

# APPENDIX

"A TRIPOS OR SPEECH,  
DELIVERED AT A  
COMMENCEMENT IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF  
DUBLIN,

HELD THERE JULY 11, 1688,

BY  
JOHN JONES,  
THEN A.B., AFTERWARDS D.D.

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ACT [Section] I.  
*[Nihil ad rem.]*

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ACT [Section] II.

“ . . . . . ”

It was lately ordered that for the honour and dignity of the University there should be introduced a Society of Freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanics, porters,

parsons, ragmen, hucksters, divines, tinkers, knights, thatchers, cobblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviours, sculls, freshmen, bachelors, scavengers, masters, sowgelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and tailors, who shall bind themselves by an oath never to discover their mighty no-secret; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they meet with, after the example of the Fraternity of Freemasons in and about Trinity College, by whom a collection was lately made for, and the purse of charity well stuffed for, a reduced Brother, who received their charity as follows :

“ From Sawny Richardson, a bottle of ale and two rolls.

“ From Mr. Hassett, a pair of old shoes.

“ From a kind-hearted butcher at Lazy Hill, a calf's countenance.

“ From the Right Honourable Lord Charlemont, a cast hat.

“ From long Lawrence, an inch of tobacco.

“ From Mr. Ryder, a groat.

“ From Dr. Gwithers, an old glister-pipe.

“ From Mr. Marsh and Sir Tenison, a bundle of godly ballads.

“ From Mr. Smith, an old pair of quilted stockings.

“ From a tapster at the sign of the Hog in Armour, a comfit.

“ From Sir Goodlet, a piece of an old Smiglesius for a natural use, cunningly procured by the means of Sir Goodlet.

“ From Sir Warren, for being Freemasonized the new way, five shillings.

“ From Mr. Edward Hall, a pair of cast night gloves.

“ Lastly, from Mr. Hancock, a slice of Cheshire cheese; which the hungry brother eat up with such gusto, and liked so well, that he stole away the rest in his breeches.

“ Tam libera potitus contributione, frater scoundrellus sarcinulas suas discessurus colligit, et vultu

hilariorē solito. Quadrangulum transit; dumque præ nimio gaudio, porrectiore incedit fronte, altioresque tendit gressus, quisnam inter homines obviam dedit illi, nisi frater fraterrimus Cooper; qui ut fidelem novit hominem, festinatus accurrit, humaniter corripit dextram, utque moris est spississimo conspuat basio: deinde Bibliothecam versus, comiter ambulant ut inter caetera admirabilia Ridlaeum visitent: quem dum hospes curiosis lynceis oculis perscrutatur, et diligentius rimatur, quantum homuncionis iudices, carnifex, et medici, reliquerunt, pooh dolor, inter partes, an nobiliores an posteriores nescio, privatam Fraternitatis notavit signum (Anglicè, the Freemasons' Mark). Quo viso, Dii boni, quanto clamore totam infecit domum. Ter et saepius pulsavit pectus, exsanguis dilaniavit genas, et cheu nimium dilaceratas dilaceravit vestes. Tandem vero paulo modestius insaniens, hujusmodi versiculis ridiculum effudit dolerem.

[Our Brother, the scoundrel, having become master of so generous a collection, gets his wallets together with a view of making off, and crosses the Square with a more cheerful countenance than usual. And while, through his excess of joy, he advances with head erect and stalks with prancing paces, who of all men came to meet him but the most brotherly of brothers, Cooper! As soon as he recognises this faithful fellow, he runs to him with all speed, cordially grasps his hand, and, as their wont is, beslobbers him with a most glutinous kiss. Thereafter they walk towards the Library, with the object of viewing Ridley among the other wonders of the place. While the visitor is examining him with the prying eyes of a lynx, and is ransacking, with particular care, whatever the judges, the executioner, and the surgeons have left of the poor fellow's carcase, alas! and alas! he descried—whether on the nobler or the hinder parts, I know not for certain—the *Signum* (in plain English, the Freemasons' Mark). As soon as he saw this, good Heavens! with what a yell he filled the building. Over and over again he thumped his breast, lacerated his pallid cheeks, and tore to rags his garments, already, alas! too ragged. After a while, when his paroxysm had cooled down a bit, he poured forth his ludicrous grief in verses after this fashion.]

“EULOGIUM RIDLAEANUM :

“AN ELEGY UPON RIDLEV.

“ Unhappy Brother, what can be  
In wretchedness compared to thee,  
Thou grief and shame of our Society !

Had we in due time understood  
That thou wert of the Brotherhood,  
By fraud or force thou had'st got loose  
From shameful tree and dismal noose :  
And now perhaps with life been blest  
As comely a brother as the best,  
Not thus exposed a monumental jest ;  
When lady longs for college beer,  
Or little dame or country squire  
Walk out an afternoon, to look  
On thee, and devil-raising book ;  
Who kindly rather chose to die,  
Than blemish our Fraternity,  
The first of us e'er hang'd for modesty.  
And now, alack, and well-a-day,  
Thy parchment hide is stuff'd with hay :  
Nay, worse : the Æsculapians,  
Thy mighty misery to enhance,  
Have cruelly cut thee out of countenance ;  
And, to show witty spite, at once  
Preserved thy skin and lost thy bones.  
Thus here, in wooden hatch you stand,  
With scornful musket at your hand :  
The mice' and rats' mock centinel,  
A poor ridiculous spectacle  
To gibing Joan, to Kate and Nan,  
Thou worse than skeleton of man.  
So does he measure out his grief,  
For loss of Brother and of thief.  
Nor less concern'd does Cooper stand ;  
But sobbing with his clout in hand,  
And destitute of consolation,  
Kept time with all his tribulation.  
Their grumbling woe runs thro' and thro' them ;  
If all were known, 'twould quite undo them.  
The sighs which up and downward go,  
Their unfeigned sorrow show :  
For the devil's in't, if they pretend,  
Who vent their grief at either end.

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“Hoc munere elaborato, non diutius lacrymis indulgent, sed dolore pollice [pollice?] suppresso, taciti discedunt. Protinus lodgum convocant, fratresque omnes certiores faciunt quantum sibi infamiae, et quantum miseriae infelicissimo accedit fraterculo; graviter luget fraterculus et Societas, et suspiriis ex imo pectore petitis, statim provisum est in posterum, neminem qui crucem meretur, vel qui suspendendus est, in Societatem Freemasonorum admitti; quo autoritate statuto et albo [libro] lodgi prolato, singuli, tam generosi quam scoundrelli, solidissimis basiis promiscuè dicunt valedictionem.

[Having carefully attended to this duty, they give way to tears no longer, but, wiping their eyes on their knuckles [*lit.*, their grief being stifled with the thumb], make off in silence. They summon a Lodge forthwith, and inform all the brethren of the load of disgrace in store for themselves, and of suffering for their most unhappy little brother. The Fraternity and the aforesaid little brother take it greatly to heart, and, amid sighs heaved from the inmost breast, arrangements are made on the spot, that hereafter no one deserving of the extreme penalty of the law, or sure to be hanged, shall be admitted into the Society of Freemasons. As soon as this has been formally ruled, and the Register of the Lodge produced, each of them, gentlemen and scoundrels alike, bids farewell to the other with most solid kisses indiscriminately bestowed.]

END OF ACT [Section] II.

ACT [Section] III.

[In the epilogue, the orator makes rueful reference to the likely results of his afternoon's work, enumerating the various classes whose hostility he has excited.]

“ . . . I have left myself no friend. . . .  
If I betake myself to the Library, Ridley's ghost will  
haunt me, for scandalising him with the name of Free-  
mason. . . . The Freemasons will banish me  
their Lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing Long  
Lawrence. . . . I take my leave.

“FINIS.”