Records

of

The Most Ancient and Puissant Order

of the

Beggar's Benison

and

Merryland,

Anstruther

Anstruther

Printed for private distribution only

MDCCCXCII
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RECORDS OF THE MOST ANCIÉNT
AND PUISSANT ORDER
OF THE
BEGGAR'S BENISON
AND
MERRYLAND,
ANSTRUTHER

THE BEGGAR'S BENISON, or BENNISON
(as the word is differently spelt) was a
Scottish Society of an erotic and convivial nature,
composed of the Nobility and Gentry of Anstruther
and adjacent districts in the Kingdom of Fife, and
Caledonia. The origin of the Club, which was
formally founded in the year A.D. 1739, is said to have
been as follows:—

King James V.—"The Gude-man of Ballangeich,"—
in the disguise of a bagpiper, was journeying to the
East Neuk of Fife. Failing to cross the Dreel Burn, in spate, a buxom gaberlunzie lass came to the rescue, tucked up her petticoats, and elevated her Sovereign across her hurdies to the opposite bank. Enamoured with the high favour, his Majesty in return gave the damsel her fairin’ for which “the gude-man” got her “benison”!

Subjoined are the Code of Institutes and the Diploma of the Society.

THE CODE OF INSTITUTES

Be it known to all mankind by this present Constitution, that We whose Names are hereunto annexed having deliberately considered, that, as it can give offence to none, and as it is not inconsistent with the municipal Law in any part of His Britannic Majesty’s Dominions, or the general Law of Nations, to assume to ourselves, and those who shall be found duly Qualified and admitted as Companions, as a Collective body, the name and designation of the most Ancient and Puissant Order of the Beggar’s Benison and Merryland, have resolved, covenanted, and agreed, to support, maintain, and defend each other in the protection of our most delight-
ful Territories in Merryland, and to extend the fair Trade by National and Legal Entries, and to take all methods for the encouragement of those good people who shall deal therein, and to prevent as much as possible a preposterous and Contraband Trade too frequently practised, which, by fatal experience, tends to the discouragement and destruction of our loving subjects, the inhabitants of our said Colonies, and for promoting the laudable purposes above mentioned, which are founded on the principles of universal Benevolence, Charity, and Humanity. It is expressly Decreed that no person, or persons whatsoever shall be invested with the order of Knighthood aforesaid unless he or they are really, actually, and truly possessed of these Qualities and are of undoubted worth, untainted honour, integrity, and candour, and detesting litigiousness; neither shall any person be capable of being admitted that is convicted of cowardice, or that is even suspected of being capable of ingratitude, malice, slander, defamation, or other infamous thing or action. And that the business of our Order and Society be carried on and conducted with the greater decency and regularity, We do hereby appoint and constitute certain Officers and Dignitaries whose functions are hereafter mentioned. In the first place, a
Chief shall be named and called Sovereign Guardian of the most Ancient and Puissant Order of the Beggar's Benison and Merryland, who shall preside in all Chapters, Meetings, and Assemblies holden on affairs respecting the said Order in whose name all Diplomas, Commissions, Charters, and all other Writings shall be issued. The second Dignitary shall be a Remembrancer or Deputy to the Sovereign to be named by him and to preside in his absence. The third Dignitary shall be called and denominated Recorder whose Office shall be that of framing and composing the style and matter of all the Writings and Bye-laws relative to the business of the said Order, with power to him to name his own Clerk or Deputy. Reserving to ourselves and those who shall succeed us the privilege of nominating what other Dignitaries may be judged expedient hereafter. As also we have agreed that the four Royal Burrows lying next to that of Anstruther Easter, viz. Anstruther Wester, Crail, Pittenweem, and Kilrenny, as well as Anstruther Easter from which latter all Diplomas to be issued for the future shall be Dated, shall send a Commissioner, being a Knight, to advise with annually concerning the State of the Order, and Representatives shall be annually chosen at the Grand
Festival of St. Andrew by the Sovereign and Knights then present. Done at the Beggar's Bennison Chambers, Anstruther Easter, upon this 14 day of the Month known to the Vulgar by the name of September and in the year of Order 5739 and in that of the Christian Æra 1739.

William Ayton.
Charles Wightman.
Thomas Oliphant.
John Couper.
Alexr. Miles.
Thomas Erskine.
Richard Applin.
Robert Cleland.
James Lumsdain.
Robert Pringle.
Alexr. Blair.
David Anstruther.
William Rolland.
Alexr. Melvile.
Robert Lumsdain.
David Lesslie.
Mongo Grahame.
Thomas Nairn.
Robert Waddell.
Philip Paton.
Lord Newark.
Robert Hunter.
David Anstruther.
Sir Charles Erskine, Bt.
John McNachtane.
Robert Hamilton.
David Aitkenhead.
James Moncrief.
David Row.
James Grahame.
John Erskine.
Andrew Johnstone.

THE DIPLOMA OF THE SOCIETY

By the Supereminently Beneficent and Superlatively Benevolent Sovereign of the Most Ancient and Most Puissant Order of the BEGGAR'S BENISON and MERRYLAND in the year of his Guardianship and that of the Order 58

Having nothing more sincerely at Heart, than the Happiness and Prosperity of our Well-beloved Subjects the Inhabitants of our Celebrated Territories of MERRYLAND and the encouraging of Trade, Manufac-
ture, and Agriculture in that delightful Colony, And
Whereas We are fully satisfied that
has all manner of INCLINATION, AS WELL AS SUFFI-
CIENT ABILITIES, and other necessary Qualifications
for promoting these Noble and Laudable Purposes,
and Willing that such bold Adventurers should have
all suitable Encouragement, We do hereby CREATE,
ADMIT, and RECEIVE him a KNIGHT COMPANION of
the Most Ancient and Most Puissant ORDER OF THE
BEGGAR'S BENISON AND MERRYLAND, and by the
Name, Stile, and Title of to be used
and enjoyed by him in all time coming with Our full
powers and Priviledges of INGRESS, EGRESS, AND
REGRESS from and to and to and from all the Har-
bours, Creeks, Havens, and Commodious Inlets upon
the Coasts of our said Extensive Territories at his
pleasure, and that without payment of Toll, Custom,
or any other Taxes or Imposition, whatsoever.

Done at the Beggar's Benison Chambers at ANS-
TRUTHER upon the day of the Month Known to
the vulgar by the name of

Witness I the Recorder

This Form of Diploma is a double entendre tra-
vesty of a Ship's License attributed to John Nachtans
(sic in the original) or McNachtane, Collector of Customs, Anstruther; or to his young clerk, Nathaniel Murray.

The records here presented are chiefly copied from a mutilated scrap-book which was finally burnt by Matthew Forster Conolly, Town Clerk, Anstruther, the Tontine or last Survivor of the Society, who died at Anstruther Wester on the 11th December, 1877. There were about £70 of the Society's monies in his hands at the time of his death, which he bequeathed to the School of East Anstruther, per John Smith, Banker, a former Partner.

The Arcana of the Club were contained in a mahogany Box, which passed into the hands of Andrew Johnstone, of Johnstone Lodge, Anstruther, who had to be prosecuted for retaining it with its contents; a great quantity of which, well-known, were stolen, scattered, or burnt. Several MS, books were pilfered and destroyed by the various Officials from time to time, viz., Minutes, Songs, Toasts, Bon Mots, Pictures, and one renowned Wig worn by the Sovereign composed of the Privy-hairs of Royal courtizans.

From 1739 till 1823, a Sederunt Book, Journal, and Cash Book were kept. The Fee for Initiation,
Test, and Diploma was £3 3s. 6d., and £1 1s. 6d. additional was charged for the Medal (silver-gilt) which every Member had to wear at the Head Quarters, Anstruther, on St. Andrews' Day. The annual Subscription was £1 1s. 6d. In initiation every Member was necessitated to go through the Test, once for all, on St. Andrew's Day, at Anstruther, at the Council before the annual Banquet. The Sovereign presided over the Members wearing their sashes and silver-gilt medals. The Remembrancer produced the Testing-Platter which was placed on a high Stool or Altar in the centre of the room. The Recorder and two Remembrancers prepared the Novice in a closet, by causing him to propel his Penis until full erection. When thus ready he was escorted with four puffs of the Breath-Horn before the Brethren or Knighthood, and was ordered by the Sovereign to place his Genitals upon the Testing-Platter, which was covered with a folded white napkin. The Members and Knights two and two came round in a state of erection and touched the Novice Penis to Penis. Thereafter the special Glass, with the Society's Insignia thereon and Medal attached, was filled with Port Wine, when the new Brother's health was heartily and humorously drunk. He
was told to select an amorous Passage from the Song of Solomon and to read it aloud with comments; after which he was arrayed with Sash and Medal by the Sovereign, repeating the words along with the others, "May Prick nor Purse never fail you." The Banquet followed, when were shewn Curiosities; Songs were sung composed for the occasion; Sentiments and Toasts were given, with Recitations and classical Bon Mots here copied. Ovid's *Art of Love* and Byron's *Don Juan* were spouted. Sea-Captains from Holland and Denmark, &c., enriched the Society with lecherous Articles of Vertu. Anatomy and anatomical Bible texts were freely anatomised.

All subsidiary Convocations were conducted much after this fashion.

The Club's Bible has upon the Title Page, with the Royal Arms in the centre, this Inscription:—"Beggar's Benison, Castle of Dreel, Anstruther. Given for use by Thomas, Earl of Kellie, at the Initiation of Standing Members."—"Kept defiantly by Andrew Johnston, and discovered in 1823 in a Pawn Office, Canongate, Edinburgh."—"Printed by Richard Watkins, one of His Majesty's Printers. MDCCXLIV." On the other side of the Title Page are fixed 29
Bible used at the Beggar's Benison

Coats of Arms, from the Duke of Gordon downwards, viz., Roseberry, Selkirk, Glasgow, Deloraine, Portmore, Hyndford, Dundonald, Eglintonne, Dysart, Errol, Lothian, Torphichen, Saltoun, Sinclaire, Falkland, Arbuthnot, Kellie, Lindores, Gray, Balcarres, Elgin, Dunbar, Crawford, Airly, Lauderdale, Glencairn, Newburgh, Haddington. All of these were directly or indirectly "Knights" or Novices of the B.B. About a dozen Fly-leaves contain erotic Extracts, both in verse and prose, some of which are exceedingly gross, together with a Copy of the Diploma in beautiful caligraphy, and also "Facetiae Bibliothecae," or list of prurient Passages and Texts in Scripture, marked throughout. This Bible has a lock with two keys, upon which are engrav'en "P.B.B.A.," i.e., Parent Beggar's Benison, Anstruther, and "B.B.B.E.," i.e., Branch Beggar's Benison, Edinburgh. Upon the Lock-hole are two Vulvas crossed, with "Lignum Scientiae Boni et Mali" in block letters. A Box with a Punch Bowl having Insignia is still in existence in Glasgow.

From Cambo to Largo, without one exception, all the Lairds were Knights, and attended the Chapters and Assemblies regularly, despite inclement weather and bad roads. All their original Songs have perish-
ed. With few exceptions the Parish Ministers of the Four Eastern Burghs were duly installed Knights. Bishop David Low of Pittenweem, along with his chum, the Earl of Kelly, whose Arms are on the later Diplomas (a reduced Fac-simile of which is here presented), were unbroken in their countenance at all Chapters. Bishop Low requested the last Recorder to delete his name from the existing Records, which was done fifty times. David Wilson (latterly nicknamed "Cap-oot" from his Bacchanal amours) Relief Minister at the Shore, Pittenweem, was a prime Knight, "the Cock" of all assemblies. He was the origin of Wm. Scot Wilson, at Ayr, Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway. Most of the Knights in the last days of the Society were tinged with the views of Thomas Paine.

Anstruther being inconvenient and inaccessible for the majority of the Members, who had to come in private conveyances, it was agreed to have subsidiary Chambers in Edinburgh, for which there was a Second Seal engraved similar to the first, excepting the device of a Castle with Nisi Dominus Frustra. Collector McNachtane gets the credit of originating this Branch in 1766. Tradition indicates the manners and customs of this aristocratic Guild, the chief arcana having been
burnt. When King George the IV., then Prince Regent, visited Edinburgh some of his Associates informed his Majesty of this Society, and to his intense delight, he was presented with several of the Glasses and Insignia of the Order. No Documents of any kind remain to shew the manners and customs of the assemblies at this Branch: but all Diplomas continued to be given and dated from the original Anstruther. The Diploma of His Majesty, King George the IV., is still in existence, and is in the possession of a well-known Antiquary. It is given from the head-quarters at Anstruther, to H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, and bears date in the 12th year of the Guardianship of Sir James Lumsdaine, and in that of the Order 5783 (2nd August), R. Plenderleath, Recorder.

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Dreel Castle

The present remaining fragment called "Dreel Castle," occupies the site of the original. Previously to 1739 it was occupied by Charles Wightman, whose name the Wynd still bears. The Castle of Dreel was a notorious rendezvous for the smuggler and Jacobite. No questions were asked, consequently there were no returned empties. Mary Queen of Scots is said to have spent a night herein; but she spent so many
nights (according to story-tellers) in almost every Scottish fortress as to cause the big half to be ranked as "old salt saws." In 1528 it must have been a strong citadel, from the fact that John Anstruther, of that ilk, and John Strang, yr., of Balcaskie, became "cautioners" for William Anstruther and thirty-nine others, who had imprisoned David Lindsay in its dungeon or vault. Its last Royal guest was Charles II., who, as Lamont says, "on the 14th Feb., 1651, came alonge the coast by Levuin, Largo, Ellie, and lodged att the Laird of Enster's house all night." It was on this occasion that the King gave Sir Philip Anstruther the gold cup to this day in the family. It was here that the inhabitants stored their goods and chattels in casks when Cromwell invaded the locality. The Castle was used as a quarry to build the Manor House or Anster Place, and Sir John Anstruther gave the Ruin as a gift to the Burgh for the site of the shambles in 1808. It was in a Chamber or Chambers, designated "the Temple," that the yearly "collar day" assemblies of the Beggar's Benison convened on the 30th November.

After Dreel Castle lost caste and became a poor ruin, the Club met in a Sanctum or panelled Room of the old-fashioned hostel of the Treasurer, Andrew Johnstone,—taken down in 1871, at the erection of
the Town Hall. The final meetings and dinners convened in Robertson's Commercial Hotel.

Anstruther

or Anster, vulgarly pronounced Ainster, is a Dutch-looking village, made a Royal Burgh by James VI. in 1583, having about 2000 inhabitants. It is situated on the Coast of the Firth of Forth, and was long renowned as a great Herring-Fishery; but for many years bygone this erratic sea inhabitant has deserted the locality, causing disaster to all concerned in the Fishery. In the summer months the region is pleasant with sunshine, fine cornfields, and sea-breezes; but in other months Haars or dense mists from the German Ocean are prevalent and harmful to the weak-chested. A number of country Seats skirts the East of Fife from Balcarres onwards to Cambo. Hence the influence given to the "Beggar's Benerson." In Anstruther dwelt "Maggie Lauder," immortalised in the famous ballad. This heroine is reckoned to be "The Lily of the Bass" or "Fair Margaret of the Bass Wood," won by "Fisher Willie," the Lord of Anstruther in the days of "good King Alexander," and so named from the patriotic interest he took in the Fishery, then "the silver mine of the coast." The
fair bride he welcomed to his Castle of Dreel. On the other hand, "Rob the Ranters" was the name assumed by the gallant King James V., in his frequent visits disguised as a Piper, to the East of Fife.

**Maggie Lauder.**

(Written by Francis Semple, of Beltrees, Renfrewshire, about the 17th century.)

"Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
Richt scornfully she answer'd him—
Begone, you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bletherskate,
My name is Maggie Lauder.

I've liv'd in Fife, balth maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder."

Wm. Tennant, LL.D., Professor of Hebrew in St. Andrews University, an admirable gentleman, born with club feet, at Anstruther, and who died at
Dollar, æt 65, in his famous fanciful Poem—"Anster Fair," muddles incongruously Maggie Lauder with her suitors "King James" and "Rob the Ranter," a Piper by the wayside. In fact, they were the identical "personified" individuals. In Canto XI. Dr. Tennant makes Meg such a wanton as to "give her happy bed to him that jumped best." He certainly indulges here the liberty of the Poet, both in the flesh and in the spirit.

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**The Isle of May**

is situated in the mouth of the Frith of Forth, about six miles from Crail and upwards of seven from Anstruther, about a mile in length and three-fourths of a mile in breadth. It was formerly the property of General Scott of Balcomie, and next, of his daughter the Duchess of Portland, from whom it was purchased, with the right to the duties, by the Commissioners of Northern Lights, for £60,000. Since 1635 it has had a Light House; but in January, 1791, a sad disaster occurred. For two evenings no light shewed, and the weather was so tempestuous that no boat could put off to ascertain the cause. On the third day the storm abated, and a
boat was manned from Crail. No sooner had the crew landed in the deep natural harbour, still used, than they were met with a strong sulphurous smell. They proceeded directly to the old Light House, now standing, when they found the door fastened, and no one answered their calls. Forcing an entrance, they beheld the keeper, his wife, and five children, all lying suffocated, and a sixth infant sucking the dead mother. (This infant was subsequently educated at the Parish School of Crail, and was a class-fellow with the last survivor of the Beggar’s Benison.) In another apartment were two men almost expiring, but who recovered. This calamity was occasioned by some burning coals being blown off the great chauffer among refuse accumulated around the Light House.

Balcomie House, partly ruinous, in the East Neuk of Fife, now a Farm House, when not visible from the May, was the signal for the Light-keepers to shew light.

THE SEALS OF THE SOCIETY

The Seal numbered 2 in the opposite fac-similes was officially used by General Scott, a Sovereign of the B.B.A. (Beggar’s Benison, Anstruther), and was engraved in 1816, when the first oil-light was
fixed instead of the former perilous and unsatisfactory coal-fires. On the Seal two pelicans feed from a Vulva, representing life; overtopped by a pharos giving forth light. Rectus is uprightness. "Ins: Mai" is Insula Mai. The Island of May formerly had a Religious House, presented by David I. to the Abbot and Convent of Reading in Berkshire, who sold it to Wm. Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrew's, who made a grant of it to his own Cathedral. In the small Chapel nigh to the landing-place, shamefully cared for, with fragmentary walls still standing, is a piece of the stone coffin of S. Adrian, who was murdered by the Danes A.D. 870. This saint's Shrine was long a yearly resort in May for barren juvenile wives, which, with the Holy Well and Phallicism of the lusty Friars attached to the Priory of Pittenweem, bettered their circumstances. Hence the fertility of imagination evidenced by the members of the B.B.A. in devising such an additional Local Seal.

There are four Seals, two large and two small Signets, which were used by the Society, besides the silver-gilt Medal attached to a green watered-silk Ribbon, worn by the Brethren. This latter is extremely well done as a piece of art, and there are 15 still extant. The device on one side is Adonis with
his Dog or Hound and Spear, surprising Venus, over whom Cupid watches.

The original Seal (here numbered 4), of which an Impression is given the exact size, has a Penis erect with a Purse thereupon, alluding to the Motto upon one of the two smaller Seals. The Anchor is the Arms of the Burgh of Anstruther Easter. The matrix of the Seal is of fine Brass attached to an antique primitive Mahogany Handle.

The second large Seal (number 5) of similar design as the original was instituted by Collector McNachtane, when he founded the Branch in Edinburgh. The Castle and Motto ("Nisi Dominus Frustra") are the City Arms. The matrix is also of Brass, with a modern Mahogany Handle.

The Burgh Seal of Anstruther Wester (number 6) —divided from Anstruther Easter by the Dreel Burn or Stream—is unique in its design of the three Phallic Fishes or Salmon. About 25 years ago, a Salmon was the Vane of the Steeple of St. Nicholas' Parish Kirk, in place of the present Weather Cock. The entire design of the old Spire has been tastelessly altered for the worse, as well as the former Church.

One of the Signet Seals (number 1) has a Heart
with a Vesica Piscis, or Ichthus, or Vulva, surrounded with the Inscription "Sight improves Delight."

The Signet Seal numbered 3 represents the Society's Motto already alluded to.

THE SOCIETY'S FOUNDERS

The following fragmentary Notes relative to the original Founders of the Society have been gleaned from the surviving MSS. (See pages 5 and 6, ante.)

William Ayton

was one of the last Lairds of Kinaldy, and was noted far and near as one of the most jovial Squires of Fife.

Charles Wightman

was the leading Merchant of his time in Anstruther, and occupied the stately old Tenement built on the site of the original Castle of Dreel. With its back stair to the sea, this house was unique on the coast. Mr. Wightman was factor for the Earl of Kellie, who was out in the Rising of 1745. The shrewd old Countess Janet discovered, at the death of the factor, that he was far behind in money transactions, and accordingly she seized the house, and bestowed it on "Butler Robertson," who had fed the
fugitive Earl, so as to blind even the domestics, while hiding in the great Tree at the Castle.

**THOMAS OLIPHANT**

was one of the scions of the lordly House of Kellie. He owned lands in the Parish of Carnbee, but like so many muirland Squires he lived at Anstruther Wester. Mrs. Oliphant, the distinguished Novelist, is allied through her mother to this branch of the family.

**JOHN COUPER**

was a well-to-do Whig farmer in the Parish of Kilrenny.

**ALEXANDER MILES**

was a substantial Burgess of Cellardyke, where his descendants even yet own considerable property. He farmed certain of the old Kirk Lands of Kilrenny. He was a dour Presbyterian,—one of the first to take road on the Sabbath day to the Kirk, attired in his braid bonnet, knee breeks, and sky-blue coat with its shining brass buttons. Albeit, he was as likely as not to be in the lead with his grey mare when a cargo of smuggled tea or gin was to be run at Innergellie haven. In these exploits he had for his right hand man his friend John Couper.
Sir Thomas Erskine, Bart.

was one of the sons of the staunch Jacobite of Cambo. Cardinal Erskine was of this family. Sir Thomas was the chief Jester and Poet Laureate of this rollicking Confraternity, and his Songs were the terror, by their scathing wit, of the Pharisees of the Kirk. He got the soubriquet of “Fiddler Tam.”

Robert Cleland

was a Merchant and Bailie of Crail. He was the son of the Laird of Carnbee and brother-in-law of James Moncrieff of Sauchope. The Bailie was the life and soul of the Jacobite party, and so was the successor of Bailie Harry Crawford, who gave a lodging in his big house to Berlum in ’15.

Robert Pringle

was a kinsman of the above Robert and James Lumsdaine, of Innergellie.

David Anstruther

was son of Sir Alexander, who married the heiress of Newark, the granddaughter of the famous soldier David Leslie, first Lord Newark. Sir Alexander was stripped of his lands; but penniless as he was, David and his younger son were the life and soul of the table.
Alexander Melville

One of the Whig Councillors of Pittenweem, son and heir of the wily Politician Bailie James Melville, usually spoken of as the "King of Pittenweem," who built the big house at the Shore occupied by Charles Moyes, the brother of the blind Philosopher.

David Leslie

Was a Merchant in Anstruther, the son of "long Leslie" the Curate of Ceres, with whom Archbishop Sharpe (afterwards Episcopal Minister of Crail) smoked his last pipe. By the gift of his sister, the widow of John Lindsay, David owned the fine old house which stood on the site of Johnstone Lodge. He was an uncompromising Jacobite.

Thomas Nairn

Was a Surgeon at Anstruther, and was one of the brothers of the Rev. James Nairn, Minister of the Parish. He was one of the props of the Kirk; and nothing can so well illustrate the priceless value of the Order that men so different in temper and politics as David Leslie and Dr. Nairn could meet at the Beggar's Benison Altar as "brithers a'."

Robert Waddell

Was Shipbuilder at Anstruther and Chief Magistrate
of Kilrenny. He was also a zealous Whig and leading supporter of the General. He likewise represented his native Burgh of Kilrenny in the General Assembly. The consequence of the Bailie is so far seen to-day in the fine old tenement built by him in the west end of Cellardyke.

**Philip Paton**

Merchant and Bailie in Anstruther, afterwards Comptroller of the Customs at Kirkcaldy.

**William Leslie Anstruther**

assumed (though improperly) the title of *Lord Newark*, which by the Patent became extinct at the death of his grandfather, the second Baron.

**Robert Hunter**

Clerk of Customs, was his successor as Chief Magistrate at West Anstruther.

**Sir Charles Erskine, Bart.**

of Cambo, the devoted friend of Prince Charlie, fell at the Battle of Laffeldt, 1747.

**John McNaughton (or McNachtane)**

was Collector of Customs at Anstruther till he was appointed Inspector General at Edinburgh, where he latterly resided, and instituted there a Branch of the Beggar's Benison in 1766.
David Aitkenhead was Chief Magistrate of West Anstruther. He was especially active in the interest of General Philip Anstruther of Airdrie, so unpopular as the one Scottish M.P. who supported Walpole in the attempt to disfranchise the City of Edinburgh over the Porteous Mob. The Bailie was one of the best wirepullers of his day; but here the Whig faction was defeated, for in the general Election of 1741 the General was ousted from his seat by Colonel John Stuart, one of the younger sons of the Earl of Moray.

David Row, Comptroller of Customs at Anstruther. He was hanged at Carlisle for his share in the Rising of '45.

James Grahame, an influential Merchant and Bailie of Anstruther. He was a man of decision and spirit, and ruled the Council as with a whip.

Nota Bene

It has been decided to issue the Account of the Proceedings at the Meetings of the Society together with the Excerpts from the Toasts, Bon-mots, Recitations, Stories, and Songs thereat spouted and sung, as
a Supplement to the present Book; for, as may be judged from the foregoing Historical Sketch of the Club, they contain matter of considerable coarseness.

The Musomanik Society
ANSTRUTHER

In closing this brief description of the "Beggar's Benison," it may be mentioned that contemporaneously with its existence and also succeeding its demise there flourished a Musical Society at Anstruther, whose Seal will be found facsimiled (number 7) on the Plate of Seals facing p. 19 ante, containing at the top the Inscription "Vos O Lauri Carpam," at the bottom "Sig. Soc. Muso," and in the middle a Lyre with an anchor (the Burgh Arms) surrounded by a Laurel Wreath and the Words "Hall of Apollo, Anstruther, 1813."

Hereunder is appended a Copy of the Diploma granted in the year 1815 by this Society to Sir Walter Scott.

THE MUSOMANIK SOCIETY,
ANSTRUTHER.

BE IT KNOWN TO ALL MEN, by these Presents, that
WHEREAS Apollo, the Sovereign Lord of Poetry, hath
by particular Predilection, singled us out from the Prosaic Herd of Men, to be the special Vessels of his Illumination, and, in consequence of that Choice, hath, in his high Benignity, shed a generative Ray upon the naturally barren Soil of our Pericraniums, thereby rendering them exceedingly rich and prolific of Odes, Ballads, Bouts rimés, Acrostics, Pastorals, Epic Poems, and other Rhythmical Effusions:

And Whereas, Deeming it unwise and unprofitable to dissipate the richness and fecundity of our Brains in the vulgar Intercourse with men, We have Associated ourselves into a Musomanik Society and Club of Rhymers, in order to enjoy, by reflection of one another’s Fire, the Coruscations of our own festive minds, by that means truly testing, with the heightened gust of Self-Administration, the pleasure of our Poetical existence:

Further, Whereas considering, that, Gifted as we are with sharp and penetrating Wisdom, we can easily Discern the Seal of Apollo Stamped upon the Forehead of our Elect Harmonist Walter Scott, Whereby it is evident that the Unshorn God Claims Him for His Own,—

We, the Vicegerent Subjects of the said Apollo
in Anstruther, Numbering that of the Nine Muses, Do Hereby Admit, Legitimate, Enfranchise, and Inaugurate the Said Walter Scott Into our Musomanik Society, Brotherhood, and Corps—Freely Bestowing upon Him all its Rights and Privileges; and Granting Him liberty to Rhyme and Scribble in what Shape, Manner, and Degree he Will, whether he be pleased to Soar in the Epopee, to Sink in the Song, to Puzzle in the Riddle, to Astonish in the Odes, or to Amuse and Make Merry with the Bouts rimés.

Given, Signed, Sealed, and Numbered at the Hall of Apollo in Anstruther, the Sixteenth day of March, in our Third Year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen.

No. 37. Charles Gray, Laureate Chief.
Andrew Johnston, Bard.
James Dow, Songster.
Wm. Tennant, Recorder.

L.S., Thomas White, Keeper of Seal and Riband.
Will. Cockburn, Treas.
Matt. F. Conolly, Sec. and Dipl.
Sir Walter Scott's Diploma

Andw. G. Carstairs, Chaplain.
David Rodger, Warden.

ANSTRUTHER
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MDCCCCXCII
Introduction

ALTHOUGH the existence and partial revelations of the unique Beggar's Benison were by tradition handed down to the present day, yet the King of Terrors and the terror of Kings have never yet broken faith with the secrets of the unknown bourne, unwritten for the inquisitive.

Repeatedly, for many years, urgent requests for information were forwarded anent the transactions of this aristocratic, yea, Royal hilarious Brotherhood.

Half a truth or untruth is more difficult to combat and rectify than the entire genuine commodity. So, this secret Lodge got credit for many exploits which literally never took place.

Owing to the sparse population of the small Burgh wherein it originated, there was no supply of wenchcs, even if such had been in demand.

The only instance of even a stark exhibition, not
for concubinage, was made known at the Manse of Dunino, when a bride, from Cellardyke, came with her bridegroom to be wedlocked by the Rev. James Roger, the Minister of that Parish, who was a character in his generation. He turned night into day in his studies, never going to bed until cock-crowing, summer nor winter. He wore the most expensive superfine black cloth,—his coat being of swallow-tail fashion. Around his neck was wound an enormous choker or table-cloth, under which he buried his chin. Hence he was soubriqueted "The British Linen Co." He was the last in Fife who powdered his hair. He had an only son, the late Rev. Dr. Charles Roger (or, as he preferred, Rogers), of Wallace Monument and Grampian Club fame, who was greatly concerned about the ultimate destiny of the "B.B." He narrated that he perfectly remembered, whilst a boy of 14, the appearance of the above-mentioned Marriage-party at his father's Manse, distant from Anstruther about six miles by road and about four miles from the ancient city of St. Andrews, formerly the archiepiscopal metropolis of Scotland.

In a rural Scotch Parish a Wedding is of rare and extraordinary occurrence. On this occasion it got wing among the Parishioners that the Bride was a
heroine, and after the knot was tied, and at the departure for home, some covetous damsel shouted:—
"Ah! ah! that's the B-t-h that shewed her hairy C--- and A--- to the gentlemen of the Beggar's Benison for Five Shillings."

The present private Type of the yearly revelry of this Company is not meant to pander to prurience, but to register the convivial manners and customs of the Nobility and Land-owners in the 18th century,—where they convened in a remote out-of-the-way corner in the East Neuk of the Kingdom of Fife.

The limited restriction of the volume prevents any opined pimping, inasmuch as it is solely intended for Antiquaries.

Our most eminent novelists, dramatists, and physiologists indulge in the *double entente*. The popular inimitable effusions of Robert Burns, the Scottish National Bard, and the exquisite Plays of Will. Shakespere superabound in verbiage not to be quoted in the presence of the fair sex, nor for "ears polite"; albeit such are published broadcast. What would be the feelings of some *recherché* individuals in hearing some passages of "Tristram Shandy," a book to be picked up on every book-stall? Classic authors (Horace especially) are read as Text-books at schools
and colleges for the education of youth. Our entire English literature,—even the Bible itself and portions of the Book of Common Prayer,—are not fit for public nor family reading. Who could read before ladies the plain language scattered so profusely through the Books of Moses and elsewhere?

There has been published from time to time, since 1789, "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Display’d,"—a small volume of 159 pages, shewing the style of Preaching which prevailed in Scotland at the era when the "B.B." Association was founded. From the Letters of Samuel Rutherford quoted therein, the sequel is culled:—"O that I had my fill of Christ’s love! But I know that ill manners make an uncouth and strange bridegroom. . . . I confidently believe that there is a bed made for Christ and me, and that we shall take our fill of love in it. . . . . A kiss of Christ blown over his shoulder,—the paring and crumbs of glory under his table in heaven,—a shower, like a thin May mist, of His love, would make me green, sappy, and joyful."—Sect. III. Chap. I. Page 98: “Mr. William Guthrie, preaching on Peter’s confidence, said,—Peter, sirs, was as stalwart a fellow as ever had cold iron at his arse, and yet a hussy with a rock [distaff] feared him.”—An-
other Calvinist preacher, inveighing against the gaudiness of women, spake thus: "Behold the vanity of women, look to them. You'll see first a satin petticoat; lift that, there is a tabby one; lift that, there is a holland smock; lift that, and there you will see what they ought not to be proud of—a no very cleanly spectacle! Eve (quoth he) was not so vain; she covered her ahem with fig-leaves."—In Perth one of the Knox-Rabbis preaching, a little before the Battle of Killiecrankie, delivered himself thus: "Aha! my beloved, there are not so many towns in all this muckle county as could hang auld Sawny Satan. Besides, he's as light as a feather. What, then, will you do with him,—for he will not hang? Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Humph! my beloved, there is too much cork in his arse; he's as supple as an eel,—he'll not sink."—Mr. Shiels, preaching at Borthwick, in Roxburghshire, said:—"Many have religion the day, but will have none the morn: their religion is soon gone, like a hot lass's virginity."—One Mr. Strange, in Berwick, preaching on Acts II. 37, before several ladies of the best quality, said: "Well now, I doubt not but that several of you who have come in late have been too long this holy morning kicking against the pricks. Ye
ought to think shame of yourselves for so doing. Others of you have come here to get a prick of the gospel: I fear few of you as yet have gotten a prick, —but some of you may get a prick within a short time.” Seeing some smothering their laughter, he continued: “Sirs, do not be evil-thoughted, do not take me up wrong. It is not a natural prick I mean, but a prick at the heart. I mean not the pricks of the flesh, but the pricks of the spirit,—even the sweet prick of conscience.”—At Lilliesleaf, in Teviotdale, a Mr. Hogg, in an extemporary prayer, fervently spoke thus: “Lord, here’s a great hantle of bonny, braw, well-fac’d cummers before Thee this morning of Thy day: come down, good Lord, and hobble upon their lily-white wames, and get them full of the bairn of grace. O, for a long Play-day with Christ.”

Nude figures are unconsciously drawn by the Boarding-school misses and others studying the graceful poses of the Divine image and form, portrayed by the noblest masters of art. Photos and Pictures of the highest classic talent are vended and pricelessly treasured.

Probably we should never desire to see ourselves, as others behold us, a second time; and this would
likely be the case with those combined in this felicitous Confraternity of the "B.B.," who have all long ago gone to the Unknown.
NOTES
TAKEN OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE SOCIETY'S HALF-YEARLY MEETINGS

1733. St. Andrew's Day. 16 present. The engendering of Toads; The menstruation of Skate; and The gender of an Earthworm. Arcana shewn. Chambers shut in the usual form by our Sovereign.

1734. Candlemas. 13 Knights present. Chamber tyled at 3 o'clock, and opened in due manner. One Feminine Gender, 17, was hired for One Sovereign, fat and well-developed. She stripped in the Closet, nude; and was allowed to come in with face half-covered. None was permitted to speak to or touch her. She spread wide upon a Seat, first before and then behind: every Knight passed in turn and surveyed the Secrets of Nature. Afterwards the Sovereign
closed the Chambers, after Repast in the accustomed form. Secresy enjoined upon faith.

1734. *Lammas.* 18 assembled, and Frigged upon the Test Platter. The origin and performance were discussed. The Platter was filled with semen, each Knight at an average did not "benevolent" quite a horn spoonful.

1734. *St. Andrew's Day.* 24 present and 4 Novices tested and frigged. Betty Wilson, 15, was hired, but a bad model and unpleasant. Resolved against such another row.

1735. *Candlemas.* 19 assembled. Enjoyable with Songs and Sights. One forgetful Knight had to be escorted out. The Hen for Banquet being full of Eggs was discussed philosophically. The Knights revealed their knowledge of the Secrets of Nature.

1735. *St. Andrew's Day.* 24 present. Every Penis exhibited and compared by erection and frig-discharge. 3 Novices were tested. A girl of 15 appeared nude for a few minutes: she shewed herself satisfactorily and was engaged for next Assembly.

1736. *Candlemas.* Usual Banquet at 3. Not a very
agreeable Assembly, owing to several Knights turning insubordinate.

1736. *St. Andrew's Day.* Very good turn out: 2 Novices tested. Jane Bowman behaved well; a capital form of humanity. The Knights compared notes as usual, and dissolved about 3 o'clock a.m.

1737. *Candlemas.* 13 present; exhibited and animadverted. Two girls, 16 and 17, posed, exhibited, and danced nude. Nothing inharmonious.

1737. *St. Andrew's Day.* 24 met, 3 tested and enrolled. All frigged. The Dr. expatiated. Two nymphs, 18 and 19, exhibited as heretofore. Rules were submitted by Mr. Lumsdaine for future adoption. Fanny Hill was read. Tempest. Broke up at 3 o'clock a.m.

1738. *Candlemas.* 19 remained to Banquet, after the customary Salutations by all the Knights. Margt. Latty came at 6, and had to be dismissed. Several members got combative, when stricter Regulations were passed in order for proper and subordinate behaviour in all
time coming. A Seal and Diploma were draughted.

N.B.—All Notes and Memoranda lost from this date until 1806; when another 4to vol. briefly recorded Proceedings, and was eventually destroyed by M. F. Conolly. The old Bell and Hour Glass used at these Meetings still exist; but there is no trace of any surviving MS. of the "Grace" said at the Banquets.
DINNER SENTIMENTS,
BON-MOTS, TOASTS, &c., COLLECTED FROM
SCRAPS WRITTEN IN INK AND PENCIL,
DATED FROM 1732 TO 1820.

Plough straight and win the ridge.
It seems a thing to wonder on.
A “Standing” Order. “Same again all round.”
Nature abhors a Vacuum.
Juno! how came it cloven? Why, you know it is
not that yet, until the Wedge is put in; ’tis
only dimpled.

A Promontory perilous to Touch!
The Path of Rectitude: Fierce not Feeble.
As we are now enclosed in our Castle of Dreel, let
our multiform Drills be now turned out for
Drill on our Merry Island. Sovereign, Com-
mand! A trophy of Arms is at the bottom of
our individual Oaks,—and over the Trophy is
Mons Veneris!
In we go and take our chance.
The same Old Thing over again.
The Hole in the Shutter of the Castle of Dreel.
The Beggar's Benison,—the Ramrod Corps!
The School wherein we learnt to Ride.

We meet in secret—doubly sweet,
Oh! Castle Dreel! our bower to greet.
With Nature's gift of youth and health
We pine and long to come by stealth.
Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A C--t too moist or a P---k too strong:
Yet who from F--king would refrain,
Let things be never the same again?

The Prick of Conscience.
Rum Holes in Jamaica. (Lord Kellie's toast.)
Here's to the speedy She-Mason, who can so nimbly
take out first the Mortar, and then throw
down the Steeple, without injuring the Stones.
Firm Erection, fine Insertion, excellent Distillation,
no Contamination.
May our Bald-headed Hermit, when he enters his
Cell, fervently pour forth his Essence of De-

Any Port in a Storm.
The Anvil lasts longer than the Hammer—the only Consolation the Undermost has!
Once entered in Port and Anchored, no fear then of Shipwreck.
A Puzzle for a Maiden: Sea, Ewe, Hen, Tea.
Three Qualities in a proper Woman:—Well-hipped, well-breasted, easy mounted.
No Thing in Nature is both beautiful and small. It is beautiful when firm and erect in proportion to the size of the surrounding Landscape. Colours also enhance the effect.
What is the greatest Curiosity in the world? A Woman's!
I lie upon the naked Thing of Love.
A Pushing Man of Business,—Make both Ends meet. Never be surprised at any Thing.
Navel Battles! Midnight Campaigns! Success doubtful! Engagement perpetual!
The Sentiment of the Pittenweem Friars:—"Friction comes, because we all want the Joys of the front Dormitory; for, after saying, 'I believe in God,' we end for the night with the Resurrection of the Flesh!" Given as a Toast by David Anstruther, at the annual Banquet in 1743.
Before we break up for the season, let us each shew
the best Article for propagating Truth.

A "Maggie Lauder" Anster School Idyll, for
"The Beggar's Benison."
Ram it in. Jam it in.
Still there's more to follow:

Calculus and Mathematics. Bang it in.
Slam it in. What were we made for?
Rhetorics and Hydrostatics. Hoax it in.
Coax it in. Rub it in.
Club it in. Scold it in.
Drive it in. Mould it in. Hold it in.
Still there's more to follow.

Those who've passed the furnace through,
With powers done, will tell to you
How the Teacher crammed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
When inside was hollow!

At our Initiation into the Beggar's Benison, when
the Sough Horn sounds, we have warning to
view the motions of the Tested.
Courage is the Starch in the Collar of Success and
Enjoyment.
A fellow with an expensive case for holding his Fly
Rod, may, on opening out, have lots of Fun Fishing; but the Cove with the rustic primitive Wand and the Bag of Worms, gets the Trout!

At the Initiation of a Sovereign B.B.—Toast: Nisbet's "HERALDRY" is about to be Undertaken.

Be sure to leave behind you a good Impression.

The Radical Moisture from the Female Cave; the open space for Cupid's Rudder; the fine Sheath for the bold Dagger.

"That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs."

(Hamlet.)

"Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock, they are to blame." (Hamlet.)

Made (Maid) of penetrable stuff! Oh! such a deed from the body of contraction plucks the very soul." (Hamlet.)

"Touching her's makes happy my rude hand."

"Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet."

How red, how moist, how round, how hot, how stiff, how nut-brown and Dissolving!

Ovid is the surest Guide
You can name, to shew the way
To any Juvenile or Bride,
Who astride can't Ride Asplay.
Soft desire and gentle pain.
'Tis ours to love and by surprise to gain.
The *Pitch* to all ages Nature makes well-known,
Which *sticks* us both when toiling with *one Oar* alone.
Entombed we lie, but when crowned we reign.
Arms beneath, near to the spot, and on the moun-
tain’s base.

**Semper Paratus**—Always ready—*Cunctando*!

We all well understand the *Call,*
But have not always *Wherewithal.*

We, to be strong, must put off every dress:—
The fittest armour is our nakedness.

It’s very easy to *Talk,* but not so to *Do*:—
Higher up, Skylark, hardest tasks you’ll subdue.

Don’t *grasp* at too much at a time, or you’ll find, to
your cost, that the (w)hole will be lost.

Forbidden Fruit! Who does not thirst for it?
“*If I rest, I rust.*” (*German Proverb.*)

K-not-With-Standing.—A Bachelor’s Bore!

“*Bonnie Maggie, Braw Maggie, Bonnie Maggie*
Lauder!
She pisht upon the puir folk and farted on her
father!”

—Sung standing by the whole Legion of Honour,
after dinner discussed. The Discussion was lost in a burst of laughter at the indelicacy of the sentiment. "Innergelly" called for a supper of Sheeps' Heads at eight o'clock: "Cambo" seconded,—"Apart from egotism, and present company always excepted,—Sheeps' Heads for ever!"

Sir Charles Erskine's Art-Toasts, ordered to be kept up and copied:

"Hitherto, in our Order of Merryland, and within our Castle of Dreel, always carefully fenced and fortified, we have often and frequently produced the mutual capacity for the chiefest and greatest of all natural Art. The results in some are allowed to be visibly achieved, as an earnest of still greater success in the future; but, in others of us, the seed is sown, while we had rather pray for a downright bad or no Harvest. In fact, we prefer to this latter, only sheer Landscape. We only desire won recognition, to be highly appreciated and intelligently studied as facts significant, artistically and dexterously delivered, according to the technical tradition of our intelligent forefathers from Abraham, Solomon, and David—onwards, upwards, and downwards, To and Fro."

Let us often gaze on the varied inspiriting
Nooks of our East Neuk in the Town o' Maggie Lauder. As we meet, chiefly at our annual Survey, ideas are produced to be thrown into the common good. We all admire the Transformation-scenes exhibited at each initiation of our several novices, which are lost, for the nonce, until they reappear at next installation. Again they vanish, till, at next opportune sederunt, new lights appear, which, year by year, become the brighter for the more frequent and careful snuffing.

Bishop Low (after he became Bishop) had his name obliterated by Mr. Conolly from the Records. One of his jokes remains. *Sic*: "Jenny Brodie was caught one evening in autumn behind the door of Josh's Hen House, by the Milk-woman, who started back, exclaiming—'Lord! wha's there?''—'Ow! It's me: I'm seekin' a Hen.' Old Josh happened to be stepping about, and hearing the colloquy, nettled up and rejoined, 'Ah! ye het bitch, ye're no seeking a Hen—ye're seekin' a Cock!''

An Anster Sentiment.—A tiny Boat with Prow of perfect Ruby; whose shape assumes, in swell and concavity, a single Pearl, and whose Rudder is a Strand of Ivory.
"Boys will be boys, and men will be men,"
As the lassie said to the laddie,
When they saw what the Cock did to the Hen.

"Alas!" sighed Jenkinson, "to think that I, who am such a lover of Nature, should discover, after my marriage, I am indissolubly wedded to a mere Fart of Art,—neither adapted for Fire nor Wire. Anatomists say that we change entirely every seven years. Lord! am I to wait all that time until this narrow contraction opens up?"

A Crab does not crawl backward. It is but made that way: it is going forward all the time. So be we all like crabs, while on move.

Are your Barometers conical on the top?
What did the paper weight for? And why did the ink stand, and the pen rack?

Hymeneal incompatibilities, as a speciality carefully adjusted:—'Tis slavery to detain the hand when the quim won't work from aridity: for there's many a smoke with no tobacco!

Love only shall be current coin; and that let us lavish to acquire our ends.

The Play's the Thing.
The ecstasy of Love is when the Gum oozes from the Fir-tree.
If you inoculate, both will relish the pox.
Let us hold up our trousers of despair with the braces of hope.
Stand stane-still before riding.
Handle her gently and privately. Go darkly to work with her. That's the way in the Indicative mood; for, women are light at midnight, and, as time floats on, always at cock-crow, hot as an oven.

Thus, ever, ever may we stick like pitch,
Pitch, pitch, pitch,—Pitch, pitch, pitch!
Maids turned Bottles cry aloud for Corks.—(Rape of the Lock, Cant. 4.)
The more we give, the more is still requir'd.
A smacking Buss—No Words.

Here use thy point, here try thy shocks,
Let this thy sharpest fury feel.

Query—Can the sighs of lovers indicate the size of both Indicators? Only the Contents.
An old Tory Toast for Bridegrooms:—Let there be no Screw loose in the Cabinet.
First and Last Initiation—Bolt upright.
Sane Counsel—Tact is a Great Thing.
Dinner Sentiments, &c.

A BRIEF PLAY.


Query—Is it better to support a Wife the first night, or that the Wife should support you?

Answer—All depends upon circumstances. There is a great deal in the truth that “a man can go no farther than his Wife will Let him.”

Query—When is a Bridegroom like a Ship?

Answer—When he rides over the bounding Wave.

Query—Sense in a short sentence for the Night?

Mouth shut, Quim open!

Sent in a Snuff Box to Miss Patullo, of Balhowffie.

“Think when you ope this treasure from your lover,

Yourself's the Bottom, and that I'm the Cover.”

Query—Why is a young Belle like a Fiddle?

Answer—Because she needs a Beau to Play upon her.
Why are women as a rule in-kneed? Because Necessity demands satisfaction.
Query—Do you know what Musical Instrument gives a Miss of 19 the highest satisfaction?
Answer—A Flute, high-pitched and tightly held.
Query—What is the best Article in the Bed of the Ocean of Love?
Answer—A Woman’s; for she is the Sheet-Anchor.
What grows bigger the more you contract it?
Query—Why is a Frig worth a difficult F--k?
Answer—Just because “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

The swell will die away in delicious distillation, in suffocation, and transformation. Rather than fail, the touch of her fingers will rectify your stallion for the plunges to come. The titillating squeezes wedge well!

The Harbour of Refuge and the Fisherman’s Port. Hide and seek at the close of the day.

Courtship Dialogue.

Nymph. My dear, let me look through your Telescope? What a long one!
Swain. Yes, my darling. Pull it out. That’s not the way. You will twist it.
Nymph. You pull it out, dear! How nice, now! I see through it so far; but it is heavy to hold.
Swain. This one is better. It's a swell affair.
Nymph. Oh! how curious! How it magnifies while I hold it! It discovers my real feelings and thoughts. Oh! I can neither sit nor stand. I have got so funny and nervous.
Swain. My darling, lie down, then, beside me!

Benediction.
May we all have grace and power to improve our Natural Parts and with our magic Rods sound where hidden treasures may be found. Also, as Knights Errant of the Beggar's Benison, let us draw our Rapiers when fallen on the carpet. But, before action, may we all strive, with much Self-Examination, to forecast our Commodities, so as to prove fit Vessels. Shun we all Bellies that are like to swell, dowdy Drabs with arse-shaped breasts, and pert Punks that mar the Play.
There's danger in Touching—so Beware!
But even an Archangel could not shun the snare, it is so bewitching.
Let Benison Cocks, like some of our Corks, never appear in poor spirits: because the Cock is
the fulcrum of all Forces to and fro, up and down, back and fore.

**Maidenhead Bridge.**

It's pleasant to steer with a girl by your side,  
Where the Coxswain stands erect for the tide.  
Never heed Rovers steering the opposite way;  
Steer you through the Arch with the pillars asplay.  
You will soon hear the Echo from Coxswain to crew,  
Ah! Oh! Oh! Oh! How delightful this View!  
A Sigh was the Echo of Maidenhead Bridge,  
A —— was the Echo of Maidenhead Bridge!

An old Light Burgher, strictly brought up, fancied a  
brisk widow of the same persuasion; and  
both were joined in wedlock. They were  
watched and overheard the first night. When  
they were under the blankets, the Bridegroom  
prayed the Lord to direct him; when the ex-  
perienced Bride rejoined—"The Lord streng-  
then you; but I will direct you!"

Ah! Ornament that decks a Thing Divine!  
The politest Article which a Lady can receive.  
May the Test of a Woman's Heart stand the Test,  
i.e., the Touchstone of the Metal.  
Connubial Bliss: "Hard and Fast."
Never object to Coin because it is Tight.
Keep him too long in, and he becomes a Cipher.
The Bent of our Inclinations is always crooked.
"There's no Loss but there's some Profit," quoth the
Lass when her Maiden-Head broke.
"That's a stunning affair," quoth the Damsel when
she was hard pushed.

Query—What is the Spring-time of life? Answer by
Andrew Johnston: "Our Dancing days."—
Rejoinder by Wm. Aytoun: "By my faith—
my wife said last nicht—Willie, we hae danc-
ed lang alow the blankets, and ye're noo a
fashionless devil; for yere mid leg has nae
spring."—Ordered to be noted by the Recorder,
B.B.

Instructions in Riding: "If you cannot stay on the
bare back, by reason of the kicking and plung-
ing, then secure your seat in the saddle, and
try posting between a pair of shafts!"

May our Friction-Match come up to the Scratch.

Query—Can we repress a Need of Nature?
Answer—Former transpirations only whet the fleshly
yearnings. Oh! her rounded bust; the smell
of her intoxicating feminine odour, burning in
perspiration from her amorous shape for mutual shy gratification; an Archangel could not but feel his Sinews stiffened with fierce desire to be suffocated within the yawning Chasm. We were both dying for it!

Did you hear that little Flute-like sound? Yes. It has a choking smell of gunpowder. Let the Door be opened for Ventilation.

**Overheard First Night.** —“Ah! My woman, somebody has been *Cooking* your *Goose* before me?” “Verra weel, Sawney, you’ll get the *Roastin’ o’t.*”

Female Brigade:—Stand and Deliver.
THE Penis or Yard is composed of the extremity, the body, and the root.

The Extremity or Glans Penis—Glans is a Latin word signifying chestnut from its similarity of shape—is of a somewhat conical shape, rather flattened from above downwards, and of a deep red colour—resembling that of the Nut, as noticed, whence it takes its name—"The Nut of the Yard." The skin or hood which covers the nut or glans is the prepuce or foreskin, which the Jews and Mahomedans cut off in circumcision. Sometimes it is necessary to incise the foreskin in adults who have it so tight that it could not be drawn back without great pain in full erection of the penis. The use of the foreskin is to keep the glans soft and moist, in order to give it
sensitiveness,—although in full manhood it usually extends but little, and never during erection, over the point of the penis. We have all noses, hands, ears, toes, fingers, &c., and all differ, such is the prodigious variety in nature. This dissimilitude is also manifest in the organs of generation, male and female, no two being exactly alike among the millions that populate the world. A penis of five or six inches, the average length, is a good development, proportionate in mathematical circumference,—tapering from the root to the nut,—the best shape for deflowering a virgin. The male organ differs much in size, especially in men of small stature and fools. So some females far exceed in capacity mothers who have had large families, especially when addicted to the common trick of using their fingers, which three-fourths of males and females practise, as the most handy way of allaying their cravings.

The contrivance is termed “Onanism,” and is denounced as fostering insanity with other ills; but this was not what Onan was punished for, nor can the moderate use physically cause these evils any more than the immoderate acts in the natural way, albeit, “let all things be done decently and in order.” It is only a breach of nature.
At the extremity or tip of the penis is a small orifice or vertical slit, (all our Holes are of this shape—Vesica Piscis or oval) the commencement of the urethra or passage leading to the bladder, and from which the semen and urine are discharged. Extending downwards from this slit is a slightly elevated ridge, called by anatomists in this and other situations a Raphé, which gradually merges into a more prominent and tangible Cord—the Bridle or Frænum—from its reining in or checking in some measure the full extension of the penis when erected,—sometimes to an extent requiring the division of the cord.

The Base of the Glans is surrounded (except on the lower side, down which the Frænum passes), by a projecting collar, called the Corona or Crown of the glans, in the hollow of which, and especially in the neighbourhood of the frænum, are minute glands (Glandulæ Odoriferae) which give out a fluid having a fishy scent. This lubricates the parts, but unless washed off hardens into a curd and smells.

The Body of the penis consists, on the top and sides, of two cellular bodies (Corpora Cavernosa), and below, of another, somewhat analogous in structure, the Corpus Spungiosum; immediately above which latter passes the Urethra or pipe, beginning at the
neck of the bladder, from which it receives the urine and is continued to the end of the yard,—about a foot in length. The *Corpora Cavernosa* and the *Corpus Spungiosum* are composed of erectile tissue,—a sort of network of cells and veins, a cross section of which would somewhat resemble a honeycomb. When the yard is in a state of repose, these veins are collapsed and empty: when erect, a rush of blood is supplied by the capillaries of the arteries,—the part is filled to repletion, and a stiff erection of the whole penis is the result.

(There is a wonderful adaptation of the parts to these functions. If the yard were perpetually in a position of erection, it could not possibly escape injury and derision, negative to its beautiful purposes; for love and veneration are our highest exquisite passions. In our whole frame, a glance, a thought, a touch, the merest transient effort of imagination can call up the ready instrument of our desires, and endow it with a power indispensable.)

The *Body* of the penis is enveloped in a loose, moveable skin, admirably adapted to increase the pleasure of the female by admitting of almost unlimited friction, without abrasion of the skin, which would be the result were the construction otherwise.
The Root of the penis spreads out into a broad base firmly connected by two strong processes to the front and side bones of the pelvis, and held up to the conjunction of those bones in front by a fibrous membrane called the suspensory ligament.

The Testicles are two glandular organs, about the size of pigeons’ eggs, suspended to the abdomen by the spermatic cord, and are wrapped in a bag called the scrotum,—composed of two layers, the integument and a proper covering (the Dartos). The first is extremely thin, and partially covered with hair: the latter is a thin layer of peculiar contractile tissue, between muscular fibre and elastic tissue.

The Sperm Cords connect the testicles with the interior of the abdomen:—they are composed of arteries, veins, nerves, &c., and pass through the inguinal canal on either side. The substance of the testicles consists of numerous lobules, comprising innumerable small tubes, which are connected by several ducts to a body extending from top to bottom of the testicle on its outer and posterior border, and which can be felt as a sort of excrescence on the stone. The convoluted tubes which from this organ terminate in a single tube or duct (called the Vas Deferens) serve as a passage for the semen from the
testicles to two glands or reservoirs situated on either side of the base of the bladder where the semen is perfected and remains ready for use.

The Seed or semen is a secretion formed in the body of the testicles, from the blood supplied to the part by the spermatic artery. In the healthy subject it is of a rather thick consistence, somewhat resembling thick French starch, and possesses a peculiar piscatorial scent. The seed contains living animals of a tadpole shape, which may be seen through a microscope moving freely about through the fluid.

The Act of Generation has to be performed under the mutual adaptability of the parts of both sexes. Three-fourths of women stigmatised as barren owe their condition to the worn-out or "indiscreet" state of the male, who is the procreative or active agent.

The penis being fully erected and rendered intensely rigid by the distention of its vessels, the female organs being also in a high state of excitement, the clitoris erected, and the whole erectile tissue of the nymphæ and vagina distended with blood, so as considerably to contract the passage, and thereby to increase the pleasure of the male,—the male organ is introduced between the external lips and nymphæ.

Arriving at the virgin entrance to the vagina,
more or less difficulty is the first time experienced in perforating the hymen or maidenhead, which, if it straitens the passage to any considerable extent, is an act attended with pain and effusion of blood to the female. This is termed "Deflowering a Virgin." Owing to fear, or shyness, or moroseness, some men have not performed the marriage act with their wives until three nights after the wedlock-knot was tied. On the other hand the first night is often one series of embraces, even to six or eight times, if the desire is mutually strong—for the least temper or unpleasantness on one side will instantly mar the greatest pleasure in the world and cause only disgust. (One of the four things which lecherous King Solomon declares in his Book of Proverbs to "Know not" is "The way of a man with a maid." His concubines numbered one thousand, and, withal, he was obtuse on that head.) When male and female are of full development, the pain, however severe to the female, is merged in the rapture of the moment, by the in-and-out movement of the male organ, according to natural order and instinct until the crisis is reached, when the male organ voids or ejects its seed,—generally accomplished in two or three minutes after coition commences. The female is
equally excited with the male in gratification, holding him close to her, her inward lips or labia pressing gently the penis.

*Generation* is effected in two ways,—by the medium of seeds or eggs, and by that of offsets. It has been supposed that there may be a third way, viz. that of the union of seminal particles furnished equally by the male and female, without the intervention of eggs.

All *Plants* are supposed to be propagated by eggs or seeds, and many by offsets. Some of the intestinal worms are of this description,—such as the *Fluke*, which is also oviparous, the ovaries being placed laterally. The *Earth-Worm* propagates its kind by a similar organization; also the *Lamprey*, the *Barnacle*, and the *Conger-Eel*.

The *Garden-Snail* is hermaphrodite, but is incapable of breeding singly. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary that one individual should copulate with another, the male organ of each uniting with the female, and the female with the male, by which means both become impregnated. A single impregnation is capable of producing, in some animals, several generations in succession. The common *Cock* and *Hen* are an instance of this; for, by a single
act of copulation, fecundity is given to as many eggs as will produce a whole brood. A similar fact is observable in many Insects—a single impregnation being sufficient for six or seven generations.

A curious fact has been noticed regarding the Queen-Bee. She performs a journey through the air for the purpose of generation, where she meets with the male insect and copulation is effected. In about half an hour after, she returns to the hive; and this single impregnation it is said fecundates all the eggs she will produce during the ensuing two years, some say her whole life. Other naturalists repudiate all this; maintaining that Drones impregnate the Queen, and that a thousand are needed for this operation, which accomplished, they "shuffle off this mortal coil."

The greater number of Fishes have no external organs of generation, and to all appearance have no sexual connexion. The female spawns, or casts forth her ova (known by the term of "hard roe") at a certain season of the year, in shallow water, where it is exposed to the sun's rays. It is said that the male passes over it, and discharges his sperm or milt (called "soft roe"), which intermingling, by the aid of the sun's heat a numerous shoal of fishes is the result.
A few, as the shark, skate, &c., have visible organs of generation; and although no actual connexion can be proved, there is every reason to suppose that pairing takes place. Salmon, sturgeon, and some other fishes migrate many hundred miles in order to deposit their spawn in fresh water streams. Frogs procreate in a very similar manner to fishes.

It is curious to observe how variously the organs of generation in some animals are situated. In the female Dragon-fly the vagina is situated near the breast. In the Maw-worm the young are brought forth from a small opening below the head. In the Snail the vulva is placed near the neck. The generative organs of the male spider are at the extremity of the antennæ. The Tapeworm throws off its young from its joints. Some Plants bear their flowers on the edge of their leaves.

In most animals which procreate only once a year, the testes are found exceedingly small during the months when not under excitement. In the winter season the testes of the sparrow are no larger than a pin's head, whilst in spring they are enlarged to the size of a hazel-nut.

In man the testes, before birth, are situated in the abdomen, from whence they descend, in the
seventh or eighth month, into the scrotum. Sometimes the testes do not descend for six or seven years after birth, and occasionally there are cases where one or both testes have been retained in the abdomen; yet in some cases this has been no hindrance to procreation, while in others there is evidence to the contrary.

The female Ovaria may be regarded as holding a similar office to the testes in the male, and were formerly called "female testes," as they contain the necessary parts for the production of the human being.

The age of puberty is attained by women one or two years earlier than by men; and at an earlier age by those inhabiting warm climates. In the hot regions of America, Asia, and Africa, girls arrive at puberty, or shedding their monthly courses, as early as nine or ten years of age; in the colder parts, as France or England, about fourteen or fifteen; and in Sweden, Denmark, and Russia, even two or three years later. But even in infancy the sexual organs in both sexes may stand and extend, as mothers and nurses can testify.
THE ACT OF GENERATION

The Sequel was delivered by James Lumsdaine of Stratharthie, Parish of Dekins, 1753.

Dreel Castle, Anstruther.

SOVEREIGN AND KNIGHTS,—The Motto upon the Medals which at this 14th Anniversary of our revived Order we now wear is "Be fruitful and Multiply." That is a Divine command too well and minutely obeyed. Surely we are not enjoined to engender living plagues. If nature had provided us with the desire for sexual intercourse merely for the purpose of procreation, I ask,—Is it likely that she would have been so lavish in continuing our enjoyment after this object had been accomplished? If the operation were only intended for procreation, would not once a year have been the maximum of our conubial embraces? At this annual Assembly we have only two unfortunate Eunuchs, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake, so that this is a small exception to
the others of us who obey the Divine injunction. But to return from this interjection. Nature has been a hundred times more bountiful in her exquisite endowment; and it becomes us to enjoy the great gift with thanksgiving,—without, after experience shews us, being the means of bringing into this world offspring deformed, consumptive, diseased or idiotic. A kind charity surely in these circumstances requires us to relinquish our privileges as husbands and not produce any more such objects. For we can exist in the full enjoyment of the mystic union without procreating such spectacles of woe. There are several checks, some of which are doubtful; but what I am about to avouch is certain of accomplishment and success. It consists in the Male, just previous to the flow of the vital spoonful, entirely withdrawing his Organ and placing it between his own abdomen and that of his consort. Sexual connexion, we all know, is effected by the Male, who is the active agent, putting his Penis in full erection into the Vagina of the Female, who is the "passive voice," as we say in Grammar. By the in-and-out motion of his organ, the Semen or seed is emitted, causing the most intense delight both to Giver and Receiver. The two sexes may gratify each other without dangerous
at the Society's Meetings

consequences, if the Male be sufficiently cautious to withdraw entirely and not partially from the Female just at the instant when the Semen is about to come out. Many, in being too eager, mar the connubial bliss, and spill even before penetrating at all. The playing and dallying beforehand augment the union or junction; and instead of the mere momentary gratification so commonly practised, a half-hour's delight may be prolonged with the Penis erected, pumping, pushing, and drawing backwards and forwards, ere the sport ends by the emission and the concluding mutual sigh. A loveable virgin may be secured against conception by this precaution. The French use "French Letters," but even the best are full of risk. The first engagement is ever attended with nervous excitement and difficulty, and although this night-cap or sheath of fine skin which covers the Penis may fit, it may burst in the act of copulation, and do damage irreparable by causing impregnation in her whom we so much love. For the least quantity of Semen we shed at the lips of the vulva may be sucked up and conception ensue. Alum about the size of a walnut or nutmeg dissolved in two gills of water, squirted in the vagina with a syringe, immediately after the act of coition is over destroys
the power of the Semen. But there is bother attending this performance, and always a doubt in its execution. A piece of small sponge attached to a silk string has been recommended to be pushed up the vagina, to block up the entrance to the womb, and on removing it, the male seed is brought out with it. But if the Penis is of respectable size in length and circumference, it is liable in its eagerness to shift the sponge to one side, and some of the seed will be lodged at the very door of the womb. Another evil of the sponge is the annoyance which it often gives to the Male by causing wounds to the Penis. Man, by nature, is endowed with the talent of devising means to remedy or prevent the evils that are liable to arise from gratifying the highest passion. All animals enjoy the sexual embrace. Birds kiss, coo, bill, and tread. Dogs copulate and stick (no other animal does). Stallions cover. Bulls bull and stirks attempt this, although libbed or castrated. Our Sweethearts permit us to feel their breasts, and even their vulvæ,—their eyes swim with desire, fear of results alone stops penetration. This fact in nine cases out of ten cannot be gainsaid. Then let us be men, not brutes nor fiends. True love will produce sacrifices of the most exalted nature, and yet when
the weaker vessel is broken, he who shivered it seldom tries to mend it. When the golden fruit is within reach, we pluck and eat: when beauty is agreeable, ways and means woo us. Few Josephs reject a sappy hot Mrs. Potiphar, who followed even to the little Business-House. Surely then, Prevention or entire Withdrawal is the act of loving-kindness, which in point of justice and honour we owe to her whose charms we obtain. The passion of Love has its seat in the whole body. Every healthy girl, when puberty approaches, feels the natural passion of desire for coition. "Let us take our fill of Love," is one of the best Exhortations of that Book of Scripture which is recited and quoted in all our jovial meetings—the amorous Song of Songs. In the old maid the passion of Love, like an overflowing gall-bladder, for want of due absorption tinges every other sensation with bitterness; and the confirmed old bachelors, like their feminine compeers, belong to a sort of sub-animal class; for to be without sexual intercourse or the heavenly passion shews a pitiable mental defect. What is argued for is this:—First:—That no married people should have more children than they wish to have, and can maintain and bring up with ease. Second:—That no unhealthy
or delicate women should produce children at all. Third:—That there should be no Bastards. Fourth:—That sexual commerce should be independent of the dread of a conception which blasts the prospects of the female. Nine-tenths, at least, of the misery and ruin which are caused by seduction result from cases of pregnancy. Perhaps the unfeeling selfishness of him who fears to become a father causes him to administer some noxious drug, to try to cause abortion. In defiance of all doses of tincture of iron (the most effectual of the kind, certainly) the little being lives, and society visits with its bitterest scoffs the bruised spirit of the mother and the unconscious innocence of the "love-child." As to the cry of Entire Withdrawal being unnatural, it is just as unnatural, and no more so, than to refrain in a sultry summer's day from drinking, perhaps, more than a pint of water at a draught, which prudence tells us is enough, while inclination bids us drink a quart. All thwarting of any human wish or impulse may, in one sense, be called unnatural; it is not, however, the less prudent or proper on that account. Then, too, if this trifling restraint is to be called unnatural, what shall we say of celibacy, or of the unnatural prostitution of the nostrils and mouth to
snuff and tobacco? Our meats and drinks, our hats, boots, and shoes, the way we walk and talk, &c., &c., are all unnatural.

The future human being is formed by the union in the womb of two very minute cells of opposite sexes, invisible to the naked eye, called the *sperm* (male) and *germ* (female) cells, which is effected by the act of copulation. When once this union has taken place, the *embryo*, as it is then termed, possesses life, and the attempt to get quit of it is *procuring abortion*, punishable by civil Law. But to prevent this *union* from taking place is a totally different matter. Before coition the seminal fluid is no more than a secretion like the saliva, mucus from a cough, or sneezing, perspiration, &c. Consequently it is a total confusion of ideas to associate its loss with infanticide, as it cannot be murder to destroy that which has never existed as life. Every time a woman menstruates, one or more of the germ cells or eggs is spontaneously discharged, and, of course, is wasted. So that, instead of being murder, preventing conception prevents murder, or the bringing into the world of such creatures as were instanced at the beginning of my address. Before concluding, I may mention that the emission of a seminal fluid by the
female and its mixture with that of the male, when copulating, is not well-founded. That a mucous fluid is poured out then by hot women is undoubted; but the female has no seminal vessels like the male. Yet there is a stimulating something which produces the same desires and the same pleasures.

Sovereign and Knights,—I have at your request given you freely and frankly my views on a topic which concerns human beings of whatever class or sex, and if my simple recommendation were carried out, the burdens of many a loving couple would be lightened, and the human race in general be bettered.

THE FEMALE ORGANS OF GENERATION

The external parts of generation are included under one name, the Pudenda, or the Privates. The opening or the cleft is called the Vulva. The outer or large lips are named the Labia Majora, and are two prominent folds of skin bounding the vulva. They unite below to form the Fourchette, which is generally ruptured in the first labour. The Labia Majora are analogous to the scrotum of the male. The Labia Minora, Nymphae or smaller lips, are two folds of
skin assuming the character of mucous membrane extending from the internal aspects of the Labia Majora upwards to the Clitoris, round which they pass to unite and form the hood and frenum of the clitoris.

The Clitoris is an erectible organ at the upper part of the vulva, and is analogous to the male Penis. The small tubercule which appears at the end of it is called the Glans of the clitoris.

The Hymen or Maidenhead is a delicate semi-circular fold of the membrane, usually ruptured by the first insertion of the penis.

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Addendum to “Essay on the Male Organs of Generation”

The Dog is the sole animal known that sticks in copulation. The penis in erection having a long plate in it becomes transverse, and so prolongs the intercourse, probably to permit of several ova being fertilized.

The Walrus has a gigantic bone in the penis like a club, as large as a man’s thigh-bone and as thick. While Lions and Cats are in coition stiff spines appear
on the penis of the male which seem to cause pain to the female, from their sounds. But no sticking takes place, as with Dog and Bitch.

Fancy or Performing Animals mixing promiscuously in the same kennel cannot be got to breed. So a Bull and Stallion prefer strange flesh, because "Familiarity breeds Contempt."

Some women have such an effect upon men as to make the penis swell largely immediately before the ejection of the semen, the inner labia or lips of the vulva several times pressing the penis. From the intensity of the pleasure this has been termed "the Coynte-grip" or "the Devil's bite"—morsus diaboli.
TO LET

with immediate entry

A SHOP

In the vicinity of the Government Office

With double frontage

Situated just below the Victualling Office

(Directly opposite the Ainster Harbour)

(Atributed to Nathaniel Murray, Clerk to Collector
John McNaughton.)

It being an improvable concern, it is well calculated for a young man of industrious habits, who will, in the short space of one year, find a visible increase in his original investment. The premises are of great depth, with spacious and beautiful frontage. They were formed nineteen years ago by an able architect, at a great expense and labour, and have been in a continual state of improvement for the last two years, when a material alteration took place by breaking through a partition
in the interior, which some considered a detriment; but the possessor has found great benefit therefrom, it having rendered the frontage more airy, facilitating ingress and egress.

About six years ago, a shrubbery was planted, which has so increased as to place the entrance in embryo, which, although centrically situated, and having a pair of folding doors, may be called a private entrance. It may also be termed a Marine Retreat, having a beautiful natural spring of Salt Water in the interior.

The only reason of the proprietress being desirous to let it, is the death of her husband.

The whole is in substantial repair, and calculated at present to do a good stroke of business. Coming in easy.

N.B.—None but standing tenants will be treated.
STOLEN KISSES

Sung by Colonel Alexander Movypenny.

STOLEN waters are sweet," we're told;
Yet stolen kisses sweeter are;
When you clasp your love with Love's eager hold,
When your cheek is brush'd by her loosen'd hair,
And her lips meet yours with that thrilling touch,
Which seems so slight—but means so much.

It means surrender to Love's might;
It means your hearts have own'd his sway;
No monarch holds Diviner right,
All human souls his laws obey.
And bowing low before his feet
Find there alone that life is sweet.
Which is the sweeter, ye who know?
The first quick thrill that stirs the blood,
Or the blissful languor creeping through
The throbbing veins, to calm the flood,
Whose surges swept o'er heart and brain,
Till pleasure became akin to pain?
Your lips part then, your arms unfold,
The dear head droops on your breast so low,
That the story words have never told
Is throb'd in her ear, while to and fro
Your heart beats out with rhythm true,
"I love you, darling, and only you!"
The breath of roses should be in the air,
Astir with the whisper of shading trees;
Stars should gleam in the skies afar,
A sound of singing float on the breeze;
Then bowing low before Love's feet,
You find 'tis Love that makes life sweet!
A PASTORAL

'T WAS noon in the month of May,
   And birds did sing on every brae;
'Neath a spreading tree, nigh Balcarres steep,
A maiden fair lay fast asleep.
Gentle zephyrs from the skies
Had blown the clothes up o'er her thighs;
And a youth, who'd sought the shade to rest
From behind a tree spied Cupid's nest.
But her legs were cross'd—what could he do,
Though Heav'n itself appear'd in view?
Till Cupid sent a little fly
Upon the maiden's lily-white thigh.
The maiden, thus tickled and void of care,
Threw one leg here and the other leg there.
The impassion'd youth enraptur'd grew,
Love's "rosy arrow" forth he drew,
And softly bending on his knees,
Gently he lifted her chemise.
Too late the maiden fair awoke,
Love's "arrow" made her sigh each stroke;
Yet bleeding, panting with sweet pain,
She smil'd and bade him try again.
UNHALLOWED PASTIME!

Banish from thy shades the solitary Joy—
The vice of Monks recluse, the early bane
Of rising manhood. Find some soft nymph
Whom tender sympathy attracts to thee.
Sacrifice to her the precious hours,
Now clasp with rapturous fondness
Her yielded waist. With eager kisses press
Her balmy lips. Then hug and kiss again.
[Strictly Private to all except "Brothers."]

By Order, from St. Ayle's Lodge, Anstruther.

THE LADY FREEMASON

Entered Apprentice, Fellow-craft and Master.

_In Paulo Post Futuro at "The Beggar's Benison."

As a Brother of old from this Lodge was returning,
He called on his Sweetheart, with love he was burning.
He wanted some favours, said she, not so "free;"
Unless you _reveal_ your famed _secrets_ to me.

Agreed 'tis a bargain; you must be prepared,
Your _leg well exposed_, your _bosom all bared_,
Then hoodwinked and silent; says she, "I'll be mum,"

E'en tho' a _poker_ you clap to my _bum_.

To a chamber convenient his fair charge he bore,
Plac'd her in _due form_, having _close til'd_ the door;
Then presented the point of his _sharp Instrumentis_,
And the lady was soon made an "Entered Apprentice."
His Working Tools next to her gaze he presented,
To study them seriously she then consented,
And so handled his jewels, his Gavil, and Shaft,
Then she in a jiffey was pass'd "Fellow Craft."

She next wanted Raising, says he, there's no urgency,
She pleaded that this was a case of emergency,
His Column to her eyes look'd somewhat particular,
But she very soon made it assume "Perpendicular."

Well he used his efforts to raise the young elf,
But soon found he wanted raising himself:
The task was beyond him, Oh, shame and disaster!
He broke down in his Charge, and she became "Master."

In her zeal for true knowledge, no labour now shirking,
His jewels and furniture constantly working,
By night or by day, in the light or the dark—
With pleasure her lover she guides to the "Mark."

Exhausted and faint, still no art could betide him—
For she, like a glutton, soon mounted astride him—
From refreshment to labour, says she "let us march,"
Says he, you're enrolled; you are now "Royal Arch."
THE AINSTER LASSIE AN' HER CREEL

As ae day Bob a fishin' gaed frae Ainster to Pittenweem,
A sight! A buxom wench sat bent west by the Milton stream!
Wi' snickerin' host he frighted her. "My lass! jist tak' yere time;"
When up she sprang as if got shot, like a poacher catch'd for crime.
The sun was hot, the burn was prime, so Bob jogged on his way,
When by and bye he peckish got and faked amang the hay.
Syne farther up the Dreel he gaed, and cuist his line again,
But by some awkward management it hanker'd on a stane.
The Ainster lass was comin' back,—by bad luck chance she fell,
An' drookit a' her dudds, e'en ane you guess, I sall not tell.
Whan she got oot—"Laddie," cried she, "didna ye just see
A fishin' creel o' curly wurly mak'—which belongs to me?"

The bluid ran boilin' thro' Bob's veins, when viewin' a' her charms,
He gently led her to the bank—she plumpt into his arms:
"Oh! dear laddie," she said, "what's, what's this Trout I feel?"
"Haud it fast, my bonnie lass,—it's a fine big Silver Eel."
"I hav't a' richt, its deid, its stiff, and yet its warm as jeel;
To keep it safe, I'll put it in my ain guid curly creel:
There noo—wheesht, it lifts—there's life in't yet—I feel,
For I fin' its heid aye dintin' on the bottom o' my creel."

"Frisk aboot, my lithesome eel, as lively as anither,
Ye canna burst my midleg pouch, its made o' ravin' leather.
Oh! laddie," she cried and sighed, "he's deid, my puir eel—
He's knockit oot a' his brains 'gainst the bottom o' my creel."
DREEL  CASTLE

Recited by Collector McNachtane, Laureate of the Beggar's Benison

THERE is a fortress o'er the way,
   Seated upon a rocky stream;
In former times it had its day,
   At present its joys are but a dream.

This ancient Castle is called Dreel,
   A leaky boat is for its moat;
While further up the Meal Mill-wheel
    Clucks round and round in dashing rote.

As long as grey Dreel Turret lasts,
   Its tales will never be forgot;
Around it batter tempest-blasts,
    While jim-crack Biggins go to pot.

Confounded in Time's common urn,
   Where swains and damsels had their flings:
O! could such scenes again return,
    Like those facund emulgent things!
But, in the evenings when they met!
   To brood on't always fires the blood:
There never was a jollier set
   Either before or since the flood.
In this retreat, whilom so sweet,
   Earl Willie and his Cousin dwelt;
Sometimes they experienc'd such a heat,
   As if their inwards all would melt.

*May* was not like other lasses,—
   From twelve her breasts swell'd in a trice;
Firm they were as two cupping-glasses,
   Just like peaches, dainty and nice.

They who in her composition
   Infus'd the warmth which was the cause
Of such exub'rant nutrition,
   Did but the work of Nature's laws.

The sight, in troth, got so bewitching,
   That Earl Will couldn't keep from nibbling;
Passion alert, and fingers itching,
   Billings and cooings—Oh! such clinching!

For a whole winter, ev'ry night,
   The two *join'd one*—though near of kin;
Frantic passion, with its whole might,
   Drove *May* to let Cuz Will *within*. 
O Venus! aweful Queen of Spring—
Here would I pause thy pow'rs to tell,
In ad'mantine words, write than Sing—
Of loves and hopes and fears as well.

Ah! "Lose no opportunity,"
Is the motto of Knights' medal—
Draws Bacchus and soft Cupid nigh
Into the nest of Interval.

A well-known local East Neuk toast,
Enshrin'd it is in our own hive—
"A fair wind, with a clearance coast,
Will mak' the gallant ship to drive."

Time never stops his constant whirl,
He bids the prostrate Venus rise;
May at length was married to Will the Earl,
And Pittenweem Prior did solemnize.
THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

COME listen well the while I tell
A tale that full of sense is,
'Tis all about the Zodiac,
In other words—the menses.

Chorus—Ri fol de riddle
   Ri fol de wack
Regulate your Loves, by
   The Signs of the Zodiac.

'Tis Month the First, when pipes do burst,
   We often find precarious;
And danger lurks in water-works,
   Beneath the sign Aquarius.

In February your tackle try,
   But cautiously, for now it is
A time when you may fix with glue
   Beneath the sign of Pisces.

In March take heed to sow your seed—
   Your fields of weeds first dispossess,
Desire is great to copulate
   Beneath the sign of Aries.
In April, fools neglect their tools
    When ladies most adore us
And yield their hearts to counterparts
    Beneath the sign of Taurus.

May's scented bowers suggest the flowers
    O'er shadowing where we did lie
With our dear flame at the old game,
    Beneath the sign of Gemini.

June is the month codlings to catch—
    Look out for bait, you forager;
For crabs infest the cuckoo's nest,
    Beneath the sign of Cancer.

If in July you coach to town,
    And there let out your overflow,
Use letters French upon your wench,
    Beneath the sign of Leo.

In August, should you then come back,
    If clean and quit of quacks—you know—
Try, instead, a Fife maidenhead,
    Beneath the sign of Virgo.

Rest, in September, will do you good—
    Perpetual motion is but a saw;
Just weigh the odds against your cods,
    Beneath the sign of Libra.
October is an Autumn month—
   If out of sorts, be very slow;
To give or take may be a snake
   Beneath the sign of Scorpio.

November parties now begin,
   Inviting, grand, and glorious;
Mind how you sheath your Dart beneath
   The sign of Sagittarius.

To keep the Horn not overworn
   Let sad December warn us;
If we would last old goats long past
   The sign of Capricornus.

Thus rule your lines, by Zodiac signs,
   Which fail not to remember,
As best you can—they run from January to December.
BOTANY BAY

BRITANNIA, fair guardian of this favour'd land,
To a scheme gave her sanction, by Ministry plan'd,
For transporting her sons who from honour did stray,
To a sweet spot terrestrial, term'd Botany Bay.
    Toll de roll, de roll, toll de roll.

Now this Bay, by dunderheads, we've sagely been told,
Was unknown to the fam'd navigators of old;
But this we deny in terms homely and blunt,
For Botany Bay all through Fife is call'd ——.
    Toll de roll, &c.

Our ancestor, Adam, 'tis past any doubt,
Was the famous Columbus that found the spot out;
He brav'd ev'ry billow, rock, quicksand, and shore,
To steer thro' the passage none e'er steer'd before.
    Toll de roll, &c.

Kind Nature, ere Adam had push'd off to sea,
Bade him be of good cheer—for his pilot she'd be;
Then his cables he slipp'd and stood straight for the Bay,
But was stopp'd on the passage about the midway.
    Toll de roll, &c.
Avast, Adam cried, I'm dismasted I doubt,  
If I don't take the head of my vessel about.  
Take courage, cried Nature, and leave it to me,  
For 'tis only the line that divides the Red Sea. 

Toll de roll, &c.

Tho' shook by the stroke, Adam's mast stood upright,  
His ballast was steady, his tackling quite right;  
Then a breeze springing up, down the red straights he run,  
And o'erjoy'd with his voyage, he fir'd off a great gun.  

Toll de roll, &c.

High from the mast-head, by the help of one eye,  
The heart of the Bay did old Adam espy;  
And alarmed at some noise, to him Nature did say,  
That it was the Trade Wind, which blows always one way.  

Toll de roll, &c.

So transported was Adam in Botany Bay,  
He Dame Nature implor'd to spend there night and day;  
And curious, he tried the Bay's bottom to sound,  
But his line was too short by a yard from the ground.  

Toll de roll, &c.
The time being out, Nature's sentence had pass'd,
Adam humbly a favour of her bounty ask'd,
That when stock'd with provisions and everything sound,
To Botany Bay he again might be bound.

Toll de roll, &c.

Nature granted the boon both to him and his race,
And said—oft I'll transport you to that charming place,
But never, cried she, as you honour my word,
Set sail with disease or with famine aboard.

Toll de roll, &c.

Then this Botany Bay, or whate'er be the name,
We have prov'd is the spot whence the whole of us came,
May we there be transported, like Adam our sire,
And never return 'fore the time shall expire.

Toll de roll, &c.
Tune—"Push about the Jorum."

My honest hearts who love to sing,
And hate the wretch that's boasting,
Come let us make the chamber ring
With sentimental toasting.
The sacred love of liberty,
And liberty in loving,
In this fond wish we all agree,
However prone to roving.

The mouth that often has two beards,
And swallows without chewing;
The fair who neither snorts nor girds,
But leaves to bill when cooing;
Life's luscious dish—a brace of cocks,
With the sweet sauce of kisses;
Unlocking well the lock of locks
With key of mortal blisses!

The grave that does cast up the dead,
And buries well the living;
Love's baby rock'd in Nature's bed;
The girl that takes when giving;
The key that slips the maiden out,
And lets the lover enter;
The bird within, the bush without;
Attraction's lovely centre.

May good men ever pleasure taste,
And taste have in their pleasure;
The maid who spends yet will not waste
One atom of her treasure;
The tapping with the pretty teat,
That gives the wench a tumour;
The balls that beauteous women beat
Into a pleasant humour.

The linen mutual passion paints
Success to young beginners;
Here is the mother of all saints,
And maker of all sinners;
The human pump when ta'en in hand
With Cupid's cover on it;
The nick that makes the tail to stand,
And bud-rue's scarlet bonnet.

The little pilot, tho' he's blind,
Who steers into love's harbour;
The lass who lathers us when kind,
The handsome female barber;
The mouth that spues up all mankind,
The tune of tunes in farces,
Is that duet with parts conjoin'd
I' the opera of A--s.

The middle finger's favourite ring,
That friction sets on fire;
The tuneful bells that always ring
When maidenheads expire;
The small thatch'd house beneath the hill,
Or fountain in Hair Court, sirs,
May sportsmen have of game their fill,
And huntsmen have good sport, sirs.
The Maid demands

The dues of Venus, when the plumpy breasts
Wanton, exuberant, do tempt the touch;
Round with the rich moisture from the finish'd growth
Redundant now: for the late-shooting tubes
Drank all the blood the toiling heart could pour,
Insatiate; now full-grown they crave no more
Than what repairs their daily waste. But still
There must be loss, nor does the super-plus
Turn all to thrift. For from Love's grotto now
Oozes the sanguine stream thro' many a rill,
Startling the simple lass, that anxious glows
Inward, till bold necessity o'ercomes
Her fond reluctant blushes to consult
Her nurse, well versed in mystic cases deep.

The Sybil solves

Sagely the dubious case.—The rising Down
Now, too, begins to skirt the hallow'd bounds
Of Venus' blest domain. In either sex
This sign obtains. For nature provident,
When both genders stand equal for the fray,
This graceful armour spreads; and, but for this,
Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
The close encounter; now they fight secure
Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual shock
Of war, unhurt, for many a well-fought day.
Oh! Kisses! Sweet repast! Ambrosial joy!
Now press with gentle hand the gentle hand.
And, sighing, now the breasts, that to the touch
Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair maid, refuse
Indulgence, while thy hot lover, timorous,
Aspires no further. Thus, thou may'st expect
Treasure hereafter, when thy Bridegroom, warm,
Eager with keen desire, profusely pours
The rich collection of enamoured years,
Exhaustless, into thy coral grot.
Ye youths and virgins, when your heated blood
Has felt the warmth of sixteen summers, now
Sweet loves invite; now to new raptures wakes
The glowing sense: while stung with keen desire
The burning boy his bashful fetters bursts;
And, urg'd with inward twitch, the ripened maid,
Conscious and coy, betrays the smarting throbs.
Each to each grudge not the precious hours
Nor summer's eyes, nor winter's nights
Breathe, speak, live what love inspires
Warm from the heart, relieve its vestal fires.
Love, free as air—can be no sin to Love!
Swain! clasp with firm fondness in your arms
Her yielded waist; now on her heaving bust
Recline your head,—with sappy kisses glue
Her balmy lips,—and sipping from her eyes
Sparks which emit at lightning's touch,—
Then hug and kiss again, stretch'd out supine
Upon the genial couch,—while intense grows
Thy manly Rod, and panting with desire
Repels all intervening obstacles; for Love,
Whose fervid course mountains nor seas oppose
Can speedily remove barriers so slight.
Then, when her lovely limbs, oft lovely deem'd,
Far lovelier now beheld, thro' all your trembling joints
Increase the fire—forthwith discover to her dazzl'd
sight
The stately Novelty, and into her hand usher
The new Acquaintance. She in all likelihood
Averse will start, but half terrified, half pleas'd
With neck retorted and oblique regard will view
The tumid Wonder with indulging curious eye.
Perhaps when you attempt the keen admission
Joyful she'll resist with shy reluctance:—
But nathless you pursue the soft attack
And warmly push the war, till quite o'erpower'd
With love, the melting maid faintly opposes.
On the brink at last arriv'd of giddy rapture,
Plunge not in precipitant, but spare a virgin's pain.
Ah! spare a gentle virgin! spare yourself!
Lest sanguine war love's tender rites profane
With fierce dilaceration and dire pangs, reciprocal,
Shut the door of bliss. Droop not because barricaded,
But rather triumph in this pledge of innocence inviolable.
Nymph, to ease your lover’s throbbing smart,
Yield, and prepare for an ambrosial Dart;
Your honied lips, like fair vermilion bright,
Moist as Dione’s with a balmy sweet,
Pouting for kisses, swell to give delight,
And part commodiously with mine to meet.
O come, like Doves, my Sylvia, let us Bill,
Foin, thrust, and parry with ingenious skill.

But stop! for so excessive is the bliss,
It shoots like poison thro’ my vital blood,
With pleasing pain you stab at ev’ry kiss.
O Gods! and torture while you’re kindly good.
Too lovely Maid! regard my cruel case,
And heal me with a full embrace.

Thy Elysium and the Milky Way I see,
Fair openings to the shades beneath thy waist;
Which, while you strive to hide from liberty,
Just unveils beauties which reveal the rest.
A mole, embrown’d with no unseemly grace,
Grows near, embellishing the sacred space.
O Venus! grant me more, or let me drink
Of Lethe’s fountain and forget to think.
RIDDLES

WHAT'S that in which good housewives take delight?
Which, tho' it has no legs, will stand upright?
'Tis often used, both sexes must agree,
Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.
At the end it has a hole; 'tis stiff and strong,
Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.
In a soft place 'tis very oft applied
And makes the thing that's used be still more wide.
The women love to wriggle it to and fro,
That what lies under may the wider grow.
By giddy sluts sometimes it is abused,
But by good damsels rubb'd before it's used,
That it may fitter for their purpose be,
When they to regulate the same are free.
Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,
What this must be, that is no part of man?

—A Rolling Pin.
In shaping me both sexes join,
Who must in fit embraces twine
And grow with mutual motions warm
Ere they complete my mystic form;
I please (tho' from the country sprung)
The city and the country throng;
I oft pronounce the balmy kiss,
And music heightens much the bliss.
By me engaged you ne'er can dose,
Yet I procure the soft repose:
And (which increases more your mirth),
Both sexes labour at my birth.

—Country Dancing.
CONUNDRUMS

1. Why is a woman like a mathematician?—Because she wishes to know the longitude.

2. What is the old saw which women won't believe?—Short and sweet.

3. Why are youths like ferrets?—Because they wish to creep into coney holes.

4. By what measure do shop-girls like to trade?—The yard.

5. What creatures bear best?—Asses and women.

6. Why are women the weakest vessels?—Because they are the soonest cracked.

7. What kind of jointures do women like the best?—Body to body.

8. What kind of sickness are women most subject to?—The falling.

9. What makes women most alike?—The dark.

10. Why is a bad fire like an old maid?—Because it wants poking up from the bottom.

11. Why is an old man's wife like a hot bun?—Because she wants to be well butter'd.
12. Why is a young wench like a comet?—Because she has a fiery tail.

13. Why is a fine girl like a highwayman?—Because she makes a man stand.

14. Why is a man that has taken physic like a wench?—Because he is loose.

15. When is a girl's most taking motion?—When she is pricked forward.

16. What does a woman delight to see out at her window?—A yard at her foredoor.

17. Why is Fanny M——like the Sergeant-at-Arms?—Because she takes unruly members into custody.

18. Who was it that was begot before his father, born before his mother, and had the maidenhead of his grandmother?—Cain.

19. Why is marriage like a curtain?—Because it serves for a blind.

20. Which is the most wonderful plant?—That which grows in your hand.

21. Why is a gun like a woman?—Because it has an apron over the touch-hole.

22. What part of Grammar is a clap?—Sin-tax.

23. Why is Eliza like a cistern?—Because she requires plugging.
A FEW

SCOTCH SAWS AND PROVERBS

Spouted at the Meetings

A buskit whore is like a dirty house with a clean door.

As hasty as a sheep, nae sooner is the tail up but oot comes the turd.

Everything's stiff aboot ye but the thing that should be stiff.

He that has his baas in a cleft stick maun wyle them oot the best way he can.

He that warsels wi' a turd is sure to be s-----n, whether he fa's upmost or downmost.

He that ance a guid name gets,

May pish the bed and swear he sweats;
But he that ance a guid name misses,

And sweats in bed, they'll say he pishes.

"Here's to ye a', arse over head," as the whore-bride drank to her maidens.
It sticks like the curse o' God till a whore's a--.

"It's a strong seam, tho' it's no very neat," quo' the deil, when he sewed up the cook's a--- wi' the jack-chain.

It's a poor kin, that there is neither a whore nor a thief in.

It's aye a whore that cries whore first.

It's far to seek, and ill to fin', like Meg's maiden-head.

"It's no very neat, but it's gaudy," quo' the deil when he painted his a--- pea-green.

Love and raw peas mak' a man sigh at baith ends.

Love and pease-brose will mak' their way.

Like Davie Dougal's dochter, bid her sit down and she'll lie down.

O mither, my back wi' thae sodgers, and mair comin' the morn!

"Tit for tat," quo' the wife, when she farted at the thunder.

When's the goose best feathered?—When the gander's on her.

Why are a woman's petticoats like a pack of cards?—Because they are so often turned up.

When your head's down, your a--- is rising.
Ye'll no die the death o' Jenkins' hen, wha died for want o' treadin'.
Ye're a' tripes and trollybags.
Ye're a' guts and gab, like young pyets.
Ye're fingers are made o' the pairins o' ladies' a---s.

Your nose is over near your ain a---.
You and her pishes in the same nutshell.
Ye're like the leeks, ye ha'e a green tail and a grey head.
Ye've been gotten gatherin' nuts, ye speak in clusters.
Ye're worn frae an a--- fu' to a c--- fu'; and ye canna measure the distance.

Your heart's wi' the Lord, but your p--- is in Jenny Walsh's c---.
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