

The Peeping Cowan and the Trustful Dog.

Moon after moon waxed full ; the masons met
 And entered, passed, and raised a goodly set.
 Some moved, some died ; a few got burnt with drink ;
 But, on the whole, this Ralepenn Lodge, I think,
 Was rather better than the ordinary,
 Although a few hard cases they might carry.
 Poor Funkle Anck, he all this time was frying
 To get a peep, a taste, a smell, a trying,
 If but a word 'twould do, but not a crumb
 The Mascns dropp'd—their pass-word, it was *mu*.
 Funkle then bought some books, the property once
 Of Michael Hum, a numbskull and a dunce,
 Who thought our secrets could be noted down
 As easy as the sign-boards of the town.
 Funk bought them, as I tell you ; and he read
 The bundled nonsense clean from lid to lid.
 Then to a Lodge clandestine, down in Brente.
 This peeping cowan, for such knowledge, went,
 As Morgan failed to discover or invent.
 He paid an X, at Brente, for three degrees,
 Worked on the principle of *perfect ease*,
 But still dissatisfied, he yearned for more ;
 The Ralepenn Lodge was No. 64 ;
 He scaled its windows, they were curtained o'er—
 Climbed to the skylight, it was fastened down—
 Walked up the stairway, met the tyler's frown—
 The crazy, simple, peeping, stingy cowan.

Hern Mott, the Master, in his sailor ways,
 Cherished a dog ('twas rumored in his praise,
 He'd saved Miss Clarry's life, when like to drown,
 And ever since, Mott loved him as his own).
 This dog, a spaniel of undoubted blood,
 Was rough and shaggy, bandy-legged and rude,
 But ne'er a dog more gentle in the land,
 Nor one more perfectly in good command.
Fides and Mott were always seen together,
 No matter where, no matter what the weather,
 At church, at town, to plow, to fish, to hunt,
 Yea, to the very Lodge bold *Fides* went.
 There, at his master's feet, he saw such sights,
 Pricked up his ears at such terrific frights,
 Such awful phantoms, on the meeting nights,
 That had he not been dog, and dog of Mason,
 I guess that *Fides* would have lost his reason.
 The Masons called him *Brother*, well they might,
 Since one more faithful never saw the light.
 The tyler, Bigbadd, always had a bone
 To cheer up *Fides*, when the work was done,
 Likewise some cheese, when other things were gone.

Poor Funkle Anck at last hatched out a plan,
 By which to get the secrets of the clan.
 'Twas not so honourable as some things are,
 But little does a peeping cowan care
 If once our mysteries he can but share.
 He'd found a key all coated o'er with rust,
 Mislaid no doubt, in rubbish and in dust,
 That fitted nicely to the vault above ;
 Right in that vault the sneaking fellow dove
 And locked the door inside—

—The Lodge assembled—
 (Oh how the Masonic angles must have trembled !)
 Mott called to order, officers their places,
 Brothers their aprons, solemn words and faces,