

# Stories

## *The Lady Freemason*

*Lord Doneraile had a warrant to hold a lodge, No 150, at Doneraile House and whilst he only used it occasionally, with the assistance of his sons and friends, the duties of the Craft were practised properly and sincerely. On one occasion Lady Aldworth, his daughter gained illicit access into the lodge during a ceremony of Initiation and...*

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## *The Sun is always at its Meridian etc. etc.*

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## *A Pirate Story*

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## *A Skittish Poem*

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# MASONIC STORIES

## "THE LADY FREEMASON"

as recorded in History of Political Economy

THE  
LADY  
FREEMASON.

Lord Doneraile, the Father of Lady Aldworth, held a Warrant in his own hands, opened a Lodge occasionally at Doneraile House, his two sons and friends assisted. The duties & business of the Craft were rightly and sincerely pursued by the Brethren of N<sup>o</sup> 150, the number of his Warrant, previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry. No Aldworth happened to be in a room next the Lodge Room, the room was undergoing repairs. The wall was reduced in one part. The young lady had the courage with her scissors to pick a brick from the wall and witness the mysterious ceremony through the two steps. Curiously gratified, she became alarmed - she saw no mode of escape but through the very room where part of the Ceremony was still performing, that being at the far end of the room. She resolved to attempt her escape that way, and with trembling steps, and almost suspended breath, she glided along unseen by the Lodge, laid her hand on the handle, and opening the door - Lo! before her stood a grim, surly Tyler, sword in hand. Her shriek alarmed the Lodge, who all rushing to the door, and learning she had been in the Room during the Ceremony, in the first burst of rage & alarm,

it is said, her death was resolved on, — and that on account of the earnest supplication of her younger brother alone she was saved — on condition of her going through the two steps she had already seen.

The beautiful and terrified young lady was then conducted through these trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of the Craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

[ "Annals of St. Finin's Cathedral, Cork" where Lady Aldworth was buried in the Year 1775, aged 80 years, in Davies' vault. ]

Dr. W. H. Sandham, Cork, has been informed that Lady Aldworth was in full Masonic Costume, present with her brother Masons at the laying of the Foundation Stone of old St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, that is the one before the present beautiful structure, that now spans the beautiful Lee.

# The Sun is always at its Meridian with respect to Freemasonry.

How else can we account for the undoubted fact, that  
at original tribes, when first visited by Europeans, have been  
found in possession of the Masonic Signs?

A curious instance, which illustrates this position, is given  
by the celebrated Australian explorer, Br. John W. Deuell  
Stuart. Br. Stuart made many journeys into the  
interior of Australia. On his fourth expedition, in which he  
was enabled to fix its centre, he records that on Saturday,  
JUNE 23<sup>RD</sup>, 1860, at a place which he named HELVICK TOWNS  
[near the centre of Australia], he was visited by two natives.  
They seemed much frightened at first, but afterwards became  
bold & curious. They were sent away, but shortly afterwards  
two other young men approached the camp. They was very  
young says Br. Stuart in his journal, "and too much  
frightened to come any nearer. About sundown, one of the  
first that had come, returned, bringing with him 3 others,  
two of whom were young, tall, powerful, well made, and good-  
looking, and as fine specimens of the native as I have yet seen.  
One of them had a great many scars upon him, and seemed  
to be a leading man. One was an old man, and seemed  
to be their father. He was very talkative, but I could make  
nothing of him. I endeavoured, by signs, to get information

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from him as to where the next water is, but we cannot understand each other. After some time, and having conferred with his two sons, he turned round, and surprised me by giving one of the Masonic Signs. I looked at him steadily; he repeated it, and so did his two sons. I then returned it, which seemed to please them much, the old man patting me on the shoulder and stroking down my beard. They then took their departure making friendly signs until they were out of sight."

Our Bro. J. M. Stuart must have been surprised, standing, as he did, where white man had not previously penetrated, to find that Freemasonry was known to the natives. He would then not fail to realize the truth of the Masonic Axiom, that  
"Freemasonry, being spread over the whole surface of the Globe, the Sun is always at its Meridian with respect to Freemasonry."

A  
MASONIC  
AXIOM

[Extract from Address delivered on Monday Dec. 28 1855, at the Masonic Hall, Jackson Street, Gateshead on Tyne by  
Bro. R. B. Reed P.M. 48, P.G. Treasurer  
in connection with the Celebration of the  
150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Lodge of Industry N<sup>o</sup> 48]

# A Skillich Poem

A Duel fought near Marsden

Rock on May 14<sup>th</sup> 1842 by

~ Peter Flint ~

Richard Spoor - Mayor of Sunderland in 1837.  
Kt. 355 of Palace Lodge, 1830 & 1831.  
- a retired Draper & Grocer.  
Joseph Wright - a well known Solicitor.

The "Old Boath" was Richard Boath, Gunsmith,  
whose Shop was near the Exchange.

Sir Murdey was William Murdey, Surgeon, of  
John Street.

In "Old Snuff of Diamond Hall, read Snowdon".  
St. George the Bum was George Whisfield, bailiff.  
Marlborough refers to John Marlborough,  
mattress-maker, a well-known  
local vocalist.

Sir Miller was Dr. Miller

Peter Flint was the nom-de-plume of Mr. William  
Chappel, of Haughton-le-Spring, a resident in  
Sunderland for many years.

## Canto I.

Now, lythe and listen, gentlemen,  
A tale to you I'll tell  
The battle of the Tory knights  
at Marsden Rock befell.

Sir Rich'd de Spurr, of Whelburn Town  
A challenge sent to Joe,  
Saying, "Coward, meet me on the Rock,  
Or on the sand below!"

"Why did you tell Lord Derrydown  
That I was half-and-half?  
I am a faithful Tory Knight -  
You're but a legal calf!"

"Now, I demand, Sir Joe de Wright,  
Submission from your hand,  
Or from Old Booth hair-tiggers get:  
Your blood shall stain the sand!"

Sir Joe, he sent the challenge back,  
"I'll make Sir Richard run!  
I'll meet him in the mountain glen,  
With pistol, pike, or gun;

I'll make him tremble every limb

I am no sneaking cur,  
I'll soon blow off the curly head  
Of great Sir Rich. de Spurr!

"Go, get a Scribe to make his will,  
His days are nearly over -  
This day I'll slay Sir Dick de Spurr,  
His blood will stain the shore!"

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Canto IV

In musing mood Sir Miller sat,  
All lone in Bachelor Hall,  
Arrayed in morning gown and wig  
When lo! on him did call  
Sir Crawford, who, with railway speed,  
Then laid a paper down.  
Sir Miller stared; Sir Crawford frowned wheel'd  
And left him with a frown

All tremblingly Sir Miller took  
The paper in his hand  
"Sir Joe he shall Sir Richard meet  
This morn on Marsden sand!"

Sir Miller a prescription wrote  
All for a lady fair,  
But, in mistake, the Challenge sent.  
The lady tore her hair.

She rushed into a balcony,  
The milk-white hands did wring:  
"O wee is me! My love is gone;  
This day his death will bring!"

"Go! bring St. George, that noble Bum,  
Tell him to come with speed,  
And mount him on an Arab steed  
To slay the bloody deed!"

"I'll save my master!" cried St. George,  
"I'll save him, now, this day:  
Dick Chilton! go, get me a horse,  
And I will ride away."

St. George and Chilton onward went  
To Marlborough's Yard along:  
"Bring out thy auld brown yad," said Dick,  
"Thou noble son of song!"

St. George, he mounted on his steed,  
And with his cane did thresh.  
Said Dick, "Your horse is high of bone,  
And rather low of flesh."  
Away! Away! St. George, the Bum,  
On winged Pegasus rode,  
He made the donkeys, pigs, and geese,  
All fly from Whitburn Road!

He halted soon at Merriman's,  
And then drew out his purse:  
"Some Whistey, here!" A bumpkin grinned.  
"Oh! maister! What a horse!"

Onward still, St. George he rode,  
The villages to raise,  
He soon o'ertook Sir Joe de Knight,  
And stopped him in his chaise.

Sir Joseph found, St. George did say:  
"What's all this work about!  
Don't fight today, but run away  
Your motha knows you're out!"

Sir Richard here was passing by -  
Sir Crawford's eyes did roll,  
He cried, "If Whitfield stops Sir Joe,  
We'll fight at the North Pole!"  
Sir Miller cried, "St. George the Bum!  
Now, get thee home I pray,  
We've plasters, lint, and bandages -  
Sir Joe they ne'er can slay!"

Canto V

Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Sir Miller scratched his wig,  
Sir Joseph rode within his chaise  
Sir Richard in his gig.

They landed by the battle plain,  
Beside the beating surf,  
With Peter Allan from his cave  
Jack Winter from the Turf.

Sir Murdey is a glorious wag,  
In cottage or in hall,  
And to himself he said, "I'll load  
Their arms with cotton-ball."

He called Sir Miller to his side -  
A Toy of renown -  
And, knowing he was deaf and blind,  
He ramm'd the cotton down

And at ten paces distant, there  
These noble warriors stood,  
And each was quivering every limb,  
To shed each other's blood.

They took the pistols in their hands,  
And turned them back to back,  
"Now, Fire" was given, Sir Richard wheeled,  
And fired off in a crack.

Sir Fox stood like a monument,  
With fear I do declare,  
And when his senses came again

He fired into the air.

Sir Richard's bullet, it was found,  
Near Peter Allan's ass,  
And Peter's got it now preserved  
Within a spirit glass.

Sir Joseph's ball, it soared away  
Among the stars above  
They've seen't through Herschel's Telescope,  
Now sticking in the Moon!

These warriors all went home again  
As wise as ere they came  
So all the knights got roaring full  
Of wine and mighty fame.

Now when you go to Marsden Rock,  
On Peter Allan call,  
He'll point you out the battle-field  
And show the Cotton Ball.

# Masonic Charity

In the Letters of the Baron Bietfeld, it is stated that the Prince Royal, afterwards Frederick II., insisted that no difference between his reception and that of any ordinary individual, should be observed at his initiation into the Grand of Brunswick Lodge on August 15. 1738. On February 14. 1777, he wrote to the Master of the Lodge Royal York of Friendship, Grand of Potsdam:—

Frederick II  
of  
Prussia

“The Masonic Society, whose sole object is to plant the seeds and encourage the growth of virtuous principles in my Kingdom, can always rely on my protection. This is the glorious duty of every sovereign, and I will never cease to fulfil it.”

Those uninitiated then, are totally in error, who attribute to this prince the remark “Freemasonry is a great delusion”. It is true that he discontinued his connection with the Craft, but it was on the following grounds:—

In the first year of his reign Frederick instituted a Lodge, consisting of 24 members, of which he was the Right W. M. This Lodge comprised many of the Ministers of State and Generals who were the most eminent and devoted to their monarch. General Walther, the favourite and most intimate friend of the King, was one of the Members of this Lodge. Frederick, after the conquest of

Schleswig, intrusted him with the task of repairing the old fortresses and constructing new ones.

The fortress of Neise, which, on account of its good strategical position and its mines, was one of the most important, was particularly recommended to his care by the King.

Seduced by gold, Wallbrave entered into a secret correspondence with the Austrian Prince Kaunitz, the sworn enemy of the King of Prussia, to whom he betrayed the plan and secret galleries of this important fortress.

In this great dilemma, the King could not allow the traitor to escape without punishment, but this traitor, on whom he had lavished his favours — this favourite whom he had treated as a Brother, was about to be accused of the crime of High Treason.

Frederick reflected long and deeply on this fact, and at last resolved on a course which was worthy of him, and which was at the same time truly Masonic.

The King-Master having summoned the Lodge, pronounced an eloquent discourse on morality, and especially on the duties which Brother Freemasons owe to each other. At the conclusion of his Address, his tones of mildness were changed to words of impassioned fire, which filled his hearers with wonder and emotion.

Rising from his seat, the King-Mason, deeply affected, uttered these Masonic words: —  
"One of our Brethren, here present,

has committed a heinous offence, a crime for which he deserves death. This Mason has sinned against our Order, against his duty to his country, — he has broken his masonic oath, he has become an ungrateful traitor towards me, his Waster, his King, his Brother, his friend and benefactor. As King, I am willing to be ignorant of his crime, as Waster to pardon him, as Brother and friend, I wish to extend towards him the hand of Brotherly Love and Charity, and to raise him from that abyss of moral depravity into which he has fallen; and as a man, I wish to forget the fact — I only demand that he shall confess his crime, here, in the midst of us his Brethren. I ask him to promise that he will repent and atone for his sins, and it shall be for ever a secret among us, of which we will never make the least mention; but if he remains silent and does not accept the pardon which I now masonically offer him, I tell him that I shall be obliged to quit this lodge for ever, and that as his King, his Waster, and the Chief Magistrate of the Country, I shall be obliged to do my duty, and deliver him up to justice that he may receive his reward.

These touching words penetrated the hearts of his hearers, who regarded each other with sorrow and trembling, but no one dared to speak. No one could divine to whom

could be addressed thus, rigorous, but just sentence.  
After some moments of silence the King repeated his words, but  
with more calmness. The silence continued; then with tears  
in his eyes, his voice choked with emotion, the King spoke  
these words: - "As a Brother Freemason, I have discharged my  
duty, but alas! I perceive that even among this small  
number of Freemasons the Masonic Obligation has no power,  
that neither Oaths, sacred duties, vows of Fidelity, or gratitude  
due to our benefactors, are sufficiently strong to check the  
evil passions of men and prevent them doing injury to  
their fellows. I now for ever close this Lodge and shall never  
resume the Gavel."

Frederick then closed the Lodge in the usual manner, and  
with the most touching sentiments, his head uncovered, he returned  
the Master's Gavel to the Grand Orient.

On the ante-chamber, the King, in going out, ordered General  
Wallrave to surrender his sword, he caused him to be arrested and  
delivered to justice. He was sentenced to 30 years close confinement,  
where he died before the termination of his sentence.

One day Wallrave wrote from the prison to the King, imploring  
his mercy, and quoting the 88<sup>th</sup> Psalm of David in support  
of his prayer. The King for his reply sent him the 101<sup>st</sup>  
Psalm.

[Read Ps. 88 verses. - 2 . 3 . 8 . 9  
Ps 101 " - 4 . VII.]

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