

a distinguished author, and member of several British and Foreign Anti-quarian and Historical Societies. By it we learn that Bro. Holmes' Masonic career has been no idle one. He has won his honors in Masonry by sheer hard work and by good service to the Craft, and he is now a prominent member and official in all recognized branches of Masonry. From the memoir it also appears that Bro. Holmes is the representative of an old and distinguished family, and that he has a claim to the dormant Barony of Holmes of Kilmallock, in Ireland. We wish him all success in his efforts to establish his right to the Barony, sure and certain as we are that he will grace the Peerage as much as the Masonic Order. Bro. Holmes is an Honorary Provincial Prior of the Great Priory of Canada, and its Representative near the Great Priory of England and Wales, &c.

For the CANADIAN CRAFTSMAN.]

Cowans and Eavesdroppers.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

In the organization of Hiawatha Lodge No. 969, an incident occurred, ludicrous enough in itself, that illustrates with considerable force the difficulty of circumventing a well-posted group of Freemasons. All of us know the traditional sharpness of weasels when under the influence of Morpheus, and there are other emblems of vigilance not to be questioned by the most sceptical; but that of a company of expert Masons may be said, without metaphor, to excel them all.

It is related of the well-known Bro. Willix that, being called aside once, from the sitting-room of a railroad depot to the platform, and asked some question involving the *exoterica* of Masonry, he declined to reply, pointing to one of those ominous boxes, so common now-a-days in such places, and quietly remarked, "How do we know that that man is dead?"

Such an instance of vigilance, we must admit, would appear exaggerated in an ordinary person, but not in Brother Willix, so old a lecturer and one whose experience has taught him extra caution and circumspection. You never catch him making the "drinking sign" in public, watch him never so closely.

But to our Lodge with the aboriginal cognomen. A meeting was called for Saturday night, up in the loft of Jo. Hooter's Commission House, an immense building with lofts higher than Haman's gallows. It had been somewhat inadvertently announced in the weekly *Courier* of that ilk, that an organizing meeting of Master Masons would be held in Hooter's store, on such a night, "for drill and practice." The result was that Bill Hyde and four others, not Masons, crawled in the night before, hid themselves away among the cypress shingles, of which there were millions in that loft, and awaited the coming of the Craft to "see what they could see." Having a supply of food, tobacco and whiskey, those three prime necessities of life, they managed to sustain nature for 24 hours, buoyed up by curiosity and the craving for knowledge. Not even our grandmother Eve was better rewarded for her researches in unlawful things, as the reader will see before we get through.

It may be said to have been a fortunate occurrence that those cowans and eavesdroppers were seen to enter that loft, and their purpose was surmised; for although we do not believe that a peeper could acquire a valuable secret, give him all the time for the show he might crave, yet it is shocking to contemplate such a possibility if only because it would display a miserable want of vigilance on the part of the actors themselves.

These cowans, having been observed in their nefarious attempt, a counterplot was devised, and the matter put in charge of that busy-brain, that expert inventor of airy