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# THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

## CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

Bro. J. J. MASON,  
Publisher

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'The Queen and the Craft.'

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### A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons lived in 1823 at Harwick Hall in the County of Durham, England. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman, of great energy and bravery, in her fifty-fourth year. Her sons were aged respectively thirty-four, twenty seven, twenty-four, and twenty-one.

Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bed-room, besides a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's son and daughter-in-law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chater, of Chatersburg. The domestics, relieved from duty, were in their own portion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in the kitchen garden, took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revelers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have a small gathering of friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the arrangements necessary. She would require the old punch-bowl and the ladles and goblets, which she kept in the closet of her bed-room. She went accordingly and entered the closet, and took out the silver and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. And then she took out a large old-fashioned carving-knife and fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the Bible and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she left them on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bed room, she placed the candle on the dressing table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she entered the closet.

As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily. She looked up, and saw right before her the face of a man. She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a

step, and observed that a man's head, arms, and body were in the small window at the end, as though in the act of wriggling himself through the opening.

In the man's right hand was a pistol, and his left had hold of a shelf which ran along the side of the closet. The man raised the pistol and fired.

Mrs. Mowbray in an instant seized the huge carving-knife which lay on the shelf, and advanced towards the ruffian. He was struggling to withdraw himself from the window. His hands were on the sill, and his head somewhat raised, leaving his neck exposed.

Being unable to work himself out of the aperture, he raised the pistol as though to hurl it at Mrs. Mowbray. The courageous old lady made one step forward, and dashed the keen blade across the man's throat, laying it open from ear to ear. She then calmly retired, closed the door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlor, first having satisfied herself that not a drop of blood had stained her dress or hands.

Half an hour after midnight her children returned home. They found their mother seated by the fire, serenely reading her Bible. They greeted her affectionately, and prepared to retire for the night. Mrs. Mowbray said:

"Boys, remain behind a little. I wish to speak to you. You, my daughter, can retire."

When she was alone with her children, she said, with dignity and calmness:

"My children, I have killed a man. You will find his body fast in the small window of the closet of my bed room."

Her sons stared at her in amazement. They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder, but when she related to them, plainly and rationally, and in her own straight-forward, terse fashion, the story as just told, they saw that she was telling them a simple fact.

"Go," said she, "make what arrangements you please. I will wait here, and you can tell me what course is best to pursue in this matter."

The sons took the light and went to their mother's room. They opened the door, and there, sure enough, was the body of a man hanging half through the window. The floor was a pool of a blood. With difficulty the eldest son got near enough to the body without stepping into the gore to raise the head, which was drooping on the chest. He grasped the hair and lifted the head so that the light might fall upon the face. As he did so a cry of horror escaped them all.

"Great God! it is our brother George."

"What do you say?" asked Mrs. Mowbray, in a voice horribly calm, from the doorway, whither she had followed unperceived. "George? What do you mean?"

The oldest son dropped the head, to prevent, if possible, his mother from recognizing it, and all of them endeavored to explain their exclamation, and get their mother away from the spot. It was in vain.

"Boys," she said, in her old, well-known tone of authority, "stand aside, and let me see the face of the villain I have slain."

With that she put her sons aside as though they were mere lads, and walked through the slippery gore that lay upon the floor up to the body. She took the candle from the unresisting grasp of her first born, and, with a hand that trembled not, lifted the head of the dead man so

that the light shone full upon it. She gazed at it steadily for half a minute, then said, gently lowering it until it rested upon the breast again.

"It's my boy George!"

Mrs. Mowbray was the only one in that household who remained calm and motionless. The family were in the wildest state of sorrow. The three brothers with difficulty extricated the body from the window. The authorities were notified, and everything was kept as quiet as possible.

The inquest was duly held. Mrs. Mowbray was fully exonerated, and the body was tenderly prepared for burial. The real story was known to few outside the family and authorities. It was believed by them that George, instead of going to Devonshire, had remained lurking in the neighborhood, and had planned the robbery, and if need be, the murder of his mother. He knew that she would be alone that night, and that she had a large sum of money and valuable jewelry in her room.

The old nurse, who had held George in her arms when he first saw the light, took care of the body, and prepared it for the tomb.

She dwelt tenderly on the familiar marks upon the limbs and face which she knew so well, each of which had a story of youthful daring or folly connected with it. In due time the funeral took place. The corpse was laid in the family vault. Only the family and one or two relatives attended. Mrs. Mowbray spent the best part of each day by the side of her dead son. She showed externally no signs of emotion. Before the lid was closed she kissed the forehead and cut off a lock of his hair.

The day after the burial she gave directions to her eldest son to pay all the dead man's debts, which was done at once, so far as was known.

Gloom settled over the hall. The wing of the building in which the tragedy occurred was closed up, and Mrs. Mowbray removed to a bedroom up stairs.

On the fifth day after the funeral a postchaise drove up to the door of Harwick Hall, and from it stepped George Mowbray, looking better than he had looked for many a long day before he left home. The servant who opened the hall door started back, and almost dropped with fright. His exclamations caught the ears of Mrs. Mowbray and her sons, who seemed to be dumbfounded. George was as much astonished as any of them, and gazed from one to the other, perfectly lost in bewildered surprise.

There was no doubt of it. George Mowbray, whom everybody believed to be dead and in his grave, was living and before them.

"Mother," said George, advancing towards her, "what is 'he matter? My return is easily accounted for. On reaching Tawvale, I found that my uncle's family had been unexpectedly summoned to London, as my eldest cousin, Sir John Gray's wife, was thought to be dying. I took a night's repose, and then started home again, and here I am."

Mrs. Mowbray walked up to him, gazed into his face, and then, without a word, folded him in a passionate embrace. Each of his brothers grasped his hands and kissed him, as they were wont to do when he was a boy and the pet of the family.

The old nurse, aroused from her noonday slumber, embraced and wept over him, and the servants gathered around with wet eyes and congratulatory expressions.

All this time George knew nothing of the true reason for this singular reception. Soon, however, the mystery was explained to him. The effect upon him cannot be described.

Measures were immediately taken to have the body of the man who had been buried as George Mowbray disinterred. This was soon done, and as the living George stood beside the dead man, the resemblance was seen to be most extraordinary. The marks on the face and hands corresponded with those on George's; the scars on the legs were similar also, and the hair, eyebrows, and finger-nails were marvelously alike.

Who the dead man was, was never ascertained. After George's return, however, inquiries were made, such as it was never deemed needful to make so long as the dead man was supposed to be Mrs. Mowbray's youngest son.

These inquiries led to the discovery that the day before the tragedy three men, supposed to be from London, took up their quarters at an inn in a neighboring village, one of whom the landlord thought he recognized as having been in Mrs. Mowbray's service as a groom. The footsteps of three persons were also discovered in the garden, and some time after a rope-ladder and a horse-trough, which had apparently been used to lay upon the spikes at the top of the garden wall, were discovered in the neighboring copse; but the name of the dead man was never discovered.—*Napa Register.*

## PARLIAMENTARY LAW, AS APPLIED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF MASONIC BODIES.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M. D.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

OF THE REPORT OF A COMMITTEE.

When a Committee, to which a subject had been referred, has completed its investigation and come to an opinion, it directs its chairman or some other member to prepare an expression of its views, to be submitted to the assembly under whose direction it has been acting. The paper containing this expression of views is called its report, which may be framed in three different forms: It may contain only an expression of opinion on the subject which had been referred; or it may contain, in addition to this, an express resolution or series of resolutions, the adoption of which by the assembly is recommended; or, lastly, it may consist in one or more resolutions, without any preliminary expression of opinion.

The report, when prepared, is read to the members of the Committee, and, if it meets with their final sanction, the chairman or one of the members is directed to present it to the assembly.

The mode in which the report thus prepared is to be presented to the assembly next requires attention. In the British Parliament the presentation of the report of a Committee is accompanied with several precedents which have long since been abandoned in the parliamentary practice of this country. And while in our popular assemblies and in our legislatures the forms of reception and consideration of a report are still so different from what they are in the National Congress or the State Legislatures, they still preserve enough of the spirit of the parliamentary procedure to insure expedition and regularity.

Standing up in his place in the Lodge, the chairman, or other member appointed for that purpose, announces to the presiding officer that the Committee to whom such or such matters had been referred is ready to report.

The question which now ought to be put to the meeting by the presiding officer is: "Shall the report be received?" But here the fiction of the parliamentary law, like the fiction of the common law in many cases, supplies the place of fact, and the question is supposed to be put and carried by the silent acquiescence of the members, and the chairman then reads the report.

But although it is taken for granted, when there is no opposition, that the report has been received, it is competent for any member to move that it be not received; the effect of the adoption of such a motion would I think, be to suppress the subject altogether and to dismiss its farther consideration, unless a motion was also made to recommit the report. Cushing says, that "it is not apparent what the precise effect of the decision would be—whether the Committee would be discharged and the matter there stop, or whether the refusing to receive the report would be equivalent to a recommitment;" but he admits that if the report so rejected be the final report of the Committee, which had adjourned without day, the Committee would be *functus officio*, unless revived.

It is, I think, most reasonable to suppose that, if the assembly refuses to receive the report of the Committee, the matter necessarily drops, unless revived by a subsequent resolution to recommit the report. The Committee, in making its report, has accomplished the duty confided to it, and nothing more remains or is competent for it to do. To refuse to accept the report unconditionally, is to give the *quietus* not only to it, but to the subject-matter on which it is based.

But on the announcement of the chairman that the Committee is ready to report, if a motion be made to receive it, or if there be no express opposition made, it is tacitly received, then the next thing is for the chairman to read it. "The parliamentary usage is for the chairman to read the report in his place and then to hand it to the clerk, who reads it again. But in popular assemblies and in Masonic Lodges this formality is not adhered to. Sometimes the chairman reads the report and sometimes the Secretary reads it for him, and it is not read the second time unless the second reading is called for.

The reading of the report is its reception. It is, therefore, an error, although a very common one among persons unacquainted with parliamentary law, to move, after it has been read, that the report be received. This has already been done, and such a motion would now be unnecessary and out of time.

The report having been received and read, the Committee is thereby discharged, in the case of a final report, from any further consideration of the subject, and is virtually dissolved. It is unnecessary, therefore, to make a motion for its discharge.

The next question, then, that comes up is the disposition to be made of the report. And here it is usual for the friends of the report to move that it be adopted. Now, the report may be made, as has already been said, in three forms: as a mere expression of opinion, as that expression accompanied by resolutions, or simply as a resolution or series of resolutions.

If the report be in the first of these forms, it does not seem necessary

to move its adoption. For as the opinions of a deliberative body can be expressed only in the form of resolutions, the adoption of a mere opinion can have no binding effect. It is best, therefore, to let such a report pass without any motion whatever, and then it would go on the records simply as the opinion of the members of the Committee. If this opinion is to become operative as a rule of action, that can be effected only by some resolution based upon its recommendations, which resolution may be made by any member of the Lodge or assembly. This is the parliamentary method of proceeding, but it is not always observed in Lodges, where the motion to adopt a mere declaratory report is often made. But if the motion is carried, its effect is precisely that above stated. Such a motion has no more legislative value than the piece of paper on which it is written.

But the report may be submitted in its second or third form, that is to say, the expression of opinion may be accompanied with resolutions, or the report may consist simply of a resolution, or series of resolutions, not preceded by any preliminary expression of opinion.

Here the motion for adoption would be strictly regular, and its effect would be tangible. If the motion to adopt a report having resolutions annexed, or consisting only of resolutions, be carried, then the adoption of the report is also the adoption of the resolutions, which thus become the expression of the will of the assembly, and have the same legal effect as they would have if they were resolutions which had been independently proposed by some member irrespective of the Committee.

But, if the motion to adopt is lost, then the matter is defunct. The effect of a refusal to adopt a report is the same as a negative vote on a motion. By the refusal it ceases to be before the body, and goes into parliamentary death.

But on the reception of a report there is another method, besides adoption or non-adoption, by which it may be disposed of. Instead of moving that it be adopted, a motion may be made that it be recommitted. If this motion be carried, the Committee which had become *functus officio* by the reception of its report, is instantly revived. The report is handed to the chairman, and the Committee in due time makes another report, which passes through the same stages, and is governed by the same rules as in the case of the first report.

This recommitment may be accompanied with instructions, but these instructions can refer only to some legislative act, such as the preparation of a resolution for future action. In parliamentary bodies reports are often recommitted, with instructions to a Committee to prepare a bill. Analogous to this would be the instructions of a popular assembly to its Committee to prepare a resolution. But, in the case of the parliamentary body, the preparation of the bill by the Committee is intended to expedite the forms of legislation. Nothing of this kind could be accomplished by causing a Committee to prepare a resolution, since the resolution could be more readily offered by a member, and acted on at once by the assembly. It is not, therefore, usual to recommit reports with such instructions, although such a course would be perfectly regular and parliamentary. Sometimes, however, reports have been recommitted, with instructions to change the opinions therein expressed. This is altogether incorrect and unparliamentary. The members of no Committee can be required to change their views on any particular subject, merely to gratify a majority who held different

views; and to require them to express on paper an opinion that they did not entertain, would be an unjust assumption of power.

The better course is, when the report of the Committee is objectionable, to reject it at once on the question of its adoption. New resolutions can then be offered to meet the views of the majority, independently of the report, if it contain resolutions. If it was only the expression of an opinion without resolutions, the mere reception of it does not give the sanction of the body to the views expressed in it; but, if it be thought necessary, a declaratory resolution in opposition to the report might be offered and adopted.

Committees go out of existence only on the reception of their final report. Preliminary reports, for the purpose of asking information or instruction in reference to the subject-matter which has been referred to it, may be made by a Committee at any time during its session, without affecting its continuance.

Sometimes the stated period arrives for a Committee to make its report, which, however, it is not prepared to do, in consequence of not having completed the investigation of the matter referred to it. The usage, then, is for the Committee simply to "report progress, and ask leave to sit again." This being granted, the Committee resumes its sessions and makes its report at some subsequent time.

What has been hitherto said refers only to Select Committees, Standing Committees are governed by different rules. Their reports are always in order, and the reception of the report of a Standing Committee does not affect its continuance.

The Report of a Committee, on the character of a petition for initiation or affiliation, is a matter peculiarly Masonic, and requires a special consideration. It will therefore be the subject of the next chapter.

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## THE NEW DEPARTMENT IN "THE MORNING GLORY."

BY MAX ADELER.

J. Alfred Brimmer, Esq., editor and proprietor of *The Morning Glory*, having observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in a poetical form, reflected that it might be a good thing to introduce in his paper a department of obituary poetry. He considered whether if, when an individual inserted fifty cents' worth of death-notice, the establishment should contribute gratuitously half-a-dollar's worth of mortality stanzas, his paper would not at once become the most popular vehicle for the conveyance of that peculiar form of melancholy intelligence to the public. And Mr. Brimmer rightly estimated that, as most newspaper readers seem to take a deeper interest in such sepulchral news than in information of any other kind, the journal containing the largest supply would have the greatest number of subscribers.

So Mr. Brimmer determined that he would, as an experiment at any rate, engage an obituary poet for a short time, with the purpose to give him permanent employment if the plan seemed to take with the public. Accordingly he sent for Mr. Remington Ott, a constructor of verses, who had frequently contributed to the columns of *The Morning Glory*, poems which would have been considered by a fastidious student of English literature of an appalling and revolutionary character.

Mr. Brimmer soon effected an arrangement with the bard, by which



it was agreed that Mr. Ott should take a position in the office for a short time, and whenever a death-notice arrived he should immediately endeavor to grind out some verses expressive of the situation. ☞

"You understand, Mr. Ott," explained Brimmer, "that when the death of an individual is announced, I want you, as it were, to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them a verse or two about the corpse which will seem to be the expression of the emotion of the hearts of the living."

"To lighten the gloom, in a certain sense, I suppose?" said Mr. Ott.

"Precisely! Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed; but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Ott, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I would advise you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and endeavor, for instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from dependency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the common place details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office, others you may readily supply from your imagination."

"I'll throw off stanzas," said Mr. Ott, "in such a manner that people will want their friends to die for the sake of the poetry!"

"But above all," continued the editor, "take a bright view of the matter always. Make the sunshine of smiles, as it were, burst through the tempest of tears, and, if we don't make *The Morning Glory* hum around among the mourners of this town, my name is not Brimmer."

He was right. It *did* hum.

The next day Remington Ott went on duty, and Brimmer ran down to the sea-shore for a breath of fresh air. All through the day death-notice came pouring in, and, when one would reach Ott, he would seize it and study it up to ascertain the particulars. Then he would rush up stairs, lock himself in his room, take down his rhyming dictionary, run his fingers through his hair, and hack away for half an hour at a piece of paper until he considered that he had that poetry in a shape which would make the stricken family feel proud of the corpse. When his day's work was done, Ott went home with a conviction that *The Morning Glory* had finally robbed death of its terrors, and made life comparatively valueless.

In the morning Mr. Ott proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near the establishment he observed a crowd of five or six thousand people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Climbing a tree, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and jammed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies—the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging away like mad. Upon the curbstone in front of him there was a line of men stretching down the street for four squares, each man engaged in reading *The Morning Glory* with an earnestness that Mr. Ott had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded either that his poetry

had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Ott determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and, placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat J. Alfred Brimmer holding *The Morning Glory* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semi-circle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Ott heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir!--William McGlue! I am a brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, WHAT DO YOU MEAN by the following infamous language?"

"The death-angle smote Alexander McGlue,  
And gave him protracted repose;  
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,  
And he had a pink wart on his nose.  
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space,  
Over there on the evergreen shore  
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place  
Precisely at quarter-past four."

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what you mean* by such conduct!"

"Really, sir," said Brimmer, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of an incendiary miscreant whom I trusted as a brother. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir--awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this--he shall, indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Ott, out there by himself, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"Willie had a purple monkey, climbing on a yellow stick,  
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick;  
And in his latest hours, he clasped that monkey in his hand,  
And bid good-bye to earth, and went into a better land."

"Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister, with his little wooden gun;  
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail, and make her yowl for fun,  
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;  
The monkey doesn't jump around, since little Willie died."

"The utterly atrocious character of this balderdash will appear when I say that William was twenty years old, that he never had a purple

monkey on a stick, that he never sucked such a thing, that he never fooled with cats, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous!—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor, as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still lives! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Ott to himself, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. It is ungrateful!"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Brimmer.

Brimmer said he was.

"W-w-well!" she said, in a voice broken by sobs. "wh-what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry ab-about m-my Johnny? M-my name is Sm-Smith, and wh-when I looked this morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in y-your paper, I saw these awful, wicked, wicked v-verse:

"Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—  
They blistered and they bled him;  
With squills and anti-bilious pills,  
And ipecac they fed him—  
They stirred him up with calomel,  
And tried to move his liver;  
But all in vain—his little soul  
Was wafted o'er 'The River.'

"It is false! false!—that's what it is! Johnny only had *one* doctor. And they d-didn't try to m-m-move his liver, and they d-didn't bl'bleed him and bl-lister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard-hearted brute ff-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy if you continue!" exclaimed Brimmer.

"This is not my work. It is the work of a serpent whom I warned in my bosom, and whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" mused Ott. "And this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is," thought Ott, "that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of *The Morning Glory* in his hand. He approached the editor, and pointing to a death-notice, said:

"Read that horrible mockery of my woe, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

"We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,  
And we often asked How can her harsh sufferings be borne?  
When her death was first reported her aunt got up and snorted  
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.

"She was such a little seraph that her father, who is sheriff,  
Really doesn't seem to care if he never smiles in life again.  
She has gone, we hope, to Heaven, at the early age of seven,  
(Funeral starts off at eleven,) where she'll never more have pain."

"As a consequence of this infamy, I withdraw all the country advertising from your paper. A man who could trifle in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Brimmer placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Ott reflected, "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case, to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt, particularly, seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. These people have no soul—no appreciation of the beautiful art."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and seizing Brimmer's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You unsympathetic and disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your vile sheet about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute ink slinger—you imbecile old quill-driver you:

"Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,  
In a beautiful hole in the ground,  
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,  
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;  
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush  
Have covered his last little bed,  
His brother Artemas can go out with Jane  
And visit the place with his sled."

"I'll teach you to talk about straddle bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do *you* know about Jane and Artemas, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language? Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you, you deplorable old lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended Mr. Brimmer explained and apologized in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to pommel Ott.

"The treachery of this man," murmured the poet, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over common-place details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of Nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for 'bed'? Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at large!"

Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed when a man with red hair and a ferocious glare in his eyes entered, carrying a club and accompanied by a savage-looking dog.

"I want to see the editor!" he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread Brimmer's face, and he said:

"The editor is not in."

"Well! when *will* he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—forever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Brimmer. "He has gone to South America, with the intention of remaining there during the balance of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate!" said the man with the golden locks; "I call for the purpose of battering him up a lot with this club!"

"He will be sorry," said Brimmer, sarcastically. "He will regret missing you. I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden," said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following, I'll break *your's* for you. Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention:

"Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life;  
She has left all its sorrows and cares;  
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs  
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs  
They put mustard-plasters upon her in vain;  
They bathed her with whiskey and rum;  
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left  
Her body entirely numb."

"The slave who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, "is named Remington Ott. He boards in Blank street, four doors from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with a judicious intermixture of club and dog-bites."

"And this," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who counseled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's tears! If that red-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whiskey and rum—if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb—was it *my* fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a speckled mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any further criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase. Arriving at the landing, he suddenly encountered Brimmer, who was moving off in the same direction. The editor had hardly time enough to utter a profane ejaculation and to lift his hand to strike the poet, when an old lady in a poke-hat and silver spectacles suddenly emerged from the stairway and pinned the editor to the wall with the ferule of her umbrella. After grinding her teeth at him for a moment she floored him with her weapon, and, seating herself upon his prostrate form, she extracted a copy of *The Morning Glory* from her bag, and, pointing to a certain stanza in the obituary column, asked Ott to read it aloud. He did so. It ran in this fashion:

"Little Alexander's dead;  
Jam him in a coffin;  
Don't have as good a chance  
For a fun'ral often.  
Rush his body right around  
To the cemetery;  
Drop him in the sepulchre.  
With his Uncle Jerry.

At the end of every line the indignant conqueror punched the fallen Brimmer's ribs with her umbrella, and exclaimed:

"O you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that, you serpint! O! you you willinous wiper you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you wicked willin, you ow-lacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' ragabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you!"

While she pounded the editor, the poet groped his way down stairs six steps at a time, and emerged from the front door with a remarkable suddenness. His journalistic career ended upon that day. When Brimmer's employees dragged away Alexander's grandparent, and carried her struggling and screaming down to the street, the editor sent for a carriage and was taken home to bed, from whence he arose a week later with an earnest determination never to permit another line of Voluntary Poetry to enter the columns of *The Morning Glory*.—*Sunday Dispatch*.

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### MASONIC EGOTISM.

Of all the sins which so easily beset mankind and lead them into a killing but very foolish captivity, there is none more common than egotism. It is said to be the sin of weak minds, but if so, small minds must be the rule, one would almost think, so frequently do we find this showing itself. The vanity of thinking one's self better than others, the conceit of flattering our vain selves that we are by nature or education superior to those with whom we must needs associate—this vanity and conceit constantly gaining the mastery and cropping out in words and gestures—is most intolerably disgusting. But never is it more than when seen in a member of the Masonic Brotherhood. Masons profess to meet their Brethren on the level, and to be united to them by the strongest fraternal bonds. Such being the case, how out of place is that egotism which vaunts itself in the assumption of superiority over others—in the haughty look or gesture—in the imperious manner which prompts to say to those with whom we come in contact, "Stand by yourself; I am greater, wiser, holier than you." In our travels we have called upon W. M.s who were so inflated with a bombastic spirit that they seemed uncomfortable until they had informed us of their Masonic standing and boasted of their great acquisitions. They understood Masonry in all its minutiae, and no one in their Lodge is capable of taking their place. From year to year they have been the soul of the fortunate (?) Lodge of which they were to be a member, and one would almost be led to believe that the

very existence of that particular Lodge depends upon the good Providence which spares so valuable a life! In some instances we have found these assertions unfortunately true. No other member was capable of assuming the Oriental chair. The assumptions of the Master had caused the members to believe that none of them were either capable, or had the ability of becoming capable, of filling the chief office in the Lodge. The result was, that none put forth the necessary effort to prepare, so that in such cases this class of egotists have matters just to their liking. In other instances we have known the sickening egotism of the Master to be the ruin of the Lodge, in that it served to drive every modest member, who had any just sense of real merit, from the Lodge meetings. These egotists are rarely half as well informed as they imagine, and nothing can be more intolerable to a sensible person than an ignorant egotist. They are objects of detestation everywhere, and, we repeat, never more so than when occupying the chief place in a Masonic Lodge.

The Master of real Masonic skill early learns to be modest in his pretensions. He is always affable and ready to communicate with his Brethren. It is his chief joy to aid all who seek light. In his instructions he is never pompous or arrogant, as if to say, "I know it all, and you are a small, inferior specimen of the *genus homo*, and my time is illy spent upon the like of you."

The Master who is fitted for his important station feels the necessity of instructing the members of the Lodge, especially the Wardens, and rendering as many as possible capable of filling any and all positions in the Lodge with credit to themselves and honor to the Craft—and feeling this necessity, he not only urges all to use their best endeavors to qualify, but does all in his power to aid them, and does it cheerfully, never in the spirit of arrogance. When a stranger Brother by chance calls upon such a Master, he is received with all due courtesy, and instead of being disgusted with a torrent of fulsome self-praise, every opportunity is sought by such Master to improve the stock of knowledge already on hand—not merely for the good of self, but for the general good. But an egotist is remarkable only for impudence, a general lack of knowledge, and a spirit of insufferable arrogance and braggadocio.  
*Michigan Freemason.*

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## GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia held its Annual Communication on Wednesday evening, the 13th November, 1872. The proceedings commenced with an able address by Grand Master Charles F. Stansbury. In this he took occasion to pay an eloquent tribute to the life and character of the late Grand Treasurer, Brother Cammack; and suggested many important measures for the consideration of the Grand Lodge. From this address, and from the report of the Librarian, we were pleased to learn of the rapid increase of the library, which now contains over three thousand bound and unbound volumes. The Grand Master reported that of the \$90,000 contributed by the Masons of America and Europe for the relief of Chicago, about \$22,000 had been unexpended, and that the Chicago Board of Relief had determined to return this amount *pro rata* to the sources whence it had been derived. Of this sum about \$750 had been assigned to and received by the Grand Lodge of the District, and the Grand Master

recommended that it be laid aside as a permanent charity fund, the capital to be sacred, preserved as a monument of the occasion. There is no doubt that this suggestion will be adopted. He also brought to the notice of the Grand Lodge a recent decision of the Commissioner of Patents, on the subject of Masonic symbols as trade-marks. In the course of the session the subject of non-affiliated Masons was introduced, and a resolution proposed by Brother Mackey, declaring it as the sense of the Grand Lodge, that unaffiliated Masons were not entitled to the rights of visitation, relief, or Masonic burial; which was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence. After some local business, the Grand Lodge proceeded to the annual election, which resulted in the choice of the following officers, the election being conducted in a very harmonious spirit. The re-election of Grand Master Stansbury by an almost unanimous vote was a high but expected tribute to his worth as a man and Mason, and an expression of the unabated confidence of the Craft in his administration. Brother Gibbs, the Deputy Grand Master, was not present, being confined to his bed by the effects of an accidental breaking of his ankle many weeks ago; but the sympathy and kind feeling of his brethren were manifested in his re-election. The re-election of the other officers was a testimony to the efficient discharge of their duties. The Grand Secretary declined being a candidate for re-election:

Charles F. Stansbury, Grand Master; J. R. Gibbs, Deputy Grand Master; J. L. Johnson, Senior Grand Warden; L. D. Wine, Junior Grand Warden; W. M. Yates, Grand Secretary; A. Buelby, Grand Treasurer; Fred. Johnson, Grand Visitor and Lecturer; Rt. Rev. Wm. Pinkney, Grand Chaplain; J. H. Jackson, Grand Marshall; B. H. Davis, Senior Grand Deacon; J. H. Miles, Junior Grand Deacon; G. A. Whitney, Grand Sword Bearer; A. M. Muzzy, Grand Pursuivant; T. B. Cramer and P. H. Craig, Grand Stewards; L. Stoddard, Grand Tyler.

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#### DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTER.

The duties of the District Deputy Grand Masters vary in details in various jurisdictions, but in all there is a similarity which will justify a general article on this subject.

Each year brings into existence many new appointments, from necessities not necessary to mention, although we may say that the changes should be as few as possible. Neglect of duty is of course the prime cause of changes, for it seldom, if ever, that a new man can be picked out who will know more, or as much, even, as one who has thoroughly learned his duty and performed it. It too often occurs that zeal is not equally balanced by knowledge, but even a new D. D. G. M. can soon learn by close attention to the law of usage of his Grand Lodge. This he can and should learn while acting as W. M.—he should conscientiously read the book of the law until he learns it by heart—he should look for recent interpretations of that law through the decisions and proceedings of his Grand Lodge, and no W. M. should ever be able to plead a want of the proceedings if he has properly overlooked the affairs



of his Lodge, for it is his duty to see that they are preserved as *the property of the Lodge.*

How many such Masters are there in the United States? How many Lodges have complete sets of proceedings since the date of their charters? We would be glad if we could answer, "one in ten." We will guarantee that they do not average one in twenty. We will guarantee that not one Master in a hundred makes it his duty to read and study his Grand Lodge laws from beginning to end; and too few even read the latest proceedings. Here then is the class of candidates out of which Grand Masters have to select their deputies. It is a shame, and the shame falls back upon the appointees, who, after receiving their commissions, are almost wholly ignorant of their plainest duties.

We grant that a new appointee should not be expected to *know everything*, but God knows, they should know something, and, from the reports which we receive from many States, many D. D. G. Ms. know *nothing*. All this is the result of ambitious and incompetent men soliciting for and getting elected to be Masters, and after getting that office never condescend to be instructed by reading a Masonic paper.—Next to the Grand Master and Worshipful Masters, none should read so much and study so closely as a D. D. G. Master. He represents to a very great extent the Grand Master, hence the Grand Lodge, and any mistake in jurisprudence by him has its effect throughout his entire district, and which may be very difficult to correct without disturbing the harmony of the Craft. We worked hard for several years to get the law in this jurisdiction changed, so that the D. D. G. M. might be relieved from the lecturing business, and thus devote their whole time to jurisprudence. It was finally accomplished, and now the question comes, do they improve their opportunity? We believe the old ones have, and the new ones have got to learn. A good D. D. G. M. is not made in a year, and if he shows a disposition to learn and improve, and to visit his Lodges and instruct them in the manner of transacting their business, and giving correct judicial information, he should not be removed; each year he will become more valuable to the Craft and to the Grand Lodge. From the corps of D. D. G. M's the Grand Masters are generally selected, and they are very much mistaken, if they think that their services will not be ultimately appreciated.

A D. D. G. M. who thoroughly appreciates his high office will seek light wherever he can get it, and having got it, he will dispense it as much as possible. He will not jump to conclusions simply because he has the official authority to do it, but he will consult with his G. M. upon all doubtful points. He will not decide according to some set, or preconceived notion, without first inquiring whether he is right; for no man, however high in authority, has a right to use his high office for the sake of prejudice and to the injury of the Craft. When D. D. G. Masters thoroughly do their duty, the honor of the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge is preserved, and the dignity and intelligence of the Craft promoted. Seek light and dispense it. Read, and encourage your brethren to read, and when you read—*STUDY.*—*Goulay's Freemason.*

## BOARD OF GENERAL PURPOSES.

The annual meeting of the Board of General Purposes was recently held in the Masonic Hall, Toronto. The following members being in attendance viz:—

R. W. Bro. Thomas White, junior, President; R. W. Bro. Henry Macpherson, Vice-president; M. W. Bro. Allan A. Stevenson; R. W. Bros. J. K. Kerr, Daniel Spry, I. P. Willson, Hy. Robertson, E. Kemp, Wm. McCabe, Jas. Moffat, F. Westlake, P. J. Brown, Allen McLean, H. McK. Willson, R. P. Stephens, Jno. E. Brooke, J. Urquhart, junior, Dr. Kincaid, W. H. Welter, J. E. Harding, J. B. Trayes, Otto Klotz, James Gowans, E. C. Barker, James Bain, A. S. Kirkpatrick, V. W. Bro. J. J. Mason, W. Bro. F. J. Menet, and G. Levin.

The annual audit of the Board of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer was most satisfactory, the following being a synopsis of the reports made to the Board showing the present condition of the funds of Grand Lodge.

## AUDIT AND FINANCE.

The Books of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, together with the accounts, statements and vouchers, for the financial year ending 31st Dec., 1872, have been submitted and carefully examined, and the Board has pleasure in stating that they have found them to be correct in every particular. The following is a statement of the finances of the Grand Lodge at that date.

The receipts for the past year amount to \$11,698.55; derived from the following sources:

Certificates.....	2,968 00
Dues.....	5,309 99
Fees.....	1,971 50
Dispensations.....	576 00
Warrants.....	230 00
Constitutions.....	596 56
Proceedings.....	47 50
	<hr/>
	\$11,698 55

The amount at the credit of Grand Lodge as per the Grand Treasurer's statement are as follows:

General Fund.....	\$29,988 06
Benevolence Fund, Investment Account.....	12,468 81
“ “ Current “ .....	1,357 34
Asylum “ .....	6,002 66
	<hr/>
	\$49,816 87

That the funds belonging to this Grand Lodge are invested as follows:

Dominion Stock, bearing 6 per cent.....	\$28,800 00
“ “ “ 5 “ .....	10,000 00
Debentures, County of Middlesex.....	1,600 00
Bank of Toronto, Bal. 1st July, 72....	\$1,958 66
“ Interest on Dominion Stock accrued.....	144 00
Canadian Bank of Commerce.....	1,202 66
	<hr/>
	\$49,816 87

The expenditure for the year 1872 amounted to \$8,618.29, of which sum \$3,884.66 was for transfers to the Benevolent Fund; (including the sum of \$250.00 in aid of the sufferers by the Franco German war). A detailed statement of the expenditure has already been submitted to the Board.

The Board recommended payment of the following accounts :

Lawson McCulloch & Co., Grand Lodge Proceedings..	\$382 88
"    "    Constitutions.....	277 00
Copp, Clark & Co., Certificates etc.....	425 82
Clerk in Grand Secretary's office.....	325 00
W. Bruce, Engrossing.....	43 19
R. Craig, Blank Books.....	37 00
T. & R. White, G. L. Seal and Electrotyping.....	10 50
Duncan & Stewart, Blank Book.....	2 05
W. W. Summers, Repairs.....	5 25
M. Howles, Tin Cases.....	5 25
Grand Secretary, Balance of postage account.....	17 77
Grand Master, Postage, Telegrams etc.....	21 00
Grand Treasurer, Postages.....	3 73

The Board recommend the sanctioning of order No. 667 covering sundry expenses of the Grand Lodge at its Annual Communication in July, 1872; (the accounts having been presented, found correct, and paid,) amounting to \$112.75

The Board recommend that the Grand Secretary be allowed to draw to cover payments of paper for re-printing proceedings, as the same may be required, amounting in gross to \$1,350.00.

The Board recommend that in future all orders for benevolence be endorsed by the party to whom the grant is made, in addition to the endorsement of the Board through whom the payment made.

The Board has much pleasure in reporting for the information of the Grand Lodge, that the amount contributed towards the relief of our Brethren in Chicago, has been much in excess of the sum required; that the Masonic Board of Relief of that City, having returned to this Grand Lodge the sum of \$872.84 to be apportioned among the contributors to the fund, recommend its division as follows :

Grand Lodge Benevolence Fund.....	\$485 63
Toronto Lodges, through A. R. Boswell .....	169 64
Wellington District, " D. D. G. M.....	182 73
Wilson " " P. J. Brown.....	34 84
	\$872.84

(The parties through whom the donations were made.)

The Board has also to recommend that in consideration of the great services rendered to Masonry by R. W. Bro. Otto Klotz, especially in connection with the funds of Benevolence, in preparing with great labour and care a record of the various grants made, and an abstract of the particulars in the case of each applicant for relief a Silver Mantel Orament with some emblem of Benevolence be presented to him; and and that the Grand Master name a Committee to procure the same, in the event of the Grand Lodge concurring in this recommendation.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Many matters affecting constitutional questions came before the Board for consideration, and were reported upon as follows:—

REPORT ON CONSTITUTION AND REGULATIONS.

AMITY LODGE No. 32, DUNNVILLE.—The Board is of opinion that the effect of clause 21 under the head of “Private Lodges” in the book of Constitution is to render it *imperative* on a Lodge to restore a brother, who has been suspended for non payment of dues, on payment of “all arrears owing at the time of his suspension,” together with the “regular lodge dues for the period he was so suspended,” in other words that by the *act of payment* the brother becomes a member of the Lodge again in good standing, without any formal action on the part of the Lodge, but, that this provision does not prevent the Lodge from accepting a less sum if it should see fit to do so. The Board therefore holds that though it is a power which should be cautiously exercised, there is nothing in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, or the usages of Masons, to prevent Amity Lodge from remitting the dues accrued during the period of suspension, and restoring a brother to good standing on payment of the arrears due at the date of his suspension.

The Board desires it to be distinctly understood that in all cases of restoration of Brethren, the Lodge is responsible to Grand Lodge for the Grand Lodge dues which accrue during the period of suspension.

In reference to the petition of a number of Brethren of Orillia, for a dispensation to form a new Lodge there, the Board is of opinion that it has no power to deal with the cases. In the absence of a recommendation from the nearest Lodge it must be reserved for the pleasure of Grand Lodge.

DALHOUSIE LODGE No. 52,—In this case the papers relating to the action of this Lodge in the matter of the complaint of Bro. St Hill, against Bro. Smith which were sent to the Grand Secretary in England, while the Lodge was working under its English warrant, were merely transmitted to this Grand Lodge through R. W. Bro. Sir. John A. McDonald after the Lodge had surrendered its English warrant. No appeal from the decision of the M. W. the Grand Master of England appears by the papers received to have been made, and as the term of suspension has expired, and no further action in the matter is demanded by either party, this Board does not deem it necessary to offer any opinion on the proceedings taken.

ST JOHN'S LODGE No. 209a, LONDON,—The Boards finds from the statements of Brethren, and on examination of the minute books of the Lodge that W. Bro. O'Connor withdrew from the Lodge and took his demit on the 19th May, 1869 while it was working under the Grand Lodge of Ireland. At its first meeting after joining this Grand Lodge (21st August, 1872.) Bro. O'Connor personally applied in Lodge to be re-instated, when it was moved and seconded that he be admitted a member, and no objections having been made the motion was declared carried—No ballot was passed nor was a formal vote taken. Bro. O'Connor paid the affiliation fee and has since paid his dues up to last St. John's day.

At the next meeting, before the minutes were confirmed one of the Brethren made some objections to the vote of the previous meeting but no formal protest, and there is some difference among the Brethren as to the extent to which he pressed his objections—After this Bro. O'Connor sat and voted in the Lodge without formal objection—On 18th Dec.

1872 he was elected Master, the ballot having been passed twice before a clear majority was obtained.

On the 24th Bro. Morden made a formal protest to the D. D. G. M. against the installation of Bro. O'Connor, on the ground that he was not a member of the Lodge—no ballot having been taken, and no notice of application having been sent to the members as required by the Constitution—The D. D. G. M., R. W. Bro. Westlake at first intended to defer the installation of Bro. O'Connor until he could communicate with the Grand Master, but, on the 26th he received a telegram sent in answer to a communication from the Secretary of the Lodge, authorizing the D. D. G. M. to proceed, and on the 27th he installed Bro. O'Connor as Master of the Lodge—On a further representation to the Grand Master he sent a further telegram to Bro. Westlake, rescinding the authorization contained in the first telegram, but this was not received until after the ceremony had been performed.

Bro. O'Connor was previously a Past Master, having been Master of the Lodge while working under its Irish warrant.

Under these circumstances the Board is of opinion that W. Bro. O'Connor has not been regularly elected and is not now a member of the Lodge—That he was not at the time of his election, eligible for office in the Lodge, and, consequently, that his installation as Master was null and void—and that the fees and dues paid by Bro. O'Connor shall be returned to him and a proper application made, notice to the Brethren given, and ballot taken, if he desires membership in the Lodge.

The Board regrets to find from the evidence, that the Lodge has been exceedingly lax in its mode of admitting members, and has failed to comply with the requirements of its own By-Laws or the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, (under which it formerly worked) or of this Grand Lodge, all of which require the ballot to be passed, and notice of application for membership to be sent to all the members—The Board trusts that the attention of the Brethren having been called to this matter the Lodge will be more careful in the future.

KING SOLOMON'S LODGE No. 22, TORONTO.—In this case Bro. Sargent while S. W. of the Lodge tendered his resignation and applied for certificate of withdrawal by letter.

The demit was granted at the regular meeting of the Lodge in April 1870 before the expiration of his term of office, and was issued to Bro. Sargent. In July 1870 Bro. Sargent applied for admission to St. John's Lodge, and on 9th March and 13th April 1871 to King Solomon's Lodge, but was on each occasion rejected. In the petitions he described himself as "late a member" of King Solomon's Lodge. The petitions were in the usual form and promised obedience, etc., "*if admitted among you.*" On the 14th December, 1871 Bro. Sargent attended the Lodge, and claimed membership on the ground that the Lodge could not accept his resignation while S. W. and tendered the amount of his dues. The W. M. ruled that he was still a member of the Lodge and directed the Secretary to receive all arrears of dues from him. Bro. Purvis the J. W. appealed from this ruling to the D. D. G. M., R. W. Bro. Kerr. After considering the case, Bro. Kerr decided against the ruling of the W. M. and held that Bro. Sargent was not a member of King Solomon's Lodge. From this decision the W. M., R. W. Bro. Spry has appealed to the Grand Master, who has referred the matter to this Board for decision.

The Board is of opinion that the action of the Lodge, viewed in the

light of the peculiar wording of Bro. Sargent's letter may be regarded in effect (though not technically so worded) as a removal for sufficient cause under clause 9 "of Masters and Wardens of Lodges." Bro. Sargent says in his letter, "I have good and sufficient reasons for acting in the manner I do," and his masonic word contained in an official letter seems to have been taken as a "sufficient cause" without further investigation. The Board is further of opinion that if the action of the Lodge could not be sustained as a removal from office for cause, and a withdrawal from membership conjointly with the removal, Bro. Sargent is by his own acts, after his year of office had expired estopped by every principle of law and equity from claiming membership in the Lodge—His application was to be allowed to retire, either then, or as soon as he could legally do so—The Lodge acted upon the application at once. The Board does not at present decide whether the Lodge had the right under the constitution to accept the resignation of a member while in office as S. W. but the application was made and the Lodge did in fact accept it. If it did wrong the Lodge rendered itself liable to censure, but the act was not a nullity any more than the irregular initiation of a candidate without sending the prescribed notices, etc., would be a nullity, and it may be regarded when combined with the wording of the application, and the acts both of the Lodge and Bro. Sargent after his year of office had expired, as a withdrawal at any rate from the date when it could legally be done.

The Lodge had clearly by its action deprived itself of the power of suspending Bro. Sargent for non-payment of dues, and he by applying again for membership describing himself as "*late a member of the Lodge*" and promising obedience "*if admitted*" in like manner estopped himself from afterwards claiming the privileges of membership.

For these reasons the Board is of opinion that the ruling of R. W. Bro. Kerr should be sustained.

In the matter of grievances and appeals, the complaints involved being of a very recent date, all parties were ordered to be summoned for the annual meeting of the Board in July next.

The subject of Benevolence as usual came up for consideration, and some fifty two applications were submitted, of which, fifty received donations amounting in the aggregate to the sum of \$1,335.00

The Chairman of this Committee, strongly recommended that Brethren desirous of making application to the Board for appropriations from the Benevolent fund, should be required to append to such applications full information regarding the circumstances of the party for whom the application is made, in order that the Board may arrive at an intelligent decision on each individual case.

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### INSTALLATIONS.

MANITO LODGE No. 90. COLLINGWOOD.—W. Bro. Arthur Moberly, W. M.; V. W. Bro. John Nettleton, P. M.; Bros. J. H. Burns, S. W.; C. E. Stephens, J. W.; Hiram Gillson, Chaplain.; V. W. Bro. E. R. Carpenter, Treasurer.; Bros. John Ferguson, Secretary.; J. F. Mathews, S. D.; A. C. Cameron, J. D.; J. R. Creelman, Organist.; Alex Cameron, D. of C.; P. M. Campbell and Wm. Watts, Stewards.; W. R. Anderson, I. G.; John McFadzen, Tyler.

MANITOU CHAPTER No. 27. COLLINGWOOD.—V. E. Comp. John Nettle-

ton, Z.; E. Comps. Patrick Doherty, H.; S. B. Fisk, J.; V. E. Comp. E. R. Carpenter, Scribe E.; F. D. Boyes, Scribe N.; R. E. Comp. Henry Robertson, Treasurer.; John Ferguson, P. S.; Adam Dudgeon, S. S.; John Simpson, J. S.; T. F. Chapin, M. of C.; Alex. Mitchell M. 4th V.; Hiram Gillson, M. 3rd V.; Alex. Cooper, M. 2nd V.; W. T. Robertson, M. 1st V.; Joseph Rorke, Std. B.; Wm. Hoar, Swd. B.; Wm. De Nure, Organist.; Benjamin Tripp and John McKimmie, Stewards.; John McFadzen, Janitor.

HURONTARIO ENCAMPMENT, COLLINGWOOD.—E. Sir Kt. Hy. Robertson, E. C.; Sir Kts. John O'Donnell, Prelate.; John Nettleton, 1st Capt.; Patrick Doherty, 2nd Capt.; E. R. Carpenter, Registrar.; John Lindsay, Treasurer.; T. F. Chapin, Almoner., S. B. Fisk, Expert.; T. Roodley, 1st Std. Bearer.; F. D. Boyes, 2nd Std. Bearer.; Charles Cameron, C. of L.; W. De Nure, 1st Herald.; J. McKimmie, 2nd Herald.; John McFadzen, Equerry.

HAWKESBURY LODGE No. 210. HAWKESBURY.—W. Bros. J. R. Leggett, W. M.; J. . Crate, P. M.; Bros. E. C. Wade, S. W.; J. Rigby, J. W.; J. M. Kirby, Chaplain.; H. Ledford, Treasurer.; G. Manson, Secretary.; C. Moss, S. D.; T. Mackin, J. D.; A. Ogden, I. G.; S. Curran, D. of C.; S. J. Mahon, Tyler.

MORPETH LODGE No. 111. RIDGETOWN.—W. Bros. D. H. Bedford, W. M.; John M. Duck, P. M.; Bros. Edward H. Tiffany, S. W.; Luther Carpenter, J. W.; C. S. Harrison, Treasurer.; J. H. Thomson, Secy.; Wm. McLearn, S. D.; D. Mickle, J. D.; Richard Green, M. Traxler, Stewards.; D. G. White, I. G.; J. C. Jackson, Tyler.

PETROLIA LODGE No. 194. PETROLIA.—St. John's day was a notable one in Petrolia annals of the Craft. Old things were very happily done away, and the Brethren of both Petrolia and Washington Lodges met in the ties of brotherly bonds—After the installation of officers the brethren of both Lodges with a goodly number of visitors from sister Lodges sat down to a most elegant supper in the American Hotel. The host Bro. C. Farr, did himself very great credit in the repast, a more beautiful and bountiful spread is rarely seen. After "Grace" by the Rev. the Chaplain of Petrolia Lodge, the Craft was called "to labor" not under the gavel, but at the table; and they did ample justice to the rich and rare viands of "mine host". After the removal of the cloth, the W. M. of Petrolia Lodge gave the crowning toast, "The Queen, and the Craft," which was received with all honor and enthusiasm. The W. M. of Washington Lodge proposed "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family". Then came "The M. W. the Grand Master of Canada". "Our Sister Lodges," was responded to by Bro. Nesbitt of Kilwinning Lodge, London—Bro. H. Young of the Drummondville Lodge, and two others whose names I did not learn. "Our American Brethren," was ably responded to by Bro. H. Cooley of Joliette, Ills., who concluded some very happy remarks by saying, "I am convinced that to be a *good mason* a man must be an attendant at Lodge regularly".

This was succeeded by various volunteer toasts, among which I may mention two of the more prominent—"Tubal Cain" responded to by Bro. George Sanson in an elegant speech of ten minutes duration—"Pythagoras and Philosophy," coupled with the name of Prof. J. Kerr of Alexandra Lodge, Oil Springs, who entertained us for half an hour in a grand manner.

After an evening spent in a most pleasant manner, the J. W's toast was given, and the Craft dispersed well pleased to meet, but sorry to part and hopeful of meeting again.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

W. Bro. John Sinclair, W. M. re-elected; Bros. Jno. Highman S. W.; W. G. Fraser, J. W.; Rev. Z. A. Elliott, Secy.; Thos. Cochrane, Treas.; John Fraser, S. D.; Neil Bayne, J. D.; D. A. McBain, I. G.; Thomas G. Melrose, Tyler.; R. Herring, D. of C.

### CRYPTIC MASONRY.

We have received a copy of the printed proceedings of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Ontario from the date of its formation to the first Annual Convocation held in Toronto on the 13th Aug last. When amongst others the following resolutions were adopted.

1. That in consideration of the long and faithful services rendered to Masonry in Canada by Ill. Comp. Thos. B. Harris, the honorary rank of Past Right Puissant Deputy Grand Master be conferred upon him.

2. That this Grand Council claims jurisdiction over the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, and that the same be divided into four Masonic districts, viz: 1st. Western Division of Ontario to comprise that portion of the Province of Ontario lying between the extreme Western boundary and the River Credit; 2nd. The Eastern Division of Ontario to comprise that portion of Ontario lying east of the River Credit and the Eastern boundary of said Province; 3rd. The Province of Quebec; 4th. the Province of Manitoba.

3rd. That the Executive Committee prepare and present to the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of Canada an address apprising her of the formation of this Grand Council, and praying fraternal recognition.

#### SUBORDINATE COUNCILS.

1. Shekinah, Orillia.	Members,.....	40
2. Adouiram, Toronto.	" .....	30
3. Harington, Galt.	" .....	
4. Zabud, Bradford.	" .....	15
5. Khurum, Maitland.	" .....	12
6. Prevost, Dunham.	" .....	25
7. Izabud, Montreal.	" .....	15

#### GRAND OFFICERS.

M. Ill. Comps. Daniel Spry Toronto, M. P., Grand Master.; T. D. Harington Ottawa, Past M. P. G. M.; R. Ill. Comps. N. G. Bigelow Toronto, R. P. D. G. M.; W. J. B. McLeod Moore, Laprarie and T. B. Harris, Hamilton, Past R. P. D. G. M.; John H. Isaacson Montreal, R. P. G. M.; W. H. Porter Bradford, P. G. M.; Thomas Sargent Toronto, Grand Recorder.; David McLellan Hamilton, Grand Treasurer.; M. McLeod Bradford, Capt. of Guard.; John L. Dixon Toronto, Grand Sentinel.

#### INSPECTOR GENERALS.

R. Ill. Comps. G. H. Patterson Galt, Western Division of Ontario. R. Ramsay, Orillia, Eastern Division of Ont. Edson Kemp, Montreal, Quebec Division.



## WHAT MASONRY HAS DONE, CAN DO, AND WILL DO.

The following really exquisite extract we take from an address delivered before the Grand Lodge of Illinois, by Bro. Joseph Robson, when Grand Orator.

The subtle, indefinable influence, the quick, apprehensive sympathy, engendered by the possession of a common secret held secret and inviolable, can never be fully comprehended by those who have not themselves felt its mystic powers. It quickens the impulses of charity, sharpens the sense of integrity, softens the asperities of political warfare, tones down the dogmatic acrimony of theological discussion, mitigates the horrors of war, and prompts to deeds of truest chivalry—of generous self-sacrifice. Many a tombstone, standing where pestilence has blazed its desolating way through crowded cities, is but a monumental record of the self-sacrificing spirit thus developed. A striking illustration of its influence came under my observation a few winters since. In a rural district, where the very name of the disease is terror a Mason fell sick with the small-pox. He was deserted by all save one young man, bound to him only by the Masonic tie, who watched over him while living, and alone cast the evergreen into his early grave. A few days after this, the young man came to the city suffering with the initial fever of the disease, and asked me to take him to the pest house, to remain until the danger of infecting his friends was past. In answer to my questions he told me how he had contracted the disease, remarking that "the man was a Mason, and he couldn't see him lie there and suffer without care." He made no ado about it, and seemed unconscious that he had performed an act of self-sacrificing devotion requiring the highest type of courage. This young man's surroundings, the atmosphere of his daily life, had been of an elevating character. More than likely he had neglected the "mint, anise and cummin," of the law, and might have been termed a reprobate by those who adhere rather to the letter which killeth, than to the spirit which giveth life, but this compelling power of Masonry had taken root in his heart and blossomed into deeds redolent of the sweet odors of charity, and blessed in the sight of Heaven. The influence of this sweet spirit—I might also say this *instinct* of brotherhood—in mitigating the horrors of war, is attested by well-known instances, and many more are known only by those who are parties to them. It snatched Putnam from the torturing hands of his captors in the old French war. It more than once unnerved the arm of Butler, when, with Brandt and his savage followers, he swept the lovely valley of Wyoming.

It was this spirit which sent the heroic Kane on his crusade against the elements, far up in the region of eternal ice, in a vain attempt to rescue his brother, Sir John Franklin; a forlorn hope, whose sad record shines on the page of history with a brilliancy which pales the Aurora whose dancing rays beckoned him to this crowning chivalry of the century.

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MASONIC CHARITY.

\* \* \* But the charitable features of our institution must not be overlooked. Ours is not a beneficiary. It does not propose to assume a guardianship over the temporal interests of man, but leaves each to make such provision for himself and his dependents as ability and in-

clination may prompt We pay no dues to the sick and needy as of right, but only give as we are able and willing. In all our degrees it is impressed on us that the destitute and suffering are to receive our aid, and especially that we should be prompt to render assistance to a distressed worthy brother. But this is inculcated as a personal duty, not to be superseded by any organized agent. Here is a lesson which needs to be enforced. That there is poverty and distress all about us is painfully evident. And whether it results from wrong or misfortune, every sentiment of humanity and religion assures us it is our duty to minister relief to the extent of our ability. But the tendency of the times is to shirk this unpleasant duty, and to devolve it on some special agency. We expect the county to provide an infirmary, and the township trustees to look after the poor. We organize benevolent societies, and send out Ward Committees to distribute supplies. Now, this is all well, and is gratifying proof to the Christian spirit which pervades our modern civilization. God forbid I should utter a word to impede any method of aiding the unfortunate. But all this does not excuse us from the personal duty of charity. Do we not too often refuse a pittance to the beggar under the miserable plea that we fear imposition? Do we not sometimes turn away the hungry and naked from our doors, because public provision is made for them. I know there are imposters, and unworthy appeals to our benevolence; that we must consult our ability to give as well as our kindly impulses: that we have not the time or means to relieve all distress. But do we not too often allow those platitudes to cloak a selfish or callous heart? When we offer such excuses can we always answer at the bar of conscience for the rectitude of our intentions? What have we given to the poor in the last year? How much of our substance do we ever devote to charity? Not how much do we pay to support our party or church; not how large are our subscriptions made to be seen of men; but how much have we bestowed in alms, where the left hand knew not what the right hand did? Let this test be applied to our charity and how will it abide the issue? Now, this is the charity which Masonry inculcates. Sometimes our lodges appropriate from the general treasury for the relief of special cases of distress; and always it is regarded as their duty to watch over and assist the widows and orphans of worthy deceased brothers. But that sort of charity by which all good Masons are characterized, is that which the individual gives to the call of distress, for this is a duty every where most impressidgly inculcated by the Institution. \* \*—  
*Extract from an address by Rev. W. W. Carry.*

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## ON TOP OF A CHIMNEY.

### A THRILLING STORY.

As I was leaving the yard one evening to trudge back to the bits of rooms we were forced to put up with since I came to London, in order to get better wages, I was called into the office by the foreman. "What's your job, Lindsay?" he asked, and I told him.

"Humph! that can stand over for a day or two, can't it?" Stubbs has fallen ill again, and you must take his place."

I didn't care to be shifted until I'd finished what I was about, but a journeyman bricklayer, with a wife and children looking to him for bread, cannot afford to be too particular, and so I held my tongue.

"You must go to Coot's brewery tomorrow morning, and finish that chimney," the foreman told me. He gave me a few more directions besides, and then went his way, while I went mine, not very well pleased at the prospect before me.

I suppose I never ought to have followed the trade, for though I'd gained myself a good character as a steady workman, I had never been able to overcome a horror at being perched at any great height. In the country were the buildings were low, I managed well enough, but in this great city here were roofs on which I could not stand without this dread oppressing me, nor look down without feeling as though something below was tempting me to fling myself over and end at once the miserable sensation which no effort of mine could shake off.

The huge chimney the foreman had ordered me to finish was reckoned one of the highest and best built shafts in London. We were all proud of the job, which had been carried on so far without a single mishap; but I had earnestly been hoping that I might not be sent to it, and it wasn't till the workmen had almost got to the top that I began to breathe a bit more freely, and trust that it would be finished without any help of mine.

Once at home with the youngsters' merry prattle in my ears, I forgot my uneasy feelings about the morrow's job, but the moment I dozed off to sleep it came back upon me in a hideous dream. I thought I was falling down, down! and just as the crash of my body striking the earth seemed inevitable, I awoke up with a start to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration, and trembling in every limb.

No more settled sleep visited my pillow that night, and it was a relief when the booming of the clocks dispelled my frightful visions, and warned me that it was time to face a reality.

The morning was bitterly cold and boisterous, scarcely a soul was to be seen in the deserted streets at that early hour, and the dull thud of my footsteps sounded mournfully in the stillness reigning around. At last the great chimney loomed in sight, and, gazing up at its immense height, I shivered at the thought of being on top of it, and forced to look down on the sickening depths below.

If it had not been for the name of the thing I should have gone back; but the thought of Bessie and the children spurred me on; so buttoning my jacket tightly around me, I began to ascend the staging. In my journey upward I passed many costly curtained windows, and remember thinking, rather enviously, how nice it must be to be rich and sheltered on such a morning from the biting cold in a warmly-furnished bedroom.

Some fellows wouldn't mind it the least bit if they were perched on the top of St. Paul's on the coldest of mornings, provided you supplied them well with beer; but I wasn't over strong-limbed, any more than I could pretend to be strong-minded; so what to them was nothing, to me was almost death itself.

The higher I went the more intense the cold appeared to be, and my fingers became quite numb by the hoar-frost that was clinging to the sides and spokes of the ladders. After a while I stood on the few boards forming the stage on the summit of the shaft, and, giving one glance downward, my blood turned colder than it was already as I realized the immense depth to the yard beneath.

Giving myself a shake, to get rid of the dizzy sensation that came over me, and unhooking from the pully the tub of mortar which my mate, waiting below, had sent up, I at once began my solitary work.

I had been hard at it for more than an hour, and was getting a bit more reconciled to my position, cheering myself as I whistled and worked, with the thought that each brick I had laid was nearer to a finish, when all at once a fiercer and colder blast than before came shrieking and tearing around the chimney. I was nearly overthrown, and, in the endeavor to recover myself, I tilted the board of mortar from off the edge of the shaft on to my frail standing-place.

In a second, to my intense horror, I felt the boards and all that were on them gliding away from the chimney, and, in a few moments I should have been lying a mangled corpse below, if I had not succeeded in flinging my arm over and into the hollow of the shaft, where, as the scaffold and the load of bricks crushed downward, I was left hanging, with certain death awaiting me the moment I loosened my hold.

My first impulse was to throw my other hand over and draw my body up so that I could lie partially across the top of the shaft. In this I was successful, and continued to balance myself, half in the chimney and half out.

There, for some time, I could only cling with frenzied desperation, praying earnestly to be saved from the horrible death threatening me; but at last I summoned courage to peer cautiously over the outside of the shaft.

Not a bit of scaffolding remained within many yards of me—naught but the poles, with a few boards dangling to them—and there was nothing to break my fall should I quit my hold.

Shudderingly I drew my head over the shaft, for there the darkness hid my danger, while to gaze on the scene without, brought the old feeling of being dragged down back to me in full force.

Then I began to think of the wife and little ones whom I had left snug in bed, and bitter tears came into my eyes as I wondered how they would live if I were taken from them. The thought brought me back to more selfish ones, and I kept asking myself, "Must I die?" How long can I hold on with this fierce wind besetting me? Is there no hope? Will no one, seeing how I am placed, strive to rescue me?

Again I turned my eyes downward. In the court of the brewery and in the street below people were fast collecting, windows were being thrown open, and women and children, shrieking and sobbing, were gazing from them at me. The crowd below thickened, running hither and thither. A large kite fluttered nearer and nearer. How I tried to steady myself with one hand, that I might grasp the cord with the other as soon as it was within reach, comes vividly before me now. But it never did come within reach—a gust of the breeze carrying it away, dashed it to the ground.

An hour passed, and though still clinging to the brickwork, I was almost unconscious, for cold and fear had so worked upon me that I became quite dazed, and the chimneys, the people, the confused noise from the streets, and my own perilous position, seemed to be jumbled together in a tangle which I could not put straight. While in this half-sensible state I heard a voice shout my name. But it had to be repeated twice before I could rouse myself enough to heed what was said.

"Bill, Bill Lindsay! cheer up, mate! help is coming!" were the words which rumbled up the shaft.

After this there was a pause for some minutes, and scarcely able to control my excitement, I tried to think how this help could come. Then there was a warning shout to me to keep my head back, followed by a whizzing, hissing noise, and, looking within the shaft, I saw a bright

shower of golden sparks lighting up the well-like hole, and knew a rocket had been fired.

But it struck the brickwork in its ascent, and failed to reach me, so that once more I was left to wait and hope until the voice again shouted for me to keep clear. A moment after a fiery tail of sparks shot upward far above me, and an earnest "Thank God!" came from my heart as I grasped a thin cord that fell by my side as the rocket descended.

By this communication a stouter and stronger rope was sent me. But my danger was not over, for in my weakened and numb state, it was as perilous to slide down it. At first I could scarcely brace up my nerves sufficiently to launch myself over the brickwork, and my head turned dizzy; for a moment, I thought myself gone, but conquering the feeling by a great effort, I slowly descended until about half the distance was accomplished.

Then the horrid fear seized me, "What if the rope should break, or not be securely fastened!" and dreading each second that my fears would be fulfilled, in feverish haste I slid on.

When within a few yards of the bottom, overtaken nature would bear the strain no longer, and, loosening my hold, I dropped into the arms of those who had been breathlessly watching my descent.

Other hands than mine finished the shaft in calmer weather, and on a more securely fastened scaffold; and I, well cared for by the best of little wives, soon got over the shock of my accident; but as I go to and fro to my work, and look up to the huge chimney, I often recall with a shudder the hour when I clung to its summit, counting the moments, each one of which seemed to bring me nearer to a dreadful death.

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#### FOREIGN MEMORANDA.

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R. W. Bro. D. McLellan has kindly handed us a report of the recent dedication of the magnificent Hall of Oriental Lodge, No. 33, Chicago. From the report we make the following extracts:

##### THE LODGE ROOM

proper is at the eastern end of the upper floor, and is a grand and superb hall, forty-two feet in width, seventy feet in depth, and thirty feet high. The richness of the decoration, the blaze of color, and the splendor of ornamentation, are so great, that at the first glance one pays no attention to the size of the room, but remains lost in admiration of the elegance of the accessories. Five main columns of buff, decorated with lozenges of white and red, start from the floor on each side of the room, and support an arched and vaulted ceiling colored of the richest blue, and thickly studded with silver stars. On each side of these main columns are two others, white, panelled with gold, which rise only to the height of twelve feet. Between these sets of columns are the immense windows. The spaces between the columns are tinted light blue. The walls are wainscoted on all sides up to the level of the window seats. Four fine chandeliers hang on each side of the room, and furnish abundant light. The architecture of the room conforms to the name of the Lodge, and is what is commonly called Moorish.

The floor is covered with a magnificent velvet carpet, elegantly bordered, the whole made expressly for this room. The sofas and chairs

are of black Walnut, elaborately carved and upholstered in velvet and rep.

#### AT THE EASTERN END

of the room is a raised platform or dais of three steps in height, where the master is seated. Immediately behind his seat is a recess, and on each side of it four short columns. In the centre of the room is the altar with its two immense candlesticks, and at the western end is an organ immediately between the two doors which lead into the hall, the one from the preparation room, and the other from the anti-room. A platform, lower by a step than that on which is the Master's seat, runs along the north and south sides of the hall, and is wide enough to afford room for two rows of settees in black wood, upholstered in blue. Near the door leading to the preparation room are two massive columns, each supporting a globe.

#### THE ATTENDANCE.

Since the invitations were so generously given as to include not merely Masons, but also ladies, and since ladies are never disinclined to accept such invitations, the sitting capacity of the hall was severely taxed, and it was necessary to supplement the regulation seats, with an infinite number of ordinary chairs, which formed an interior row, and all of which were occupied. The ladies trod the sumptuous carpets they may never tread again; sat in places that shall know them never more; looked around at the brilliant hall with admiring eyes, and seemed to regret that it should be dedicated to purely masculine purposes.

#### THE GRAND MASTER.

When the Grand Master entered, the W. Master called up the Lodge, and the members remained standing till the grand honors were given. Then the procession moved three times around the hall, after which the Grand Master took the chair, the escort in front of, and on the right and left of him. The Grand Master said he felt it his duty not to allow the present moment to pass without extending to the officers and members the hearty congratulations of the Grand Lodge on the completion of one of the grandest Masonic Halls in the United States. They all remembered that fire which had swept away the property of eighteen Lodges, and a number of beautiful halls, that of Oriental Lodge being the chiefest, belonging to the first Lodge of Chigago, the largest in Illinois, and the one which had been so prompt in rebuilding. He was sure that its course would be onward and upward.

GRANADA.—Never in our recollection was this town thrown into such a state of excitement as on Friday last, when the Masonic Fraternity turned out and marched to St. Andrew's Kirk, for the purpose of having a sermon preached to them, on the anniversary of their Tutelar Saint. The streets, and the windows in every building throughout the line of route, were thronged with persons of all classes and creeds—in fact, there were thousands out to witness a sight which for over twenty years Grenada had not seen. The brethren formed in procession at the Lodge, and (avoiding the order in which they respectively stood), numbered thirty-eight. Amongst their number stood some old veterans of the craft,—brothers, who on that day, called to remembrance happy years of the past when similar happy gatherings took place, and who also, with that love for the order which none but Masons can have, marked the stirring present, and for old "Caledonia, 324," pointed to a hopeful future. The names of the brethren present at this interest-

ing meeting, are as follows: Bros. J. M. Aird, G. Palmer, G. Humphreys, S. Mitchell, William P. Sinclair, W. Ironside, George Steele, William Kerr, Abraham Simmons, Matthew Comissiong, Matthew G. Stephenson, John Wells, Charles Gray, Geo. Simon, D. G. Garraway, A. J. Nugent, Wm. S. Comissiong, Jas. P. G. Munro, C. J. Wells, A. B. Campbell, B. J. G. Munro, J. F. Preudhomme, John G. Wells, Peter Mudie, David H. Preudhomme, John J. R. Bertrand, J. B. T. Otway, C. B. C. J. Bertrand, E. D. Neckles, F. P. Whiteman, J. J. S. Bernard, J. A. W. Willson, John L. Steele, W. E. Glean, F. K. Baker, Jas. D. Glean, W. E. Mayers; and Bro. Peter L. Gibbs, ("Eastern Star," 368. Trinidad.) The old Rifle Band kindly assisted, and by their spirit-stirring strains where the Masons marched to the place of worship. The sight, as the procession took a straight line, in Halifax-street, was certainly most imposing;—its length,—the beautiful display of Scotch and English and American masonic parapharnelia and jewels;—and the order in which the brethren walked, was something most striking, and likely to make a lasting impression on the hearts of the veriest cowans. Arriving at the Kirk, things were bad enough: every pew was occupied, and the entrance blocked by hundreds incited by curiosity to have a good look at the proceedings. However, as the junior members filed in open order, the R. W. M. preceded by the I. G., (Bro. B. J. Munro) with drawn sword, the Bible Bearer (Bro. W. P. Sinclair); supported by the Deacons, (Bros. C. J. Wells and A. B. Campbell) and the Rev. W. P. Garry, entered the sacred edifice, followed immediately by the other office bearers; and remainder of the brethren.

The sermon, which, as our readers, masonic and otherwise, are aware, was most obligingly promised for the day by the Rev. Mr. Garry, was chosen from the 13th chapter of Genesis, 8th verse—"And Abraham said unto Lot, let there be no strife I pray thee between me and thee, and between my herdman and thy herdman, for we be brethren." Eloquent and highly impressive was the talented minister throughout his expatiations on this particular text; and we regret that a force of circumstances prevents our placing the sermon *in extenso* before our readers.

In the evening, an entertainment was given at the Lodge. The programme included dancing and supper. The upper floor was most elegantly decorated by Bro. James Smith, (Architect), and a banquet partaken of, the only possible defect, to use all candour, being the redundancy of service. The *menu* comprised every delicacy of the season, and the viands being served in proper style, their full enjoyment was ensured. The usual toasts were proposed by the R. W. M., and from the heartiness of the manner in which they were received, were undeniably endorsed by all. "The Ladies," by Bro. Palmer, and responded to by Bro. J. G. Munro, in which the sterling interest exhibited by the fair sex in the religious ceremonies of the morning was alluded to in highly eulogistic terms caused the hearty enjoyment of a bumper, with the honours. Dancing was resumed after supper. The ball-room, we forgot to state before, was profusely decorated with shrubs, flowering plants, &c., and these, with the various colourings of the ladies toilettes, formed a most pleasing and brilliant scene, and the fine music discoursed, seemed to animate the entire company, for, as true votaries of Terpsichore should do, one and all took part in it, and dancing was kept up with unabated vigour until the rays of morning caused this most pleasant and successful meeting to disperse. The arrangements

were carried out by a most indefatigable band of stewards, and to these we can safely say, with the co-operation of the respected R. W. M., the great success may be attributed.—*S'. George's Chronicle.*

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GRAND LODGE OF NEBRASKA,

ANCIENT FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

*To all Lodges subordinate to the Grand Lodge of Nebraska, A. F. & A. Masons, and to those of other Jurisdictions to whom these presents may come greeting :*

Be it known, that whereas, my attention has been called to a circular advertisement that a "Grand Gift Concert" will be given at Omaha, April 3, 1873, for the purpose of aiding in the erection of a Masonic Temple at Omaha, and

WHEREAS, the Grand Lodge of Nebraska, A. F. & A. M., did, at the last annual communication adopt the following resolution, viz :

*Resolved*,—That this Grand Lodge views with abhorrence any attempt on the part of Lodges, or members of Lodges, to give the aid of Masonry, in organized or individual form, to any lottery or gift enterprise whatever, and the purchase, sale or drawing of lottery tickets is unmasonic, deserving reproof and discipline.

Therefore I, William E. Hill, Grand Master of Masons in Nebraska, do hereby order that the Master of each Lodge in this jurisdiction shall cause to be read before his Lodge this circular, that the brethren, having due notice thereof, may govern themselves accordingly.

And the M. W. Grand Masters of other jurisdictions are fraternally and respectfully requested to make known the foregoing resolution to the Craft in their respective jurisdictions.

Given under my hand at Nebraska City, January 1. A. D. 1873, A. L. 5873.

W. E. HILL, *Grand Master.*

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BE AGREEABLE.—In journeying along the Road of Life, it is a wise thing to make our fellow-travellers our friends. The way, rough as it may seem, may be pleasantly beguiled with an interchange of kindly offices and pleasant words. Suavity and forbearance are essential elements of good companionship, and no one need expect to pass pleasantly through life who does not habitually exercise them in his intercourse with his fellows. The Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man, may die in a ditch without a finger being outstretched to save him. And why should we so rudely jostle and shoulder our neighbors? Why tread upon each others toes? The Christian gentleman is always careful to avoid such collisions, for courtesy and loyalty to his race are a portion of his moral and religious creed; to be loved and honored of all, his highest earthly ambition. He seeks to turn away wrath with a soft answer, and if a brawler obstinately besets his path, he steps aside to avoid him, as "My Uncle Toby" said to the pertinacious fly, "Go thy ways; the world is wide enough for thee and me!" There is another and meaner view of the subject, which we commend to the consideration of the worldly-wise and selfish. It always pays to be courteous, conciliating, and mild of tongue.



MASONRY IN RUSSIA.—It may be interesting to literary Masons to note the appearance in Russia of a book of historical materials relating to the Fraternity. On the suppression of Freemasonry in that country, all the lodge furniture and insignia of the Russian Freemasons were seized and deposited in the Public Library at Moscow, together with the archives of the various lodges. M. Pypin, a well-known and laborious student of Russian history, has recently collected these together, and has published them under the title of "Materials for the History of Masonic Lodges." Although this cannot be regarded as any indication of a change in the policy of the Russian Government towards the Fraternity, it is at least satisfactory to note the appearance of such a work without any opposition on the part of the authorities. So long, however, as Russian society continues to be eaten through, as it is, with numerous secret political societies, it is vain to anticipate any change in the views of the Government.—*Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie.*

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## JURISPRUDENCE.

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### RECENT DECISIONS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF TENNESSEE.

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1 The vote on charges for unmasonic conduct, should be taken on each specification separately, and by ballot.

[In Canada, as also in a number of other jurisdictions, the vote is taken openly.—ED. CRAFTSMAN.]

2. A notice to members published in a newspaper is not a legal summons.

3. No mason is entitled as a matter of *right courtesy*. It is the duty of each subordinate Lodge to bury a deceased worthy member with masonic rites, if requested by the deceased, or by his near relatives after his death. In all other cases, such masonic honors may be granted or withheld as the Lodge may deem best.

[The obligation of the Lodge being conceded, we think that a deceased worthy Master Mason is entitled by right as well as by courtesy to masonic burial.—ED. CRAFTSMAN.]

4. A Lodge may remit dues, or excuse from payment indigent brethren who are unable to pay, but in all cases where members have the ability to pay, such delinquent members shall be suspended from all the privileges of masonry for such time as the Lodge may determine.

5. A member of a Lodge may join with petitioners for a new Lodge, and act with them until a charter is obtained without affecting his membership in the old Lodge, but when a charter is obtained, embracing him as one of the charter members, his membership ceases with the old Lodge, and he becomes a member of the new Lodge, and if he has no demit, the new Lodge becomes responsible for his Lodge dues to the old Lodge, in all respects as if it had admitted a member from another Lodge without a demit.

[This rule does not obtain in this jurisdiction.—ED. CRAFTSMAN.]