

Masonic Reprints.

Reproductions
of
Masonic Manuscripts, Books
and Pamphlets.

WITH NOTES.

By JOHN T. THORP, F.R.Hist.S.
P.G.D. (Eng.).

II.

“Bruin in the Suds.” 1751.



LEICESTER :

PRINTED BY BROS. JOHNSON, WYKES AND PAINE, MARBLE STREET.

1919.

B R U I N in the S U D S:

O R,

Mafonry Vindicated.

BEING

A POETICAL NARRATIVE
of a late famous Trial of Skill, between
a noted *Vintner*, and a Lodge of
FREE MASONS:

Cook'd up in a SONG.

O magnus peshâc Inimicis Rifus!

H O R.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, a Free Mason, and sold
by Brother *Dickinson*, at the Corner of *Bell-
Savage-Linn*, *Ludgate-Hill*, 1751.

General Foreword.

In the flood of Masonic literature, more or less ephemeral, which appears year by year, one class, and that certainly not the least entertaining and instructive, seems of late to have been entirely absent. These are the Reprints, with notes, of old Masonic manuscripts, books and pamphlets, or portions of such, which are curious, rare or valuable.

This work carried out in so splendid a manner by the "Quatuor Coronati" Lodge, No. 2076 London, in the years 1889 to 1900, has, alas, been discontinued, to the deep regret of all Masonic students.* The unique character of the Reprints already produced, and the excellence of their execution, has laid the Masonic fraternity under a permanent obligation to that well-known and distinguished Lodge, and it is sincerely to be hoped, that, ere long, the valuable work may be recommenced, as very much in that direction still remains to be done.

Meanwhile, something on a smaller and less pretentious scale may be undertaken with advantage by the "Lodge of Research," No. 2429 Leicester. It is therefore proposed to issue from

* A further volume was published in 1913.

time to time, as circumstances will allow, reprints of portions of little known Masonic manuscripts, books and pamphlets, which may be considered of sufficient interest, and are not easily obtainable by the ordinary Masonic reader.

Much of the Masonic literature of the eighteenth century would not prove of sufficient value or interest, much could not be reprinted without incurring the displeasure of the Masonic authorities, but enough remains to form a valuable series, even although it may be necessary in some cases, for obvious reasons, seriously to mutilate the work.

Some of these proposed reprints will be in exact fac-simile, others will be printed *verbatim et literatim*, with the same pagination and with type as nearly matching the originals as can be obtained. Plates of frontispieces or title-pages will be added, in order to make the volumes as valuable and useful as possible, to those who desire to become acquainted with some of the early literature of Freemasonry.

J. T. T.

PRINCESS ROAD,
LEICESTER.



Foreword to Vol. II.

“Bruin in the Suds,” which is chosen for the second of the Lodge Masonic Reprints,* is perhaps the rarest of all Masonic pamphlets. Only one complete and perfect copy is known, from which this transcript is made,† although there are, it is believed, several imperfect copies in existence.

The references to this pamphlet in the literature of the Craft are very few, it being virtually unknown to the great majority of Masonic writers.

It is included in a list of books, etc., under the heading “Notes on Masonic Bibliography,” by Hyde Clarke, D.C.L., in the *Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror* of February 16th, 1859, p. 307. No description is given or comment made upon the pamphlet.

In A.Q.C., Vol. IX, p. 111, Bro. T. Francis, of Havant (now of Binstead, I. of W.), asked for a transcript of all after page 16, in order to complete his copy. In reply to this enquiry, Bro. E. T. Carson, the well-known American collector, wrote as follows in A.Q.C., Vol. IX, p. 177 (1896):—

“Bruin in the Suds.—In the last number of A.Q.C., I notice an enquiry from Bro. Francis about this rare pamphlet. I trust he will be enabled to complete his copy, and then—cannot you get him to reprint it? Although not historically important to us, it is a Masonic curiosity

* Vol. I., published in 1907, comprised transcripts of portions of “Masonry Dissected, 1730” and “A Defence of Masonry, 1730.”

† Belongs to Bro. J. T. Thorp, P.M., P.G.D. (Eng.) of Leicester.

of great rarity. I am quite satisfied that only one copy has appeared for sale in any London catalogue for 40 years past. In the February catalogue 1857, of Thomas Arthur appeared lot 309, "Bruin in the Suds, etc., 1751, 2s. 6d." Where is that copy? I wrote for it, but it was sold. If Bro. Francis can complete his copy and declines to reprint, I am desirous of being allowed to pay for a MS. transcript."

And, finally, Bro. W. J. Hughan, in *The Freemason* of 1908, referred to the pamphlet as being "new to him."

It is because of this rarity, and obviously not for its intrinsic value, that this transcript has been prepared, for if anything were to happen to the one complete copy—were it lost or destroyed—the account of the curious incident it narrates, rough and coarse as it is, would be lost to future Masonic students. Indeed, so commonplace is the incident, so unpolished the language employed, and so doggerel the verses, that no thought or suggestion of a reprint would for a moment have been entertained, but for the extreme rarity of the pamphlet.

The verses are believed to record an incident which actually happened, and coarseness of language, spoken and written, was a common fault, even among educated people in England, a hundred and fifty years ago.

The names of the individuals concerned in the trial, the name of the Lodge and Tavern, and the name of the author, are all quite unknown, and will probably remain so, unless some Brother, who has access to files of old newspapers succeeds in digging them out from reports of law proceedings of the period.

J. T. T.

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BRUIN in the SUDS:

OR,

Masonry Vindicated.

Of *Urso* I sing, a most notable Blade,
 Who lately a wonderful Figure has made ;
 His Feats and Exploits are so strange and so rare,
 That needs must surprize all good People to hear.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis true of his Birth he has little to boast,
 His Father a Keeper of Bridewell at most ;
 This House of Correction for Stripes and hard Work,
 Is known well enough in the City of *York*.
Derry down, &c.

But *Urso*, of a high and aspiring Mind,
 Disdaining his Talents should thus be confin'd
 To a Place where was nothing but Misery seen,
 And nothing was heard but loud Clamour and Din ;
Derry down, &c.

(4)

He thinks it beneath him there longer to stay,
 And resolves that to *London* he'll find out his Way,
 For there he had heard were Preferments golore,
 And Places of Profit for bear asking for.

Derry down, &c.

So, big with his Hopes to fair *London* he comes,
 And long about Town unregarded he roams ;
 Till finding but little was left in his Purse,
 He begins his cross Stars and ill Fortune to curse.

Derry down, &c.

He scratches his Noddle, and sees his Mistake,
 Yet willing the best of bad Bargain to make,
 He rubs up his Wits and bethinks him again
 How to make this long Journey turn out to his Gain.

Derry down, &c.

Is *Yorkshire* so famous, thought he, for her Wits,
 And always too sharp for these fluttering Cits ?
 Shall I then stand hamm'ring my Brains for a Thought
 How Money may here, where there's plenty, be got ?

Derry down, &c.

(5)

Then casting his Eyes on a Sign that was near,
 Where Wine, as if spouting in Streams, did appear,
 If Wine is so plenty, thought *Urso*, I'm sure
 Here must be good Eating, at least, if no more.

Derry down, &c.

Without more ado he goes up to the Bar,
 With a Scrape, and a Bow, and a countrify'd Air,
 Then pulling his Hat almost over his Face,
 He begs of my Landlord to give him a Place.

Derry down, &c.

' A Place ! quoth my Landlord ; why, what canst thou do ?
 ' I'm sure that of *London* thou little do'st know :
 ' Nor Horses, nor Stable have I in my House,
 ' Nor Oxen to yoke, no, nor Harrows nor Ploughs.

Derry down, &c.

' No Cows to be bulled, no Bullocks to feed ;
 ' No Calves that want stalling, nor Horses to bleed ;
 ' No Sow with her Pigs to be fed with a Pail,
 ' Nor Corn to be threshed with labouring Flail.

Derry down, &c.

(6)

‘ All this I allow, my good Master, but yet,
 ‘ Quoth *Urso*, and grinning, I’ll venture a Bett,
 ‘ No Part of your Service, so well I’m prepar’d,
 ‘ But soon I will learn, tho’ it’s ever so hard.

Derry down, &c.

‘ Nay, more, do but try me, and give me a Task,
 ‘ If nothing I do, why, no Wages I’ll ask ;
 ‘ But when my good Merits by Proof you discern,
 ‘ Then give me as much as you think I shall earn.

Derry down, &c.

‘ Agreed, said the Landlord, for tho’ thou’rt a Tike,
 ‘ Yet if thy Behaviour I happen to like,
 ‘ Good Cloaths thou shalt have, and thy Belly I’ll fill,
 ‘ And as thou deservest, encourage thee still.

Derry down, &c.

‘ If thou art content to be here as a Drudge,
 ‘ And never thy Labour in any Thing grudge ;
 ‘ Can’st wait on my Drawers, and clean their foul Shoes,
 ‘ And do as they bid you, and nothing refuse ;

Derry down, &c.

(8)

When *Urso* with Stuffing and Cramming had done,
 And clean as a Tooth had pick'd every Bone,
 He bless'd his kind Master and dear Mrs. Cook,
 And thank'd his good Fortune for sending such Luck.

Derry down, &c.

And now his new Bus'ness he plies Tooth and Nail,
 Still careful, in nothing one Tittle to fail ;
 A Nod or a Wink is to him a Command,
 'Tis done in a Trice and the Turn of a Hand.

Derry down, &c.

Up early we find him a scrubbing the Rooms,
 And wonderful active with Mops and with Brooms ;
 The Tables and Chairs all in Order are plac'd,
 And every Room is made fit for a Guest.

Derry down, &c.

Extremely obsequious and respectful to All
 He behaves, and is ready at every Call ;
 The Cook and the Scullion he both will assist,
 And wash up their Dishes, and do what they list.

Derry down, &c.

(9)

His Industry gains universal Applause,
 And Respect from his Master and Gentlemen draws ;
 For him there's no Office too low or too mean,
 So supple a Servant sure never was seen.

Derry down, &c.

His Master perceiving him daily to mend,
 First makes him his Porter his House to attend ;
 Then into his Cellar the Fellow admits,
 To try if in Wine he could do any Feats.

Derry down, &c.

Here *Urso* again so well played his Part,
 He quickly had learned the Vintner's Art ;
 To fine, or to brew, or to pallate it well,
 The skilfullest Drawers he soon did excel.

Derry down, &c.

His Master removes, and another comes in,
 And still in his Post the brave *Urso* is seen ;
 In his Bus'ness is diligent, brisk and alert,
 But as he grows knowing, he's saucy and pert.

Derry down, &c.

(10)

The Man is quite alter'd from what you have seen,
 His Behaviour's insulting, and haughty his Mien ;
 His Master excepted, none greater he knows
 Than himself, nor submits to one more in the House.

Derry down, &c.

He struts and talks big, and looks won'drous wise,
 Domineers o'er his Fellows, whom he seems to despise ;
 The Boys and young Drawers obey his Commands,
 Or feel the dread Weight of his terrible Hands.

Derry down, &c.

Thus *Urso* behaves, yet is true to his Trust,
 Obliges his Master to whom he is just :
 Who therefore his Insolence patiently bears,
 And many Complaints daily ding'd in his Ears.

Derry down, &c.

But Fortune had yet better Things in Reserve
 For *Urso*, than merely to draw and to serve ;
 The Death of his Master has raised his Hope,
 And gave his Ambition a nobler Scope.

Derry down, &c.

(11)

Now smartly he dresses, and gay are his Cloaths,
 His Shoes are japann'd, buckled down to the Toes,
 The finest of Cloth and good Holland he wears,
 And one of some Consequence now he appears.

Derry down, &c.

To the Widow, his Mistress, his Love he address'd,
 And Widows, you know, with young Fellows are pleas'd ;
 He urged his Suit with such Passion and Zeal,
 That Madam no longer her Love could conceal.

Derry down, &c.

When Courtship was ended, and Nuptials were o'er,
 And *Urso* was got to the Top of his Pow'r ;
 How bravely he shews it, you soon will discern,
 His Sense and his Principles too you will learn.

Derry down, &c.

A Lodge of FREE-MASONS, all gen'rous Souls,
 To regale o'er their Bottle and full-flowing Bowls,
 Met oft at his House to be merry and free ;
 For MASONS are friendly, and always agree.

Derry down, &c.

(12)

But *Urso*, now bloated with Pride and with Pelf,
 Thinks none of them all is so great as himself ;
 But yet condescends from the Heighth of his Soul
 A *Mason* to be—for the Sake of the Cole.

Derry down, &c.

But how does he use these his worthy good Friends,
 On whom his Subsistence so greatly depends ?
 For tho' he's conceited, stiff, surly and proud,
 Yet sure to such Guests he will never be rude.

Derry down, &c.

An Ass is well known by his Bray and his Ears,
 Altho' the grim Skin of a Lion he wears ;
 So *Urso*, 'mong Beggars and Criminals born,
 No Manners, nor Language, but such can return.

Derry down, &c.

Not one of them all but he treats with Contempt,
 Not Royal Commissions, or Titles exempt ;
 Their Characters slurs, and their Persons defames
 With Language abusive, or scurrilous Names.

Derry down, &c.

(13)

As Masons and Gentlemen much they forgive,
 Are willing he should his past Errors retrieve ;
 They friendly admonish and tell him his Fau'ts,
 And bid him consult his more serious Thoughts.

Derry down, &c.

If he with Submission his Follies would own,
 'Twas all they required of him to be done ;
 Except that his Bond he'd give under his Hand,
 To produce their choice Jewels upon their Demand.

Derry down, &c.

But *Urso's* stout Heart could not humble so low,
 As even to make them a mannerly Bow ;
 And as to the Bond on which they insist,
 He never would give it—let 'em do as they list.

Derry down, &c.

This Answer, so fraught with Presumption and Scorn,
 By generous Spirits was not to be borne ;
 For tho' by good Fortune a Master he is,
 Yet them, as his Guests, he should study to please.

Derry down, &c.

(14)

Provok'd at the Pride of this menial Drudge,
 They agreed with one Voice to expel him the Lodge ;
 He bids them Defiance, and values them not,
 Such Scoundrels as they were not worthy his Thought.

Derry down, &c.

Thus treated by one whom they serv'd in their Love,
 They think it high Time from his House to remove ;
 Such Insults so brutish, ungrateful and base,
 To bear any longer would be a Disgrace.

Derry down, &c.

Thus resolv'd, like brave *Britons*, who never submit
 To Usage for *Britons* and Honour unfit ;
 They call in their Porters without more Delay,
 Their Furniture instant to carry away.

Derry down, &c.

But now with Attention pray mark the Event :
 When *Urso*, convinc'd of their real Intent,
 Beheld them in Earnest a leaving his House,
 And nothing regarding or him or his Spouse ;

Derry down, &c.

(15)

He rages and maddens more fierce than before,
 And orders his Servants to lock ev'ry Door ;
 Both them and their Chattels in Durance he'll keep,
 Yet leaves them the Windows from whence they may leap.

Derry down, &c.

But soon he's assured of his Error in this,
 And told against Law he had acted amiss ;
 The Doors are then open'd, they freely may go,
 But vows a Revenge, and that soon they shall know.

Derry down, &c.

The Sessions were soon to be held at the Hall
 Where Justice is done both to Great and to Small,
 And Ten of these Gentlemen thither he cites,
 And there for a Riot on Oath he indicts.

Derry down, &c.

Among them a Knight of respectable Worth,
 As known for his Goodness and Learning, as Birth,
 To sully his Honour, if thus it could be,
 Is nam'd like a Felon, with *Alias's* three.

Derry down, &c.

(16)

Another with Posts of great Honour is grac'd,
 But here as a Labourer meanly express'd ;
 Yet *Trimwell* his Barber's a Gentleman made,
 For so the Indictment is sneeringly laid.

Derry down, &c.

But they with a Spirit undaunted behave,
 And despise in this Action the Fool and the Knave ;
 But since on Revenge and the Law he is bent,
 And gives such a Proof of his spiteful Intent,

Derry down, &c.

They'll humour his Folly, and give him his Sport,
 And lead him a Dance in a different Court ;
 Resolved to try all the Strength in his Pow'r
 To prove the great Riot he so roundly had swore.

Derry down, &c.

And now to a Trial they solemnly come,
 To know from a Judge and a Jury their Doom ;
 To clear up their Honour and injured Fame,
 Or there for their Riot to suffer the Shame.

Derry down, &c.

(17)

The Lawyers set off with a mighty Parade,
 And paint the dire Evils that Riots have made
 With Features so ugly deformed and dread,
 Not *Gorgon* herself had so frightful a Head.

Derry down, &c.

And then, their Harangues to the Point to reduce,
 These honest ten Gentlemen stoutly accuse,
 That, mov'd by the Devil and Malice at once,
 They'd mobb'd the good *Urso*, and broken his Sconce.

Derry down, &c.

To prove their Assertions, on *Urso* they call'd,
 And bid him say how, and by whom he was maul'd ;
 What Rout and what Racket they made in his House,
 How shamefully too they had used his Spouse.

Derry down, &c.

Now *Urso* is mounted and kisses the Book,
 And with a most foolish wise-acrely Look,
 He answers exactly the Questions they ask,
 No School-boy e'er better repeated his Task.

Derry down, &c.

(18)

He swears that not one of the Number accus'd,
 But him and his Wife had most vilely abus'd ;
 That Three in this Riot (one Part of his Charge)
 Had beat him with Candlesticks mighty and large.

Derry down, &c.

Two others, he swears (who from Window survey'd
 The Fray) call'd aloud to the Bruisers and said,
 ' G—d d—n him knock him down, and drive him well there,
 ' Such a Dog is not worthy to breathe common Air.

Derry down, &c.

' Then, as to his Wife, never Woman was us'd
 ' With Manners so brutish, so beat and so bruise'd ;
 ' His Servants so frighten'd with Threats and with Blows,
 ' That none of them durst for their Lives interpose.'

Derry down, &c.

But when cross-examin'd, and purg'd for the Truth,
 He squints at the Council, and makes a wry Mouth ;
 Their Questions evades, or makes such Replies,
 As plainly denote he has told them all Lies.

Derry down, &c.

(19)

His Answers and Language so surly and rude,
 That scarce a Beargarden the like ever shew'd ;
 The Court is affronted, as well it might be,
 Such Snarling and Doglike Behaviour to see.

Derry down, &c.

They sharply rebuke him, and ask how he dares
 To assume in that Presence such insolent Airs ?
 That a Court of strict Justice will never be us'd
 With Scorn and Contempt, or be tamely abus'd.

Derry down, &c.

But now to these Rioters let us attend,
 And see how their Cause and themselves they defend ;
 Their Honour, as MASONS, whose Badge they all wear,
 Demands that themselves from this Crime they should clear.

Derry down, &c.

If MASONS so famous for Union and Love,
 Of Mobbing and Riots thus guilty should prove,
 Of the Craft and its Secrets I'll take a Farewel,
 For where there's no Peace, there can nothing excel.

Derry down, &c.

(20)

The Witness they call in Support of their Cause,
 To shew them not guilty of breaking the Laws,
 So fairly and candidly opens the Case,
 And speaks with such Eloquence, Freedom and Grace ;
Derry down, &c.

So strenuous, yet modest, his Plea for the Lodge,
 As gains him Attention from Jury and Judge ;
 He makes no Digressions, nor idly prates,
 But keeps to the Facts which he truly relates.
Derry down, &c.

He swears that no Riot was made in the House,
 But what was there raised by *Urse* and his Spouse ;
 No Blows there were given, nor Words worse than those
 Are used the Passions of Men to compose.
Derry down, &c.

That all of the Members sat quiet and still,
 Nor offer'd in Word, or in Deed any Ill
 To *Urso*, his Wife, nor to one in the House,
 All which to the Court on his Oath he avows.
Derry down, &c.

The Judge was astonish'd to hear it come out,
That *Urso*, he only, had made all this Rout,
And friendly advis'd him that Instant to sue
For Peace, or a Verdict he'd certainly rue.

Derry down, &c.

' Shall I then, quoth *Urso*, be put to this Cost,
' And thus all my Pains and my Money be lost ?
' Shall I to such Fellows thus basely submit,
' Ask Pardon, and humble myself at their Feet ?

Derry down, &c.

' No, no ! let a Verdict our Quarrel decide,
' By that, and that only I'll stand and abide,
' No Submission from me shall they ever boast ;
' So give me a Verdict whatever it cost.'

Derry down, &c.

The Jury were soon in Opinion agreed,
To acquit the Defendants of Word and of Deed
That had the least Meaning a Riot to make,
Or the Peace, or the Head of the Plaintiff to break.

Derry down, &c.

(22)

Proud *Urso* may now at his Leisure repent,
 And think in what Manner his Foes will resent
 His groundless Indictment, his Malice and Spite,
 And how their much injured Honour they'll right ;
Derry down, &c.

How best he may ward off the Blows from his Head.
 Which he has just Reason with Terror to dread,
 For Lies, and for Slanders, and Perjuries base,
 So plainly detected, and prov'd to his Face.
Derry down, &c.
