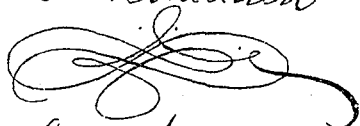


Morrington

Morrington

Wm. Madden



Geo. Askin

William Foster.

Aberley

Saml Foster

~~Wm. Milling~~

John Barber

John J. Selby

Geo. Haydon

John Grierson

Penny Tho. Preston

Chas. Boniford

# THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 19.—VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1875.

PRICE 6d.

## Monthly Masonic Summary.

Since last month the great event in Freemasonry has been the Quarterly Communication, on the 2nd December.

Our Royal Brother, the Prince of Wales, officially then accepted the offer of the temporary Grand Mastership, and appointed the Earl of Carnarvon his Pro-Grand Master, and Lord Skelmersdale the Deputy Grand Master.

These appointments were made amidst the unanimous applause of the Brethren, and the Earl of Carnarvon was installed as the Deputy Grand Master.

Our Royal and august Brother, the Prince of Wales, was then nominated, amidst the acclamation of Grand Lodge, as Grand Master for the ensuing year.

The next Quarterly Communication, and the Annual Festival, will be of the deepest interest to the Order.

Beyond this we have little to note, as English Freemasonry is otherwise peacefully progressive.

Archbishop Manning's brochure on Freemasonry has not yet appeared, and for a time there seems to be a lull in manifestoes and allocutions. The truth is the Roman Catholics have been doing too much, and giving way simply to "high falutin," which never pays in the long run. May they be wiser in 1875.

It seems, from our respected contemporary, the "Philadelphia Keystone," that there were, according to the last official reports, 2,632 Chapters in the United States, and 112,362 Royal Arch Masons.

Freemasonry in America seems to be progressing, like as with us in England, with rapid strides, and the startling fact remains, that probably the Freemasons in the United States are now not much less, with all deductions, than 700,000 in numerical strength. The Craft in America has lately had to deplore the loss of several old, and excellent and valuable members of

their Order. Among these may be cited P.G.M. Anthon, of New York; P.G.M. Read, of Pennsylvania; P.P.M. Perkins, of Louisiana; and Bro. Ames, P.G.M. of Minnesota.

Another denomination in Scotland, called the Christian Church, we fancy a very obscure sect, has denounced the Freemasons. But as they apparently consider that most other religious bodies are "sects of carnal invention," we are in pretty good company; and though they evidently are of opinion that we are "booked for something uncomfortable," we fancy that we shall survive their remarks.

Despite all adversaries and anathemas, the good old Craft seems to be "fighting a good fight" just now. May all of prosperity attend it everywhere in 1875.

We deeply regret the reported suspension of the publication of "Mackey's National Freemason," for want of adequate support. We trust that its motto may soon be "Reviresco."

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## PICTORIAL WORLD CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This, the first Christmas Number, is certainly most attractive. The engravings are excellent, and in addition to a dozen or more by our best artists, two double-page Presentation Plates are given—the one by G. C. Kilburne, of the "Children's Party," is so graceful and natural in its composition that parents and children will delight in the possession of such a work of art; the other is a bold engraving of the well-known Academy picture by F. G. Cotman, of "Noah Receiving the Dove." The number in addition contains stories by Hain Friswell, Mortimer Collins, Shirley Hibberd, Walter Thornbury, Thomas Archer, George Manville Fenn, Henry S. Leigh, &c., and consists of thirty-two pages in a coloured cover, forming the cheapest and most attractive production for sixpence that we have seen.

## OUR MASONIC MSS.

BY REV. A. F. A. WOODFORD.

I give another extract from a MS. of the early part of the 15th century, showing how contemporaneous were these exhortations to good manners, one of which forms concludes the Masonic Poem. Though this Harleian MS. be not identical with "Urbanitatis," or the "Masonic Poem," it has many analogies, and much general resemblance.

It seems impossible to doubt but that the Masonic Poem is a transcription of the very early part of the 15th century at latest, and represents a very much earlier version, probably translated from Latin or Norman French.

Brit. Mus.

Harl. Ms.

541, fo. 207.

Kepe thy cloth clene the by forn,  
 And bere the so thou have no scorn,  
 Byte not yi mete but kerve it clene,  
 Be welle ware no drop be sene.  
 Whan yu ety st gape not to vyde,  
 That yi mouth be sene on yche a syde  
 And son beware I rede of on thyng  
 Blow neyr thi mete nor yi you drynk.  
 And yif thi lord drynk at yat tyde  
 Drynk yu not but hym a byde,  
 Be it at coyn be it at noone,  
 Drynk yu not tyll he haue done.  
 Upon yi trencher no fylth yu see,  
 It is not honest as I telle the.  
 Ne drynk behynd no manne bakke,  
 For yf yu do thow art to takke.  
 And chese come forthe be not to gredy,  
 Ne cette yow not thereof to hastely.  
 Caste not yi bones ynto the flore  
 But ley yem fayre on yi trenchore.  
 Kepe clene yi cloth by fore ye alle  
 And set yu styлле what so be falle.  
 Tyll grace be said unto ye ende,  
 And tyll yu have wasshen wt yi frend.  
 Let the more worthy yan thow,  
 Wassh to fore ye and that is yi prov  
 And spitte not yn yi basyn  
 My swete son yt yow wasshiest yn.  
 And aryse up soft and styлле  
 And jangyll nether with jak ne jylle,  
 But take yi leve of the hede lowly,  
 And yank hym wt thyn hert hyghly.  
 And alle ye gentyllles togydre yn same

And bare the so thow haue no blame.  
 Than men wyll say therafter,  
 That a gentyllman was heere.  
 And he gt dispiseth this techyng,  
 He is not worthy wt oute lesyng,  
 Neither at good mannes tabull to sitte  
 Ner of no worship for to wytte,  
 And therefore chyl dren for charyte,  
 Lovyth this boke though yt ly til be.  
 And pray for hym yt made it thus,  
 That hyt may helpe swete I H C. [Jhesus]  
 To lyve and dye among his frendes.  
 And never to be combred wt no fendes,  
 And geve us grace yn joy to be  
 Amen, Amen for charytee.

Explicit { Lerne or be lewde  
 { Q̄o [quoth ?] whytyng.

## LUCY MATILDA JANE.

I do not know, at least I do not feel sure, whether the little story I am about to tell will be fully appreciated by my many readers; but, as I think it always best not only to "adorn a tale," but to "point the moral," I offer it in all good feeling to those who are in the habit of perusing the pages of our Masonic magazine.

Lucy Matilda Jane, when I first knew her, was a "strikingly good-looking gal," as young Timmins would always call her, of sweet seventeen or "thereanent."

She was the youngest of a family of five, famed for the tastes and "proclivities" of its fair daughters.

Maria was musical; Kitty was given up to severe reading, and was well up in Darwin and Lyell, Neile and Leebie; Henrietta was the business one of the family; Laura was always occupied in working carpets, &c., for the church; and Lucy Matilda Jane read a good deal of French, German, and Italian, and was very sentimental.

All the girls were good-looking, and as Mr. Wapshott used to say (he is one of the Wapshotts of Wapshott), "They all resemble their dear mother, though in different ways. Yes," he would add, "my dear friend, Tomlinson," putting his hand on my arm, and looking into my face as if to entreat credence for his gushing words, "that woman is really an angel, and all my girls take after her in one thing or the other. Maria has got her hair,

Kitty her teeth, Henrietta her hands, Laura her eyes, and Lucy Matilda Jane her *en-bon-point*."

"Ah," he would add, moralizingly, "what a blessing, my friend, is a good wife,—one who talks for you and every one else; one who arranges for you and every one else; one who manages for you and every one else; one who spends your money for you and leaves you nothing to do, but to give her a *cheque* when she wants one.

"It is a great help to a husband to find a wife who has a will of her own—a good, steady, resolute woman, who knows what is what, and is not to be 'put upon' by any one.

"There is only one point on which her and I don't quite agree; for as I always give her 'her head,' and prefer a 'snaffle' to a 'curb,' as my old friend Hartington expressed himself, as she always has her own way, she and I get on admirably together.

"I do not approve of the way in which she and my daughters decide everything without any reference to me, about the young gentlemen who come to my house. The consequence is, Tomlinson, that these girls are all going positively, in my opinion, to throw themselves away. They have got some nonsense into their heads about 'compatibility of tempers' and 'similarity of tastes.' I think they pick such ideas out of the German novels; just as if matrimony was not a matter of family arrangement and material consideration. They will all have fortunes, as the world goes; but they are so perverse that, though I talk to them of marrying for position and wealth, they positively, Tomlinson, tell me that I am mean and mercenary. Maria is devoted to a young man who plays on the flute, and has only £400 a year. Kitty is full of a young professor, with long hair and dirty nails, and a Flemish account at his bankers; but who talks glibly of the 'natural law of relation.' Henrietta is devoted to a rising young solicitor, who spouts law until I am sick of it; Laura is devoted to the curate of St. Walker-Without; while Lucy Matilda Jane, my 'youngest and my fairest,' thinks of nothing but the army and a penniless lieutenant in a marching regiment.

"It is in vain for me to interfere; they all equally resent my remarks, and repudi-

ate my authority; and that minx, Lucy Matilda Jane, told me the other day that she considered money 'cross,' and 'affection' everything, and then she sung out, as if to clinch the matter.

'Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As Love's young dream.'

"I gulped down my grief and my disgust, Tomlinson, in a full glass of some very fine old Madeira, which has been twice round the Cape, and has not a touch of acidity in it; and when I spoke to my wife, that best and most sensible of women, on any other subject, I got no help and no satisfactory reply; indeed, in my opinion, I only obtained a most unbecoming answer. 'Girls will be girls;' 'girls and young men will go together;' 'like will follow like;' 'where tastes agree, it's half the battle.'

"If I still remonstrate at the perversity of youth, on the tendency to hasty matrimony, all the consolation I receive is, 'You had much better mind your own business, Wapshott, and leave the girls alone.' Now, do you think, Tomlinson, that this is a becoming response to me? the head of the family, from the partner of my joys and woes, my happiness and income (of which, by the way, she spends more than her share)."

All I could reply was, as the one-eyed bagman says in "Pickwick," and it is a great and certain truth, "Women is queer critturs," Wapshott.

"Yes, Tomlinson, so they are," replied Wapshott, decidedly, as if this truism had for the first time deeply struck him. "I spoke to Mrs. Wapshott confidentially the other night, to use a French expression, 'en bonnet de nuit,' and tried to get her to see things as I did. But all I could get her to say was, that I was once young myself; that 'young men would admire young women;' that 'courting was a necessity;' and that 'for her part she had always been an advocate for matrimony;' and when I murmured something about their being too young to marry, she actually told me, her husband of many years, that she was 'entirely in favour of marriages of affection,' and 'that it would be a very bad world if there were nothing but old fogies, or old bachelors and old maids in it,' and after that she went to sleep. Since then I have given up the contest, and only shrug my shoulders, and endure as calmly

as I can, as my friend Professor Von Exelheim says, smoking his long pipe and sipping schnapps, 'This greatly to be deprecated position of affairs.'

"But I have always felt, Tomlinson, as a man and a Briton, that I was both master in my own house and head of my family," continued Wapshott, addressing me earnestly; "and the other day, as you will remember, my friend, I asserted my rights and my position in a most masterly way."

I thought I did remember very well, indeed; too well to please me, in fact; but I made no reply, and he continued his oration.

"You will bear me witness, Tomlinson, I am sure," he proceeded to say, "how completely for once I upset my wife's arrangements and calculations." Here he paused for a reply, but I still held my tongue, nodding to him affirmatively with my head, though I too truly called to mind how the great idiot, as I thought him, had 'upset the apple cart,' and spoilt a good dinner; and more even than this, I had a lugubrious reminiscence how that infatuated man's interference on that special occasion had blighted my own tender hopes and aspirations.

For I may as well let my readers into a secret. I had myself a very great admiration of the "fraicheur" and "naivete" of "Lucy Matilda Jane." I will not say that I was "spooney," but I was very near; her good looks had made a deep impression on my antique heart, and the little gipsy knew it, (all women always do find it out), and just from time to time gave me enough encouragement, (when her odious Philip wasn't by,) to make me believe that she had a little interest in myself, an elderly, stout, middle-aged gentleman, with spectacles and a limping leg. All this floated over my vision while Wapshott took breath, and you must accept it, as the French say, "en parenthese."

But, turning to me, and taking hold of a button of my coat, Wapshott recommenced his vivid flow of words, ignoring my painful retrospect and my suppressed sulkiness:

"I did it well, old boy, didn't I? You remember how I said to Mrs. Wapshott, 'Mrs. Wapshott, as our party is assembled, I think we had better arrange the table.

Nothing adds so much to a good dinner as a well-arranged dinner party.' I said this because Mrs. Wapshott and those girls had actually arranged that the five adorers should sit by the five adored ones.

"Spoons, spoons, spoons," as old Tommy Walker remarked.

"It is most important, I continued, that the right people should sit next the right people, and all that sort of thing.

"'Wapshott,' she replied, tartly, if you remember the scene, as I don't doubt you do, [didn't I, that's all], 'leave all such matters to me, if you please. My grandmother always arranged dinner parties admirably, and I have inherited her talent. Do be quiet, and mind your own business. Take out Mrs. Mulgrubber, and make yourself very agreeable to her, while I try to do the same, if I can, to that brute her husband.' She said this, of course, 'sotto voce.' But I was not to be so beaten. I was very hurt, but I felt, as the immortal Nelson once observed, as the "superior being," I was expected 'to do my duty.'

"So I waited calmly for my hour of self-assertion, saying to myself, 'For once, Mrs. Wapshott, I will be lord and master here.'

"Dinner was announced. You remember, Tomlinson, don't you, how, to Mrs. Wapshott's startled consternation, I said out loudly and clearly and composedly, Mr. Gubbins (that was the solicitor), take out Maria.' Henrietta and Maria, and Mr. Gubbins and Mr. Langthorne looked miserable. 'Mr. Langthorne, take out Kitty.' Kitty and Mr. Bumpstead looked at me ferociously. 'Mr. Bumpstead, take out Henrietta; Mr. Johnson, take out Laura; and Tomlinson, take out Lucy Matilda Jane.'

"The poor curate being thus left out in the cold, and having thus separated the turtle-doves, they all followed silently and dumfounded into the dining-room.

"I had hardly taken my seat or said grace before I heard Mrs. Wapshott say out loud to Mulgrubber, 'Now, we will see how you gentlemen can arrange a dinner party,' and that infamous fellow had the audacity before my very eyes, to say with a simper to my wife, 'No one ever arranged a dinner like you, Mrs. Wapshott; not even my angel, Caroline, there.'

"I thought that Mrs. Mulgrubber would have jumped off her chair at such a speech in such a voice ; but no, she quietly asked for a glass of sherry (my best brown), and composed herself with 'gusto' to her 'potage à la Reine.'

"I am bound to confess to you, my friend, as you well know, that that dinner was not a lively one, for everybody was apparently dissatisfied with his and her neighbour, and was glum and silent.

"I began to wish sincerely that I had not interfered with Mrs. Wapshott's arrangements, as up to that evening our dinners had always been 'the thing' in all respects. But you remember the scene and the party." And here Mr. Wapshott seemed to finish his story, as if he had said all.

I did indeed remember it, and what an ass Wapshott had made of himself, and what a "fiasco" of a superb dinner. He spoiled my appetite at his festive board ; he prevented me becoming a member of his genial family.

Up to that evening I got on admirably with Lucy Matilda Jane, but she was now downright savage. She kept watching her lieutenant and Laura, and answered me in monosyllables. I tried chaff, sentiment, poetry, the belles lettres, music, and the drama, all in vain. Everybody's eyes followed everybody else's movements.

"Oh, you ommadhorn," I remember saying to my host (to myself), "my chance is gone, 'je suis planté là.' How could you be so great a gander as to interfere with Mrs. Wapshott?"

It was quite clear to me by this time that the girls were simply furious, and meant business, and meant mischief. All the while Mrs. Wapshott sat serenely smiling, but throwing in a word of pity for the suffering victims.

Old Wapshott completely collapsed, and when the ladies retired in their silks and satins, the gentlemen had a bad time of it, I assure you, as everyone was put out, and when at last we got to the drawing-room and coffee, it was too clear to me that "l'heure du Berger" had arrived. Indeed, Wapshott's sage interference had only expedited the denouement. The five despondent swains were soon by the side of their sympathising "damozels," and stayed by their sides the whole evening, defying Pere Wapshott and everybody else.

Lucy Matilda Jane and her lieutenant actually got together in a corner by themselves, and he talked to her, and she knitted all the evening, and their conversation was low and confidential, such as engaged young ladies rejoice in with engaged young men. The other four heroes seemed equally well employed, and their fair companions equally well contented.

I never passed a less pleasant evening, and left the house savage with the world, and with Lucy Matilda Jane, with her lieutenant, with myself, and, above all, with that dreadful goose, old Wapshott.

Will it surprise my readers to be told that the upshot of Mr. Wapshott's skilful interference was that all the five Misses Wapshotts were married to their five young men the same day ?

In vain did poor Wapshott talk of reflection ; idly did he advocate delay ; uselessly did he talk of "haste" and "expense," and the like. Mrs. Wapshott said to him, with all the dignity of a Roman matron, "No, Mr. Wapshott, you would arrange the dinner, and I will manage the wedding !" —and manage it she did with a vengeance.

They were all wedded amid a profusion of orange blossoms and bridesmaids and groomsmen, as never was before witnessed, and never will be witnessed again. St. Ambrose Square still rings of it to this very hour.

Such a wedding breakfast I never before or since attended ; such a cake I never before or since have seen ; such speeches I never before or since have heard.

The only unhappy person was old Wapshott, whom nothing could apparently console.

Mrs. Wapshott was, on the contrary, all smiles and cerise and point lace, most hearty and benign.

Poor old Wapshott ! What a lesson for him, and to all married men mad enough to interfere with their wives' arrangements, and especially in "affaires du cœur."

Would you believe it ? That gipsy Lucy Matilda Jane has lately written to me to ask me to become godfather to her "premier ne," as nothing, she said, would give Philip and her greater pleasure, and that she proposed to call the imp Philip Theo, for, as she added, Theophilus, dear Mr. Tomlinson, is too long.

What could I say ?

What could I do !

Of course I consented, and took the customary fork, knife, and spoon, emblematic, as I felt the latter article, of "bigotry and virtue," of him who signs this little story.—Yours most obediently,

THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

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MASONIC SONG.

BY BRO. C. G. MACKENZIE.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Come Brethren of the mystic tie,  
Let songs of joy arise,  
For Faith and Hope and Charity  
Point upward to the skies.

And while the level and the plumb  
Shall teach us lessons rare,  
We still shall keep our secret dumb  
And act upon the square.

Then sing our Points of entrance  
For they are virtues rare ;  
The lovely form of Temperance  
We'll guard with prudent care,  
And Fortitude with firmest heart,  
And Justice good and fair,  
Shall teach us manhood's noble  
part,—  
To act upon the square.

And while Fraternal Love abounds  
Within each Truthful breast,  
May each relieve a Brother's wounds,  
And comfort the distressed,  
Then sing the tenets we profess,  
For they are jewels rare ;  
And thus the world we still shall  
bless  
By acting on the square.

Then sing for Freedom's holy light,  
With Fervency sincere ;  
So we may prize that emblem bright,  
Of honour which we wear.  
While every eye points to that home,  
Let Zeal each bosom warm ;  
From Mother Earth we all have  
come,  
And to her must return.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE.

There is a shady side of life,  
And a sunny side as well,  
And 'tis for every one to say  
On which he'd choose to dwell ;  
For every one unto himself  
Commits a grievous sin,  
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,  
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes  
The sun refuse to smile,  
And sorrow with her troop of ills,  
May threaten us the while ;  
But still the cheerful heart has power  
A sunbeam to provide ;  
And only those whose souls are dark,  
Dwell on life's shady side.

*American Freemason.*

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WAS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
A FREEMASON ?

By the kindness of a Brother, a member of Lodge 494 (Ireland), we are enabled this month to give as our frontispiece some remarkable signatures taken from the original bye-laws of Lodge 494, and also a copy of the three bye-laws adopted by that lodge on the 21st day of July, 1772, A.L. 5772, Irish style.

The first of the signatures on our frontispiece is that of Garrett, the first Earl of Mornington, who was admitted to Lodge 494 in the town of Trim on the 31st day of August 1775, and was subsequently Grand Master of Ireland in the year 1777, and died on 22nd May, 1781, and was succeeded by his son Richard Colley, the second Earl, whose signature appears second on our frontispiece, and who was admitted to the lodge on the 4th day of August, 1782, there being admitted on the same day General Pomeroy, Lord Delvin, and Sir James Erskine. Richard Colley, the second Earl of Mornington, became like his father the first Earl, Grand Master, and presided over the Order in the year 1782 and subsequently as Marquis of Wellesley, from the year 1821 to 1828, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The most highly prized of all these signatures is that simple "A. Wesley,"

this signature being that of a young lieutenant then in the 12th Light Dragoons stationed in Dublin, who only came of age in May, 1790, and was selected as a member of the Irish Parliament for the Borough of Trim in the August of that year, as the Dublin Directory of 1791 contains the following entry amongst the Irish members elected in the general election of August 1790:—"Trim.—The Hon. A. Wesley in the room of the Hon. Wm. Pole Wesley. Residence, Quarters, Dublin."

Doubtless many of our readers will be surprised to learn that this young lieutenant the "Hon. A. Wesley," M.P. for Trim in 1790, and a member of Lodge 494, was no other than the great Duke of Wellington, the family name having at a subsequent period been changed to Wellesley. The exact date of the Duke's being made cannot be ascertained, this minute book of the lodge having been lost since 1856, and it is not recorded in the Grand Lodge records; but by the minutes of the lodge it appears the lodge met in Trim, on the 16th Feb., 1795, the Rev. Wm. Elliot in the chair. Bro. Reynolds, the Treasurer, announced that "the following were the seven subscribers to the lodge special subscriptions:—Rev. W. Elliot, the Hon. A. Wesley, John Mockler, Wm. Carshore, James Allen, George Askin, and Henry Reynolds." Consequently, the Duke must have joined the lodge shortly before the 16th of Feb., 1795, the following note being made by Bro. Reynolds on that day:

"The warrant under which this lodge sits bears date the 7th day of May, 1772, and in Masonry 5772, his Grace the present Duke of Leinster, Grand Master of Masons then in Ireland. The warrant committed to Alex. Wood, Esq., Mr. H. Reynolds, Gent., S.W., and J. Chapman, Esq., J.W., and under which warrant from the commencement of the body to this time 122 members have been regularly admitted, and of such respectability as may appear by the roll book of this lodge.—H. REYNOLDS, Sec. 16th February, 1795."

The roll book here referred to is the book containing the bye-laws of the lodge, of 21st July, 1772.

Bro. Furnell, 33<sup>d</sup>, in his "Recorded History of Irish Masonry," at page 45, states that "On the 7th of December, 1790, the Duke of Wellington was initiated in No. 494, at Trim," and on re-

ference to the "Directory" of that year, it is found to be the second Tuesday in Dec. 1790, being the night for the lodge meeting. This information he must have got from one of the old 494 Bros., as he so published on 12th July, 1842, only four years after the lodge moved to Dublin, and when all the minute books were with Bro. Carleton.

The following short history of this lodge has been furnished to us by the same brother.

This lodge was originated by William the Marquis of Kildare, Grand Master of Ireland, and who subsequently became Duke of Leinster. The warrant bearing his signature as the Grand Master is dated 7th May, 1772, A.L. 5772 (Irish style), and was granted to Alexander Wood, Esq., Henry Reynolds, Gent., and John Chapman, Esq., to hold a lodge in the town of Trim, and County of Meath.

This warrant is still used by the lodge.

On the 31st of August, 1775, the then Earl of Mornington joined the lodge, and on his becoming G.M., in 1777, presented the lodge with an apron of a very peculiar make, and in this apron the Masters of the lodge were always installed until the year 1856, since which period it has been lost.

From the obtaining of the warrant the lodge from time to time met in the town of Trim with varying success down to the year 1838; but in that year it having become reduced to three brethren, named Samuel Scott, who was admitted on the 23rd of December, 1796, Bro. Christopher Carleton, admitted on 27th December, 1797, and Samuel Beckett, admitted 24th June, 1826. They having on the 4th of June, 1838, affiliated Brethren Wm. Carleton, Thomas Murphy and G. B. Grant, all belonging to Lodge 2, Dublin, and on the 7th of June, 1838, presented a memorial to G.L., setting forth "that the said Christopher Carleton, Samuel Beckett, and Samuel Scott, were the only survivors of the members of the lodge resident in Trim, and that each of them was then over 70 years of age, and no longer able to take any part in Masonry, but were anxious the warrant under which so many distinguished Masons were made should not be recalled, and they therefore prayed that Wm. Carleton, Thomas Murphy, and G. B. Grant, should be at liberty to remove the warrant to Dublin."



The prayer of this memorial having been granted by G. Lodge, this fine old lodge met for the first time in Dublin, on the 12th of June, 1838, when our late esteemed Bro. Wm. Carleton became Secretary, and proposed as one of its first candidates our much esteemed Bro. Edward C. Carleton (30th) the present Clerk of the Peace for the county of Dublin, who on his brother William's decease became Secretary of the lodge, and which post he filled most efficiently until the year 1853, when he ceased to take an active part in Masonry, and to him we beg to tender our thanks for the foregoing information.

During the period of our Brother Edward Carleton's being Secretary, he proposed to the lodge that they should obtain the sanction of his Grace the Duke of Wellington to call the lodge "The Wellington Lodge." Bro. Carleton having communicated this resolution to his Grace, received a reply from him declining to allow the lodge to be called after him, "inasmuch as he never was inside any lodge since the day he was made."

In the year 1856 this lodge having again (owing to some unpleasantness among its members) got reduced to three members, the warrant was sent into Grand Lodge "in trust, on the 1st of November, 1856," but was again taken out by our much esteemed Brother Wm. Allen (32°) who thereupon became Secretary, and is still, we are glad to say, not only an honoured member of this lodge, but of every degree in Irish Masonry up to the 32nd.

The present officers of the lodge are, Bros. Joseph St. Clair Mayne, Master; Rev. S. F. Cresswell, D.D., S. Warden; Wm. Kingsbury Drury, J. Warden; Frederick Barlow, S. Deacon; John Lopdel, J. Deacon; Thomas D. Knox, Inner Guard; John Morgan, M.D., Director of Ceremonies; John Hemsley, Organist; Isaac Usher, Treasurer; Archibald H. Jacob, M.D., Secretary; Rev. Dr. Cresswell, D.D., Chaplain.

#### RULES AND ORDERS

*To be kept and observed by the several and respective Members of Lodge No. 494 in Trim.*

21st July, 1772.

1. Resolved, that we the Master, Wardens and rest of the Fraternity of Lodge No.

494, now in Lodge assembled, considering that Concord and Unity is the foundation, whereon the Harmony, Tranquility, and happiness of any society do depend. Do therefore declare that the Glory of our God, the Honour of our King, the well-being of our Brethren, the protection and advancement of our Ancient and Honourable Craft, are the sole motives for forming these rules which shall be binding on us and all others who may hereafter become members of this Lodge, and that these rules shall be read at the coming in of every new Brother, or as often as the Master shall think fit.

II. Ordered, that each and every member of this Lodge so meet at the house or place appointed by the Master and majority of this Lodge, to hold a lodge on every second Tuesday at the hour of six until nine from the twenty-ninth day of September to the twenty-fifth day of March, and from the twenty-fifth day of March to the twenty-ninth day of September at the hour of seven until ten in the afternoon, and if the Master absent himself on said lodge nights after the hour of meeting he shall pay one British shilling to the box of this lodge, each Warden for the like offence ninepence, each deacon eightpence, and each member not attending on lodge nights sixpence over and above the lodge dues, except he make a lawful excuse.

III. Ordered, that if any member of this lodge do presume to curse or swear or take God's name in vain while the lodge is open, each offending member shall pay two shillings and twopence to the Treasurer's box.

IV. Ordered, that every member of this lodge do pay to the Master for the time being seven shillings and one halfpenny each quarter day, as and for his quarterly dues of this lodge, out of which the master is not to spend each lodge night more than tenpence for each brother which shall be present on such night, and the rest at the end of each quarter to be deposited by the Master in the box of this lodge to be distributed in charity, or as the Master and the majority of the brethren shall think proper.

V. Ordered, that one month before each of our Patron Saint's days new officers be chosen. The Master shall name three of the brethren, one of whom to be chosen Master by ballot, and the Wardens to name two

each and be also balloted for as Wardens, and such officers be returned to the Grand Lodge on or before St. John's day in June every year.

VI. Ordered, that any old Mason who is desirous of becoming a member of this lodge must be recommended by a member of the same, to be a person of unblemished character, and be balloted for and thereby gain the unanimous consent of all the members then present. Each person so admitted shall pay as a fine of entrance eleven shillings and fourpence halfpenny to the box and one shilling to the Pursuivant of this lodge.

VII. Ordered, that any person who is proposed to be made a Mason in the lodge must be balloted for the lodge night after he is proposed and gain the unanimous consent of all the brethren then present, and that no brother may plead ignorance, it is further ordered that the said person's name, occupation, and place of residence be inserted in the summonses for the night of ballot, reserving nevertheless power to the Master to summon a lodge of emergency and therein insert the name of the person proposed, who, on good cause may be balloted for and made that night, and such person so admitted shall pay £2 5s. 6d., and one British half-crown to the Tyler, out of which the Master is to defray the usual expenses, procure aprons for the Master and Wardens, and register the said brother in the Grand Lodge book. And if the Secretary, on notice from the Master, shall neglect to have the said brother so registered on or before the second lodge night after said brother is compleated, he shall be fined one British half-crown.

VIII. Ordered, if any person applies to be made a Mason in this lodge, if the person he applies to shall make him clandestinely or be aiding or assisting in the aforesaid method, such person so offending shall be expelled this lodge, and notice thereof shall be given to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

IX. Ordered, that every member of this lodge do meet at a dinner on each of our Patron Saint's days, and every member shall pay towards said dinner 3s. 3d. every absent member to pay as if present, that said dinner be provided by the Master and Wardens in conjunction in such manner and in such place as they shall think fit,

and that immediately after dinner the old officers do install the new ones in their places. The Master refusing to serve shall pay 5 British shillings, and on refusal of a Warden 3 British shillings, and of a Deacon 2 British shillings to the box of this lodge.

X. Ordered, That each member of this lodge do obey the Master in all reasonable matters, and call him worshipful during lodge hours, and any person not observing the Master's usual signal for silence, or who shall interrupt a lesson, spoil harmony or behave himself in any respect unbecoming a sober brother shall for every such offence pay 13d to the box of this lodge.

XI. Ordered, that if any person belonging to a regular lodge shall be desirous of becoming a visitor of this body he shall be accepted unless there shall appear just cause to the contrary, and such visitor shall be clear of the reckoning on the first visit.

XII. Ordered, that the Junior Warden or whoever acts for him shall have the care of the reckoning, and give notice when there is as much liquor in as comes to each man's proportion, and if the same be over-run, he shall be liable to pay the overplus. No person is to call for liquor without the leave of the Junior Warden, otherwise he shall pay fourpence.

XIII. Ordered, that all dues, fines, and forfeiting be cleared off the last lodge night in every quarter at farthest, on due notice being given by the Secretary, or be excluded this lodge.

XIV. Ordered, that the Pursuivant attending this lodge do receive for his trouble one British shilling each lodge night over and above all Emoluments which he may be entitled to under the foregoing rules, together with all such other gifts and grants from this lodge as he or any future Tyler or Pursuivant may merit.

XV. Ordered, that if any member be guilty of any crime or irregularity not specified in these rules he shall be dealt with as the Master and majority of the brethren present shall think proper, and that all these rules and each of them do stand and remain in full force unless altered by a majority in full lodge assembled, provided any of them do not make void or take away the energy or force of any of the rules, orders, or regulations of the Grand

Lodge as far as they extend to inferior lodges.

Signed at our lodge room held in Trim aforesaid, the 21st day of July, 1772, and in Masonry 5772.

Alexr. Wood, M; Hen. Reynolds, S. W; John Chapman; Robt. Carshore; John Boulger; Walter Evans; Thos. Crawley; John Edwards; Ad. Carshore; John Mockler; Fras. Forster; Nichs. Wisdom; Wm. Carmichael; Chrstr. McAlister; Langn. Doyle; Will. Evelyn; Robt. Fleetwood; Danl. Doyle; Wm. Taylor; Wm. Bathurst; Ed. Hen. Duncan; John Seaton; John Pandy; Pons. Gouldsbury; Wm. Atkinson; Geo. Lowther; Jaz. Somerville; Wm. Hopkins; Hen. Green; John Hopkins; Thos. Drew; Chrstr. Bor; Ben. Chapman; Duke Giffard; Robt. Henry; Thos. Kelly; Patk. Rooney; Fras. Forster; Edwd. Purdon; Blaye Wm. Mitchell; Chas. Purdon; Chas. Barry; Thos. Purdon; *Mornington*; Clol. Rowley; Edwd. Mockler; Chas. Roberts; Matt. Fox; Thos. Walker; Michl. Daniel; Dnd. Loftus; Wm. Foster; Ham. Gorges; Meade Swift; John Christian; R. G. Gorges; Dom. Dunn; Barry McGusty; Geo. Lowther; Richd. Allen; M. Neligan; John Purdon; Robt. Wade; Richd. Friend; Edwd. Tonge; John Salt; Michl. Tisdall; Robt. Marman; Beryn Woodward; Phil. Smith; John Robins; Wm. Hen. Finlay; Wm. Ould; *Mornington*; Wm. Elliott; Hen. Williams; Edwd. Smith; Robt. Higgins; Delvin; J. Erskine; John Maiten; Francis North; Robert Uniacke; Richd. Boyle, Rt. Perceval; John Young; Robt. Waller; Richd. Mockler; E. Malone; Wm. Carshore; Jas. Allen; John Pomeroy; Richd. Horner; John Williams; Thos. Smith; Richd. Ladley; Wm. Allen; Wm. Madden; Geo. Askin; Wm. Foster; *A. Wesley*; Saml. Forster; Wm. Millingspeer; John Parker; John Js. Edes; Geo. Cleghorn; John Grierson; Hen. Thos. Burton; Chas. Bomford; Edwd. E. Chambey, 23rd Aug. 1796; Saml. Scott, 23rd Aug. 1796; Thos. Brown, 13th Sep., 1796; Thos. Taylor, 13th Sep., 1796; Thos. Williams, and John Williams, 20th Dec., 1796; Jas. Harrington, 24th Feb., 1797; Jas. Pratt-Seltbett, L.L.D.; Thos. M. Claughry, 27th Dec., 1797; Stephen. Price; Con. Carleton; Thos. Shore; Wm. Hinds.

"OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!  
OH! THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."—*Old Song.*

What dreams, fair lady, are mine to day?  
As Christmas is drawing near,  
How many years have pass'd away  
Since in a December drear,  
You and I were in an ancient hall—  
I think I see it now—  
Wherein was hung by a hero tall  
A charming Mistletoe Bough.

Do you remember, or do you not  
Our pleasant games that eve,  
Or mid your cheery and sunny lot,  
Or the memories that grieve,  
Have you forgotten, forgotten quite  
Each whispered word and vow,  
Or has it pass'd out of mind as out of sight  
That white-berried Mistletoe Bough?

I mind me, as the Laureate sings,  
Mid our Christmas games and quips,  
And with the Romancerecollection brings,  
Of a "meeting of the lips,"  
When we each of us loudly, loudly swore  
Amidst that jovial row,  
That we would be faithful evermore  
To the sign of the Mistletoe Bough.

Alas! that time is gone and sped,  
Fair lady, many a year,  
You have been long since happy wed  
To a hero bold and dear,  
And I, a lonely Bachelor still,  
Yet remember that fair broad brow,  
And often mid my good and ill  
Recall that Mistletoe Bough.

And in this genial Christmas time,  
When fun and frolic, jest,  
And gay charades in prose and rhyme  
Rejoice the youthful breast,  
The tender memories of the hour  
Still recall the "when and how,"  
When those eyes of yours in their vivid  
power  
Shone beneath that Mistletoe Bough.

So, youthful dames and maidens fair,  
Don't despise the mystic charm,  
But for all who "boldly do and dare,"  
It's a Talisman from harm;  
Yes, with "bon devoir" and devotion  
You can be happy there, I trow,  
So with the lip-service of emotion  
Gather under the Mistletoe Bough.

CELEBS.

### SAVED FROM PRISON.

"THAT reminds me," remarked Bro. Schmoker, "of an adventure that befell me some twenty odd years ago, while returning from a business trip to New York."

The above was the introductory to a new story brought out by the closing sentence of an adventure in the Sierra Nevadas, just related by the Grand Lecturer, Bro. Leming, who was on an official visit to our place. We had been to the lodge that evening listening to an exemplification of the work. Closing at an early hour, some half dozen of us, at the invitation of Bro. Burch, repaired to his office for the purpose of spending a little time in social chat, before the final separation for the night. Bro. Schmoker being a dealer in the article, stopped at his store on the way, and took in a fresh supply of cigars, knowing full well that all but myself were his namesakes, at least by habit and education, if nothing more. Bro. Leming had spent several years of his life on the Pacific slopes, and had experienced many hair-breadth escapes. He had just completed the recital of one that occurred during a stage ride over the mountains, by which he came near losing his life, the conclusion of which "reminded" Brother Schmoker as stated at the opening. Said he:

I was, and had been for several years, living at Lancashire, Ohio, plying my regular avocation of manufacturing and dealing in cigars. It was my usual custom to make a trip to New York about once a year, for the purpose of purchasing stock, and as railroads were not so common in those days as at present, I did a portion of my travelling by the old-fashioned stage-coach. The term "over the mountains" used to be as familiar as "household words" to residents and tradesmen of the towns along the Ohio river, from Pittsburg down, even as far in the interior as the place of my residence. We steamboated it as far as steamboats could run, and then took stage over the mountains, to connect with other conveyances on the eastern side.

It was during my return from one of these annual trips to the metropolis that an adventure happened, which came near putting me behind the bars of a Pittsburg

prison, the particulars of which I shall never forget so long as I retain my senses; more especially as I was wholly innocent of the charge brought against me, backed as it was by circumstantial evidence of the strongest kind. And to Masonry, brethren, am I indebted for saving me from incarceration in a felon's cell.

Of course, Pittsburg was a little out of the usual route to New York from our place, but on this particular occasion, after transacting my business, I returned by way of that city, to secure some hands to work in the factory. Passing through Baltimore and arriving at Cumberland, I took passage in the stage by the old plank road over the mountains to West Newton, where I expected to take boat for the "iron city."

The stage was full, and among the passengers was a rough, disagreeable fellow, whose name, as I subsequently learned, was Crabbs. He seemed determined to make all about him as uncomfortable as possible, by his bragging, swaggering manner; and to add largely to the disagreeableness of the situation, he managed, at every halt of the stage, to take in a considerable quantity of whiskey. The fellow had a double-barrelled pistol in his possession which he frequently exhibited, giving at each exhibition a different account as to how he came by it, until every one in the coach became annoyed, disgusted, and in fact alarmed lest some accident should happen from the weapon, which was apparently loaded. This state of affairs continued until just before reaching the Youghiogheny river, which is the principal feeder of the Monongahela, when an accident happened to the stage, by which we were detained several hours—so long in fact that we did not arrive at the end of our route, West Newton, a little town some thirty five miles above Pittsburg, until midnight.

Being obliged to wait over for the morning boat, we sought the only hotel in the place, which we found already pretty well filled with guests. Naturally quiet and unobtrusive, I was the last one to receive attention. The landlord informed me that my only chance was to share a bed with this man, Crabbs. At first I positively declined the honour, but on ascertaining that the landlord's statement was correct, I very reluctantly consented. We were imme-

diately shown to an ordinary-sized hotel bedroom, containing, besides the bed, a couple of rickety chairs, a bureau surmounted by a broken mirror, and a threadbare carpet on the floor. The room had but one window, and one door, the one at which we entered. I noticed all these things particularly, as there was a presentiment in my mind that "something was going to happen." The midnight hour; the suspicious character thrust upon me for room mate; the strangeness of the place all tended to impress me very unfavourably. However, I removed my outer clothing, laying it across one of the chairs, and with the door ajar, crept into bed. Being greatly fatigued, tired nature soon found repose in refreshing sleep. How long a time elapsed I cannot say, perhaps a couple of hours, when my bed-fellow hit me a violent blow with his elbow, which roused me to perfect consciousness at once.

"I have lost my money," said he.

"How much had you?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I think you must be mistaken about the loss. I am certain no one has entered the room since we retired. You will probably find it all right in the morning."

"I tell you it has been stolen," and he fumbled about some time, but finally quieted down again, and I fell into another sleep, which lasted without further interruption until daylight, when he suddenly leaped from the bed, declaring that his money, amounting to one hundred dollars had been stolen. I also arose, dressed myself, and went below. Meeting the landlord, I related what had transpired during the night, declaring my belief that the fellow was an impostor and a cheat. Crabbs soon followed me, and intimated that I had stolen his money. Would have me arrested, &c., on our arrival at Pittsburg. The boat was to leave at eight, consequently a half hour after breakfast found us all aboard, anxious to be under way.

The day proved to be a pleasant one, and the rugged mountainous scenery of the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers particularly attracted my attention. The boat had a fair load of passengers, both men and women, and it very soon became evident to me that the man Crabbs had quietly circulated the report among them that I was a thief, as all eyes were upon me with that peculiarly suspicious look

that always attaches to a suspicious character. Even the bar-tender, when I asked for a cigar, had the boldness to insult me with the remark, "You can afford to smoke good cigars, after making such a haul." It annoyed me very much, and I kept aloof from the other passengers as much as possible. I was standing at the stern of the boat leaning against the railing, admiring the beautiful landscape, that presented an ever varying appearance, when two Virginian gentlemen stepped up and publicly accused me of the theft. Crabbs stood near me with his hand on the stock of his pistol. My first impulse was to spring upon and toss the scoundrel overboard. I could have accomplished the feat easily enough, but a second thought interfered in time to save me from committing an act that might have resulted in terminating the fellow's life. I patiently bore the jibes and insults, that continued to increase in volume with every hour. Knowing I was entirely innocent of the charge, I carefully avoided every provocation for a disturbance, that my accuser was constantly trying to fasten upon me. I was a stranger among strangers, and the circumstances were very much against me.

The conviction seemed to be firmly fixed in every mind that I was a thief. What could I do but wait patiently our arrival in Pittsburg, where I felt certain something would turn up to clear me from the foul aspersion. What that something might be I could not clearly define. I was a stranger even there. I could, however, telegraph home for references.

Time, with never-ceasing tread, at last brought us to high twelve and the boat to Pittsburg. I went directly to the Monongahela House, and after registering, entered the dining-room for dinner. The meal being finished, I started to go out and was met at the door by a rough-spoken policeman, who at once placed me under arrest. He searched my person and baggage, but found only fifteen dollars in money, all I had about me, together with bills and receipts covering my recent purchases in New York.

I was immediately taken before the mayor, and with the view of making the best possible defence, asked for an attorney. Colonel Samuel Black was recommended to me, who being present, consented to act in my behalf. A private interview

was asked for and granted. We repaired to a small room, adjoining the mayor's office, and the colonel's first words, after closing the door, were

"Are you a Mason?"

"I am," responded I, promptly.

It afterwards appeared that on entering the room he noticed a little gold slipper, which, though seldom wearing, I chanced to have attached to my vest on that occasion.

He proceeded to question me in a way peculiar to Masons, but not being satisfied, sent out for a Dr. William Quail, who examined me further. I considered myself pretty bright in those days, and could answer readily almost any question asked relating to the lectures of the three degrees. Still undecided, the Grand Lecturer whose name I have forgotten, was sent for, who put me through a rigid course of sprouts. After consultation, the three approached me with extended hands.

"Bro. Schmoker, we believe your statement and will stand by you. The circumstances of the case certainly wear a black look, but we shall at least see you through until you have an opportunity to prove yourself innocent of the charge, or they to prove you guilty."

We returned to the mayor's room. The plaintiff swore positively that I had stolen his money, upon which the official was obliged to bind me over for trial, which was set at ten a.m. next day. Those true-hearted Masons, Bros. Black and Quail, became responsible for my appearance. A half hour previous I was to them an utter stranger. Still, with every appearance of guilt upon me, they trusted implicitly to my honour as a Mason, not to leave them in the lurch. Being set at liberty, I telegraphed home to parties who were known in Pittsburg, but for some time, to me unexplainable reason, received no replies. I slept very little that night, I assure you. Morning arrived, and yet no tidings. Ten o'clock found me at the court-room, unprepared for anything like a plausible defence. The jail and state prison began to stare me in the face. It seemed as though everything conspired to convict me of that of which I was not guilty. Without a word from my friends, with no other assurance than the mere word of one who claimed to be a Mason, otherwise a total stranger, those two brethren renewed my

bail, and the trial was put off twenty-four hours. Their confidence remained unshaken. The Masonic, when all other ties failed, saved me from a felon's cell.

An hour after the adjournment of court, several dispatches arrived from Lancaster, not only in answer to mine of the previous evening, but from other prominent citizens, that set everything right, as far as my identity and integrity were concerned. The charge of theft, however, still remained against me.

I left the hotel after dinner and walked leisurely towards the landing, cogitating upon the events of the previous forty-eight hours, and trying to conjure up something that would release me from my predicament. The boat on which I had come down the previous day had, in the meantime, made a round trip to Newton and back. The thought struck me that by going on board I might gain something favourable to my case. The crew, some of whom recognised me the moment I set foot on the gang plank, shouted out—

"That fellow's money has been found!"

It appeared that when the chambermaid went to make the beds, she found the money—one hundred and ten dollars—under the pillow. Saved! saved! said I, mentally, in great delight.

A policeman, in company with the plaintiff, went back to Newton on the boat, and obtained the money. It was found right where the fellow, in his drunken maudlin condition, had placed it.

This, of course, ended all further proceedings. I was immediately discharged, and the mayor, the fellow who accused me of the theft, and others, united in written testimonials fully exonerating me from all guilt. Bros. Black and Quail became my warm and steadfast friends, and for some time a correspondence was kept up between us. They were a couple of true-hearted men as ever drew the breath of life, and that transaction placed me under obligations that I never expect to be able to repay. Colonel Samuel Black was an educated man, having graduated with distinction at a college in Washington, Pa., served all through the Mexican war as a colonel of volunteers, and on the breaking out of the rebellion, was among the first to enlist in the Union army. His career, however, was of short duration, being shot while leading his men into

action during a battle fought somewhere in Virginia. As a lawyer, he was eminent; as a friend, warm-hearted and true; as a man and Mason, none excelled him.

Dr. William Quail was surgeon to Col. Black's regiment in the Mexican war, and for many years was an active member and an officer of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Like Bro. Black, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. All honour to them both.—*Masonic Review*.

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### THE SOLOMONIC ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

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(Continued from page 190.)

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Among these legends, one of the most important is that which finds the actual, historical origin of our Order in the Temple of Solomon. Of all the mythical narratives connected with the history of Freemasonry, this is the one which it will be the most difficult to eradicate, because it is the most intimately connected, from beginning to end, with the entire system of Masonic symbolism.

Forty years ago, Chemin Dupontes, one of the most philosophical of the French Masonic writers, had said: "The opinion which supposes that we are the direct descendants of the workmen at the Temple of Solomon is one which I shall presume to call superstitious and vulgar; and yet it is taught in many Masonic works, in poems which are not destitute of merit, and is the ordinary text of the discourses of most of the orators of our lodges. It may, in fact, be called the *conventional error* of Freemasonry." He rejects the theory, of course, and recalls to mind that there were other associations with which the idea of a temple was familiar. Thus, the knights of the Middle Ages called the institution of chivalry a "Temple of Honour," and he mentions one society in particular, which existed at Rennes, in France, in 1784, and which was named the "Temple of the Country," a society consisting of many of the nobility and men of letters of the province. The object of the society may be best gathered from the inscription placed in front of the presiding officer: "Here God is served without hypocrisy,

the King without venality, and the country without ambition." In all of these, and similar instances, the temple, says Dupontes, was but a figure, and so it is with us; and he therefore expresses his surprise that modern Masonic books should so seriously enter into the complex details, and repeat so many mystical stories on the subject of the material construction of the Temple at Jerusalem.

In the four decades that have passed since the French philosopher wrote these words, the sentiment which they express has been gradually but perceptibly gaining strength. And now it is scarcely to be doubted that no Masonic scholar of any reputation would risk that reputation by a serious attempt to defend the Solomonic theory of the origin of Freemasonry.

And yet there has been and there can be no abandonment of the Temple legend. It is still retained, and must ever be retained, in the ritual. It is and must ever be referred to as the most important, the most philosophical, and the most attractive source of our system of symbolism. The historical and the mythical elements of Freemasonry are so intimately connected, so closely interwoven with each other, that the one is essentially necessary to the other, and both are required to make up the complete and perfect whole that makes Masonry what it is and always has been. They are like the Siamese twins, into the connecting cord of whom so much of the vital organization of each had entered that there could be no separation without imminent, and indeed positive, death to each.

Then, as regards Freemasonry, the Temple of Solomon is a myth and not a history. To claim that the former, with its present organization, with its lodges, and its degrees, comes in a direct, uninterrupted, and unchanged descent from the latter, is to claim what cannot be proved, and which, if not impossible, is at least so improbable and so contrary to the current of historical evidence, as to be unworthy of serious discussion. To the Mason the Temple of Solomon is a spiritual idea, and as such it forms an indispensable part of his system. The Freemasonry of the present day is built on the symbolic idea of that great Temple which, of all the religious edifices of the ancient world, was the only one that was dedicated to the worship of the true God.

The critical problem, then, which we have hereafter to resolve, is not how did Speculative Masonry descend from the Operative Masonry of the Solomonic Temple, but rather how did the idea of that Temple first become incorporated into the modern Masonic system? At what period was the allegory first invented? This problem is full of interest, and alone would furnish an ample field for discussion.

If we adopt the now more popular belief that our Speculative Masonry will find its true origin in the operative stonemasonry of the Middle Ages, we shall be impressed with the pertinent fact that the idea of the Temple of Solomon was not altogether unknown to those mediæval workmen, and that their master builders preserved the reference to it in many of their architectural symbols. The "Compagnonnage" of Germany, and especially of France, which was undoubtedly a close resemblance to Freemasonry, and which is supposed to have been an organization of the Craftsmen in rivalry of, or in defence against, the corporations of the Masters, traced its origin to the Temple of Jerusalem, and had many legends connected with that building. Indeed, one of its divisions was called "the children of Solomon."

Most probably the introduction of the idea of the Temple of Solomon into Freemasonry is partly, perhaps wholly, to be attributed to the natural connection that existed—so far as there was a common religious purpose—between the labours of the Christian workmen on their cathedrals and those of the Jewish and Tyrian workmen on their great Temple. The idea of the cathedral suggested the idea of the Temple, and the labours and labourers on each became fancifully and allegorically identified. Everything in the ancient Temple worship was applied to the modern cathedral worship. Everything in the labours on the one was transferred in idea to the labours on the other, and the workmen of Strasburg and Cologne began at last to be confused with those of Jerusalem and Tyre. And then, when the organization of the Order which now prevails was established, and its present form given to it, it was an easy and natural task to introduce the Temple of Solomon, so long familiarised as an idea, into the ritual, and to adopt the mediæval myths connected with it, which in time were gradually

accepted as historical narratives. Modern researches and modern scepticism are beginning to take them back to their original condition.

We may then say, I think, that, while we are not permitted to recognise the Freemasons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as the legitimate descendants of the "stone-squarers" of Solomon and Hiram, yet we must admit that the Freemasonry of this day is a symbolical development of the Temple which was constructed at Jerusalem. And therefore, whatever may become of the historical question we can never abandon the symbolic idea, and must still truthfully call the Temple allegorically the type of the Lodge.—*Mackey's National Freemason.*

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### THREE THINGS.

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Three things to admire :  
Intellectual Power, Dignity, and Gracefulness.

Three things to love :  
Courage, Gentleness, and Affection.

Three things to hate :  
Cruelty, Arrogance, and Ingratitude.

Three things to delight in :  
Frankness, Freedom, and Beauty.

Three things to wish for :  
Health, Friends, and a Cheerful Spirit.

Three things to avoid :  
Idleness, Loquacity, and Flippant Jesting.

Three things to pray for :  
Faith, Peace, and Purity of Heart.

Three things to contend for :  
Honour, Country, and Friends.

Three things to govern :  
Temper, Tongue, and Conduct.

Three things to think about :  
Life, Death, and Eternity.

*American Freemason.*



## MASONIC UNITY.

The ancients considered the number *two* "accursed," because it was the first departure from unity. The Romans dedicated the second month of the year to Pluto, the god of hell, and the second day of the month to the manes of the dead. The Thebans in their armies had a band of men, whom they called "the holy band": they consisted of such only as were joined together in the bonds of love, and "as would live and die together." These were considered the strength of their armies. The mythological dispute between Neptune and Pallas, who should have the honour to give the name to the city of Athens, teaches the important truth which we are setting before the brethren. It was resolved, that he should give the name, who could find out that which might conduce to the benefit of the city. Upon this, Neptune presented them with a stately horse, the symbol of wars, bloodshed, divisions, tumults; but Pallas came with an olive branch, the emblem of peace, love, and unity. Very properly Pallas was chosen to be the guardian of the Athenians, for love, peace, and unity, would most promote the prosperity and safety of their city. All communities see the force of the words of the well-known adage, "Union is power." And speculative Masonry, in one of its phases, is a system of charity, *i.e.*, love. The Masonic anthem, founded on the Sacred Law, runs thus—

Behold! how good a thing it is,  
And how becoming well;  
For brethren such as Masons are,  
In unity to dwell.

Hence charity or love is the chief corner stone of our Masonic Temple and upon it is to be erected a superstructure of all the other virtues, which make "the good Mason." And not without foundation, the boast or the glory of our Order is that a Mason however destitute, if he is "worthy," may find in every clime a brother, and in every land a home. How unseemly then, to say the least, are divisions and discord among the brethren. How prejudicial to the interests of the Craft are variances in the brotherhood. When feuds have marred the peace and harmony of Masonic meetings, how detrimental have they proved to the advancement of our Holy Order. If

you can pluck a beam from the body of the sun, it will then have no light; but if you sever a river from the spring, it will soon be dried up; if you amputate a member from the body, it will soon perish. Likewise, if you remove charity, or unity from the Fraternity, the latter must lose its vitality. As with the Athenians in the days of Pallas, so in our day, the prosperity of our Fraternity depends upon love and unity to cement our affections, and peace to compose the differences, that may profanely spring among us.

"By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall." A Great Master-builder has proclaimed the glorious Masonic truth,—“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (love), I become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.” Consequently unity must be assiduously cultivated by us, “the brethren of the mystic tie,” to whatever Constitutions we may belong, for

“We are brethren a’,”

and by our vows we have become a band of brothers, bound in one fraternal bond of love and one fellowship of mind. The number *two*, in accordance with our Masonic teaching, is more than accursed, for it denotes “darkness and the evil principle.” Let us therefore in the spirit of “a holy band,” send it to the place where its divinity dwells, and let us with fraternal determination keep it among “the shades of the dead.” Leave discord, quarrels, Billingsgate, to the low-minded. Let the *canaille*—to whatever tribe they may belong—delight in their base revellings; but let us as brethren, who have a good fight to fight among scoffers and fault-finders, imitate the hero of Trafalgar, who the day before the famous battle, took Collingwood and Rotherham, who were at variance, to the spot where they could see the fleet opposed to them, and said, “Yonder, are your enemies, shake hands, and be friends, like good Englishmen.” Let every Mason who is anxious for the prosperity of his Order, feel the truth of the Masonic maxim,—“That for harmony should his Lodge be opened,—in harmony should it work,—and with harmony be closed.”

In the last century—as in the present—there were many ignorant defamers of our Craft. Freemasonry was said by those

captious individuals to be a mere convivial Society. Freemasonry, however, declares that the members of the Craft "ought to be moral men, good husbands, good parents, good sons, and good neighbours; not staying too long from home, and *avoiding all excess.*" No doubt there are individuals in "the popular world," who for reasons which need not be specified, are piqued and annoyed at Freemasons, and, therefore, they try to vent their indignation and spleen by contumely and vituperation. The Fraternity may well afford to treat with contempt the aspersions of these ignorant defamers. The crying down of the Institution by the Cowans will do it no harm. The members of the Sacred Order need not mind. They know that they meet for higher purposes than those of conviviality. After the grave labours of the lodge are brought to a close, the brethren respond very properly to a call from the south, and "moderate refreshment" is not denied. But let the Cowans remember, that the inhabitants from earth's distant lands, form—

In happy, holy bands,  
One brotherhood.

And they meet for the exercise of brotherly love, truth, justice, and other Masonic virtues. Let the Cowans who try to traduce our Masonic character, remember that Freemasonry teaches the brethren to assuage grief and relieve distress. If a brother be in want, every heart is moved. When he is hungry, we feed him; when he is naked, we clothe him; when he is in trouble, we fly to his relief. We strive to confirm the propriety of the title we bear, and convince the world, that *brother* among Masons, is more than the name.—*American Freemason.*

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### THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

BY ELLA F. CLYDE.

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The room was a model of comfort, and the breakfast as perfect as it could be. Mrs. Winter looked very pretty in her tasteful attire and coquettish little breakfast cap. And yet, there was a slight frown upon her brow; while her liege

lord steadily read the morning papers between his sips of coffee. This couple had been married but a little more than a year.

"It was such a foolish thing to do, George," said the lady, breaking a silence of some duration, "it was not as though time hung heavily on your hands, but that, with your business, and social duties, there was no necessity for your becoming a Mason."

Mr Winter preserved a diligent silence. Probably he thought the subject already exhausted.

"And then, you know," she went on, "that I greatly disapprove of it."

"Mary," he said, "I can only repeat what I have already told you; you are giving way to a foolish prejudice. You will think differently some time. Now let me hear no more about it."

The lady drew a long sigh; her face assumed a look of injured innocence, and the breakfast was continued in silence.

George Winter was a kind-hearted, but a thoroughly unyielding man. Once impressed with the idea of right, everything, even his own interests, went down before it. Not so with Mrs. Winter. Wilful and impulsive, if she was slightly selfish, it was the fault of circumstances. She had been spoiled as much as the only child of wealthy parents could be. With no careful training hand, what wonder if the weeds grew thick among the flowers of her nature?

She sat, this morning, long after her husband had gone, in the cosy sitting-room, looking with wide-open eyes, out upon the street. She was but vaguely conscious of the passers-by, her mind being deeply absorbed. She *could not* understand why she should be crossed, *nor* comprehend her husband's absurd persistency. All day long she was vexed and out of humour, but in the afternoon she dressed herself with unusual care, and received Mr. Winter with her sweetest smiles.

She kept up a graceful flow of conversation all through dinner; but, in the evening, after he had donned his dressing-gown and slippers, and comfortably escensed himself in the easy chair before the fire, she drew a low stool to his side, and said:

"George?"

"Well, Mary."

"Tell me the secret."

"What secret?"

"The Masonic secret."

He laughed out, and replied:

"You absurd woman."

"No, but George, I'm in earnest."

"Mary, do be reasonable," he said.

"I am reasonable; you should not know anything you cannot tell your wife."

He leaned back, humming a low tune.

"George, tell me, I won't tell."

"I have *nothing* to tell you."

There was a long pause, Mr. Winter looked into the fire. Presently the stillness was broken by a sob. He threw his arms around her, and said: "Why, Mary, you are not crying? How foolish!"

"I am not foolish, you won't do anything I want you to, and you are a Mason, and I hate it."

"But it is a noble Order, my dear, and it does a world of good. It may save my life sometime; it has done such things scores of times. Just think, away back in the Indian warfare of our country, during a battle in which was the celebrated chief Brant, an officer in distress threw up his arm, and accidentally made the Masonic sign of danger. He was not a Mason, but Brant took him for one, and spared him, though an enemy. So, you see, that is one instance."

"Oh, yes, I know, you have told me all that before, but you will never need their help,—and besides, that man was not saved by being a Mason," she said triumphantly.

"He became one afterwards, though."

"I do not care whether he did or not. I want to know the secret. George, you ought to tell me; you know I would keep it."

"Mary, there is no reasoning with you." He withdrew his arm from around her and leaned back impatiently.

She arose, stood by the fire, and petulantly said: "You refuse me then?"

"I told you before I had nothing to tell; now, for goodness sake, let the subject drop."

"Very well," was all she said, but her eyes were unusually bright, and two red spots burned on her cheeks. She was thinking, as she stood there, "I have made his home bright and pleasant. I have lived only for him; and he cares nothing at all for my wishes. For the future, it shall be the world. I shall give myself

up to society; *there* at least, I can be appreciated."

\* \* \* \*

'It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute.'

sang Clarice Grantly. Mr. Winter, turning over her music, gave a slight sigh. Miss Grantly would have been pleased to attribute it to her own fascinations, but, casting her dark eyes up at him, at the words,—

"Trust me all, or not at all,"

she saw an absent, wistful look on his face. Clarice Grantly was an unconscionable flirt, and Mr. Winter was fair game, especially when his wife was by to follow them with her eyes. But the young lady had sense enough to perceive that the zest was all on her side. Mr. Winter was but a passive participant in this flirtation. Her song finished, she let her fingers wander carelessly over the keys of the instrument, striking light chords and bringing out touches of harmony. It was an excuse to watch him furtively. His thoughts were far enough from her. They had gone back over the months in which "the little rift within the lute" of his domestic life had been slowly widening. He could trace it clearly to the night of their conversation about Masonry. Since then, neither had ever alluded to the subject. He had trusted, at first, that the iciness of his wife's demeanour would wear off; but, as the weeks went on, and it seemed to become a part of her nature, he gradually resigned himself to it. He never told her how he missed her little caressing ways, or how her scrupulous politeness wounded him, he simply accepted the situation as fate. He failed to understand her unconquerable thirst for society, but always accompanied her. This summer he inwardly pronounced Newport a bore, although in his outward demeanour he was as great an idler as any there.

"Mr. Winter," said Miss Grantly, and her voice aroused him; "You are in a brown study."

"Not at all, Miss Grantly, your music set me thinking."

"Then I'll not sing to you any more; you completely forgot me."

"Do let me retrieve my error."

"Yes, take me out on the balcony," she said rising, "it is so warm in here."

There was a half-veiled triumph in her magnificent eyes, as she placed her hand on his arm, and allowed him to lead her from the room.

Mrs. Winter barely glanced at them as they passed, but her companion lowered his brows. Clifton Stanley was too high-toned a man to tolerate such a flirtation. He had come to Newport because Clarice Grantly came, and he had watched her actions with surprised pain. He felt a sincere sympathy with Mrs. Winter, and although to-night they were not very good company for each other, they were perhaps better than they would have been for any one else.

"I would not sit so calmly," said a young married lady, "and see Clarice Grantly carry off my husband by storm."

"Pooh!" said another, "Mrs. Winter is very well entertained; don't be a goose, my dear, they are a sensible couple."

If they were a sensible couple, Mr. Clifton Stanley's opinion was at fault. He sought out Clarice later in the evening, and remarked:

"I want to say something to you."

She flashed an inquiring look from under her long lashes.

"It is for the peace of two people. You are certainly thoughtless; you can never intend to monopolize so much of Mr. Winter's attention."

"Has she been telling you her woes?" asked Clarice, laughing.

"Of course not. I speak from my own observation."

"Then your observation should show you that I am not the cause of any want of peace between them, besides," shrugging her shoulders, "how can I help it if a man is attentive?"

With her laughing face, she looked like some sprite, in her dusky beauty; but Clifton Stanley knew her to-night, as he had never known her before. He turned away with a distant bow to Mr. Winter, who just then approached.

That night, Clarice Grantly taking down her hair before her glass, laughingly said to the image of herself: "He would like me to stop flirting. I might as well try to stop breathing. I will flirt; and I'll bring Clifton Stanley to my feet, too."

The days rolled on, and brought little change. The sea air hardly seemed beneficial to Mrs. Winter; she was losing

her fresh colour, and her taste for society was waning. Clifton Stanley was growing morbid and gloomy, too. When he conveniently could he cut Mr. Winter direct. On one such occasion, the latter remarked to a friend: "What's the matter with Stanley? I can never make him out."

"Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" Mr. Winter's eyes were opened. Stanley was a man for whom he had the highest respect. Not for the world would he have injured him.

Mr. Winter walked down to the beach alone. "Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" It had been marked then, and his wife was utterly indifferent. He wondered, bitterly, if this life was always to last.

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"Let us hurry down to the beach. There's a storm coming up, and they say there's a boat out, with a man in it."

The words startled a number of loungers in the parlour and balcony. Eager for novelty, ladies and gentlemen hurriedly attired themselves, and hastened down to the beach.

The low, moaning noise of the sea had increased to a roar; great, black clouds were fast gathering, and the waves came dashing and foaming, far up on the beach. They could see the boat, tossed and buffeted about by the waters.

"The wind is blowing inland," said one, "she ought to drift ashore."

"She will capsize in a moment," said another, "what madness to venture out to-day!"

"Does any one know who it is?" asked Clifton Stanley.

"Winter," they say, "he was the only one who went out."

A sudden cry rang out, "Did you say it was my husband?"

"I think we can save him," said Stanley. "I am going to take a boat. Who will go with me?"

"Oh, it's foolhardy, Stanley; we can do nothing. See, over she goes, at last."

"Are you men?" exclaimed Clifton Stanley. "Come, my friends, this is wasting time. Who'll go with me?"

Seeing him determined, one or two others volunteered, and the anxious crowd on shore watched them put off.

Straining every effort; now riding on the crest of a wave, now sinking, while the mass of water threatened to overpower

them, the little crew bravely made their way.

Among the spectators on shore were two conscience-stricken women ; Mrs. Winter, pacing wildly up and down, and Clarice Grantly, standing with livid face and clasped hands.

"They've got him! hurrah! they're coming back!"

These were moments that seemed hours of anxious waiting; some moments of terrible despair, before the brave deliverers landed, and lifted their unconscious burden from the boat.

They found themselves suddenly exalted into heroes,—they were courageous young men.

Late in the afternoon, Clairce Grantly, standing in the reception room, saw Mrs. Winter pass. She called to her, "How is your husband now?"

Mrs. Winter's heart was too full for bitterness.

"He is recovering rapidly, Miss Grantly. Oh, I can never be thankful enough."

"I want to know—can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Oh, hush! I have only myself to forgive, if I ever can——"

"Oh, Mr. Stanley, will you step in here—I have had no chance to thank you," she said, as he complied with her request.

"My husband and I must ever regard you as one of our dearest and best friends."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Winter," he said, his lip curling a trifle as he saw her companion, "I never was an intimate friend of your husband. I fear I never can be."

"And yet you risked your life to save him."

"Yes, he was a human being. A still greater reason, he was a Masonic brother."

Mrs. Winter left the room with bowed head. Entering her own, she knelt by her husband's side, weeping passionately, and exclaimed:

"Oh, George, forgive me, forgive me!"

He drew her to him, and replied:

"We have both something to forgive. Never mind, Mary, in the future we'll do better, and try to forget all this sad time."

Miss Grantly, in the reception room, recalled Clifton Stanley, as he turned to leave. "One moment," she said, "I am not so bad as you think me. I was nearly wild with fear for you this afternoon. You liked me once—can't you do so again?"

Her face was gloriously beautiful in its soft penitence, but he leaned calmly on the back of a chair, and coldly answered, "Miss Grantly, I loved you when I came here, and you knew it. But never mind that now. My wife must be a woman of high principle, of pure, noble nature—good evening."

And he left her, standing there alone, with her bitter disappointment. And yet, her fate was as she made it. The shadows of twilight gathered thicker and thicker. A song floated out from the parlour; a song she knew,

"It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute."

*Canadian Voice of Masonry.*

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### TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

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Courage, brother! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
And its end far out of sight,  
Foot it bravely! Strong or weary,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning!  
Perish all that fears the light!  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction,  
Trust no leaders in the fight;  
But in every word and action,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion,  
Fiends may look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
Inward peace, and inward might,  
Star upon our path abiding—  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

*American Freemason.*

## THE SPIRIT OF FREEMASONRY.

*(Continued from page 189.)*

At this stage of my discourse I deem it necessary to say something about the position which Freemasonry occupies in relation to the many forms of religious faith which prevails in the world. Masons, generally, have looked upon this matter as very uninteresting, and have felt that it is a ground abounding with quag-mires and dangerous pit-falls. And it is quite possible to heat such a subject in such a manner as to engender strife rather than to minister profit. Be this as it may, I deem it necessary that there should be an honest expression of opinion even on this subject. What is Freemasonry? Is it a religious faith, or is it a sort of national religion based on researches into science, art, and nature? Does it aim to supplant the Christian or any other religion? Or is it a sort of eclectic and comprehensive system which has gathered to itself the beautiful and true of all other systems. To all these questions we answer emphatically, no. It is not a religious faith, neither is it intended to propagate any religious tenets. It maintains certain principles or doctrines which every Mason must subscribe to, which are intimately connected with a man's duty to his fellow men, and which involves his responsibility to God, but beyond these it does not obtrude itself upon any man's religious convictions. To the man of latitudinarian faith, who cannot recognise the obligations of its principles, it is evident that Freemasonry does not present a basis sufficiently broad for him to stand on. To the man of narrow views and contracted sympathies, Masonry is too Catholic and undefined for him to accept. Where Freemasonry, as in our case, is connected with Christianity, it is Catholic in the most comprehensive sense of the term, allowing the utmost difference on all minor points; but it ever insists on the one great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." If we correctly understand the object of the fra-

ternity or recognise the principles which it enforces and requires, we cannot fail to perceive that the broad and Catholic mantle which Masonry throws over men who are widely separated in their religious habits and convictions, forms one of its grand distinguishing and glorious characteristics. Men in this age seem to have an inherent right to parcel off Christianity into gardens and plots of their own inventions, and to fence them around in such a manner as if the whole world lying beyond was heathen and very wicked. They never imagine that beyond the little hill which bounds their view the world still extends, and God still has children. I yield to no man in maintaining my religious convictions, and neither in this place nor elsewhere am I prepared to abandon any of them; yet I feel that in this lodge we possess a mutual advantage, we meet upon one common ground, and learn to respect, and, I trust, love one another. Whatever may be the state of parties politically or religiously outside of this place, within we can all meet as men and as brethren, acknowledging the same obligations and united in one common cause. Will any one assert that this is not a great advantage? What other school is well calculated to teach mutual respect and toleration notwithstanding many differences? Freemasonry is therefore an arena wherein we learn a broad Catholic and tolerant spirit. It has certain principles of religious faith which it will not, cannot abandon, but beyond these it recognises the beautiful and the true, in all systems and in every religion. In the spirit of research and in the investigation for knowledge it encourages you to fearlessly but honestly launch your Iberian bark upon all seas. It teaches us all to go forth and wrestle strongly and patiently with the inscrutable problems of being and life, and to imitate those spirits of whom the poet speaks:—

"Great spirits yearning in desire,  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star  
Beyond the utmost bound of human  
thought."

In conformity with this tolerant feature of Masonry we are taught in one of the ancient charges that no private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge; far less any quarrels about religion, or nations, or state policy, we

being only as Masons of the universal religion, we are also of all nations, tongues, kindreds, and languages, and are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conducted to the welfare of the lodge and never will. From the very first institution of family control it has been a history of changes and conflicts as to the form of human government. One of the peculiar features of Freemasonry is that all accepts, submits to, and loyally supports whatever of civil government may for the time be legitimately exercised over it. And thus it is that a Freemason, whether his lot be cast in a Republican commonwealth, or under the most arbitrary and autocratic form of government is, nevertheless, a true and faithful citizen of each. We must not, however, infer from this that a Freemason has no political convictions, or that he has no right to pronounce judgment upon political questions of the day. He has this undoubted right in common with all other citizens; but he has no right as a Mason to obtrude these questions within the doors of the lodge. In the lodge he knows no politics, is silent as to questions of forms of government; has nothing to say about rights to be secured, or grievances to be redressed. But once he leaves the lodge he has a right to discuss these matters in a loyal spirit, and pronounce his honest and fearless judgment upon political questions of the day. This point appears quite clear from our ancient charges, and has been very generally practised by Freemasons everywhere. It is well for us to bear this fact in mind. For the last two or three years political questions in Canada, and, I may say, especially so in this country, have been discussed with so much acrimony and personal abuse, that there is danger lest some of this same spirit may find its way into our lodges and embitter the relationship of one Mason with another. I am happy to say that I am not aware of any such state of feeling existing in this lodge; yet I feel that even here we need to be cautioned in time lest such a state should unhappily prevail. It is to be lamented that men cannot exercise mutual toleration in respect to political convictions. You cannot make a coward out of a man who has the blood of a hundred generations of warriors flowing in his veins; you cannot make a man who,

by some original bias, youthful training, and matured reflection, is a liberal into a tory; neither can you make a man who, by association, training, and disposition, is a tory into a reformer. And if men can conscientiously be the one or the other, then certainly the wise lesson to learn is to mutually respect one another and try to cultivate a more tolerant spirit. How small, therefore, must the Mason really feel who feels aggrieved and chagrined because a brother has exercised his undoubted right. For myself, I can truly say, though all Masons should have different convictions from myself on political questions, yet, I pray God, I may never fall so low as to think less of them, or cease to love them the more on this account. It is quite possible to make Freemasonry a sort of high sounding display of sentimentalism without any honesty of intention or sincerity of profession. We may, by our conduct and hollowness, make it so; but it is, nevertheless, a practical thing. It professes to be the embodiment of what is manly, noble, and of good report, and in fact it is so, and has ever maintained its character in these respects.

Time will not permit me to discuss the influence of Freemasonry in the cause of civil and religious liberty; in the advancement of art and science, and in the great educational movements of the past and present, as well as in the work of universal benevolence. Our object is to deal with our subject in a practical manner. I feel that the institution cannot maintain its ancient and honourable reputation, increase the number of its members, or promote the high and noble object of its founders, unless its laws are strictly observed and its principles exhibited in their practical application. Freemasonry is a practical system, and unless we look upon it as such, and endeavour to carry out its requirements in a practical manner we do ourselves and the institution a great injury. What more practical lesson can we learn than those furnished by what are commonly termed the five points of fellowship. By the first we are taught the duty of brotherly love to each other; by the second we are instructed in our devotions to God; by the third we are taught that when a brother entrusts to our keeping the sacred thoughts of his bosom, prudence and faithfulness should place a sacred seal upon our lips;

by the fourth we are taught that when adversity has visited our brother, and his calamities demand our aid, we should cheerfully and liberally stretch forth the hand of kindness to save him; and by the fifth we are taught that while with candour and kindness we should admonish a brother of his faults, we should never revile a brother behind his back, but that, on the contrary, when he is attacked by others, we should support and defend him as far as we honourably can. The wisdom and excellence of these precepts no one can for a moment doubt. They are all founded on our ancient charges, illustrated by our symbols, and enforced with great solemnity. And yet honesty compels me to state that in a great many instances these precepts are sadly neglected, and in some cases grossly overlooked. In speaking on these obligations and duties, I feel that my position is a peculiarly happy one. During all the years I have been connected with this lodge, my intercourse with every member of the same has been eminently satisfactory, and undoubtedly a very happy one. I am not aware that the least unpleasantness has ever disturbed our mutual understanding or marred our harmony, so that I can look with a hearty feeling of brotherly regard and love upon all the brethren of this lodge. Nay, more than this, I can also say, that I have a sad feeling of regret that many of the brethren, who once graced our assemblies, are no longer in our midst. But I feel that it is not always so. Sometimes we hear a word or two-spoken disrespectfully of a brother, or a prejudice stirred up against him, which are very unbecoming, if not unmasonic. Surely, if any brother has a difficulty with another, or some slight misunderstanding, it is his duty to go to such an one in the spirit of a brother and remonstrate or explain. This duty is clearly inculcated by Masonic Ritual, and is also founded upon every consideration of common sense. If the offence is of a more serious nature, so that the aggrieved brother cannot thus arrange the difficulty, why then does he not follow out Masonic requirements, by laying the matter before the lodge. The brother who has, or thinks he has such a grievance, and does not lay the matter before the lodge, shows on the one hand that he has a weak cause to maintain; or entertains such unfriendly feelings to-

wards the lodge that he can have no confidence in its members, or in the righteousness of their judgment. It is the interest, and it should be the aim of every Mason to study how best to promote and preserve peace, to foster and feed love in the sacred retreat.

Finally, then, brethren, the true Mason must be faithful and true, temperate and kind, considerate and careful. He should be conscientious and honourable in all his dealings, and free from the vices of intemperance, lust, passion, deceit, and fraud. And if we each and all will but exemplify the principles of the institution, we cannot but receive great advantage, and secure for it a lasting and honourable distinction, and finally, when we quit this scene of labour have the approval of the Grand Master above.—*The Canadian Masonic Record.*

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#### GRAND PRIORY OF CANADA.

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*Address of the V. H. and E. Sir Kt. Col. W. J. B. McLEOD MOORE, Grand Cross of the Temple, Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada. Delivered to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, Ottawa, on the 15th October, A.D. 1874.*

Officers and Members of the Grand Priory, Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting:

You are too well acquainted with the very sad and melancholy circumstances which caused the postponement of the annual assembly of Grand Priory; the illness and subsequent death of our lamented Grand Chancellor V. E. Sir Knight Thomas Bird Harris, which took place at his residence, at Hamilton, from typhoid fever, on the 18th of August last. The memory of our honoured dead is ever dear to us, but none among them have passed away more deeply regretted than our late friend and eminent frater. Widely known and esteemed he held the highest and most responsible offices in the Masonic orders of Canada; his loss is deeply deplored as one of the foremost of our representative masons; faithful to every duty imposed upon him, his conciliatory and unassuming manner,



and extensive knowledge on all Masonic subjects caused his opinion to be courted and respected. In his immediate connection as our Grand Chancellor with myself I ever found him zealous, ready, and able to assist, with a matured tact and judgment, in promoting the best interests of the Order, and in reconciling conflicting opinions; in a word, his heart was in his work, and he neither spared time nor labour in whatever he undertook, indeed it is much to be feared, that his self-imposed burden was beyond his strength, and that the anxieties consequent on his close and unremitting application to the duties of his various offices insensibly undermined his health, and led to his lamented removal, at a comparatively early age, and in the full vigour of his great usefulness. Our late frater was born in Bristol, England, on the 22nd of July, 1819, and in his 30th year removed to Canada and settled at Hamilton as his subsequent residence. The various offices he so long and honourably held in the Masonic body are matters of history in the Canadian craft, and will be recorded by many a sorrowing hand. Suffice it here to say that he was installed a Knight Templar and Knight of Malta in the Genessee Encampment at Lockport, State of New York, in April, 1854, and in 1855 obtained a warrant from the S. Grand Conclave of Ireland to open an Encampment to be attached, according to the regulations pertaining to that jurisdiction, to Barton Lodge, Hamilton, at that time No. 231 I. R., of which he had been W.M. This warrant was subsequently exchanged for one under the S. Grand Conclave of England and Wales, under which he opened as Eminent Preceptor, the Preceptory so well known as the Godfrey de Bouillon of Hamilton, and although occasional elections of other preceptors have been made from time to time, the fratres seemed ever glad to resort to his lead and presidency, as evidenced by his reinstatement in that office on eight different occasions; in the Provincial Grand Conclave, which preceded the erection of Canada into a Grand Priory, he held the offices of Prov. Grand Chamberlain, Prov. Grand Prior, Deputy Prov. Gr. Commander and Prov. Grand Chancellor, and under the Grand Priory those of Grand Chancellor and Provincial or District Prior of the Western Division or District of Ontario. He was also appointed by patent

in 1868 to the rank of a Past Grand Sub Prior of the S. Grand Conclave of England and Wales. By his death a foremost place is vacant in our ranks, a true friend and brother has passed for ever from amongst us, but whose name will ever be remembered and respected by every Canadian Templar, as well as by every Mason, of whatsoever degree, throughout the length and breadth of this vast Dominion. Rest in peace! our Brother and Companion! and enjoy the reward of the faithful Soldier of the Cross!

It was with much regret I had to direct our late Grand Chancellor to announce to you the death of our Most Eminent and Supreme Ex-Grand Master William Stuart, Esq., of Aldenham Abbey, on the 7th July last, in the 76th year of his age, and to require that all members attending this Grand Priory, should appear in appropriate mourning, and also to continue to wear it in private preceptories for the next three months, as a tribute of respect to departed worth, and I feel convinced I only anticipated your wishes, by at once writing in your name letters of condolence to his widow and eldest son, Col. William Stuart, a Provincial Prior of England. Our Ex-Grand Master was of a distinguished lineage, being the eldest son of the Hon. and Most Rev. William Stuart, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, his grandfather being the illustrious statesman and minister of George III., John Earl of Bute, who married the daughter of the celebrated and accomplished lady Mary Wortley Montague, daughter of the Duke of Kingston. A distinguished compliment was conferred on the Grand Priory of Canada, in my person as our Grand Prior, in his presenting me, as a special mark of favour, with the insignia of office as an accompaniment to my patent as Grand Prior.

In our own immediate circle a most estimable Brother, Sir Knight James V. Noel of the Hugh de Payens preceptory at Kingston, who was with us at the last meeting of the Grand Priory, has passed to his final rest respected and regretted by all.

And now, even at the time of writing, the electric wires flash the melancholy tidings of yet another and still more illustrious brother taken from the ranks of Masonry, the venerated and venerable The

Grand Master Mason and Great Prior of the Templars of Ireland. His Grace the Duke of Leinster, paid the debt of nature on the 9th October, at the advanced age of 83 years. For upwards of half-a-century our gifted, noble, and illustrious brother ruled the whole Masonic body in Ireland with dignity and paternal care, commanding our respect and esteem by his life-long devotion to the best interests of the Order, lately crowned in so striking a manner by his resignation as Grand Master of the Irish Templars in favour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and to serve under him as Great Prior. In recording this slight notice of respect to his memory, it does not rest with me to dilate upon his noble and excellent qualities, or the great and numerous acts of benevolence and good will he has shown to members of the Craft, acts which gained for him such love, veneration, and respect, as but few in his high position have ever attained. It is with gratified pride I look back upon him as having been my immediate Templar chief and fellow countryman. My family were from his own county, and their estates near his own seat of "Carton," and I was installed into the order of the Temple under his jurisdiction in October, 1844, in the "Boyle" Co. Roscommon Encampment attached to Lodge 242 I.R., now one of the most influential and flourishing of the preceptories on the Roll of the National Great Priory of Ireland, and of which I am still a member.

I had hoped at this our Annual Assembly to have congratulated you on the formation of a National Great Priory for the Dominion so long and anxiously looked for, and regret not being able to do so; but in reality there has been no delay in carrying out this desirable object, beyond what the Statutes render necessary, as approbation can only be given at the regular meetings of the "Convent General," which has not yet taken place for this year. The time of H.R.H. the Grand Master has been, and necessarily must always be, so much taken up that he has not had an opportunity of assembling this Grand Council of the Order; but I am assured by his Lordship the Earl of Limerick, Great Prior of England, that he will personally support the claims of the Canadian Templars, and I therefore look upon our National Priory as an established fact. The delay of a

month or two cannot make much difference, and it appears to me if matters could be decided and carried on hastily in England, important decisions might be arrived at, of which the distant branches of the Order might be quite ignorant until the matters were settled. Any expressions of regret on my part at being unable to announce the establishment of our National Priory is, like your own, constrained by loyalty to H.R.H. the Grand Master, while we wait his leisure.

One point, I am happy to say, has been decided, viz.: the extent of jurisdiction of this Grand Priory. By the terms of my patent as Grand Prior the whole of British North America is included, but as the late Hon. Alex. Keith, of Halifax held a warrant from the former Grand Conclave of England as Provincial Grand Commander for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it was not considered desirable during his lifetime to merge those Provinces into that of the Grand Priory. The death of this distinguished Brother and Knight on the 17th December last removed the difficulty, and I at once wrote to the authorities in England claiming those territories, and in reply from the Grand Vice-Chancellor and acting Registrar was informed that the Council of the Great Priory had at once decided that from the date of Provincial Prior Keith's death the territory over which he had presided came under my jurisdiction. By this three additional preceptories have been added to our roll, and I trust that on the formation of our National Priory the Scottish preceptory at St. John, New Brunswick, and the Irish one at L'Original, Ont., will be induced to join us—it being most desirable that there should be no conflicting jurisdiction in the Dominion.

I have found it necessary to divide the Province of Ontario into three districts to enable the Provincial Priors to superintend the preceptories more easily—the Eastern Division, comprising Kingston and all preceptories east of the River Trent; the Central Division, comprising Toronto and all preceptories west of the River Trent; the Western Division, comprising Hamilton and all preceptories west of the Credit River. These, with a separate District for Quebec, and another for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, make a present partition of Canada into five Districts to be increased

with the addition of further preceptories requiring additional supervision.

I have prepared a charge to be delivered to the Provincial Priors, setting forth at some length the duties of their high office. In a Dominion of such vast territorial extent as Canada, it can only be by a distribution of authority that a due supervision can be maintained. In their several Districts or Divisions the Provincial Priors represent the authority of the Grand Prior, and the subordinate Preceptories are not so numerous but that at a comparatively small sacrifice of time all may be occasionally visited, and the regularity of the work, the observance of the Statutes, and a greater interest in the Order, prompted both by example and precept. I am sure these administrative officers will thus give me their hearty co-operation in my endeavour to lay the foundations of our Grand Priory on such true principles, that it may prove worthy of its approaching high position of being erected into a National Great Priory, co-equal with those of the beloved mother land—this charge is printed as an appendix to my address.

I regret to find that some of our Preceptories have failed to make their returns, namely, the "King Baldwin," Belleville, "Moore," Peterborough, "Mount Calvary," Orillia, "Palestine," Port Hope, and "Richard Cœur de Lion," London, while the "Harington," of Trenton, is under virtual suspension—it is hoped this neglect has been or will be at once attended to—it will be one of the subjects, as well as many others calculated to uphold the credit as well as the interest of all, which will fall under the supervision of the Provincial Priors.

I lately granted a preliminary warrant to open a Preceptory at the village of Dunville, Ontario, under the name of the "St. Bernard de Clairveaux," in the district of the Grand Chancellor, who constituted the Preceptory and installed as Eminent Preceptor Sir Kt. W. H. Braund, with every prospect of its being a flourishing addition to the Order.

On the 23rd of January last I granted a dispensation to remove the Sussex Preceptory and Priory of Stansted to the village of Dunham, Province of Quebec, when I consecrated the Preceptory and installed as F. Preceptor Sir Kt. Edson Kemp.

By-laws for this latter Preceptory have been carefully got up and printed, after having been subjected to the most thorough revision, in which all the recent changes in the Order are embodied, with directions for the duty of the Registrar and the requirements of aspirants (candidates). I strongly recommend these by-laws to the notice of Preceptors, as I regret there appears to be a want of interest shown in details, many of the preceptories still adhering to old forms and names, although I had hoped the circular issued in April, 1873, had fully explained the changes now become law. From some instances that have come under my notice, the statutes of the Order do not appear to have been fully complied with, and in one Preceptory a most irregular and improper proceeding took place, viz., after the ballot had been twice passed and the candidate rejected it was directed by the Preceptor to be passed a third time, thus leaving an impression that it had been previously arranged by every means to insure the election against the express wish of some of the members. By such proceedings the Order becomes discredited, and from want of a judicious and proper selection of its members sinks in value and opinion, as it frequently happens that it is bestowed without any kind of reasonable motive or due consideration, but solely to content idle curiosity or for the sake of good fellowship. The popular view taken would seem to be, that, as Freemasonry is a public institution we have no right to refuse any one who comes with fair credentials. This is a great fallacy. The Order of the Temple, necessarily circumscribed in numbers, is a select brotherhood, and we have no right to admit into it those whom we would not willingly introduce into our own families.

The ceremony of constituting a preceptory and the installation of officers and of opening and closing preceptories I have had re-arranged, with the able assistance of the "Sub-Prior," and the proper steps will be taken for their distribution to the heads of the Order for the information of all the members.

My correspondence during the past year with various portions of the Order in England, Ireland, and the United States has been most satisfactory, and testifies to the interest taken every where in the advan-

cement of our Christian Orders. While all do not hold the same views, and many consider that the adoption of exclusive principles on social grounds, and the requiring from candidates a profession of Trinitarianism, are antagonistic to its connection with Freemasonry, it must be borne in mind that these Orders are strictly Christian, and based upon the leading doctrines of the Christian religion; it surely ought to be the pride of all its members to raise, not lower the social standard, and to maintain the Order within its proper sphere, not by endeavouring to give it the literal character of the "Religious and Military Order," as in the olden time, but by confining ourselves to the place it has now assumed, which the changes of society has rendered necessary, and by practising one of its fundamental principles, charity towards each other, prove to the world the sincerity of our ties of brotherhood.

Various phases of opinion no doubt exist in the Order which those who hold them might fairly express, but I much fear, that in some of the discussions which have taken place, relative to the recent revision motives have been attributed and statements made, not borne out by facts, by persons jealous of the increasing prosperity and influence of the Orders.

Anticipating our being shortly formed into a National Grand Priory, I propose appointing a Committee to draw up a code of statutes for our future guidance, and to report upon such matters as may be conducive to the prosperity of the Order in Canada. One subject has been frequently brought to my notice which had better be decided on, viz, the advisability of introducing an out-door costume, to be worn on special occasions, although I am personally opposed to all public displays as detracting from the dignity of the Order, and can only repeat what I have said on former occasions—that it is for the best interests of the Order to avoid publicity as much as possible. The Committee must be guided in the selection of an appropriate and uniform style of dress by the necessity of modifying the exhibition of the peculiar distinguishing badges of the Orders. Public demonstrations of this kind are seldom if ever indulged in by the Order in the British Dominions, as they are very apt to draw down the ridicule of the common sense practical outsider. As bearing upon

this subject I quote the following extract from the interesting and instructive report on foreign correspondence of the Grand Commandery of Maine, U.S., by V. E. Sir Kt. Josiah Drummond:—"To the Order in general we repeat our caution against the existing tendency to substitute the *show* of Templarism for its *substance*. In yielding to the demand for outward demonstrations we attract to us those who care only for *display*, and repel those who practise our *principles*." And in the last number of the *Craftsman*, under the heading of "Masonic Funerals," an interesting passage is given from the report on foreign correspondence of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, which, after ably discussing the circumstances under which these solemn rites of Masonry are to be performed, and never in conjunction with other societies, concludes as follows: "In truth, the less we appear in public, no matter for what purpose, the better."

Turning for a few minutes to the interesting subject of the recent reorganisation of the Order which has not only become law, but of that law we are so shortly to be the administrators on our own behalf in Canada, it may be as well to follow up the remarks in my last annual Address and again revert to some of the objections raised to such reconstruction, and the objects sought by the Commissioners, in the union of the Great Pories of England and Ireland.

Amongst the objections is that of the name "United Religious and Military Orders." Now the Orders were originally composed of "Military Monks" partaking both of the character of "Soldiers and Priests," and they had also in the Templar Order, a class *exclusively* clerical who devoted themselves to the civil and religious affairs of the Order and took no part in warfare. History informs us that the Orders of the Temple and St. John were, during the Crusades, antagonistic to each other, and frequently engaged in open warfare; but after the suppression of the Templars, their Order, although proscribed by the Pope, still enjoyed possessions in Scotland, and retained conjointly with that of the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, lands in common, and it was not until the era of the Reformation that the whole possessions of the combined Templars and Hospitallers were declared forfeited to the

Crown, on the ground that the services, required on oath by the Preceptor, were to defend and maintain the *Roman Catholic* faith. From this union, that existed before the Reformation, the name United Orders has been adopted. It requires no great stretch of faith to believe that on their dispersion, many of the members, who we know had joined the reformed religion, may have sought a connection with the Masonic Society to preserve the memory of their chivalry from oblivion, as we find that after this period the Order of Knights Templar and of Malta were always given together in Encampments connected with Freemasonry : hence the mistake and confusion of name in styling them, as was formerly the practice, "Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem," whereas the two orders are quite distinct.

(*To be continued.*)

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### THE THREE STEPS.

#### YOUTH.

In rosy morn of Life's fair day,  
Our eager footsteps lightly tread  
In search of Wisdom's pleasant way,  
By works of buried sages led.

Those finger-boards on Truth's high road  
We closely scan, and lightly feel  
The passing hours, ambition's goad,  
While changing fancied life for real.

#### MANHOOD.

Our youthful hours are pass'd too soon—  
When the warm meridian sun—  
Fit emblem of our lives, the noon—  
Proclaims our earnest work begun.

From our trestle-board—Divine light—  
Our hearts, the ashlar's fresh and rough,  
Are modelled ashlar's smooth and bright,  
And are prov'd by the line of truth.

Actions are but the chisel's dent,  
Forming the ashlar with beauty ;  
The chisel works till life is spent,  
Forced by the mallet of duty.

As Fellow crafts, by deeds of love,  
We recommend our art sublime ;  
In helping others mount above,  
Ourselves the mystic ladder climb.

#### AGE.

In age—as like the setting sun—  
Our hopes enlarge, as swiftly now  
The sands of life are almost run,  
And 'neath the weight of years we bow.

In happy contemplation then  
Our few remaining days we live,  
And feel those quiet joys no pen  
Can tell—ripe age can only give.

Our work, complete, shall pass the square,  
And be in the new temple lain,  
When we with confidence repair,  
The wages of our lives to claim.

As living stones, approved by Him,  
To New Jerusalem taken,  
Our souls, now purg'd of guilty sin,  
Form that spirit-house in Heaven.

*Masonic Jewel.*

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### ROMAN CATHOLIC PERSECUTION OF FREEMASONS.

We find the following narrative in the *Christian World* :

"The city of Bahia has of late been the scene of a violent personal controversy. It would appear from the letter of a correspondent of the *Imprensa Evangelica*, writing from Bahia, under date of May 27th, 1874, that while the Brazilian Empire has been convulsed with the war

of the clergy upon the Freemasons, and the Government's retaliatory measures, there has been comparative quiet in the particular diocese of the Archbishop and Primate of Brazil. In spite of the fact that there have been published official lists of the Freemasons, many of whom are members of Roman Catholic 'Brotherhoods,' no one has until now been disturbed. 'Almost every day,' says the correspondent, 'there die Masons without being denied the so-called spiritual aids of the Church, and without any one opposing their interment in holy ground; nor do I know that on an occasion of baptism any person has been rejected as a godfather because of his being a Mason.'

"It happened, however, on the ninth of May last, that one of the most prominent Masons in Brazil, Dr. Guilherme Pereira Rebello, Director of the Lyceum, died, and was shortly after buried, his funeral being attended both by Roman Catholic priests and by members of the Order of Masons. A few days later there appeared in the *Chronica Religiosa* a document in the form of a solemn Abjuration, purporting to have been signed by the deceased on the 1st of May, and running as follows: 'I, Doctor Guilherme Pereira Rebello, declare that I renounce Masonry, on account of its being prohibited by the Roman Catholic Church of which I am a son; and as to the mystery of the most Holy Trinity I submit to all the decisions of the same Holy Church.' The paper was signed by witnesses, whose signatures were duly attested as genuine, and corroborated by the public seal.

"So far all was simple enough. But lo! on the 14th of May, there appears a second document, emanating from the same pen, equally attested by witnesses, and authenticated by the public seal. In this second document, which is dated May 8th, and is addressed to the Grand Secretary General, to all the Masons in general, and to his relatives and friends, Dr. Pereira declares that should he succumb to the illness with which he is now afflicted, and should any paper appear which purports to be a retraction or abjuration of Masonry, 'that paper must not be received as authentic, since he will never consciously acquiesce in such demands.' He, however, thinks it 'very possible that his signature may have been appended to such a paper in the

midst of other papers which he had been signing in his capacity as Director of the Lyceum.' Finally, he declares himself 'an Apostolic Catholic, educated and dying in the faith, maintaining the doctrines he has hitherto maintained, and regarding Freemasonry as a holy and purely beneficial association, a fruitful off-shoot of Catholicism.'

"If, as his old friends assert, Dr. Pereira Rebello was an honourable man, incapable of stooping to dissimulation, much less of uttering a direct falsehood on his very death-bed, the question as to the authenticity of the former of the documents, is a very curious one. Did the priestly attendants of the dying man skilfully manage to procure his signature by submitting the paper in question in the midst of other papers of an altogether different character? So assert the Freemasons of Bahia, fortifying their assertion by pointing out the dilemma in which the Ultramontanes found themselves. To refuse funeral rites to a man of so much distinction and influence, was a perilous step; and, on the other hand, to concede them to a person who had but recently written very forcibly in defence of Freemasonry, and was himself notoriously a member of the Order, seemed a total sacrifice of self-respect and dignity. While the matter is still involved in much obscurity, it certainly looks strangely like one of those priestly tricks commonly designated as 'pious frauds.'

Brazil is not the only locality where such proceedings are being enacted, nor are they confined to Catholic countries. The same jesuitical tricks are being played in the United States. Much indignation has been excited in Keokuk, Iowa, and its vicinity, by the discovery of a high-handed outrage of this description. The particulars, as reported to us from there, are as follows: Bernard Stevin has resided in Oskaloosa, Iowa, for the last twenty-five years, and had accumulated a property of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, some say a great deal more. He was a member of a Lodge there for many years. Last spring his health failed and he went to Keokuk for medical treatment. After remaining a short time at the hotel where he had been accustomed to board, he removed to the house of a saloon keeper with whom he became acquainted about two years since. There the Roman

Catholics had him in their power. They induced him to join their church, take the sacrament, renounce Masonry and make a will bequeathing all his property to those new friends? A few weeks ago a Brother Mason was visiting him, when Slevin related what had happened, and said that he had made his will and was kept there without his consent; that he was still a Mason and wanted the Masons to take him away. An informal meeting of the two Lodges in Keokuk was immediately called and a committee appointed to visit him and inquire into the matter. They found him at the bar, half dressed, drinking with other men, with a roll of bills in his hand, and the proprietor dealing out the liquor. When the committee made known their business he retired with them to another room where they conversed together for an hour. He seemed confused and excited and appeared to be under the influence of some drug as well as liquor, but he declared that he wanted to leave that place and desired the committee to take him away. They promised to do so the next morning. A report was made to the Lodges and a committee of two was appointed to procure a carriage, call for him in the morning, remove him from the influences which then surrounded him, keep him until he became sober and calm, and then ascertain what his real wishes were. The committee endeavoured to carry out this plan. Slevin prepared to go with them when the saloon keeper interposed and refused to permit it until he had seen the priest. He was sent for and soon appeared in a state of great excitement. As soon as his eyes met Slevin's it was apparent that he had him completely under his control. He extorted from him an acknowledgment that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, that he had renounced Masonry, that he was well treated and desired to remain where he was. Although satisfied that these were not his real sentiments and wishes, his Masonic friends were obliged to leave.

As a last resort the Commissioners of Insanity were petitioned to make an examination. They found him in such a state that they could not decide what should be done further than to remove him to a comfortable and quiet boarding place until the following Monday, when further consultation should be had. He

was accordingly moved on Friday. The priest and his followers tried every means in their power to get possession of him again, but in vain. A physician was called in on Saturday, but on Sunday night the patient died. To all with whom he conversed he expressed satisfaction at his removal, declared that he loved Masonry and the Masons, averred that he had made a will under compulsion, and expressed the hope that the Masons would stand by him until he was able to make another.

The breath had hardly left the poor man's body when the priest produced the will and demanded the remains. By the terms of the will the body was given to the priest, together with the sum of \$2,000. The other bequests were \$2,000 to the sisters of Charity of Keokuk; \$2,000 to the Sisters of Charity of Ottumwa; \$3,000 to the wife of the saloon keeper (a stranger) and \$100 to her child. The priest was made residuary legatee, and named executor without surety.

Much indignation is felt throughout the whole community at these shameful proceedings, even Romanists denouncing the conduct of the priest. So strong is the feeling against him that the Bishop has determined to transfer him to another parish.

The Sunday after the death of Slevin, the priest delivered a violent harangue against Masonry and denounced Masons in vulgar and indecent language.—*New England Freemason.*

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### IMMORTALITY.

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BY BRO. EDWIN R. PAYNTER.

This earth cannot be man's abiding place,  
Our lives were never cast up by the sea  
Of vast eternity to float a space,  
Then in its depths to sink and cease to be.

Else why do glorious aspirations leap,  
Like angels from the temple of our heart,  
And, ever wandering, for ever keep  
Our souls dissatisfied with this world's  
part?

Why does the rainbow, with its heav'n-  
born hues,  
Set in the clouds, God's covenant to  
express,  
So soon depart, and leave us but to muse  
Upon its past and favoured loveliness?

Why are the stars, which 'round the mid-  
night throne  
Of heaven hold their nightly jubilee,  
So far beyond our finite being shown  
To mock us with their glorious majesty?

Why do bright forms of beauty, like sweet  
dreams,  
Present themselves to view, and then  
depart;  
Leaving affection's thousand strong, deep  
streams  
To flow in Alpine torrents to the heart?

Beyond this world our destiny will be,  
In realms where rainbows never fade  
away,  
Where stars, like islands, slumber on the  
sea,  
And bright forms in our presence ever  
stay.

*Freemason.*

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## Chippings.

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### A DOZEN FRIED.

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I was out late one night, said Squills, so I took home a dozen fried. If Mrs. Squills has one weakness stronger than another it is for a dozen fried, nice and brown and not too much batter.

I set the pacificators down on the outside mat, so as not to burst too gorgeously on her all at once, but directly I got into the room I knew there was something up.

Mrs. Squills had piled up all the pillows in a heap and was propped up, reading.

"Good evening, my dear."

Mrs. Squills replied not. She is a woman of a good deal of natural dignity, said Squills, when she's getting up steam. The silence was becoming oppressive, so I remarked in tones that were deferential:

"Lodge kept unusually late, my dear."

I thought this was a good time to introduce the dozen fried, said Squills, but the storm burst.

"So you went to the prize fight, Mr. Squills?"

I pledge you my sacred word and honour, said Squills, the baby could have knocked me down with a feather. Nature, over-shocked, failed to sustain the legs of her Squills, and I sat down.

"Went to what, my dear?"

"Don't prevaricate, Mr. Squills. In the depths of your degradation, be a man. How did I come to know it? That is my business, Mr. Squills. I know it, and that ought to be enough for you.

"How can you sit there and look me in the face?"

I wasn't looking her in the face, said Squills, far from it.

"And not sink through the floor into the front parlour, Mr. Squills, is a miracle. A nice lot of friends you've picked up. Mr. Benjamin McLooney and Mr. Patsy O'Allen. How do I know their names? I read the newspapers. How should I know?"

"The next thing you'll be a stakeholder, sir, or a second. Bother? No bother about it, sir. Where's the difference I should like to know, between you paying five dollars and—

"You didn't pay five dollars? Don't tell me you didn't. And there's Tom wants new boots. What? You think you are getting the booting. Don't cause me to despise you, Mr. Squills, under such circumstances. And Gussy wants a winter bonnet to match her dress, and the house wants painting next spring, and all the coals not in, and the pew rent is due, and Charlie ought to have a quarter's dancing, and—what's that? You got in for a dollar? What?"

You should have heard that "what?" said Squills.

"Do you dare sit there and tell me that you sneaked your way into a dog fight for a dollar! It wasn't a dog fight? Yes, sneaked is the word, Mr. Squills; defrauding those poor fellows who were trying to make a few dollars to support their families. I should be ashamed. Oh, that the mother of children should live to hear that her husband had sneaked his way into a dog fight for a dollar."

It was too much for her, said Squills, and she sunk back in among the pillows.

If ever there was a moment in the story of a woman's wrongs, when a dozen fried could be introduced as atonement for the past and indemnity for the future, said Squills, that moment had arrived. I placed a dozen fried before her, and said affectionately, "Fanny!"

She looked around and said:

"Squills!"



The appeal was too touching to be successfully resisted, and I never saw the mother of a family hoist in a dozen fried at two o'clock in the morning with greater determination.

The next morning I had to shell out for Tommy and Gussy and the pew rent.

#### AN EXPLANATION OF THE LETTER G.—

Some years ago a flashily dressed individual made his appearance one evening in the reception room at the Masonic Temple at Boston, and intimated his desire to visit the lodge then in session. It so happened that a well-known Brother was sitting near the door chatting with the Tyler and keeping his weather eye open for impostors, in accordance with a habit he has acquired from many years' experience in keeping watch over the strong box of the Grand Lodge. He greeted the new comer cordially, and invited him to be seated until a committee should come out and examine him. "Oh! it's no matter about that, I'm all right," said the applicant, making strange passes with his hands and curious contortions of his visage. "Oh! yes," said Brother Mc, "I've no doubt of that, but they always examine strangers who desire to visit the lodge. It's a mere matter of form, you know." "Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently. "Certainly," said the watchful Brother, "you're all right. I should know that at a glance. By the way, that's a very handsome breast pin you have," said he, examining with great interest a huge gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom. "Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, puffing out his breast. "Indeed? Letter G? Well, now, what does that mean?" "Letter G! Why that stands for *Gerusalem*—a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know." The committee found their work had been performed, and used the letter G rather freely. They advised the visitor "to get up and git."—*New England Freemason*.

The family jar is frequently a jug.

Bored, yet Happy—A girl with her first pair of ear rings.

An old lady thinks that a good many of our modern "songs" thoroughly deserve to be call "strains."

A western paper announces the death of a lady celebrated "for the purity of her character and complexion."

An exchange informs us that the authorship of *Beautiful Snow* has at length been definitely settled. It is by J. Frost.

A young widow in New Orleans, being asked after her husband's health, answered, with a soft, quiet smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

If a man really wants to find out what's in him let him go to sea. The first rough weather will generally enable him to ascertain it.

An old maid suggested that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

"How many regular, steady boarders are there in this house?" asked a census taker of a servant girl. "There's fifteen in all, sir, but not morn'n four of 'em is steady persons, sir."

"Is Mike McCloskey in the ranks?" asked the commander-in-chief, as the army stood in line of battle. "Here, general," said Mike, stepping to the front. "Then let the engagement begin," said the general. That is the way Mike tells the story.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis counderfum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—shut wid a cork. how would you get de whisky out widout pull-in' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why, push the cork in—yah! yah!"

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married friend, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, staring, "do you know that I have my house-work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

A traveller in Vermont, stopping at a hotel recently, ordered supper. The meal was a very inferior one, and at its conclusion, which was soon reached, he stepped up to settle for it. "Well," said Boniface with alacrity, "I hope you had a good supper." "Yes," replied he, musingly, "the supper averaged first rate; the butter was strong and the tea was weak."