

lodgo. It was a lively and cheerful apartment. A couple of crocodiles were amusing themselves in a corner, and a few full grown rattle-snakes were practising the flying trapeze on the stove-pipe. The furniture consisted chiefly of half a dozen mummies, the skeletons of Captain Kidd, Lucretia Borgia, Guy Fawkes, Jack the Giant Killer, Oliver Cromwell, the Wandering Jew, William the Conqueror, Christopher Columbus, and Dick Turpin; a flying machine, three barrels of gunpowder, and a remarkably healthy and well developed wild cat. Just then half a dozen pirates, clad in aprons and sashes, rushed into the room with a whoop. One of them, the biggest and ugliest, who appeared to be the chief, ordered the attendants in a voice of thunder, to trot out the animal. The attendants disappeared but immediately re-appeared, leading an iron-clad goat, a regular double decker with sixteen horns, a pair of wings, and seven or eight tails stuck all over him. My eyes were bandaged and I was told to mount. I said, gentlemen if you'll excuse me I would rather not. I'm not accustomed to going up in a balloon; besides I've got an engagement down town. My wife wants to see me particularly. I'll be back in a few minutes; I rather think my house is on fire, but I'll be back in a few minutes, yes gentlemen in a few— Before I could finish my sentence, I was seized from behind and planted firmly astride of the infernal goat. Somebody then said let go, and away we went. I've been through a good many perilous scenes; I've taken part in an election fight; I've been down in a railway collision, and up in a steamboat explosion. I've fallen down three flights of stairs, and walked out of a fourth story window, but this goat excursion was a little ahead of them all. When I come to reflect on the matter in cold blood, I wonder that I ever came out alive. The furious beast kicked and screamed, and rolled over and over, and turned back somersaults, and front somersaults, and drove me against the ceiling and underneath the chairs, till the bandage fell from my eyes, and I had to let go. The goat vanished up the chimney in a blue flame, and I found myself in the centre of the Lodge Room; with about fifty Masons in aprons, and nothing else, dancing a war dance round me. The rest of the members were standing on their heads in the different corners, all but one cadaverous looking buccaneer, who seemed to be the head of the department. Soon they left off dancing and marched round the room chaunting an inspiring dirge. I was then hauled up in front of the Chief's desk, who thus addressed me: 'Brother Kobb, you are now one of us. You are a member of an institution that has lasted over three million years. You are impervious to mundane influences. You are water proof and fire proof, you are over proof. You can walk through the river, or sit down on a red hot stove with impunity. Mortal man cannot harm you, and the devil himself must curl up his tail and walk off at your approach. Be virtuous, Mr. Kobb, and you will be happy.

I then assumed a sash and apron, and stood hot whiskies all around, and I was a mason.

KORN KOB, JUN.

A GLASGOW paper says: St. John's Masonic Lodge, No. 3, of Glasgow, Scotland, lately celebrated the eight hundred and twelfth anniversary of its existence. It was founded by King Malcolm in the year 1059, nine years previous to the Norman conquest of England.