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# THE CRAFTSMAN,

AND

## CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

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### MR. NAGPORE'S NIECE.

"YOU'LL *have to go!*" said the doctor.

"But think of those jolly rooms!" said I.

"But think of your jolly good health!" said the doctor.

"Doctor," said I, "a slang expression, however appropriate to me, sounds awful when coming from your lips! Then you think it is positively necessary?"

"I have not the least doubt of it," said the doctor. "If you do not entirely change your course in life, give up late hours, and dancing parties, go early to bed, and sleep in country air, for the next three months, I will not answer for your life."

I was a bachelor in those days, one-and-twenty years of age, and with an iron constitution, which had pulled me through a sharp illness, brought on by indulgence in those very performances against the continuance of which our old family physician, Dr. Hunter, had so gravely warned me. I was in the Tin Tax office in those days, and although the men in the Tin Tax office were not then the great swells they are now, there were very many eligible men among them, and invitations to dance in the Baker Street and Bloomsbury districts were rife. There were theatres to go to then, were something else was to be seen besides neat ankles, and something else was to be heard besides melancholy jokes, and ribald songs, and one had a digestion, or supposed one had, which enabled one to eat chop and steaks, and drink stout and whisky-and-water at abnormal hours at night. So the result with me was, that all this dancing and theatre going, and supper eating, culminated in an attack of gastric fever, and instructions from Dr. Hunter for me to leave the cosy chambers which I inhabited in Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, and to look for apartments in the suburbs.

I found them at Hampstead, on the other side of the Heath, in a broad lane leading out of the Hendon Road. My landlord was a market-gardener, a cherry-red-face giant, who went away in the middle of the night with an enormous cart filled with vegetables and fruit to Covent Garden, and whom I used to meet as I went on the top of the omnibus to business, nodding drowsily on the shafts of his home-returning, empty waggon, the butt of such language as only omnibus drivers can

use. My bedroom overlooked the garden, and it was delicious to wake up in the early morning, throw the window open, and inhale the scent of the flowers, and the vegetables, and the fresh-cut grass in the distant fields. It was no trouble for me to get up early, as I used to go to bed at ten o'clock every evening, and in fact was glad to get there, as I was tired out doing nothing. I call doing nothing looking out of my sitting-room window while I smoked just one pipe, and amused myself by watching the people in the garden opposite.

It was a large garden belonging to a large house, one of those red-bricked Elizabethan houses that you find still standing in the northern suburbs. I used to see its owner and a young lady walking round and round the grass plot, he a tall, pompous old man, strutting along with his chin high in the air, and surveying the grounds with an unmistakable air of proprietorship, she walking quietly by his side, pensive, silent, and obviously bored. She must have been a very pretty girl, though I did not think very much about her in those days—my heart, or what I called my heart was occupied by another object. But I remember now that she had a pretty round figure, deep earnest brown eyes, an impertinent snub nose, and a most kissable bud of a mouth. I ascertained from my landlord that she was the niece of the pompous old gentleman. He was a widower, and had taken this child of his dead sister to be his housekeeper. My landlord spoke with becoming respect of Mr. Nagpore, for such he told me was the pompous old gentleman's name. He was one of the great men of the neighborhood, churchwarden, and chairman of the Local Board, the most intimate friend of the rector, and the leading authority in all parochial matters. He was an attorney in very excellent practice, in Westminster, and was considered in the neighborhood to be worth a great deal of money, though he had the character of being very covetous and grasping. Dark whispers were current, to the effect that Miss Marchmont, his niece, was actually kept uncommonly short in the matter of provisions; and one could judge from one's self that but little money was spent upon her wardrobe: not that she ever looked anything but a perfect lady, in her tight fitting serge dress, with its neat little linen collar and cuffs, but her well-made gloves and shoes were old and worn, and there was an absence of those little trifling ornaments and gimcrackerics always to be seen on a woman who has any money to spend.

Not that, from what I could make out, Miss Marchmont had no money of her own; on the contrary, if the report of the neighbors were to be believed, she was the heiress to a very pretty little sum of money, but this sum was not to be hers until her uncle's death, or her own marriage; and, in the latter case, Mr. Nagpore had the power of alienating his niece's legacy in another channel, provided he did not approve of her choice.

When I heard of these little particulars, I became quite interested in the Nagpore household, and enquired of my landlord whether there was no chance of Miss Marchmont's marrying. He replied that he had only heard of one suitor, and that this one was more of the old gentleman's selection than the young lady's. I saw the gentleman in question, a few days afterwards, walking in the garden with Mr. Nagpore and his niece, and I did not wonder that Miss Marchmont failed to be much struck with him. He was a short thick-set man, of a swarthy complexion, with a thick black beard, small, bright, beady black eyes, and sensual lips. A physiognomist would have made no mistake as

regards his nationality; for, though he called himself Ellison, which is a sufficiently Christian name, there was Jew stamped on every feature as plainly as though it had been written on his forehead. He was a diamond merchant in the City, and specimens of his wares glistened in the midst of his satin cravat, and on his stubby, thick, awkward fingers. There was such an unpleasant *empressement*, besides, in his bearing towards Miss Marchmont, as he walked by her side, that I, although without any particular feeling for the girl, longed to kick him. She was walking around the garden between her uncle and his guest, apparently as pensive and silent, and bored as usual; but when she stood on the steps, and Mr. Ellison, from his mail pheaton, made her a bow, which he evidently meant to be particularly killing, her eyes gleamed with an expression of indignation and contempt, which did not augur very well for that gentleman's chance of success.

It was about two evenings after the Ellison episode that as I was sitting at my window, I heard the tramp of horse's feet, and, looking down the lane, I perceived a man slowly riding towards me, whom I recognized at once as Piers Bulteel. Piers Bulteel was the greatest swell in the Tax office, a man who used to ride his hack in the Park, had been presented at Court, went into excellent society, and, it was currently repeated among us, had spoken to a duchess. I was not in his set; indeed, when we met either in the office or out of it, he was in the habit of acknowledging my presence by one of the most freezing nods. I was therefore considerably astonished when I saw him leisurely riding up the lane, and wondered what could have induced him to take the trouble to call upon me.

I had begun to wonder too soon. As soon as Piers Bulteel and his horse appeared in sight, I saw Miss Marchmont slip out of a little side-door in the wall, about fifty yards from the principal entrance, and turn down a little narrow lane—a mere bridle-path—leading into the fields. Piers Bulteel rode past my window without looking up, and, evidently unconscious of my proximity, turned his horse's head down the little bridle-path, and in a few moments I saw him dismount and, with the reins hanging over his arm, walking by Miss Marchmont side, and evidently talking earnestly to her. In about an hour's time, I saw Miss Marchmont come stealing back to the side-door alone and in a few minutes afterwards the noble Piers, lounging leisurely on horseback, came out of the bridle-path and turned down the lane. As he passed my window he chanced to look up, and saw me sitting there smoking my pipe. He was so taken aback that he scarcely knew what to do, and he gave me one of his short insolent nods, and rode by; but when he had gone a little distance, he turned his horse's head and rode up under the window, addressed me in his most winsome manner—he had a wonderful winning manner when he chose—and asked me what on earth brought me into these parts. I went down to the door, sent one of my landlords boys to hold Bulteel's horse, and brought the great don up into my room, where he condescended to have some brandy and soda-water, and to make himself very agreeable, notwithstanding that the conversation was incessantly diverted by his looking over the wall at Miss Marchmont and her uncle, who, having woken from his after-dinner nap, was walking in the garden with his niece.

It would be tedious and quite unnecessary to describe how Piers Bulteel and I became intimate friends, how he took me into his confidence as regards to the love affair that existed between him and Miss

Marchmont, how he perpetually used my rooms for observation purposes a system of telegraphy as to the movements of her uncle and the possibility of her getting out being arranged between them— and how I might have been in the Post Office instead of the Tin Tax, so large was the number of letters which I conveyed between the lovers.

Time went on, and at last matters arrived at such a pitch that Piers thought it best to seek an interview with Mr. Nagpore, represent the state of affairs, and ask the old gentleman's consent to his union with Miss Marchmont. He was a good actor, Piers Bulteel, and his dramatic description of his interview with Mr. Nagpore was one of the best things which he did. The old gentleman was furious, inveighed most bitterly against Bulteel's want of money, and against the frivolous, society-haunting life which he led. I fancy I can see Piers Bulteel now rolling a towel round his neck, to imitate the old gentleman's stiff cravat, and admirably representing his pomposity of manner as he addressed him—"I, sir, am a moral man, a man brought up in very different opinions from those entertained by those men of the present day whose lives I consider are disgraceful to the country to which we belong, and the age in which we live. I do not wish to say anything personally harsh to you, Mr. Bulteel; but what little money my niece may have is legally liable to my power of veto, and that power I shall undoubtedly exercise, if I thought that her fortune was to be squandered amongst that class of persons who swallow up the property of their prodigal son, and she and her husband would then look to me for sustenance." It was in vain that Bulteel assured Mr. Nagpore that he was doing him grievous wrong by those suppositions, that his life had merely been the ordinary life of a young man of the day, and that he had been in no way exceptionally vicious. These remarks only added fuel to Mr. Nagpore's wrath, who declared that the life he himself led was a protest against such lives as those commonly indulged in, and that for his niece's husband he required a man 'without any outside tinsel or glitter.'—and here Bulteel used to imitate him again,—'but a man of property honestly acquired, a man of virtue and respectability—words, sir, the meaning of which, it seems to me, is scarcely even understood now-a-days.'

So Mr. Nagpore not merely refused his niece's hand to Piers Bulteel, but ordered that gentleman forthwith to give up prosecuting his suit; and, in order to prevent his having any immediate chance of so doing, sent Miss Marchmont to stay with some distant relations of hers, who were living at Kent. Mr. Nagpore was, he said, going away to Leeds, on some business which would occupy him a week, and he wanted to be certain that during his absence his niece would be out of Mr. Bulteel's reach.

From my window at the marker-gardener's lodging I saw Miss Marchmont packed off, in company with an old lady who came up to town to fetch her, and the next day I saw Mr. Nagpore start away in a cab, with a remarkable smart portmanteau, and looking less grim and more radiant than I had ever seen him before.

Piers Bulteel took this matter much more to heart than I had thought it possible. He was earnestly and truly attached to Ellen Marchmont, and lost all his pluck and spirits when he saw himself thus, as it were, indefinitely separated from her. I used all my endeavours to rouse him, but without success. At last, on the third day after the household of Hampstead had been broken up, Piers was so low that I insisted on his having an immediate change.

"Pray look here," said I; "this won't do at all. If you don't cheer up, you will have a fit of illness; we must put that off, at all events, until there is some one with a legitimate right to nurse you. We will go and have a spin the river, cut this place after luncheon, take the two o'clock train to Maidenhead, and have some dinner at old Blanchard's."

"Who is old Blanchard? A friend of yours?"

"Well, yes," I replied; "he keeps a wonderful river-side public—I beg his pardon, hotel—between Maidenhead and Windsor: the great place for resort for Eton boys, and anybody who wants a good and quiet dinner. That same good and quiet dinner we will have, and when I bring you back at night, I will guarantee you being fifty per cent, better. Or we will sleep there, for the matter of that; though old Blanchard is so well known, that his rooms are generally full."

No sooner said than done. We caught the two o'clock train, got into one of Bond's boats at Maidenhead Bridge, and pulled to Blanchard's intending just to go ashore, order dinner, and finish our row.

But when we got on the lawn, old Blanchard came out to meet us, and he is by far too important a man to be dismissed in a hurry. So we had to listen to all his talk, of what sort of a season he had had, and what number of distinguished visitors—called for the most part by their Christian or nick names—had patronized him. "House is full now," "Poss Seymour and Mrs. Poss, Charley Tankerville, Fox Farquhar, Mossop, and Pouter Peyton.

"I suppose the Seymours have got the two little rooms on the ground floor?" said I.

"No, they have not," said Blanchard; "Mrs. Poss wanted them very much, but they were taken. A loving pair came down here early this very day."

"Is she pretty?" asked Piers, mechanically. Poor fellow! he had scarcely spoken since we started.

"Well, that is a matter of taste," said old Blanchard; "there is a good deal of her, there is no denying that; but you will be able to judge for yourselves, they have been out for a row with Sam the waterman, and here they are, just coming back to dinner."

I looked back as he spoke towards the landing-place, and turning quickly round, said to Piers Bulteel, "My boy, you shall marry Miss Marchmont yet."

"How said he, striving to look over my shoulder.

"Leave that to me," said I, facing him about, and purposely obstructing his view.

"Now Blanchard, hand us that bitter ale; I will give you the orders about dinner in a few minutes."

As we were drinking the ale I made some excuse to Piers, left him in the bar talking to old Blanchard, and slipped away. I knew the way to the two little rooms on the ground floor too well to require any guide, so I scuttled down the passage, turned to my left, and opened the door on the right, and was in the sitting-room in an instant; There were two persons seated at the table, engaged in discussing some spring soup; one of them was Mr. Nagpore, of Hampstead, the other was a lady with very large black eyes, and a great deal of swarthy flowing hair, a remarkable profile, and a complexion like the back of a looking-glass. I looked hard at her, and my theatrical experience stood me in stead. I recognized Miss Bella Mortimer, of one of the Theatres Royal. The instant Mr. Nagpore set eyes upon me his face fell.

"What did you want?" said he.

"A moment's conversation with you, Mr. Nagpore," I replied. First shot fired! a bull's-eye to me! I saw him wince as I uttered his name.

"You are mistaken," he said, hurriedly; "I am not the person you take me to be; perhaps it will be better if we spoke together in private?"

"It is most essential," I replied.

"My love will you retire for a few moments?" said Mr. Nagpore to the lady, pointing to the door of the little room; "this gentleman and I have business together."

Miss Bella Mortimer rose, looking very furious, and swept from the room.

I remembered the last occasion on which I had seen her; when we had a very pleasant waltz together at Weippert's, and was much amused.

No sooner had the door closed behind her than Mr. Nagpore turned fiercely upon me. "I demand, sir, to know the meaning of this espionage! You think I do not know you, but I recognize your face perfectly. You have lodgings at Tatham's, the market-gardener, immediately opposite my house, for the last few months. You are, I presume, a detective, or some one in the employ of a private inquiry office. Be frank, and tell me what is your object."

"To induce you to give your consent to my friend Piers Bulteel's marriage with your niece," I replied.

"I have no such power or position as you have ascribed to me."

"But I think I am strong enough to bring about what I want."

Mr. Nagpore looked at me keenly—"And the means which you could use for the purpose are—"

"Merely the explanation to the clients of Mr. Nagpore, of Westminster, and the friends of Mr. Nagpore, of Hampstead, of the manner in which that esteemed gentleman passes some of his leisure time."

Mr. Nagpore's cheeks grew scarlet. "Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you dare to trade on such a pretence as that? Don't think that I am weak enough to be ensnared in such a pit-fall. That lady who has just left the room is my ward, the daughter of one of my oldest friends, who, dying, entrusted her to my guardianship. Do you hear, sir?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Nagpore, and I am delighted to hear what you say; there will be no difficulty to bring in a few common friends;"

"Who may they be?"

"Oh, only the rector and churchwardens of St. Asaph's Hampstead, who have come down here with the school-children, to give them a treat of fresh air on the river, for a few hours. The excursion was arranged after you started for Leeds, and I have come on in advance to prepare the feast of tea and buns for the children, in the garden of this hotel."

"The rector of St. Asaph's and the churchwardens, and the children come down here! Good heavens, I am lost!" cried Mr. Nagpore.

"Not at all," I replied; "they will only be too delighted to find you have not gone to Leeds, that you are here to help them in the harmless gaiety, and to make the acquaintance of so charming a lady as your ward, Miss—Miss, shall I say Mortimer?"

All the blood forsook Mr. Nagpore's cheeks as I said these last words, and he advanced towards me with outstretched, trembling hands. "You are the master of the position," said he, "and you know perfectly well that the *expose* with which you threaten me would be my social ruin. You still hold to the terms you originally propose?"

"I do, and you will be very foolish if you do not agree to them. My friend Piers Bulteel is a good fellow in every sense of the word, a man of family and honour, and devotedly attached to your niece."

"But I have half-promised Ellison."

"Let Ellison slide. Miss Marchmont's fortune will be shared by a gentleman instead of a speculative snob, who has a certain amount of money now, but might lose it at any time, and her fortune with it. Now, Bulteel does not know the difference between par and an eighth, and is as likely to be seen in Seven Dials as in Capel Court. What do you say—do you consent?"

"I suppose I must."

"Of course you must, and in writing, please! You must be quick, for I hear, by the tapping of Miss Mortimer's heels, that she is anxious to get back to the spring soup. By the way, to be all official, it is essential to have two witnesses; I will be one, shall the other be Miss Mortimer?"

"Not for worlds. Here is a waiter, he will do, won't he?"

"Perfectly."

"Now good-bye! I forget to tell you that Piers Bulteel is outside, but he has not seen you; and I pledge my honour that, if you keep your terms of the contract, he shall know nothing of Miss Mortimer."

And he never did.

He has been married for ten years, loving his wife and his children, that rarest of specimens, a happy husband and father. As for me, he always looks upon me as his best friend and benefactor. But though he has often asked me to reveal my secret, to this hour he is ignorant of the spell which I exercised to obtain for him possession of the hand of Mr. Nagpore's niece.—*Edmund Yates in Routledge's Christmas Annual.*"

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## THE MYSTERIES OF FREEMASONRY.

Showing: from the Origin, Nature and Object of the Rites and Ceremonies of Remote Antiquity, their Identity with the Order of Modern Free-Masonry.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES BY R. W. BRO. OTTO KLOTZ.

"If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre." —SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued.)

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### THE GENEALOGY OF THE GODS.

Though the Egyptians, by introducing great mysteries where there were none, have disfigured history and religion, yet we cannot deny them the glory of good regulations for polity and popular order. Whatever was necessary, and must be done in common, was not left to the free will of private persons, but fixed to a certain time of the year and proclaimed by public signs.

In the beginning of the spring, or at the return of the first heat, which in Egypt comes in February, they cleansed their goods, houses and stables. Everything in a decayed state being of no use to the Egyptian lands which the Nile sufficiently improved, was consumed by fire.

This general purification was proclaimed by an Isis and Horus who had names agreeable to the work of the season. These purifications

which were transmitted from coast to coast, are still in use all over Europe and the custom of lighting fires in the evening on certain days in the spring for that purpose appointed, is still an amusement of youth in many places where they faithfully observe the old rubric, without knowing the reason of it.

The priests, during the year, appeared but seldom in public, except at the time of religious affairs. They went out in the spring, that is in February, and met to judge the differences of private persons, that these might afterwards freely go about their respective works.

The assembly of priests to judge the people was proclaimed by a Horus with a great beard and a scythe in his hand, and by an Isis with many breasts, and encompassed with the heads of animals. The Horus with his great beard denotes the assembly of ancient men. The scythe (at present the emblem of time) denotes hay making and the harvest, which immediately followed the assize.

They by degrees lost the meaning of these plain figures and names, that were in use at the feasts in which the whole was become an invariable ceremonial. The current or the running writing caused the sense of them to be neglected; on the other hand nothing contributed more to make it forgotten than the custom of not reckoning exactly the sacred year, and of always putting the beginning of it back a whole day every fourth year; so that the feasts and figures relating to the operations of the spring, being placed in autumn or winter and so of the rest, they no longer understood anything of what this multitude of figures meant. All being taken for so many men and women, whose apotheosis was celebrated, the people assigned to them a genealogy agreeable to the order of the feasts. Thus all these great personages that have peopled heaven, whom every country flattered themselves with having had for their inhabitants, to whom poets have attributed tragical adventures, and all the accidents of humanity; these great conquerors, the histories of whom our learned men are incessantly sifting, even so far as to penetrate into the political concerns that prompted them to act, prove at last to be, as well as Cancer, Capricorn, the Balance or the Sphinx, mere ensigns or public marks and figures posted up to direct the people and regulate the feasts and public works all the year round.

*Saturn* was represented by the Greeks with eyes before and behind, some of which are awake and others asleep, and with four wings, two of which are spread and two closed; he was the symbol of justice whose penetration nothing can escape, the many eyes and wings mark out the penetration and continuance of the work of the judges, who relieved each other by succession night and day, to dispatch the affairs of the people and those of the state. Homer calls him the penetrating, the sagacious, the subtle and quick sighted Saturn. In imitation of the Egyptian Horus, the Greeks also placed into the hands of Saturn a scythe, and as the name Chronos, under which he was known to them,

very plainly signifies the majesty of the judicial assemblies, the crown, or circle of the judges. But not knowing what this figure and its intentions were, and finding a relation of sound between that of Chrono and that of Chronos, which among them signifies *time*, they interpreted the whole symbol in that sense. The age of the figure squared with this incomparably well. But what were they to do with the scythe that he carried in his hand? Why he shall use it to cut down everything. Above all, the stones which they made him to devour in Syria, seemed to distinguish him perfectly well. Time consumes everything, and preys upon the very stones. And hence the *origin* of the modern *symbol of time*.

The sun being the grandest object in nature and in the symbolical writings of the ancient Egyptians often expressed by an *eye* from which they afterwards contracted a habit of adoring that luminary as God, as the author of all good and thus this symbol finally became that of God himself being called *the all-seeing eye*.

We have also been informed that the ancient Egyptians represented the symbol of harvest by an Isis, holding in her left hand a large goat's horn with *ears of corn*, vegetables and fruits and in her right a sickle; and that Isis, being frequently observed with a crescent or full moon as a head dress, has been mistaken for an emblem of the *moon*, which mistake in fact still is frequently found in books on *Mythology*.

The *ears of corn* allude metaphorically to the husbandman's reward which he receives in the produce of his labor, and have therefore with some propriety been construed to signify *plenty*, though the proper definition of the word *Shibboleth* is: *the reddening ear of wheat*. The enigma, why the representative of the moon should have the ears of corn as an emblem of his office and perform the duties of a paymaster, may be explained from the foregoing statement.

#### INITIATION INTO THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERIES.

The first condition upon which any person was admitted to the mysteries was that he was a freeman and possessed of a sound body, no slave nor any person who had a bodily defect could be admitted.

The neophyte after having been prepared for the solemn rite, by having passed through various ordeals of abstinence, fasting, prayer and penitence, was conducted by an initiate in disguise, on a long and painful pilgrimage through many dark and circuitous passages, into the sacred enclosure, and brought before Osiris, the representative of the divinity, who held in his hand the *flagellum* or *crook*, the emblem of justice and benevolence. The neophyte was then severely questioned and all the acts of his life scrutinized with the severest exactitude, to ascertain if he were worthy to be allowed to be passed on to the higher and more important mysteries.

After passing the dreaded Osiris, still guided by an initiate disguised, under the mask of a dog's head (the Anubis) he threaded his way

through mysterious labyrinths, arriving at last at a stream of water which he was directed to pass. At the same time his progress was arrested by *three men*, also disguised under grotesque forms, who taking a cup of water from the rivulet bade the trembling neophyte to drink, addressing him in these words:—"Aspirant to the honor of a divine companionship, seeker after celestial truth, this is the water of forgetfulness! *Drink to the oblivion of all your vices, the forgetfulness of all your imperfections; and thus be prepared for the reception of the new revelations of virtue and truth and goodness with which you are to be honored.*

It is plain that the initiation was considered by the Egyptians as the end of a profane and vicious life the *palengensia* (new birth) of corrupt human nature, the death of vice and of all bad passions, and the introduction into a new life of purity and virtue.

The first trials which led thereto filled the mind of the candidate with uncertainty, perplexity and doubts. Painfully and with great labor, he advanced through tortuous paths and over yawning chasms, all the more frightful as he was plunged into the most profound darkness! Arrived at the opening scene of invitation, he saw everything under aspects the most awful and terrible, but soon these spectacles of terror disappeared, with the trembling and fear consequent thereon, and a miraculous and divine light blazed in boundless effulgence around him. Smiling plains and meadows enamelled with flowers, spread before him, and a bland and fragrant air, loaded with all the perfume of Arabia Felix, undulated around him. Hymns in honor to the Divinity, and choruses of triumph and joy, agreeably charmed the ears, sublime doctrines of sacred science—including Art, Industry, Philosophy, Ethics, and Religion—now addressed to his understanding and spectacles of sublime beauty and holy visions, delighted his wondering eyes. The initiate, rendered perfect, was henceforth free, and no more subject to fear. Baptized into a new life, and instructed into a divine science, he walked, crowned with triumph, through the regions of felicity; communing with those pure and elevated spirits to whose companionship he had been exalted.

Such was the initiatory rite instituted at the Temple of Isis.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THE BURIAL OF KING HIRAM.

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A MASONIC MYTH OF THE DAYS OF SOLOMON.

Time, the great destroyer, is also the great builder. The Tyrian laborers had completed their sub-structures and their erections about Mount Moriah. They had completed the palace of King Solomon upon Zion; that house in which so much of the costly cedar had been employed, that it was called "The House of the forest of Lebanon;" Then, leaving skilled leaders to teach the Hebrews, the great mass of the Phoenicians had returned to their own country.

Aided by the skill of his allies, King Solomon had then proceeded to strengthen and beautify his kingdom. He built up the cities which Hiram had restored to him, and caused the children of Israel to dwell there. He built Tadmor in the wilderness, that wonderful city, whose ruins at the present day command the unbounded admiration of the learned. Throughout all the land of his dominion, the axe and chisel kept pace with the ambition of the magnificent king. Fleets of ships were constructed at Ezion Geber, and, manned jointly by the mariners of Tyre and Israel, were sent upon long cruises for the purposes of traffic; every three years, once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and asses, and peacocks. And so, twenty years passed away. The Operative Grand Master had been thirteen years in his grave; King Solomon himself was forty years old; Hiram, King of Tyre, was, "by reason of strength, four score years, yet, was his strength but labor and sorrow," and his end was near at hand. Time, the great builder, was also the great destroyer.

It was known to King Solomon that the decease of his ally and ancient friend was momentarily expected. The adieux had, months before, been exchanged between the two friends. A single request had been made by the Royal Brother Solomon; a single request had been made by the Royal Brother Hiram. "I ask that you make a royal edict that no human sacrifices shall be made at your interment."

"I ask that you come to me when spirit and flesh shall fail, and accompany my remains to their last resting place."

It was at night, a little before day, that the message came to Solomon upon Zion, "the King of Tyre is dead." This news had been flashed from hill to hill by preconcerted signals, beginning at the mountain range in the rear of Tyre,—taken up by the watchers on Scala Tyrorum,—taken up by the watchers upon Carmel,—upon the highest peak of Ephraim,—upon Ebal, Gerizim, Rimmon, Mizpeh, Olivet,—to the expectant king. Within the hour, the king was prepared to set out, and, as the first rays of the morning sun glanced over the mountain ranges of Moab, the royal procession set out. Relays of horses awaited them at Bethel, at Gilgal, at Shechim, at Engannim, at Shunem, and at all points upon the route, for "Solomon had four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen whom he bestowed in the chariot cities and with the King at Jerusalem" (2 Chronicles, xiv., 25). Would the reader inform himself more thoroughly of the grandeur of King Solomon's procession, he will find ample details under this head in the Jewish historian, Josephus.

The distance, as traveled, was about one hundred and twenty miles. The road, everywhere graded and paved with blocks of the imperishable basalt, were covered as he came, with costly cloths, palm leaves, flower wreaths,—whatever the taste or the ability of the people afforded; and, at such points as could be reached in time by the intelligence of the King's approach, bowers shaded the highway, and songs and popular greetings welcomed the great monarch as he passed. On the evening of the second day, the procession, consisted of a thousand of the picked troopers of the Royal Guard, and one hundred chariots filled with the grantees of Solomon's court, encamped about the magnificent fountains (now entitled Ras-el-Ain), then in the suburbs of the opulent city of Tyre, but now several miles from the walls. Here they were met and welcomed by the Phoenician court. In accordance with the jealous usage of that period, the heir-apparent of the throne was placed as hos-

tage for the safety of King Solomon, in the hands of his Captain of the Host. A day and two nights were allotted the royal visitor for repose, and then the funeral of King Hiram was announced, the fourth day after his decease.

Throughout all the East, in the stories that make up the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and the entire mass of oriental literature, allusions may be found to the proceedings of this memorable occasion. The funeral procession of Alexander the Great (who spent nearly a year in this vicinity B. C. 332, and must often have heard the story and seen the monument of Hiram), which is minutely described by Rollin, in ancient history, was, in some degree, modeled after this. The distance from the sea-girt palace of Hiram (since joined to the main land by an artificial mole), to the site of the monument, is about four miles. The procession having been more than twenty miles in length, it is necessary to suppose that, in accordance with a usage still maintained, it encircled the city, traversed the sea beach for several miles up the coast, and finally directed its winding way along the ancient highway, still used by all travellers approaching Tyre from the eastward.

The form of procession and all the details of the interment had been devised by King Solomon himself, being the same, but more elaborated, that had been used at the death of the Great Architect. There was, first, an esoteric ceremony within the tyed precincts of the Master Mason's lodge, the body of the deceased being present in the centre. At the coming forth of the procession from the lodge, the thousands of the lodges of Phœnicia, from Mount Carmel to Ruad, united two and two, batons waving, jewels gleaming, gavels commanding, every member wearing the white apron with the blue border. In this grand procession it was remarked that every Mason carried in his left hand a small model of a perfect ashlar, having bevelled edges.

Many a stalwart cedar upon yonder ridges of Lebanon had united to yield *the evergreen sprigs*, whose broken stems gave forth that day an odor which, not less than their verdant hue, symbolized the virtues of the dead and the grief of the living.

Arrived at the chosen spot, the remaining portions of the ceremony upon the plan still practiced by those who are willing to be controlled by the wisdom of their fathers; and so the Monarch of Tyre, the greatest of Senior Wardens, was laid to his last repose. The sun was sinking in the blue waters of that western sea, as the King of Israel turned sadly away and pronounced the rites ended.

Twenty years later, as the host of architects were toiling upon an ashlar at Baalbec,—a giant block 70 feet in length, 13 feet in breadth, 11 feet in height,—which they had removed from the quarry, hewed and squared, and made ready for the wall, another signal was flashed across those mountain tops at which all the world stood still: *Solomon was dead*. The wise mind, the noble schemer, the brilliant ambition,—all had gone out at one fell stroke. The black angel of death never flapped his wings over a nobler wreck. With him, too, had expired the hopes of his people. To a Solomon was to succeed a Rehoboam; to a united nation, a jarring and disrupted people; to outward honor and respect, neighborhood hatred, distant contempt.

So, when the architect who had the works at Baalbec in his charge, saw that signal, quietly rolled up his papyrus drawings, and dismissed his workmen, saying, "this block will never be needed!" And it lies, unused, where he left it!

Let me dream I am walking around old Tyre again. Relics of her ancient splendor are everywhere to be seen. Numerous and beautiful columns, stretched along the beach or standing in fragments half buried in the sand that has been accumulating for ages,—the broken aqueduct, and the ruins which appear in the neighborhood,—exist as an affecting monument of the fragile and temporary nature of earthly grandeur. Thorough search among these ruins may yet bring to light the remains of cedar beams, cut on yonder mountain in the days of the great Hiram, and brought here to adorn some of his numerous and splendid summer houses. Oak piles, driven in the bed of the Rhine 2000 years since, are being drawn out sound and untainted; how much more, the trunks of the indestructable cedar. O, that our great fraternity would engage in this noble and glorious work of excavation and restoration! What a field it is for us! how worthy! how large! When shall we cease to waste our energies over petty quarrels, personal strifes, questions of preferment, and trifles of usage which are not landmarks, and enter upon a work which will convince the world at large that we have a just claim to our title?—*The Evergreen.*

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#### DEDICATION AND CONSECRATION OF THE MASONIC HALL, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Upon Wednesday evening, the 8th of November, the Masonic Hall belonging to Oxford Lodge, No. 76 and Oxford Chapter, No. 18, Woodstock, Ont., was formally dedicated in the name of, T. G. A. O. T. U. to Masonic purposes by D. D. G. M., P. J. Brown, upon which occasion there was a very large assemblage of the brethren of the "Mystic Tie." The Lodge having been duly opened by Worshipful Bro. E. A. H. Fauquier, the able and esteemed master of Oxford Lodge, assisted by his wardens and subordinate officers, and all work having been disposed of, the D. D. G. M. proceeded to perform the dedication ceremony in due and antient form, and for that purpose formed a procession in the following order.

The acting Grand Chaplain, the Rev. D. Mc Dermid.

The acting Grand Junior Warden, W. Bro. James Scarff, bearing a vessel with corn.

The acting Grand Senior Warden, W. Bro. George Beard, carrying a vessel with wine.

The D. D. G. Master P. J. Brown, bearing a vessel with oil.  
followed by the wardens, deacons, brethren and visitors.

The procession moved three times round the hall, and the corn, wine, and oil were then sprinkled by the D. D. Grand Master, and the usual dedication to the great principles of which they are symbolic, took place amid solemn prayers by the acting Grand Chaplain, and well executed music by the organist, Bro. McCausland. The dedication ceremony over, and the ordinary officers resuming their places; various resolutions were passed embodying the thanks of Oxford Lodge to a number of brethren and friends who had evinced great interest in the furnishing of the new hall. The Lodge was then called from labour to

refreshment and the brethren adjourned to a room in the lower part of the building where a substantial and *recherché* supper had been supplied by the members of Oxford Lodge, and Companions of Oxford Chapter, and which appeared to be very acceptable to the company. After supper, and all having returned to the hall the Lodge was closed, "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again," and thus closed one of the most pleasant evenings we have ever passed, every member bearing on his face the index of contentment and satisfaction.

It is always a pleasure for masons to meet with their brethren from a distance, and it will be but right to mention that Oxford Lodge was favoured by a visit from the Rev. Bro. Gilbert Percy, L. L. D. of the G. L. of Ireland who received a truly masonic greeting.

We must now describe the new hall which was built by Mr. John McIntyre for the purpose, and in its arrangement both external and internal are displayed the taste, energy and ability of that experienced draughtsman. Most Eminent Comp. C. L. Beard, the first principal of Oxford Chapter and G. D. Superintendent for Wilson District, who was ably seconded by W. Bro. E. A. H. Fauquier, his wardens and other members of the committee.

Standing on the opposite side of the street and looking up at the Masonic Hall it presents an appearance at once chaste and appropriate, being adorned on each side of the coping by two large stones, engraved upon which are masonic emblems, the whole being surmounted by an excellent carving in stone representing Canada's beaver, which composedly sits at that giddy height and looks down on the busy scene below.

Mounting the first stair and passing through the passage we come to the waiting room which is commodious and convenient; ascending another stair we reach the ante-room and contiguous apartments, and from thence enter the hall, or Lodge or Chapter room which is large and elegant, with a lofty coved ceiling, chaste cornices and ornamental centre piece; but the furniture (from the manufactory of James Hay, Woodstock) of the room we cannot too highly praise, over the floor being spread a beautiful carpet which is in perfect harmony with the crimson "Rep." covered furniture and altar, painted a pure and lustrous zinc white adorned with gilt mouldings and masonic emblems, and bearing upon its top a handsome cushion, girt with silk cord and braid and pendent from each corner, graceful and majestic tassels, upon which was placed the volume of the Sacred Law. The master's and wardens' chairs of mediæval pattern like all the furniture, except the altar, are of oak, they are beautiful specimens of workmanship; the backs are between seven and eight feet in height, the tops being ornamented with a fine piece of carving representing an oak branch with acorns; in the centre of the circle are placed the appropriate emblems of office, gilt. Arm chairs of oak surround the hall, being stuffed and covered with "Rep." The secretary's desk, three lights, working tools,

&c., are all of oak and elegant in design and finish. Over the altar is suspended a handsome gilt "G" the gift of W. Bro James Scarff, Past Master of King Solomon's Lodge.

Directly over the master's chair is a large painting in oil of very fair execution, intended to represent the two kings, Solomon and Hiram, and the Chief Architect, standing between the two celebrated pillars at the porch of the entrance of the temple.

Upon the walls are hung a number of engravings, charts and charters in neat gilt frames. We may notice that the opinion was freely expressed by some of the brethren, that none of the masonic halls in either Hamilton or Toronto can be compared to that of Oxford Lodge and Chapter, as far as neatness, elegance and good taste are concerned. The brethren have every reason to be proud of the result of their exertions, and long may Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth continue to cement and be the guiding stars of masonry in Woodstok.

#### NATIONAL MASONIC HYMN OF SAXONY.

The following is a translation of the National Masonic Hymn of Saxony, which is almost invariably sung at the termination of every Lodge Supper, and duly honored with the usual Masonic ceremonial.

##### THE LAST LODGE.

When the last of the stars, dimly flashing,  
Sees Old Time to its end hasten on,  
When planets to ruin are dashing,  
And the sun's light is pallid and wan :  
Through the halls where the Masons are founding  
Their Temple majestic and grand,  
Shall be heard that last cry, loudly sounding :  
Haste, brothers! the morn is at hand!

East and West, North and South, through all nations  
The work at that call will have ceased,  
And the brethren, observing their stations,  
Shall look in calm faith to the East :  
Joining hands over valleys and highlands,  
Where each stands, in the land of his birth,  
Shall be seen, o'er all continents and islands  
But ONE LODGE on the face of the earth.

To the Master's stern voice loudly crying :  
Have the Masons obeyed My commands ?  
Comes the voice of the Craftsmen, replying :  
Look with grace on the works of our hands :  
In our feeble and poor earthly fashion,  
We have sought to hew out the rough stone ;  
Let the depth of eternal compassion  
For the faults of our labour atone !

What's the hour ? cries the voice of the Master ;  
They answer : Low Twelve, but behold,  
The rays of Thy morning come faster,  
To our eyes all its glories unfold !  
At his nod, see the veils rent asunder !  
And, while earth sinks to chaos and night,  
Mid loud peals of the echoing thunder,  
Shall the brethren be brought to pure light !

VISIT OF R. W. BROTHER SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD TO  
CIVIL SERVICE LODGE, OTTAWA.

In compliance with an invitation extended to him by the officers of Civil Service Lodge of A. F. & A. M., No. 148, C. R., the Right Worshipful Brother Sir John A. Macdonald, who holds the exalted position of Representative in Canada of the Grand Lodge of England, attended the regular communication of that Lodge on Tuesday evening. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the rain for some hours coming down in torrents, there was a large gathering of the craft to greet their distinguished brother. In honor of the occasion the members of the Civil Service had made some simple but very graceful decorations with flags and evergreens about the corridor and stairway of the Masonic Hall. At the entrance to the ante-room were two Union Jacks, over these words "Welcome Brother!" and in the chamber, facing the doorway, hung a full length portrait of Sir John. The Right Worshipful Brother arrived at the Hall at nine o'clock, and was received at in the ante-room by the two stewards Brothers Weatherley and Chamberlin, C. M. G., and duly escorted by them into the Lodge, the brethren, who were attired in full evening costume, standing. The Worshipful Master, Bro. Remon, addressed the distinguished visitor as follows:

"Right Worshipful Sir,—On behalf of the members of the Civil Service Lodge, I extend a most cordial and fraternal greeting to you, not only as the representative in Canada of the Grand Lodge of England one of the oldest, and, perhaps, the most distinguished Masonic body in the world, but as a member of our own lodge. The cordiality of our greeting is much enhanced by the fact that you have recently returned to health after the very severe illness which so long prostrated you."

The Grand Honors were then given, and the R. W. Brother was escorted to a seat in the East, at the right hand of the W. M. Being there he rose and said:

"Worshipful Sir and Brethren,—I thank you most cordially for the warm and fraternal reception which you have given me. In my capacity as representing the Grand Lodge of England, I have not had many opportunities of visiting the Lodges in Canada, but I have visited one in this city and it now affords me great pleasure to be present at another in Ottawa—and that one my own Lodge: Believe me, worshipful sir and brethren, that I have felt very profoundly the kindness which has been shown to me during my illness alike by those who have been my associates and friends, as well as by many of those who have been severed from me in political life; and not the least grateful to my feelings among these manifestations of kindness, is this hearty greeting and congratulation from my Masonic brethren. I do indeed appreciate this mark of kindness, for I know it is sincere, that it come from your hearts. I am now, thanks to Providence, restored to health, for which I trust I am properly grateful. I hope I may be spared to pay you similar visits in future years, and to have opportunities of meeting the craft in various parts of the Dominion. Once more Worshipful Sir, I thank you for the kindness of your cordial reception."

At the termination of the regular business, the R. W. Brother was entertained at supper by the members of the Lodge.—"*Ottawa Times*."

“MASONIC COURTESY.”

We have brought down upon ourselves the terrible indignation of our friend of the *Gavel*, in consequence of our reference to the attack upon the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Masonic columns of “Brick” Pomeroy’s *Democrat*. And in this connection we feel called upon to remark, upon what seems to us to be an exceedingly unfair attempt to make us impliedly responsible for an attack upon two members of the craft in Canada, both of whom are held in the highest possible esteem, and neither of whom, we are quite sure, will thank our contemporary for dragging their names into this controversy. In our former article we ventured the opinion that “that portion of our Quebec Brethren which has unadvisedly seceded from the Mother Grand Lodge of Canada has been especially unfortunate in having the championship of men, to whom Masonic character is as nothing, and whose highest delight appears to be the unthinking use of the weapon of vituperation.” The *Gavel* asks to whom we referred in this statement; and then starts off in the following rhapsody.

“Does he dare to tarnish the names of the two great pillars of Canadian Masonry, M. W. Bro. W. M. Wilson, and M. W. Bro. T. D. Harington, who in July last, respectively moved and seconded in G. L. the resolution favoring the recognition of the G. L. of Quebec? Does he dare to cast a stigma upon the character of the lamented B. B. French, or the honour of Drummond, and the other leading brethren of the eight Grand Lodges which have recognised the Grand Lodge of Quebec, and nobly, generously and fraternally welcomed her in the great family of the Grand Lodges of the world? Fie, Brother of the *Craftsman*, that you should insinuate a word against men like these!”

It is very much to be regretted that people who apparently cannot understand their own language should obtain control of the columns of the press. Had the editor of the *Gavel* understood English he would have seen that we did not refer to all those who favour the recognition of the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec, in the sentence quoted. What we said was that the so-called Grand Lodge Quebec was unfortunate in having the championship of some who thus forget themselves. And if our contemporary had been blessed with the spirit of ingenuousness he would not have ventured to drag in the names of M. W. Bro. Wilson and Harington. Neither of those eminent Freemasons have championed the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec. Both of them have in the most emphatic terms condemned the action of the seceding brethren, as unconstitutional, and the formation of the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec as an act of usurpation. They were the movers and seconders of the resolutions of December last, in which the secession was unequivocally condemned. M. W. Bro. Wilson, in moving his resolution last July, distinctly avowed that he still held the same opinions as to the unconstitutionality of the Quebec movement. Nay he actually voted for the first two resolutions submitted by the Board of General Purposes, in which that unconstitutionality was re-affirmed, resolutions which passed unani-

mously in Grand Lodge. M. W. Bro. Harington not only avowed that his opinion remained unchanged, but has, since the meeting of Grand Lodge, placed in the hands of the M. W. the Grand Master his written statement to that effect with full permission to make such use of it as might be necessary. Call you that championing the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec? And if not, and assuredly it is not, how dare the *Gavel* impute to us a disposition to reflect upon those eminent Brethren.

If the *Gavel* is anxious to know to whom we refer, we have no objection to gratify him to a limited extent. First then, we refer to the *Gavel* itself. We tremble in making the statement seeing that we are warned that its editor being "a sovereign" no one must venture "twixt the wind and his nobility." But if his Sovereignship, having challenged the enquiry, will only pardon us this once, we will gratify his curiosity. We do not care to go back in the past numbers of the paper. To look at them once is punishment enough for any ordinary mortal; but as in a number before us we have an illustration of our meaning, we will make this answer the purpose. In the very article upon which we are commenting, we find that the attack of Bro. Tisdale upon the Grand Master is justified not because in itself it was warranted, but because the writer being "a Sovereign Grand Inspector General" he may attack whom he pleases and woe to him who has the temerity to condemn him for it. Is not this proving that with the *Gavel* "masonic character is as nothing" when its own special hobbies are to be sustained? The brother assailed in this case was the Grand Master Mason of Canada, the supreme ruler of the Craft, made so by the free choice of the representatives of the Lodges; the assailant was a restored mason, who under the system which is bringing the chivalric orders of freemasonry into contempt, and is working mischief in the craft itself, and which converts nobodies by a mere fiat, into "sovereigns," is able to sport a number of cabalistic letters before and after his name. And yet because the assailant is the champion of a movement, which the Grand Master in common with the great body of the craft in Canada condemns, the *Gavel* justifies by implication the assault upon M. W. Bro. Stevenson, and abuses, nay charges with perjury, those who venture to condemn it. Is not this making of this question a mere personal issue?

Then take another illustration from this same number. M. W. Bro. Simons, one of the most eminent masons in the State of New York, happens to regard with disfavour, as does every Past Grand Master in Canada, the action of the Quebec seceders. He looks upon it, that the question at issue is nothing less than Grand Lodge sovereignty, and he has not hesitated to say so. Well what is the penalty for thus venturing to uphold the Grand Lodge of Canada, of which the editor of the *Gavel* is a member, in its full authority over its entire territory? In two distinct places he is referred to in the most contemptuous terms.

First he is sneered at as “the great engineer of New York;” and next as “the great wire puller of the Grand Lodge of New York.” So, too, the *Keystone* and the *Courier*, edited by freemasons who are certainly the equal in every respect of any of the brethren referred to in such laudatory terms by the *Gavel*,—whose only fault is that they sustain the Grand Lodge of Canada, are referred to in like terms of contempt. It is said of them that they “continue to flatter each other;” and this courteous editor goes on; “if they could get some other journal to join them and thus “make a trio, they might have a nice little mutual-admiration-self-laudatory, masonic order, of which the great wire puller of the Grand Lodge “of New York could act as Supreme Grand High Emperor.” Were we not right in saying that the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec had been especially unfortunate in having the championship of men to whom masonic character is as nothing, and whose highest delight appears to be the unthinking use of the weapon of vituperation? We have already referred to the editor of the masonic column in “Brick” Pomeroy’s *Democrat*—one of the most abusive sheets in the United States—as another illustration of the truth of our statement. And were it worth while to continue the list we fancy that it could without difficulty be considerably extended.

So much for the general question, but there is a more serious one left. The doctrine laid down by the *Gavel* that every thing in Freemasonry is to yield to the higher degrees of the A. and A. S. R., is one that will excite some surprise among members of the Craft in Canada. We admire these higher degrees; but we do not forget that they form no part of Ancient Craft Masonry. This unfortunate dispute which the ill-advised action of a few brethren in Quebec has forced upon the Order, is a dispute affecting only Ancient Free and Accepted Freemasonry. To intrude into its discussions questions relating to the higher degrees is to do infinite harm. Bro. Tisdale, being an “illustrious chief” of the A. A. S. R., no more justified his attacking the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in the coarse, un-masonic language used by him, than if he had been the most humble entered apprentice Mason. Nay, if these higher degrees are worth anything they should have made him the more careful in the choice of his language when dealing with Masonic matters; and they but enhance the offence committed by him, and render more deserved the reference we felt it necessary to make to him. A very old authority tells us that of those to whom much is given, much will be required. But this maxim is reversed by the the extraordinary doctrine which has recently been vouchsafed to us from the shores of Lake Simcoe. The editor of the *Gavel* tells us that he will not consent to discuss the expressions used by the Masonic editor of the *Democrat*. He will not consent to discuss the propriety of Masonry being prostituted to political uses by being made an incident to political propagandism. These things are unimportant. The Masonic editor of the *Democrat*, is an “illustrious

chief," a brother "sovereign," and therefore he can abuse and villify the Grand Master Mason of Canada to his heart's content, and no man, under penalty of a protest "in the name of that illustrious rite," must dare say him nay. The Editor of the *Gavel* mistakes the temper and intelligence of Canadian Freemasons, if he imagines that this attempt to degrade Craft Masonry in the interests of the higher degrees will pass current with them.

There have appeared in the *Gavel*, during the past month or two, statements which would seem to indicate that the principles of freemasonry are strangely exemplified in the City of Hamilton. One of these statements was to the effect that the working of the Scottish Rite was "doing a certain amount of injury to the Royal Arch," and is contained in a communication signed "Ardor." Another statement, editorial, prefixed, "A Sad Sight," set forth that a "Quebec mason" was refused permission to participate in the funeral obsequies of a deceased brother, as a Master Mason. Both of these statements are incorrect; with reference to the former, we find that eleven members of the Hamilton Rose Croix Chapter, are either Principals or Past Principals of Royal Arch Chapters, that nine or ten others are also officers and members of R. A. Chapters, and that the majority are in active membership in both orders. We have neither heard of, nor seen, any disagreement between the members of the two Rites. With reference to the latter statement, we are authorized by the W. M. of the Lodge to which our deceased brother belonged to say, that no brother was refused permission to take part in the ceremonies, on the occasion alluded to.

We have received a copy of *Le Citoyen Americain* an annexation sheet published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its principles may be gleaned without any difficulty from the following quotation, "We publish to-day with much pleasure the resolutions which were adopted in a very large meeting recently held in the metropolis by the French Canadians residing in New York. The ideas evinced in those resolutions are noble, full of truth, and sound reasoning. The Canadians who desire to see their beautiful country liberated from the detestable yoke of toryism should be grateful to those who work constantly and devotedly for the good cause—the annexation of Canada to the United States."

*Le Citoyen Americain* "will gladly exchange with those who have given it kindly notices." We sincerely hope that no Canadian newspaper will exchange with this revolutionary firebrand, either on the terms proposed, or any other terms, although judging from the edition before us, we should imagine that the conditions had been accepted by *Les Frances Parleurs*, of Montreal, *Le Courier de l'Outaouass*, Ottawa, *La Gazette de Sorel*, Sorel, Q.; and *Le Messenger Canadien*, Farnham, Q., as the names of these papers appear in the list of exchanges.

The *Landmark* of New York says that, "the *Gavel* of Ontario, and the *Freemasons' Journal* of Montreal, heretofore opposed to one another on the question of the two Grand Lodges, Quebec and Ontario, have been merged into one," and further on it states, "now we find two of the leading journals that have strenuously opposed each other in the advocacy of their claims, have been united, and will be published as one, still holding the same opinions." Will the *Gavel* kindly explain the "position of affairs" to our brother of the *Landmark*.

In an article headed "Stray Thoughts" in this month's issue of the *Gavel*, with reference to the condition of Capitular Masonry in the Dominion, it is stated that, "in these provinces," the rule obtains, that it is "obligatory for a brother to have been a Worshipful Master, before he can be a Third Principal, a Third before he can be a Second, and a Second before he can be a First." This is correct, except in one particular, a First Principal must have been Master of a Lodge, but a member, simply, of a Chapter may be elected to the Third Principal's Chair.

NEW LODGE—The M. W. Grand Master has been pleased on the petition of a number of brethren to authorize the issue of a dispensation for a new Lodge, at the town of Winnipeg, Province of Manitoba, and has appointed Bro. the Rev. Robert S. Patterson, to be the First Master; Bro. Norman J. Dingmon, Senior Warden; and Bro. William N. Kennedy, Junior Warden. The regular meetings of the Lodge are held on the third Tuesday of every month.

Since writing the foregoing, we learn that two other dispensations for new Lodges have been granted by the M. W. the Grand Master, namely, "Quinte" Lodge, Shannonville, Ont., with the following officers: Bros. S. S. Lazier, W. M.; Nathaniel S. Appleby, S. W.; and Albert Rockwell, J. W. the night of meeting being on the Tuesday after the full moon; and "Macoy" Lodge, Mallorytown, Ont.; Bros. Reuben Fields, W. M.; William G. Taylor, S. W.; and Samuel A. Copeland, J. W.; the night of meeting being on Monday, on or before the full moon. A petition has also been made for a new Lodge at St. George, Ont., to be named the "St. George" Lodge.

We have received from R. W. Bro. T. B. Harris, Grand Secretary and Grand Scribe, copies of the Annual Proceedings of Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, up to July and August last, respectively.

From the former we find that there are 238 Lodges on the Registry of Canada, with a membership of very nearly 10,000.

The receipts from the Lodges during the fiscal year ending 31st Dec., 1869, amounted to nearly \$10,000.

The assets of Grand Lodge, including the Masonic Asylum Fund, on the 30th June, 1870, were \$41,177.27.

From the latter we gather that there are 41 Chapters on the Register, with a membership of upwards of 1500. The receipts during the year were \$1195.85, and the expenditure \$846. 65. Total amount of cash on hand \$1327.07.

## MASONIC KNIGHTHOOD.

The following excellent address upon Masonic Knighthood was delivered by Sir Knight George S. Blackie, Past Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery of Georgia, at a Festival, held at Columbia, Georgia, a few months ago.

*Knights of De Molay and Nashville Commanderies, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

The subject I have selected for the Address I am now about to deliver, is MASONIC KNIGHTHOOD. I purpose to give you a very brief sketch of the reasons why our Orders sprang into being, and to trace that of the Temple down through its brightest periods to that of its misfortune, decay, and fall. From this leaving the Order in other countries, I propose, in fulfilment of a promise previously given a part of my auditors, to follow the history of the Orders in Scotland, my native land, from the troubles of the fourteenth century to the present day. The limits of the hour assigned to me necessarily compel me to avoid more than a passing allusion to the Knights of Malta, or to the means by which our Order was brought to America, and, on this fresh and vigorous soil, to become the magnificent and powerful organization which to-day exists in every State of the Union.

To trace the history of the Order satisfactorily, we must begin with the monastical bodies of Europe, and from them trace the origin and development of those Orders of military monks who swore to defend, with all their might and strength, the Holy Land of Jerusalem, and never to see a Christian unjustly deprived of his inheritance, or to be aiding in such deed; those military monks, who were undoubtedly the historians of their day, and who introduced the fabric of Craft Masonry into their system, and incorporated the speculative branch of Freemasonry with that operative skill which is evidenced in their triumphs of architecture and fortification; those military monks, who learned that the very principle and incentive of Virtue was to be ambitious of true honor, and of the true glory and perfection of our natures.

Let us, my brothers, in recalling their history, profit by it, and endeavor to imitate the many great virtues our predecessors had, and to strive against those enemies—pride, covetousness, lust, and restless ambition,—which at last, in the war with the devil and the flesh, conquered them, and led to their decay.

Let us beware that the besetting sins of this age do not defeat our many well-formed resolutions, lest we also may, too late, experience the truth of the divine maxim—"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

The Order of Benedictine Monks or the observers of the rules of St. Benedict, was instituted in the early part of the sixth century. It was the only Order of Monkhood known in England prior to the Norman conquest. It is, by some, believed to have been brought over by Augustine; but if so, it was very little known until a considerably later period, and certainly was first generally established by St. Dunstan, in the tenth century. It is even probable that not until after the Conquest was the rule strictly observed.

The Order of the Carthusians was founded at Chartaux, in France, by St. Bruno, in 1080, and it was the strictest of all the monastic Orders, its members never being allowed to taste flesh, and being restricted, on one day of the week to bread and water, and salt. They never became numerous in England, but have left their traces in the establishments

called *Charterhouses*, from a corruption of their true name. This name, in connection with a famous school, is familiar to all the readers of the admirable works of Mr. Thackeray.

The Order of the Cistercians was instituted at Cisteaux, in Latin Cistercium, in Burgundy, in 1098, and was greatly patronized by the celebrated St. Bernard. They were chiefly distinguished from the others by having their religious houses situated in solitary spots, considerably remote from each other and all other dwellings. Witness the Hospitals of St. Gothard and St. Bernard on the Alps, the Abbey of Laach in Prussia, and numberless other monasteries in Europe.

The monks of these three Orders were dressed in similar habits, all consisting of an under garment of white, with a long loose black cloak, or gown, over it, only, however, occasionally worn, while certain minor peculiarities distinguished the various Orders. It seems probable, too, that the Cistercians, and sometimes the Carthusians, wore, when in church, a cloak of white.

The most common form, however, which the enthusiastic devotion of the people exhibited in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was that of going on pilgrimages to some spot supposed to be of peculiar sanctity. Thus, after the martyrdom and canonization of Becket, his shrine at Canterbury became, and for ages continued to be, the favorite resort of the pious of England who could not afford to travel any further. In Scotland, the Abbey of Dunfermline, where the bones of the blessed St. Andrew were carefully guarded by the Culdees, became a spot of great regard, and tens of thousands crowded thither from Scotland, North England, and even from the Continent. Rome, Loretto, but especially Jerusalem, Mount Sinai, and other parts of the Holy Land, attracted many myriads of pilgrims. To use the language of Gibbon: "Beyond the example of former times, the roads were covered with multitudes of either sex, and of every rank, who professed their contempt of life, so soon as they should have kissed the tomb of their Redeemer. Princes and Prelates abandoned the care of their dominions, and the members of these pious caravans were a prelude to the armies which marched, in the ensuing age, under the banner of the cross."

These pilgrims to foreign lands were properly called Palmers, from the branches of the palm-tree, the emblem of victory, which they used to bear in their hands. In token of having crossed the seas, or of their intention of doing so, they were wont to put cockle or scallop shells in their hats. Who does not remember the touching song of the mad Ophelia?

"How shall I my true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle-hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon."

So numerous were these pilgrims, and so vast the number of shells worn by them, that, in endeavoring to refute the doctrine of the Universal Deluge, which the priests of his time, knowing nothing of Geology, defended from the evidence afforded by shells on the tops of mountains, Voltaire, baffled, actually resorted to the ridiculous argument that these shells, found all over Europe, were dropped from the hats of the returned pilgrims. Modern science laughs at the weakness of such a supposition, but the bare idea is valuable, as affording us some insight into the millions of wanderers who, before the days of steamboats and railways, trudged over the mountains, and along

the mountain defiles, whitening the way side with their bones, and, while apparently wasting their lives and energies, yet each adding a drop of precious oil to that lamp of truth, which was destined, ere long, to illuminate the dark places of the middle ages.

Out of the spirit of pilgrimage grew the Crusades, in which the spirit of devotion formed a strange alliance with the military spirit, each communicating something of its peculiar character and color to the other. These crusades, however, through professedly religious enterprises, produced less effect upon religion of the age in which they were undertaken, than upon most of the other great constituents of social condition. Among the phenomena which sprung out of them, none presented a more expressive type of their character than the Orders of Knighthood. The three earliest and most distinguished of these, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, the Knights Templar, and the Teutonic Knights, soon after their institution, acquired extensive establishments and possessions, and became politically important, years before the close of the twelfth century.

The Knights Templar, from a very humble beginning in 1099, when nine poor Crusaders took upon themselves the obligation of protecting the faithful at Jerusalem, very soon attained immense wealth and power. Their Association included men of the noblest birth—natives of every Christian country. Their valor in battle, their wisdom in council, were long the wonder and admiration of the world; and had they not quarreled with the Knights of St. John, they would have become, undoubtedly, what they aimed at being, the bulwark to Christendom against the Mohammedans.

A clear and satisfactory sketch of the history of Chivalry is not an easy matter to accomplish. Romance and reality are so mixed up in our notions of it that they are hard to separate. The Ideal Chivalry and the Chivalry of History are two distinct things; yet their influences and characteristics, like warp and woof, are interwoven; and to carry out the figure, the dark ground of the real is relieved by the brilliant colors of the imaginative.

I can give no closer analogy to our notions of chivalry than can be found in what were, until a short time ago, our notions of the character of the North American Indians. Looking at them through the colored lenses of Cooper's romances, and the picturesque emblazonry of Longfellow's poetry, they appeared the noblest of the different races of uncivilized man. Brave, resolute, patient, hospitable to the stranger though implacable to the foe, as grave at the council fire as fierce in battle, and, though sparing in speech, yet truly eloquent when roused to words, the Red Man of the forest seemed to us the concentration of the rude virtues of savage life. There was just so much truth in this as to make us wish and believe that the picture was true throughout. But a nearer view of his character and condition dispels this allusion, and we see wretchedness, degradation, and misery, accompanied by unromantic habits and passions, over which the imagination had drawn a veil.

The picture of chivalry which have been given us, not merely by poets and romancers—for these may claim their privilege—but by historians professing to write grave and authentic facts, have been calculated to foster all our illusions. In thinking of chivalry, we naturally imagine a system in which nobility, valor, generosity, courtesy, beauty, and accomplishments, are all combined. We see the knight, his helm

crowned with nodding plume, bearing his emblazoned shield, mounted on his gallant charger, and gaily "pricking o'er the plain"; the "ladye" of his affection presiding at some tournament, as the queen of beauty and love, or inspiring her lover with enthusiasm to accomplish deeds of arms; and these principal personages are surrounded with every circumstance calculated to cheat the judgment into a belief of the reality of the picture.

The reason of this lies deep in human nature. The earliest and largest portions of the literature of the nations of earth belong to imagination. Imagination is ever prone to embody its creations of the fair and beautiful in human shape; it is ever bent on acting on the principle expressed by the old poet, quoted in Wordsworth's "Excursion":

"Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

The things, therefore, which the imagination busies itself about, are those which touch the affections and interests of man. In a rude and warlike nation, fighting is the favorite theme. See, for example, the verses of Homer, the wild rhapsodies of Ossian, the Sagas of Scandinavia, the Kalevala of Denmark, or the Niebelungen Songs of Germany. From the earliest portion of the world, the poet has magnified the exploits and the characters of heroes, and sung of the one slaying his thousands, and the other his tens of thousands.

(To be continued.)

## ORDER OF MASONIC KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THE GEOFFRY DE ST. ALDEMAR ENCAMPMENT AND PRIORY, TORONTO.

We recorded some time since the revival under the most favorable circumstances of this Encampment which had not been working since 1862. This happy revival was deemed worthy of special mention in the address of the Very Eminent, The Grand Prior of the Dominion, Sir Kt. Colonel McLeod Moore to the Provincial Grand Conclave in August, and we now have the pleasure in inserting the following resolution unanimously adopted and presented to Sir Kt. Harman at a recent assembly of the Encampment.

Moved by V. E. Sir Knt. William George Storm, Past E. C.,

Seconded by E. Sir Kt. James Kirkpatrick Kerr, E. C., and

*Resolved*—"That in the success that has attended the revival of the Encampment it is no disparagement to the efforts of the many Sir Knights who have striven sedulously to effect the same, to convey to V. E. Sir Knight SAMUEL BICKERTON HARMAN, Past Grand Sub Prior, Provincial Grand Commander for Ontario and Quebec, First Eminent Commander of this Encampment on its formation in 1854 and its revision in 1869, the sentiments in which all the members of this Encampment unite with one generous and respectful accord, that to his leadership is that success to be mainly attributed. That the services of V. E. Sir Knight Harman (performed amid the pressing duties of his high and responsible office of Mayor of the City of Toronto) have been of a two-fold character:—*First*. In the discharge of the more imposing duties which peculiarly devolve on the Eminent Commander, and in his

fulfilment of which in his thorough and masterly acquaintance with the ritual and in his apprehension and exemplification of its chivalric character, he has invested the office of Commander and the ceremonial of the Order with a station and dignity which evidence the scholarly impress of research and refinement. *Secondly.* In the discharge of the more arduous duties of collecting the scattered relics of the Encampment rescued almost by a miracle from the conflagration, in correspondence, and interviews with surviving fratres, with a view to defining the continuing roll to be depended upon in the work of revival, in the necessary application to the Grand Prior of the Dominion for his dispensation, counsel and concurrence, and in the careful revision of the minutes, accounts and returns to Grand Conclave. In the zealous and able discharge of these many duties performed with no less fidelity to the Order at the time of its introduction and the institution of this the second Encampment in Canada, the services of the Eminent Sir Knight peculiarly merit the thanks and recognition of his brethren, who, with knightly courtesy and warm good feeling cordially record and tender the same. *And Resolved further* That a copy of the resolution be engrossed and handed to V. E. Sir Knight Harman.

At the last regular assembly of the Godfrey de Bouillon Encampment and Priory, Hamilton, Ont., the following Fratres were installed as officers for the ensuing year:—

V. E. † Sir Kt. Thomas Bird Harris, 33°, Eminent Commander and Prior.

V. E. † Sir Kt. William Reid, 32°, Past Eminent Commander and Prior.

† Sir Kt. Alexander Mitchell, Prelate.

† “ Charles Magill, First Captain, C. C.

† “ John Kennedy, Second “ “

† “ Alfred J. Nuthall, Registrar and Treasurer.

† “ E. G. Tuckett, Almoner.

† “ E. G. Conklin, Expert.

† “ George James, 1st Standard Bearer.

† “ C. W. Smith, 2nd “ “

† “ Robert Grant, Captain of Lines.

† “ George McKenzie, 1st Herald.

† “ Peter J. Brown, 2nd “

† “ W. W. Summers, Equerry.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

At the Annual Assembly of the Union De Molay Priory No. 104, Registry under Grand Priory of England and Dependencies, held at Masonic Hall, City of St. John, 6th Oct., 1870; the following fratres were installed officers for the year by † Robert Marshall 33°, Past Provincial Grand Master of the Grand Conclave of Canada, and Past Eminent Prior:—

† James Domville, Eminent Prior.

† Wm. D. Forster, Prelate.

† G. Fred. Ring, Captain General.

† D. Ransom Munro, Lieutenant General.

† Henry Duffell, First Lieutenant.

- † E. Lawrence Barteaux, Second Lieutenant.
- † C. Edmund Potter, Marischal.
- † J. Canby Hatheway, Hospitaller.
- † W. Henry Thorne, Admiral.
- † R. C. Page, Conservator.
- † Levi H. Young, Bailiff.
- † Robert Shives, Jurcopolier.
- † Robert Marshall, Treasurer.
- † John Melick, Chancellor.
- † John Williams, Captain of Outposts.

Eight Knights of the Grand Cross:—

- † Alexander Christie, Province.
- † William C. Morrissey, Auvergn.,
- † John McHarg, France.
- † Henry A. Whitney, Italy.
- † George H. Whiting, Arragon.
- † W. Walker Elmslie, Germany.
- † George Wilson, Castile.
- † William McNichol, Anglo Savario.

At the annual Conclave of the McLeod Moore Conclave No. 13 of the Imperial, Ecclesiastical and Military Order of the Red Cross of Rome and Constantine held in the Masonic Hall, Princess Street, St. John N. B. on the 6th October, 1870. The officers for the year were installed by † Robert Marshall 33°, Inspector General for the Province of New Brunswick. viz:—

- Sir Knight James Domville, Sovereign.
- “ “ W. Dickson Forster, Viceroiy.
- “ “ Geo. Frederick Ring, High Prelate.
- “ “ D. Ransom Munro, Sen'r General.
- “ “ E. Lawrence Barteaux, Jun. General.
- “ “ R. Marshall, Treasurer.
- “ “ John Melick, Recorder.
- “ “ Jos. Canby Hatheway, Prefect.
- “ “ Henry Duffell, Standard Bearer.
- “ “ W. C. Godsoe, Herald.

MOUNT BRYDGES, ONT.—The members of St. John's Lodge, No. 81, Mount Brydges, after their last regular meeting, entertained their esteemed W. Master, R. W. Bro George Billington, D. D. G. M., London District, at a complimentary supper; and took advantage of the occasion to present R. W. Bro. Billington with a very flattering address, accompanied with a full set of regalia, pertaining to his office. We regret that we have not space for the address in full, and can only give the concluding sentences which read as follows: "Lodge No. 81 recognizes with gratitude the zeal you have exhibited in her welfare and enlargement, your punctuality, diligence, and correctness in exemplifying the ritual of our Order. This regalia, R. W. Sir, which I am authorised

to present to you, speaks for itself, the inscription thereon being, 'Presented by the officers and members of St. John's Lodge, No. 81, A. F. and A. M. on this 8th day of November, A.D. 1870, A.L. 5870, to R.W. Bro. George Billington, W. M., D. D. G. M., as a token of their high estimation of the untiring energy displayed by him in advancing the prosperity of the Lodge, and may you wear this regalia with increasing credit to yourself and the Order.'

R. W. Bro. Billington, ably and eloquently responded to the address, thanking the Brethren for their kindness and flattering notice of himself. Toast and song followed each other in rapid succession, speeches were made by several visiting Brethren and others, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

PRESENTATION.—At the regular meeting of Union Lodge, No. 7, R. C. Grimsby, held Nov. 3rd, A. L. 5870; V.W. Bro. Robert Kemp, I. P. M., one of the Grand Stewards for the present Masonic year, was presented by the Lodge with a beautiful Past Master's jewel, as an acknowledgement for his many valuable services cheerfully rendered the Lodge, not only during the three years he occupied the chair, but since resigning that position.

#### FOREIGN MEMORANDA.

The two Grand Lodges in Brazil, are about to become amalgamated, under one jurisdiction.

Royal Alpha Lodge No. 16., E. R., possesses the following distinguished list of officers for the ensuing year:—M. W., the G. M., the Right Hon., the Earl De Grey and Ripon, W. M.; H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, P. G. M., S. W.; the Duke of St. Albans, J. W.; the Earl of Zetland, P. G. M. Immediate Past Master; and V. W. Bro. John Hervey, Grand Secretary Secretary.

On the 1st., November last, H. R. H., the Crown Prince of Denmark was received into Freemasonry by his Majesty the King of Sweden, and we are informed that H. R. H., will succeed the late M. W., Bro., Brastrup, as Grand Master of the Danish Grand Lodge.—*London Freemason.*

R.W. Bro. William Alexander Laurie, of Rossend Castle, Burntisland, Keeper and Superintendent of Her Majesty's *Gazette* for Scotland and Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, died at Edinburgh, on the 26th ult. of congestion of the lungs, at the mature age of seventy-one years.

The deceased gentleman was born on the 28th October, 1799, and was educated at the High School and University. In 1823 he was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to her Majesty's Signet, and in 1831 succeeded his estimable father as Keeper of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, and Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Scotland, which honourable offices he has ever since filled with credit to himself, and great advantage to his constituents. His name has become a household word amongst Freemasons throughout the world, and in far distant lands

the intelligence of his decease will be received by the Craft with deep sorrow.

By special appointment of His Majesty the King of Sweden, he was the representative of the Grand Lodge of Sweden at the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

Of a uniformly affable, courteous, and genial nature, Bro., Laurie was esteemed and beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Without ostentation or parade, he was a true Christian gentleman. His life of temperance and purity secured him an age of freshness and vigour; and his sorrowing relatives and friends have the happiness to know that, while actively engaged till the last in the business of life, he had nevertheless, not left to a deathbed his preparation for a future state.

Bro. Laurie took a deep interest in the Antiquarian Society, and other societies of a kindred nature, of most of which he was a member. He was much consulted on matters of taste, and questions of order.

About two months ago, Bro Laurie's health began to fail. In the early part of the past month he removed from Rossend to Edinburgh, in the hope of being able to appear at his post on the reception of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales by the Grand Lodge on the 12th and 13th Oct. To his own great disappointment however, and the extreme regret of the Craft, he was unable to be present, though he took the deepest interest in the arrangements for these occasions.

It will be remembered that at the installation of the Prince as Patron of the Masonic body, the Grand Master (the Earl of Dalhousie), in a very kindly manner, referred to Bro. Laurie's illness, and at his request presented His Royal Highness with his work on Freemasonry and the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

On Wednesday, 26th Oct., at noon, after much suffering, Bro. Laurie breathed his last, leaving behind him many by whom his memory will be long revered. His funeral, which was strictly private, took place on Saturday last, the interment being in the family burying-place at Newington.—*Freemason's Magazine*.

Among the incidents which should be put on record, and which illustrate the vein for foolery and bombast of the French, is a citation of the Fr. Guillaume I, Roi de Prusse," and "Fr. Frederic Guillaume Prince Royal to appear on the 29th of October, at No. 35, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, at Paris, to answer an accusation of perjury," in the name of humanity, outraged, of liberty of conscience violated, and of right and justice disregarded. In case of their non appearance, which was probably the fact, an official advocate was "to be appointed, and the case was to be tried according to Masonic usages."

It is in consequence of denaturalising and disturbing Masonry from its old bases that such notions gain currency. Who are the parties at No. 35 does not appear. It is to be hoped not the two legitimate bodies the Grand Orient of France and the Supreme Council, the domiciles of which are elsewhere than in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

If the King of Prussia and his son hear of this tom-foolery, they are too good Masons to regard it as anything else but what it is, and it is to be hoped that it will not impair the genuine good offices of Masonry, rendered to each other by brethren on both sides, in this unhappy war.

The following is a translation of the citation above referred to :—

"CITATION.—In the name of outraged humanity! In the name of violated liberty of conscience! In the name of despised right and justice!

The Freemasons, William I. King of Prussia, and Frederick William Nicholas Charles of Prussia, Royal Hereditary Prince, are summoned to appear personally or by representatives having some Masonic qualification, on Saturday, the 17th day of October, 1870, in the Masonic Hall, Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, No. 35, at seven o'clock in the evening, to answer the charge of perjury brought against them by the Parisian Freemasonry. Should they fail in coming forward, or in sending representatives in accordance with the present citation an ex-officio defender shall be appointed in their behalf, and proceedings shall be taken according to Masonic usages. Orient of Paris, Oct., 21, 1870." Then follow signatures of venerables and delegates of Grand Lodge.

Freemason's Magazine.

## JURISPRUDENCE.

QUESTION.—Can the application of a Brother, who has not been a Master Mason three calendar months be received by a Royal Arch Chapter, and a Committee appointed.

ANSWER.—Yes. The Constitution of the Grand Chapter places no restriction as to the time necessary to elapse before the application for advancement to higher degree can be received from a M. M. being a candidate for the same, in a Chapter. The law in effect is as follows:—A candidate for the Royal Arch Degree may be *exalted* as soon as he has been a M. M. three calendar months, upon producing proper vouchers and previously to such exaltation he must have received the degrees of M. M. P. M., and M. E. M., therefore, by the law as it stands a Chapter would be fully justified in receiving the application and acting upon the same by the appointment of the necessary committee, and if thought desirable in conferring the three subordinate degrees.

QUESTION.—A brother is suspended for non-payment of dues. The Lodge by resolution afterwards grant time for payment. What effect has this resolution on his *status* in the Lodge?

ANSWER.—It has the effect of removing the previous act of suspension for the time specified and restores the Brother to membership in his Lodge.

QUESTION.—A member of a Lodge allows himself to fall in arrears. The secretary notifies him regularly of his standing, but the Lodge neglects to take any action against him. In the meantime he with others apply for and receive a charter to organize a new Lodge in which he accepts office. Can he retain his position in the new Lodge if the other Lodge is obliged to suspend him for the non-payment of dues?

ANSWER.—A member suspended for non-payment of dues by his Lodge, cannot constitutionally be permitted to *visit* any other Lodge during such suspension; but this prohibition of visiting would not we think, apply in the case of his membership with another Lodge in which he is in good standing, where he would sit by the right of membership; and would of course be entitled to discharge the duties of any office he might hold in such Lodge but outside of such Lodge he would be debarred from all masonic privileges until he had placed himself in good standing in the Lodge suspending him.

QUESTION.—By resolution of the Lodge, a *dimit* is granted, the secretary to hold the same until all arrears are paid up. Subsequently, yet prior to the *dimit* being handed over, the *dimitted* desires to pay up, and regain his membership. This is refused, and although he has not paid his arrears, the *dimit* is given to him. In what position does he stand?

ANSWER.—An unaffiliated Mason. The Brother having in due form tendered his resignation, and the same having been unconditionally accepted by the Lodge, there is no constituent method of regaining

membership except by a fresh application and ballot; the certificate of withdrawal could be at any time required of the Lodge.

QUESTION.—Can a Brother who has only arrived at the S. W. Chair, be appointed a Grand Lodge officer?

ANSWER.—Yes. The Grand Master has the power to appoint any Brother, being a member of Grand Lodge, to office. Senior Wardens and Junior Wardens of Lodges are constituted members during their year of office, and are therefore eligible for office. The Constitution however, provides that no Brother shall rank as a *Past Grand officer*, unless at the time of holding office in Grand Lodge, he was either a *Master* or *Past Master* of some Lodge.

QUESTION.—Can a Past Master unaffiliated, act as W. M. of a Lodge, and confer degrees?

ANSWER.—Yes: a Brother having been once regularly installed master, would be fully entitled to sit in the East, and confer degrees, when requested to do so by the proper authority, either in his own or any other Lodge—the fact of his being unaffiliated would not affect his right to preside in any Lodge wherever he was permitted to visit.

QUESTION.—Can a D. D. G. M. appoint a District Secretary, and if so, can the D. D. G. M. charge the expenses of himself and Secy., to the Lodges officially visited by others?

ANSWER.—A D. D. G. M. has full authority to appoint a District Secretary, who may accompany him in his visitations, but has no constitutional authority for charging either his own or his Secretary's expenses against the Lodge or Lodges visited. The Grand Lodge however has at two annual communications strongly recommended that Lodges should reimburse D. D. G. M.'s, the expenses incurred by them, and this recommendation has been very generally adopted.

QUESTION.—At the regular meeting of a Lodge, seven members are present,—five M. M's., and two E. A.'s,—Can the Lodge be opened in the second degree, in order to pass the two E. A.'s?

ANSWER.—It would be possible, but most undesirable, and such a course of action should never be resorted to, unless under the greatest of necessities.

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## At Rest.

DIED.—At his residence, Maplehurst, Village of Maitland, Province of Ontario; on Sunday the 27th November, 1870, Bro Lieut. Colonel William Blood Gallwey, Brigade Major, Montreal, in the 45th year of his age.

Our deceased Brother was the third son of the late Major John Gallwey, 16th Regiment, Inspector General of the Irish Constabulary; and was born near the City of Cork, Ireland in 1825. He was by profession a civil engineer and had been employed for several years by the Irish Board of Works during the famine. In 1852, he arrived in Canada, and his talent and ability as an engineer being strongly recommended to the Canadian Government, he was immediately appointed to open up the Chats Canal, Ottawa River. He raised and commanded a volunteer rifle company in Ottawa, in 1861, and was a zealous and most efficient officer, serving on the frontier during all the Fenian excitement. Four years ago he was appointed by the Minister of Militia Brigade Major of

the Grand Trunk Railway Brigade, and won the confidence and respect of both officers and men. There is little doubt the fatigue he underwent during the last Fenian raid being, for some months previously in delicate health, and before he had recovered from a serious attack of scarlet fever, and subsequently his exposure and suffering at the disastrous fire in Hull, near Ottawa, where his house and property were all destroyed, was the immediate cause of his death. His long illness, he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Bro. Gallwey was initiated in Corinthian Lodge, No. 58 Ottawa, and of which he was for two years W. Master. He was also a member of Carleton Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, No. 16, Ottawa.

Our deceased brother married the only daughter of Ill. Bro. Col. McLeod Moore, 33°, and leaves a widow and two young children to mourn his loss.

DIED.—At his residence, Ottawa, Ont., on Saturday the 12th November, 1870, Bro. N. S. Blasdell in the 69th year of his age.

Our deceased brother, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Ottawa, was only a very short time before his death, the recipient of an address and a beautiful treasurer's jewel, at the hands of the members of Dalhousie Lodge, No, 591, E. R., Ottawa, of which he had been treasurer for fifteen consecutive years. The address and reply, on the occasion referred to, will be read by our subscribers with melancholy interest.

*To N. S. Blasdell, Esq., Treasurer, Dalhousie Lodge Ottawa.*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Dalhousie Lodge, No, 571, E. R., Free and Accepted Masons, in open Lodge assembled, desire to bear testimony to the valuable service rendered by you as treasurer for the last fifteen years; at the same time they consider it a pleasant duty to be able to acknowledge your faithful attention upon all occasions to the duties of the Lodge during the long period that you have been in communication therewith. Your correct deportment and fraternal disposition have won for you not only as a Mason, but as a man, the respect and esteem of all the Brethren who have been connected with the Lodge since you joined it in A.D. 1851; and by your connection with this order, you have materially aided in keeping up Masonry to that high standard of moral development that should characterise its members all the world over.

In appreciation of your valuable services in the important office of treasurer, the Lodge unanimously resolved to present you with the accompanying treasurer's jewel, which, in its name, I have now much pleasure in investing you with, and fervently pray that the Great Architect of the universe may long spare you in health and strength to wear it, and enable you to continue in the performance of those duties to this Lodge and to society in general that your rectitude so eminently qualifies you for.

Signed on behalf of the Lodge,

WM. HAY, *W. Master.*

REPLY.

*To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Dalhousie Lodge.*

The kind address with which you have honored me, and the approval of my conduct which you have been pleased to express have more than compensated for any services I could have rendered the Lodge.

Believe me, Brethren, that this beautifully prepared address and magnificent jewel will be highly valued by me while I live, and that warmly as I have been attached to the Craft in general and my mother Lodge in particular, this will be another tie binding me still closer to Dalhousie Lodge, which may the G A O T U long prosper.

N. S.—BLASDELL.