their wealth, but added largely to their power and influence, which soon swelled to its highest point. But luxury followed in its train; the ancient discipline became much impaired; the Preceptors of the wealthy Commanderies throughout Europe cared for little else than the quiet enjoyment of their possessions, and the Grand Masters themselves were frequently absent from the island for long periods. But the alarming increase of the Turkish power soon braced up again the relaxed energies of the Order. Mahomet II., after taking Constantinople and Negropont, appeared before Rhodes, and besieged it with a large army. The Knights, under their Grand Master, Peter D'Aubusson, defended themselves with the utmost bravery, and by their desperate valour succeeded in repulsing the Turks, who were compelled to raise the siege, but not until they had reduced the Knights to the greatest extremities.

The respite, however, was not of long duration. Sultan Solyman II., called the Magnificent, after a series of victories, terminating with the capture of Belgrade, formed a resolution that, cost what it might, Rhodes should be subdued. The following letters, addressed by him to the newly-elected Grand Master, De L'Isle Adam, with the replies, are truly characteristic and curious:

"Sultan Solyman, by the Grace of God, King of Kings, and Sovereign of Sovereigns, Mighty Emperor of Byzantium and Trebizond, Most Puissant King of Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, Supreme Lord of Europe and Asia, Prince of Mecca and Aleppo, and Dominator of the Universal Sea.

"To Philip Villiers De L'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Isle of Rhodes: GREETING:—

"I congratulate thee on thy novel dignity, and on thy arrival in thy states. I desire that thou mayst reign happily, and yet more gloriously than thy predecessors. It depends but on thyself to share our benevolence. Profit, then, by our alliance; and, as our friend, be not thou the last to congratulate us on the conquests we have just made in Hungary, where we have made ourselves masters of the important City of Belgrade, after having put to the edge of our redoubtable sword all those who dared to resist us. From our camp this and of the Hegira this"

The reply is equally ambiguous, and significant of either peace or war, according as it might be interpreted.

From Philip Villiers De L'Isle Adam, Grand Master of Rhodes, to Solyman, Sultan of the Turks :

"I have thoroughly comprehended the sense of thy letter, which thy ambassador has delivered to me. Thy propositions of peace are as agreeable to us, as they will give little pleasure to Cartogli. This corsair on my passage from France, omitted nothing in order to surprise us ; but, not succeeding in his project, and not willing to leave these seas without doing us some injury, endeavored to carry off two merchant vessels sailing from our ports. He had even proceeded to seize a bark belonging to some Candiots, but the galleys of the Order, which I sent forth from Rhodes, forced him to loosen his hold, and, fearing to fall himself into our power, he has sought for safety in precipitate flight.—Adieu. From Rhodes, this"

Solyman, pretending not to have received this letter, shortly afterwards sent a second to the Grand Master.

"We have been assured," he writes, "that the letter which our Grandeur had written had been delivered to thee, and that it has occasioned thee more astonishment than pleasure. Be assured that we are not content with the conquest of Belgrade, but that we propose very shortly another still more important, of which thou shalt soon receive notice—thou and thy Knights being but rarely absent from our memory."

To this communication the Grand Master felt bound to reply with equal *hauteur*.

He wrote : "I am not sorry that thou rememberest thee of myself and of the Knights of our Order. Thou remindest me of thy conquest in Hungary, and of thy design to undertake another enterprise, from which thou hopest for a like success ; but bear in mind, that of all projects that men can form, none are more uncertain than those which depend on the fate of arms.—Adieu."

Expecting an immediate assault, De L'Isle Adam made all the preparations in his power. He erected several new forts, and laid in a large supply of provisions and munitions of war. A muster of forces showed only six hundred Knights, and four thousand five hundred soldiers, to resist the overwhelming hosts of the Saracens, which were estimated at two hundred thousand. Solyman thus demanded the surrender of the island : "The robberies that you are constantly perpetrating upon our faithful subjects, and the insults which you offer to our imperial Majesty, compel us to command you instantly to give up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes. If you do so with good grace, we swear by the God who made heaven and earth, by the twenty-six thousand prophets, and the four Musaphi that fell from heaven, and by our great prophet Mahomet, that you may go forth from the island, and that the inhabitants may there remain without injury from us. But if you yield not at once to our orders, you shall all be put to the edge of our redoubtable sword, and the towers, bastions, and walls of Rhodes, shall be levelled to the ground."

The details of this memorable seige show the noble defence made by the few valiant Knights, against the innumerable forces of Solyman, but space will not permit us to enlarge on them. The Turkish artillery made numerous and formidable breaches in the fortifications, but fresh entrenchments were erected in the rear, and host after host of the assail-

ants were repulsed, and almost annihilated. Forty thousand men fell by the arms of the Knights alone. The Sultan was in despair, and declared that his head, his fleet, and his whole empire should be forever accursed, if he failed to capture the fortress of the Christian Knights. For days together, he shut himself up in his tent, fearing that each messenger would bring him but further news of disaster. At length, the city became utterly untenable, dissensions among the Christians in Europe prevented their rendering any assistance, and after six months heroic defence, the Knights were compelled to surrender. The terms of capitulation were most honorable to them; they were allowed to carry away all their effects, and the guns of their galleys, the relics of their Saints, and the sacred vessels of the churches, and the inhabitants who remained were to be allowed the free exercise of the Christian religion, and to be released from taxes for five years. The first day of January, 1523, saw the close of this eventful period in the history of the Knights; the few who remained, sailed from the island, deeply sorrowful at being compelled to leave the place, where they had reigned so gloriously for nearly two hundred and twenty years.

Bartlett, an Eastern traveller, who visited Rhodes a few years ago, found the works, and even the private houses of the Knights, still remaining in a good state of preservation. The "*Strada dei Cavalieri*," or "Street of the Knights," he describes as a long and picturesque avenue of gothic houses, still having the armorial bearings of the noble and gallant inmates. "So complete is everything, that one might almost expect the stalwart champions of the order, to step forth in mail of proof, from their gothic portals, into the street, which once echoed with their iron tread; but the streets are silent as the neighbouring cemeteries—rank grass springs up between the interstices of the pavement, and during the long summer days, the twitter of the swallows in the eaves of the carved mullions, is the only sound of life. All the vitality of Rhodes, in fact, was suddenly extinguished by the departure of the Knights, and it has gradually dwindled down, until a thin sown population of mingled Turks and Greeks, occupies the proud city, once gallant with chivalry, and enriched by commerce. Its lofty towers, around which the storm of battle has so often rung, are silent and tenantless; few and ignoble are the passengers who awaken by their footsteps, the echoes of its portals, and you may make the circuit of its walls, without encountering a living creature, but a lizard. The gothic city of Rhodes may be likened to a beautiful body, from which the soul has departed; but nature adorns the island itself, with never-fading verdure and loveliness. From the hills above, the prospect over sea and land is one of matchless beauty, and the interior is a perfect garden. Almost every inhabitant has a bunch of roses in his hand, thus vindicating the original

derivation of the name. No wonder that the Knights' struggled so gallantly to maintain such a possession—that the decks of the fugitive vessels, as the land faded from their sight, resounded with the tears of the exiles, on being expelled from such a terrestrial paradise."

For seven years after their departure from Rhodes, the Knights travelled through Europe, and without any fixed place of abode. They had temporary seats at Cyprus, Castria, in the island of Candia, Messina in Sicily, and lastly at Rome. During these wanderings, the Grand Master, De L'Isle Adam, busied himself in preventing a general dispersioi of the Knights, and in securing the property of the Order, in different countries, which was in danger of being seized and confiscated. In pursuance of this object, he visited Spain, Portugal, France and England, and not only secured the possessions and rights of the Order in those countries, but received promises of valuable assistance from the several monarchs. While in England, he abode several days at the Commandery of St. John, Clerkenwell, and was received by King Henry VIII., with great honor and attention, who on his departure presented him with a gold basin and cup, enriched with precious stones, which remained in the general treasury at Malta, until carried away by the French Republicans.

At length, in the year 1530, through the intercessions of the Pope and his own exertions, De L'Isle Adam procured from the Emperor, Charles V., of Spain, a grant of the Island of Malta, which the Knights were to garrison and defend against the increasing power of the Turks. They took possession on the 26th of October, 1530, and immediately commenced to repair the fortifications and defences. The Grand Master, although advanced in years, devoted himself energetically to the work, and caused numerous new galleys to be constructed; and Malta, from a weak and defenceless port, soon grew up to be the bulwark of Christendom, and the terror of the African corsairs. Since this period, the Hospitaller have been known by the title of "*Knights of Malta.*"

De L'Isle Adam died on the 21st of August, 1534, and was succeeded by John De Omedes. Under his rule, and that of Claude de la Sengle, the Knights fully sustained their ancient reputation. Sultan Solyman was defeated in two unsuccessful attacks, and his armies and fleet compelled to retreat from the island. But these defeats served only to incite the Sultan to renewed efforts. On the 18th of May, 1565, the Ottoman fleet again appeared before Malta, consisting of 59 large ships, carrying a force of 30,000 men, including the Janissaries and Spahis, the most formidable soldiers of the Turkish army, while a considerable number of vessels followed, laden with the heavy artillery and munitions of war. The Knights were now destined to sustain the most terrific attack that had ever been made upon them; and the result proved, that

for deeds of heroic daring, and the utmost bravery under the greatest disadvantages, they were unsurpassed, rendering this one of the most memorable sieges recorded in the annals of history.

The Grand Master, at this period, was John De La Valette, who was well fitted for the post of responsibility and peril. He procured reinforcements from the Viceroy of Sicily, and summoned all the Knights who were absent in Europe. A review of the forces showed about 600 Knights, exclusive of *freres servants*, and 8500 warriors, consisting of the soldiers of the galleys, foreign troops in the pay of the Order, and militia of the island. The siege lasted for five months, and its record is one continued tale of attack and repulse—each one more serious to the Knights than the preceding, yet causing enormous losses to the Turks. No outpost was surrendered until the last of its defenders had fallen, and host after host of the besiegers had perished under the arms of the Christian Knights. Finally, the Turks were compelled to retreat, leaving behind them all their artillery, and having lost no less than 30,000 men in the vain attempt to conquer Malta. On receiving the despatch informing him of so ignominious a failure, Solyman, it is said, tore his hair and trampled it on the ground, exclaiming that “his soldiers were only victorious under his own command;” and, to prevent the murmurs of his people, was reduced to publish a fictitious declaration, that his forces had been successful, and that the Knights had been entirely vanquished.

The defence of Malta resounded throughout Christendom, and raised to the highest pitch the glory of La Valette. Congratulations and presents poured in upon him from the different Princes of Europe; but he still devoted himself to his Knights, and to the work of restoring the fortifications. In 1566 he founded Valetta, but did not live to see its completion. He died in August, 1568; and was succeeded by Pierre De Monte, under whose superintendence Valetta was finished, and the residence of the Order transferred thither in 1571. Hostilities continued for a long period between the galleys of the Order and the Turkish marine and corsairs of Barbary, in which the Knights were generally victorious, and rendered good service to Christendom by keeping in check the infidels, at a period when, as yet, the naval forces of the great European powers were but imperfectly developed.

But, as the marine of France and England became more powerful, while the Turkish Empire, once so formidable, gradually sank into insignificance, the occupation of the Knights of Malta, as bearing the brunt of the attacks against the Christian religion, was gone. Secure in their impregnable bulwarks, and covered with the *prestige* of former exploits, they became rather a corporation of wealthy princes than a body of hardy warriors. In this altered condition of affairs, they applied themselves to the development of the resources of the island,

and carefully fostered the cotton manufacture, which greatly enriched the population, and increased nearly ten-fold under their flourishing rule. Those stupendous fortifications, which attract the wonder of the stranger, were under the rule of the successive Grand Masters, also carried to completion. But we must now hasten to draw our sketch to a conclusion.

On the breaking out of the French Revolution, the property of the Knighthood of Malta was confiscated, and the Order annulled in that country. Their revenues in Italy and Spain shortly afterwards followed, and the possession of Malta became the next object of the Republicans. Secret emissaries sent to the island, formed a party favorable to the French, and, it is alleged, that some of the principal Knights were induced to concert measures for its surrender. However this may be, it is certain that the terms of capitulation were hurriedly arranged when Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt, obtained possession of the island. Hompesch, the Grand Master, received a large pension, as did several of his officers. The property of the inhabitants was not to be invaded, nor their religion disturbed. And thus, rather ignominiously, came to a close, on the 12th of June, 1798, the existence, as an independent sovereign and political power, of the *Illustrious Order of St. John of Jerusalem*, after having subsisted for more than seven hundred years.

The island of Malta was taken from the French by the English, who received the sovereignty of the island, by the election of the people themselves, in 1802; and at the Congress of Vienna, it was finally confirmed to them by the European powers. Attempts have been made from time to time, to restore the Order of Malta, but they have hitherto been unsuccessful. Their formalities, however, are still kept up in the principal cities of Europe, and they continue to elect a Grand Master, who resides in Italy, under the protection of the Roman Pontiff.

At some future period, we may be able to show their connexion with the masonic fraternity, and to trace out the different causes which led to their being merged into our peaceful society.

FENCING.—A gentlemen seeing an Irishmen fencing in a very barren and desolate piece of land, said: "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat? A flock of sheep would starve in it." "Och, sure, yer honor, wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor bastes out of it!"

RETURNUM.—A constable pursued a thief, who took refuge on a stump in a swamp; and pulled up after him the rail on which he went out. The constable made the following return: "Sightable—conversable—non est come-at-a-ble—in swampum—on stumpum—rails-ups."

FIRE-WATER.—At a recent fire in Helena, Montana, water being scarce, barrels of cider and beer were poured upon the flames.

MASONRY IN PRUSSIA.

As Russia is bound up with the memory of Peter the Great, so is Prussia indissolubly united to the fame of Frederick the Second. Both autocrats—but in widely different senses—these men have stamped the impress of their several geniuses on the world's history. The one was admired for his persistent hardihood, the other for his remarkable courage. To the former has been assigned an enigmatical position in the world's great story; of the other a "plain unvarnished tale" has been told. Both deserve our respect, the latter alone our esteem. But there is a subtle analogy between these two monarchs, who fought, each according to his light, against evil and darkness, well worthy of consideration. Reverse the centuries, and the two men in the same position would have done the same. Peter, from a great brute mass, formed a nation—a Russia worth thinking about. Frederick, with an instinct possessed by few men of his time, smelt the Revolution, stemmed its torrent, and brought into existence the most intellectual and enlightened monarchy the world has seen in these confused latter days. Peter knew nothing of, and had he known, would have rejected Freemasonry as quite at variance with his ideas of autocracy. Frederick, though at peril of his life, accepted it. He saw in it a refuge from the perplexing problems of his time; it formed a barrier against the skeptical philosophy of Baron Holbach; it supplied a means of escape from the generalizations of Lamarck, and it pointed to that road which leads to advancement in an intellectual and moral sense. It inspired his actions in peace; it invigorated, while it chastened, his fierceness in war. There is no spectacle more noteworthy than that of this sad king, whose wars were made that peace might prevail; who wasted lands that they might become fertile; and whose latest and last efforts were devoted to the consolidation of the materials he had gathered by supreme suffering. He was a Mason in that great sense so desirable to be understood by the mere crowd of initiates we now see about us, flaunting ornaments wherever banquets are spread, and "doing the philanthropic" because they hope it may lead them to advancement.

Let us revert for a moment to Peter of Russia. Brute in passion he undoubtedly was; but whoever that has seen Tartar races of our present time can doubt that he, by force of will—by strenuous exertion—humanized that which was Scythion before his day? He too was Masonic, but Masonic unawares. If any one remembers the state of the government of Kostroma, an interior circle of Russia, only fifteen years ago—if they can tell anything about the licenses and enormities then, even, committed—they may form some conception of what Russia might have been before the patient carpenter of Deptford set his shoulder to the wheel of State.

But even this great problem of Peter's was transcended by the simplicity of Bro. Frederick. He found a nation of slaves—he left them men. He taught them that lesson which few communities like to learn; from shame, he *told them to respect themselves!* This was Masonic; and few, if any, nations owe more to Masonic influence than Prussia. I have lived there, and I know it. No silly questions of precedence were of the slightest avail; there was a gigantic misery, a wrong not to be defined, and this noble Mason solved it. This is, therefore, my construction of Freemasonry: that, *vi et armis*, it is to carry good to our homes, our hearths, *ourselves*. It is not a false Masonry, which like

Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself,
And falls o' the other side;

it is an absolute reality.

The circumstances of the initiation of the great men who made Prussia, may best be told in the words of Carlyle:

“Trifling circumstances of Freemasonry as we read in Bielfeld, and in many books after him, 'befell in manner following: Among the dinner guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Buckeburg—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation, whose territory lies on the Weir, leading to the Dutch connection. * * * He was a dinner guest: and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry, a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or re-kindled in those years, in England first of all, and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light from Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the mark of things. Bog-meteor, foolish, putrescent will-o'-wisp, his majesty promptly defines it to be. Tom-foolery and *Kinder Spiel*, what else?

“Thereupon Buckeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high thoughts in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence, and was so respectful, eloquent, dexterous, ingenious, he quite capitvated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Buckeburg aside, talked further on the subject, expressed his admiration, conviction—his wish to be admitted into such a hero-fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them, that Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown Prince's road homeward—say at Brunswick, night before the fair, where we are to be—and there make the Crown Prince a Mason. This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not at Loo at all; dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighbourhood, during the Cleve Review time; probably at Minden,

17th July, 1738, and all was settled into fixed programme before Loo came in sight. Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw and was himself a part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular. He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now desirable enough) the Durchlaucht of Lippe-Buekeburg had summoned six brethren of the Hamburg Lodge, of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmansegge, a Baron von Oberg (both from Hanover), and Bielfeld himself, a merchant's son of Hamburg; these, with Kielmansegge's valet to act as Tiler, valet being also a Mason, and the rule, equality of mankind, were to have the honor of initiating the Crown Prince.

"They arrived at the western gates of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is fair time; all manner of trades, pedlars, showmen, rendezvousing; many neighbouring nobility, too, as was still the habit. 'Such a bulk of light luggage' said the custom-house people at the gate; but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to 'Korns' Hotel' (if anybody now know it), and patiently waited. No great things of a hotel, says Bielfeld; but can be put up with; worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by—nothing but a wooden partition between us. How if he should overhear! Prussian Majesty and *suite*, under universal cannon salvos, arrived, Sunday, 12th, to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august son-in-law and daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at court, the rest of us not, privately settles with the Prince, 'Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night; at Korns' Hotel, late enough?' And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August, 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready. Tiler, (Kielmansegge's valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers; he is lying dead drunk many hours ago; could not overhear a cannon battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate, and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them—on the Crown Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way. Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince; his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy, and how he was so 'intrepid,' and possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instant. Extremely genial air, and so young—looks younger even than his years; handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; his large blue

eyes have something at once severe, sweet, and gracious. Eligible Mason, indeed! Had better make dispatch at present, least Papa be getting on the road before him! Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed *beh* rehand, with which the Prince seemed satisfied, and so, with Masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present, and the Crown Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty."—*London Freemason.*

OUR SISTER GRAND LODGES.

We propose devoting a few pages in each number of the CRAFTSMAN to a record of the proceedings of sister Grand Lodges, culled from their published reports as they are received at this office. We are quite sure that such a record will prove a most valuable feature of the Magazine, and will be read with great interest by the members of the Craft, to whom the welfare of the universal brotherhood is very dear:

GRAND LODGE OF LOUISIANA.

The fifty-seventh annual communication of this Grand Lodge met at New Orleans, on the 8th February last, the Grand Master, M. W. Bro. Henry R. Swasey, presiding; and 69 chartered lodges, and 5 U. D., being represented.

The M. W. the Grand Master in his address, congratulated Grand Lodge "upon the continued increase and prosperity of the several Lodges throughout the State;" and assured it that "the evidences are many and flattering of the renewed energy and goodwill with which the brethren are labouring to select the perfect ashlar with which to continue the building of our Masonic edifice." The address gives a very detailed statement of the dispensations issued, and other official acts performed during the year, and refers in very strong terms to a dispute with the Grand Orient of France, in relation to the recognition by the latter of a "Clandestine body" in the city of New Orleans, calling itself "the Supreme Council of the Sovereign and Independent State of Louisiana." Without in any way enquiring into the justice of the strong language used by M. W. Bro. Swasey, in relation to the so-called Supreme Council, we are quite sure that he will be sustained in the general protest which he enters against any attempt to establish a divided jurisdiction in the State.

The reports of the D. D. Grand Masters all point to a tolerably healthy condition of the subordinate Lodges. By one of them, we notice that the question of regalia in the Blue Lodge is exciting some interest, many brethren claiming that any Master Mason may, if he so desire it, embellish his apron with appropriate Masonic designs, and that even the Royal Arch Mason and the Knight Templar may appear in ordinary Blue Lodge, clothed in the regalia of their respective orders.

Nothing, to our mind, can be more clear than that the appropriate badge of a Master Mason should alone be worn in Blue Lodge; and that, to permit the latitudinarianism in dress, which is thus advocated, would be a serious breach of propriety. Of course we desire to be understood that Master Masons may wear the badge of the peculiar rank in Craft Masonry that belongs to them, and that Grand Officers may, and perhaps ought to, wear the special insignia of their offices.

By the Treasurer's report, we find the receipts of Grand Lodge for the year to have been \$25,925.29; the balance in the Treasurer's hands at the close of the year being \$3615.89. The general assets of Grand Lodge, however, including Grand Lodge Hall, and other properties, are reported at \$260,142.43; and its liabilities at \$181,022.57. During the year there was disbursed by Louisiana Relief Lodge, in relieving distressed Masons, &c., the sum of \$4060.57.

There are 133 subordinate Lodges in the jurisdiction, numbering 6099 members—the initiations during the year having been 602.

The report on Foreign Correspondence is an exceedingly interesting paper, extending over 138 pages, in which nearly all the Grand Lodges of the world are noticed, our own among the number.

GRAND LODGE OF TEXAS.

The Grand Lodge held its thirty-ninth annual communication in the city of Houston, commencing on the 14th of June last, the M. W. the Grand Master, Peter W. Gray, presiding, and a large number of lodges being represented.

The Grand Master in his address says of the condition of masonry in the State: "It is cause for congratulation that so little of discord has prevailed, while so much work has been accomplished. The few instances of it have only appeared, as spots upon the sun, making the surrounding light more brilliant. As the Temple was erected without noise, or discordant sound of hammer, saw or iron, so has Masonry progressed among us. It is the legitimate fruit of those principles of harmony and fraternity which Masonry inculcates, and which I have laboured to enforce. * * * * The work has prospered in nearly all quarters. We hear glad tidings of renewed zeal in spreading the cement among the Craft; and of activity in rebuilding the waste places, not utterly extinct and desolated by the unhappy events of former years. If I am not greatly deceived, this is not an overdrawn picture; and perhaps I may safely say, that to-day, Masonry in Texas stands higher in the respect of good men without our pale; is more warmly engrafted in the affections of the sons of light; and is stronger in those moral elements which constitute our power and honour." He very strongly condemns the action of the Grand Orient of France in recognizing the so-called Supreme Council of Louisiana, and claims for the legitimate Grand Lodge of that State, the sympathy and support of

the brethren in other jurisdictions. On the subject of non-affiliated masons, which excites much interest among our neighbours, the Grand Master spoke as follows :—

“This subject continues a source of embarrassment and misunderstanding. It is settled by our Constitution that a Mason may dimit upon payment of dues, unless under charges. His will cannot be restrained; yet Masonry regards it as his duty to belong to some Lodge. If he wilfully neglects or refuses to apply for membership, he violates this duty, and the Lodge is no longer under the same obligations to him as a member. For this neglect of duty, he forfeits the right to claim the benefits of Masonry. This is the penalty to which he is liable, and thus far there is little difficulty. The question arises, must the penalty be inflicted in all cases and under all circumstances? He cannot claim it as a right, nor can the Lodge grant it, unless he ‘shows sufficient reason for not being a member, of the sufficiency of which the Lodge is the proper judge.’ Such is the regulation. Does it leave no power in the Lodge to consider the case in all its bearings, and in the exercise of its charity towards the Brother, confer a benefit on him? If it does, in my judgment it is a harsh rule, inconsistent with the spirit of Masonry. But it cannot, I think, be so construed. That such was not the intention of the law, is clear to my mind. Certainly I do not approve the indiscriminate exercise of such charity. Indeed, the case ought to be a clear one to justify it. For the principle, however, and for the duty of exercising it in instances that do sometimes occur, I should strenuously contend. This being so while the Brother is alive, none the less does it commend itself after his death. Distressing indeed would it be in some instances, if a Lodge could not be allowed to perform the last offices for a deceased Brother, merely because he happened to be unaffiliated. An immigrant stranger, with his dimit, on his way to a new home with his family, is stricken with fever and lies sick unto death; shall we turn from him and leave him unattended and neglected? An eminent Brother, honored by all for long service and zeal, takes a dimit to join another Lodge, and is suddenly called to rest, before affiliating; or, worn by age and suffering poverty, is unaffiliated, and dies loved and respected, must Masonry condemn and offer no consolation to his friends and family? Would it not be a burning shame that his desire to be buried by his brethren should be denied? Brethren, there is no such law; neither, indeed, can be; for a law of coldness and severity to the sick and dead is a blow aimed at Brotherly Love and Charity, the vigor of Masonic life.”

By the Treasurer’s report, we learn that the receipts of Grand Lodge during the year amounted to \$14,379.02; and its expenditures to \$10,868.45.

There are several reports from a Committee on Masonic jurisprudence. Among the decisions arrived at by the Committee and confirmed by Grand Lodge, was a declaration to the effect that no Master Mason can be a member of two subordinate lodges at the same time, and requiring that “no Lodge shall affiliate a member without the production and deposit of his dimit, or satisfactorily accounting for its loss, or other cause for his inability to produce one.”

There are 317 chartered lodges in the jurisdiction, and 6 under dispensation.

THE PRAYER OF DAVID.

—
FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.
—

“ Oh! spare me, that I may recover strength.”

It was night upon Jerusalem,
Through the palace of the king
There came no sound of armed men,
No songs the minstrels sing ;
The incense lamps burnt faintly.
And the moon's soft light was laid
Upon the tessellated floor,
As the suffering monarch prayed.

“ Spare me,” the earth is lovely,
For all green things are smiling, and the rose
Sends up its fragrance through my lattice bars ;
The streamlet from the distant mountain flows,
Making sweet music to the twinkling stars,
As night is coming.

Oh! “ spare me,” I have suffered,
This form that never sank in weakness down,
For lion, bear, or Philistine, can now
Scarce turn its weary eyes to sword or crown,
Or raise its fingers to this throbbing brow ;
Pity my weakness.

Oh! “ spare me,” men of battle
Wait for my voice upon the blood stained field ;
And I have been so strong for Israel's right,
It cannot be that I have now to yield
Helmet and spear ; no, I have yet to fight
For thee, Jehovah.

Oh! “ spare me” I am wanting
In the assembly of the choral host ;
Asaph has stayed the rapt chords of his lyre,
And Abiezer's army halts on Jordan's coast ;
Nathan the prophet weeps', Hiram of Tyre
Waiteth my coming.

Oh! “ spare me,” my sweet children
Traverse the marble halls with noiseless feet ;
I once again must twine the golden hair
Of lovely Absalom, and hear the sweet
Full tones of loved Bathsheba's heir,
My thoughtful Solomon.

Oh! “ spare me,” gentle voices
That have a charm for me, so calm and low,
Have whispered to me loving words to-day ;
And I have felt soft lips upon my brow,
That scared the fever's burning glow away,
Calming my spirit.

Oh! “ spare me.” Well I know
That in thy presence dwells unbroken peace,
And I shall rest by thy right hand at length ;
And yet I ask life's pulse may not yet cease,
Oh! “ spare me” that I may recover strength
Ere the grave claims me.

HARRIETT ANNIE.

MASONIC COURTESY.

BY BRO. ROBERT RAMSAY.

As our former article upon this subject, which appeared in these columns has apparently excited some attention, we propose to once more allude to this important matter. We believe too much cannot be said upon a subject which so closely concerns every member of the Fraternity, and such being the case, we think it is not only the duty of the masonic journalist to write upon it, but that of the Worshipful Master and Officers of every lodge throughout the world, to impress upon the minds of their members, the necessity of cultivating an amicable relationship with sister lodges, and a courteous manner towards visiting brethren. Such being our views, we propose once more to express our opinions upon Masonic Courtesy; a courtesy that should exist between brothers not only *within*, but also *without* the portals of the lodge room.

We maintain in the first place that Freemasonry is something more than a mere ephemeral institution that exists simply for the purpose of practising certain rites and ceremonies—in a word, it is not an Order, but a Fraternity. What are our principles? What do our tenets inculcate? Are they not Equality, Fraternity and Morality? Do we not teach Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth? Is not Charity the very corner stone of our Society? If so, our duties are clear. The Mason who coldly treats a brother when in distress, is a traitor to the Brotherhood. The Mason who neglects to welcome as a brother, the visiting brother, is guilty of gross unmasonic conduct, and the Worshipful Master who thus forgets his duty is a disgrace to that Oriental Chair, in which so many great and noble men have sat. Still such things are done every day, and it is this coldness that has driven thousands of our best men from our lodges. There can be no denial to this assertion, as every mason must have heard expressions of annoyance and regret at this unfortunate state of affairs. If such is the case, (and though plain facts are often disagreeable ones, we must adhere to the statement just made,) what remedy is there for the evil? Our correspondent says "The Ballot-box." That is a power of strength alone, but however careful we may be, we will still find masons lacking in masonic courtesy. We believe the remedy is in the hands of the masters of subordinate lodges. *Example* is what the Fraternity require. Too many masons fancy the moment they become W. M., that the dignity of their office places them above the ordinary members of that lodge, a most preposterous idea.

We hold then that it is the duty of every Master to see that the officers and members of his lodge should welcome with a right good cordial grip and smile, the visitor; and he (the W. M.) may rest

assured the visitor will not readily forget his courtesy and fraternal kindness. He may rely upon it that by pursuing such a course, the lodge over which he has the honor to preside, would be mentioned far and near as a bright example to the Fraternity.

The old adage that "Straws tell which way the wind blows" is a very appropriate one in this instance. A little gentlemanly courtesy, a genial smile, a warm welcome, are easily bestowed, yet they sink deep and often make lasting impressions upon the mind of the visiting brother. Our Worshipful Masters then we think are generally to blame where any lack of Masonic Courtesy exists. They should set a bright example to their fellows of those noble tenets, which, month after month, they so glibly repeat; if they did this, the visitor would never turn from the masonic door. The matter, therefore, is worthy of more than a moment's consideration and thought. We have to apologise for twice writing upon the same subject; but we cannot help expressing our belief that it is a matter of vital importance for the best interests of our fraternity, and that it is the duty of every member of the Order, and particularly of those in authority, to exemplify in all cases their belief in our tenets by ever acting towards a brother mason in the fraternal spirit of masonic courtesy.

FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the July number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* was published a letter from England, in which some account was given of the Masonic Girls' School, at St. John's Hill, Battersea Rise, S. W. We are sure our readers will be glad to learn something more of the Institutions which the benevolent spirit of Freemasonry has caused to be erected, and which are a standing monument of the true principles of the Order. We purpose, therefore, in a series of papers, to lay before our readers the history of these Institutions, and the work which they are performing, in the hope that the example thus set us may stir us up to a better appreciation, and a more general practice, of the benign principles of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth.

The Girls' School, or, as it is called, "The Royal Freemasons' School, for maintaining, clothing, and educating female children, daughters of decayed Freemasons," is one of the most ancient of the Masonic establishments of England. Its origin dates back to the year 1788, over eighty years ago, when, on the 25th March, it was instituted at the suggestion of Chevalier Bartholomew Ruspini, surgeon-dentist to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, "for the purpose of clothing, educating, and maintaining a limited number of female children, orphans or otherwise, of brethren belonging to the ancient and honourable society

of Free and Accepted Masons of England, whose reduced circumstances in life might prevent them affording their female offspring a suitable education." The Institution soon clustered around it the support of benevolent and influential craftsmen. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, together with numbers of the nobility and gentry of the land, gave to it their hearty encouragement and support, and its success soon became a matter, not of speculation, but of certainty.

The first building for the use of the School was erected in 1793, on leasehold ground near the Obelisk, St. George's Fields, the ground being the property of the Corporation of the City of London, at a cost of £3,000, which was soon more than doubled by the necessary enlargements and repairs. At that time the building was in the country, in an open space, with plenty of fresh air about it. The city, however, gradually encroached upon it; and when, in 1851, the lease expired, two objections, both fatal, existed to its renewal. In the first place, the city had extended its limits to St. George's; and what was formerly fields, was now a busy, closely-packed suburb, more remarkable for the misery that existed among its inhabitants, than for the beauty of its buildings. The air was so impregnated with the odour of factories, that it was by common consent unsuited for the purpose of such an establishment as a girls' school. And second, although the site was not suited for the purpose for which it had been used, it had become more valuable, and no renewal of lease could be effected except at a large increase of rental. Accordingly, the managers of the Institution determined to select some other place; and after some consideration, the place where the building now stands was purchased, it being a beautiful spot of three acres, affording abundant room for gardens and play-grounds, in one of the healthiest spots about London, upon which a splendid brick edifice was erected. The peculiar attractions of this site are its proximity to railway accommodation, being but a few hundred feet from the Wandsworth Station of the London and Brighton Railway, and its proximity to churches. The erection of the new building involved a considerable outlay, and an appeal was made to the Craft, which was liberally responded to, as all such appeals have been in England.

The new premises gave facilities for enlarged usefulness. In it, the establishment consists of a matron, a governess, and four assistants; a gardener, whose wife assists in the household duties, and three female servants. The system of education has been greatly enlarged, the girls remaining in the School until they are sixteen years of age. Of that system, the writer is in a position to speak from personal observation, and it is impossible to speak too highly of it. The testimony of the examiner of the French classes may, however, be cited, with this observation, that the same thoroughness characterizes the instruction in all

other branches. The examiner was the Rev. Dr. Ernest Brette, Head Master of the French School, Christ's Hospital, London, and Examiner in the University of London. In his report he says:—

“In presenting you with this my Fifth Report, I experience some difficulty in expressing the great satisfaction that the examination of the French Classes of your Institution has afforded me, and this difficulty is enhanced by the circumstance that I am constrained to speak in terms of higher praise than I have used during the last four years. I have no fault to find, nor indeed *could* I find any, either with the way in which French is taught in your School, or the manner in which it is acquired by the Girls, and I feel therefore in duty bound to bestow unqualified praise on both Teachers and Pupils, and to repeat in this public Report the remarks I addressed to the Children at the end of my examination, namely, that, during the course of nearly fourteen years, I never found in any School I have had the opportunity of examining, Pupils who did more credit to those who had charge of their instruction than these do to Miss DAVIS and her Assistants. Not only is the pronunciation correct, but the knowledge of Grammar extremely good; the Verbs, that stumbling-block to all English Students of the French Language, have been mastered, and are thoroughly well-known; the Dictation which, in my opinion, is one of the best tests of the Pupils' knowledge of French, has been *perfect* in not less than *twelve* cases, and very good or satisfactory in all. This alone would justify my saying that the Children have made, since last year, very considerable progress. But, I must bring under your special notice the remarkable manner in which they have translated English into French, and more particularly French into English. The First Class had read the “*Voyage en Orient*,” by LAMARTINE, that splendid and attractive work in poetical prose, and, I may safely say, they had read it *con amore*. I listened with delight, while they were translating the harmonious periods of the French Bard, in a pure, elegant, nay, in a kind of rhythmic English. The beautiful accents of the poet had been understood, and were now re-echoed in the hearts and mouths of these young girls. The impression they made on me was almost as vivid as if I had heard them uttered in LAMARTINE'S tongue. Brother A. PERRON, B. A., French Examiner in the College of Preceptors, who, again this year, kindly volunteered his services to assist me, experienced the same feeling, and concurred entirely with me, when I gave our little friends the high praises to which they were so justly entitled, and which it was my good fortune to bestow in the presence of a member of the House Committee, Brother BENJAMIN HEAD, who must have felt proud of the refinement of feeling displayed by the “*Protégées*” of the Craft in their accurate and elegant translation of a difficult, though charming, French author.”

Not only is the greatest pains bestowed upon the tuition of the pupils, by the excellent ladies in charge of the Institution, but their general training for a life of usefulness is the constant aim of the School. The religious education is everything that could be desired. The fact mentioned in our correspondence from London, that the first prize for religious knowledge at the annual Cambridge examinations, when the pupils were brought into competition with those of a number of other schools, was taken by a girl of this school, affords sufficient evidence of

this. The pupils are also carefully trained in household duties, taking their full share of this work in connection with the Institution; so that when, their education, being completed, they are sent back to their friends, if they have any, or placed in situations as Governesses or elsewhere, they are fully fitted for the performance of their duties, and have always so conducted themselves as to reflect great credit upon the Establishment. The system under which pupils are admitted, and the mode in which the Institution is maintained, will form the subject of an article in our next number.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

QUESTION.—Is it necessary when notifying members of a candidate for initiation, to send circulars to those who were present the night that the petition was received; and is it necessary to notify the officers of the Lodge?

ANSWER.—It is necessary. The Constitution, under the head "of proposing members," 2nd section, states distinctly and requires that the "name, age, addition or profession, and place of abode," must be "sent to *all the members* in the summons for the next regular meeting." No exception can be made to this general rule.

QUESTION.—Two persons apply for initiation into Masonry. One is compelled to use a crutch, on account of a diseased hip joint: the other requires to use a stick in walking. Are these disabilities sufficient to exclude them?

ANSWER.—They are. No man can be made a mason "unless he be a perfect youth having no maim or defect in his body:" This subject is exciting a great deal of attention; but the best authorities, in all jurisdictions, are agreed upon the point.

QUESTION.—A brother has been suspended by his Lodge; and, upon appeal to Grand Lodge, the suspension has been removed. Does that removal restore him to all the privileges of his own Lodge?

ANSWER.—The general opinion of the best masonic authorities is that it does. But there is some difference of opinion on the subject, and we would be glad to have the views of any of our learned brethren upon the point. That the removal of the suspension restores him to all his privileges as a Mason, there can be no doubt; but there are those who hold that it goes no further than this; and that Grand Lodge cannot compel his particular Lodge to accept him as a member.

GENERAL LODGE OF INSTRUCTION.—We understand that it is proposed to hold a General Lodge of Instruction for the Prince Edward and Ontario Districts at Port Hope, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of December next. R. W. Bro. William McCabe, D. D. G. M. Ontario District, and R. W. Bro. H. W. Delaney, D. D. G. M. Prince Edward District, are now busily engaged in effecting the arrangements. It is expected that the assistance of many brethren of eminence in the order will be secured. While the meeting is to be held mainly for the benefit of the Districts named, brethren from other jurisdictions will be heartily welcomed. It is thought that the Railway Companies will issue return tickets at one fare, as was done at the meeting held at Peterborough last year. The hotels will furnish accommodations at the reduced rate of \$1 per day. The District Masters named hope to be able to announce full particulars in our next issue.

CORRESPONDENCE.

—
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRAFTSMAN.
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HAMILTON, Sept. 29th 1869.

DEAR SIR.—While visiting Kilwinning Lodge, No. 64, London, a few evenings since, I was so much pleased with the proceedings of its worthy W. M. Thos. F. McMullen, that I would like to see his example followed by a few other W. M. throughout the Dominion. After the usual routine of Lodge business, as it was still early, he requested any of the Brethren present who had noticed any errors or omissions to state them, to make any suggestions that might have occurred to them as to his forms of working, and to ask any information they might think proper. Now I am quite aware that it is a rule to do this in all Lodges, but it is usually done in so formal a manner, that it is seldom taken advantage of, and in this way a large amount of information is often sacrificed by the brethren, for it must be acknowledged we cannot any of us claim perfection in the working of our lodges; and besides this, there are frequently little points where the omission of a few words makes a vast difference, which is not noticed by members who are accustomed to that work regularly, but is easily detected by a visitor, and can be easily remedied by attention being drawn to it. In this way parties visiting different lodges can make their services almost invaluable in assimilating their working. On the night I refer to, there were a large number of visiting brethren present from different parts of the Dominion, and also from the American side, as it was during the Exhibition week; and a number of very interesting points were brought up for discussion, some of which I beg to submit for your decision: 1st. Is it not in accordance with the Canadian working to repeat the following passage of scripture during a certain part of the ceremony of raising the candidate, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth &c., &c." as it is frequently omitted? 2nd. Is not the obligation of the Master Mason very much the same in all the different workings, English, Irish, Scotch, American, &c., &c.?

I have read with interest the controversy that is going on about "Masonic Courtesy." I must say I quite agree with W. M. of Ottawa, as to the conduct of lodges there; for having had the pleasure of visiting the lodges, I have always received the most courteous treatment, and in fact remarked it on one occasion more especially on account of my being a mere humble M. M., of no very brilliant pretensions; but, as the Worshipful Brother says, I found the lodges well tyled. I have known several occasions where P. M., and W. M. have visited lodges as M. M. only, and then grumbled because their rank was not recognized. Others grumble because the examinations are so severe. These complaints are inevitable, and do not in any way reflect upon the "Courtesy" of the Lodges. I am glad of this opportunity of bearing my testimony on this subject in favour of the Ottawa brethren. C.

CHANGE OF MEETING.—The Brethren of "Evergreen" Lodge, U. D., meeting in Lanark, have, by unanimous vote, changed their night of meeting from the Tuesday on or before full moon, to the first Tuesday of every month.

DISPENSATIONS.—Three dispensations for new Lodges have been issued since our last number. The first is for “Zeredatha Lodge,” to be held at Uxbridge, in the County of Ontario, on each Monday on or before full moon. Bro. Geo. Henry Dartnell has been nominated W. M.; Brother Abner Hurd, Senior Warden; and Bro. James Jager Hillary, Junior Warden. The petition for the dispensation was signed by sixteen Master Masons. The second is for a Lodge at Thorold, County of Lincoln, to be called “Mountain Lodge,” which is to hold its meetings on the Wednesday on or immediately preceding full moon. Bro. John Dale, W. M.; Bro. Robert James Johnston, Senior Warden; and Bro. James Lawson, Junior Warden. The petition contained the names of twenty-two Master Masons. And the third is for “Credit Lodge,” at Georgetown, County of Halton, meetings to be held on the Friday on or before the full moon. V. W. Bro. J. M. Dunn, W. M.; Bro. Solomon Page, Senior Warden; and Bro. Milton H. Starr, Junior Warden; the petition having been signed by thirteen Master Masons. We wish these Lodges every prosperity.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

We trust our readers will excuse the delay in forwarding this number of *THE CRAFTSMAN*. It has arisen from disappointment in getting the title ready, the work having occupied a week longer than we anticipated. We think the Craft will admit that the design of the title is very beautiful. It was prepared by our R. W. Bro. Rastrick, of Hamilton; the wood-cutting having been done by Bro. John C. Lowe, Superintendent for Messrs. Halley & Newman, of Buffalo. It reflects the highest credit upon both our skilled brothers.

Our general agent, Bro. Ira Cornwall, jun., leaves for the Maritime Provinces, on a visit to the Lodges there, during next week. He will be absent for a few months, and we trust will be able to introduce *THE CRAFTSMAN* still more largely among our brethren in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We commend him to their fraternal consideration.

Subscribers missing any numbers, or noting any other irregularity connected with the delivery of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, will oblige by communicating direct with the Publishers, at Hamilton, Ont.

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NEW VOLUME.

Will our brethren throughout the Dominion bear in mind that the present number commences a Volume, and that most of the subscriptions have expired, and ought to be renewed without delay? Our Agent, Mr. Ira Cornwall, will, as time permits, visit the principal points; but we would ask our subscribers not to wait to be called on, but to remit direct to the office. The subscription—\$1.50—is not a large sum to each individual, but, with our present subscription list, it amounts in the aggregate to several thousand dollars. Will our friends, therefore, kindly remit without delay?

Address, **T. & R. WHITE,**

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