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THE HEIR OF THE GLANVILLES.

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MACKEY'S FREEMASON.
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CHAPTER I.

It was the late hour of nine at night—late, that is for the days of Charles the First—and yet the tavern of the Golden Hawk was well-nigh deserted, and had been so for the last three hours, although one of the most favorite resorts of the gallants in the neighborhood of Powles as St. Paul's was then familiarly called. Three visitors alone were to be seen there: one occupied a corner for himself; the other two were lazily discussing a quart of sherry amidst clouds of smoke of their own raising, while they half reclined upon the benches. As regards these last, there was a considerable difference in their ages, and even more in their manners. The younger had all the appearance of a man who had been bred up amidst the luxuries of fortune, and although his face was haggard, and his cloak was soiled, it was plain enough to see that he was, in the language of the times, a cavalier: the elder was in the prime of life, or even something beyond it, and had an air of good humored swagger, which, with the further evidence of his buff belt, sun-burnt cheeks, and enormous black moustache, gave ample grounds for setting him down as a soldado—that is, as one who had seen service.

For some time the worthy comotators persevered in this sleepy silence, when the soldier, who had just brought his pipe to an end, suddenly burst out with, "Sir Francis—as I hope thou wilt be one day, when thy old father, the excellent Sir John, exchanges the furred robe of judge for a woollen shroud—I pray thee expound to me one small matter?"

"And what is it?" asked the other.

"Why, is it not strange, now, that Frank Glanville should sort and consort with a fellow like me, wasting his time in taverns, drinking, dicing, and brawling, when he might be a man of worship, and, for aught I know, sitting on the same bench with his father? I should like to know the reason of it."

"The same reason, I suppose, that makes a tavern-hunter, drinker, dicer, and brawler of Master Dick Tavestock."